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NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

JUNE,

1872.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
More Work for Darwin.....	321	MUSIC:—	
A Winter in Nassau.....	325	Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.....	370
A Reverie (Poetry).....	331	THE HOME:—	
Early Scenes in Canadian Life (Continued).....	332	Arley's Baby.....	371
That Winter (Continued).....	339	A Social Problem.....	372
The Saint's Departure (Poetry).....	346	The Art of Training.....	374
Trifles from My Portfolio (Continued).....	347	Impromptu Furniture.....	376
Mercator, the Path-Finder of the Seas.....	350	Selected Recipes.....	377
The Opium Death.....	351	LITERARY NOTICES:—	
A Quiet Mind (Poetry).....	357	Isoult Barry of Wynscote.....	378
YOUNG FOLKS:—		NOTICES:—	
Effie Hamilton's Work (Continued).....	358	The Late Prof. Morse.....	380
Katy.....	364	"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot".....	380
On Reading.....	366	ILLUSTRATIONS:—	
How Willie Learned to Read before he knew his Letters.....	367	Mercator, the Path-Finder of the Seas... ..	350
Jenner's Vaccination.....	368	The Late Prof. Morse.....	Frontispiece.
An Enigma.....	369	TITLE PAGE.	
		INDEX.	

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

FIFTEEN CENTS PER COPY.

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MONTREAL WITNESS PROSPECTUS

FOR 1872.

During twenty-five years existence the circulation of the WITNESS has increased from 800 to about 20,000; or, counting by sheets issued, instead of 800 a week, we have in round numbers:—

Daily, 11,000 x 6	- -	66,000
Tri-Weekly, 3,000 x 2	-	6,000
Weekly	- - - -	7,000
		79,000

The same rates of increase for the next quarter of a century would give us an entry into 500,000 families for 7,900,000 sheets. These figures are no more incredible than the present ones would have been twenty-five years ago, and we shall do our best, with the assistance of constantly improving appliances and facilities for reaching the public, and counting largely on the rapid growth of our Dominion and of its chief city, to realize them.

PLATFORM.

We stand just where we have always stood, and look for success to that aid which has hitherto helped us.

CHANGES.

THE DAILY WITNESS, hitherto issued at Noon, and 2, 4 and 6 o'clock, P. M., will, during the coming session of the Dominion Parliament, and possibly thereafter, appear also at 6 o'clock in the morning, all other editions continuing as heretofore. The object of this is to catch certain mail and express trains which do not suit any of our present editions, so that many are deprived of the paper who want it. THE DAILY WITNESS will then be sold at every town and village for ONE CENT. We shall by 1st January, 1872, have completed our arrangements for city delivery, and will, by means of delivery carts and sleighs, be able to supply dealers in almost every corner of the city. We have a steam press running on bulletins alone, so that each dealer may receive one daily. *Daily Witness*, \$3 per annum, payable in advance.

TRI-WEEKLY WITNESS.—Subscribers to the SEMI-WEEKLY WITNESS will after 1st January be supplied with a TRI-WEEKLY of the shape and size of the present DAILY WITNESS, which will be found to contain about as much matter as the present SEMI-WEEKLY, thus making an addition of fifty per cent. to the reading matter without any addition of price. *Tri-Weekly Witness* \$2 per annum in advance.

MONTREAL (WEEKLY) WITNESS.—This paper will continue of the same shape as hitherto, but will be larger by the breadth of a column each way on every page, thus making an addition of fifty per cent. to the reading matter. *Weekly Witness*, \$1.00 in advance.

CLUBS.

We have never been able to offer any inducement which has borne fruit equal to the assistance of those whose sincere friendship for the enterprise has prompted them to exertion on our behalf.

In all editions where one person remits for one year in advance for eight persons, he will be entitled to one copy additional for himself. Or any person remitting \$8 for our publications will be entitled to one dollar's worth additional.

ADVERTISING.

Advertising in the DAILY WITNESS costs 10 cents per line for *new advertisements*, or for such as are inserted as new; 5 cents per line for *old advertisements*—that is all insertions after the first, when not inserted as new. The following are exceptional:—Employees or Board Wanted, one cent per word. Employment or Boarders Wanted, and Articles Lost and Found, 20 words for 10 cents and half a cent for each additional word.

The TRI-WEEKLY and WEEKLY WITNESS will be counted together, and all the issues of one week will be counted one insertion. Thus,

Weekly	- - - -	7,000
Tri-Weekly, 3,000 x 3	=	9,000
		16,000

The service rendered will thus be greater in quantity, and for many kinds of business better in quality, than that of the Daily; yet, for the present, the same scale of

(Continued on third page of Cover.)



THE LATE PROFESSOR MORSE.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

JUNE, 1872.

MORE WORK FOR DARWIN.

F. P. MACKELCAN.

That Darwin has presented something to the world which acts like a nightmare, no one can deny. His theory presses upon us, and we fight against it, and try to throw it off, but it is ever present, and its weight is still felt. To combat it because we dislike it, is of little avail; to enlist our self-esteem and cry it down as derogatory, has only a temporary effect, for it rises up again when the thought crosses us that we ourselves in our own infancy were apparently the most helpless and unpromising of all mammalia. It is a scientific theory; and if we would defeat it or try to do so, we must take a similar basis, the facts that exist in nature worked out by the combination of material and law. According to Darwin, changes are always going on, and he makes this the cause of every diversity of living being. That change does take place we are compelled to admit, although we may be unable to see that the laws which govern it would lead to his conclusions. If we have come into existence as successors to a long line of ancestral animals, gradually growing more simple towards the beginning, it is natural to suppose that what looks most like a man among animals was the last of our predecessors. Attention has been abundantly directed to the anatomy of the monkey as compared to our own, and it would seem but a matter of gradual development to turn the one into the other,—so of this nothing more can be said.

But there is a gap—a great gap—which still remains, which is as wide between the monkey and ourselves as between us and the singing-bird which we imprison in a cage; but it is of another kind—it is an affair of mind, and not of external form or internal anatomy. All living things except man possess knowledge at birth; their education is complete in the brain itself; but man is born in utter ignorance. If we could find an animal, of any form or species whatever, that possessed no knowledge at birth, it would be akin to man in nature; but such a creature, large or small, is not to be found.

We differ from all the rest, not as a matter of degree, but totally and utterly in that one thing. All the other animals have passions and proclivities, and so have we; they may, some of them, have a little reasoning power, so that when we consider how small an allowance some of us have, we may admit the principle of difference in degree, and not the alteration of plan *in toto*. To speak of animals as having instinct and man as possessing reason is to leave the subject unanalyzed. Instinct is too loose a term to express so much; we find in every animal a perfect education for its life in this world's wilderness, without its being taught anything by its predecessors; and besides this knowledge there are passions or impulses to action, like our own, wholly apart from its knowledge of its surroundings; and to this

again must be added skill. Every creature, as soon as it finds itself in this world, is in a familiar place, and knows the objects that surround it.

We need not go to a naturalist to be taught this. The young chicken runs after the hen and recognizes the unevenness of the ground or the obstacles on it without any lessons. The eye sees only color and light and shade, but it does not give the knowledge of what this light and shade and color indicate; all this has to be learnt by us in our infancy and childhood; but not so with the chicken; it sees objects at once, and besides it knows distances; for it is afraid to be left far behind, and will run to be near, and is then content. It knows not only objects, but their magnitudes; for it will venture down a shallow step with a flutter of its tiny wings; and will jump up if the height is not too much. It knows when crumbs of bread or rice are thrown on the ground that they are not spots of color, but small objects, and will peck at them; and what is still higher, but better known, it is not to be deceived by things that are not fit to be eaten.

I watched one day a little downy chicken run for a short distance, and then stop close to a board fence, and jumping up peck at a minute spider which was to be seen no more afterwards. Now, what does all this mean? It means this and nothing less, that the colors and light and shade depicted on the eye of the chicken convey not simply color and light and shade to the mind, but objects such as a board fence, perpendicular to the ground, and also at a given distance; for the speed was checked on reaching close to, and not by arriving at, the fence; much less by collision. Then again the spider was a spider, not a bit of dirt or a fuz on the board, or a nail mark; it was a spot, and that spot was to the mind of the chicken a small spider fit to be eaten. Then again the height—Who taught the chicken to measure heights? And, yet the jump was no mistake; it was just the thing, and the stroke of the beak was directed faithfully to its object.

I remember reading in some rambles of a naturalist about a woodpecker's nest made like a pocket in a tree. There was a

horizontal hole first going in a little way, and then it turned down like sinking a shaft. The nest was at the bottom, almost in the dark, and out of sight of the world, which could only be seen from the entrance hall. While he stood and watched, a chick, having come to the age to introduce himself to real life, climbed up the shaft and presented himself at the front door of his first home. In a few seconds, after the inspection of what to him were well known objects, he selected a tree at a moderate distance, spread his wings and with a sudden jump took flight, reached the intended tree, and there stuck fast, an old and experienced woodpecker all at once.

Now see how much this involves, nothing less than the great fact that in the organization of the animal there is embodied at birth a knowledge of the natural world. Take a kitten from the basket in which it has been born and place it on the edge of a table; it will see that there is height from the table to the floor, and will turn away or make a sharp cry if you try to push it over. Hold a young cat over a pond or a tub of water,—one that has never even seen water at all,—and it will yell out its distress. This speaks to us plainly enough. The young calf staggers after the cow, familiar with the ground as a surface to walk on, and will adapt itself to visible unevennesses, and will not walk straight against a tree or a wall in mistake for a remote object, and so learn by collision to measure distances; no, the knowledge is there, all perfect, born in the creature.

The passions and proclivities are quite different; and so also the skill, which is intuitive. The chicken runs without studying how to step; the young woodpecker does not flap his wings, because he knows there is air for them to beat upon, nor does he concern himself about the sharpness of his claws; much less does the calf know that by the muscular movements in sucking a partial vacuum is produced, bringing the milk by atmospheric pressure. Knowledge of objects is one thing, propensity to act is another; the two are adjusted to one another so as to make a finished whole. The duck, however young, knows water to be water, and that it can be swam in, while

the inclination to swim is separate but harmonious. A thousand examples might be adduced; nay, ten thousand, all proving how perfectly familiar all animals are with the natural world without any experience whatever.

This knowledge at birth will, of course, differ in different creatures; for the codfish or the herring need no knowledge of what is on mountains, nor does the rabbit or the fox require to be acquainted with sea-weed or gravelly bottom. The difference is plainly shown in the propensities of animals, which are always in harmony with their structure and their knowledge. If we were to change the proclivities of a cat to that of a duck, we should find that she would take to the water and try to swim gracefully, now and then dipping her mouth into the water, and on reaching some soft mud she would smother her head to the ears and nibble after worms. On the other hand, the duck with the cat's proclivities would seek the hearthrug to lie on, and if startled by the appearance of a dog would waddle from the house, and if pursued seek the nearest tree and make a violent effort to ascend it. In truth if they were thus dealt with by some mistake of nature or contrivance of man, they would appear to be afflicted with madness.

After this planet was inhabited by creatures thus wonderfully endowed with all the education necessary, and with propensities to action sufficient for all purposes, which had been living for ages without an attempt to know any more or do anything else, a new experiment was tried. A being was introduced having no knowledge at birth, but furnished with propensities like the rest, with some additions in nature or degree, and with powers far beyond all that his predecessors possessed. Man comes into the world in total and utter ignorance, absolutely helpless if left to himself, and requiring a long course of education whether savage or civilized.

Here, then, is the great gulf to be bridged over, and no man is so fitted to the task as Professor Darwin. If he should ever see this article in print, I hope he will undertake it. If he has not done so without my knowledge. I can imagine his suggesting

that the knowledge at birth should fade away slowly and little by little through countless generations, while an effort should gradually increase to acquire knowledge by the exercise of curiosity and the necessity for it; and that the propensity to communicate ideas to each other and to offspring slowly created a language of a crude kind. But there does not seem to be the slightest symptom in nature to warrant these suppositions, for the lowest savage is ignorant at birth, and the most manlike monkey is fully equipped with knowledge of the natural world and with innate skill.

If we take Adam and Eve by contradistinction we still have something to do, for Adam and Eve if utterly without knowledge would have perished like newborn babes abandoned in the woods; and if we suppose them to have had the privileges of the rest of Gods creatures, knowledge at birth or at creation, then by the natural laws existing it would have been transmitted to offspring, and would have satisfied our wants, and therefore would have remained in a condition of fixed quantity. To possess such complete attainments, ready made in us, would deter for ever from the exercise of those powers which we now delight in. Every way there is some difficulty, and more work for Darwin.

There is yet another task that I would set for the great naturalist. He has gone back to the beginning of life in its most simple form—a single cell; but this is not *the* beginning. I would have him go down deep into the foundation until he reaches the ultimate atoms. Atoms are strange things; they are not inert and lifeless only to be pushed hither and thither by outside force, but quite active when it suits them. They are not alive as we estimate life, but they have ways of their own. They seem to know each other and discover each other's presence, and to have loves and hatreds like ourselves; nay even different degrees of love, for they will abandon one partner for another as a greater favorite, and this over and over again. I am no chemist, but it is only necessary to look into a student's book and see that oxygen has a slight affection for gold, but will leave it if silver presents itself, and again for-

sake silver from a stronger liking for mercury; mercury has to yield to the superior attractions of copper, and copper to lead; tin stands still higher in esteem, but zinc obtains its strongest love, second to none but potassium, to which it ultimately clings after jilting such a succession of partners.

And then, again, how ingenious atoms are, and what strange things they make, all of themselves; and when in partnership they put themselves into new attitudes, so that two or three sorts of them mixed together abandon all their individual qualities, and agree as a firm to be a body corporate with new properties.

I could imagine Darwin calling it perception and volition of atoms. If we ever come to look at it as such we may be tempted to theorize on this perception and volition, which we see in chemistry, as being afterwards aggregated in such a way as to produce perception and volition in animals. Chemical atoms only discover each other's presence by contact, and at first sight it would seem that perception by touch only was very different from our powers of sense; but it is not so. We feel with the hand by simple contact; we taste only when things touch the tongue, and smell when odors reach the nostrils; we perceive sound when the undulating air beats on the drum of the ear, which again is touch, and, lastly, our eyes are touched by the swift particles of light even from the fixed stars, and without touch there is no perception.

Things are so wonderful in this world of ours that the interest never ceases, although we find ourselves at the beginning of an endless task. We cut our finger, and unknown to us, and unguided by our minds, the atoms of our own substance go to work as busily as a whole colony of ants, taking away what is defective and building up what is new with perfect skill and discretion. The blood is composed of many ingredients, although it seems so simple, and these in-

gredients are specially selected and deposited without mistake wherever they are needed. Microscopically minute fingers seem to be at work snatching out some atoms of a specific quality and building them into their right place as the red torrent courses along. Omitting the more bulky nourishment, and taking the lesser ingredients, we find phosphate of lime selected for the bones, and phosphates of magnesia and potash for the muscles, fluorine for the teeth, and silica and sulphur for teeth and hair, while iron paints the eye and makes it the charm of the whole countenance.

Now, if we change the basis and say that it is not the matter which possesses these powers, but the Almighty, then we have the conception of an omnipresent Deity in or round about every atom, giving it motion and direction, and we see volition from another source, but still attached to the atoms. This may be orthodoxly correct, and be held by all, but it still leaves us with more work on our hands; for the more we make researches, the more we are convinced that the volition of atoms, or of God in and about them, proceeds on principles that are fixed and undeviating.

As all things are wonderful beyond our ultimate comprehension, we can only watch that which is perceptible by us, and form theories as to the probable systems of action. There is nothing that we can discover that should make a tree grow, piling cell upon cell, much less that should make it bear seed, and continue after its kind; nor can we discover why atoms are fond of each other, and when combined should become very different in quality from the original elements. The apparent perception of each other's presence and volition in action, may, when arranged in some wonderful manner, constitute our perceptions and propensities; but this is a fit subject for great naturalists who are also great thinkers, and we present it to the light as more work for Darwin.

A WINTER IN NASSAU.

Before the late rebellion had broken out in the United States, very few persons in Canada were aware of the existence of the pretty little town of Nassau; and even after they had become somewhat enlightened on the subject, through its frequent mention as the great depot of the blockade-runners, their ideas regarding its locality, topography, inhabitants, &c., were of the most vague description. Unfortunately, no information could be gathered but that which was to be found in the gazetteers and encyclopædias, and this was so meagre that they were little wiser than before. It would, perhaps, hardly be worth while to attempt to supply this want now, but that a new interest has begun to attach itself to the town and island, of a totally different nature from that which led to its former notoriety. The cause of this renewed interest, which promises to again place it in a conspicuous position before the world, is to be found in its mild and balmy atmosphere, now becoming known for its soothing effects in all forms of pulmonary diseases.

It is, in fact, destined to become, at no distant day, the great *sanitarium* of this continent—a safe retreat for the American invalid.

It already begins to occupy in the American physician's therapeutics that position which in European medical practice is filled by the Island of Madeira.

Have you a lung complaint? Your medical attendant will, in nine cases out of ten, recommend you to travel south during the winter months, and so relieve your lungs from the cold and irritating atmosphere of the North. Be advised in time. Do not linger here and dally with the danger; but fly at once to the lands of perpetual summer. Complete restoration awaits you there. But you must not expect an immediate amendment in your symptoms—frequently one winter will be

enough to improve you considerably, but sometimes two or three are required, and you must not despair. And you will do wisely in not trusting too much to the climate, but endeavor to assist it by the employment of all other remedies known to be valuable in your case.

Now let us suppose that you have decided to try a winter on this little island, which is situated in North latitude 25°, and West longitude 77°. You find yourself in the city of New York, on your way south. You take passage on one of the steamers of the "Atlantic Mail Steamship Co.,"—office No. 5 Bowling Green. A steamer leaves every Thursday for Havana, calling at Nassau every alternate week, going and coming. It is a cold and blustering day, in the beginning of December, as you step aboard the steamer "Morro Castle," (named after one of the forts which defend the entrance to the harbor of Havana.) A strong North-Wester is roaring through the rigging of the good ship; and you begin to have unpleasant thoughts about rough weather, and that bugbear of sea travellers—sea-sickness. But let not such trifles trouble you, as a couple of days at most will carry the steamer into the latitudes where storms are rare at this season. When you have passed Cape Hatteras you may esteem yourself reasonably safe from epigastric disturbances. Meanwhile, as you advance south, do not unnecessarily close your organs of vision, and you may observe much that will prove interesting if not instructive. You will notice that the days grow rapidly longer, and at that time of year when your ordinary experience has taught you that they ought to become shorter. You can observe the polar star, the compass of the navigator of old, gradually setting down in the north as the steamer ploughs her way southward; and thus convince yourself of the spherical form of the globe you inhabit,—if you had

any previous doubts on the subject. You will perceive familiar stars and clusters of stars quietly disappear beneath the northern horizon; while most unfamiliar ones arise out of the ocean to the south. Among these you will observe, when you are near your destination, the constellation of the "Southern Cross,"—the beauty of which has, however, been greatly overrated. You will notice how, night after night, the moon and stars shine with increasing brilliancy, and the Milky Way becomes a well-defined band across the nocturnal sky.

The weather during the first thirty-six hours having remained pretty much the same, somewhat discouraging your hopes of finding it warmer as you proceed south, you will be surprised on emerging from your stateroom on the second morning of your voyage to find all the cabin doors and windows wide open, and the cabin stove "cold as charity." With a shiver you instinctively close the door, but it is immediately opened again by the purser, who tells you, with a peculiar smile, that "we are now in the Gulf Stream." "Ah, indeed!" you reply, carelessly, and you go on deck to see what the Gulf Stream is like, when you are surprised to find the air mild, balmy, and warmer than within the cabin. Your overcoat, which you previously kept buttoned up to the throat, you now throw aside as an encumbrance, and you begin to indulge in pleasant dreams of the delightful climate to which you are hastening, and of which this balmy atmosphere is only a foretaste. When you have sufficiently enjoyed the novelty of this change, you will naturally turn your attention to the Gulf Stream.

The waters of this "gigantic river" are of a deep sky-blue color, in striking contrast to the peculiar green of the adjoining Atlantic. Its temperature is so much higher than the superincumbent atmosphere, that it is constantly giving off the superfluous heat which it had previously stolen from the tropic sun. This raises the temperature of the surface air so much, that, had nature considerably anchored a few islands in the course of the stream at this point, we should have had a semi-tropical winter climate within thirty-six or forty hours' sail of New York. This loca-

lity, however, appears to be the goal around which the winds of these latitudes career as a common centre,—the stormy days outnumbering the serene—so that, after all, the climate might prove to be ill-adapted to invalids seeking a mild and genial atmosphere.

Further south you will become acquainted with the flying-fish; though you will declare that the convulsive, fluttering leap which he makes from one wave to another can scarcely be called flying. He seldom attempts this manœuvre unless when closely pressed by his implacable enemy, the dolphin.

On board the steamer out-door life is now the rule. The air has the temperature of summer, the water is usually calm, and the sky is clear; but the sun begins to assert his great power, and a canvas awning is spread over the promenade deck from sunrise to sunset, as a protection against his fierce rays. The countenances of the Cuban passengers, of whom there is usually a considerable number aboard, begin to brighten as they feel the genial warmth; and the enormous mufflers, shawls and cloaks in which they were before almost buried, are gladly thrown aside. The increasing intensity of the sun's heat begins to warm their hearts as well as their persons, and they gather together in social groups, after the manner of this amiable, but fickle and vindictive people. You contrast their animated appearance with the cold and grave demeanor of the American passengers, and feel more than half inclined to return a verdict in favor of the former—so frequently are we governed by sympathy rather than judgment.

On the morning of the fourth day the Abaco Lighthouse rises out of the Southern horizon; and you presently get your first view of a coral island. If you have indulged in any romantic visions on the subject of coral islands, they will be rudely dispelled when you gaze upon the low rocky shores of Abaco. The steamer's course runs within a couple of miles for the whole of its length (some sixty miles), and when at length you lose sight of it, the verdant island of New Providence, your destination, appears to the south. Before sunset you land on the island, and enter the town

of Nassau. You will, of course, proceed direct to the "Royal Victoria Hotel," for a few days at least, until you can find more comfortable and homelike quarters in the boarding-houses, or in a private family; the latter of which is recommended to invalids as far preferable to either of the former, because of the kindly attentions of the members of the family to their lodger, whom they seem to regard more in the light of a guest.

If the appearance of the island on your arrival surprised you with its groves of cocoanut trees, its African royal palms, with the fleecy Australian pines overtopping all, you will be astonished on entering the houses to perceive that they are without many of those furnishings which in the North are considered indispensable. There are no carpets to the floors, no curtains to the windows,—sometimes neither sash nor glass—no paper on the walls, no gasaliers or chandeliers suspended from the ceilings, with very little furniture, and that little of the most antiquated description. A parlor is considered to be furnished when there is a table, half-a-dozen chairs, a piano, and *perhaps* a sofa. A bedroom is comfortable with a bed, washstand, looking-glass, and as many chairs as there are occupants to fill them. The walls seem to be all doors and windows, because of the necessity there exists in these latitudes for a plentiful supply of fresh and cool air. You will naturally ask a reason for the absence of carpets, curtains, &c., which are alike wanting in the houses of the rich and the poor. You will receive your answer in one word, which escapes the lips of the lady of the house with a sigh, "Insects!" You look around you in momentary dread of beholding centipedes, scorpions and tarantulas, about which you have heard so much; when the lady explains that those tabooed articles—carpets, &c.,—serve as harbors of refuge for innumerable small ants, fleas, bugs and jiggers, as well as nests for millions of eggs of spiders and the larger kinds of insects. The prospect is not reassuring, but when you are informed that these little pests are not troublesome during the winter, and you reflect that you will not be there in the

summer, you wisely dismiss the subject from your mind. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

The outward appearance of the houses is not less remarkable than the interior. The total absence of chimneys, with the long and broad piazzas, often completely closed in with green jalousies, gives the houses a very strange character. Sometimes the piazzas extend from the basement to the roof, and the house itself is thus quite invisible. And the street in front is not less remarkable, being apparently formed of one sheet of soft limestone from one side to the other; and seldom possessed of sidewalks, these being unnecessary where there is so little traffic that you seldom see more than a dozen vehicles during the day. Some of the streets are drained—that is to say, there is a shallow gutter on one or both sides, through which water runs whenever it rains; but these gutters serve no other purpose in the economy of the town, as no refuse matter is allowed to be thrown into them. In other respects the roads are admirable; and are kept in repair by gangs of negroes from the prison (facetiously termed the "Queen's Hotel") who are heavily ironed. The streets are laid out at right angles, the principal ones running east and west, along the northern shore of the island; with others crossing them at wide intervals leading north and south, a few of which are extended into the middle of the island, and two traverse it entirely. The principal street is Bay street, which skirts the harbor, and is continued east and west to the ends of the island, affording two very pleasant drives. Another interesting drive is to Adelaide on the southwestern coast, which is a small negro village, consisting of a few primitive huts, clustered around a barn-like building which answers the double purpose of church and school. The life of these most wretched creatures is but one degree removed from barbarism; and is a fair sample of what these islands will come to eventually, unless some form of labor is introduced, and the negro compelled to work or leave the islands.

Standing on the shore at this place, you cannot overcome the feeling that you are

on the coast of Africa. The mean and barbarous poverty in which the negroes live; their wild and savage appearance, being almost destitute of clothing; the uncultivated and desolate aspect of this part of the island, overrun with brushwood, cacti, vines and other trailing and climbing parasites of tropical forms; with the vast extent of deep blue ocean stretching away to the South, and a scorching sun blazing in the cloudless sky—all these form a picture, the reality of which you cannot bring yourself to believe exists anywhere but on the African Continent. When you return to Nassau you feel as though you had journeyed thousands of miles; and you rejoice as though rescued from a cannibal island and restored to your country and friends. And yet, even in Nassau, the blacks are to the whites as five to one; and the initials of New Providence, the island on which the town is situated, are facetiously said to stand for "Negro Paradise." But if your first impression of the people is rather *dark*, it brightens as you become acquainted with its social and hospitable elements, and find yourself invited to dinner here, and to tea there, as though you were an old friend of each and every family in the quiet little place. In a few weeks you feel as much at home as you might reasonably expect to become in other places in as many years. And yet, society is as purely English in tone as it could be in the very heart of the British Islands. There is the same traditional love of England and everything English, only that it appears to be intensified in proportion to the distance from the Motherland. Annexation to the United States finds even fewer advocates than in loyal Canada. The restless energy and goaheaditiveness of the nervous Yankee jars upon the quiet conservatism of the languid Bahamian; who, like the conch shellfish, after which he is pleased to name himself, the more he is solicited to come out of his shell, only retires the deeper within its tortuous recesses.

During your walks through the town you will, of course, visit the Market, a dilapidated wooden shed, and one of the most noisy and odorous places on the island. Here you will see all sorts of strange

fruits and vegetables, for most of which you can find no manner of names. Of fish, also, a great variety of the most beautiful colors are exposed for sale in tubs and tanks of sea-water, and all alive, it being impossible to keep any fish or flesh in such climates after the breath of life has passed away, except with the aid of ice, which is a luxury not within the reach of all; so that everything is brought to the market alive, excepting beef, mutton and pork; there being, however, but little of the last used in its fresh state—imported "mess-pork" being used instead. The most surprising and interesting objects are the huge turtles, many of which measure over five feet long, and weigh from five to six hundred pounds. The largest of these creatures are usually exported, the smaller ones only being purchased for home consumption. The shells of the larger ones will weigh from sixty to a hundred pounds.

But turn we now from the inhabitants of the sea to those of the land. Excepting numerous small lizards, and on some of the larger islands a few wild hogs of a degenerate breed, there are no quadrupeds but the domestic animals; and of these not a superabundance, if we except cats, and dogs, which are so numerous as to become an intolerable nuisance. From the setting of the sun until the rising thereof, the barking of dogs, the wailing of cats and the crowing of cocks render it almost impossible for the stranger to sleep during the first night of his stay in the town.

With regard to the bipeds, we have already mentioned that the blacks are four or five times as numerous as the whites; and yet it is surprising to see the deference with which the negro approaches one of the superior race. He seems almost instinctively to recognize his own inferiority; and it is a common thing to hear one of them, in wrangling with another, call him a dirty black nigger—this being apparently the most opprobrious epithet which he can find to hurl at his opponent. He has likewise a strong antipathy to the mixed race, declaring that God made the white and the black man, but the devil made the colored people. This curious creed has more truth in it than appears on the surface, since the mulatto is usually

the result of the promptings of the great Tempter.

When you have been a few weeks, or it may be months, on the island, you will discover that the whites also have their prejudices, and very strong ones, against both black and colored people; and that they not only do not associate with either, but refuse to meet them under any circumstances upon terms of equality. Even in places of worship, where all are supposed to be equal, the whites occupy the front seats, and the others the rear seats; and the line of demarcation is never passed by either.

But a stranger would not dream of the existence of this feeling of caste on his first arrival in the town; because he finds the black and colored persons filling positions of trust and responsibility. The first person with whom he has to do on his landing is the customs' examiner, a negro of most gentlemanly manner and excellent education. He finds the post-office clerks to be all people of color; the police force to be composed entirely of negroes, officered by colored persons; the troops are all blacks, with white commissioned officers; in many of the governmental departments he finds various shades of color; and, finally, he is not surprised to observe, even in the legislative halls, faces which betray the presence of black blood. But if he venture to indulge in dreams of universal brotherhood, and look for the speedy advent of the millennium, in a month or two he will be sadly disappointed to find that he must hold himself aloof from the colored people if he does not wish to be shut out of white society; and we are much mistaken if, at the end of six months, he is not imbued with a stronger feeling on the subject of caste than the natives themselves, because he has learned the impossibility of associating with those who are nearly white without coming in contact with others who are but a shade removed from black.

There appears to be but one class among the whites in the town. It is true there are different grades in that class, who form themselves into separate cliques, and, with true English exclusiveness, stoutly maintain their positions; but they all belong to the same class. They are all tradespeople, with a sprinkling of professionals, as doc-

tors, parsons, lawyers, &c. Excepting the Governor and his family, there are none who can claim a place in the upper circles of society; and omitting a very few mechanics, there are none who could be justly said to belong to the lower classes. The negroes supply all the mechanical and menial labor of the latter, as in all countries where an inferior race is made to minister to the wants and caprices of a superior. In this case, however, the negro's services are very fitfully rendered, as he is not kindly disposed towards continued labor, but loves his ease as much or more than his task. Seldom can he be induced to work beyond that period when he is entitled to draw a portion of his wages, but rather lounges about and treats his friends to cheap run at three cents a glass, until his money is all spent, when he returns to his master with a doleful story about fever, and is usually allowed to recommence work.

On the whole the Bahamian negro is quiet, orderly, good-natured and tractable; seldom or never coming to blows, but content to abuse his antagonist with vituperative language.

The manners, customs and habits of the white people are somewhat different from those of Northerners. This is partly from choice, but more from necessity, as their isolated position keeps them half a century behind the present times, and the climate dictates most of their habits. But we do not purpose giving any account of these, lest the reader should turn over the leaves and ask if this article is not already too long. Therefore we shall close it with an extract from a very interesting account of the Danish West Indies, which appeared in *Harper's Monthly Magazine* a few months ago, and which, though written for St. Croix, is equally applicable to all the West India Islands. He says:—

“After six months' sojourn in the Danish West Indies we summed up the advantages and disadvantages, attractions and annoyances, of a winter's residence there for strangers and invalids; to which we add, after some time has past, that inconveniences and petty deprivations gradually fade from the memory, and leave there only things of beauty to be a joy forever. You

feel while there that you have left behind you an advanced stage of civilization; you sigh in vain for books besides those you take with you, for evidences of the fine arts, for companions of culture; you miss gas and ice and many little accustomed comforts of the North; you may suffer some from heat, and you may tremble with anticipation of earthquakes, hurricanes, and tidal waves, and other interesting festivities of nature; and you never know when you may be risking your social position, and giving mortal offence, by ignorantly or innocently running foul of the established feeling of caste between the white population and those who have any black blood in their veins, even when not indicated by appearance; so if you happen actually to think that all men are born free and equal, or if you are unable to distinguish the slightest kink in the hair or shade of the complexion, you peril your eminence in the aristocracy of color, where neither education, manners, wealth, nor character can overleap the prejudice.

“But you live in a climate averaging 80°, where every breath is healing; beside a tinted and eye-delighting ocean, whose salt breezes are constant and strengthening; amidst lovely scenery full of vivid and varied hues; and beneath far, solemn, and deep blue skies, whose passing clouds flash down momentary sparkling showers, whose brief sunsets are glorious beyond the painting of words, and whose prismatic stars glitter like steel, when not quenched by the most mellow and brightest of moonlights. You feel, while in the islands, as if you were buried from the world, and fret from the monotony of the days; but year by year, after you have come away,

you will look back to those verdant hills, to those palm-bordered roads, to that purple and rosy sea, to those brilliant noons and beautiful nights, to the charming climate, with a yearning that is like a homesickness, and you will come to understand with the sympathy of experience the answer made us by an accomplished creole, whose acquirements fitted him for higher positions than he could fill in the islands, when we asked why he did not seek more accessible and worthy fortunes elsewhere—“Ah!” he said, looking up to the heavens all aglow with morning light, “I cannot live away from the tropic sun!”

In justice to Nassau, though at the risk of wearying the reader, we must remark that most of the complaints above made, viz: of the absence of books, objects of art, companions of culture, do not hold good. There is in Nassau a public library not surpassed by any in the Dominion of Canada, and several gentlemen of the highest culture reside in the town. Earthquakes are never experienced, and hurricanes, tidal waves, &c., are very rare, and are never known to occur during the winter months. Gas there is none; but ice may be had at any time. During the winter months the heat is rarely so great as to become oppressive; the average temperature being about 72°, and the usual range from 65° to 78°.

There can be no doubt whatever of the superior advantages of Nassau over all the other tropical resorts; as the increasing numbers who annually make it their winter residence abundantly testify to this fact.

A R E V E R I E .

M. A. MATTLAND, ST. CATHERINE'S.

I sit by the open window,
 And watch my children's glee,
 As they gambol about light hearted,
 'Neath the shade of the old pear-tree.

The blossoms are whirling round them
 On the scented breeze of May; *
 And they kiss each glowing forehead,
 Ere they fall on the dusty way.

I sit, and I dream, and ponder,
 But my thoughts are o'er the sea,
 In the bloom of another springtime,
 'Neath the shade of another tree.

And other cheeks are glowing,
 And other voices call,
 And other feet are treading
 The blossoms, as they fall.

Oh! merrily rings the laughter,
 Up! up! through the cloudless sky:
 The sun in his strength is beaming,
 And swiftly the hours go by.

I join in the mirth and gladness,
 And shout as we come and go,
 While the pear-tree showers its blossoms
 On the blithesome group below.

But e'en as I dream and ponder,
 The vision hath passed away:
 And where have my playmates vanished?
 Where! where! are they all to-day?

Oh! tell me, ye flitting sunbeams,—
 And tell me ye winds that blow,—
 Are they lightsome and happy-hearted,
 As they were in the long ago?

Does the sun still shine upon them,
 With soft and genial ray?
 Does the breath of Spring still scatter
 The blossoms upon their way?

Ye whisper of clouds that gather—
 Of shadows that come between—
 Of sorrows that sit in darkness,
 Where joy and where light have been.

Ye tell me of storms and tempests,
 That sweep o'er the sea of Time.
 When vessels all richly laden,
 Drift out to an unknown clime.

Ye say that the frosts of winter,
 Have lingered in wood and dell,—
 That snowflakes long have fallen
 Where only the blossoms fell.

And that she whom my heart held dearest,
 Who lives in my love e'en now,
 Is treading this "vale of sorrows"
 With cypress upon her brow.

But what of the buds that withered?
 And what of the garnered sheaves?
 Only a gleam of sunshine,—
 A quiver among the leaves.

The whispering spirits vanished,
 They knew that I asked too much;
 But a still small voice made answer
 "Thou shalt take no thought for such."

So I leave with my God the issue
 Of sunshine, and of storm—
 "He feeds his flock like a shepherd:
 He gathers the lambs with his arm."

And I thank Him for all the blossoms,
 That cluster around my way:
 For the joy, and the love, and the sunlight,
 That beam on my path to-day.

And I'll trust Him in each to-morrow,
 Let come whether weal or woe—
 Believing, what here is hidden,
 I shall hereafter know.

EARLY SCENES IN CANADIAN LIFE.

BY REV. THOMAS WEBSTER, NEWBURY, ONT.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER LI.

THE HUNTERS STILL ABSENT—CONVICTION THAT THEY ARE LOST—CHANGES OF WEATHER CAUSE DISCOURAGEMENT AND DELAY—RETURN OF MR. J. SCATCERD—A HUNT FOR THE HUNTERS—BACKWOODS HOSPITALITY—FAILURE TO FIND ANY TRACE OF THE LOST MEN—SEARCH ABANDONED—ATTEMPT TO STIMULATE TO ANOTHER EFFORT BY THE OFFER OF A REWARD.

Beyond the point at which Howay and Knowlan had last been seen, in the direction in which they were then proceeding, there were at that time very few dwellings, and the hope entertained for the first few days of their absence, that they had made their way to one of these, was soon dissipated by their failure to return to their respective abodes. The night after their departure had been rainy and the snow had melted away; a sharp frost succeeding the thaw, and afterward a fall of snow. The change in the weather discouraged their neighbors in attempting to search for them, all traces of their progress having been obliterated by the thaw before it was realized that they were lost, and the intensity of the cold which followed had induced the fear that the men so long exposed to its rigor, without shelter or sustenance, had perished from hunger and cold.

Some, however, urged the duty of immediate search, asserting that Howay and Knowlan were both strong and vigorous, and neither of them likely to succumb quickly to either want or weather; and that if prompt search were even then made, they might yet be found alive. But others there were who, esteeming Knowlan too wary a woodsman to have lost his way,

were deterred from effort by the fear—almost conviction—that the hunters had come to close quarters with the bears, and had been killed by them.

Such was the state of the case when Mr. J. Scatcherd returned from York. Shocked to find that so long a time had been allowed to elapse without any general effort being made to rescue the unfortunate men from the suffering and death sure to be their fate if not relieved, he soon ascertained the state of feeling in the neighborhood, threw his influence into the hopeful scale, and endeavored to infuse his own spirit into all with whom he came in contact.

Mr. E. A. Talbot and others on the opposite side of the river, were also moving in the matter. They were communicated with, a time and place of meeting agreed upon, and the men throughout the settlement on both sides of the river notified.

At the appointed time they presented themselves at the rendezvous, sixty strong, provided with guns and ammunition, horns and pocket compasses, most of them supplied with food for two days, and accompanied by a number of dogs.

The party then went up the river to the place at which the hunters had been seen crossing it, and there they also crossed. Then arranging themselves in a line, at just sufficient distance apart for each man to be able to see his neighbor on either hand, those bearing horns being placed as nearly as possible equi-distant along the line, they set forward in the direction supposed to have been taken by Howay and Knowlan. The horns were to be sounded at intervals, for the double purpose of announcing their presence to those whom they sought, if the latter should happen to be within hearing, and in order to keep

each part of the company apprised of the position of the others, that the line might be preserved and no stragglers lost.

Keeping the men in a straight line, and in a direct course proved to be an undertaking of rather difficult accomplishment, owing to the many individual divergencies rendered unavoidable by fallen timber, &c, obstructing their path, particularly in passing through the large swamps which lay in their way. Their progress was consequently not very rapid, and before they had got beyond the dwellings deepest in the forest, night was upon them.

Each man had been on the alert all day, but no discovery had rewarded their vigilance. No smouldering ashes, or half-burned brands were found, to show where the hunters had passed a cheerless night. No freshly broken branch, or trace of foot-steps on the unbroken surface of the snow stretching everywhere about them indicated that bear or man had passed that way. Though the hornsmen had not failed to wake the forest echoes with many a blast both long and loud, they had listened in vain for an answering halloo.

Wearied and dispirited by the unsuccessful toils of the day, they were not sorry to learn at night that they were within reach of two dwellings where they might find, at the least, shelter from the biting cold till morning. Judging half their number no inconsiderable addition to one household, they divided into two parties, one going to one house, and the other to the other.

A plain statement of the humane undertaking in which they were engaged, satisfactorily accounted for the presence of so many men, and appealed directly to the ready sympathies of those whose hospitalities they claimed. By way of welcome, each host heaped fresh fuel on his fire, till it blazed high in the wide chimney and diffused its cheerful light and grateful warmth throughout the house; while the travellers disposed themselves as best they could to enjoy its ruddy glow and to rest their tired limbs.

Though they had generally provided themselves each with food sufficient for his own wants, yet Mr. and Mrs. Brown, whose house was one of those at which the strangers had been received, with genuine back-

woods hospitality, prepared supper for the entire company; and men who had been tramping through the rough woods all that cold December day, would not be likely to hesitate long between a warm meal and a cold—probably frozen—lunch.

The party quartered at the other house did not fare quite so well, owing, probably, less to lack of good-will on the part of its inmates, than to inability to feed thirty hungry men.

Next day they continued the search with like result. Finally, discouraged by their failure to find any trace of the wanderers, their neighbors determined to abandon the search, and returned to their homes after an absence of two days and nights.

The Messrs. Scatcherd, however, still clinging to the hope that Howay and Knowlan might possibly be yet alive, offered ten dollars each, as a reward to any one who would find them, either dead or alive. At the time of these occurrences money was exceedingly scarce in that vicinity, and men were willing to do and dare a great deal for twenty dollars, that sum being then regarded as much more considerable than many times that amount would be now.

CHAPTER LII.

THE HUNTERS ON THE TRAIL—SURPRISED BY COMING NIGHT—ATTEMPT TO RE-TRACE THEIR STEPS—DARKNESS—RAIN—WET MORNING—WALK ALL DAY—ANOTHER NIGHT IN THE WOODS—WITHOUT FOOD—SNOW—THIRD DAY TRAPPED THROUGH THE SNOW—AT NIGHT FOUND THEMSELVES WHERE THEY STARTED IN THE MORNING.

How fared it in the meantime with the hunters?

On leaving Mr. Scatcherd's they went directly to the swamp into which Howay and Holden had tracked the bears the previous afternoon. The blood seen all along the trail led them to believe that the wounded bear would be by that time, if not already dead, in so exhausted a condition as to be easily dispatched. "The Doctor," therefore, was desirous of following it; but Howay, feeling certain from the signs that its wound was too serious

to admit of its having gone very much farther, thought that they could find it hours hence quite as well as then. He insisted upon following the unwounded bear, supposing that it had taken to a tree for the night, and that if they hurried forward they might come up to its retreat while it was yet there; in which case he doubted not but they should kill it, and returning find the other without difficulty, and go home in triumph, having secured both bears.

Howay having first found the game claimed the proprietorship, as he had done the previous day; when, but for his having forbidden the other men to fire at the bears, they might all have been shot. The Doctor, recognizing Howay's right to order the hunt, yielded the point, and followed with his sanguine companion on the track of the uninjured animal.

But Howay was mistaken in his estimate of the situation, not having taken into consideration the violent shock poor Bruip's nerves had received in being hurled headlong from the crashing wreck of his heretofore secure hiding-place, down among strange creatures who belched out fire and smoke. Escaping from enemies so dreadful, and dangers so unprecedented in all the experiences of his bearhood, was he likely so soon to have become sufficiently tranquilized to allow himself to be caught napping?

Through the swamp, out on to the high land, and still onward to the river's bank, went the tracks and the trackers.

They were now at the North Branch of the Thames, on the outer verge of the Nissouri settlement. In the part of that township lying between the river and the London town-line on the west, there were then no settlers; and north of these townships stretched unmeasured wilds away to Lake Huron.

The bear had crossed the river, and the eager hunters, without thought of danger, followed. No shadow of coming ill darkened their spirits as they turned their backs on the abodes of men and plunged into the uninhabited wilderness.

Intent only on the chase, they hastened forward, taking no heed of time or distance. The day had been very cloudy; so

much so that the sun had not once appeared, and neither of them having a watch with him the hours had passed unnoted.

Observing the gloom deepening in the woods, they at first attributed it to a gathering storm; but soon they were startled to find that the shades of night were stealing upon them.

Then came thoughts of home comfort and security; but how far they had left these behind, or in what direction, they knew not. Since losing sight of the river, they had had no idea to which point of the compass the course they were taking tended. Their first impulse was to retrace their steps. A moment's reflection might have convinced them of the folly of attempting to regain the settlement that night. The rapidly increasing darkness soon made it impossible for them to see their tracks, and forced them to realize that they must pass the night in the woods.

A fire was indispensable—not only for its warmth, but as a protection against hungry beasts of prey; it was even possible that the hunted might become the hunter, and, turning upon his pursuers, take them at a disadvantage during the hours of darkness.

Without fear of infringing the rights of the proprietor, they helped themselves freely to wood. Fire was obtained by flashing a little powder in the pan of their gun, upon a scrap of old linen which they had with them, to serve as wadding for their gun. This speck of fire gradually extended itself to the fuel applied to it, at first sparingly and with care, then with liberal hands, till the flames shot in and out, and curled around the wood like tongues of fire; then blending into a towering mass of flame, leaped upward as if to pierce the murky sky, illuminating the surrounding space, and causing the darkness beyond to seem yet thicker.

The benighted hunters having seated themselves beside their fire, began to think of appeasing the keen demands of appetite. Thanks to the liberal care of Mrs. Scat-cherd, the lunch which was to have been merely a substitute for dinner, yielded also an abundant supper for themselves and their dog, and was not even then quite exhausted.

While the excitement of the chase had lasted they had been scarcely conscious of fatigue; but with the depression of spirits caused by failure and anxiety, came also the sense of weariness; and they would gladly have lain down to rest. But the snow-clad earth was the only couch available, and rather than test the comforts of such a resting-place they preferred to spend the long night alternately walking about or sitting beside the fire.

The storm that had threatened in the evening came on about midnight, and long before the seemingly interminable night was ended they were drenched with rain. Morning came at last, but without bringing any improvement in the weather. While waiting for the dim light of the rainy morning to become strong enough to enable them to discern surrounding objects, they ate the few morsels of food, which had remained after their last night's supper: being enough to whet their appetites, but not enough to satisfy them.

With the return of day, they left their comfortless lodging-place, and started, as they supposed, on their homeward journey, hoping to reach some human habitation before night. During the early part of the night, they had encouraged themselves by reflecting that if they but passed the night in safety, in the morning they could—in backwoods' phrase—take their back tracks to the place where they had crossed the river. There had been only a light "tracking snow," and the incessant rain had melted it. The tracks on which they had depended for guidance had disappeared, and they had no compass by which to direct their course.

Hour after hour, they plodded on through the rain, trying to take the direction in which they supposed they had come, but without discovering any remembered object or peculiarity in the face of the country to assure them that they were right.

The rain continued with unabated violence till about noon. Then the weather became colder, and before night it began to snow. Since the change in the temperature, their saturated garments had become most distressingly uncomfortable. Weary, and wet, hungry and cold, they still pressed onward, watching intently for some

sign that the river was near, but watching in vain.

As the dull light of that stormy day died out into the utter darkness of night, so their hopes died. Again they kindled a fire, though with more difficulty than on the previous evening, in consequence of the rain. By the light of the fire each saw in the other's face the reflection of his own conviction; they were indeed lost, inextricably involved in the wild mazes of the trackless forest.

While turning themselves about before the fire, now one side, then the other, to dry their wet garments and warm their shivering bodies, their minds were filled with sad thoughts of the fate which probably awaited them. Yet they did not yield to despondency, but still hoped that when it cleared up, so that they could determine by the position of the heavenly bodies which direction was north and which south, they might be able to make their way out to the settlements. But often as they looked upward during the dreary watches of the dismal night, nor moon nor star appeared. Nothing was to be seen above or around them but the fast-falling snow and the tall spectral trees standing around in the fire's bright glare, with their naked branches swaying like great skeleton arms in the wintry blasts.

Though every aching muscle called for rest, they dared not indulge themselves in sitting down, except for a very short time at intervals; the cold was so intense that they were obliged to keep almost continually in motion, to preserve themselves from freezing to death.

The snow-storm continued all night, and when they perceived the light of returning day they were unable to determine the point whence it came. This uncertainty respecting the points of the compass caused them to hesitate, lest the progress they were making, instead of bringing them to the settlements, might be taking them farther into the uninhabited regions. To stay where they were was certain death; if they went on, there was a possibility of escape. The exertion of walking, by aiding the circulation of the blood in their chilled veins, would keep off death from freezing, at least, a little longer.

Accordingly, they again took up the line of march, the one with a semblance of cheerfulness remarking jestingly to the other, that "he wished the sheriff would come along and take them both prisoners."

All day long they tramped through the deep snow. No game was caught, and this day also passed without food. The snow having ceased to fall, they congratulated themselves on the probability of the storm being over at last, and they became more hopeful. But just before night, to their astonishment and mortification, they found themselves beside the remains of the fire they had left in the morning. This, they thought, explained why they had not reached the river; they had been travelling in a circle, instead of going forward in a straight line, as they had supposed they were doing. They had probably made a similar circle the day before, and would be likely to proceed in the same way again next day, and each succeeding one as long as they were able to walk. More thoroughly discouraged than they had been at any time before, they rekindled the smouldering embers, and sat down to rest, wondering whether hunger or cold would soonest complete the work of death.

That third night differed from those that had preceded it only in not storming, and in being, as the poor shivering sufferers thought, still colder. The frost king had spread his mantle and set his seal everywhere, and the grey old trees stood solemnly around, like silent sentinels in his court of death. Even the harsh voice of the screech owl, breaking the oppressive stillness, would have been a relief to them. No voice of bird or beast came to their ears; no evidence that animal life existed in all that vast solitude, except in themselves and their dog.

These first days and nights of their wretched wanderings were specimens of the many that followed, bringing little diversity of incident.

Some of those who heard the narrative from their own lips, are under the impression that they spoke of having returned a third time to the same fire; in the last instance after an absence of several days, when they found fire still living in the

ashes—the latter a very gratifying circumstance, for their small supply of gunpowder was then nearly spent.

CHAPTER LIII.

SHOOT AND EAT A PARTRIDGE—SEE A DEER BUT CANNOT GET A SHOT—THIRST ALMOST INSATIABLE—DOCTOR'S FERT FROZEN—REACH THE BANKS OF A STREAM—FOLLOW ITS DOWNWARD COURSE—SEE THE SUN AND ARE MORE BEWILDERED THAN BEFORE—FEAREACH OTHER—FIND A HAYSTACK—SEARCHING FOR A HOUSE—COME TO A FORMER CAMP-FIRE—FIND TRACKS OF TWO MEN AND A DOG—FOLLOW THEM AND ARE LED TO THE HAYSTACK.

On the fourth day they were so fortunate as to shoot a partridge. Having been altogether without food ever since their home supply was exhausted, they quickly prepared the bird for the extemporized spit. And while they longingly watched its progress towards an eatable condition, their faithful companion in suffering, the dog, not fancying those tedious antecedents to civilized feeding, had devoured his share, the intestines, with doubtless as keen a relish as his masters had for the more delicate portions of the bird. Though dressed without much culinary skill, and eaten without salt or other seasoning than hunger, they both thought that partridge the sweetest morsel that they had ever tasted. Its only fault was that there was not enough of it. They declared that it no more satisfied their hunger than a single cherry each would have satisfied them in a case of ordinary hunger in happier times. But hoping that they had now got into a region more frequented by game, and doubting not their ability in that case to secure enough of it to prevent starvation, they resumed their tedious march in somewhat improved spirits.

Next day they saw a deer, but he had probably seen them first, as he was running when they discovered him. Very much to the disappointment of the famished men, who would have so highly appreciated a good venison steak, the original proprietor of the coveted viand,

kept at too great a distance for them to bring him down. Too soon they found themselves sadly mistaken, in expecting to meet with game. During the whole time they were in the woods they never saw a wild animal of any kind, excepting the deer with a sight of which they had been tantalized, the partridge which they had shot, and another which they had fired at but missed; not even a squirrel, or snowbird, or any other living creature did they see, save only each other, and their dog. The spotless snow was untracked by quadruped or bird.

To allay the gnawings of hunger they ate slippery-elm bark, and the buds of various trees, especially those of the basswood; and on such edibles they contrived to subsist. They also suffered extremely from thirst, which after some days seemed to become almost insatiable. Though "tired nature" imperatively demanded its "sweet restorer", and would not be altogether denied, yet when they slept it was at the peril of freezing. The partial unconsciousness that stole over their benumbed senses could scarcely be called sleep; it was seldom more than broken and unsatisfying slumber, from which they derived little refreshment.

Under all these accumulated miseries, their strength began to fail; still they managed to keep up a rather quick walk—they themselves described it as running—while day-light lasted for the first five days. On the fifth night, "Doctor" got his feet frozen and thenceforward he walked with difficulty, and in much pain, consequently they did not get over so much ground in the day as formerly.

The dreary days and nights succeeded each other in the same dismal, monotonous round, till they one day found themselves on the bank of a stream. Hope once more sprang up in their despondent hearts, for they doubted not that it was their own long-sought, North Branch of the Thames. If their strength would but hold out now, they thought they had but to follow the downward course of the river, to find food, friends and comfort.

The pleasing prospect stimulated them to put forth all the energy remaining in

their enfeebled frames. Anxiously watching for some remembered object, they followed down the course of the stream; but everything they saw continued still to wear an unfamiliar aspect.

There was no evidence anywhere that a white man had ever before trodden those wilds. At last, to their great delight, the sun appeared—the first time they had seen his face since their wanderings began. Their satisfaction, however, was of but short continuance, for its position shewed them that the stream on whose bank they were could not be the Thames.

The bewildered hunters had turned their backs on the river they were seeking, and had traversed the woods to the Aux-Sables: striking that river somewhere in the south-west part of the township of Biddulph or the south-east corner of McGillivray. Those townships were then unsurveyed.

For a while they stood gazing at the unknown stream, with scarcely power to think or move; Whither would it lead them—Where now was the hope of deliverance which had seemed so near?—Vanished as a dream when one awaketh. Despair seized upon them; they looked stealthily into each other's eyes, and thought they saw there what caused them to turn shudderingly away. For days a horrible thought had haunted both their minds. Each suspected that the other meditated murdering him, that the murderer might satisfy his hunger by devouring his victim. But while attributing such a design to his companion, each was confident that he was himself incapable of perpetrating so barbarous a deed, or of desiring so disgusting a meal. Knowlan would not go in advance of Howay as they walked, fearing that if he did Howay would shoot him, and Howay would not precede Knowlan, being apprehensive that if he did, the latter would knock him down with his axe. These suspicions each kept to himself, thinking that if his fellow should not be harboring such a design, to mention the subject might suggest the crime. But no thought of averting his own doom by anticipating the action of his companion ever occurred to either.

Though ignorant of where or to what

the stream might lead them, yet it seemed like a sort of guide, and they preferred following it to plunging again into the woody labyrinth. So they trudged on, chewing the cud of bitter thoughts.

Just as they were one night preparing to make their camp-fire they saw a haystack. This indication that civilized man had been there before them rather encouraged them. But finding no tracks to or from the stack, they concluded that its owners might be too far distant for it to be practicable for them to attempt finding them that night.

They had only powder enough left them to strike fire once or twice; therefore, they determined to pass that night without fire. Accordingly they dug a hole in the hay, near the lower part of the stack, on its sheltered side, and creeping into the cavity, they lay down to rest, and sleep; their faithful dog sharing their bed. Though the hay was the best resting-place their worn and wearied bodies had found for many nights, yet they suffered so much from the cold, that it was long before they slept.

In the morning the often disappointed men, once more under the stimulus of renewed hope, rallied their almost exhausted energies for fresh exertion. The hay had evidently been cut on the adjacent flats along the river; a luxuriant growth of wild grass being usually found in such situations. Inspired by the hope of finding, at no great distance, the home of those who had cut the grass, they wended their toilsome way still down stream.

While they walked, eyes and ears were strained in vain to catch sight or sound indicative of human presence. Anxiously as they watched, no light was anywhere seen breaking through between the thick trees, suggestive of a clearing. When the bank they were pursuing rose high enough above the land on the opposite side of the river to give them a view of a wider extent of horizon, they could discern no slender column of smoke mounting in the frosty air, and betraying a warm hearth beneath; no sound of barking dog or woodman's axe was heard, to break the deathlike stillness that reigned around.

At length their progress was impeded by a large swamp. To avoid passing through it, they were obliged to leave the bank of the river, it being their intention to skirt the swamp and come round on the other side of it back to the river again.

After following the margin of the swamp for a considerable time they came upon the tracks of two men and a dog. This evidence of the proximity of their kind thrilled their hearts with joy, and sent the lately sluggish blood bounding through their veins. Those tracks were to them the delightful assurance that their wretched wanderings would very soon come to an end. Already they were, in anticipation, enjoying the hospitalities of those in whose footsteps they were treading. But as if ever destined to be the sport of adverse fate instead of being guided to a human dwelling they found themselves again approaching the haystack.

They then perceived that the tracks they had followed had been made by themselves and their own dog while going to the stack in the first instance. The swamp they had been skirting probably lay nearly parallel with the river, and had its head higher up stream than the point where the stack stood, so that in attempting to get around the swamp they would have been led up the river, and thus might have come upon their own tracks again.

The revulsion of feeling was overpowering, and the bitterly disappointed sufferers crawled into their former resting-place among the hay, and laid themselves down so utterly exhausted that they despaired of ever again being able to leave the place. Their fear of each other was gone, for they felt now that the sooner death delivered them from their miseries the better. Despite the thoughts with which the prospect of death filled their minds; despite the physical torture that racked every part of their bodies, sleep, that blessed boon to the sorrowing and wretched, at length brought them partial forgetfulness of present ills.

(To be continued.)

THAT WINTER.

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CHAPTER XI.

That night, long after the Rector's family had retired to rest, Mabel sat by the window in her room, looking at the bright, starlit sky that had succeeded the day's storm. The intense cold was creeping through the chamber, but she only folded her shawl more closely around her, and drawing a cushion for her feet, sat still. Lucy lay asleep in her bed, for since the night when she had been so nervously frightened, the child had slept there; her gentle breathing did not disturb the stillness that reigned.

She was feeling very lonely. Her constant yearning for home seemed to-night more than she could bear; and were it possible to speed on the air, the morning's light would have found her in the beloved spot, surrounded by kindred and friends. She put her hand on her heart to still its throbbing, as she counted the weeks that must intervene before she could visit it. Her pride had been wounded; not so much by Mrs. Allan's remark—that she thought too absurd—as by her own hasty reply to it. "My words appeared as though I felt hurt, when I am sure that feeling was foreign to me. But it is quite incomprehensible how Mrs. Allan could say, or even think, such a thing. No one else would admit for a moment that I, Mabel Rivers, would think any one in Oakboro above me—it is too ridiculous. My advantages have been as good, and I flatter myself superior to those of any one here. And as for their boasted birth, since it has failed to teach them good manners, I think it worth but little. But these are unkind thoughts. I am sure they are well-meaning people, who, from having lived all their lives in a backwoods town, do not know how to extend courtesy to a stranger."

These last thoughts did not shape themselves into words, but floated vaguely through her mind, and helped to restore her usual calm expression. Still she did not leave her seat, but continued looking out on the night. Presently, a bright red glow lighted up the sky; her window faced the east, and she half started, expecting to see the sun rise. Just then the hall clock struck twelve. She covered her face with her hands, for vividly before her, imagination had conjured up the work of destruction in her native land—villages and towns laid desolate by fire. When she looked again, the brightness had left the sky. What caused it? She waited expecting to hear the fire-alarm, but the only sound she heard was the distant tinkle of a sleigh-bell. Was it the reflection of a fire? or was it fancy, sent to convict her of unfaithfulness to those who were hazarding their lives and suffering every peril to save her country, by allowing her thoughts to be diverted from them, to a trifle—if possible less than a trifle. She knelt and humbly sought forgiveness for having thought so much about it.

Mabel thought no more of the occurrence of that night until a few days after, when she received a letter from her mother. Almost the first news her eye fell upon, was the account of the burning of her father's plantation, house and all. It had been left by her mother in the care of a negro whose father and grandfather had been born on the estate, and in whose fidelity they had unbounded confidence. Whether he had been overpowered by numbers, or of his own choice turned traitor, was unknown; but he had first helped to rob, and then fired the place. Mabel's sorrow at the desolation of a spot which now seemed almost sacred, was mingled with indignation against the man

who had proved false to his trust. "Giving him credit," she said, "for being forced to secresy, he should have died rather than assist."

Her hot feelings lent a light to her eyes and a brightness to her expression which Edgar thought increased her beauty tenfold, and he watched her as she ran up the stairs, the open letter in her hand, that she might re-read its contents. Kitty, who had been leaning over the balustrade for information as well as recreation, followed into her room.

Mabel remembering how much she had avoided her of late, said, "Sit down, Kitty, and look over this picture magazine while I finish my letter."

But some pieces of jewellery, which lay on the dressing-table, offered her greater attractions, and placing herself before the mirror, she tried their effect in her dress. While she stood smiling at herself, Mabel raised her eyes; the child started, and one hand instinctively touched the brooch, which she had pinned in her hair, but dropping it again she turned, her expression as unaltered as when she looked into the mirror. A reproof trembled on Mabel's tongue, but before she could give utterance to it she was forced to smile. This so encouraged Kitty that she boldly asked,—

"Whose pictures be these? your father's and mother's?"

"Kitty," said Mabel, pleasantly, "I never allow any one to touch those without my permission."

"You didn't let me."

"No, so unpin them, and lay them down."

Kitty stood unmoved. Mabel fearing an accident to the brooches, which she valued very highly, approached her, but she danced away from before her into the hall.

"I'll take them off right away. You in't angry, be you, Miss Rivers?"

She was annoyed, and felt more like giving a sharp reproof than the quiet rejoinder,—

"Come in, and shut the door, and we will have a chat."

"I don't like sittin', for it's sure to be a sermon."

"Well, you can stand, but don't twirl

the window-tassel—and it won't be a sermon. First, Kitty, you should never touch anything that does not belong to you. Many a girl from meddling with other's things, has been led to be a thief."

"I know'd it 'ud be a sermon," said Kitty, with a toss of her head. Mabel smiled.

"If you try and remember not to touch anything again that you should not, I will say nothing more about it."

"Why don't you bid me promise?"

"I would, only I am afraid you would forget and break it."

"Very like I 'ud. Cause I aint afeerd of no one now."

"How is that, Kitty?"

"Why you see, dad won't rawhide me no more, for he's turned pilgrim, or saint, it be all the same; an' they be awful soft. An' Mrs. Allan has given it up too—she promised Miss Lewis yesterday to try gentleness with me, she thinks a powerful lot of her; so you see I haint got no one to fear."

"Do you not fear God?" asked Mabel.

"Oh!" said Kitty, with a decided toss of her head, and after a pause she added, "Miss Lewis says He treats His people with gentleness, an' I knows what that means for me; its 'Kitty, will you bring me that?' or, 'Kitty, please do your work,' and 'Thank you, Kitty.' Now that sort of thing goes for nothin' with me. It wouldn't make me stir a step if I didn't want to. My! Miss Rivers, if you want to see me uncommon smart, wait till some 'un gives a rousin' yell, an' then you'll see me fly round."

Mabel, wishing to change the conversation said,—“You wanted to say something to me when you followed me in. What was it, Kitty?”

“Only that I be real, real sorry your house be burned.”

“What makes you sorry?”

“'Cause you be, and—”

“And what?”

“I wanted to go home with you.”

Mabel was so astonished that she made no reply, but wondered if she had gained an influence, ever so slight, over this wayward child's affections.

“You'd not have me in your house?”

"Would you leave your father and brothers, to come with me?"

"Real fast; an' you'd give me all your cast-off clothes. They aint at all bad when you be done with them. I see'd what you give to the Lamberts."

This reply of Kitty's damped the rising hope that her heart had been reached—love of dress seemed her ruling passion. Just then Lucy's gentle voice was heard at the door asking,—

"Is Kitty here, Mabel?"

"Yes, come in."

The child entered carrying the sleeping baby—an old, careworn expression on her face.

"Hurry down, Kitty, Mama is waiting for you in the hall."

"I am busy," said Kitty, "why didn't you ask her what she wanted?"

"Go at once," said Mabel, taking the baby from Lucy, and laying it on the bed.

"I aint agoin' to," replied Kitty, "I aint afraid of her now. Miss Lewis be with her. I see'd her come a minit ago, an' she allers makes her feel good."

Mrs. Allan, grown tired of waiting, now appeared at Mabel's door, and overhearing Kitty's last words, gave her a hearty shake, then dragging her down the hall, locked her up in the nursery. Lucy, half frightened, ran down the stairs after her mother, to ask her if she would do instead of Kitty; but Mrs. Allan took no notice of her. She was saying to Miss Lewis,—*"She is such a trial. If I even give her the most gentle reproof, she sets up a bawl. I am afraid, Miss Lewis, I will never be as good as you, for I cannot keep my temper."*

Mabel left to herself, turned to the sleeping baby to see if she were safe; then taking out her letter, read its contents for the third time. Letters from home were precious things to her; the first one she had received at the Rectory brought a flood of tears. Now she lingered over each word, trying to realize that her cherished home was no more; but she failed: her eyes only read it, her heart and imagination knew and saw it as of old. She suddenly remembered the strange light she had seen in the sky, and turning to her letter found that in the same night and hour, the flames in her father's plantation were

first discovered by a neighboring planter. "And to think," she sighed, "that I could have allowed those senseless words to occupy my thoughts when what we all prized so highly was being destroyed. Let this be a lesson to me, and in future when I am inclined to dwell upon self, let me think of it."

CHAPTER XII.

The first day of Christmas week ushered in a change of weather. The fitful stormy sky of the past fortnight had changed into one of a lovely pale blue; white gossamer clouds trailed over it; while the earth, rich in an unusual weight of snow, sparkled beneath the sun's rays, as though a fairy's wand had covered it with millions of brilliants.

Lawson rose long before its earliest dawn, and after chafing his numbed fingers, set about lighting his fire. Jack, who long ago had given up helping his father on the plea that his studies required all his time, still lay in bed. After repeated failures to make the green wood burn, the old man called him to get some dry, but he answered with a sleepy drawl "All right," and turned over for another doze. Seeing he was to get no assistance, Lawson redoubled his efforts to make a blaze, and blew and blew until he stopped for want of breath. He was kneeling over the fire, when suddenly he felt a sickening feeling come over him, next moment his head struck the stove-pan, and he rolled over on the floor in a fainting fit. When he recovered from it, he found one eye badly cut, and a deep gash across his forehead. "I be very thankful it beant 'plexy this time, an' it Sunday morning an' my work at the church afore me."

"Father," said Jack, who was now standing beside him helping to dress his cuts, "you're not going out to make a show of yourself, with your head all covered up with plaster. They'd say you'd been fighting. Stay at home, and I'll take your place."

"I do make a show, but I'm afeerd Mr. Allan 'ud n't be pleased if I beant there myself. I'll tie my head up, an' the cut 'on't be seen."

"Yes, and have the whole church laugh at you."

Lawson shook his head.

"They'll never laugh at me. As long as I do my dooty they'll never think of lookin' at me."

"Well, I won't go to church to stand and be laughed at," replied Jack.

The old man did not wait to enforce his authority; he was already behind time, and had to hurry to attend the church fires. Jack watched him go up the well-shovelled walk, and when he had seen his gaily wrapped head disappear at the church door, he turned to stir on the meal for the porridge, his thoughts busy with a plan he had formed. Since the night in November, when his father had so unexpectedly supplied him with money for books, he had wondered where so large a sum could have been kept concealed from him, and thinking there might be more in the same place, he had, as opportunity offered, searched the three rooms, but without finding the hiding place. "Now," he thought, "I'll make a regular overhauling of everything; for when his head is such a show he can't compel me to go out; and if there's any think to be found I'll find it. Percy Stiggins will be glad enough to help, for if any one knows what money means, he does."

A few minutes before "bell-ringing time," Lawson ran down "to swallow a mouthful of breakfast," (it was always light on Sunday); he had scarcely finished his porridge when the clock struck ten; filling his mouth with bread he jumped up from the table, and after giving his son a nod, which said, "You'll be up in good time," hurried away to ring the first bell. Jack looking after him said with a laugh, "For once, you'll be sold, old man."

Lawson made a mistake when he said no one would notice his tied-up head. When Edgar Allan returned from the morning service, he made his father merry over his description of "the figure the old sexton cut."

"As you commenced to read the Creed, he walked down the aisle to mend the fires, poker in hand, and head tied up in a couple of yards of red flannel. Just as you got to the bowing part, he was in the act

of drawing forward the coals, when, fearing to miss it, he sprang up, stood erect for a moment, and then, down went his turbaned head, and up went the poker."

Edgar noticed that Mabel did not share in the laugh—for the old man had told her at the church door that he had met with a mishap, and respect for the faithful creature who would not forsake his post, restrained her sense of the ludicrous.

In the evening Edgar offered to accompany her to church; an offer which she accepted, although she would have preferred her usual company, Fred and Lucy. For Mrs. Allan always made it a point to hurry off with her husband, an hour before the time, to have *him*, as she said, waiting for the congregation, instead of the congregation waiting for him.

"Miss Rivers," said Edgar to her, "you seem to think a little quiet enjoyment on Sunday a great crime."

"Oh, not at all. Sunday should be the happiest day of the week, the one on which our hearts should be freest from care and anxiety, and open to the highest enjoyment," replied Mabel.

"That is exactly what I believe, but I am afraid we will disagree on what we term 'enjoyment.' Now, you thought it a sin to laugh at Lawson to-day; I thought him a capital subject to break the hum-drum conversation of the dinner-table."

"I think you misunderstand me. I have such sympathy and respect for the simple old man, who thinks more of his duty than of himself, that although I might be amused, I could not laugh at him on any day. But surely you do not think his oddities Sunday enjoyment?"

"I do. Anything that helps me to while away the most tedious day of the week, I consider legitimate spoil."

"Do you find it such a tedious day? Sometimes its hours are all too short for me," said Mabel.

"For you, because you are a woman, and believe in the parson's preaching and such like, and you hope to merit the happiness of a place they call heaven, by giving up the attractions of the only place we feel sure of, earth. Do not be shocked Miss Rivers, I am not worse than half of

the male congregation of Oakboro'; but I have the courage to give expression to what they act."

"Surely you are wronging them," said Mabel.

"I do not think I am; but they are wronging their own manliness by pretending to believe what they know to be superstition. I know what you would say about the terrors of death to scoffers of religion, but they are the remnants of early teaching intensified by sickness."

"Are they not rather," asked Mabel, "the assertions of a lost soul to its claim of immortality, and the beginning of that endless remorse which must be its reward?" (Edgar gave a slightly scornful smile). "I do not think that the most daring scoffer has ever been able wholly to cast off his fear of an angry God. Look at well authenticated instances of where they have been suddenly overtaken by danger, and how they have piteously cried for mercy."

"As I said before, those were their moments of weakness, when their judgment was thrown off its balance. But there is no use in your trying to convince me. My good father has tried it, in true orthodox fashion, until finding it useless, he has thrown me entirely upon baptismal grace. But here we are almost at the church door; before we go in, I will tell you what made me a sceptic; it was the inconsistencies of Christians—my father at the head of them. Why, if I believed what he preaches, and what he pretends to believe, I would be a saint; I could not stop short of that attainment. The other world would be so present to me, its joys such a reality, that this one would be as nothing, except as affording opportunities for doing what you call life's noblest work. Yes, if I believed in a hereafter and in a Saviour, I could rest neither night nor day, while souls were perishing around me. And I judge my thinking fellow-creatures by myself, when I say that if they believed those dogmas their actions would show it. There is my father; you have been long enough in his house to know from his actions what he believes. And then as to baptismal regeneration and sacramental grace, that he talks so much about saving

the soul and purifying the life, it is so much moonshine. He has but to look at me for a refutation of it; for I do not think even he would venture to call me a saint."

"In speaking of the inconsistencies of Christians, you should remember how frail they are, and that there is but one perfect Example. As for baptismal grace, I am afraid it will not do much. The soul desirous of being saved must take a more Scriptural stand, and apply personally to the blood of Jesus."

"Jesus," repeated Edgar, slowly; "I will not pain you with what I was going to say. But my skepticism is now a part of myself; I did not seek it; it was forced on me. When I was a child every aspiration after a higher than a mere worldling's life was repressed, lest it should lead to enthusiasm. The devotion of Carey, Henry Martin and Wilberforce was sneered at as only fit for the low-born or crack-brained; and the maxims of Chesterfield were extolled as suitable to my position. Worldly distinctions for themselves or their children, were my parents' constant theme. What wonder, then, that I took refuge in the sweets of Shelley and similar writers, and was led on to be what I am!"

They had lingered so long outside that as they entered the church, the organ was pealing forth the "Magnificat." As Mabel took her seat her heart prayerfully united with the choir in chanting, "He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away." Several times during the service her thoughts wandered to Edgar. Heretofore she had regarded him with almost an aversion, and his indifference was always more acceptable to her than his attentions. In trying to add her quota to make his home more attractive to him, she had to struggle against this dislike. She had looked upon him as wilful in his choice of infidelity; now she saw him a leaner upon man for his proof of Christianity, and she pitied him. She more than pitied him, for she knew he must be wretched; wretched in his attendance at church, and in his absence from it; in his gayest moments, and in his quietest; and only happy when intoxication drowned his senses.

CHAPTER XIII.

Monday morning opened on as busy a week as Oakboro' ever witnessed. Merchants, although obliged to bring in extra help, could not meet the wants of their customers, while their clerks, disappointed in finding morning hours in which to deck their windows, were obliged to steal them from their repose. Lawyers, locally called "slow," caught the hurry of the hour, and finished with clients whose patience was well-nigh exhausted. Mechanics worked night as well as day, to finish long-promised work. And housekeepers flew hither and thither, pressing old and young into their preparations.

Mr. Allan was the only one in all that busy town who felt he had nothing to do. When his last cold had confined him to the house, he prepared his sermon for Christmas Day; and now, on this morning, he sat in his study in dressing-gown and slippers, watching the teams laden with Christmas cheer pass his window. Presently he heard the din of confused voices coming from his own kitchen—such noise was painful to his nerves; he shut the door, but the sound would not be shut out, but increased instead. A number of persons seemed speaking at once. He was too indolent to rise a second time, for he had just got his feet comfortably settled again on a high ottoman, so he looked towards the door, hoping Lucy would come to tell him what caused it; but she did not appear, and he thought,—

"Were it not that I am too comfortably settled here, my pipe in my mouth, and my books around me, I would take a walk down. But then, I don't like to waste the time that would be consumed in rising and settling myself again. No wonder Mrs. Allan is so active. She never gets comfortably seated. I am positive if she did she would not be so ready to jump up. There! they are coming this way, and I do believe I hear Mrs. Stiggins' voice. That door must have a lock."

At this moment his wife entered the room, leaving Mrs. Stiggins and her daughters, several other young ladies, and a couple of gentlemen, waiting in the dining-room. Not feeling sure how her husband

would take the intrusion, she took the precaution to partly shut the door, saying as she did so,—

"So, we have found you at last, Mr. Allan, and so comfortably seated that it is a pity to disturb you; but we are forced to it, (in an undertone) by your perverse invitation to the whole church to assist in the decorations. Of course all who were not wanted have come, and the Misses Stiggins could not work with them; so my house has to be turned upside down, or else the work left undone."

"You want my study," said Mr. Allan, as he shook hands with the party. "Really, it is scarcely fair to turn me out."

"We do not wish to turn you out for we need your advice. Indeed, it is quite fortunate those vulgar people came to send us where we can have it," said Miss Stiggins. "It is indeed," chimed another; "for we want an ecclesiastical design for everything we do; and we don't know half enough."

"Oh," said a third, with almost an unintelligible lisp, "Mr. Ellice knows how to do such lovely things; he and Lord Everly used to do them for St. Ann's Church, in England."

Hilda Stiggins added,—

"We are so tired of plain decorations that have no meaning, and are only used in vulgar country places, that you will allow us, dear Mr. Allan, to have some harmless designs."

Lord Everly's name acted like a talisman. Even Miss Lewis made no objections to the "harmless designs" although she knew that her uncle's principles condemned them.

The party were soon at work in the "sundry room," which was thrown open for the purpose, and was being rapidly filled with cedar branches, which Kitty, in boisterous glee, was dragging from the kitchen, where her father had deposited them. Mrs. Allan was in hopes that that place would serve for them, but cook declared that she would have no visitors in her department, "Where cookin' is a gettin' ready for Christmas!" and angrily ordered her mistress and all upstairs.

Mr. Ellice, the English gentleman of high connections, was in such demand that his feet began to grow weary. "Oh!

you know we can do nothing without you, Mr. Ellice." "Is this the way they do it in England, Mr. Ellice?" "Did Lord Everly design that himself, Mr. Ellice? How remarkably clever he must be!" "Is this altar symbol correct, Mr. Ellice?" "I wish you would explain to me all the time, Mr. Ellice, for I understand every word you say so perfectly."

It was astonishing with what good nature the young man met these numerous demands on his time. But he supported himself with secret congratulations on the fortunate whim that had brought him to Canada. "Who would have thought they were so ignorant? can't spell a word without me. I'll write my mother that at last I have found my mission."

When the work was half over, Mr. Allan walked into the room "to give his approval," and for the first time, missed Lucy and Miss Rivers.

"Where are they?" he asked.

His wife with a peculiar contraction of her brows, replied, "In the Sunday-school room. Miss Rivers is directing the work there."

Mrs. Stiggins looked indignant, as she thought,—“How could he mention that vulgar young woman's name in Mr. Ellice's presence!” turning to Mrs. Allan, she said, “Before we left, Mr. Ellice gave all the directions necessary, and your governess was to help to carry them out.”

Mr. Allan gave his approbation, in the most approved manner, of the symbols which were being made for the church decorations, and especially lingered to admire the really elegant little cross which Mr. Ellice was completing for the altar.

When he turned away, it was with the half-formed intention of making a visit to the school-room. He buttoned on his overcoat for that purpose, and placed his clerical beaver on his head, and was about reaching for his never-forgotten walking-stick, when Kitty handed him notes of invitation to a large party at Hollywood, for New Year's eve. Mabel was not mentioned in the invitation.

"No use," he said, laying aside coat and hat, "in my getting myself ill-will by trying to force her on Society. Mrs. Roy is a

judicious woman, and no doubt she has reasons for slighting her. Perhaps there is some truth in the report about her father's being an hotel-keeper. Any way, I wish she were at home, or any place but here. It is awkward, very awkward—and Edgar is getting too fond of her company. It will never do: an hotel-keeper's daughter, and no money—all lost in the war. I will give Mrs. Allan a hint—she is a wonderful woman to manage. The lad is the son and grandson of gentlemen and he must wed in his own rank. He has been keeping steadier lately—I am sorry if it is owing to her, but it cannot be helped."

That morning, when Mabel, with Mrs. Allan and Lucy, had entered the school-room, she found the party who afterwards went to the rectory there, together with a few of the humbler Sunday-school teachers, busy in preparing the cedar. As they entered, they all came forward and cordially greeted Mrs. Allan; but none of them—not even Miss Lewis, who professed to be actuated by higher motives—gave Mabel more than a distant bow. After sundry whisperings and looks, Mrs. Allan announced that, owing to her forgetfulness, most of the material for the designs was still at the rectory, and that to save trouble a few of them had better return with her, and work at them there. Mrs. Stiggins, fearing too many would volunteer, hastily asked the humbler teachers if they would remain and do what they could until the rest returned, which would be in the course of an hour or two, and that Miss Rivers would kindly assist them.

Unwilling as Mabel was to admit that they wished to exclude her from their society, the veil which they threw over this move was too flimsy to deceive her. Even Lawson, who was minding the fires, noticed the division that was made, but, as he was not given to speculate on causes, he merely commented, "They be well parted. Miss Rivers and Miss Lewis; they be the salt for the rest."

Mabel only saw the shadow, but did not feel the weight of what Mrs. Stiggins hoped would crush her; for that lady judged her by herself, when she thought she could "never lift her head after such a marked slight."

When Lucy found the party really gone without Mabel, she came to her and said,—

"Why did you not go with the other ladies?"

"Dear Lucy," she replied, casting aside the shadow that was again falling on her, "my duty is to remain here and help in decorating this room for the festival; and won't you help to make things bright and pretty for the dear Sunday-school children?"

"Yes," said the child, her face brightening, "I can pull the cedar branches off for you. And that won't be lowering?" she asked in a whisper. "Will it?"

"Do you think it lowering to do anything we can for the Lord?"

"Oh, no, but to work with *them*," glancing at the teachers, who were a little distance from them.

"Lucy, dear, they are Sunday-school teachers; and in a work like this we should forget that they are not what the world calls our equals. Perhaps they love and serve Christ better than we do, and may be higher in His kingdom."

Lucy opened her quiet, thoughtful eyes, and rested them on her friend's face. She was a dear little lamb of the Fold, and her daily life was fast ripening into a holy

one; but she could not reconcile many things that she heard and saw. She had been taught, and believed, that the rich were the favored of heaven, as well as of earth, and now she asked, trembling for the answer, if Kitty could ever be exalted over her *there*.

Mabel smiled and reminded her of the rich man and Lazarus.

Lawson watched them as they conversed, and thought them as "purty as a pictur'." Mabel was sitting on a cushion with a background of cedar, and Lucy at her feet, leaning her folded arms on her lap, with her earnest eyes raised to her face.

"Miss, if you don't want me," said Lawson, as he approached Mabel, his hands meekly clasped before him, "I'll run down to my cobblin', for this be an uncommon week wi' me, an' if youse want me, just look out of that winder an' I'll be here in no time."

Mabel spent the day so profitably and pleasantly, that when the first shadows of the early evening crept round her work, she wondered how the time had passed. She had learned something of the daily life of those who had worked with her, and added one, at least, to her list of poor, but sincere friends.

(To be continued.)

THE SAINT'S DEPARTURE.

"The time of my departure is at hand."—2 Timothy iv. 6.

BY JOHN READE

I go with the angels of God to roam,
Through the fields of light in yon mighty dome,
To follow yon stars in their mystic ways,
And join in their songs of endless praise—
To Him by whose power and will they move,
Who breathed on them first with the breath of His love.

I go where the spirits of just men reign,
Set free forever from sin and pain;
Whom the blood of the Lamb, who for sinners died,
Has from all impurity purified,
And the crowns that they wear are brighter far
Than the brightest sheen of the brightest star.

I go where Moses and David dwell
And all the redeemed ones of Israel,
And the martyr-host that to death withstood,
By nought but the blood of Christ subdued.
To live forever with these I go—
Should I weep for ought that I leave below?

And O God grant, when the veil 'is furled
That parts this earth from that happy world,
Of the friends I have loved that none may be
Shut out from the blissful company;
But that still, with angels and saints above,
We may know and be known, be loved and love.

TRIFLES FROM MY PORTFOLIO.

BY J. M. LEMOINE, AUTHOR OF "MAPLE LEAVES."

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XIII.

"THE VOICES OF THE SEA"—A STORM WITHOUT WIND—SOME OF JACQUES CARTIER'S AND CHARLEVOIX' TOUGH YARNS—THE LEGENDARY LORE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE—LE BRAILLARD DE LA MAGDELEINE.

The return trip from Anticosti was marked by a singular incident—a heavy swell without a breath of wind. The "Breeze" having no headway, would not steer, and rolled helplessly in the trough of the sea; so much at times, that one might have expected her masts to snap like reeds—a most radiant sunshine during all this while. No noise caught the ear except certain low mutterings in the distance, which chimed in mournfully with the creaking of the yards as the vessel rose and fell to the billows. A school of whales, and some porpoises, disported themselves north of us, the former spouting from their nostrils the briny surf. Did these murmurings proceed from these leviathans of the deep? It recalled those "mysterious noises of the ocean" so exquisitely described by Chateaubriand, and likened by him to the voices of birds:—"Ces oiseaux avaient des voix extraordinaires, comme celles qui sortent de mers. Si l'océan a sa Flore, il a aussi sa Philomèle; lorsqu'au coucher du soleil le courlis siffle sur la pointe d'un rocher, et que le bruit des vagues l'accompagne, c'est une des harmonies les plus plaintives que l'on puisse entendre." It was not, however,

* * * A wild, promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murmuring on the hollow shore.

The eccentric Thoreau depicts thus, those peculiar utterings of Old Ocean which

are at times heard in the midst of a calm or before a storm:—

"The sounds which the ocean makes must be very significant and interesting to those who live near it. When I was leaving the shore at this place (Cape Cod) the next summer, and had got a quarter of a mile distant, ascending a hill, I was startled by a certain loud sound from the sea, as if a large vessel were letting off steam by the shore, so that I caught my breath and felt my blood run cold for an instant, and I turned about expecting to see one of the Atlantic steamers thus far out of her course, but there was nothing unusual to be seen. There was a low bank at the entrance of the hollow, between me and the ocean, and suspecting that I might have risen into another stratum of air in ascending the hill, which had wafted to me only the ordinary roar of the sea, I immediately descended again, to see if I lost hearing of it; but without regard to my ascending or descending, it died away in a minute or two, and yet there was scarcely any wind all the while. The old man said that this was what they called the 'rut,' a peculiar roar of the sea before the wind changes, which, however, he could not account for. He thought that he could tell all about the weather from the sounds which the sea made.

"Old Joselyn, who came to New England in 1638, has it among his weather signs that 'the resounding of the sea from the shore, and murmuring of winds in the woods, without apparent wind, sheweth wind to follow.'

"Being on another part of the coast one night since this. I heard the roar of the surf a mile distant, and the inhabitants said it was a sign that the wind would work round east, and we should have rainy

weather. The ocean was heaped up somewhere at the eastward, and this roar was occasioned by its effort to preserve its equilibrium, the wave reaching the shore before the wind. Also the captain of a packet between this country and England told me that he sometimes met with a wave on the Atlantic coming against the wind, perhaps in a calm sea, which indicated that at a distance the wind was blowing from an opposite quarter, but the undulation had travelled faster than it. Sailors tell of 'tide-rips' and 'ground-swells,' which they suppose to have been occasioned by hurricanes and earthquakes, and to have travelled many hundreds, and sometimes even two or three thousand miles." (Cape Cod—Thoreau—p. 39.)

How many thousand miles away was brisk Eurus stirring up his domain? and this unexplicable tide-rip, or ground-swell, from whence had it travelled?

The caption to this chapter leads the reader to expect, *inter alia*, some "tough yarns" from old travellers; the reader must not be disappointed.

Charlevoix, the historian, relates that Jacques Cartier, on the 15th May, 1534 on visiting the Bird Rocks recently described, had an encounter with "a white bear of the size of a cow, who sprang into the sea on seeing Cartier's boats. The day after, the great discoverer captured Bruin whilst swimming near the coast of Newfoundland—fourteen leagues distant!" Heugh! what a swim! Leander's feat on the Hellespont was a mere joke to this; the Arctic stranger may also have been swimming for love! Who dares deny? This seems tough, but what Charlevoix says of the flesh and habits of the Canadian horned owl is even more so.

† "This bird," says he "is good eating,

* "De la il (Cartier) remonta au nord, et gagna des îles qu'il appela dans ses Memoires les Îles aux Oiseaux. Elles sont éloignées de Terre-neuve de quatorze lieues, et il fut bien surpris d'y voir un ours blanc, de la grosseur d'une vache, qui avait fait ce trajet à la nage. Dès que cet animal eut aperçu les chaloupes qui allaient à terre, il se jeta à la mer et le lendemain Cartier l'ayant remontré assez près de Terre-neuve, le tua et le prit." (Hist: Nouvelle France, Vol. 1, p. 8.)

† La chaire du Chat Huant Canadien est bonne à manger, et bien des gens la préfèrent à celle de la

many prefer his flesh to that of chickens. He lives in winter on ground-mice, which he has caught in the previous fall, breaking their legs first (a most useful precaution, to prevent their escape) and then fattens them up with care, for his daily use." This, no doubt, is pushing to its extreme limits the privilege of great travellers.

I, for one, will unhesitatingly claim the right of accepting this "white bear story" and owl anecdote, *cum grano salis*, or, as the Frenchman says, *sous bénéfice d'inventaire*. At page 16 of Charlevoix's *Histoire de la Nouvelle France*, we find something else spicy. Every one is aware of the popular tradition which goes to explain the ungainly appearance of the Esquimaux tribe, viz., that the Esquimaux are the offspring of two seals, who, having become tired of the liquid element, resolved, like Captain Cuttle, to spend the remainder of their lives on shore, and in their old age had several children who had lost all taste for the sea, and became the ancestors of the Esquimaux. This is startling enough with regard to our unctuous, oleaginous, and aromatic brethren of the far North, but the peculiar organization which Jacques Cartier lends them is still more worthy of note. Cartier was told by Donacona that there existed in a distant land (nothing like distance to lend enchantment to objects), human beings who did not eat, but lived by what they drank (Neal Dow has discovered many such, even in our own country); that in another place the men had but one leg, a very large one; one arm, with two hands on it—and a variety of other peculiarities of lively interest to Professor Owen and comparative anatomy. But *revenons à nos moutons*; the "storm of calm," as our captain called the troubled state of the waters without wind, lasted a few hours, during all which the brightest of noonday suns lit up the scene. The currents and winds wafted us then higher up than Little Fox River, and we anchored close to the River Magdeleine, so famous for its wild

Poule . . . Sa provision pour l'hyver sont des Mulots; auxquels il casse les pattes, et qu'il engraisse et nourrit avec soin, jusq' à ce qu'il ait en besoin." (Lettre de Charlevoix à la Duchesse de Les Diguères 1721.)

legends amongst the seafaring people at Gaspé.

The "Breeze" was riding at anchor in the vicinity of the spot where the famous *Braillard de la Magdeleine* is heard during the great storms which sweep the coast.

Before setting forth the version which an old dame—a second Bessie Millie, and who also possibly "helped out her subsistence by selling favorable winds to mariners"—gave us, on landing, I shall quote from the *Soirées Canadiennes* for October, 1861, the humorous description of the Braillard, by our late and lamented friend, the historian of Canada, Abbé Ferland.

"We are opposite the River Magdeleine, famous in the chronicles of the country for ghost stories connected with it.

"Where is the Canadian sailor, familiar with this coast, who has not heard of the plaintive sounds and doleful cries uttered by the *Braillard de la Magdeleine*? Where would you find a native seaman who would consent to spend a few days by himself in this locality, wherein a troubled spirit seeks to make known the torments it endures? Is it the soul of a shipwrecked mariner asking for Christian burial for its bones, or imploring the prayers of the Church for its repose? Is it the voice of the murderer condemned to expiate his crime on the very spot which witnessed its commission? . . . For it is well known that Gaspé wreckers have not always contented themselves with robbery and pillage, but have sometimes sought concealment and impunity by making away with victims,—convinced that the tomb is silent and reveals not its secrets. Or else, is this the celebrated Devil's Land mentioned by the cosmographer Thevet, where, according to him, Roberval (in 1542) abandoned his niece, la Demoyelle Marguerite with her lover and with her old Norman Duenna. The ancient chronicler places this land somewhere in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, and relates that after the death of her two companions, the Lady Marguerite had to contend with devils, who, under the disguise of white bears, tried to frighten her

with their claws and their growls. On this legendary topic, Thevet might have found a match in one of our sailors, who certainly knew naught of the Lady Marguerite, but was particularly well posted in all matters referring to the *Braillard de la Magdeleine*. He felt ill at ease in this neighborhood and whistled for wind, were it even contrary: anything to him seemed preferable to remaining in the vicinity of the *Braillard*." (*Log of the schooner Sarah, during her trip from Quebec to Gaspé in 1836.*)

On the other hand, the resident *cicerone* thus held forth: "An awful shipwreck once occurred at this place. A father and mother, amongst crowds of others, here found a watery grave. Their infant son, by some miraculous interposition of his guardian angel, was safely washed ashore." Whether in this case the guardian angel assumed the form of a Newfoundland dog, or the more orthodox appearance of a winged cherub, tradition has failed to say.

"The darling boy was safely landed on the pebbly beach, and soon made it vocal with his grief and moans for the loss of his best friends. His infant wailings, blended with the swelling storm, struck the ear of some belated fisherman whose boat was passing the entrance of the River Magdeleine. Hence the name "*Le Braillard de la Magdeleine*." The noise is still heard in stormy weather, and may be explained either by the action of the surf rolling into one of the many hollow caverns along the Gaspé coast, and which has astonished all observers, or by shelving rocks over which it moans like an unquiet spirit. It would, however, be doing an injustice to my venerable and pious *cicerone*, were I to conceal the fact that she admitted, albeit hesitatingly, that the moanings of the '*Braillard*' might be caused by the action of high winds on two large pines which overhang a neighboring cape, and whose trunks grate ominously on one another. Alas! alas! for the marvellous! The Abbé Casgrain tells a tale about the *Braillard des Iles de la Magdeleine*, in which a bad priest became, through grief, reduced to a skeleton, for having refused to christen a child, who subsequently died unbaptized, and was heard to moan constantly afterwards." Gentle reader, you have your choice of these explanations.

(To be continued.)

MERCATOR, THE PATH-FINDER OF THE SEAS.

The new German Empire has still other ambitions than the proud attainments of its armies in the late deadly struggle, which virtually gave it the rule of the continent of Europe. Germany deserves also to have its due influence on the waves, though it does not, like Britannia, aspire to rule them.

The consolidation of the various German States has given to the nation one fleet and one flag. Already German craft have penetrated the frozen region in quest of the northern passage and the Pole, while the commercial marine of the Fatherland is keeping up almost daily communication with our own great metropolis.

The Baltic will ere long become a German lake, for even now a line of steamers starts from Stettin, on the northern shore of Prussia, and, touching at Copenhagen and the ports of Sweden and Norway, winds its way through the intricate passages of their seas, and thus reaches the Atlantic and our own coasts. A ship-canal is already projected through Holstein to the North Sea direct, which will give a short and rapid communication to all the Baltic ports with the broad ocean and the wide world.

In these hours of promise for the German marine, it is quite natural that her sailors should regard with increased interest and pride the history and fame of one of her own sons, who well deserves to be entitled "The Path-finder of the Seas." When the mariner on the ocean would know whither his trackless way is leading him, and with what accuracy and success he is pursuing his journey, he resorts to his inseparable companion, the famous chart known as "Mercator's Projection." When the incipient navigator of even the British Isles presents himself for examination as to his capacity to guide their vessels to distant ports, the first question directed to him is invariably the one concerning the principles of Mercator's Projection, and his ability to put them to practical use.

If we open an extensive collection of maps of any land, nearly the first one that will meet our eye will be Mercator's, giving us the earth on a plane surface, so that the most unlettered navigator can at once determine the distance from place to place in a straight line, and decide, for instance, that England's shortest route to her great possessions in Australia is directly across the Atlantic, our own continent, and the Pacific Ocean.

To the novice this may seem a very simple thing, and quite unworthy of fame, but to the scientific navigator the skillful computation of the variation of latitude and

longitude from the equator to the pole stamps the discovery and the system of the chart as a work of immortal genius. It has stood for three centuries as a landmark in the history of science, and it is as popular and useful to-day as when it first gave to the early navigators the unerring means of finding their way on the trackless ocean.

Now, the Germans are proud to claim Mercator as their own, though he was born in the Netherlands, while his parents were on a hurried visit to that country. His home was on the banks of the Rhine, and there he lived and died, the greatest of early German geographers. Until his advent the most learned men in his favorite science fell into the strangest errors, and it was reserved for him to initiate a reform in geography, and pave the way to an accurate passage of the seas.

But his patient labors have never received a fitting recognition until now, when his disciples in Germany have resolved to celebrate the third centennial anniversary of the appearance of the famous Mercator's Projection by erecting a monument to the memory of its author. This revival of interest in the old navigator has led the director of one of the first Nautical Schools of Germany, Dr. Breusing, of Bremen, to present to the world a history of his life, entitled "Gerhard Kremer, called Mercator, the German Geographer." This is full of interesting details regarding the old veteran, and proudly states that when the Netherlands claimed the honor of his birth, that he himself would be none else than German, though for a while his cradle was rocked in the Low Lands.

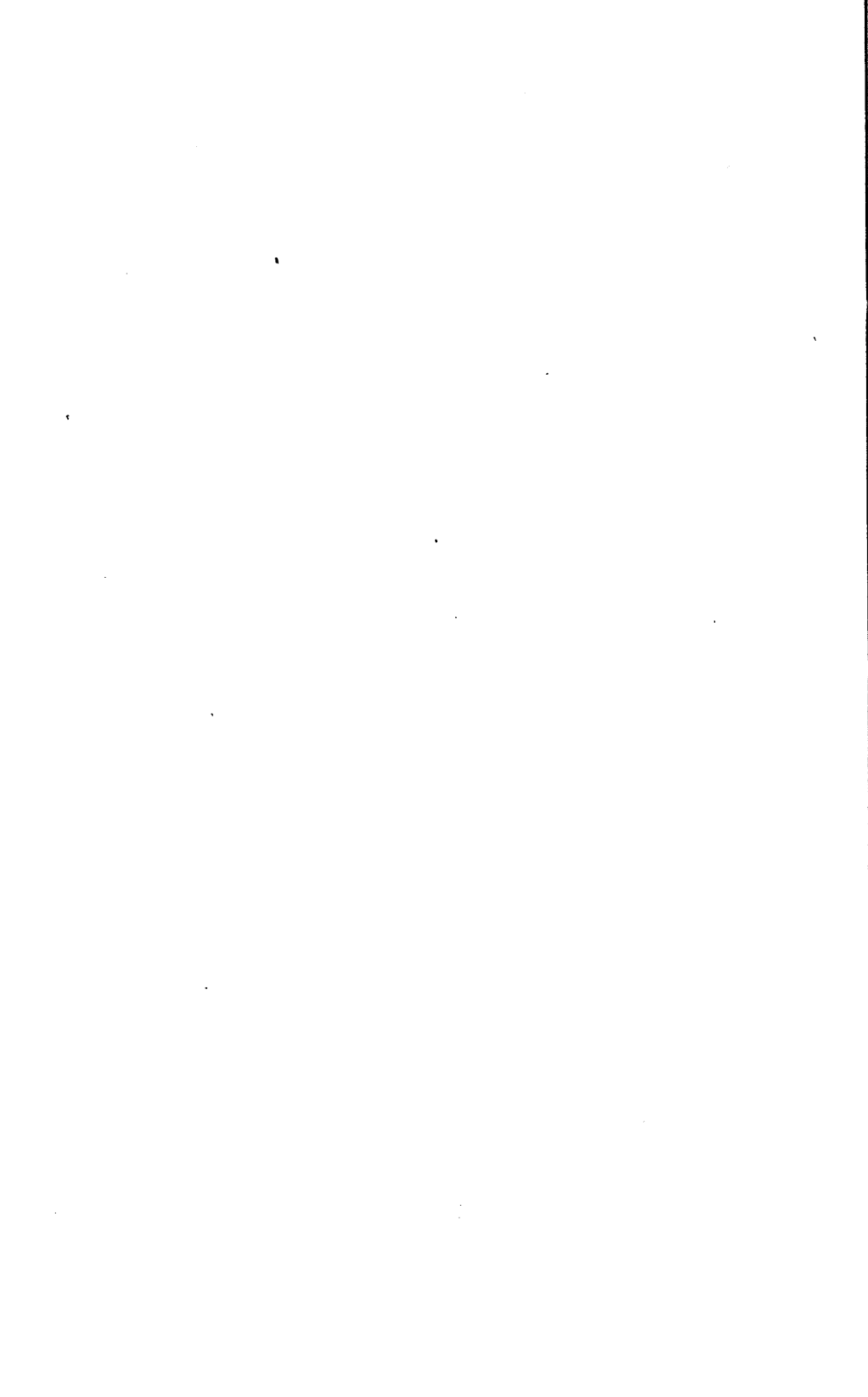
According to the custom of that day, he translated his name into Latin on taking his place among scholars, and thus he became "Mercator." He was a man of deep religious convictions and determined to devote a good portion of his life to combating the Aristotelian philosophy, which was then in vogue. As a means of support he became a teacher of mathematics; and to sustain his increasing family he made mathematical instruments and engraved maps. His interest in Biblical studies led him to publish, in 1537, a map of Palestine, and shortly afterwards he presented the world with another of Flanders.

Until that period Gothic characters had been used on all charts, but with great inconvenience; he was the first to introduce the Roman characters for that purpose, which soon became universal. He was extremely successful as a scientific mechanician, and made globes and other scientific instruments for Charles the Fifth.

In 1546 he ascertained the variation of the magnetic needle. This fact had been observed by Columbus, in his famous voyage of 1492, but during the whole of



MERCATOR.



the sixteenth century scientific men had no accurate conception of it, and Mercator was the first to call general attention to the fact. He was also the first to introduce the elements of the theory of terrestrial magnetism, and finally calculated the position of the magnetic pole, the determination of which he considered a matter of transcendent importance. The peculiar portrait that we present of him is taken from an old engraving, representing him with a terrestrial globe, on which he is measuring with his compass the position of the magnetic pole.

His next great work was a large map of Europe, which is unfortunately only preserved on a small scale, but which settled his fame as the greatest map-maker of his time. He was then called to the chair of mathematics of the famous Gymnasium of Duisburg, which he filled with great acceptance for three years, after which the Duke of Lorraine called him into his service to map out his land from a careful scientific survey.

Mercator was a man of the most varied talents. He was at once astronomer and chronologist, historian and theologian, mathematician and surveyor, map-drawer and engraver. All these qualities he made subordinate to the great object of his life—the production of a cosmography which should be a complete description of the heavens, of earth, and of man. The first volume of this appeared in 1568, on the subject of chronology.

In the next year he gave to the world his famous chart, which formed an epoch in the history of geography and navigation. He found out the cause of the errors in ancient charts, and showed how they could be avoided. He illustrated the principles of his chart by explaining that his main object was to spread out the interior of the globe on a plain surface, so that the position of all points might not only correspond to reality, in latitude and longitude, but that also in respect to their direction and distance from one another they might be as near as possible like that of the surface of the globe. This object he effected in his projection, in which the degrees of latitude are enlarged towards both poles in the same proportion that they hold in their relation to the equator.

Mercator planned an entirely new collection of modern maps, at which he labored for a quarter of a century, but died before it was finished, at the age of 84.

His son published the entire collection under the name "Atlas," which Mercator had chosen before his death, and since that time every collection of maps has borne the same name. For three hundred years the navigators of the world have acknowledged their indebtedness to

Mercator, while Germany proudly claims him as her own. This gratitude towards the great reformer in the science of navigation found a lively voice a few months ago in the town of Duisburg,—where his most celebrated work was given to the world,—on account of the recurrence of the third centennial since the immortal chart saw the light. His admirers then resolved to lay the foundation of a fitting monument to his memory, and the nation will be sure to contribute generously.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

THE OPIUM DEATH

I have a sad, strange story to tell. Did I say "strange?" Alas, I fear it will be but a recital of things familiar to some of my readers; and it is in part for those few, hoping that it may warn and help, that I tell it. But rather I write to warn any who may be in danger of the bondage, concerning which is this true and mournful history, than from hope of benefiting those already enslaved.

I have many times felt almost persuaded to write of what has been hid away in my memory for years; but as often have I shrunk from bringing forth to the public gaze the sorrows, the weakness, the struggles of one very dear to me, although facts, places and persons, might be shrouded, as they will be, by fictitious names.

Of late so many facts and statistics have come to my notice of the alarming prevalence of the evil of which I write, among—I will not say *especially*—but *even* among the more educated and refined in both city and country life, that I am constrained to break the long silence I have kept.

Says one writer: "Opium is a corrosion and paralysis of all the noblest forms of life. The man who voluntarily addicts himself to its use, would commit, in cutting his throat, a suicide swifter and less ignoble. The habit is gaining ground among our professional men, the operatives in our mills, our weary sewing women, our disappointed wives, our former liquor drinkers, our very day laborers; all our classes, from highest to lowest, are yearly increasing the consumption of the drug. The terrible demands made on modern brains, especially in this country, by our feverish competitive life, constitute hourly temptations to its use as a sedative."

When lately I read the testimony of an eminent physician—"I have known of more deaths from the use of opium in some of its forms, than from all forms of alcoholic drinks"—I felt that I might no longer stay from holding up what might prove as a beacon light to some whose feet were turning aside from that temper-

ance which is one of the fruits of the Spirit of God, bringing them back to the way of sober self-denial. For this I write, for this I earnestly pray. If it be given me to know in heaven that one soul has been kept, through God's blessing on my weak words, I shall forever praise Him that He permitted me, helped me to tell the story, even though now it wrings my heart to write it.

My first remembrances of Ellen Gordon picture her as a young, lovely woman, refined, educated, and gifted with no ordinary talent, possessing a rare dignity combined with a sweet graciousness of manner, that made her not only admired, but beloved of all who knew her. In a beautiful home, surrounded by loving children, tenderly guarded and cared for by a devoted husband, she had all that earth could bestow of happiness.

Nor did she rest in these things. Her loving, childlike spirit saw God in all; and I well remember how I felt much as I were listening to an angel when she talked of the works of a loving Father, whether she recounted to me her impressions of Niagara, or traced His love in the forming of a daisy, so clear was her vision of His power and love. I was much younger than she, yet she honored me with her love and friendship, and spoke to me without reserve—the more freely, she often said, because I was too young to criticise her enthusiasms.

For some years we rarely met. Trials in her family, my own marriage, and our separate places of abode, rendered personal intercourse well nigh impossible, and letter-writing, with our respective family cares, was a difficult matter, and became very infrequent. Yet the old love never died out.

One evening in the summer of 184—, my husband said to me at the tea-table,—

“James Mathews called at my office to-day.”

“Did he say anything of his sister Ellen?” I inquired.

“Yes,” was his reply; “Mrs. Gordon is in town, is at his house, much out of health. She is very desirous to see you.”

“I shall not wait, I assure you,” I said, eagerly; “why not go this evening?”

“James said that he thought she would rather see you alone, as she is unwilling to see general company; and her best hours, that is when she is most herself, are in the afternoon.”

“Is she very ill then, Paul?” I asked, a vague terror seizing me. “What do you mean by saying ‘most herself.’ Tell me all you know.”

“James thought that you ought to know before you saw her, that you might understand, and not be too greatly shocked by the change in her appearance. Mrs. Gor-

don is a victim to the terrible habit of opium-eating; dying from its effects, he says, very rapidly. You will, I imagine, find her but a wreck of what she once was, of the woman you so loved and admired.”

“Loved and admired.” The words sounded to me like a death knell. Was this indeed a thing of the past? Was the Ellen Gordon of my youth no longer anything but a beautiful memory? I could not believe it; I could not realize the meaning of my husband's words. They pierced my soul with anguish, though they were spoken tenderly, as knowing the bitterness to me of their import. I had read the “Confessions of an Opium Eater,” and had gleaned some parts of Coleridge's dark and sad history; had read how this fearful habit had wasted his frame, poisoned all the sources of enjoyment, dried up the fountains of natural affection, and fastened upon him a load of mental agony that became daily more intolerable; but I had never seen its effects, and therefore only faintly realized them. I found it impossible to think of Ellen Gordon as such a one as De Quincy or Coleridge.

The hours passed wearily enough until the time arrived indicated by Mr. Mathews as most suitable for my call. Ellen was expecting me.

How shall I describe my once lovely, cheerful friend? Seated in a large chair, rocking dreamily to and fro, with her head bowed, her hands moving restlessly upon her lap, and picking idly at her dress, she did not appear to notice my entrance until her daughter, touching her shoulder, said, “Mamma, here is Mrs. Fenton.” She raised her head a little then, took my offered hand, held it for an instant, but with scarce a return of its pressure upon her own, and motioned me to sit down beside her; requesting her daughter to leave us together in tones that sounded like the echo of her dead voice—that voice I remembered as so clear and musical.

We sat in silence for some minutes. I could not speak—she either could not or would not. As we sat thus, I noticed the changes in her whole appearance. The face I remembered as full and oval, was almost fleshless; the once bright eyes hollow and dull, wearing an inexpressibly mournful expression; the clear skin had become olive-colored, and was drawn tightly over the sharpened features, on which dwelt a look of great mental anguish. The beautiful hair had lost its brightness, looking, not so much grey, as dead and lustreless. Her whole form was shrunken and bowed, and to the dignity and grace that formerly characterized it, had succeeded an appearance of utter helplessness, of cowering apprehension, as if some fearful danger threatened. I may not have noticed all this at once, but it was the im-

pression carried away from that first visit.

At length she broke the silence, for my own lips were weakly closed, my tongue seemed chained.

"You find me altered, Sara."

"Yes, my dear Ellen," I replied; "you have surely been very ill."

"Ill!" she said, and paused—then, "yes, if illness that may be called which is one lingering agony brought on and continued by one's own free will."

"Your own free will, Ellen? That cannot be—surely it is beyond your control."

"They tell me it is not; they despise me because I cannot free myself from this bondage, and they will make you despise me."

"That is impossible, for I believe in you too thoroughly. If I could only help you."

"I am beyond help; even my physicians tell me that,—though they need not, I feel it too surely. But you will believe in me no longer, Sara, when you know all."

Then she poured out in one resistless tide of saddest eloquence, of which I can give but a faint shadowing, the story of her struggles and her despair. It would consume too much space to write this conversation, or those that succeeded it, fully as I can recall them; therefore I shall endeavor to give in brief outline all the sad history related to me from time to time during these, my last interviews, with my dear afflicted friend.

In 183-, about ten years before the date of our renewed intercourse, she suffered fearfully from nervous disease, causing almost sleepless nights for a long period, a state of health brought on no doubt by extreme debility. Living in the country, several miles from any town, or from any medical practitioner, she struggled hard against the suffering and the increasing weakness it entailed, using such simple remedies as were recommended by friends, but without obtaining relief. At last her husband insisted upon calling in the aid of a physician, who immediately prescribed the use of opium in the form of morphia. This acted like magic, subduing the pain and giving her, even on the first night of its use, refreshing slumber, which she considered a boon to be thankful to God for, notwithstanding the succeeding nausea of the morning.

After a time the opium became indispensable. The agony of pain, the weary nights returned, and her physician ordered from time to time an increase of the dose, never warning her nor her friends of the danger of continuing its use, or the importance of leaving it off as soon as practicable. When the physician ceased his visits the remedy was still at hand, and

as the usual dose lost its power to quiet her nerves she went on increasing it, until she, as well as her husband, became alarmed at the large quantity necessary to produce the desired effect. I never knew the amount of the dose reached, but suppose it to have been very large. I do not believe—indeed I am very sure—it was never taken from any craving for excitement, nor from any love for the taste of the drug, which ever remained exceedingly distasteful to her.

Her eyes were opened to her danger by what she thought a casual and inadvertent remark from a friend, though I think more probably dropped purposely in her presence, and she made an attempt to abandon its use. For awhile hopefully; for a gradual diminution of the dose seemed to exert no unfavorable effect. But on its entire disuse, days of intolerable pain and sleepless nights of fearful agony ensued. Again the physician was summoned, and by his advice she resumed the use of the poisonous drug, finding it necessary to take larger doses than before. He expressed surprise at its continued use, and at the large quantities taken.

Whose was the sin? If Dr. — had made the opium disease his study, being a regularly educated physician, he must have known the danger of a continued use of the drug, and his consequent duty to guard against its abuse in all cases where he felt called upon to prescribe it. If it was his ignorance, was it not in his case sinful ignorance?

"I have tried," she said to me one day in despairing tones, when I spoke to her of the possibility of deliverance, "I have tried again and again, but the suffering has been too fearful. Dr. — told me that fearful consequences would follow; that my nerves were so shattered, that I would probably die in the attempt; or, what seemed more terrible still, would become insane. My appetite failed entirely, intense neuralgic pain seized me in every part. The slightest exertion of mind or body was impossible to me. I was sunk in the Slough of Despond. It was useless. I know, Sara, you will think me weak; I despised myself, but I went back to it. Even my husband, though his face was like the image of despair when he said it, told me it was useless."

"Since then, Ellen?"

"Since then I have not tried, but have taken my dose morning and evening, though I loathe it, and loathe myself for taking it; but I cannot live without it, and I do not dare to die. I know that either way I must die ere long, for I feel that the poison is destroying me. My heart seems breaking with misery, and yet it will not break. I long for death to deliver me, and yet I fear it with an

awful terror. The ease and quiet which the poison once gave me, no amount will procure for me now; I only take it to live. I cannot save myself: Oh, that I could warn others!"

"But, Ellen," I said, "I cannot see why you should thus fear death: is it not the door of your deliverance. I should think you would long to be set free, and in heaven rejoice over your redemption."

She had formerly possessed such a cheerful, elastic temperament, far removed from despondency, sanguine and hopeful in an unusual degree, especially in regard to the objects of Christian desire and faith, that I hoped to call her back to more cheerful thoughts of the future. Her reply shivered through my heart like blots of ice:

"Sara, it is written that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God; and I am afraid—oh! so afraid."

"But this is not drunkenness."

"It is the same in character, the same in guilt."

"Then, dear Ellen, trust in Him who can save you from the sin, who can save you from its penalty. You remember the words, 'What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee.'"

"But I have no right to trust: I have forsaken Him, and now He has forsaken me."

"He has promised never to forsake His chosen, and you surely are one of those. It was once your great delight to honor and serve Christ in your life, and the promise is that 'though the just man fall seven times, he shall rise again.' 'Though the righteous fall, he shall not be utterly cast down.'"

"But I am not good, I am not righteous—I have sinned too deeply."

"But Christ is good; He is your righteousness; He can save to the uttermost."

"O! Sara, these words, though I love them still, give me no hope. I am so utterly vile: sin has taken hold of me like a leprosy: you do not know."

"But I know there is a balm in Gilead for every heart; I know there is a Physician there, and He can heal and restore you. Oh! cry to him, dear Ellen, and He will help you."

"I cry to him like a drowning man, but He does not help, He turns away his face from me. I accept my punishment I know it is deserved. I am living in sin; indulging an appetite which I know is hateful in His eyes; but I cannot free myself from its power. O! Sara, you know not the strength of the chains which bind me. I am feeding on ashes; a deceived heart hath turned me aside from my Saviour, and now I cannot find Him. My heart is ashes."

"But, my dear Ellen," I said, "you did it ignorantly; I cannot think you right in thus blaming yourself so severely. Dr.—, I judge, was more in fault than you."

"I do not judge him, to his own conscience I leave that; but this does not excuse me. At first I was ignorant, innocent if you will, of wrong, but not for long. Did I not soon discover that it was a habit which was making me a slave; which was leading me away from my God and my Saviour, and yet I failed to conquer it. I know it now in all its enormity, and yet I yield. I see myself bound hand and foot, turned away from God, and condemned to eternal banishment from His presence; and yet I cannot weep, I do not grieve, I only despair."

Some three years previous to the time of which I write, her loving, patient husband died, taken from her suddenly under very trying circumstances. The opium had lost its power long before to excite or to quiet her nerves, but in no wise was she released from its bondage. She was compelled to take it to keep the very current of life, miserable as it was, from ceasing to flow.

The story of her husband's death was told without a tear; her's were dry eyes that could not weep, and she seemed to wonder calmly that mine should overflow, as she did occasionally at the recital, spite of all my efforts.

I never saw my friend in a natural state of cheerfulness during all these days, though I was with her frequently. Once or twice there was an attempt at gaiety, but it was only like the faint mockery of the gentle humor, the flashing, genial wit of former days. The same stony calm, the icy despair which met me on my first visit, was her habitual state. I parted from her with a sinking heart, anguish thrilled me from head to foot; to leave her thus seemed more than I could bear, for I knew it was our last parting on earth.

She said "forever," and said it still calmly. But my heart said then, my reason says now: "Oh, not forever! we shall meet again in His presence who healeth all our diseases." He cleansed the lepers with a touch while on earth: one look of his shall give pardon and glorious liberty to this long, enslaved soul—I am sure one of His chosen.

Not that I do not deem the habit sinful, but I believe the sin lies in the first yielding. If this is done ignorantly, and the disease has fastened upon every fibre of the being, shall we not pity more than blame? If Jesus had been on earth, Ellen would have sought His help to free her from this chain with which Satan had bound her; for so tangible a help she had thought and will to seek. But the poison had so

paralyzed her faith that she could not see Him.

An impenetrable veil was drawn by her children over the last days of her life—happily they were but few after our parting. I could learn nothing save that “she remained much as when I saw her.” I know not if she saw THE DELIVERER before her eyes closed upon earthly scenes, but I believe that He came at the last and broke her chains, leading her captivity captive, and restoring her to the liberty with which He makes his people free.

God forbid that I should excuse or extenuate sin; but to the sinner let us be merciful, even as was our blessed Master while upon the earth, merciful as He is now: and has He not left us an example that we may walk in His steps?

I have said I had little hope to influence those in whom the habit was confirmed. but yet I do believe that even such may, if they have any power of the will left, emancipate themselves. Much and protracted suffering must doubtless be encountered; but, in the words of another, “it is a choice between two evils.” If he abandons opium, he must count upon much suffering of body, many sleepless nights, a disordered nervous system and at times great prostration of strength. If he continues the habit, there remains, as long as life lasts, the irresolute will, the bodily languor, the ever present sense of hopeless ruin. The opium eater must take his choice between the two. On the one hand is hope, continually brightening the future; on the other is the inconceivable wretchedness of one from whom hope has forever fled.”

“The medical profession are not agreed as to the treatment of this opium disease.” Are they not supine and careless about the matter? How is it less dangerous than alcohol? And yet they, or many of them, fear to prescribe alcohol in cases where they see it to be the remedy. But this insidious, serpent-like drug, is permitted too often by the medical attendant to wind its crushing folds around its victim, all unwarned of evil, till writhing in its grasp, he awakes to find his efforts unavailing to deliver him from the cruel fangs which have entered into his soul.

“O, that I could warn others.” was Ellen Gordon’s oft-repeated cry—a cry that has come from many another captive, agonized heart. Will others heed the warning?—*From the New York Observer.*

A QUIET MIND.

FROM AN OLD MANUSCRIPT.

I have a treasure which I prize,
The like I cannot find;
There’s nothing like it in the earth;
It is a quiet mind.

But ’tis not that I’m stupefied,
Or senseless, dull, or blind;
’Tis God’s own peace within my soul,
Which forms my quiet mind.

I found this treasure at the cross;
’Tis there to every kind
Of heavy-laden, weary souls,
Christ gives a quiet mind.

My Saviour’s death and risen life
To give this were designed;
And that’s the root, and that’s the branch
Of this my quiet mind.

The love of God within my heart
My heart to His doth bind;
This is the mind of heaven on earth;
This is my quiet mind.

I’ve many a cross to take up now,
And many left behind;
But present trials move me not,
Nor shake my quiet mind.

And what may be to-morrow’s cross
I never seek to find;
My Saviour says, “Leave that to Me,
And keep a quiet mind.”

And well I know the Lord hath said,
To make my heart resigned,
That mercy still shall follow such
As have this quiet mind.

I meet with pride of wit and wealth,
And scorn, and looks unkind;
It matters nought, I envy not,
For I’ve a quiet mind.

I’m waiting now to see the Lord,
Who’s been to me so kind;
I want to thank him face to face
For this my quiet mind.

Young Folks.

EFFIE HAMILTON'S WORK.

BY ALICIA; AUTHORESS OF "THE CRUCIBLE," "SOWING THE GOOD SEED," "ADRIENNE CACHELLE," ETC

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XX.

Go forth, though weeping, bearing precious seed;
Still sow in faith, though not a blade is seen.
Go forth, the Lamb himself the way will lead,
The everlasting arms are o'er thee spread,
And grain shall ripen where thy tears have been.

'Tis thy Beloved gently beckons on;
His love illumines for thee each passing cloud.
When yon fair land of light at last is won
And seed time o'er, and harvest work begun,
He'll own the fruit that shadows now enshroud.

—*Anna Shipton.*

The summer days sped on; the roses and the lilies faded one by one, and gayer and less fragile flowers took their place, and Joe was busy clearing up fallen leaves and cutting the lengthening grass; a bright tint was showing itself on the cherries' round cheeks, and even on some of the downy plums.

Effie had been three weeks in her new home, and in spite of a good many trials she had been very happy. Her poor mistress during the time had been even more of a sufferer than usual; the intense heat of the season seemed utterly to enervate her, until she had scarcely energy to speak. It was a great comfort to her, then, that Effie was so quick and clever, so watchful of every want, and so thoughtful and considerate.

"I really think that I ought to write and thank that Miss Clark when I feel able to use my pen," she said to her sister one day when she was able again to join her and her mother on the cool verandah; "I am sure Effie is invaluable."

"I am very glad, my dear," returned her mother "I should think it would be the proper thing to write."

"Can I do it for you?" asked Belle.

"No, thank you, I would sooner write

myself. Isn't Pa late to-night? It must be after six, and I saw the cars come up a quarter of an hour ago."

"You see, dear, there is so much to do in the store now; your father has nothing but boys to help him since this war began. You ought to have a letter to-night, Belle, shouldn't you?" Belle laughed and blushed, and said she hoped so. "There ought to be one from Richard too," she said.

"I wish there might be," returned Mrs. Lyttleton, "but I'm afraid not this week;" and she sighed heavily.

Ah! the many many anxious hearts there were in American homes in those days! How many pillows were nightly wet with tears! By and by Mr. Lyttleton came in, but there were no letters either for Belle or from Richard; there was no fresh news to tell—nothing but the never-failing record of powder and bloodshed, wounded and dying, the hundreds and thousands taking so little room in the brief numbers that marked them, and yet each several one mourned over by some sad broken heart, watched for, perchance, till the heart grew sick and despair settled on the dark sorrowing soul!

When Effie had done everything for her mistress that night,—even to turning down the gas and opening the ventilator over the bed—Maude sighed sadly, and said:—

"I'm so tired; if I could only sleep now, how nice it would be! But the room is so close, and if I leave the window open I feel cold after a little while. Oh, dear! I'm so tired!"

"Don't you think if I read you a chapter like I used to to Mammy, it would do you good? It always put her to sleep; she said it quieted her so."

"A chapter of what?"

"Of the Bible."

"Oh! mine's put away, and I don't want you to go to the drawing-room."

"But I've mine—dear Mammy's—just here; do, Miss Maude, let me read to you, and see how nice it makes you feel."

"Well, if you like."

Effie ran for her Bible, trembling with eager thankfulness; then sitting down near the bed, yet still where the dim rays of the gas-jet sent their light upon the page, the little girl began soft and low, the fourteenth of St. John.

Soothing indeed were the precious words to the fevered brain. Maude felt calmed almost at once; she did not miss a verse, and yet she would not have spoken to break the sweet spell for anything. Scarcely had Effie's lips breathed the words "Arise, let us go hence," when the poor sufferer fell asleep, and the little reader looking up saw the pale face wrapt in calm repose. Taking off her shoes, she slipped into her own room and knelt down to thank her Father for the privilege He had given her—to pray that that refreshing sleep might continue, and also that His own words—the words of life—might sink into the sleeper's heart too deeply ever to be effaced.

Effie crept into bed and listened—still the soft, regular breathing; and until she herself gave way to fatigue, she heard the precious sign that the invalid's sufferings were for a time, at least, lost in the blessed oblivion of sleep.

Effie was awoke by her mistress calling her.

"We must have both slept well; see how late it is," she said, pointing to the noiseless little clock. "You must hurry and dress."

Effie was soon back and busy helping Maude to dress. She kept hoping that she would say something about the reading the night before; but she did not. The only change Effie could see was that she fancied there were fewer sharp words and sharp glances that morning; so she hoped that perhaps Miss Maude had listened to and thought about the chapter even if she was silent on the subject.

That night much to her delight she was asked simply to read again. Effie asked if she should begin the gospel.

"Just as you like." was the reply; so Effie read part of the first chapter, and stopped, but thinking her listener was yet awake she slowly concluded it. Then she sat for a long time watching Maude's lashes as they worked nervously, telling she was not yet asleep. At length they opened and without speaking her mistress motioned Effie to go. She stole off inwardly wondering a little.

Ah! she did not know all that was passing in that mind rendered so painfully acute by disease and suffering! He alone, who surely tempers the soft yet penetrating breath of the Spirit to "the shorn lamb" could do so.

It was a few days afterwards that as Maude sat under the elm tree with Effie beside her, she said somewhat suddenly: "Effie I want you to tell me all about your self; just as much as you can."

Reader, would you like to hear Effie's story in her own words, or are you content with my feeble recital of it? I am afraid you must be or I shall never have time and room to tell you of what afterwards befell the little woman.

Of course it took more than one morning for Effie to tell everything, and Maude grew so interested she was quite glad when the time came round to listen again. Much had the little girl to say, especially about New York and the friends there.

"Oh! I wonder how they all are!" she said one day when she stood brushing Maude's hair; "I would give anything to be able to write to them."

"Suppose I were to write for you?" asked her mistress after a pause, smiling at the sudden change on her little maid's face, which she would see reflected in the long mirror. "Oh! would you—would you? How glad I would be? Would it take long for us to hear?" And Effie already began to long for answering news to the yet unwritten letter.

"I have been thinking for some time of writing to your Sunday-school teacher; she could tell us all about Solly and Willie, and the rest?"

"Oh! yes, I know she'll go to see them often."

"Do you know where she lives—the street and the number of the house?"

"Oh! yes I've been there more than once."

Effie gave Maude the directions, and she wrote them on a slip of paper and put it carefully away.

"I will write to-day, Effie, and Miss Belle and I will drive into town and mail the letter."

"I'm so much obliged to you Miss Maude, its so kind of you; you can't think how glad it makes me."

Maude smiled at the little "enthusiast," as she termed Effie.

The letter, containing many messages from Effie, was duly posted, and anxiously the little girl watched day after day for a reply; a week passed, but none came.

"It is strange," said Maude, a little annoyed. "I think Miss Clark might have written at once."

"The address might not have been right, or she may not be in town," suggested Belle.

"Or perhaps she is ill," chimed in her mother.

So Maude did the only thing to be done under the circumstances,—waited as patiently as she could for to-morrow—and to-morrow brought the letter. She read it carefully over, and then rang for Effie.

Miss Clark expressed her satisfaction that Miss Lyttleton was so well pleased with Effie; she was delighted to hear that her old pupil was so happy, and was very grateful to Maude for writing to her.

Then there was a little note for Effie herself, full of news about all the dear ones in New York, but it was hardly the best of news, and Effie's eyes were full of tears as Maude read that poor Solly had not been herself since she left, that she had pined sadly, and declared if she could only see Effie once a week she would be happy. Nance was much as usual, and Willie still sold his matches, though Miss Clark thought he would not be very long away from the home he so wished for; they all, she said, missed Effie very much. The reason Maude's letter had been so long unanswered was that she (Miss

Clark) had had her time very much occupied just then, and had delayed that she might go and see all the old friends; they all sent many kind messages to Effie, and were so glad she was comfortable and happy.

"And are you happy, Effie, as you told me to say?" asked Maude. "Or would you really rather be back in New York?"

"Oh! no indeed, Miss Maude, it was very hard there; but I can't help feeling sorry for Solly, she was so good to me."

"I wish we could do something for the poor child."

Effie was silent for a time, then she said shyly,—

"Miss Maude, I was going to ask you to let me go somewhere, but I'm afraid—"

"Where? What is it? Don't be afraid to tell me."

"Well, you know that gentleman that I told you about who was so kind to me on the cars—Mr. Ritterman? I've thought of him so often; someway I fancy he'd do something for Solly, he's so good; and I've thought if I could go and see him and make friends with his wife, that by and by perhaps they'd even take Solly themselves; they haven't any little girls, and their boys are gone to the war, and perhaps—why, they might, you know; she's real handy, is Solly."

Maude laughed at Effie's excitement.

"Well, you shall try at all events, Effie. I want some wools to-day, and I daresay you could buy them as well as anyone. Harry can drive you in after dinner."

"You're so good, Miss Maude, I don't know how to thank you!"

"Good, indeed! That is something new for any one to say of me! But I will tell you a plan of mine now; I am going to teach you how to write; how would you like that?"

"Oh! so much! Then I could send an answer of my own to Miss Clarke's letter. But it will be so much trouble for you, Miss Maude."

"If it is I can only blame myself; now go and ask Miss Belle if she can come to me; if so, she will wheel me in to dinner, and you can get ready for your ride."

Smiling, Effie ran off overflowing with

CHAPTER XXI.

happiness and excitement at the prospect of her intended visit.

You will, my readers, doubtless be able to see, even from the foregoing conversation, that a change had come over little Effie's mistress, and such indeed was the case; from Effie's first nightly reading Maude had been a different creature. That Word which its Author declares shall not return unto Him void had been slowly yet surely sinking into the heart of the lonely invalid—lonely I call her, for she had lived a lonely life; it must be so in a certain measure to anyone shut out from the usual occupations and pleasures of life, but it seemed doubly so with Maude Lyttleton. Endowed with a most active mind, she had never shared her thoughts with others. If her step-brother, to whom she was most deeply attached, had lived at home, it might have been different; but he had gone abroad when she was a little child, and she seemed henceforward to seek mental companionship alone in books. She had read works of all kinds with eagerness, excepting indeed those of a religious tendency, which she had invariably shunned. The poor sufferer could not believe that the Almighty God was the Being of tenderness and love she had heard Him proclaimed to be, else He would never have made her as she was—deformed, suffering, a trouble and burden to everyone—she did not know that whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth. Instead, therefore, of striving to solve the seeming inconsistency, Maude avoided all subjects that might lead to thoughts of Him. This was a great grief to her mother, who was a Christian, though a weak one; and whose earnest desire it was to see each of her children followers of the Saviour.

Human wisdom would say in regard to such a case as poor Maude's that a rare mind and great reasoning powers would be needful to deal with doubts like her's; but the All-wise saw differently. He made little children His instruments; He used in His wisdom the present example of one little unlearned child, and the patient history of another—a poor ragged lame boy whose home was a dismal New York court! Truly His ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts!

Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
Thy Saviour has pass'd through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy Guardian and Guide
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died!
—Reginald Heber.

Harry knew well where Mr. Ritterman's store was, and as soon as Effie had satisfactorily completed the purchase of her wools, he drove her there, promising to call for her in about an hour.

Effie entered the store and there behind the counter stood Mr. Joseph all smiles.

"Lor' now, is it you!" he said as he recognized the little girl. "If I aint glad to see you! Come right into the back room and see the Missus; I've told her all about you and she'll be as glad to see you as I be. I guess I kin watch the shop and talk to you too."

Effie followed her friend into the back room and found there, comfortably seated with her knitting work, Mr. Ritterman's wife, as like him as a feminine roly-poly can be to a masculine one.

"Why, mother, who do you spose I've got here! Nobody else than my nice little girl as was on the train when I came from New York. You're glad to see her aint you now?"

"I be" returned the good woman conclusively, dropping her stitches and sending her ball rolling into the middle of the floor in her efforts to welcome Effie cordially.

"I be allers glad to see them as my husband takes a fancy to, for he never takes a fancy to none but nice folks. Set right down, my dear, and make yourself to hum."

Effie sat down and was soon chatting away as friendly with the worthy couple as if she had known them all her life. She told them all about mammy and her dear friends, expatiating much on Solly's good qualities. She was often interrupted by exclamations of "Du tell!" "Do you mean

it!" and similar expressions of wonderment from the old woman, while Joseph, equally interested, stood midway between the parlor and the store, his arms resting on his ample sides. Complacently he watched the little chatter-box, for Effie loved to talk, as most children do, and her strange life had taken away all shyness, unless with "very grand" people, as she would have said.

The time passed so quickly Effie could not believe an hour had elapsed when Mr. Ritterman announced Harry's arrival; but they would not let her go without promises to come again as soon and as often as she could; and Joseph filled her hands with nice warm pea-nuts as he stood by the buggy to see her off.

"Bring her soon again, Harry," he shouted, as they rode off.

Maude was very kind, and let Effie go whenever she could, seeing how much the child enjoyed the change, and how fond the old people were of her. Beginning to think of others now, Maude thought it must be pleasant to the lonely pair to see a bright young face in the house, and Effie, she believed, would be sure to do them good; so she often sat in one position for hours that Effie might have a treat, when she would have enjoyed being wheeled about among the garden paths, sad now with the beds around them bare and flowerless; but she liked to hear the crisp rustle of the leaves under her chair wheels, and feel the bracing autumn winds—so soon, too, now, the walks would be white with snow, and then all through the long winter there would be nothing for her but the monotonous change from one room to another.

One day when Effie in one of her visits to her friends had been telling Mrs. Ritterman about poor Solly, and how Miss Clark said she was pining just because Effie had left, Mrs. Ritterman said:—

"Poor little dear! It's a pity but you couldn't get a nice place for her here in Utica; she'd be happy here."

"Yes, I know she would; it was one reason made me willing to leave her, that I thought I would get a home for her here."

"And can't you? Have you tried?"

"I don't know where to look. I don't

know anybody but Mrs. Lyttleton's family and you. Solly's so smart too, and good and honest. Poor Solly!" and Effie could not keep back a tear or two that stole out quietly.

"I wonder now how my old man would agree to our just taking her ourselves! It would be a charity now, wouldn't it?"

"Oh! Mrs. Ritterman, do you mean it? do you? Oh! I was wishing so much—!"

"But, my dear, not quite so fast! 'Don't count yer chickens afore they're hatched,' you know, the old proverb says."

But Effie saw the accompanying smile, and was capering about the old woman clapping her hands and frightfully tossing the muslin cap in her efforts to kiss her friend.

"Lors a mercy! There now, child! But there's father; bless your heart, what'll he say?"

"He? Oh! I know what he'll say! Oh! Mr. Ritterman, do come!" cried Effie to the astonished grocer, who was just coming in to see what the unusual stir was about. Effie did not vouchsafe any explanation, but still jumped about joyously, until Mrs. Ritterman, amid her fits of laughter at the child, found breath to say:

"I did but say something to the child about taking that little orphan friend of her's ourselves, and Lor she's like to went mad! But in earnest, what say you, father?"

"She'll be good, I know," said Effie, sobered by the serious way in which the master of the house viewed the matter. "She could 'tend the store just as well as you could, and would be as sharp about every cent, and yet not cheat you out of half a one."

"That would be a real convenience; wouldn't it now, father?"

"She's so smart at learning, too, and would soon help Mrs. Ritterman round the house as nice as can be."

A pause ensued, then Mr. Joseph, rising with determination, said quickly,—

"We'll take her, we will, and she shall be to us as one of our own. I know Jim Sawyer is agoin' to New York the beginning of next week, and he shall fetch her right along. How'll that suit you both? eh, mother?"

"I'm pleased, Joe."

"And you, youngster?"

But Effie was silent now; her heart was too full for speech, and the worthy pair, understanding her feelings, talked to each other until she had time to recover a little, and it did not take long; she was soon all life and spirits again, and overflowing with thankfulness.

"I think I had better get Miss Maude to write to Miss Clark to-night, and tell her to get Solly ready; don't you?" she asked, as she saw Harry drive up.

"I think you'd best do it, and I'm glad it's settled. To tell the truth me and the old woman have thought a 'leettle about it afore."

"Now, father, don't spoil it all."

But it was all too good to Effie to allow of being spoiled. It was a happy, happy child old Dobbin trotted home with that afternoon, I can tell my readers.

A new and utterly unexpected pleasure was waiting for Effie at home too. Such a wondrous day as that was to be!

When she had excitedly explained the whole of the delightful plan for Solly, and begged her mistress to write to Miss Clark, Maude said smiling,—

"I have already partly written a letter to your teacher about a scheme of my own; run and take your hat off, Effie, and then I will tell you about it too. Back already! Well, you see my father has a farm about a mile from here, in charge of a very nice couple who live on it. Mrs. Green was in here to-day, and we two made an agreement between us, and what do you suppose it was? Well, I won't keep you in suspense; it was that she is to take little Willie, and take good care of him in every respect, if his father and mother will give him up and promise not to be in any way troublesome. What do you say to that?"

Of course Effie was wild with delight; it seemed as if she needed nothing now to complete her happiness. So full of pleasant plans was her little head that her thoughts wandered sadly as she read the usual chapter, and it was hard even to keep her mind on heavenly things when she knelt down to thank the all-loving Father for His great goodness in the day that was past.

Alas! how often is it thus with us all! If in grief and anguish how earnestly and untiringly we plead for deliverance; our great want is our first thought, and we long for the hour of prayer, that we may bring our woe to Him who we know will pity us. And right it is to do so, and thrice blessed is the privilege! But are we always as earnest in our thanksgivings? Do we never forget to be grateful? Cannot our Saviour say of some of us "Were there not ten cleansed, but where are the nine?"

Or if not neglecting the expressions of gratitude, are they not often brief and cold compared to our petitions when in need?

Oh! what would become of us were not our God tender and merciful—pardoning iniquity, transgression and sin! He knoweth our frame. He remembereth that we are but dust—how comforting is the thought! Maude wrote a long letter to Miss Clark, explaining all about Willie and Solly, and including many messages from Effie, who soon hoped to be able to write herself to her teacher.

If mistress and maid had anxiously looked for a reply to the first letter, they watched this time with trebled anxiety. At length the answer came; the offer for Solly was thankfully accepted, and she should be quite ready to go whenever Mr. Sawyer called for her. But Willie,—dear little lame Willie—he needed no earthly home now! Only one week ago the angels had carried him to the rest he so longed for, and the ransomed spirit, freed from the suffering body, was with the Saviour. Both Maude and Effie wept over the account of Willie's death, and yet how could they be sorry he had gone? Poor Maude could guess, even had his home here been the brightest, that he would have much to suffer both in mind and body, and that was all over now—forever ended!

Miss Clark and his own teacher had been with Willie at the last—his only watchers, for it was on the Sabbath, and as usual, he was alone. Solly had been there reading to him, Miss Clark said, and had only just gone when she went in. And so the loving Saviour had been merciful, and taken the little sufferer home when Christian friends who spoke to him sweet

heavenly words were round his dying bed, and not when the low room resounded with curses and drunken jests as it too often did. The Lord granted His servant the blessedness of departing in peace, and took him from listening to the praises of earth to join in the New Song of the redeemed—the wondrous Song of Moses and the Lamb—for even as the little lids were closing over the dim eyes Willie's teacher was singing the sweet words of the beautiful hymn:—

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide:
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee;
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me!

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

Hold then Thy cross before my closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee!

In life, in death; O Lord, abide with me!

"I had so wished to see Willie," said Maude, as she sat with the letter on her lap, while Effie, with very red eyes, was gazing dreamily out on the dull Autumn prospect. "I would like to have told him how much happier he had made me."

Effie looked round wonderingly at her mistress. "Yes he did, Effie; when you told me how much he suffered and how patient he was, I thought of what kind friends I have and never a want unsupplied, and I felt how ungrateful I had been, and resolved I would not be so any more, but would try and be thankful and patient, and I have been so much happier ever since."

Effie did not know what to say, she could only give her mistress a tearful glance; presently she said,

"How much good dear Willie did; you see he got Solly and me to go to Sunday-school, and Solly was a different girl ever after. Oh! how he used to love to go, dear Willie!"

"When Solly comes wouldn't it be nice if she could come out here on Sundays, and we could have a sort of Sunday-school in the afternoons! Do you think Mrs.

Ritterman would let her come?" and Maude's face quite glowed again.

"Oh! I think she would. Wouldn't it be splendid! But there's the tea-bell, Miss, and I must light the gas and smooth your hair; the days are growing so short, aint they?"

(To be continued.)

KATY.

BY ANNA WILMOT.

Dear little Katy! Her sweet, serious face was like the memory of a saintly picture seen in some far-away time. It was too old and thoughtful, and the eyes had too much depth of meaning—blended too many shadows with their sunlight. I found her in tears one Sabbath evening. "What troubles you? How have you spent the day?" I asked. She almost started at the question, a shade passing over her face.

"If ever I tried to be good and religious, Miss Anna, I have tried to-day," she answered.

"The good are happy. I fear you have not been successful!"

"It has been one of my unhappy days;" and the child's voice broke into a sob. "It seems as if the harder I tried to be good, the worse I felt."

"There is something wrong in your way of trying, Katy. I am sure of that."

"May be there is," and she drew a long, sighing breath.

"How did you begin the day?" I asked.

"When I awoke this morning," she answered, "and remembered that it was Sunday I said to myself, 'This is God's holy-day, and I will devote it to religious thoughts and self-communion.' So I got up, and read the Bible until breakfast time."

"Were you interrupted while you read?"

"O yes; many times."

"By what?"

"Little Sister Ellen, who sleeps in the room with me, and who can help herself very well if she chooses, kept troubling me every little while for one thing and another. It was, 'Wont you fix this for me?' and 'Wont you untie this knot?' and 'Wont you see what ails my shoe?' and so on, until I got worried and spoke cross to her."

"You did not feel very peaceful when you went down to breakfast, although you had been reading in the Bible for half an hour?"

"O no. Instead of feeling peaceful, I was disturbed. Ellen complained to mother about me, and said that I had been cross to her, and wouldn't help her a single bit. Mother looked reproachfully, and said she was sorry. O dear, I felt so wretch-

edly! And yet I had tried to begin the day aright, so that it would be one of heavenly life and progress."

"After breakfast what did you do?"

"I went up to my room, and read and thought and prayed until church time."

"Did that make you feel any better?"

"No. Somehow there seemed to be a dark cloud over my mind, and my heart was so hard and cold that I was grieved on account of it."

"You were all dressed and ready for Church in time?"

"O yes! I'm particular about that."

"And found all the family ready when you came down from your room?"

"All but mother."

"Why was she late?"

"O she has the children to dress for church, you know."

"Your father is a very punctual man?"

"Yes; he is like me in that; or I should say, I am like him. He can't bear to be late—particularly late to church."

"Was your mother much behind time this morning?"

"Yes; and when she at last came down, looking worried, father spoke a little crossly. She was hurt, and he was sorry, I know, for what he said, a moment afterward."

"There was not much pleasant talk in going to church?"

"No; there was scarcely a word spoken, except by the children."

"Did you feel better after you got to church?"

"No. I couldn't fix my mind on anything."

"What caused this wandering state?"

"I don't know. My wicked heart, I suppose."

"What happened after church? How did you spend the afternoon?"

"As soon as got home I ran up to my room and, falling on my knees, wept and prayed for a long time."

"Did you feel better after that?" I asked

"I was, but not happier. The weight here," laying her hand on her breast, "was like lead. I opened my Bible after that, and tried to fix my thoughts on its holy words, but they seemed to hurt instead of comforting me. In the afternoon I went to Sunday-school."

"With your little sisters?"

"Only with Mary."

"Why didn't Ellen go?"

"When I came down from my room I found only Mary, and she said that mother's head was aching so badly that she couldn't get Ellen ready. So she had to stay at home."

"The Sunday-school didn't help you any more than church-going and reading the Bible!" I said. The poor child shook her head sadly, and her eyes were full of tears.

"And there isn't much cause of wonder," I added, "seeing that the day was devoted to self."

"To self, Miss Anna?" There was a startled look in her face.

"Only to self, on your own confession."

Why did you read in the Bible this morning?"

"That I might know *my own heart*, and learn the way to heaven; that I might get a deeper conviction of *my own sinfulness* and need of divine mercy. I wanted to separate *myself from the world* on this holy Sabbath day, and live a higher and purer life."

"All for yourself, Katy, and *nothing for neighbor*. It was that you might learn *how to be good, and not how to do good*." She caught her breath in a wild sort of way, like one half suffocated.

"Let me," said I, "show you a better path in which to walk—the *path of self-forgetfulness and love for others*. If, when Ellen came to you for aid, you had kindly helped her, your state of mind would have been opened to heavenly influences by the loving act; and then when you turned again to your Bible, you would have found help and comfort in its pages. There would have been no complaint against you at breakfast-time, and so that cause of disturbance would not have existed. Then if, instead of shutting yourself up in your room to read, pray, and commune with yourself, you had given a portion of the morning to helping your mother with the children, she would have been ready in time for church, and you would have shared the peaceful satisfaction of the whole family, instead of its unhappy disturbance. I need hardly say that you would then have gone to church in a more religious state of mind and in the services of the sanctuary found that peace and strength you so much desired. If, again, my child, you had been thoughtful of your mother and little sisters, instead of only yourself, Ellen would not have been compelled to stay home from Sunday-school because her mother's head ached so badly that she could not get her ready."

At this point Katy's feelings all broke down, and sobs shook her slender form.

"O, I see it all, dear Miss Anna," she cried, "I see all! I was just trying to save myself—to please the Lord by religious thoughts and feelings, instead of by doing good."

"It is only by doing good," I answered, "that we get good. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

"But, Miss Anna, isn't there danger of self-religiousness?" Her face was calmer, but very serious.

"We are always in danger from self," I answered, smiling; "but in far less danger when thinking of and trying to serve others"

than when thinking of and trying to serve ourselves."

One Sabbath afternoon a few weeks afterward I met Katy on her way from Sunday-school holding a hand of each of her little sisters, Mary and Ellen. On her gentle, serious face there was a look of peace. It brightened as she saw me.

"How is your mother?" I asked.

"Not very well; she had one of her bad headaches to-day."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't see her at church this morning."

"No; she wasn't able to sit up."

"Who got the children ready for church? I saw them there."

"I did." She looked at me half shyly.

"Hadn't much time for reading and self-communion?"

"Not much; but I was up early and read a chapter in the Bible before the children were awakened. After that I was as busy as I could be until church-time!"

"Were you unhappy at all this?"

"Why, no, Miss Anna; I was only too glad to take the burden from mother, and help everything go on as smoothly as if she hadn't been sick."

"But," said I, "the course of religious thought was so interrupted and disturbed by these common duties that you were in no state to enjoy the service at church or to profit by the sermon."

She lifted her large, happy face to mine half in wonder. Then, as a sweet smile played about her lips, she answered,

"I never felt so near to heaven as I felt this morning, and never had so much help and comfort in a sermon."

"And the day is closing peacefully," I remarked.

"Yes, very peacefully."

We stood for a moment looking into each other's eyes. I stooped and kissed her. The children drew upon her hands, saying,

"Come, Katy," and she moved on with them, light playing over a face that made me think of the beauty of an angel.—*Richmond Christian Advocate.*

ON READING.

A WORD TO THE BOYS, FROM A FRIEND.

"We boys love stories." Of course you do. I like them myself, but the danger is, that with such a multitude of exciting, sensational ones, as are sold now-a-days, you will read nothing but stories. And that would be "paying dear for the whistle," would it not? If for the sake of books that have not the slightest foundation in truth, nor, indeed, in the probable, written only to amuse, not more than a single grain of wheat hidden in a whole page of chaff, you lose all relish for a higher and better style

of reading, you do yourself a grievous wrong.

I am not condemning you to dry, dull books. Indeed I am not. My own young days are not so far away but I know quite well what you want. But only think of the books that are waiting to take you all over this great world of ours; up into the arctic seas; down below the equator, showing you all the strange forms of life in those tropical regions; into the depths of the sea, and pointing out the still stranger forms of life there; whole volumes of travel and adventure that will add to your stock of knowledge, as well as enlist your eager interest; and histories without end, that will charm you like a fairy tale, if you only give them a chance; taking you through, not the world merely, but through the past centuries, showing the grand discoveries and dreadful struggles which have made the world what it is now.

Then think of the stirring tales of real heroes, who have fought the battles of life and come off conquerors; have struggled through a boyhood of poverty and trial and temptation into a noble, resolute manhood. Isn't there enough in such examples as these to interest? Doesn't it set your blood tingling to think what others have done and what you may do?

Now, a word about the newspaper. I always feel hopeful of a boy who reads habitually the daily or weekly paper. I set all such down for live, wide-awake boys, when I see them taking such an interest in the current news of the day. But I wait first until I see to what part of the paper they turn most eagerly. If, as the sheet is unfolded, they run over the telegraph column to find out what is passing in other countries as well as in our own, then I know there is an intelligent interest. Their ears have been open to the discussions among the older members of the family, and the mind has been at work, too. There is no excuse for ignorance now. When all the nations of the earth are knocking at each others' doors, we may learn what we will. If I see the eye brighten over some noble deed of charity to the poor and suffering, then I am glad; for I know there is a generous spark down in their own hearts that shall yet kindle into a flame of its own, and gladden others some day with other noble deeds. But if I see them with eager interest reading the horrible details of crime and murders, hope dies out of my heart, and I turn away with real pain. It is a crying evil of our day, this publishing in such minuteness these loathsome details of crime. I see no end or purposes of justice to be answered by it, but only fearful harm. Your young hearts should turn in instant recoil from such brutal tales. Boys! if the public journal, that should be a school of better

morals, spreads this snare before you, do not you walk into it. It will blunt all your finer feelings, and familiarize your mind with forms of cruelty and sin that otherwise you would never come in contact with. Every one knows that anything made familiar to the mind loses half its deformity. Never suffer yourself to read one of these articles. If your eye catches the startling heading, pass it instantly by. Do not fill that mind of yours, which should be all manly and noble, with these dreadful pictures of sin and guilt.

I have said nothing about those poisonous books—low and vulgar—that sometimes find their way secretly into some boys' pockets. I trust there is no need to caution you against these. Never, never, read anything you would blush to have your mother or sister see. Read! but pray be careful what you read.—*H. E., Hearth and Home.*

HOW WILLIE LEARNED TO READ BEFORE HE KNEW HIS LETTERS.

Everybody was so kind to him—so ready to do things for him—and, what was of far more consequence, to teach him to do them himself! while he, so far as he could think, did nothing for anybody! That could not be right, Willie thought; it *could* not be—for it was not reasonable. Not to mention his father and mother, there was Mrs. Wilson, who had taught him to knit, and even given him a few lessons in spinning, though that had not come to much; and here was Hector Macallaster going to teach him make shoes! and no one thing that he could think of was he capable of doing in return! This must be looked into, for things could not be allowed to go on like that. All at once it struck him that Hector had said, with some regret in his voice, that though he had plenty of time to think, he had very little time to read; also that although he could see well enough by candle-light to work at his trade, he could not see well enough to read. What a fine thing it would be to learn to read to Hector! It would be such fun to surprise him too, by all at once reading him something!

The sun was not at its full height when Willie received this illumination. Before the sun went down, he knew and could read at sight at least a dozen words.

For the moment he saw that he ought to learn to read, he ran to his mother, and asked her to teach him. She was delighted, for she had begun to be a little doubtful whether his father's plan of leaving him alone till he wanted to learn was the right one. But at that precise moment she was to busy with something that must be done

for his father, to lay it down and begin teaching him his letters. Willie was so eager to learn, however, that he could not rest without doing something towards it. He bethought himself a little—then ran and got Dr. Watts' hymns for children. He knew—"How doth the little busy bee"—so well as to be able to repeat it without a mistake, for his mother had taught it him, and he had understood it. You see he was not like a child of five, taught to repeat by rote lines which could give him no notions but mistaken ones. Besides, he had a good knowledge of words, and could use them well in talk although he could not read; and it is a great thing if a child can talk well before he begins to learn to read.

He opened the little book at the Busy Bee, and knowing already enough to be able to divide the words the one from the other, he said to himself—

"The first word must be *How*. There it is, with a gap between it and the next word. I will look and see if I can find another *How* anywhere."

He looked a long time before he found one; for the capital H was in the way. Of course there were a good many *hows*, but not many with a big H, and he didn't know that the little *h* was just as good for the mere word. Then he looked for *doth*, and he found several *doths*. Of *thes* he found as great a swarm as if they had been the bees themselves with which the little song was concerned. *Busy* was scarce; I am not sure whether he found it at all; but he looked at it until he was pretty sure he should know it again when he saw it. After he had gone over in this way every word of the first verse, he tried himself, by putting his finger at random here and there upon it, and seeing whether he could tell the word it happened to touch. Sometimes he could, and sometimes he couldn't. However, as I said, before the day was over, he knew at least a dozen words perfectly well at sight.

Nor let anyone think this was other than a great step in the direction of reading! It would be easy for Willie afterwards to break up these words into letters.

It took him two days more—for during part of each he was learning to make shoes—to learn to know anywhere, every word he had found in that hymn.

Next he took a hymn he had not learned, and applied to his mother when he came to a word he did not know, which was very often. As soon as she told him one, he hunted about until he found another and another specimen of the same, and so went on until he had fixed it quite in his mind.

At length he began to compare words that were like each other, and by discovering wherein they looked different, he learned something of the sound of the let-

"I don't know," answered Willie. "It's not the busy bee," he added, laughing;—"I should know him. It must be a lazy one, I suppose."

"Don't you know your letters?" asked his mother.

"No, mamma. Where are they? Are the rest yours and papa's?"

"Oh, you silly dear!" she said.

"Of course I am!" he returned;—"very silly! How could any of them be mine before I know the names of them? When I know the names of them all, then they'll all be mine, I suppose—and every body else's who knows them.—So that's Mr. B—is it?"

"Yes. And that's C," said his mother.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. C," said Willie, merrily, nodding to the letter. "We shall know each other when we meet again,—I suppose this is D, mamma. How d'e do, Mr. D? And what's this one with it's mouth open, and half its tongue cut off?"

His mother told him it was E.

"Then this one, with no foot to stand on, is Fe, I suppose."

His mother laughed; but whoever gave it the name it has, would have done better to call it Fe, as Willie did. It would be much better also, in teaching children, at least, to call H, He, and W, We, and Y, Ye, and Z, Ze, as Willie called them. But it was easy enough for him to learn their names after he knew so much of what they could do.

What gave him a considerable advantage was that he had begun with verse, and not dry syllables, and stupid sentences. The music of the verse repaid him at once for the trouble of making out—even before he got at the meaning, while the necessity of making each line go right, and the rhymes too, helped him occasionally to the pronunciation of a word.

The farther he got on, the faster he got; and before six weeks were over, he could read anything he was able to understand pretty well at sight.

By this time, also, he understood all the particulars as to how a shoe is made, and had indeed done a few stitches himself. a good deal of hammering both of leather and of hob-nails, and a little patching, at which last the smallness of his hands was an advantage.

At length, one day, he said to the shoemaker—

"Shall I read a little poem to you, Hector?"

"You told me you couldn't read, Willie."

"I can now, though."

"Do then," said Hector.

Looking for but a small result in such a short time, he was considerably astonished to find how well the boy could read; for he not merely gave the words correctly, but

the sentences, which is far more difficult; that is, he read so that Hector could understand what the writer meant. It is a great thing to read well. Few can.

In after life, Willie continued to pay a good deal of attention not merely to reading for its own sake, but to reading for the sake of other people, that is to reading aloud. As often as he came, in the course of his own reading, to any verse that he liked very much, he always read it aloud in order to teach himself how it ought to be read; doing his best—first, to make it sound true, that is, to read it according to the sense; next, to make it sound beautiful, that is, to read it according to the measure of the verse and the melody of the words. He now read a great deal to Hector. There came to be a certain time every day at which Willie Macmichael was joyfully expected by the shoemaker—to read to him for an hour and a half—beyond which time his father did not wish the reading to extend.—*George Mac Donald, in Good Words for the Young.*

JENNER'S VACCINATION.

BY H. P. W.

More than one hundred years ago, a country lass went into "the surgery," or apothecary shop of an old English town, to ask the doctor's advice. In answer to his question if she ever had the small-pox, she said, "No, she couldn't have it, because in milking her master's cows she had caught the cowpox, and so could never have small-pox."

This was a country superstition, believed by the ignorant and smiled at by the learned.

The small-pox was a dreadful and dreaded scourge, which physicians could not prevent, and the only thing they could do was to inoculate the virus of small-pox into healthy persons, and then, in buildings apart, and with experienced nurses, let the disease come on where it could be controlled by treatment and careful diet. Under these circumstances it took a mild form, and the danger was for ever past. But it was a hard remedy.

A young boy, Edward Jenner, who assisted the doctor in his shop, overheard this remark of the dairy-maid, and as all his life he had been very fond of studying natural history, he began to search for himself into the truth of this odd belief. He found that there was ground for the idea, that those who were much about the cattle seemed not to take the infection of small-pox. For many years this young man talked and experimented more or less on this subject, wishing to establish two points. that matter from certain forms of

cow-pox could communicate to persons a mild disease which entirely and certainly superseded small-pox. Also, that vaccine matter did not lose its effect when transmitted from one individual to another. These were important points which it was hard to settle decisively, and as Jenner led a busy life, he had not much time at his own disposal.

When his seven years of apprenticeship ended, his father, a country minister, found him a place in London with a celebrated surgeon, John Hunter. Young Jenner told him of the idea he had conceived of preventing disease, but his master answered: "Try it. Don't think about it, try it!" Very soon he had to cease experimenting, for his fondness and knowledge of natural history becoming known to Sir Joseph Banks, he was appointed to assort and arrange the wonderful specimens which Capt. Cooke had just brought home to England after his first voyage of discovery.

From this time through many, many years, Jenner never let go of his youthful purpose to find out how to prevent small-pox. He made no secret of his views, but physicians scoffed and derided them, and at last he was forbidden to bring up the subject again at medical meetings. It was when Jenner had children of his own that he showed his courage and faith, by putting into his son's arm matter taken from a certain form of eruption on the udder of a cow. All his experiments convinced more and more his own mind that his theory was correct, and he wrote several books on the subject, but failed to convince others, though he gave vaccine matter to many physicians and urged them to make a trial for themselves.

At length, in an unexpected day, the discovery burst on the public mind, and at once several eminent London doctors who had tried the experiment stepped forth as discoverers of the valuable secret. But the praise and reward in this case fell to the right one, and the name of Jenner became known throughout the civilized world as the discoverer of vaccination and the benefactor of his race in preventing an epidemic disease. The beneficial and life-saving results of this discovery are utterly incalculable.

The European and Asiatic countries, where, as in India, small-pox proved a deadly foe, voted to Jenner large sums of money to repay him for time and means lavished in developing his theory, all of which he philanthropically devoted to ex-

tending more widely vaccination among the poor.

It is said that so revered was his name, that his personal intercession with Napoleon, also with Austria and Spain, was on several occasions sought, and prevailed when English official influence had failed.

The secrets of nature are whispered in the winds, and signalled before man's sight every hour; but it is only once in long years that a Jenner, a Newton, a Gutenberg, a Fulton, or Morse, catches the meaning of the sign and patiently pursues the shadowy truth through mist and cloud till it is fairly captured, and given over to be henceforth not one man's glory, but a good servant to the whole human race.—*Christian Weekly.*

AN ENIGMA.

My name, like my nature, is compound. It is formed by the union of two words, the first of which is a verb, yet also a noun; represents an action, yet also an agent, and in either is sometimes violent, furious and destructive; at other times gentle, soft and lovely. The second part of this compound word is the name of a mysterious, yet simple thing. And although my first could not exist without my second, yet my second is often seen wholly unconnected with my first. So much for my *name*.

As to my nature, I am a daughter of old Poseidon (called by the Romans, Neptune), amid whose blue waves, like an Oceanid, I was born; but my true home is in the air, though I am often seen on earth, whom I love to visit. I am welcomed with delight by the earth herself and by all her children, unless I come too often, in which case they sometimes complain.

Yet they are wrong to murmur, for I am their best friend; indeed, all animated nature has, under God, no greater benefactor than I, if we except the glorious sun himself.

I am beautiful, yet often fearful; beneficent, yet often destructive, especially when accompanied by two who are my frequent attendants, one of whom often leaves corpses upon her track.

I am of every color yet of none, and when I am wedded to my bridegroom, whose ardent love first drew me from my lovely birth-place, the offspring produced by our union is the most radiantly beautiful thing in nature, and the symbol of peace between God and man. Who am I?

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - ing for to car - ry me home;

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - ing for to car - ry me home. Fine.

1. I looked o - ver Jordan, and what did I see, Com - ing for to car - ry me
2. If you get there be - fore I do, Com - ing for to car - ry me

home? A band of an - gels com - ing af - ter me, Com - ing for to car - ry me home
home, Tell all my friends I'm com - ing too, Com - ing for to car - ry me home. D. C.

3. The brightest day that ever I saw,
Com - ing for to car - ry me home,
When Jesus washed my sins away,
Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
Swing low, etc.

4. I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,
Com - ing for to car - ry me home,
But still my soul feels heavenward bound,
Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
Swing low, etc.

The Home.



ARLEY'S BABY.

MRS. J. E. M'C.

"Well, how is baby coming on?" asked cheerful Aunt Mabel, heartily, as she took a rocking-chair in her niece's pleasant sitting-room.

"Oh, nicely, auntie; only a little cross sometimes. Nurse says it is her teeth."

"Don't you have her down here with you?"

"Oh, not often; it makes such a muss to have a baby around, I never can keep a room tidy, with her cups of milk, and bottles, and spirit-lamp, and all that. It is nice to have them all out of the way, up in the nursery. Then Fred is in such a way if he hears her cry. He is just as fussy as an old grandmother, and fancies something is wrong with her half the time."

"Dear me, I should think you would worry too, with your baby away off up there most of the time. Why, I never could bear to leave mine for an hour when they were so little, unless I had to. Then I always came back a-flying, thinking all manner of evils must have happened to them."

Arley smiled at her good aunt's simplicity, and said, "I suppose babies used to be tended to death in old times. I only wonder so many lived."

"You might better say," said aunty, with a little rising of honest indignation, "that it is a wonder any live now. But come, Arletta, I want to see the baby. Let us go up to the nursery. Who takes care of your baby?"

"A very good nurse, though rather young. Hadn't you better wait until after lunch, auntie," said Arley, drawing the bright zephyrs through her canvas with an indolent air, "baby is apt to be cross at this time of day."

"Arletta, don't say your baby is cross. It is so heartless. If it cries and worries, it is because there is discomfort somewhere. Either it is cold, or in pain, or is hungry. All its thousand little wants require a mother's eye to note them, and a mother's hand to relieve them. Arley, don't you love your baby? Have the times so utterly changed since I was young?"

"Aunty, how can you say such cruel things? Here I work for that baby almost every day of my life, making her the sweetest dresses I can find patterns for

anywhere. Fred says I am always knitting up some wrap for her out of the prettiest zephyrs. He says (in joke, of course) that his baby will break him yet. I quite neglect myself, in caring for the little darling, and here you ask me if I love her." Arley pouted, and considered herself quite ill-used.

"All that work you could put out and get it done even better than you can do it yourself. It is not of much consequence about the clothes compared with the baby herself. How does she fare? is the great question. God has given this duty to your hand, and to no one else. What if you had left your baby with some one else to take care of while you went a long journey, and when you came back the person should say:

"Here are the child's clothes all in beautiful order, but I forgot the child, and it is lost. What if you should have to make some such answer when the Master asks you about the little babe he gave you?"

"Oh, auntie, you make me wretched," said the young mother, crowding her zephyrs into her little morocco reticule.

"Let us go upstairs right away. I do believe the baby is screaming."

The two hastened up to the nursery, and it was plain, by the flush on the girl's face, that she was surprised and startled, not to say angry. She was politic though, and commenced walking up and down with the crying little one, addressing it in the most excessively affectionate terms.

Aunt Mabel was not a woman easy to blind. She took the baby in her own loving arms, and hushed it in her motherly bosom. Still its cries continued.

"I am afraid a pin hurts it."

"No, indeed, ma'am," said the girl hastily. "I washed and dressed her to-day myself, and I know her pins were all put in carefully."

But Aunt Mabel had not tended seven babies of her own without knowing that pins will sometimes work out of place, even when dressed by careful hands. So she determined to investigate.

"I will look," said nurse, coming forward, her face flushed with suppressed anger.

Aunt Mabel was not the kind of woman to be trifled with. She laid the baby tenderly on her lap, and proceeded to disrobe her.

"What a shame, Lucy, to leave a baby unwashed until this time of the day," she said as the fact came to light that a clean embroidered dress had been slipped on over its unchanged underclothing.

The storm gathered darker on the young girl's brow, and the indignation waxed stronger in Aunt Mabel's loving heart.

"Just see this little shirt, all in a hard roll under the baby's arms, Arley. How could she help crying in such discomfort? The milk has made it stiff and hard in its bosom as a sheet of pasteboard. Just see how the delicate skin is chafed."

"How could you neglect her so shamefully, Lucy?" said Arley.

A snappish reply was returned, and Lucy was told she might find another situation.

Then came such a torrent of angry words that the girl's temper was revealed, as it never had been before, to her deceived mistress. She obeyed, however, the calm order of Aunt Mabel to go to her room, for there was a determination in those pleasant, gray eyes that few people had ever stopped to question.

"I should really think, Arley, that these little shoulders had actually been pinched by that angry girl at some time. See these blue marks."

"No one could be so cruel," said Arley, wringing her hands; "my poor little pet?"

"I have heard of such things being done more than once by spiteful girls who have been obliged to stay at home with a baby when they wished to go out, or from some such cause. Depend upon it, dear child, there are very few people who can be trusted to take the whole charge of a baby; especially is it unsafe to leave one with such a thoughtless young thing as Lucy."

"There, our little love is happy enough now, after her good warm bath and her fresh, soft clothing. Let me beg of you, Arletta, if you must have a nurse to help you take care of your baby, let her be under your own eye. Live with your baby while she needs such constant tender care. If you are not willing to do this, God may not be willing to lend you your treasure long."

Aunt Mabel's earnest words that day were warmly seconded by her nephew on his return in the evening, and the awakened mother was led to look upon her duties to her child with new eyes.—*Mothers' Journal*.

A SOCIAL PROBLEM.

BY MARY B. WILLARD.

We walked home from the Missionary meeting through the park, four abreast, Mrs. Day, Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Wilson, and I. It had been an unusually interesting meeting. There was first a most entertaining

article by one of our ablest women, containing a complete refutation of Gail Hamilton's hitting-out-from-the-shoulder theories about missions, and afterward letters from several of the lady-missionaries in whom we are so much interested.

After the Doxology we went into Committee of the Whole on Home Missionary affairs, and a touching appeal was read from the mother of six small children and wife of a Home Missionary out on the frontier. Like Mr. Blake's walking-stick of blessed memory, each and all of us cried out "Something must be done!" and the something agreed upon was a sewing-meeting right away, and a thorough overhauling of the wardrobes at home in search of outgrown shirts and pinafores, jackets and balmorals. All of which programme being settled, we wended our way homeward, as I have said, four abreast. Somehow or other, I think that once out under the blue sky, so vast, so high, so wide, the Home Missionary and the six little children so vividly presented but a few moments before, melted away in the dim distance; the brave young lady in China, whose cheerful journal-letter we had heard during the Foreign Missionary meeting, became the smallest of specks on the far horizon. I know I found myself wondering if Joanna would think to bring the children in out of the cold and damp of nightfall, and if John were at home forlornly waiting for his supper. All of a sudden, little Mrs. Day spoke out sharply:

"Oh dear! I wonder where we are going to stop!"

"Is the woman crazy?" thought I. "Stop" why, stop at home of course."

We were all more or less startled, I imagine, at her vehemence,—all but Mrs. Ford, who, taking in her idea, smiled and said, quietly:

"That is a question, my dear, that has a different answer for each of us."

"Of course, I suppose so; but what would be my answer, do you think? With my four little children, my father, brother, and husband to take care of how much of this outside work ought I to do? I like it, to be sure; like to have a hand at the missionary-boxes, an ear at counsels of the maternal meetings, and a voice in the management of the Orphan's Home. But I do want to be sure that I am right, and that by and by I may not find a rank and noxious growth in the little garden at home. Will the answer ever come, Mrs. Ford, do you think? I've waited for a long time, on my knees often," said the little lady, tremulously.

There was a deep stillness in all our hearts; we did not know but just then and there the answer might come to each of us. We were very much alike, three of us, in our education and circumstances. We had

grown up from girlhood together, dreamed our dreams and realized them. Unlike most of the sworn friendships of school-life, ours had grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength, until this bright February afternoon found us happy wives and mothers, walking homeward with Mrs. Ford, our dear old teacher, by our side. It was very fitting, I think, that we should go to her who had solved so many vexed problems for us in other days, with the difficulties and unanswered questions of the present. We were, as I said, very much alike. Susie, that is Mrs. Day, and I had married good business-men, thriving and promising to thrive; but we wanted to help and do our parts, nevertheless; so our lives were not idle, but often full of care.

Besides the regular home-work, there seemed to be in our little city no end to the demands of "Church and State," as Susie often said laughingly. There was in the church a programme of this kind:—

SUNDAY.—Two regular services, Sunday-school and Bible-class.

TUESDAY.—Five or six different class or conference-meetings, to one of which each church-member is assigned.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.—Once a month, maternal meeting.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.—Once a month, ladies union prayer-meeting.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.—Church prayer-meeting.

THURSDAY.—Sewing circle and church-social.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON.—Ladies' prayer-meeting.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.—Once a month, Women's Foreign Missionary meeting.

SATURDAY EVENING.—Church-prayer-meeting.

Some portion of this programme each church-woman feels bound to undertake each week of her mortal life. How much of it is consistent with the importunate duties of the household and her own physical strength, and how much is essential to her own soul's welfare, is the dilemma which often renders her case a desperate and despairing one.

I remember, sadly enough, my own over-exertion during the week of prayer, when I felt that if we women of the different churches could help their pastors by our united prayers, a constant attendance on the ladies' union meetings was the very least of our duties. So I went, day after day, enjoyed them and profited by them, until physical endurance gave way, and I went home tired, sick, and—even from the place of prayer—*cross*. Cross to the children, to faithful Joanna, who had no doubt done her best with them, and—I am humiliated to confess it—*cross* to John.

This came to me in striking colors and proportions as Susie was talking, and I remembered how John looked, somewhat sorry but more comical, as he said:

"Isn't the week of prayer rather better adapted to fit people for heaven than for earth?"

Then there are the duties to one's neighbors; the kind offices to the sick and poor; the exchanges of hospitality, so delightful to render and receive, and the conventional usages which claim from each of us cordial consideration; but this, after all, is not what Susie means by "State." Outside of society, but related to it as all our concerns ultimately are, is the duty of the State to its waifs and foundlings, its orphans, its friendless and erring ones. To a certain extent the State taxes itself, and takes care of these, but even then the machinery involved needs delicate manipulation, and State, society, and individuals soon make it over in detail and management to the willing hands and tender hearts of women. And so it happens that their hearts and hands are full. All this we rehearsed to Mrs. Ford with the vividness that personal experience can add to a plain statement of facts. We had scarcely finished our recital, however, when Mrs. Wilson, who as Belle Downing was always noted among the girls for her positive ways of speaking and thinking, broke in with:—

"Stuff and nonsense! Girls, you are either getting lazy or shiftless. It's no use trying to get round this choice of facts. You're either constitutionally inert, or you haven't yet acquired the art of contriving expedients and using the means within your reach. Now, I have too much faith in the good Father of us all to believe that he ever put so much work into the world without creating hands enough to do it. It cannot be sufficient to plead that we are married and all that; for during all the years since God began to set the solitary in families, there haven't been enough old maids to shoulder one generation's labor of this kind. And even if they were abundant, they couldn't take care of those little orphans over at the Asylum as we mothers can. They couldn't weep over one of those poor, erring women at the 'Refuge' as we who have daughters can sympathize with this 'somebody's child' who has gone astray. It's my belief that God intends to make great use of the character that motherhood and family-life develop, in bringing the world to himself. I think so when I remember those dear missionary women in India who have consecrated their lives to this 'outside work,' as Susie calls it, and are nevertheless rearing Christian families in a heathen land, teaching the poor Indian mothers what Christ can accomplish if his Spirit rules the home,

"It's good for the children too, my children, your children, this outside work. Why, I can't go home from a meeting like ours to-day without carrying into the nursery a missionary atmosphere. The children and I enjoy it all over again. It stimulates their zeal, and the missionary-boxes fill up amazingly, after one of these means of grace. Then those six little children out on the frontier,—how half that number will gather around their father to-night, and repeat what I shall tell them of that sweet mother's letter, and 'Marmaduke' (here Belle straightened up proudly) "will find his heart very soft under their appeals, and I shall be sure that the next Home Missionary collection will be the gainer for his heart-softening. Not that his heart is ever hard. but business crowds him, and he doesn't think. Just what he needs is, that I should get enthused at our monthly meetings, go home and fire the children's hearts, and so it becomes true that 'a little child shall lead' him.

"I didn't mean that harshly, Susie,—what I said about laziness, etc." (Susie's eyes were full of tears), "but I've found so many times that through inertia or perhaps weariness, I let the children occupy me, when I'm of no real benefit to them, when they would be better off learning a little self-dependence, and I might be working 'outside' to good advantage.

"Aunt Isabel," said Mrs. Wilson very meekly to her aunt, Mrs. Ford, "I'm too hasty and abrupt. I see it in your eyes. Forgive me, Susie, and let Aunt Isabel teach us in her gentler way how we may escape the sentence—'This ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone.'"

"I know all about it, children. Just these same conflicting theories have been suggested to me at different times in my life; but many years ago I settled down upon the belief that the Lord is not a hard Master. It is the *abundance of the heart* that he regards, and not always the abundance of the life that he requires. No mother can be more pitiful than he of his wearied, over-tasked, or crippled ones. If we only work for him, and with the 'single, eye,' the work, whether 'outside' or 'inside,' cannot fail of its reward. And if there is anything, my dears, which we can be sure we need not, ought not to do, it is that into which self-love or a desire for popularity and public praise enters most strongly. I know how earnestly you plead, 'Lord, what will thou have me do, or not do?' Be sure the answer will come to each of you—your answer, Susie, not Belle's—yours, Belle, not Susie's. Surely it must be an infinite Father who can satisfy the infinitely varied needs of all his children."

—*Christian Union.*

THE ART OF TRAINING.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

It is very clear that the most simple and most obvious of the modes by which a parent may establish among his children the habit of submission to his authority, are those which have been already described, namely, punishments and rewards—punishments, gentle in their character, but invariably enforced, as the sure results of acts of insubordination; and rewards for obedience, occasionally and cautiously bestowed, in such a manner that they may be regarded as recognitions simply on the part of the parent, of the good conduct of his children, and expressions of his gratification, and not in the light of payment or hire. These are obviously the most simple modes, and the ones most ready at hand. They require no exalted or unusual qualities on the part of father or mother, unless, indeed, we consider gentleness, combined with firmness and good sense, as an assemblage of rare and exalted qualities. To assign, and firmly and uniformly to enforce, just but gentle penalties for disobedience, and to recognize, and sometimes reward special acts of obedience and submission, are measures fully within the reach of every parent, however humble may be the condition of his intelligence or his attainments of knowledge.

There is, however, another class of influences to be adopted, not as a substitute for these simple measures, but in connection and co-operation with them, which will be far more deep, powerful, and permanent in their results, though they require much higher qualities in the parent for carrying them successfully into effect. This higher method consists in a systematic effort to develop in the mind of the child a love of the principle of obedience, by express and appropriate training.

Many parents, perhaps indeed nearly all, seem, as we have already shown, to act as if they considered the duty of obedience on the part of their children as a matter of course. They do not expect their children to read or to write without being taught; they do not expect a dog to fetch and carry, or a horse to draw and to understand commands and signals, without being trained. In all these cases they perceive the necessity of training and instruction, and understand that the initiative is with them. If a horse, endowed by nature with average good qualities, does not work well, the fault is attributed at once to the man who undertook to train him. But what mother, when her child, grown large and strong, becomes the trial and sorrow of her life by his ungovernable disobedience and insubordination, takes the blame to herself in reflecting that he was placed

in her hands when all the powers and faculties of his soul were in embryo, tender, pliant, and unresisting, to be formed and fashioned at her will?

Children, as has already been remarked, do not require to be taught and trained to eat and drink, to resent injuries, to cling to their possessions, or to run to their mother in danger or pain. They have natural instincts which provide for all these things. But to speak, to read, to write, and to calculate; to tell the truth, and to obey their parents; to forgive injuries, to face bravely fancied dangers and bear patiently unavoidable pain, are attainments for which no natural instincts can adequately provide. There are instincts that will aid in the work, but none that can of themselves be relied upon without instruction and training. In actual fact, children usually receive their instruction and training in respect to some of these things incidentally—as it happens—by the rough knocks and frictions, and various painful experiences which they encounter in the early years of life. In respect to others, the guidance and aid afforded them is more direct and systematic. Unfortunately the establishment in their minds of the principle of obedience comes ordinarily under the former category. No systematic and appropriate efforts are made by the parent to implant it. It is left to the uncertain and fitful influences of accident—to remonstrances, reproaches, and injunctions called forth under sudden excitement in the various emergencies of domestic discipline, and to other means, vague, capricious and uncertain, and having no wise adaptedness to the attainment of the end in view.

How much better and more successfully the object would be accomplished if the mother were to understand distinctly at the outset that the work of training her children to the habit of submission to her authority is a duty, the responsibility of which devolves not upon her children, but upon her: that it is a duty, moreover, of the highest importance, and one that demands careful consideration, much forethought, and the wise adaptation of means to the end.

THREE PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS.

1. Relinquish entirely the idea of expecting children to be *spontaneously* docile and obedient, and the practice of scolding or punishing them vindictively when they are not so. Instead of so doing, understand that docility and obedience on their part is to be the result of wise, careful, and persevering, though gentle training on the part of the parent.

2. If the children have already formed habits of disobedience and insubordination,

do not expect that the desirable change can be effected by sudden, spasmodic, and violent efforts, accompanied by denunciations and threats, and declarations that you are going to "turn over a new leaf." The attempt to change perverted tendencies in children by such means is like trying to straighten a bend in the stem of a growing tree by blows with a hammer.

3. Instead of this, begin without saying at all what you are going to do, or finding any fault with the past, and, with a distinct recognition of the fact that whatever is bad in the *native tendencies* of your children's minds is probably inherited from their parents, and, perhaps, specially from yourself, and that whatever is wrong in their *habits of action* is certainly the result of bad training, proceed cautiously and gently, but perseveringly and firmly, in bringing the bent stem gradually up to the right position. In doing this, there is no amount of ingenuity and skill, however great, that may not be usefully employed; nor is there, on the other hand, except in very rare and exceptional cases, any parent who has an allotment so small as not to be sufficient to accomplish the end, if conscientiously and faithfully employed.

RECOGNIZING THE RIGHT.

A very excellent effect is produced in forming habits of obedience in children, by simply *noticing* their good conduct when they do right, and letting them see that you notice it. When children are at play upon the carpet, and their mother from time to time calls one of them—Mary, we will say—to come to her to render some little service, it is very often the case that she is accustomed, when Mary obeys the call at once, leaving her play immediately and coming directly, to say nothing about the prompt obedience, but to treat it as a matter of course. It is only in the cases of failure that she seems to notice the action. When Mary, greatly interested in what for the moment she is doing, delays her coming, she says, "You ought to come at once, Mary, when I call you, and not make me wait in this way." In the cases when Mary did come at once, she had said nothing.

Mary goes back to her play after the reproof, a little disturbed in mind, at any rate, and perhaps considerably out of humor.

Now Mary may, perhaps, be in time induced to obey more promptly under this management, but she will have no heart in making the improvement, and she will advance reluctantly and slowly, if at all. But if, at the first time that she comes promptly, and then, after doing the errand, is ready to go back to her play, her mother says, "You left your play and came at

once when I called you. That was right. It pleases me very much to find that I can depend upon your being so prompt, even when you are at play," Mary will go back to her play pleased and happy; and the tendency of the incident will be to cause her to feel a spontaneous and cordial interest in the principle of prompt obedience in time to come.

Johnny is taking a walk through the fields with his mother. He sees a butterfly and sets off in chase of it. When he has gone away from the path among the rocks and bushes as far as his mother thinks is safe, she calls him to come back. In many cases, if the boy does not come at once in obedience to such a call, he would perhaps receive a scolding. If he does come back at once, nothing is said. In either case no decided effect would be produced upon him.

But if his mother says, "Johnny, you obeyed me at once when I called you. It must be hard, when you are after a butterfly and think you have almost caught him, to stop immediately and come back to your mother when she calls you; but you did it," Johnny will be led by this treatment to feel a desire to come back more promptly still the next time.

Of course there is an endless variety of ways by which you can show your children that you notice and appreciate the efforts they make to do right. Doubtless there is a danger to be guarded against. To adopt the practice of noticing and commending what is right, and paying *no attention whatever* to what is wrong, would be a great perversion of this counsel. There is a danger more insidious than this, but still very serious and real, of fostering a feeling of vanity and self-conceit by constant and inconsiderate praise. These things must be guarded against; and to secure the good aimed at, and at the same time to avoid the evil, requires the exercise of the tact and ingenuity which has before been referred to. But with proper skill and proper care, the habit of noticing and commending, or even noticing alone, when children do right, and of even being more quick to notice and to be pleased with the right than to detect and be dissatisfied with the wrong, will be found to be a very powerful means of training children in the right way.

Children will act with a great deal more readiness and alacrity to preserve a good character which people already attribute to them, than to relieve themselves of the opprobrium of a bad one with which they are charged. In other words, it is much easier to allure them to what is right than to drive them from what is wrong.—*From "Gentle Measures in the Management of the Young."*

IMPROMPTU FURNITURE.

As a beginning, let us suppose that you want to produce a handsome mirror *étagère*, which will look well in the space between your front windows, and contain many little articles that have been heretofore scattered around on mantel-pieces or tables. Perhaps you have already somewhere in your establishment a card-table, or other old-fashioned piece of furniture of the same description—even some of the ancient dressing-tables of quaint designs might be made to answer admirably. Having procured such a one as comes within our reach, we need, in addition, a mirror, the larger the better, and if it is one with an old-style wide irregular frame, it will be just the thing for our purpose. Such as I describe may be had of second-hand furniture dealers at very low prices.

We first fasten two upright pieces to the back of the table, joined across the top by a third piece. These pieces may be of black-walnut, which will be best, and will make the handsomest piece of work with least trouble; but if cheapness is an object, and time of no account, they can be made of cherry or some other white wood, well seasoned, and stained with asphaltum dissolved in alcohol, then covered with a good coat of shellac, and rubbed down with fine sand-paper; after which they may be varnished with copal varnish, laid on smoothly and evenly with a soft brush. Small brackets of walnut, such as may be had at fancy stores, may be attached to the side pieces, two or three on each side; if these brackets have open work backs extending above and below the shelf, they will have the effect of carving when fastened flat against the background, and there will be little space left bare. For the top and corners of the frame get some of the separate walnut carved ornaments such as cabinet-makers and picture-frame makers can supply, and by means of glue, or a few bradnails, they may be fastened to their places, and will look precisely as if carved on the solid piece. Great care should be used if they are nailed, as the wood is thin, and will easily split off. There are many ways to ornament the frame of the mirror itself; either with carved wood of the same description, or with gilt corner pieces, which form a tasteful combination with any dark wood, or it may be entirely covered in another manner, now to be described.

All the varnish must first be removed from the old frame (which is supposed to be of wood, several inches broad), and the surface roughened, so as to hold glue well. No matter how broken the frame may be, it will be all concealed by the work. Have ready a supply of small twigs, pebbles, lichens, little knotty excrescences from the

bark of trees, or anything of this description, but no acorns. The design is to be a kind of landscape in bas-relief; and having got your groundwork roughened sufficiently, begin by gluing on across the bottom rim of the frame a little strip of thin wood one-sixteenth of an inch thick, and about one inch wide. Round the outer edges and ends, so as to avoid showing square corners. Another strip may be attached to the middle of the upper border of the frame, and smaller ones at irregular distances up the sides, to suit the design. The little shelves or strips must now be stained quite dark with black varnish or several coats of the asphaltum, so as to leave no appearance of white wood; and having designed your landscape, or at least with the picture in your mind, begin first by gluing on groups or bunches of the twigs with one end of them resting on the little shelves, which will represent the ground, leaving the tops of various lengths, and leaning or bending in different directions. These are intended for the trunks of the miniature trees, and wood lichens of all sorts may be glued on so as to form a good representation of leaves and branches. The ground will be best covered by first coating the wood with thick glue, and then covering with pebbles, lichens, small sticks, or anything that will suggest rocks or roughness. Animals may be introduced; and for this purpose the smallest specimens of penny toys, such as are found in a Noah's-ark in any toyshop, may be used, always bearing in mind the proper proportion of the picture; for the trees must always be large enough to overshadow the graceful deer, whose heads are turned toward the mirror, which is to convey the idea of a sheet of water, the central object in the landscape. Little Swiss cottages may also be placed wherever they seem appropriate, and perhaps other figures; but remember that the house must be considerably larger than either men or animals, or the effect will be anything but pleasing; it would be better to omit them altogether than to offend against good taste in this way. When the spaces are sufficiently covered and the designs completed, the whole must be painted with a dark brown or olive green oil paint, applied very carefully with a small bristle brush, such as artists use for landscape painting, working it well into every crack, over and under the edges of lichens, animals and houses. This will require a day or two to dry thoroughly, and perhaps will need a second coat, as some portions will absorb more than others. When the paint is entirely dry, a coat of copal varnish may be given, and when it is slightly sticky, or almost dry, apply bronze-powder, rubbing it carefully into the cracks with a brush. An old shaving brush or very

soft bristle paint-brush will answer very nicely for the purpose, and the more it is rubbed the more it will shine. This will give the frame the appearance of an expensive bronze casting, and no one unacquainted with the secret of its manufacture could imagine how cheaply it was produced. Of course there will be those who do not need the table at all, but will adopt this method of ornamenting a mantel-glass. For either purpose, however, the idea will be worth considering. I have myself converted one of the shabbiest old looking-glasses, which I bought at auction for two or three dollars, into a really elegant affair, which now graces my parlor mantel, and is greatly admired by visitors. In arranging the decorations I made use of any pretty little wood-cuts that were at hand, and copied the designs, which saved me considerable time that would have been required to make the drawings.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

FIGS STEWED.—Into an enamelled or copper stewpan put four ounces of refined sugar, the very thin rind of a large fresh lemon, and a pint of cold water. When the sugar is dissolved, add one pound of Turkey figs, and place the stewpan over a moderate fire, where they may heat and swell slowly, and be very gently stewed for two hours or two hours and a half. When they are quite tender, add to them the juice of the lemon; arrange them in a glass dish, and serve them cold.

ENGLISH CREAM CHEESE.—Put a thin cloth in a colander and pour into it a quart of good cream; let it stand for two days, and in that time all the milk will have run out of the cream; draw the cloth together at the top, squeezing it a little, and tie a string round it; wrap it in a rough towel double together four times, bury it in the garden, and leave it there for two or three days, when it will be ripe. When you dig it up, press it into any shape you like, and it is ready for use.

"POT AU FEU."—Take a pot of any sort which will hold about five quarts of water; put in three pounds of beef (the round is the best) into the water, salt to taste, put it on the fire, let it boil, and take off the fat as soon as it comes to the top; this must be done several times, till it is quite free from grease; then put a few carrots, one or two turnips, and the heart of a cabbage. In France *caromel* is always added to color it, but some burnt sugar or burnt onion does as well. Then put it on a very slow fire for several hours to simmer. This recipe will make the most excellent *bouillon*.

Literary Notices.

ISOULT BARRY OF WYNSCOTE. Her Diurnal Book. A Tale of Tudor Times. By Emily Sarah Holt, Author of "Ashcliffe Hall," &c. New York: Carter Bros.

This tale of the stirring times of Henry the VIII., may be called strictly historical, as all the prominent persons are real characters, and almost every act and sentiment attributed to these persons has actually been found on record, mostly in unpublished MSS. The author has, with most painstaking care, collected her materials from fifteen quarto volumes of the Lisle Papers, as well as from other quarters. Of the tale we may say that it is very interesting. The reader follows the fortunes of Isoult with unabated interest, and makes a pleasant acquaintance with numerous historical heroes. We give a somewhat condensed extract, containing the scene at Lord Lisle's death-bed:—

It was on Friday even, the iij day of March, just a week past I sat alone at my sewing in our chamber, when Beatrice came in, and desired me to go to my Lady's Grace in her privy closet, for she would speak with me quickly. So I, running hastily thither, was aware (beside my Lady, which there sat) of one sat upon the settle, wrapped in a great cloak; and when I turned to look in his face, who should it be but Mr. Kingston, Deputy Keeper of the tower. When he saw me he rose up and bowed himself, her Grace saying, "Here is an old acquaintance of yours, Isoult, that would have speech of you."

"Your servant, Mr. Kingston, quoth I. "Is Mistress Kingston well and merry?"

"Mrs. Barry," quoth he (not making any answer to my question), "were it too hard a thing for you to go with me unto the Tower this even?"

"O Mr. Kingston! what aileth my dear master?" "So you have guessed my errand," he said. "Aye it is the Lord Lisle I would have you see. And as to what aileth him, in good sooth I know not. I have fetched you to see if you can tell. Mrs. Barry, will you come with me?"

"On that errand, Mr. Kingston," said I, "yea, to the very ends of the earth!"

My Lady would have me well lapped in warm raiment, and made me drink a draught of elder-flower wine afore I set forth; and then went I on my journey, behind Mr. Kingston. 'Twas a dry even, and we were not long of coming unto the Tower. Up into the Beauchamp Tower, past many a door, through many a passage, and up

many a stair—and at last we stayed at one of the gloomiest doors of all that gloomy place. Then cracked the key in the lock as it turned, and we went within.

It was all darkness. I went a step forward, and stayed in very fear.

"There be no steps," quoth Mr. Kingston; "but wait a moment, till I light the lamp." And he went past me into the chamber. "Good even, my Lord!" saith he, as he opened the lantern, and lit a lamp that hung there, "Look up, I pray you, and see your old friend. I have fetched Mrs. Isoult Barry to cheer you up." "Isoult Barry!" faintly murmured the unforgotten voice I loved so well. "Come hither, my cousin. I thank you much, Kingston, for this your gentleness."

I saw now, dimly, by the light of the lamp; and coming near the bed where he lay, and falling on my knees beside, I kissed the thin white hand which he held tremblingly toward me. Ah, me! but Mr. Kingston had not told me how woefully sick he was. And it went to mine heart to see that his sometime golden hair was snowy white.

"God bless thee, my child!" quoth my dear Lord, softly. "Whence art thou come? Art thou again at the Court with Nan?"

"No, dear master," I said. "I dwell with my Lady Duchess of Suffolk, and Anne is in Devon with Frances."

"And what hath befallen George Bucker?" saith my Lord.

Then I told my Lord that George Bucker was a prisoner in the Marshalsea.

"He is better off than I," he answered. "There is Christ with him."

"Mine own dear Master!" said I, "Mr. Kingston did tell me there was somewhat troubling you. If it will relieve you to tell it, and I ask not too venturously, I pray you use me for a listener.

"Thou art a good child, Isoult," quoth he, "and I will make thee a listener. And that, not because thou lovest me, nor because I love thee, though both be true; but because I think thou lovest Christ, and knowest somewhat of Him. Oh that thou couldst move this heavy burden that lieth on my heart!"

"Isoult Barry, I have played the fool, and have erred exceedingly. Not Paul with his persecutions, not Peter with his denials, was ever by one-half so ill as I. Knowest thou that every one of those writs and letters for the apprehending of the Gospellers ran in my name, and was sealed with my seal? Am I one whit less guilty of their murder than Ahab of the death of Naboth?"

"I cannot so much as pray, for God is He that is against me, and He hath covered Himself with a thick cloud, that my prayer should not pass through. Isoult, hast thou any knowledge of such a case as this is?"

"I might tell you, dear master," I said, "how little you had in truth to do with those wicked writs and accusing letters. But methinks there were little comfort in that. If the Lord have convinced your Lordship of sin, and have brought you low, I will strive in no wise to meddle with His work. But it seemeth to me, dear my Lord, that you look for the Shepherd to leave the lost sheep to its bitter doom, and to go in search only of the xc and ix that be in safety. 'The Son of Man is come,' He said Himself, 'to seek and to save that which was lost.' No sin repented of can bar heaven unto Christ's sheep."

"Aye, Isoult, dear child!" said my Lord; "but was I ever one of His sheep? I thought I was: I fancied that I loved Him, and that He loved me. But now—"

"Be it so," I said; "though, if your Lordship were not, you ever looked to me strangely like one. But if it so were, what hindereth that you should trust your soul with Christ now? Let not the past profession stand between you and Him. Come to His cross as though you had never come before."

"There remaineth no more sacrifice for sins!"

Oh how mournfully he said it! And I knew that the sin which lay so heavy on his heart was scarce his sin at all.

"Truly so," said I. "No more—none other. Dear Master, would you have any other? That One is the very uppermost. Would God have any other? Is not He well-pleased with the atonement of His Son?" Did any ever yet die at the foot of the cross?"

"I cannot reach the foot of the cross, Isoult," he made answer. "I am without, in the outer darkness. He knows where I am, and how; and if He meant to save me, think you He would not give me a gleam of light—of His presence in the darkness?"

"If pilgrimages could have done it," he said slowly, "I had walked barefoot from Calais—ah Calais!—to Cathay. If penances could have done it, I had thought little of scourging myself till I died. But I know they can do nothing. Only He can do it—Jesus, by His blood: and He is not here, and will not hear me."

I was about to speak (in the words of Holy Writ, for I felt no word of mine could vie with the Word of God), but the key creaked in the lock, and I heard Mr. Kingston's voice without, saying to some person, "Tarry a season till I come again." Then in he came, holding his lantern.

"Good news, my Lord!" cried he.

"And for your sake I am right glad, though little so for mine own."

"What news?" quoth my Lord, striving to lift himself in his bed, and I saw his eye gleaming with hope.

"That Mr. Wriothesley is come hither to tell your Lordship," he answered.

"God give your Lordship good even!" quoth Mr. Wriothesley. My Lord, I am sent from the King's Majesty, with the sweetest message, methinks, that a Prince ever sent to any man. His Highness commands me to bid you be of good cheer. Here he sends you, my Lord, his own signet from his Grace's hand, in token of his perfect favor and mercy now restored unto you. To-morrow you shall come forth of the Tower unto his Highness' presence-chamber at the White Hall."

"Verily, a brave message!" quoth Mr. Kingston. "I never heard the like thereof."

My Lord spake not a word, but gazed on Mr. Wriothesley, and then upon the signet-ring, as though he believed not his own ears.

"My Lord," quoth Mr. Wriothesley, "your face speaketh for you, though your tongue seemingly refuse his office. I shall say unto the King that you thank his Highness right humbly and heartily."

And so turning himself, he went forth.

"O Hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble!" we heard, when my Lord spake. "I have not only offended by sinning against Thee in Thy members. I have wronged Thy heart. Thy time is the best time: Thy love is better than life. And thou hast been my help. And now, O Father, I come to Thee. Into Thine hands I commend my spirit: Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth!"

Slowly he looked round his prison, as though he saw the angels of God in every corner of it. Then upon me his gaze rested lovingly for a moment, and he closed his eyes with a smile. We heard a faint sigh, as of relief and rest, but he spake not again, only his look was perfect peace.

But what was that other look, creeping over his face?

I knew that look. And so did Mr. Kingston, for he cried under his breath—

"Jesu Maria! This is death—death! What a thousand pities! To-morrow the King had had him forth of this dungeon!"

So far wrought-upon was I, that nothing seemed strange unto me—not even to hear George Bucker's voice behind me.

"Better than so hath been for him, friend," he said. "For this night, out of this dungeon, the King hath had him forth."

Then George turned to me, "Isoult, Sister!" he said softly. "'Woman, why weepest thou?' His eyes have 'seen the King in His beauty, in the land that is very far off.' 'The days of his mourning are ended,' and 'he shall never see evil any more.'"

Notices.



THE LATE PROFESSOR MORSE.

We give for our frontispiece this month the portrait of the man who "made all men neighbors." Prof. S. F. B. Morse was born eighty-one years ago, in Charlestown, Mass. He was the son of Dr. Morse, who is called the father of American geography. He studied at Yale, and afterwards became a painter, and devoted himself to the study and practice of that profession for twenty years. He was the first president of the National Academy of Design in New York. It was when returning from Europe in 1832 on a packet ship, that Mr. Morse conceived the idea of the electric telegraph, substantially as it now exists. He at once went to work upon drawings and apparatus, but not until 1837 was he able to show by experiment the success of his invention. For the next five years his attempts to get funds to construct an experimental line were vain. He tried in America, in England and in France, and was almost discouraged when in 1843, in the last hour of the last day of the session, the American Congress appropriated \$30,000 for the construction of a telegraph between Washington and Baltimore. Since that time honors and rewards without stint have been heaped upon the great inventor, and his death on the second of April last was followed by a memorial service in the House of Representatives at Washington, in which the voice of the country was heard testifying to his distinguished service and great worth. Prof. Morse was through life a humble, devoted Christian. The testimony of his pastor, Rev. Dr. Adams, was that "He was a sincere believer, a true, modest, humble, happy disciple of Jesus Christ." It is said that he loved to consider his distinguished achievements as a Providential agency for transmitting divine truth, and for the hastening of the

promised time when the redeemed earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord.

"SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT."

Our musical subscribers will be glad to have an opportunity of judging from this specimen the character of the wild, irregular melodies which have such a strong hold upon the negro mind, and take such a prominent part in their devotional exercises. The music, however, cannot be fully appreciated unless one hears it sung in parts with the whole-souled fervor of that tropical race. Sung in this way by a band of trained singers from a college in Tennessee, these songs have attracted immense audiences in many of the large cities in the States. These Jubilee Singers, as they are called, have raised by their voices \$20,000 for the College which was founded by the American Missionary Association. They are nine in number, and of these only two were born free. Of the hymn which we have printed, the *Christian Weekly* says:—

"Our readers may, by the aid of the piano or the melodeon, get a glimpse of the quaint, weird music, but only those who in earth's sorrow have longed for the coming of the chariot of the Lord can comprehend the song as it is sung by the Jubilee Singers themselves."

This number of the **NEW DOMINION MONTHLY** completes another volume. New subscribers should begin with July.

Those sending contributions, either of prose or verse, to this Magazine, are requested to mention the name of such contributions in every letter which they write referring to them. When this rule is neglected, it is often impossible for the editor to tell what paper or papers are referred to in letters received.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

(Continued from second page of Cover.)
charges will be followed. Thus an advertiser has, for the same money, advertising for as many weeks in the country editions as he has days in the daily editions. The above startling changes in the terms of the country editions we are enabled to make by increased printing facilities, and in the hope of securing a circulation that will attract advertising patronage. Advertisers may, we think, confidently count on a rapid improvement in the value of time contracts through the working of these changes. No advertisements will be accepted which are not in accord with the known principles of the WITNESS.

ADVANTAGES.

We here announce cheaper papers than can be got anywhere else, and cheaper advertising, we think, in proportion to circulation, than is offered in Canada. Whether the papers are good, as well as cheap, the public are the best judges. All the departments of reading matter will be kept up as heretofore. We are giving increased attention to the commercial department.

It is our intention in future to have at least one serial story running in each edition of the WITNESS, and generally more in the daily, and we hope also to present to all readers one or two wood engravings per week.

CONSTITUENCY.

The WITNESS is the working man's paper; the merchant's paper; the farmer's paper; the clergyman's paper; the ladies' paper; the children's paper; the teetotaler's paper; the Christian's paper.

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FOR 1872.**

This magazine is the oldest and has the largest circulation of any literary magazine in Canada. It aims at being a Canadian Magazine, both in the character of its matter and in opening the way to Canadian writers. In the latter field it has up to the present been a failure, so far as remunerating its contributors and its publishers is concerned; but, as its circulation is fair, we are in hopes that a good advertising patronage may yet put it on a paying basis. We do not think our Canadian homes can find elsewhere a publication at once so wholesome, so interesting, and so Canadian, and we ask all Canadians to sustain it. Its circulation is 3,500. *New Dominion Monthly \$1.50 per annum in advance. Old subscribers sending the name of a new subscriber with their own, will get the two for \$2. Advertising in New Dominion Monthly, per page, \$8.00.*

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