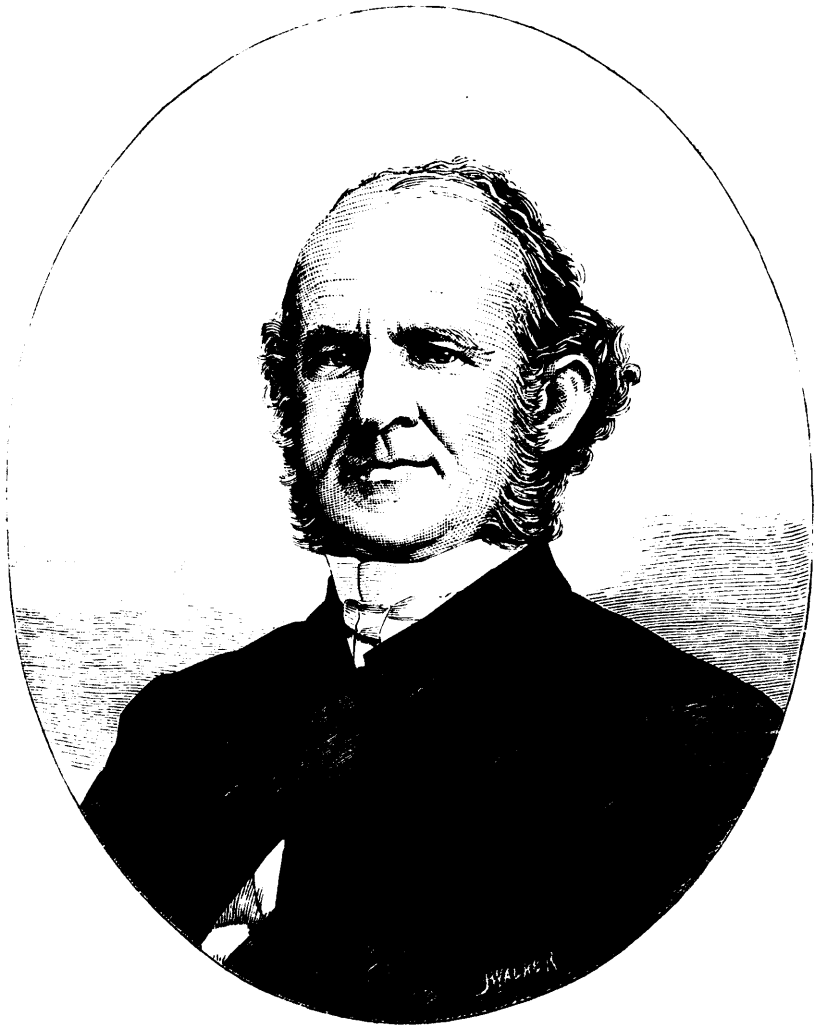


Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured pages / Pages de couleur |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages damaged / Pages endommagées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages detached / Pages détachées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire) | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Showthrough / Transparence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents | <input type="checkbox"/> | Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible | <input type="checkbox"/> | Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées. |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure. | | |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires: | | Continuous pagination. |



BISHOP CUMMINS.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

APRIL, 1874.

AGNES.

My sister and I were left orphans at an early age, but not too soon for me to be able by my small salary, as a clerk, in addition to the sum left by my poor father, to make both ends meet and to keep up appearances. I was sixteen, and had been through the usual course of instruction attained by boys of that age in the colonies, when the death of my father (my mother had died years before) occurred, and put an end to any dreams I may have had, or my father might have entertained, towards further prosecuting my studies. It is probable that on my part they were very slight, for youth is ever restless under restraint, and freedom from school and lessons is a great temptation to discard study. To look down upon schoolboys and affect the manner of the uppermost feelings, generally speaking, in a youth of sixteen. But situated as I was, there was but one course for me to follow: to get to work as soon as possible and make money to support myself and sister, and to provide for her education. She was six years my junior, and required every attention. I took lodgings at a cheap rate, continued my sister at the school she was attending, and prepared to face the world.

My first step was to look out for a situation, and I shall not soon forget the trepidation I experienced when I started on this most disagreeable expedition. Our home was in the city of Quebec, the former capital of Canada; and as I tramped through the streets of that old fashioned city on that

bright morning in June some dozen years ago, I felt as desolate and hopeless as a human being could well be. I trudged down to the Lower Town, the business part of the city, and looked for my fate. My father had been in the lumber trade, but being so young I had never been made acquainted by him with any of its intricacies, and knew nothing of his business friends or associates. I felt more and more convinced that on myself alone depended my fortune. I walked along the principal street, jostled by the busy crowds, and read the numberless signs which decorated the windows and doorways, but on none could I see whether the firms mentioned were engaged in lumber or fish oil. Insurance signs I could make out, chandlery shops were plain, and exchange windows spoke for themselves. For hours I walked up and down the street, beaten down by the scorching sun, and pushed about by the heartless throng. Weary and disconsolate I went home, having been unable even to summon up sufficient courage to ask the name of a single business firm. My little sister noticed my dejected looks and with her girlish talk endeavored to brush away my cares. After a sleepless night I rose with an aching head and burning eyes, but determined to put on a bold front and cast about once more for luck. In passing through the street I came across a quondam fellow student, and accosted him:

"Hullo! Spiers, where are you going?"
"Hullo! old fellow; how are you?—but I

am in too great a hurry to stay," and he hastened off.

Another schoolboy I met, in answer to my enquiry if he knew any lumber merchants, answered, "Any amount; all over the street," and he was gone.

I was desperate, and went into the first office I came to, on the door of which I read: "Gates & Co'y," and asked a supercilious-looking lad if Mr. Gates was in?

Mr. Gates was in, but could not be seen for an hour.

The next office bore the name of "Wild & Burns." Was Mr. Wild in? I asked, and was answered no; the same answer was given to my enquiry as to Mr. Burns. It was morning, and I thought it probable that neither gentleman had yet arrived; I therefore said that I would wait. I was told to take a seat and did so. While thus attending on the pleasure of Messrs. Wild & Burns, I took stock of the apartment and its contents. The gentleman who had politely answered my questions and asked me to be seated was middle-aged, gray whiskers, below the average height, and had a sort of owl-faced countenance, which, although he assumed a most grave manner, verged on the ridiculous. He was old-fashioned in his dress and especially so in his politeness, as I had an opportunity of judging by the manner in which he addressed those who called; in fact nothing could exceed his civility. He stood at his desk, and, except when interrupted, continued ceaselessly to scribble away at his books. An hour passed away and I became anxious lest I should be losing another day, so I ventured to ask how long it might be before either of the gentlemen would come in.

"To tell you the truth, my dear boy," he replied, "it is most difficult to say; for," and not a smile appeared on the face of the owl-faced man, "one is dead and the other is in England."

My late loss, my friendless position, and my dying hope flushed my eyelids and choked my quavering speech. I could make no answer and turned to leave. "However," continued the gentleman, "I may be able to do what you require, as I represent the firm. May I ask what your business is?"

I noticed a kind expression on his face mixed with a twinkling of humor, and I replied hurriedly and excitedly: "My name is Edwin Getty, son of Mr. Edwin Getty, who lately died; he was a lumber merchant and I want to get a place in an office to learn the business. Do you want a clerk?"

"Bless my soul!" cried Mr. Withus, for such I found out afterwards was his name; "are you the son of Mr. Edwin Getty? Why, my dear boy, I knew your poor father well; come in and sit down." We sat a long time talking, for Mr. Withus was a most interminable talker and an inveterate joker. Punning was his mania, and no subject was safe from his perpetrations. In the end I was engaged at the rate of thirty pounds a year as clerk in the office of Messrs. Wild & Burns, my duties to commence on the morrow.

I was a happy boy when I returned home that day and kissed my little sister, and she, dear child, seemed delighted that the trouble of yesterday had left me. I helped her with her lessons that evening with a gay heart, and talked in a grand way of the plans for the future. As for Agnes, she thought the world did not contain my equal, and sitting on the sofa beside me she would look at me with her wondering, confiding eyes, and exclaim, when I had uttered some more than usual grandiloquent assertion, "Oh, shan't we be happy then!" We both worked hard, I in my office and she at her lessons; in the evening we would sit together and, after looking over exercises and school duties, build castles in the air.

Years passed on and my position with the firm of Wild & Burns was much better. I received more than sufficient for my daily wants. Agnes had left school and was now my housekeeper, a dainty little housekeeper of seventeen. I lived for her alone, and she worshipped me. A quiet life we passed,—a life without a care, a life with many joys. We had but few friends, and now and then these dropped in to spend the evening. Among them was Walter Graham, a clever young Scotchman, who had come out to Canada to learn the lumber business, and make money. Young, remarkably handsome and full of information and anecdote, he was especially well-

come. Evening after evening he would drop in, and the hours used to slip by rapidly in pleasant conversation. Agnes of course kept us company, and when conversation flagged she would enliven us with a song or musical performances. It may be that brothers are sometimes blind and do not take note of circumstances which to others would be plain-speaking facts. It is certainly true that I was very much surprised when one morning Walter Graham called on me at the office and bluntly broke the business by saying, "Edwin, old fellow, I have come to ask your permission to marry Agnes. Do you grant it?" I stared at him utterly bewildered; he seemed to me like some sphinx' head clouded in mist; I knew him not; he was not a reality; he was a demon in a dream. The pen fell from my hand, my head fell on the desk and I burst into tears.

"Goodness!" he cried, "what is the matter?"

"Leave me," I was only able to mutter. How long I wept I know not, but when I felt myself somewhat composed it was approaching the time when I usually went home. I sent a note to Agnes stating that I was obliged to cross the river on business and might not be home till late. I did not dare trust myself meeting with her, and therefore went for a drive into the country alone, to the Indian village of Lorette. The whole way out the thought of Agnes's marriage was like a nightmare to me; I could not rid myself of the thought. I endeavored to direct my attention to business matters, but the sweet, gentle face of Agnes would come between me and such subjects till I felt almost crazy with the thought.

Arrived at the village, I descended to the large flat stone which lies at the foot of the falls and there remained, drowned amid the sounds of rushing waters, to think out the problem of Agnes. It may seem strange to the reader that my feelings should be so intense on the question of a sister's marriage; that the probability of such a separation must have, or should have, occurred to any one of sane mind. I frankly confess it never had; not for a moment had the idea of separation from Agnes presented itself. I still looked upon her as my

loving, dependent, child-sister, and her womanhood seemed to me an impossibility. She was still to me the little sister whom I had petted, taught and spoiled. From the horizon to high heaven hers was the only face which appeared to me; with every object of my life her destiny was entwined in mine; my imagination revelled not but in company with her being. But the bitter truth was now to be faced, and I brought my world wisdom to fight down the selfishness of my heart's affection. Had it been possible for me to set about such a cold-blooded transaction as to find a consort for my sister, my choice could not have been other than she had made. Walter Graham was noble, generous, free from the faults which generally detract from most young men, and able to give her a happy and comfortable home. Back through the moonlight I drove, more peaceably and resignedly than I had driven out. I let myself in by my latch-key, but Agnes met me at the head of the stairs. With a "God bless you!" and a convulsive embrace I left her to seek the solitude of my room. I slept little, but I rose and breakfasted with her, and I noticed that she, too, had experienced a severe struggle; but hers was tempered, no doubt, by her love for Walter—a love strong and pure as such a heart as hers could bestow.

There was no necessity for a long delay, and the marriage took place in a few weeks. During the ceremony I felt as if my only tie to earth was being severed, and after the bridal pair had left for a short tour I returned to my deserted home, weary, disconsolate and hopeless. My life work was now a routine of drudgery and formality.

They returned; how happy and fondlike was she! and Walter was the proudest and most devoted of husbands. My evenings were for the most part spent with them, and I began to recover from the blow which had fallen on me; and although I knew that the greater share of her love had gone to another, I began to feel a renewal of the old life and to feel happiness in their bliss.

The ice-bridge had taken opposite Quebec, and the immense sheet was smooth as a lake. For miles above and below the city the pure blue ice stretched beneath the

city like a panorama; hundreds of promenaders and skaters passed to and fro; carioles and sleighs rushed over its surface, causing a sound like distant thunder to those who looked down on it from the Durham Terrace; ice-boats flew in every direction; it was a magnificent sight. Walter came up to me while I was enjoying the view and proposed that we should take Agnes down for a skate, to which I agreed willingly.

Walter was a good skater; Agnes and I could skate tolerably well. For some time we kept in company and greatly enjoyed the sense of keen exhilaration. The ice was in perfect condition, not more than a few inches thick, and so clear that the water could be seen beneath the surface. Agnes and I were quietly gliding along while Walter was at a little distance practicing some difficult evolutions. Conversation can be more easily carried on in this exercise than in any other, and I was speaking to her of the singular view which the ice-bridge presented, when, as if by instinct, our eyes were directed to the ice beneath

us. There underneath its cold, cruel surface was the struggling, writhing form of Walter Graham, past all help and succor. He had fallen through an air hole. A piercing shriek rang through the air and Agnes fell insensible. My brain reeled, but I started to follow poor Walter. I thought that at one time he recognized me as he gazed at me through the fatal barrier which divided us; his struggles were fearful; at times he would clutch at the ice above him and then sink, rise again and, as if attempting to swim, would search for escape. Horrible were my thoughts and I could look at him in anguish! At last he disappeared, and I returned to care for the living. She was still insensible, and being conveyed to a sleigh, I took her to her home. A brain fever followed, from which she recovered; but her mind was gone. Poor dear Agnes, she is now passing through existence, the inmate of an asylum! Walter's body was never found. And I am left alone in the world, my only dreary consolation being to visit my poor sister.

OH, THE WOODS!

A SONG.

BY W. W. S.

Oh, the woods, the woods! the leafy woods!
And the laughing face of Spring!
When the birds return from their far sojourn,
With their last new air to sing.
Then let me hie to the leafy woods,
And banish my woe and care—
Oh, I'll never repent the day I went
And learned a sweet lesson there!

Oh, the woods, the woods! the summer woods!
And the coolness of their shade,
Where in wildwood dell the Graces dwell,
To wait on a sylvan maid.
I'll seek for flowers to deck her bowers,
And twine her golden hair,
And I wonder much if she'll think of such
As I when the winter's there?

Oh, the woods, the woods! the autumn woods!
And the chestnuts ripe and brown—
When the leaves hang bright in the changing light
Like banners of old renown.
And the south-wind ripples across the lake
Like a chime of marriage bells,—
Oh, I should not grieve if I'd never leave
These peaceful woodland dells!

Oh, the woods, the woods! Canadia's woods!
And the sweet flowers nourished there—
The beechen shade, and the sylvan maid
That decks her golden hair.
Her name may change with the magic ring,
But her heart is mine for aye,
In our sweet canoe there's just room for two,
And we gently glide away.

A STUDENT'S LIFE IN GERMANY.

BY ADAGE.

Touring on foot is a favorite relaxation for students here, as well as for all other classes, and both sexes. On a five days' tramp through the Thuringian Forest a few weeks ago, we constantly met parties of one to a dozen or more; sometimes University students, many wearing the peculiar colored caps of their societies; sometimes, perhaps, a squad from a school, teachers and lads; sometimes a family party, it might be husband and wife, or father and sons, or daughters, and so on; sometimes a society of workingmen. The ladies appeared to enjoy the tramp well, carrying, of course, very little luggage; at times, only a plaid in straps over the shoulders. It will be a fine thing for the health of our ladies and of all in Canada, and for acquaintance with the romantic spots about Memphremagog, Bolton, Orford, Stanstead, the St. Francis Valley, Dunham, the Richelieu Valley, the banks of the St. Lawrence, and the Upper and Lower Ottawa, when this tramping becomes customary with us. We must push it forward.

On July 24th, a party of ten started from Halle for a day's excursion up the Saale Valley. We were in the train by 6 a.m., and soon spinning through the rich fields of grain away south on the Thuringian RR., whose main line leads from Leipzig, through Weimar and Eisenach, to Frankfurt. We had in mind to visit some old castles, but especially a noted "Volksfest," the Cherry Festival in Naumburg. About half-past seven we left the cars and took to the march, singing or chatting as we went. We had a choice lot, if a man may so speak when he was himself of the company. One was a young professor in the University of Halle; one a young minister not yet ordained; six students for the Lutheran ministry, and your Canadian contributor. Beside these a pastor journeyed a while with us. German students

can generally sing, and fatherland songs, student songs, &c., made the way merry. Our path led along the valley a while, then up to the brow of one of the sides of it. Here we enjoyed a look out over the vale, as we sat and ate a light breakfast. Just here the land seems to change its features somewhat as Lower Canada does where the level "French Country" ends and the hilly region begins. Northwards, Germany is a great plain. Westwards from where we stood lie the Harz Mountains, and then north of a line of latitude bounding their northern end, lies a plain country which stretches an enormous distance, over Germany and away across Russia to the Ural Mountains on the edge of Asia. But south of us lay the Thuringian Forest, the delight of tourists here, where one sees from the Wartburg, Luther's famous castle hiding place, a sea of rolling mountains, just like the grand view I once had of the Green Mountains of Vermont from a hill behind Montpelier. In the valley at our feet lay heavy fields of grain, wheat, barley, rye; this last the staple bread grain of the Germans. Over on the other valley side were abundant grape vines, reared on terraces. The rock under the soil is in part a light grey clayey slate, and, at times, is very light colored.

But to the march. We shouldered plaids, took up our staves and away, and now our road lay through fields and woods. Among the grain fields are to be seen an immense number of poppies. The people say they don't do much harm, because the fine seeds slip through the grain sieves, and then the apothecaries pay a few coppers for a mass of the heads. But though the fields look gay with them they look also dirty. A pretty little pinkish white convolvulus is also very abundant, and so, too, the so-called "Kornblume," a blue composite. Out of these and blue-bells, thyme, a pretty plant

of the pea tribe, &c., one would soon gather a large and showy nosegay. But we were, ere long, at Schulpforte, a celebrated gymnasium or High School. It was established in 1543 in an old Cistercian monastery. It is remarkable how many old monasteries have been converted into these gymnasia, and are now doing a grand service. This is a very noted one, for here studied Klopstock, the German Milton, in his boyhood. His "Messias" is hard to read, but, at times, very fine. Klopstock's well is shown in the vicinity of the school, where he used to meditate and exercise his muse already in his early years, instead of rambling about with others. Fichte, too, the philosopher, who has been called the reflection of the great Kant, was a scholar in Schulpforte. I would like to be a boy at that school, for it lies beautifully among woods on the edge of the valley, and is itself a fine old pile of buildings. It has a grand playground, a sort of arena, sheltered by the buildings and the woods, with a capital gymnastic apparatus. Some of our company had been pupils of the present Director, and we enjoyed a meeting with him; and now, our road lay along the meadows, close by the river, till the bank grows quite steep, and we must climb it. On the top we found first a pillar, surmounted by a black eagle, erected by the members of certain University Societies to the memory of their fellow members who fell in the war of '70-'71. It has a most commanding position close by the old castle Rudelsburg. This was probably once a strong guard over the valley below, and a hindrance to the passage of enemies. Now there remain the rectangular walls and a high tower, hard to climb, but giving a splendid view of the country below. The valley of the Saale is much like that of the St. Francis, is well cultivated, has plenty of red tiled villages, but lacks our splendid Canadian forests. Below in the castle such of the ruins as can be used for dwelling purposes form a sort of tavern to supply the wants of the tourists. So there come odd changes in earthly glory. The railroad that sweeps through the valley below shows that "Industry" is becoming men's motto instead of "Warlike Glory."

After a visit to a little bathing town in the valley where salt water baths are to be found, we took the rail back to Naumburg.

The Cherry Festival was progressing merrily. We had missed the sermon and were sorry for that; for it would be interesting to hear how the minister would build up an address on what is pretty certainly a mystical story. The story perhaps many among us have read with delight; how the Hussite general, Prokop, marched with his army through the land, compelling the people to adopt his creed. He came before Naumburg and meant to besiege it, but after many vain entreaties for mercy, was persuaded to relent by a poor schoolmaster, who marched out to the camp with a host of little children arrayed in white. The soldiers cut down cherry branches with their swords, and sent the little hosts back to their mothers and fathers with the white garments reddened, not with blood, but with cherry juice. Since then the deliverance is said to have been celebrated by the Cherry Feast, lasting a week in the end of July. The weelads have games and songs the first half, and the wee lassies in white and crowned with flowers the second half of the week. We found a great ring of the little ones, circling slowly and singing to the leading of a swallow-tailed teacher in the midst. All seemed perfectly at home and merry, and so the crowd of elderly folks who looked on. A band discoursed music every now and then, and the singing, games, and rounds of the children lasted till dusk. But this was not all. All round the large square where the games were, stood neat family tents, where the folks, evidently the best families in the town, were having family gatherings, drinking their coffee in the afternoon as we arrived, and in the evening supping in gala style. It seemed to be a time of universal open-air feasting and inviting friends in to the enjoyment. Even a number of young lawyers not yet possessing the luxury of families had, as I heard, established a tent for themselves. As evening drew on illuminations began, with gas devices, the "Iron Cross" conspicuous among them, and paper lanterns. The youths seemed to en-

joy hugely carrying about a lantern or a mock Roman torch. Of course there were many of the usual accompaniments of such a festival, such as soda water stands, whirligigs, and a concourse of strangers. The town seemed to have given up business. I saw no drunkenness, and indeed the people in Saxony seem little inclined to that vice. Whiskey is not drunk in large quantities at single sittings.

The story about Prokop is said to be quite unhistorical. The records, so wise men say, show nothing about it. That he was in the neighborhood is likely quite true, and perhaps that he besieged the town. It was once a fortification, as the remains of the old walls, gateways, moat, &c., &c., show. But it is said to be not true that Naumburg was thus delivered, or that this festival thus originated. And so wise heads say this may be one of those in-

stances which occur where a People's Festival was held in summer to celebrate the incoming of the harvest, or other events. Then long after Prokop's time, folks connected the overcoming of the enemy of life, want, hunger, winter, with a mythical story concerning such a great enemy as Prokop. This, wise men say, is but a single instance out of many like it. So one sees how history is apt to be mixed up with fancy, and we may find what pass for facts of the past to be no facts at all.

The friendliness of the folks with one another in these tents was very pleasant to see. Our temperance pic-nics and the like, are much similar. Indeed, ours have more purpose in them, more of a practical aim, and so are better. But we can learn from the simplicity and brotherliness of the Germans. Let us find out the excellences of our neighbors and follow them.

AT THE EL AQUABIT FALL FISHING.

BY GREGOR BURGESS.

Indian Summer with its genial, mellowing influence, is here. We have been busy all day setting nets in cozy coves, and off crown-shaped isles with their varied, richly tinted forest leaves. The long lines of glistening cedar floats left behind, bear witness to our visits. Could we have managed it, however, such lovely weather would have found us paddling after wild fowl. The delicious calm that prevailed during the unclouded sunshine, has at evening time given way to a faint zephyr from the west. Far into the azure space, penetrate the bright rays of the setting sun, promising fine weather for the morrow. Having watched until the glory had departed from the landscape, and been succeeded by soft, gentle night, we at length, after a day of considerable labor, enter the bark tent, where, reclining on thickly piled balsam boughs, we are soothed by the smooth bell-like tinkle of the aspen leaves overhead, whilst

the tiniest of swells leave the pebbly cove. Unconsciously falling asleep, early morn finds us visiting nets, from whence we return to camp, our bark canoe fairly loaded with the choicest of fresh water fish. These are carefully cleaned and salted, and a hasty breakfast is disposed of. Then, gun in hand, we rush to the shore, and, springing into the canoe, are off on the surface of the lake for a hunt. "Loon!" the steersman cries. An instant after, propelled by our swiftest and strongest strokes, the small canoe glides hissing on towards the great northern diver. As we approach he scans us with a knowing, jaunty look; then, noiselessly diving, disappears for a while. Considerable experience, however, of loon-diving tactics enables us now to be within gunshot when he emerges, and the consequence is that that famous diver invariably gets his head shattered at the first discharge. In our tyro days of loon hunting, not thus easily fell the cunning bird.

Then many shots were required ere he was laid low and exposed in death his broad white breast. Loon hunting in a river or small lake, is tolerably easy work at all times. But on the large inland lakes, to be successful, it requires strength to paddle swiftly the bark canoe, skill in handling the birchen craft, endurance in the chase, and a rapidity of handling and firing your gun, which only practice can give. Should a slight breeze arise, frequently all these advantages are rendered abortive; for the loon, from his facility of submerging all his body to the nostrils, leaves so little to be seen by the eye, that a beak of two inches or thereabouts is not readily detected protruding among the dark, wind-tossed waters.

The report of the shot which killed the loon, started from where they were feeding a large flock of black ducks, which after several circling sweeps lit in Pickerel Bay. Placing in the bow of our canoe the brushy screen, with paddle blades held perpendicularly and plied continually under water, we noiselessly approach the feathery game. Through the small aperture in the "*ap-proche*" some are perceived busily feeding, others wantonly playing. Not a few are observed dressing their plumage, whilst the appearance of several ancients with erected necks and oscillating tails, warn us that they are about to fly off. Repairing our gun for instant seizure, the first barrel is discharged just as they rise from the water—the second on their flying away; twenty-four birds being bagged by both discharges.

Passing by pretty grassy bays, whose willowy covered shores will in winter be the resort of innumerable ptarmigans, and from which we have gleaned a tolerably fair harvest of ducks, we at length enter Perch River. Here the deep, dark, sluggish stream flows between banks richly embowered in foliage, recalling to mind the luxuriant vegetation along the smaller streams flowing into the Oriioco. The sun striking the fading autumn leaves, exposes to view a succession of gorgeous tints. Colors of gold, green, orange, saffron, pale yellow, and dark blue, fairly enamel the forest with beauty. When we

add that this region and its neighborhood, independent of its external charms, is the haunt of the beaver, the bear, the reindeer and the rabbit, we can appreciate the feeling with which in his songs the Indian hunter alludes to it in the most glowing terms. Ascending the stream to the first rapid, not a single duck is seen. In the still warm weather they prefer the open lake, resorting to the rivers and creeks principally when storms are abroad. Considerable beaver cuttings are seen, causing us to regret the inability for the present of watching for these industrious animals as they swim about on their timber-cutting and-wood storing avocations. Resolving, however, to return some other day with traps, we reluctantly leave the picturesque river. Steering to the southeast, we pass many a cove where rabbits swarm. Several of these inoffensive rodents are seen squatting lazily on their paths. There is such a look of ineffable sluggishness about their ears and faces as makes their appearance truly ridiculous. Such languor and apathy disarm our evil intentions, and pass is left to doze away unmolested until the more congenial night comes, when, as there are snares in her vicinity, she may fall to the lot of old Nebinoque.

Entering the large Kanbaske-Kan Bay, flocks of mallards, curlews, teal, black and fishing ducks are seen. An hour's firing among them gives us more ducks than we can dispose of in a week. Having now a sufficiency of ducks, we coast along in search of beaver. Finding at the mouth of a purling brook, the fresh signs of a large beaver preparing his winter domicile, we back the canoe away from the unfinished lodge, waiting patiently for the advent of the builder. He, probably from his exertions of the preceding night, or more likely having heard our shots, is in no hurry to appear. More than an hour's waiting without seeing the owner of the work naturally tires our patience considerably. We are on the eve of abandoning our watch on his domain, when from a large island to the north, distant about a quarter of a mile, a broad ripple appears making directly for the canoe. From its size we readily determine the originator of said

ripple to be either an otter or a beaver. Watching eagerly, it approaches almost within gunshot, enabling us distinctly to recognize a beaver, when from some unaccountable caprice, the feller of trees dives and disappears. He evidently has satisfied himself that the occupants of the canoe are dangerous to his existence. Paddling our craft hurriedly to the spot, the bubbles on the surface show which way he has gone. Following them up for a while, we remain stationary in the canoe, with gun ready at the shoulder for instant firing. The beaver now imagining he must already be far from the suspicious objects, emerges lightly to the surface. As he looks complacently around to discover how far off we are, a charge of No. 2 shot goes crashing through his skull. Picking him up, the size of the teeth soon convinces us this is not the animal whose teeth marks on the aspens and birches we lately examined. Those were made by a far larger animal. Congratulating ourselves on the probability of adding him too to the day's hunting spoils, in all haste we return to the abandoned station. As the sun has now set, we are almost certain our watch will not be a long one. So it proves; for while placing a cap on the nipple, we see the burly architect swimming rapidly past, on business purposes intent. Turning rapidly in the canoe, we instantly fire at the ear. The smoke of the shot clearing away from the now murky atmosphere, reveals to our delighted eyes a large beaver lying quiescent on his back. As he is being lifted into the canoe, the steersman remarks: "This is a lucky bay for us." The observation recalls the fact that the preceding autumn whilst watching a beaver house, we saw a large black bear greedily munching the blueberries about one hundred yards distant. Being to leeward, and knowing from actual observation how shortsighted a bear is, we poled the canoe to within forty yards of him, then rising in the bow, delivered a No. 5 Ely's cartridge right into his heart, toppling him over stone dead. That was indeed a happy day for those whose lives depended upon our exertions in hunting, when we returned to

camp with 400 lbs. of bear's grease and flesh.

Darkness is now setting in fast; our camp too in a straight line is fifteen miles distant, yet both are considered but light affairs, for the route home is thoroughly known, and we are well inured to paddling. Under the dark shadows of the thickly wooded shores, speeds the swift canoe. Anon the moon will soon appear, and when her beams light up lake shores and islands, the paddle home in such scenery will be but a prolonged pleasure. Opposite Cocom's Island already she casts a golden gleam behind the hills. Ten minutes after the great luminary of night shows round, bright and yellow above the tree tops, suffusing all around with her rays. Reaching the "grand traverse," and gazing upon its clear, unbroken stretch of eight miles across, we realize the fact, how night, especially such a night, spiritualizes and beautifies all earthly objects. Arranging the brush more comfortably for our knees, we prepare for the effort across. Under the pressure of the paddle blades the canoe glides on its way. Looking at the islands to the east and west, some assume the appearance of faintly lighted cathedrals; others on which the pines have been burnt resemble water-surrounded stone ruins, long unused to the tread of man. All is still as death, save for the sound of the swift paddle strokes and the cry of the loon as he calls to his mate, far away in the bays. Nearing the further shore the tent is distinctly seen; then a clustering group of children, whose sharp ears and bright eyes have long ago heard our paddle strokes and seen our small canoe in the calm air of this lovely night. Springing ashore we are gleefully welcomed, and heavily laden with game as is the tiny craft, the young, willing, muscular arms soon unload it. Entering the tent we are greeted by bright, happy countenances, who congratulate us on the good hunt made. Supper is soon spread before us, to which ample justice is done. Then recounting and commenting on the incidents of the hunt, we thank God for all His mercies, closing thus the busy day.

NOTES OF A HASTY TRIP.

FROM THE LETTERS OF C. C.

On the 25th of August, at eleven o'clock, we left Châtillon, and, walking slowly along a mountain path through a very interesting valley, where walnut trees and mountain torrents and cascades were not few, halting for three-quarters of an hour at an old village in the Val de Tournanche, and continuing the walk at four p.m., we saw a very peculiar natural wonder, a tremendous cavern, or rather a succession of caverns, worn 200 to 300 feet down into the rocks, whence the torrent which made it rushed out. At this latter place we entered on a narrow board bridge, and leaving the Gouffre des Buserailles, as the cavern was called, we walked on through a gorge to Le Breuil, a fair Alpine hotel, quite surrounded by snow-covered rocky peaks, the gigantic Mont Cervin or Matterhorn, towering up head and shoulders above the other grim guardians of Switzerland. It being now a quarter past six, we remained for the night, and decided to get another guide and try the Matterhorn next morning, but were shortly after informed by a couple of stray guides that, owing to a recent heavy fall of snow, that mountain was impracticable, and had to give it up. We enjoyed a beautiful sunset at Le Breuil. The peaks of the mountains, the Matterhorn in particular, and the everlasting snows were lit up with rich red, yellow and purple tints, as the sun slowly sank. This day's walk did not tire us much (only 20 miles), and, retiring at 8 o'clock, we rose the next morning at 4 a.m., left at 5 a.m., (August 26, 1872) and in an hour and a half walked on the first snow. At a quarter to seven, the sun rose over the mountain tops, and we halted to put on our gaiters and goggles. At a quarter to eight, after a pretty stiff walk up a glacier, during which K. felt the thinness of the air sufficiently to bring the claret to his nose, and

I felt somewhat light as well, we reached the summit of the Matterjoch, or St. Théodule Pass, 11,014 feet above the level of the sea, where a mountaineer kept a hut and refreshments during the summer months. Here we had something to eat, and met two ladies and several gentlemen. In half an hour we left this the line of division between Switzerland and Italy, and passing over and down the glacier and moraine of St. Theodule and over a long and fatiguing portion of the Gorner Glacier, arrived at 10:45 a.m. at the Riffel Hotel, a large building overhanging the vale in which lay the village of Zermatt (21 miles for the morning's walk).

TUESDAY, Aug. 27, 1872.—Having decided on our arrival at Riffel the previous morning to attempt the ascent of Monte Rosa, we secured two stout guides, and, giving them instructions to have everything prepared, including provisions, we retired early, and were awakened at 1:30 a.m., had breakfast, and set out at 2:15 a.m. At half-past three we were crossing the Gorner Glacier, very carefully, for it was not light; at 4:45 we halted for first refreshments on a moraine; at 5 a.m. we overtook a party of six, three gentlemen and three guides, who had left three-quarters of an hour before us. At 7 a.m., one of the preceding party was obliged to turn back with a guide, as he had wet his feet and was otherwise done up. K., who had not been well the previous evening, likewise began to waver. At 9:30 a.m. we reached the summit of the Col de Monte Rosa, and at the summit of the first peak, Kinloch, who was really played out and very pale, was told by the guides that to go farther over the next and most dangerous part of the ascent would place him and themselves in extreme danger, as a bad storm had come on, the wind blew very

hard, and its thinness would certainly cause him to faint. Therefore, though by no means liking it, he and one of the guides remained behind, and the other guide and I having attached ourselves together with double ropes, 18 or 20 feet distant from each other, prepared to push upwards and onwards. And now dangers such as I never encountered before in my life, not even at the Col du Géant, surrounded me on every side. The snow drifted about wildly; the wind was so strong at times that I dared not, and could not if I had dared, stand erect, the ledges or ridges along which we were obliged to pass to reach the highest peak were, in places, scarcely as wide as our bodies, and were partly composed of pointed rocks, and partly of treacherous ice. On the right hand yawned a precipice going sheer down 6,000 to 8,000 feet to a glacier in the valley far below. The other side was not perpendicular, but was at an angle, varying from 45 to 75 degrees, and principally composed of icy glaciers, along which the wind swept wildly, and down which pieces of ice, chopped by the guide, made their way with tremendous velocity to another valley 12,000 feet below. Had we been the only two on that mountain during that storm, I believe I would have faltered; but the party of four in front, although safer than we, by their numbers and length of rope, which enabled them almost to bridge the most dangerous places between rocks to which they could cling, gave us courage and saved my guide much time, by making the steps in the ice by which alone the ascent could be made. The guide, who was about as much alarmed as I, took every precaution to prevent a slip, and often warned me to do the same, every now and then enlarging a hole in the ice or making a new one. I, however, needed no warning, for with an eye on each abyss, and a mental resolve that if the guide went over the cliff on one side I would at once drop over on the other and so have a chance left, every step was planted firmly, as if it were the last, and the alpenstock placed with equal care. When near the top I had to leave my staff behind and scramble along the *outside* of a ledge of rock with nothing but thousands of feet of awful emptiness beneath. All things, however, must have an end—the tip top point was at last gained at half-past eleven, and, as at the Col du Géant, I stood on the highest point of the Dufour or Hochtse Spitze of Monte Rosa, 15,217 feet high, waved my *tuyau* and cheered, then left my card in a carefully hidden bottle always kept there, and the whole party (for those of the first party were at the top also, though they said that they had almost decided to turn back once or twice) began to descend, I being allowed the doubtful honor of leading, as they led up; and going down such places the tourists always precede the guides. However, the descent was not so difficult as the ascent, my guide keeping a tight rope between us as a sort of support, and at one o'clock a.m., we reached the place where K. and the other guide lay concealed from the blinding storm behind some rocks, and after eating a hearty lunch (it was too cold to eat higher up) we made our way down over the old glaciers again, sliding or *glissading* as it is termed, half the way down, at considerable speed, where the guides knew there were no crevasses, and reached the Riffel at 4 p.m., considerably weatherbeaten after our tramp of 30 good miles, and the heroes of the day.

They say Monte Rosa is easy to ascend, and that ladies frequently go up. I would just like to know *who* say so, and how near the top the ladies got, and with how many guides, even in fine weather. A lady went up the Matterhorn last year, but the guides say they could have taken a mule up the same way.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 28, 1872.—We were again awakened at three o'clock this morning for the last glacier and snow tramp this trip. Leaving the Riffel Hotel at a quarter to five, in company with two other gentlemen and two guides, we crossed the top of the Gorner Glacier, halting for a bite at a quarter past seven. The day was lovely, and passing over the Cima de Jazi glacier, we arrived at the summit of the New Weissthorn Pass, 11,351 feet above the level of the sea, whence we enjoyed a magnificent view of various mountains and the northern part of Italy, including part of Lakes

Maggiore and Como. Our road hitherto had been very pleasant, walking up glaciers covered with snow, and exactly resembling the fields at home in winter after a heavy snow-storm, but the rest of the road was to be quite different; and here I will make an extract from Baedeker, my guide book, the first extract I have made. Speaking of the point we had now reached, it says: "Beyond the culminating point of the pass (New Weissthor) a further ascent is made over the rugged rocks of the Cima di Riffel, then a giddy descent, passing perpendicular rocks and traversing precipitous snow fields. This difficult and apparently impracticable portion of the expedition, for which vigorous limbs and a perfectly steady head are absolutely indispensable, is accomplished in one and a half to two hours, and in three hours more (five from the culminating point, in all ten or twelve hours from the Riffel) Macuguaga is reached." I make this extract because it is true, and also to show that I have not hitherto exaggerated. Baedeker says some things a great deal stronger of the Col du Géant and Monte Rosa. We made the first part of the descent fifteen minutes quicker than Baedeker, who walked it himself, and the whole descent in four and one-quarter hours (7,500 feet), sliding or glissading a good deal on the glaciers near the foot. While crossing the top of the first glacier or snow field, one of the guides had the closest escape with his life that I ever saw or hope to see; it almost froze me. He was trying to cross a place without first cutting holes to plant his feet, and stepping on a slippery piece of ice, slipped and fell, and notwithstanding his utmost efforts, went sliding down the glacier faster and faster, towards a steep declivity where we could see several of those terrible crevasses. We all stood still and waited to see the last, when all at once his progress became slower and stopped, and with a terribly scared look he rose and steadily made his way up again, this time cutting every step. It seems that he had almost miraculously slid into a place where the glacier rose over some rock, and the ascent, slight though it was, saved him at the last moment.

THURSDAY, Aug. 29, 1872.—The valley

of Macuguaga, situate about 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, and bounded on all sides and points (but one) with high mountains, down which numerous streams fall in cascades, is, with the long narrow gorge, its only outlet (and the whole of which is called the Vallée d'Auzasca), the most lovely, grand and picturesque of all the Alpine places we have seen. It was, therefore, a fitting termination of an Alpine excursion and tramp of over 230 miles. So thought K. and I, as, rising at 5 a.m. and starting at 7, we made our way easily towards the Italian lakes. At 9 a.m. we stopped to look at a curious R. C. chapel by the wayside in the village of Ceppo Morelli, where some hundreds of skulls, some with priests' caps on, were arranged in the chapel on shelves. We likewise stopped several times to eat the large ripe luscious blackberries that grew plentifully everywhere. At one o'clock we passed Castiglione, celebrated for something or other, and then the gold mines of Pestalina, finishing our day's walk through a grand gorge and most magnificent scenery, by arriving at Vogogna (21 miles) at a quarter past two. Here we washed and had dinner and left at half-past six for a stage drive of 34 miles to Arona, 11 p.m., where we slept in a newspaper or reading-room, for want of better accommodations, until 4 a.m., on Friday, August 30, 1872, when we took a steamer going up the Lago Maggiore and enjoyed a lovely sunrise on the lake. I had always been under the impression that the Italian lakes were plain pond-like expanses of water, with low banks, and you may, therefore, imagine my surprise at finding lovely winding sheets of green and bluish purple water, bordered by high mountains, terraced and trellised to their very summits, rich in grape vines, olive and walnut trees, and almost every kind of semi-tropical verdure. Some parts, especially the Isola Bella and other islands of Lago Maggiore and Lake Lugano, with the greater part of the Lake of Como, were really enchanting. Unique and picturesque towns, villages and palaces dotted the shores, and hillsides in every direction, reminding me frequently of Lake Champlain and Hudson River scenery, though grander a great deal in some respects.

Our course lay first to Luino at the head of Lago Maggiore, the largest lake, 37 miles long and 4 1-2 miles wide, the water blue at one end and green at the other, when near Luino, where we took stage to the town of Lugano on Lake Lugano, 12 miles, about noon, where were numbers of peculiar gondola boats and many of the women wore sandals. We took steamer along Lago Lugano, admiring the beautiful landscapes, to Porlezza, where a stage carried us to Menaggio on the Lake of Como, 9 miles; here we had to wait from 2.30 p.m. till 4 p.m. Then taking the steamer down this long, narrow, lovely lake. (30 miles long) with its many shaded green waters, dotted with pretty villages and elegant palaces, we arrived at the city of Como at 7.30 p.m. (20,000 inhabitants), admired its magnificent cathedral, and were conveyed by omnibus to the railway station at Camerlata, 2 miles; thence, it being night, the train carried us to Milan, whose broad streets (the ones we passed through) and numerous lights gave us a very favorable impression, and at 10 p.m., we retired to our rooms in the Hotel de la Ville, considerably fatigued, having been on the move 36 hours with an intervening rest of 5 at Arona. Arona to Milan, 112 miles.

SATURDAY, Aug. 31, 1872.—My first move was to buy an Italian grammar with dictionary, and every spare minute since has been devoted to making myself sufficiently acquainted with the language and its pronunciation to make myself understood by the natives. This, with the aid of French and what Latin I recollect, was by no means difficult, and after only two or three days' study and observation, I can always make myself understood in Italian, though I find it much more difficult to make out the answers given when more than half a dozen words are required. French is not as much spoken, except at the hotels, as I was led to expect.

Having obtained our valises from the Custom House to which they had come from Geneva, we repaired to the Brera Picture Gallery, a magnificent collection of upwards of 500 paintings, where we spent most of the day; one of the gems of

which, Raphael's "Sposalizio," or the "Marriage of the Virgin," did not certainly strike me as much as a "Hermit" of Luini's, whose expression and evidence of self-torture, with the surroundings of skull, snakes, vermin, crucifix, &c., were remarkable. The rest of the day was spent walking through the Galleria Vittorio Immanuele, a very handsome arcade decorated with statues of celebrated Italians; the Palazzo Royal, handsome but not touching Versailles, and many of the streets of the city, which did not bear out my first impressions, being mostly narrow, not very well paved, and crooked in every possible manner.

September 1, 1872.—We began the month by rising at half-past five and ascending the tower of the cathedral, at which hour a grand view is obtained of the Alps, including Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, &c., &c., and also of the city of Milan and a large part of northern Italy; also of the multitudinous pinnacles, statues and other decorations of this most marvellously beautiful cathedral, built of the purest white marble. The vast resplendent structure appeared almost too magnificent to be placed in that or any other city. The amount of exquisite carving about it is amazing, and its statues on almost every pinnacle, may be counted by thousands. The lofty dome and aisles in the interior, and the fine large stained windows, are in keeping with the rest of the building, but the ceiling, which is painted in imitation of open stone work, though skilfully done, is much marred by dampness. After breakfast we walked over the Piazzì d'Armi, and through the Triumphal Arch to the Church of St. Maria della Grazie, in the Refectory adjoining which we spent some time looking at Leonardo di Vinci's celebrated original painting of "The Last Supper," slightly marred, but still very remarkable. Having looked into about a dozen Roman Catholic churches, we returned to the hotel and remained in the rest of the day. Weather warm, but not at all oppressive.

September 2, 1872.—At 8 o'clock we left Milan by train for Genoa. The country appeared very pleasant, bright and green; most of the trees have a peculiar appear-

ance from the fact that no branches grow near the ground. At half-past twelve, we reached Genoa and repaired to the Church of Santa Maria di Carignan, from the dome of which we had a fine view of Genoa and the surrounding mountains, which rise directly from the city's edge, and of the great Mediterranean Sea, at which I gazed more than at anything else. The Church of St. Lorenzo has some very curious ancient carving. The cup or bowl used at the Last Supper is said to be here, but we could not see it. A long walk through the

city revealed nothing worthy of note. The streets are extremely narrow; I could touch both sides in some of them, and the smells are bad. A great many buildings and palaces are built of marble, but owing to their position do not show off to advantage. The port is very good and convenient. We took the steamer "Caprera" at 9 o'clock p.m. for Leghorn, and as we left the harbor the numerous gaslights along the water's edge gave Genoa a very pretty appearance.

(To be continued.)

REMINISCENCES.

BY B. ATHOL.

"What that old glass could tell if it spoke! What scenes it could describe!" some one said the other day, "That old glass." Not very respectful, but what does it matter? I am old, very old, and the years fly faster than ever. It seems but yesterday that all our children were babies.

Now, once or twice a year, I hear an unusual voice in the hall, a heavy footstep crosses the room, and one of my babies stands before me smoothing his moustache, and evidently contemplating his square shoulders and six feet of height with the greatest satisfaction. "Home will never change as long as the old glass is here, mother; I believe it is the first thing I can remember. How old it must be." Old! my poor boy, I was old when you and your moustache were—well, as the old woman said—the dear knows where.

Years and years ago, from my quiet corner in an old house of the Old Town in Edinburgh, I looked down on very different people from those I see now. Eminent professors and divines—whose names and deeds I have heard of since—sat in knee-breeches and buckles, on spindle-legged

chairs, discussing the affairs of Church and State with great warmth, and drinking tea from cups like nut-shells; often in the heat of argument passing the elaborate silver snuff-box to some haughty dame in many colored brocaded silk, with a long peaked waist, hoop and powdered hair. At the spinnet a younger lady in the same style of dress accompanied herself to the sonorous strains of

"I'll meet thee on the *Lea Brigg*,"

or wailed forth the remorseful woes of "*Barbara Allen*" with a pathos which, to say the least, was wonderfully touching. And speaking of moustaches, I remember how His Majesty's officers of the —th Regiment, with shoulders as square as yours, immense busts, and waists like those of our modern belles, stole sly glances at me (you're the same all over the world I find), while stroking *their* upper lip with fond pride; for in those days, my boy, it was only His Majesty's officers wore such an adornment. I am told now that every working man who walks on the street has a tuft of hair on his upper lip. I suppose if

such a one heard me just now and could speak French, he would say, "*Nous avons changé tout cela*."

But the time came when, leaving the old house in the Old Town, I crossed the Tweed and sojourned for some years in England, then back to the Land o' Cakes again. But the greatest change was when between two feather beds I crossed the Atlantic, and how I have been knocked about since then! I have been rushed along railways, dragged up canals and down again, left for months in my box between the bed; sometimes taken out and hung with the pictures in a room, the size and general style of which made me blush with shame. Then I have been torn down again, packed once more between the feather beds, once more whirled along the railway, dragged down a canal, brought over the lakes, and lastly I have been bumped over Canadian corduroy roads in a lumber waggon drawn by oxen. Yes, I've seen a great deal of life. But I shall say no more of myself; I have heard that old people were apt to become garrulous about themselves and their own experiences, and it is not myself I am thinking of just now. I saw a homespun dress to-day, the only one I've seen for years. It brought back vividly to my mind the first homespun dress I ever saw, and the wearer of it, a very pretty girl too, and so fond of me.

We were farmers once; I may add that as farmers we were not a brilliant success. I was taken out from between the beds and hung up in a log-house, with a linen sheet between me and the wall. The pictures were hung in the same style; how we stared at one another in our white drapery! I thought the Major's dark eyes grew sadder than ever, while old Laird Ogilvie looked disgusted enough to step out of his frame and leave the country at once; but I suppose the view of Ben Lomond opposite, must have softened him, for he didn't; and by and by when our mistress had a carpet down and the babies played about the floor, we commenced to feel quite at home.

One morning I was surprised to see a strange and very nice-looking girl come into the parlor, as this room of the house was called. I concluded that this must be

the new servant or "help," as she commenced to sweep and gather up the children's playthings. She had brown eyes and brown hair, and a neat, active little figure, which was not hid by the homespun dress she wore. While dusting, she indulged in a minute inspection of every article in the room. At last she paused before me. "My sakes!" she ejaculated, "Well, I never!" drawing a long breath, "Clear down to my feet when I stand off a ways, and I look ever so much nicer than I thought I did." She struck every attitude imaginable before me, and I returned the compliment by making her look as nice as possible, though she scarcely required to be flattered.

I discovered in a few days that her name was Miss Brown; that she was not a common "help," in fact had never lived out before, but thought she'd try the new people a spell. We all grew very fond of Miss Brown, and after a time she dropped a little of her dignity, and answered to Matilda. I soon discovered that Miss Brown was not altogether happy. Every laugh was followed by a heavy sigh, and there was a general air of abstraction about her. She had a habit of looking eagerly out on the road when sleigh-bells were heard; I remarked too that she always stood a little at one side of the window, and sometimes flushed very deeply as the sleigh or cutter passed. If no person was present but the children, she invariably turned from the window to me, throwing her head back and striking a number of dignified attitudes, whilst turning up her nose at some imaginary individual I suppose, until a sense of duty recalled her to her work. In fact this was the only hopeful sign about her, and had it not been for the evident satisfaction with which she regarded her own image, I should have felt very anxious at times. But I think I am safe in saying, and I speak from long observation, that so long as a woman takes a lively interest in her own appearance in a glass, there need be no uneasiness about her whatever. Well, the mystery was soon explained.

Miss Brown opened the parlor door one afternoon, and announced that her cousin, Joss Peters, from Peters Hollow, was coming through the gate. "If he wishes to see

me," said Mrs. Blair, "you can show him in here, though I presume the visit is for you." "I guess he'll want to talk to you, but he'll bring in an awful lot of snow," answered Matilda, looking doubtfully at the carpet. She took great pride in that carpet. By this time, Mr. Joss Peters had reached the door. I was apprised of this fact by the repeated concussion of the front wall, which threatened to throw me from my nails. I firmly expected every moment to be my last. Mr. Peters appeared to be indulging in some very vigorous exercise, both of feet and lungs. It certainly would not be his fault if he brought in snow. At last he was safely inside, and we heard him roaring through the dining-room on his way to the parlor. The door opened, and while our visitor hesitated, Mrs. Blair rose to meet him, holding out her hand, as the custom was. "Mr. Peters, I believe." "Yes 'm," was the response in tones of thunder, "Joss Peters is my name; old Joss, for ye see I've a son, and as he is Joss too, we're mostly called old Joss and young Joss," and Mr. Peters, chuckling over this happy explanation, deposited his immense frame on a chair exactly opposite me.

Now, if I have a weakness, it is to promote the happiness of mankind by showing to advantage—as far as in me lies—any small gifts nature may have bestowed upon them; and throughout all my career, there was but one man who set me and my beautifying powers at defiance, and that was Joss Peters, the elder. He was very tall and very broad, though not stout, and his massive proportions were further set off by a suit of that grey material usually worn by farmers, which I am sure, as far as size went, could have accommodated Joss, the younger, as well as himself. His mouth was very wide and ran far up at the corners when he laughed, to the great discomfiture of his small blue eyes, which were completely extinguished. Surmounting all this, and over the greater part of his face, was a forest of light red hair, which bristled out in every direction. Now, what could I do with such a man as that?

"I suppose you came to see Matilda," said Mrs. Blair, by way of opening the con-

versation, "Yes 'm, partly, and partly to see you. I wanted to speak about Tildy, but first I guess I'll ——" He did not proceed to declare his intentions, but with great exertion succeeded in getting the cover off a small basket he carried. "Ye see, turning to Mrs. Blair," my wife's a prime hand at screwed cakes; you'll not find her eal in any concession around here. And she says to me this mornin', when we made up for me to come down here, says she, 'They've got little folks down there, and I guess I'll just fry up a batch o' cakes an' you can take 'em along.' Come here, childering," trying to soften down his tones. The "childering" came, and presently they were marching around the room, each little fist grasping the end of a long twisted cake, the other end of course in the mouth. "I suppose that's Napoleon Bonyparte," pointing with his thumb to the Major. Upon being informed that it was the portrait of a relative, Mr. Peters gave a low whistle, and ejaculated, "My!" in a tone of mingled surprise and admiration. He sat for a few minutes with his head on one side like an immense bird, and a hand on each knee contemplating the picture. "Well, about Tildy," in a confidential whisper. "Ye see Tildy has a desprit sperret, Tildy has, and though I say it myself you'll not find a nicer gal on all the Governor's road. Now, will ye?" pausing for an answer, "I like her very much," said Mrs. Blair; "she is very clever, besides being so fond of the children." "Just so, just so, I know it; an' I'll just tell you why she left home. She was my cousin's child, though she's just like my own now, for we've had her ever since she was a bit of a baby, and a right good gal she is. Well for a year or so back, she and Joss—that's my son, young Joss, ye know—have been a keepin' company." Here Joss, the elder, winked in a knowing manner to Mrs. Blair, while the corners of his mouth ran up. "Everything went as slick as a ribbon on a roller, until the school-teacher came to board with us, and whatever happened then is more than I know; but Tildy got somethin' in her head, and she has a dreadful lot of spunk, has Tildy—blazes right up when she is mad, and the first thing I knew she was off here; I don't know

what it was, only once Joss took the teacher to meetin' when Tildy wouldn't go. Joss is in a dreadful low way about it, don't eat nothin', and just slinks around his work as if he didn't care a cent one way or t'other; and mother she's a frettin' there for Tildy. I'd give anything to see them make it up again, so I thought I'd just come here and speak to you to see if you'd mind lettin' Joss come once or twice to try and make up himself. He might bring her round, though unless Tildy's a mind he has'n't much chance. He's a back'ard chap with women folks—Joss is, while Tildy's all spunk and blaze. Ye never know when ye hev her. Oh, the ways of women is wonderful!" groaned Joss the elder. He sat silent for a few minutes, lost in a deep, and no doubt, painful contemplation of women and their ways.

"Well," he resumed, with a cough like a thunder-clap, "I guess I'll be goin', good-bye, ma'am," holding out his hand to Mrs. Blair; "me and my wife will be right glad to see ye down at the Hollow. Any day you feel that way, just pack up little folks and all, an' bring on your knittin and spend the afternoon with us. Lots o' cakes, down there, sonny. Now that I know you'll help Joss about Tildy, I feel a sight easier; for he's a back'ard chap, an' you bein' strangers, an' not used to the ways, he never could hev come on first. Mother 'll be most tickled to death when she hears what a nice visit I've had, and that you'll help Joss."

"I'll do all I can to help the young people," said Mrs. Blair, "though I'll be very sorry to lose Matilda."

"Thank ye, ma'am," answered Joss, looking around the room. "I'm afraid he'll hev hard work bringin' her round; she has an awful sperit, and is fond of nice things about. Nothin' will please Tildy so much as sittin' in a nice room like this, all fixed up and full of 'folderols.' I'll just speak to her as I go through the livin' room." So now I understood it all, and was one in the conspiracy to bring Tildy round. Mrs. Blair asked her once if she would not like to go home for a day or two, but Tildy didn't feel as though she'd care to.

Meanwhile I waited anxiously for young Joss. In due time the young man made his appearance. As good luck, or rather bad luck would have it, Tildy was arrayed in a blue merino, lace collar, brooch, and her brown curls tied up with a blue ribbon. Mrs. Blair was away, so Tildy sat in the parlor with the children. Hearing the sound of bells, she went to the side of the window as usual, but immediately sprang back. "Oh, my sakes, if it aint Joss," she exclaimed. She had barely time to catch a hasty glance at me, and compose herself to her knitting when young Joss stood in the door; Kitty having showed him in. "Good-day, Tildy," said a soft, good-natured voice, "D'ye do, Mr. Peters," jerked out Tildy with a freezing politeness that might have done for a braver man than Joss the younger. "Have a chair?" for Joss stood as if some one had dashed cold water in his face. "I believe I will, Tildy, though I don't s'pose you care much whether I do or not. Mother sent these for the little folks," holding out a brown paper bag; "she thought maybe you'd like a screwed cake too; you used to like 'em, Tildy." Tildy softened a little as she opened the bag, but young Joss was not to have the benefit of it. For a few minutes there was silence. Matilda evidently did not feel disposed for conversation, whilst young Joss, as is natural I suppose to a man in disgrace, didn't know how to go on. So he hitched around on his chair, and crossed one leg over the other, smoothing the pantaloons of the upper leg; then he changed and crossed the other leg, performing a like operation on the other pantaloons. "Turn about, fair play," I said to myself, as he continued crossing and uncrossing his long limbs. At last he grew desperate, "Tildy." "Well!" responded that young lady, without raising her eyes from her knitting, "We're going to have, at least, I mean—I thought—I'd thought I'd come down to-day and ask for the pleasure of—of your company to a tea meetin' that's to be over at Hitchly's Corners, next Tuesday night, at the church there. Mother said perhaps you'd stay the night at our house, and if you wouldn't stay longer, I'd bring you back next day." Tildy laid her stocking

on her lap, and while smoothing and stretching it out gave her suitor a glance that, had the unfortunate youth seen it, would certainly have finished young Joss; but his eyes were on the carpet, so he missed that charge. "The pleasure of *my* company, Mr. Peters!" she repeated, in a surprised tone, with unutterable emphasis on the personal pronoun. Then she gave a little laugh, which drove young Joss fairly desperate, and imparted to him for the moment a little of his divinity's native "spunk."

"Yes, Tildy, the pleasure of *your* company, I believe that was what I said; but I'll say it again if you've a mind." The young lady was taken aback, so for another few minutes there was silence.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Peters, you've got tired of Miss Peacock's company so soon."

"Miss Peacock's company is nothing to me, one way or another. I aint any more tired of it than I was the first day she came, and I don't like it any better than I did the first day she came. I believe that's about the long and the short of Miss Peacock's company, as far as I'm concerned." Then there was another silence, while Tildy's needles kept up a furious clicking. Once more Joss spoke, and this time rose to his feet.

"Come, Tildy, say you'll go, and let's make up. What's Miss Peacock or anyone else to us?"

Tildy laid down her knitting and gave a little cough preparatory to striking her first blow. "Joss Peters"—she forgot the Mr. this time—"you may as well know first as last that you have the wrong girl to deal with. When a young man pays his attentions to me, and then the first new girl he sees turns over to her, that's just the last of him. I want no more to do with him; and if you talk all night, it'll make no difference. As long as they'll keep me here I'll stay. I'm well treated, they're all good to me here,—not but what father and mother were as good to me as could be; but I'm better here than there, and you know the reason."

Young Joss hadn't breath left to answer this accusation; he was perfectly thunder-struck, and stood shifting from one foot to

the other. Then he rested on the right, holding up the left, which was almost all he required to make him look like one of his own hens standing under the wheelbarrow on a rainy day. So drooping and dejected was poor Joss. He found it uphill work, bringing Tildy round, for in the blue merino and brooch she was almost unapproachable.

"Now Tildy, that isn't so, you know I never turned from you. It is not fair to blame me for that, though I'd take the blame of everything if you'd just let things be as they used. You know I never cared for anyone but you."

"Oh yes, I know all about it, Mr. Peters," replied Tildy in a blaze. "I know all about it. It's no use sayin' any more."

"Very well, Tildy," said Joss sorrowfully, "I won't say any more. I see now that all the likin' was on my side. I may as well go and leave ye to your new friends that ye like so well; but there's one thing, Tildy, ye'll never find one that'll think of you as I do. So good-bye, Tildy; I needn't come again. I see now you never cared anything for me; and for to say that I turned from you is just an excuse because ye don't know what else to say. There's one thing I'd like, though, Tildy. I suppose if I wasn't at the Hollow you'd go and stay with father and mother; and—well, of course, I haven't thought much of it yet in earnest, but a lot of fellows has been talkin' of going to Californy in the summer—" Tildy changed color—"and I don't know but I might as well go along. If I did, Tildy, I'd like to think you was back at the Hollow with the old folks, for you're not the kind to live out, and it's where you ought to be, and I suppose would be, if it wasn't for me. It's always been your home and always will be, even if I have to go away, and you'll find more love there than any other place in this world. "Good bye, Tildy."

There was no response. No sooner had the door closed after young Joss, than Tildy seized the brown paper bag, now empty, and kissed and cried over it. "Oh! the ways of women is wonderful!" I thought with Joss the elder. But it was all owing to the blue merino and brooch. Had Joss come in some

morning and found his divinity in the homespun and curl papers, I knew things would have been different; but whilst the merino—which was a present from Mrs. Blair—inspired Tildy with untold confidence, the grandeur of it quite unmanned poor Joss. We were very dull and lonely for some time after this visit. Tildy grew low spirited, and though still keeping up her watch from one corner of the window, she almost entirely neglected me. Young Joss did not come again. I knew he would not; but I believe Tildy expected him, for she hurried through her work any day she could, and donned the blue merino. But it was too late.

Then all the children took the whooping-cough at once, which was all the excitement we had for a number of weeks. And what with doing housework, nursing the children and watching out of the window, Tildy grew pale and thin. She soon gave up the blue merino and brooch, and what I considered a most alarming symptom, any time she did look at herself it was with the greatest disapprobation. So the days and weeks passed over slowly and wearily for Tildy and me. Joss the elder dropped in very often laden with screwed cakes and maple sugar cakes for the little folks, after dispensing which he would talk in a confidential whisper to Mrs. Blair about Joss and Tildy, deploring with many sighs and groans the "despret sperit" of the latter. "I wish to mercy that school-teacher had never come near us," he said one day, "and then Joss is such a back-ward chap with women, and as for Tildy, when her 'spunk' is up there's no bringin' her round, and that's just where they are."

Mrs. Joss came too, bringing her donations for the little folks, and pouring her grievances about Joss into Mrs. Blair's sympathetic ear. Joss was giving them trouble; I knew it. Mrs. Joss asked Tildy if she wouldn't come down to the Hollow for a week or two; but Tildy murmured something about not being the one to turn her back on people when they were sick and in trouble, though she cried a great deal when she said good-bye to Mrs. Joss.

There was no amusement that winter, and after we got over the worst of the

whooping-cough—not that I call that amusement, but it was a sort of excitement and kept us in a lively frame of mind while it lasted—after that I commenced to wish something would happen to bring young Joss on another visit. Had it not been for her pale face that turned as white as my sheet once when Mrs. Blair asked her in a casual manner if her cousin, the young man, was not going to California this summer, I would have been quite disgusted with Tildy and her "sperit." She worked a great deal more than was necessary in those days, always in the homespun, and rarely sat in state in the afternoons, as had been her custom. I confess I did not like it. I had been used to a great deal of company in my time, and had rather see Tildy than no person. Very frequently now the parlor was left empty in the afternoons.

One day I was bitterly lamenting my changed circumstances, lonely, neglected exile, hanging solitary and forlorn on the wall of a log house, with a linen sheet around me. Of course I was no worse than the rest, but they did not feel it as I did. All natures are not equally susceptible, and I always liked to have something going on.

There had been a remittance from home the day before, and after the usual amount of crying had been done over the letter (I hate to see people cry; I defy any glass in this world to render a swelled, spotted, streaked, tear-stained face attractive) it was decided to go to town next day, the head of the house having a weakness in the way of spending money. So Mrs. Blair was away too, only the baby asleep in her crib was left me for company. All at once I heard Kitty screaming in the dining-room, "The chimbl'y's on fire! The chimbl'y's on fire!" for with other advantages our house had that of hearing a sneeze from one end of it to the other.

Tildy brought the other children into the parlor, charging them on no account to leave it until she came for them. I could scarcely describe what happened after, as I saw nothing, though I heard a great deal.

Every door in the house was banging,

both girls ran in every direction. then the pump commenced to go, and I heard some one scrambling on the roof; afterwards there was a roar followed by splashing of water; then I heard more roaring and more water splashed, while the pump still kept up a creaking accompaniment. Of course I understood what it was, and knew my last hour had come; I only hoped Tildy wouldn't forget the children. I did not expect her to think of me, though the day was not long passed when I was first in her thoughts. The noise outside still continued; I was wondering where Bill, the man, was, when I heard the front door open, and he passed through the house. I noticed that upon any occasion when Bill was wanted he was sure to be away; but this time I felt disposed to forgive past offences, as very soon after he came the crackling and roaring stopped altogether, and I knew all danger was over.

Then Tildy came into the parlor shivering and crying, the homespun drenched with water, and her hair fallen down from the knob which had been its only style for some weeks past, followed by a voice I recognized joyfully, saying: "Now, Tildy, don't take on so; it's all over now and there's nothing to be scared about. Just you sit down here beside the little folks, and keep warm; I'll build up a fire here; I guess this chimley's all right, and then I'll go out and clean up that slop in the kitchen. Now don't cry so, Tildy." For Tildy in spite of six little arms around her neck, and three mouths kissing her, still sat shivering and crying. "It's all over now, and there was no great danger any way." Joss was on his knees trying to blow a little life into the fire and comfort Tildy at the same time. "Now, Tildy," he began rising from his knees, "go and take that wet dress off and I'll put on the kittle if I can find it, and you have a cup of tea; hat's just the thing for you; it'll set ye right up." Joss, from blowing the fire had taken to blow one of his hands. "My, how that little feller sleeps," looking at the baby in her crib, and blowing his hand with such violence that Tildy raised her face from between her hands and looked at him. "Oh Joss, you've burned your

hand." "No I haven't." answered Joss stoutly. "I guess I've just singed it a little; it isn't anything." But Tildy rose to look for something for the injured hand. "Never mind, Tildy; take that dress off first. I guess I singed it on that bit of stick that had ketched fire. It was lucky I came on when I did." Tildy had found salve and linen, and proceeded to bind up the hand that had been badly burned. "Oh, Tildy," said Joss, wearily, "it isn't my hand" "It's real bad," she said, keeping her eyes fixed on the hand, "and there's no pain like a burn." "I don't know, Tildy," replied Joss with a great deal of meaning in his voice; "I've carried a worse pain than that around for five or six months back. I wish I was as sure of it leaving me as I am of this. I know you'll cure this one." Tildy commenced to cry again. "Don't cry, Tildy, don't cry; I'll not say another word. I know I hadn't ought to, but I forgot. But I'd like so if you'd go back to the old folks; mother's just fretted to death this winter. I'll never trouble ye again, Tildy." "Oh, Joss," began Tildy, then she broke down and laid her head on his shoulder. Just at this interesting stage, my sheet, which had not been properly fastened up,—for since Tildy gave up looking at herself, I had been quite neglected—fell down over my face, completely shutting out from my view the only bit of life I had had a chance to see for some years. Imagine my disgust when I sufficiently recovered myself to remember that I might discover something by listening, to learn that all differences had been settled. Tildy was promising to pay a visit to the Hollow in a few weeks, and in the summer or fall to go for good, and for something else which they did not mention; but that was quite unnecessary as far as I was concerned. One doesn't go through this world as far as I have gone without learning how to put two and two together.

The following week we received a congratulatory visit from Joss the elder and Mrs. Joss, the gentleman remarking, *apropos* of the fire, that 'it was an ill wind that blew nobody good;' for though a fire wasn't a handy thing to have in a house, it had been the luckiest piece of work for

them in some months." Then his mouth ran up at the corners, and his eyes, as the children said, "went out." Mrs. Joss thought Tildy had commenced to "pick up" again and didn't look half so "peaked look-in." I thought she was in a fair way to recover herself, when I saw her arrayed once more in the blue merino and brooch, surveying herself with all her old complacency. And Tildy devoted her spare time to piecing together small stars and other fantastic shapes cut out of calico, whilst Mrs. Joss and she had more than one lively discussion about the "riggin, out" before any conclusion was arrived at. However, Mrs. Blair came to their aid and decided for them, giving Tildy at the same time, from her old stores, what she could never have bought for herself. Mrs. Joss spent whole days with us for the purpose of assisting with the sewing. I never heard who did Joss's sewing, though his mother waxed eloquent over a new suit of black "that sot like a ribbin."

One fine day in the following September the house was shut up and we were all left to our own meditations. I knew what it was, for Mrs. Joss had come up the week

before and invited all the family, including Kitty, to spend this day at the Hollow. I believe everything went well, as is usual upon such happy occasions. I was led to this conclusion by hearing that Joss the elder's eyes had completely disappeared, and neither been seen nor heard of for some weeks, and great apprehensions were entertained as to their whereabouts. Some weeks after he called on us, and still no eyes were to be seen. When leaving he offered to take up a bet with any person, he didn't care who, and to any amount, that there was not such a good-looking couple to be found on the Governor's road. I agreed with him, and wondered whom Tildy would have married if young Joss had resembled old Joss.

When we gave up agricultural pursuits, Tildy, with her own hands took me down from my nails and packed me carefully once more between the feather beds, while young Joss drove me into the town to the station. Yes, I'd like to see Tildy again. Strange that a homespun dress will set one thinking over past days; but I suppose it's natural to an old person like me who has seen so much.

ON THE DEATH OF AN AGED FRIEND.

BY L.

Πριπε, ὡρ ὄτε τις δρὺς ἤριπεν.—II. xvi. 482.

As when some grand old tree—a pine or oak,
The growth of centuries, falls stroke by stroke
Full stretch'd upon the field;
So must our friends, lov'd treasures of the heart,
A silent train, thus one by one depart,
And to the arm of Death—the mighty axeman—yield.
Whilst for the tree, the beautiful leafy Spring
Fresh life and vigorous growth no more shall bring
To its recumbent form;

Yet our long-lost ones, from the dust of death,
Shall live again, waked by celestial breath, [harm.
Where life no more shall fail, nor pallid Death shall
Farewell, grand tree! I long shall miss thy form.
Would that thy roots might longer brave the storm,
Thy branches verdure give!
Adieu, kind friend! I'll meet thee yet once more,
The Jordan pass'd, upon that happier shore, [live.
Where we shall see the sunshine of the Lamb—and

CLIMATIC CHANGES—CAUSE AND EFFECT.

BY J. B. A., KINGSTON.

There are many things in nature which, to casual observation or superficial thought, appear mysterious, but when examined in the light of modern science, become facts easily comprehended. The whole order of creation, though divided and subdivided into distinct parts for the convenience of study and application, is linked together by a harmonious dependence which makes it doubly interesting to the earnest student. But this pleasant knowledge is comparatively new, the chief interest having been excited since the beginning of the present century. The old philosophers had but few elementary principles upon which to found their calculations, and these were too crude and uncertain to lead them into the hidden beauties of creation's plan. To no other branch of the natural sciences are we indebted for so many confirmations of Divine wisdom and omnipotence as Geology, one of the most modern, and certainly the most valuable in a general sense. This subject properly includes Mineralogy, Botany, Zoology, Meteorology, &c., and may be considered but the Physical Geography of former ages. It teaches us that the rocks composing the crust of our globe have been subjected to repeated changes; that their strata contain the remains of numerous animals and plants which lived and died ages before man; and that the duration of time since is to be computed not by centuries but by cycles. By examining these rocks the geologist can tell whether the embedded animal remains belong to the land or water, and also the nature of the country and the climate in which they flourished. The causes producing such wonderful results in pre-historic ages are not easily defined. The variations of seasons and different degrees of heat and cold we account for at the present time by a knowledge of the shape and motions of the earth and its relative positions to other heavenly bodies. Other physical laws, naturally resulting from settlement and local causes, will be mentioned hereafter. The inclination of the earth's axis to the plane of its orbit is computed to be about $66\frac{1}{2}$ degrees; and as the axis is supposed to always point to the same part of the heavens—the north polar star—during the annual motion round the sun, the influence of that central luminary is differently felt as the inclination is towards or from it. The sun's rays falling upon the earth directly or obliquely produce tropical heat and arctic cold, with intervening temperatures, as the case may be. This we accept as the theory of season changes and zone boundaries, but the geological revelations do not seem to have been under similar influence. At any rate the condition of the earth during its primordial changes would point to a far different influence of temperature. For instance, we are told that in the Miocene period of creation, the distribution of land and water was in an inverse ratio to what now exists, there being a preponderance of the former, with a more uniform surface and equilibrium of temperature. Animal and vegetable life then assumed gigantic proportions, and many species now confined to the tropics flourished as far north as Greenland. This appears to have been the era of Nature's prime, when the earth was best adapted for the convenience and happiness of man; but a wise dispensation ordered otherwise. The Pliocene or Glacial period followed, when the whole aspect underwent a change. Through the means of excessive rains, the water accumulated until much of the land was submerged; immense mountains of floating ice came down from the north, grinding and striating the rocks, cutting out its deeper parts and heaping up quantities of

northern *debris*, while some of the higher hills stood like islands capped with perpetual snow. Many of the animals and plants existing during the former period became extinct, while others of a diminutive size appeared, and with them man, "the noblest work of God."

We repeat our inability to give satisfactory reasons for the remarkable changes of climate recorded in the silent yet eloquent language of the rocks, but there are more recent causes to which we propose to refer. Careful observation, extending over a period of many years, furnish conclusive evidence that the denudation of the land of forest timber is a fruitful source of climatic changes so perceptible in old settled countries. In most of the states of Europe and Asia, where natural provisions of safety do not exist, the injurious effects of this suicidal policy are felt to an alarming extent. If we credit the writings of Horace and Virgil, Italy was, in their time, subject to severe cold, and snow fell to the depth usually experienced in the western part of Canada. The prevailing customs of the people then, and what we know to be in vogue at the present day, were, comparing the information furnished by these writers, very different. Philosophy attributes this change of climate in Italy to the clearing of Italian forests, and also those of France and Germany to the east and north. Every acre of cultivated land increases the temperature and lessens the humidity by augmenting the extent of country acted upon and heated by the sun's rays. The consequences in Italy are well known—a gradual diminution in the annual production, and an almost entire change in the nature of crops cultivated. Though aided by a genial temperature and natural fertility of soil careful irrigation is necessary to keep up the average yield, and still the supply is reported as rapidly decreasing. The same can be said of other European countries. In Asia the effect of this forest annihilation is more deplorable, owing, doubtless, to an inferior state of civilization. Persia, once the granary of the East, and celebrated alike for the extent and variety of productions, is now, in most parts, little else than a desert, and subject to frequent periods of des-

titution. Palestine was a fruitful garden in the time of Christ; at present it is a barren waste, with so little moisture that the principal streams become nearly dry during the heated season.

The salubrity and uniformity of climate in England has been made the theme of praise by many, and no small share of England's glory to-day depends upon this fact. To the influence of the Gulf Stream, that great "river in the ocean," which carries the heated waters of the torid zone by a circuitous route through the Atlantic, and distributes them with genial warmth about the shores of the British isles, this favor of Nature is attributed. That the modifying effects of this celebrated current has much to do in shaping the climatic features of England there can be no doubt, but other causes aid to an extent not calculated. In comparison with its size, England contains a larger area of wooded land than most other European countries. The oppressive forest and game laws, so vehemently condemned by Reform agitators as unnecessarily limiting the facilities of the laboring class, serve a purpose evidently not considered in the productive and sanitary history of England. Should the landed aristocracy relax existing arbitrary restrictions, or a law be enforced compelling them to clear away the "ancestral shades," it is a question whether the Gulf Stream would be sufficient to maintain the equilibrium of temperature which has contributed so much to make "the free, fair homes of England" famous the world over.

Canada is comparatively a new country, and by far the greater part is yet in a primitive state of wildness. The frontier counties, however, where settlement first began, have been treated to the same injudicious system of tree slaughtering which has been mentioned in connection with older countries. There are few persons who have lived in Canada from childhood to years of maturity unable to bear witness to the effects already experienced. It is a common remark among the "old people" how much the climate has changed in the time of their recollection. The summers are getting warmer, and droughts are more frequent and of longer duration. Calms,

distressing and protracted, varied by sudden and destructive winds, are also more common than formerly, while the sanitary condition of the country is less reliable. The spring time is greatly lengthened, frequent changes of temperature seriously impeding farming operations. There appears to be a well established law in the vegetable world that the longer the vegetative principle is delayed, the more rapid and certain it will be when put in motion. Hence in Denmark, Sweden, Norway and parts of Russia, where the transition from winter to summer is of short duration, a failure of crop does not happen so frequently as with us. The germinating power is often prematurely put in motion and then rudely checked by frost, which frequently destroys the fruit. Winter has, perhaps, undergone a more striking change in Canada than either of the other seasons. When first settled, harbingers of the grim visitor were looked for early in October, and towards the end of this month "hunting snows" were expected, when the annual slaughter of deer and other forest animals would begin. In November the reality of winter was experienced, the frost being severe and snow two and three feet deep on the ground. This has reference to Western Canada where the winters have always been milder than further east. In the vicinity of Montreal and Quebec, it was no unusual occurrence to have the snow fall to nearly twice this depth. Drifts and blockades were then unknown, and traveling, even with the rude appliances of the time, was less obstructed than now. By some it has been stated that getting wood, keeping up fires, feeding stock and going to mill were considered sufficient employment for any family in those early winter days. No doubt such necessary engagements did occupy a large share of time, but we know the hardy pioneers made good use of the snow in clearing and otherwise fitting up their farms. At the present time we do not calculate upon real winter until near "holidays," and it frequently happens that this festive season is rendered less enjoyable by the absence of sufficient snow to indulge the favorite sleigh ride. The quantity of snow that falls is gradually decreasing; but in this respect we may form an

erroneous conclusion, as the high wind that usually accompanies each fall heaps the snow up in sheltered places, leaving the fields and roads quite bare. The actual winter term has undoubtedly shortened fully two months during the last half century. Navigation now closes nearly one month later, and on an average opens about one month earlier in spring.

Forest timber and all vegetable productions are active absorbents of radiant heat, but do not readily reflect it. This being the case it is easily understood how, in the vicinity of a wooded country, the temperature is more moderate in summer, and for the same reason the frost is severer in winter. Botanists have shown that plants are furnished with innumerable breathing pores, not only on the under surface of leaves, but likewise in the green bark of the stems and branches. It has been computed that no less than 64,000 of these pores exist to every square inch of surface, and from them a continued process of respiration is going on. This emitted vegetable breath must necessarily affect the surrounding atmosphere to a considerable extent. The moisture thus arising, though imperceptible, gradually condenses as it reaches a cooler atmosphere, and in time descends to the earth in the form of dew, rain, snow, &c. When the trees have been almost entirely removed a serious decline in the supply of water is observed. This is the case in many parts of the New England States, and also in Canada. Since the forests of the Ohio valley have become decimated the volume of water in that river is evidently diminishing, and the same is true of the Hudson and other navigable rivers. In the Old World this diminution of water is still more marked. The Elbe, in 1837, showed the summer low water mark to have diminished ten feet in half a century. Some considerable rivers have entirely disappeared, while many others are shrunken to little streams. On the other hand restoring trees by planting has had the most beneficial effects. Formerly there were but five or six days of rain during the year in the Delta of Lower Egypt; but since Mehemet Ali planted some 20,000,000 of trees the number has increased to between forty and fifty. The

vicinity of the Suez Canal was once a desert, but when the ground became saturated with water, trees, bushes and plants sprung up, and with the appearance of vegetation came also a change of climate. Another example is shown in Utah. The conversion of that desert into a blooming country, by the industrious Mormons, has raised the Salt Lake seven feet above its former level.

Wind is air in motion, and this motion is produced in consequence of there being a greater degree of heat in one place than another. Heat rarefies the air, which then ascends, and the cooler air rushes forward to supply the equilibrium. The absence of trees exposes the earth's surface more directly to the power of the sun's rays, and, becoming greatly heated, the radiation produced increases the rarity of the atmosphere to such a degree as to cause a vacuum, which "is abhorred by Nature." This accounts for the prevalence of sudden and powerful winds, sometimes accompanied by hail, which are so destructive to growing crops in the Western States. It not infrequently happens that lives are lost by these tornadoes, and much damage is always done to buildings and property happening to be in the way. The extensive prairies of that part of the continent increase to an unusual degree the area of exposed surface, and the consequence is not only as above stated, but the absence of sufficient moisture renders the agricultural prospects very unfavorable. Much has been said and written by interested parties about the fertility of soil and salubrity of climate which prevail in this section of country. If we except certain wooded and hilly parts, such reports are unduly exaggerated, and any unprejudiced person, at all acquainted with the actual condition of affairs, can witness to this fact. Recently, Major-General Hazen, an officer of high character in the United States service, furnished an exhaustive report of his experience in the West to the *New York Tribune*. He maintains that, excepting the very limited bottoms of small streams, from a few rods in breadth to an occasional water-washed valley of one or two miles, the soil of Dakotah, Montana and Idaho, as

well as a large part of Kansas, Nevada and New Mexico, "will not produce the fruits and cereals of the East for want of moisture, and can in no way be artificially irrigated; and will not, in our day and generation, sell for one penny an acre, except through fraud and ignorance." He concludes as follows: "I write this, knowing full well it will meet with contradiction, but the contradiction will be a falsehood." The great interest our people are just now taking in the new Province of Manitoba, which is largely composed of prairie land, might be influenced by such a statement. There is a strong probability of future inconvenience being felt through the deficiency of forests; but Prof. R. Bell, of the Geological Survey, is our authority for saying there is a great dissimilarity in the formation of soil and other natural provisions existing in the two countries, or rather parts of the same country. Prof. Bell says "the prairies of Manitoba are not, as many seemed to fancy, level plains. In some parts they were undulating in appearance like waves of the sea; in others more hilly than many parts of Ontario." The land lying between the two branches of the Saskatchewan, he represents as divided into three steppes, gradually rising from the banks of the Red River, the last being fully 600 feet above the level of the first. This peculiarity will give Manitoba a decided advantage over the flat prairies of the Western States, as the different altitudes of surface will favor the circulation of moisture, and furnish more abundant water for river sources.

Having noticed at considerable length the causes and effects of climatic changes as observed during recent times, we shall endeavor to point out a few sanitary rules, enforced thereby. Plants, we know, give off oxygen from their minute stomates, or respiratory organs, and absorb carbonic acid gas. This process is the very reverse of animal life, and hence the mutual aid in preserving health. Where trees have been completely removed from a large area of surface, and animal existence has accumulated, it is easy to conceive how greatly the chemical ingredients injurious to animal life must predominate in the atmos-

phere. Combustion also, whether rapid through the agency of fire, or slow by means of decomposition and solar heat, is equally antagonistic to vital laws in the animal economy. The midsummer heat operating upon a wide expanse of open country, and with an inefficient force of counteracting chemical agencies, actually burns up the very ingredients of the air absolutely necessary for the proper sustenance of life. Every stagnant pond and low, marshy piece of ground is converted into beds of putrefied corruption, from which arise pestilential exhalations of the most deadly nature, engendering endemic diseases and increasing the ratio of mortality. Is it any wonder that sections of our country, once regarded as sanitary asylums, are now annually visited by disease and death? The dependency and harmonious action of all the elements of nature have been rudely assailed by ambitious man, and the consequence must be discord and ruin.

The conclusions to be drawn from the above facts are obvious. Thoughtless destruction of forests, and the coincident decline

of the water supply, with a steadily increasing death roll, earnestly suggest the wisdom of immediate action, individually and nationally. There should be a mutual agreement between civilized states to carefully preserve and promptly restore the forests, or so much of them as possible that are of vital importance to the land. Those along the sources of rivers, near the sea and lake coasts, and upon mountain sides seem to demand particular attention. Although in this country much woodland still remains, the subject of preservation is worthy of careful consideration, as our forests are being devastated with reckless ignorance. The time seems opportune for legislative action in the matter, so far as to prevent the needless waste of timber on the national domain, and promote tree-planting wherever required. From what has recently taken place in Europe and America, and the intelligent appreciation of all efforts in this direction observed in Canada, there are good prospects of the dawn of a better day for the trees and the birds, those two faithful and useful friends of the farmer.

GIPSEY'S GOVERNESS.

CHAPTER VI.

In half an hour, as the late dinner bell clanged in the hall, Gipsey joined Amy with a face brimful of fun. Her violet eyes fairly danced with merriment, and her whole manner betokened the fact that *something* had happened.

"Guess the news," cried she, twirling round the room on one foot, and finally knocking over the little book-stand.

Amy ran to her precious books and Gipsey made another twirl.

"Beg pardon; but oh, won't you guess, Miss McAlpine? Quick! quick! please, it's too good to keep. Belle's beau is here, Cousin Allen. That's what kept papa so late for dinner. He got a telegram, and waited at the station; now won't we have

one everlasting billing and cooing. Dunsford House will be a coop for turtle-doves. Oh, it was rare fun,—Belle wasn't dressed when they came. She was busy reading one of those low Dime Novels."

"Stop! stop! Gipsey," said Amy, quietly.

"It's just truth, Miss McAlpine. Wiggles came to me in a perfect fuss, the dinner was so cold she said, and she was sure Miss Belle weren't rigged up, so I tore away to Belle's room and rushed in hollering—'Belle, Belle, here's Cousin Allen, and he's dying to see you, I know.' Belle was in bed, hair all tumbled, greasy wrapper on, and that low book in her hand. Didn't I make her hop! Then I had to fix on her hair, and don't breathe it, Miss McAlpine, I put on her powder for her."

"Gipsy, dear, you must not be disclosing the secrets of the toilet."

"Oh! it's true, just think what a sin; but she did look lovely and white. Just for a lark, I put a great daub on her eyebrows. You look close to-night, and you will see."

"We will be late, I think, Gipsy."

"Oh! sure enough, I forgot dinner. Belle's gone down to get the kissing over. I hope that great daub won't be off her left eyebrow. It looked so comical," and Gipsy shrieked with laughter.

Mrs. Dunsford, Mr. Dunsford, Belle, a young gentleman, and a tall lad of sixteen passed into the dining-room as Amy and Gipsy reached the foot of the stairs. They were gathering round the table when the young girls joined them. Mrs. Dunsford quietly ignored Amy, who stood in the shadow of the curtains, while Gipsy was meeting her cousin and his friend. But Mr. Dunsford brought a tall gentleman, whom she scarcely looked at, to her side, saying, "Miss McAlpine, my nephew, Mr. Grantly." Amy glanced quickly up, and immediately recognized the kind stranger to whom Captain Watson had trusted her.

He had evidently forgotten her, for he bowed, and was taking his seat when the other stranger, the tall youth with the blushing face, sprang hastily forward and shook Amy's hand heartily, looking meanwhile so pleased that all were surprised and highly amused.

"Why, Allen," said he, "it's our Miss McAlpine; don't you remember her at Quebec?" Amy had inspired Harry McPherson with a sort of boy worship during that journey from Quebec to Montreal, and now he forgot his bashfulness in the pleasure of meeting her again.

Mrs. Dunsford caught the "our Miss McAlpine," and looked stormy, while Allen Grantly quickly apologized, saying that he had not forgotten their meeting, but that the Canadian air was so invigorating that he could scarcely recognize Miss McAlpine.

And, indeed, Amy McAlpine, with the flush of health on her rounded cheek, and the sadness chased from her face by happy smiles, was very unlike the pale, lonely

girl with the heavy eyes and mournful manner, whom Allen Grantly had so kindly cared for two months or more before.

Harry McPherson seated himself by Amy, and talked a great deal for him. He was a bashful, awkward boy, and so shy of ladies that Mr. Grantly was rather amused at his evident enjoyment of Amy's society. Gipsy quite liked him, and then it was so new to have a real boy at Dunsford, that, ere she knew it, they had drifted into base-ball, cricket, racing and "our fellows at college." Mr. Dunsford listened very quietly, with a grim smile on his firm-set mouth. Opposite him sat Mrs. Dunsford, and near by Belle, all smiles and prettiness. The elder lady was possessed of remarkable conversational powers, and to-night she was brilliant. Belle was so shallow when the topics of the day were discussed, that her mother had ever to be on the alert, in order that her son-in-law, in prospect, might not discover his mistake until he was securely settled. Mrs. Dunsford had exerted herself to the utmost to win him; now she must needs watch a prize so hardly gained. Mr. Dunsford, sitting opposite his amiable spouse, saw all the play. He was far too sharp, too keen-sighted, not to understand her little plot. He knew full well that his wife was a clever woman; indeed she would not have been Mrs. Dunsford if she had not been a brilliant woman. Mr. Dunsford had no patience with a mediocrity of talent, but loved a mind which could battle bravely with his own. His idea in marrying again was to have a fitting head for his household. All the love of his heart, not buried in the pretty cemetery by the river, was given to Gipsy, Ethel Dunsford's only child. To-night, however, the clear-sighted gentleman was troubled. Allen was a capital fellow, a fine fellow, and his only sister's son, and he could not approve of the match at all. It was all humbug, and Charlotte was at the bottom of it. To be sure Isabelle was pretty; but was a baby-face to make her a suitable wife for the like of Allen Grantly? All this and much more Mr. Dunsford grumbled to himself, while the hearty talk

on college life and scrapes went on, on his left, and fashionable chit-chat was the absorbing theme on the right.

Dinner over, Mr. Dunsford invited Amy to play a game of chess, and accordingly they were soon deep in the mysteries of the game. Allen leaned over the piano, while Belle played brilliant operatic music, and sang gay little songs with innumerable jerks and trills. She was looking very pretty in her sweeping robes. Her golden hair twisted and coiled in a most intricate fashion—was certainly exceedingly becoming to the oval face with listless large blue eyes, and the small curved coral lips. Unfortunately, though, Gipsey's powdering was rather conspicuous to a close observer, and as Allen turned the music he had a clear view of his *fiancée's* little art to give a lily whiteness to her sometimes sallow face.

Mrs. Dunsford had dropped into a quiet nap; Gipsey was gaily talking to Harry. The merry girl, perfectly free of affectation, quite destitute of fashionable fuzzing and furbelows, and frank and fearless, was rapidly gaining Harry's favor.

She, in turn, liked to hear all about college life, and endless were the stories of disastrous expeditions and wild sky-larking that Harry retailed for her benefit.

The game of chess went quietly on in a distant corner, and gradually the talk about "our fellows" died away. Gipsey was eagerly watching Allen. He looked so stern and dark while Belle, all sweetness, trilled out her gayest runs. Evidently she was obeying her mother's injunctions, and she was fascinatingly pretty. Although she was shallow in mind, she was an accomplished flirt, and so showy and artful that one could scarcely detect her real character. But that fatal daub of powder on the daintily curved eyebrow, destroyed all the witcheries of her smiles and pretty graces.

When the chess board was carried away, Mr. Dunsford came towards the piano saying, "Now, we must have some music."

"Why, I've been playing for the last hour, Mr. Dunsford," cried Belle, with a horrified little laugh, and you never said thank you.

"Then you must excuse me, Isabella," replied Mr. Dunsford, "but I have not an edu-

cated taste, I suppose. I prefer the good old-fashioned music; play me something to please me now."

"What shall it be? Old Hundred? That is ancient enough, I imagine," and Belle laughed at her own attempt at wit.

"Play a Scotch tune, Isabella; Scotch music is what I like best.

"Dear me! I can't!" and Belle rose pettishly from the piano. "They are so foggyish I don't see how you can endure them; I always think of those odious bagpipes."

"You play Scotch music, don't you?" enquired Mr. Dunsford, turning to Amy. Amy assented, but blushing slightly, was leaving the room when Mr. Dunsford said, "My child, you must favor us with one tune. There are no lessons to-night, I hope."

Amy not willing to be coaxed, was still averse to taking Miss Gilmour's vacated seat, but eventually complied, and played for some time in her own peculiarly sweet style.

"Thank you, Miss McAlpine, that is excellent; but don't you sing?" asked Mr. Dunsford, as Amy was leaving the piano.

Yes, Amy sang, and thinking only of pleasing kind Mr. Dunsford, sang a simple song which occurred to her mind, lingering tremulously on the words of the chorus:

"Oh, the old, old home,
Oh, the old, old home;
I fold my arms and ponder,
On the old, old home."

When the beautifully modulated voice ceased, a perfect silence reigned throughout the room, and Amy, thinking that they were waiting for another song, glided into the well-known Scotch ballad, "The Land o' the Leal."

Her tones rang out a world of tenderness in the words:

"There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither could nor care, Jean,
The day is aye so fair
I' the land o' the leal."

Mr. Dunsford listened a moment, then left the room and Allen Grantly came hastily to Amy's side; but she was too much rapt in her music to heed him, and there he stood eagerly drinking in the passion-

ate melody. Mrs. Dunsford, awakened from her nap by what seemed music of fairy land, saw it all—Allen Grantly so enraptured in listening to the sweet singer as to be quite forgetful of the pouting Belle.

When the voice ceased a second time, Mrs. Dunsford abruptly thanked Amy and said:

"Miss McAlpine, is Bertha (Gipsy was always Bertha to her stepmother) prepared for her morning lessons?"

"No, Mrs. Dunsford," answered Amy, "we do not have a study hour on Friday, as there are no regular hours on Saturday;" but Amy saw at once that her presence was no longer desired, so rising she asked Gipsy to come and finish the "reading," on which they spent spare hours.

"Oh bother!" said Gipsy, yawning, "I'd rather hear you sing. Oh! excuse me; yes, I'll go." Gipsy saw the firm look coming over her governess's mouth—that almost haughty expression that made the pupil recognize the authority of the teacher. "Very well, I'll just run and say good night to papa. Good night everybody," and Gipsy danced down the hall singing, "Slap, bang," knowing, full well that such indecorous behavior would annoy Mrs. Dunsford, and meaning, with all the perverseness of a perverse heart, that her stepmother should rue sending her away like a naughty child.

It was some time before Gipsy joined Amy in the schoolroom.

"I beg your pardon, Miss McAlpine," said Gipsy, as she entered. "I meant to come in double quick time, but I had to have a long lingo with papa, and then when I went to the sideboard to fish up some supper, Allen came into the dining-room, and I've been talking to him like a Dutch uncle." Gipsy set the little tray which she carried on the table, and dispensed the simple meal.

"Gipsy, dear, do you know that you have not conquered your great giant yet, now that you have become a model of neatness? You should give up slang phrases."

"Oh, Miss McAlpine, how can I; they just suit me. I think 'jolly,' for instance,

is such a comprehensive word. It makes you think of something light hearted, and and—well I can't exactly tell what—any way I like jolly people, and I do wish it was lady-like to use those words of mine. They would seem made for me."

"Would you like to hear me using them, Gipsy?"

"Now, Miss McAlpine, that is not fair. Indeed I wouldn't; but then you are not me," and Gipsy laughed at the bare idea of her high-toned governess descending to such expressions as were always on her own lips.

"Mother Dunsford was in high dudgeon to-night," said Gipsy, abruptly changing the conversation; "oh, but she is a sinner—just like an old cat; she steps round so soty, and is always on the look out. I gave Allen my mind to-night, and I asked him if I wasn't an artist in a small way."

"Oh, Gipsy, you must not talk in that manner; just fancy calling your mamma such a dreadful name!"

"Well, it's true, and I hate her." Gipsy's violet eyes blazed up with a sudden fire, and her long fingers clutched each other. "It was just because you sang so beautifully that she was mad. Then Allen was wild about your singing, I know he was. He says he never enjoyed music more. I told him that it was a happy fact that Belle was such a brilliant performer. They're a cool pair of lovers. I thought I was going to see 'romance in real life,' but it's the queer romance. When I asked Allen if I wasn't an artist in a small way—"

"Gipsy, what did you do that for; you know you should guard your sister's—"

"Belle is no sister of mine," hastily interposed the excited girl, "and I just told Allen that I helped her to powder. It came round in the conversation, and I was not going to let him be a ninny; he's my own cousin."

"Mr. Allen Grantly is quite able to control his own affairs. Gipsy, dear, as your friend and governess, I must forbid you interfering with Miss Gilmour's private matters." Amy was the least bit stern as she went on. "And if you love me, Gipsy, don't talk of Mrs. Dunsford as you do."

"Very well," promised Gipsey, "but isn't Harry nice? He is so ugly too, all hands and feet; but growing boys are always hobble-de-hoys, Wiggles says, so I suppose he's one of them. He is going to be in Cleaton for good. Allen has put him in papa's office; you see Allen looks after him."

"Is Mr. Grantly Harry's guardian?"

"Oh dear, no; Allen would be the queer old guardian. He is his friend; funny to take up with such a young one, isn't it? But Harry is poor as a church rat, so Allen helps him along. He took him to Europe with him too. Queer, wasn't it, that you should come out in the same ship! If you could only have seen Dame Dunsford's no, no, I mean her—that is mother's eyes when you met Allen and Harry. It was rare fun; but the singing was the best of all. Oh do you know that last song you sang was one of my own mother's, and papa went away. It is the last song he ever heard her sing."

"I'm very sorry," began Amy. "I sang it because I knew it so well; it was Aunt Bessie's favorite."

All the old passionate pride surged through Amy's heart that night, as she slowly prepared for rest. It was a hard, hard battle for the proud sensitive girl to bear the cool scorn of Mrs. Dunsford—to be day by day treated with the utmost contempt. She had purposely kept aloof from the society of the drawing-room until this evening; then she had joined the family at Mr. Dunsford's request. Her evenings had generally been passed with Gipsey, who always spent two hours in the school-room. While the pupil prepared her recitations for the coming day, the unwearied teacher read hard at history, studied also and kept herself posted on the news and literature of the day. Meanwhile Mrs. Dunsford had given small parties, and had attended all the fashionable gaieties of Cleaton, and Mr. Dunsford was deeply engrossed in the occupations which naturally gather around the life of a clever lawyer.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Grantly's visit lasted two weeks, then he bade Dunsford and its inmates

good-bye. Taking everything into consideration, those fourteen days were not the happiest imaginable. Belle, with her pretty graces and prettier face, was not his ideal of womanhood. Why he had entered into the engagement he scarcely knew himself. It was true he had cynical ideas of love—thought it all bosh, and at twenty-five had met Belle Gilmour, and, attracted by her face and her mother's clever intrigue, had, in a most matter-of-fact manner, entered into an engagement. He was rather tired of roaming over the world—a young gentleman of his wealth could support a handsome establishment; so feeling inclined to settle down, as the world has it, he endeavored to make himself believe that Belle would be a most suitable wife.

As Allen drove away he tried to recall all Belle's perfections in order to repel the uneasiness at his heart, but they were soon enumerated, and by and by he found himself thinking of Gipsey and her governess—the girl with the pure, true face, the face which haunted him always since the meeting at Quebec. Why, he hardly knew. "There is something so familiar about Amy McAlpine, and her singing too. Surely it must be,—it is Aunt Ethel she reminds me of."

Christmas time brought Mr. Grantly again to Cleaton. He had been roaming away to the South. Rather an uneasy mortal was this same Allen Grantly, one of those unsettled people with a heavy purse and nothing whatever to do. His good heart led him to spend his money freely on every object of charity which crossed his path; but he had seemingly no aim in life, but to wander about at will. He often grew heartily sick of it all, and wished something would happen, something to settle him. His parents were dead—his sisters all married, so that he had nothing particular to attract or fasten his thoughts. After his former visit to Cleaton, he felt a growing disinclination to have a home with Belle Gilmour for its queen. He had come to the conclusion that the lady of his choice was scarcely the one he wished for in his idea of a "woman's kingdom."

On reaching Dunsford, he was secretly delighted to find Mrs. Dunsford away from home. She was with a married daughter in Boston who was suffering from a long and protracted illness. In the absence of its mistress the restraints of Dunsford vanished. Belle Gilmour had none of her mother's dislike to Miss McAlpine. Indeed she, like all others except Mrs. Dunsford, was greatly attracted to Gipseys's government. The Christmas season was a very happy one in the great house. Belle's sister, Mrs. Goodwin, was not thought to be seriously ill, so that the gaieties of the holidays were no way interfered with, and there were pleasant home parties at Dunsford House, and merry times between driving and pleasuring.

Gipseys enjoyed herself heartily. Her ringing laughter filled the house with cheerful music. She danced around the halls and parlor; snow-balled Allen at every opportunity; went coasting with

Harry—initiated Miss McAlpine into the mysteries of skating, and sang, "The Year of Jubilee is Come" in a high cracked voice. Gipseys's vocal organs possessed more strength than sweetness; still she threw her heart into her singing, and was the life of the house.

Even Amy shook off the reserve which was growing over her, and sang quaint, beautiful songs for Mr. Dunsford, or played such stirring dance music that the impulse to "trip the fantastic toe" could scarcely be suppressed in the kitchen; so that while fashionable quadrilles were danced in the parlor, old-fashioned country dances and lively reels were the order of the evening in the servants' department. Jack, Sally, old Peter, and Betty, the wash-woman, with a few of their friends who just dropped in, kept tripping time to the merry music. So between laughter, mirth, and music, the Christmas-tide sped by.

(To be continued.)

SAFE HOME.

[A Hymn of the Greek Church in the tenth century, translated by John Neal, D. D.]

Safe home, safe home in port!
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provision short,
And only not a wreck.
But oh! the joy upon the shore
To know our voyage perils o'er!

The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell;
Bore all he could endure,
And bore not always well.
But he may smile at conflicts gone
Who sets the victor's garland on.

No more the foe can harm,
No more of leagured camp,
No cry of night alarm,
Nor need of ready lamp.
And yet how nearly he had failed,—
How nearly had the foe prevailed.

The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned,
The lion once had hold
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

The exile is at home;—
Oh, nights and days of tears!
Oh, longings not to roam!
Oh, sins and doubts and fears!
What matter now—when men so say—
The King has wiped those tears away!

Oh, happy, happy bride!
The widowed homes are past!
The Bridegroom at thy side,
Thou all His own at last!
The sorrows of thy former cup
In full fruition swallowed up.

—Selected.

VOICES FROM RAMAH; OR, RACHEL'S LAMENTATION.

BY E. H. NASH.

CHAPTER XIII.

We must now leave the hills and vales of the land of Judea and sail slowly over the calm, blue waters to the West. Let us not tarry by the way to feast our eyes on the lovely isles that gem the sea, nor turn aside to see the great city, "throned on her hills," the mistress of the world and the pride of her monarch; but let us sail on over the expanse of waters till we reach a little bay, the shore of which looms up, dark and rocky, afar on the coast of Africa.

In an open boat we will glide quietly up a small stream to a convenient landing, and noiselessly make our way through tangled brushwood, following paths which wind and double to bewilder the traveller, till we stand at the entrance of a large cavern. And then, in spirit, let us look upon the forms within, and listen to the words which were breathed, rather than spoken, so low were the tones in that gloomy and but dimly-lighted cave. Three figures were seated at the farther extremity of the rocky room, while a fourth stood near them, leaning his head upon his hand—all were prisoners. Their guard, a harsh-browed, rough-looking man, reclined lazily near the entrance; but even so, the occupants of the cavern feared lest he should catch an occasional word of their whispered conversation. Though it might not reach *his* dull ears, yet shall we drink in each low-spoken syllable.

"Why," said one of those who were seated, "why do our cruel captors suffer us to live on? Oh, that the sword with which the merciless sea-robber slew my brother by my side, had dealt my own death-blow as well!"

The young man who was standing nigh, and who was our friend, Jesse, replied, his

eyes flashing with irrepressible fury, "I know, I have discovered why we are left to die daily, as it were; and yet, how well are our bodily wants cared for. But all is done with a purpose. Aye," he continued, grinding his teeth, "I have learned many words and phrases since we have been thus buried, and now I can understand parts of the conversations which take place in our hearing in the apartment that runs back from this."

"What, what have you learned?" whispered all, eagerly.

"Hush," he answered, as the guard moved his position.

In a moment all was quiet again, and Jesse replied to the question.

"I have learned what our ruffian captors intend shall be our fate. Listen, but speak not. Four of us survived the desperate fight with the bloody monsters. Eight more from another prize are confined in a cave at some little distance, guarded and bound like ourselves; and, when a few more captives are secured, we are all to be marched inland, to a place to us unknown, — there, in a public market, to be sold for bondmen."

"Brethren," he added, firmly, "let us make one last effort to regain our liberty! Let us endeavor to reach the shore! Perchance a small boat may be found, and then, what will all the perils of the deep be in comparison to the fate that full surely awaits us if we fail to escape?"

A gentle voice took up the word; it was the voice of Alpheus. "Jesse, cousin," he murmured, "let us try, let us try, and may the God of our fathers deliver us from our fierce captors."

"So be it," responded Jesse, solemnly. "Let us not forget that the arm of the Lord is yet mighty to save."

The whispered conversation was con-

tinued a long time. The four men were all of Israelitish parentage; though none but Jesse had been born in, or travelled over, the "favored land," and viewed the spots so sacred to the hearts of the sons of Jacob. But a common faith united them; they all feared the Lord Jehovah, and, with one accord, took hold of His strength in the day of their calamity.

Jesse had learned that it was the custom of the robbers into whose hands they had fallen, to send to a considerable town, inland, twice a year, all the prisoners whom their lawless bands had captured; that there the wretched beings were sold as slaves and left to drag out the remainder of their lives in hopeless bondage. Moreover, he had heard that the time drew near when a fate so dreadful awaited themselves, and full long and earnestly did they counsel together to devise some plan of escape. But, alas! chained and closely watched, what could miserable captives effect? That night there was a great commotion among the sea robbers. Their vessel had been out for several weeks, and Jesse knew that those who remained in the stronghold were in daily expectation of the return of their companions. He was not, therefore greatly surprised on hearing again the loud and boisterous tones of the pirate captain ringing in the adjoining cave.

He listened eagerly to catch the least word, for the prisoners noticed that those who passed in through the apartment in which they were confined, seemed much agitated, and that the voice of Giedro, the commander, trembled with rage and excitement as they had never before heard it. Groans were also heard, but *not* the clanking of chains, like what had greeted their ears on a previous return of the robber vessel from a cruise. What could it mean? How anxiously their strained ears listened to every sound! In the course of the long night, Jesse gathered from a conversation between Giedro and his most trusted counsellor, that their ship had been worsted in a contest, and several of their best men killed, and many more wounded, in a hand-to-hand fight on the deck of their own vessel; that after a severe loss, his crew had succeeded in driving the boarders back, and,

under cover of darkness, had escaped the chase of the enemy, but only after two days' hard running had made their own port. He heard, besides (this, words which made his heart palpitate wildly. Giedro's description of the vessel with which his own had battled, thrilled his soul.

"It was not," said he, "such a ship as we are wont to attack. We came in sight of her a little after mid-day, and bore down upon her directly; nor did we discover her true character till we had boarded the stranger craft. Two of our boats, filled with our men, well armed, approached her, and one of the boats' crews was allowed to board the enemy. At first only a few men appeared upon her decks, and we thought to make her an easy prize. I sprang forward, among the first to grapple with the master of the other vessel, but was driven back; again and again we advanced, but were as often beaten off. The lower part of the strange ship must have swarmed with men; for they poured up, armed with weapons used in warfare among the most powerful nations of the world, and rushed upon us so fiercely that our people fled in dismay to the boats. The stranger immediately gave chase, and after a time succeeded in boarding us. Our men fought like the wretches they are, but it was long before we got clear of the enemy; darkness saved us."

The following day the prisoners could perceive that the excitement among their captors had by no means abated, but rather increased since the preceding evening. Giedro gave orders hastily, and the men obeyed with alacrity. Measures were evidently being taken to render the stronghold more secure, and look-out men were on the rocks continually. Jesse heard the captain speaking to the next in command, and the tones of both were agitated.

"Can it be," said Giedro, "that intelligence of our daring robberies has reached the ears of some powerful king, and that vessels have been sent to search for our hidingplace?"

"It must be so," his companion returned, "and yet how? Never before has a vessel escaped us to carry the tale; never has a prisoner broken his bonds. All have been

sold far away, nor is it likely word of a slave could do us harm." Both were mystified; but let us look upon the glowing features of our Hebrew friend as he listened. Even in that imperfectly lighted cavern, we can easily mark the flashing eye, the triumphant smile, as he murmured:

"My bird, then, has made the journey safely, and it was a Roman vessel with which these monsters battled. Yes, yes," he continued, in a low whisper to his companions in bonds, "a vessel from home! Let us hope; let us trust!"

It was the custom of the robbers to exercise their prisoners every day in the open air for a considerable time, though always under a strong, well-armed guard. But during the week succeeding the return of the band from their disastrous expedition, the captives were almost entirely neglected, scarcely receiving necessary food from the hands of their brutal keepers. Every man was busily engaged in endeavoring to strengthen their position; but many days came and went, and no strange sails appeared in sight. At length the robbers began to relax their vigilance, and to dismiss their fears, while the hopes which had risen so high in the hearts of Jesse and his fellow-sufferers died away, and a deeper gloom settled on their spirits. The robbers seemed so unmindful of the welfare of their prisoners as to lead the miserable beings to anticipate a speedy termination of their woes. One of the band especially was more brutal in his behavior towards them than ever before. He was the trusted friend and confidant of the leader, Giedro, and was known among his companions as "Dorso, the fearless." He had been furious from the moment he heard the captain's account of the strange vessel, and from that hour sought how he might the more torment and aggravate the miseries of those whom they held in bonds. This man had ever been noted for his harshness and severity to the captives, and as he was always left to command the party remaining in the caves, they had cause to dread his cruelties. Often, often, in the lonely watches of the long nights, did the heart of Jesse turn to his beloved Ruth, waiting, fearing, in her far-off home. He thought

of all most dear to him, and the tears of manly grief not unfrequently moistened his eyes in the still hours, when even the darkness which usually pervaded their prison grew denser and denser. At times he almost despaired; but memory would again and again bring before his mind his wonderful escape from the Hippodrome at Jericho, and fresh courage would rise in his bosom; new trust in the One who had said to His people of old, "Stand still and see the salvation of God," would possess his soul.

CHAPTER XIV.

Two moons had waxed and waned in the heavens after the late return of the pirates before their wounded men were restored to health; ere they could again join their hardened comrades in another expedition. But patiently Giedro waited, until each man was able to take his accustomed place; until, stronger than ever before, his ship could ride fearlessly over the blue waters, and seek her prey without dread. The vessel sailed. Few men were left to guard the stronghold, for the captain had gone forth in his might, hoping to meet and overcome the stranger-craft from which he had so narrowly escaped. But though few remained, "Dorso, the Fearless," was left behind, and Giedro departed in high spirits, promising to return with a greater number of prisoners than their caves had ever before secreted.

Let him go. We will not sail with his desperate crew over the broad, trackless waves; but rather will we follow the fortunes of the Hebrew captives, far from home, far from friends and kindred. Helpless, yet not hopeless, their cry daily ascended upward, "Stretch forth Thy hand to save, O God! for vain is the help of man."

The night succeeding the departure of the ship was spent by those who remained behind their companions in feasting and noisy mirth. The inner cave was brilliantly lighted, savory dishes were prepared, the choicest wines brought out; and the ten men who guarded the place sat down to drown their sensations of loneliness in the brimming cup. Boisterous songs helped to beguile the long hours; and peal after peal of wild, discordant laughter echoed

through the rocky rooms, penetrating even to the most remote corner of the farthest cavern. The hearts of the captives were chilled, and new fears took possession of their minds. The tears of the gentle Alpheus grieved his cousin full sorely; but how could he comfort? What words of consolation could he pour out to the spirit of the almost despairing boy? When his own soul was wrung with sorrow, could his lips speak hopefully, cheerfully? He strove to do so.

"O, Jesse," said the poor youth, "must we end our lives thus! all lost—home—friends—all! O, my mother," he continued, "if I might but once more see and embrace her! But alas! it cannot be. In this horrible place must we die." He covered his face with his hands, and sobbed aloud. He feared no reproof from his heartless captors now, for one after another the voices of the robbers had failed in song, and a drunken sleep was fast stealing upon them.

"Poor child," answered his cousin, "darkness is, indeed, around us; a thick cloud hangs over us. For months we have hoped, we have prayed. The God who surely answers prayer, yet lives; though no ray of light gleams through our gloom; still, He, who by the word of His servant, divided the waters of the sea, so that His peculiar people passed over on dry land, yet rules; and, by the might of His holy arm, can deliver us even from this our low estate. Let us remember the captives who wept by the murmuring streams of Babylon, nor forget the many among our nation whom the God of our fathers, in answer to prayer, hath saved from peril, far greater than that which threatens us." Jesse spoke solemnly, and his words soothed his young kinsman; but neither guessed how near was the deliverance for which they so earnestly prayed, nor through whose instrumentality their liberation was to be accomplished. The sounds of drunken revelry had died away in the adjoining cave, and silence reigned throughout the prison-house of our captive friends. All were asleep. Suddenly a hand was laid upon the lips of Jesse, and a husky voice whispered in his ear, "Deliverance is at hand, breathe the

word softly to your fellow prisoners." The room was but dimly lighted, and it was some moments before he was able to make out the features of the man who addressed him. His astonishment on discovering that the speaker was "Dorso, the Fearless," cannot be described. Yes, it was Dorso, whose tender mercies had ever been cruel—who now bent over the wondering captives, a new light firing his countenance, and words of encouragement falling from his lips. He loosed their fettered limbs. Kindness beamed in his eye, his voice had lost its wonted sharpness, and his tones were almost soft as he promised a speedy release to the surprised prisoners. Dorso's only requirement was, that those to whom he was about to restore the priceless pearl of liberty, should solemnly swear to obey his orders while he endeavored to lead the party to a place of safety, from whence they might take shipping for Italy. The twelve prisoners pledged themselves as he desired. All were astonished beyond measure at the changed appearance of their most heartless jailer. And well might surprise take possession of their minds, for they had not known the secret workings of the heart of that rough, brutal man; the heart compelled, as it were, to harden itself, and to seem to delight in the barbarities which it abhorred. Not in the foreign tongue in which the robbers always addressed each other, did Dorso speak to Jesse; but in the soft, melodious accents with which he had been familiar from his boyhood, beneath the sunny skies of Italy. Jesse besought an explanation, which, in the hurry of the hour, could not be entered upon. The man who had undertaken their restoration to liberty, was evidently much excited. His hands trembled as he undid the fastenings to free the captives, and his face wore almost the ashen hue of death. He feared, and yet he knew not what. He led the liberated men to the ample apartment where the robbers had feasted to the full, and showed them how, when, one after another, the reckless beings had fallen senseless upon the couches spread around the room, he had, with his single arm, secured every one with strong chains, and bound them beyond the hope of escape.

"Now," he said, "we are free; all free. Liberty, the precious treasure, is ours!"

"What mean you?" questioned Jesse, "Why say you *we* are free? Surely you——"

"Cease, cease," interrupted Dorso; "when we are once away from this accursed den, this den in which I have been driven to forget every better feeling of my nature, and to do deeds the remembrance of which makes my blood run chill, then—then I will tell you all."

Thus admonished, his questioner forbore to press the matter further. So sudden had been their transition from the depths of gloom and despondency to the joyful liberty for which they had so long pined, that the men could not refrain from again and again expressing their gratitude to him who had loosed their bonds. But Dorso was much agitated. He did not forget how great was the work he had undertaken; neither did he fail to remind the rejoicing spirits around him that very much remained to be done before they could feel perfectly secure.

"There are," he said, "lying at no great distance from this place, two boats of sufficient size to carry our number, with all the supplies which we shall require to run along the coast to the north-east till we reach some point where we can land with safety, and from whence we can afterward embark for Italy."

A murmur of satisfaction from his little audience, greeted the ears of the speaker, and he continued, "Every man must labor; but let all remember the prize for which we strive—Liberty! glorious liberty! And, oh!" he added, with flashing eyes, "O! that Giedro could witness my triumph now, and yet be powerless to frustrate my schemes! How would his wrath be roused could he view yonder drunken wretches, snared by Dorso! Ah! he knows not that for ten long years the hope of this hour has upheld me; that my heart has revolted at the deeds I have done; that I have but lived for liberty and revenge. Liberty now; revenge hereafter!"

Before the rising of the sun many valuable jewels, great sums of money and large quantities of provisions, were removed to

a cavern nearer to where the boats were lying, of which Dorso had spoken.

The whole of the next day was spent in busy preparation, and early on the succeeding morning the little band were ready for their expedition,

One scene, one fearful scene in that dark cave, our eyes must not refuse to look upon. For one moment let us gaze and then turn and flee away, lest our ears be stunned by the dismal wailings, the despairing shrieks which echoed through that haunt of crime.

The cries of the wretched robbers, when reason returned and they saw the terrible fate before them, might almost have touched a heart of stone. Several of those who had so lately regained their liberty sighed as they contemplated the awful situation of the miserable beings. But not so Dorso. Every groan they uttered was music to his ears, and he rejoiced to taunt them with their former cruelties to imploring captives. But even while they begged so piteously for mercy, not one among them knew all the horrors of the fate to which the relentless Dorso was about to consign them. With his own hands he brought abundant supplies of food, choice wines and vessels of water, to the apartment where his prisoners were confined. These were placed at the further side of the large room, while a table, richly spread with all the dainties which their stores afforded, was placed nearer the forlorn creatures whom it was his purpose to torture. And there, with all the delicacies of life before their eyes, yet beyond their reach, did the merciless man leave his former companions, his now helpless captives.

Not till Dorso was about to leave the cave for the last time, did the whole truth flash upon the minds of the imploring pirates, and then, such shrieks of despairing anguish filled the gloomy cavern, as could only come from the lips of those whose last faint ray of hope had been suddenly extinguished, quenched forever.

With those wild screams of agony ringing in their ears, Dorso and his little band hastened on their way to the sea-side.

Some of the party, moved with pity, besought their leaders to return and place food and water within the grasp of the

wretched beings. But his heart remained hardened, and his reply was revengeful and bitter.

"Pity for them!" he said. "No! could I have contrived to make the tortures a thousand times greater which they must suffer, I would have shown them no mercy! Look at me, comrades," he continued; "see what I am—these men have helped to make

me so! Yourselves have known the dark deeds from which I have not shrunk to do my part, and the work is theirs. To save my life, that life which has been so little worth, have they compelled me to walk the bloody road of crime; and this is a foretaste of my revenge. Oh, if it be thus sweet, how will my spirit be filled with the death-howls of Giedro!"

(To be continued.)

Young Folks.

LITTLE MATTHIAS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

In the year of grace 1480, on the last Saturday of the Carnival, the inhabitants of the little town of Kaiserberg in Alsace, were in a state of unusual excitement. John Geiler, surnamed the Doctor of Kaiserberg, the most popular preacher in the Cathedral at Strasbourg, after many years' absence, revisited his native town with his friend Sebastian Brandt, professor of law at Bâle, and the well known author of the "Fool's Skiff" (Narrenschiff), a burlesque poem in which he held up to ridicule the follies of the age. Geiler was to stay under the paternal roof, where, an orphan at three years of age, he had received from his pious grandmother his first religious impressions. On the morrow he was to preach in the Cathedral, and relations and friends, small and great, rejoiced in the prospect of listening to the illustrious Doctor whom the town was proud to call son. The house in which he was born was at this time occupied by the niece of his mother, dame Madelaine, wife of Master Anselm, imperial notary at Kaiserberg. The worthy lady, honored greatly by receiving under her roof so esteemed a guest, was suddenly plunged head over ears in the work of preparation. The guest-chamber had been aired and warmed; the state bed, with its immense red curtains, had been furnished with snowy sheets. At the foot

of the bed, portraits the size of life, of the Doctor's ancestors, seemed to look down upon it with love, as if they would bless, from the depths of their frames, the man who had so nobly kept the promise of his childhood. In the dining-room Madame spread over the long old oak table, her richest damask table cloth. She placed at the head a silver goblet engraved with the grandfather's coat of arms. Bending over the kitchen fire was old Martha, absorbed in the anxious task of watching the rising of some paste for Easter cakes, to be made for her dear Doctor, who used to be so fond of them,—for Martha had been living with the grandmother when the young student left for the University of Fribourg, and she took great credit to herself for having then predicted to any one who would listen to her, that the child she so much loved would one day be a great man. The weather was splendid—the sun smiled in the heavens, a pure fresh breeze blew through the valley, and the roads were as dry as in summer. The first men of the town were assembled before Master Anselm's house, to offer the Doctor, when he descended from his carriage, the wine of honor in a golden vessel. The younger men were gone to form a cavalcade to precede him, and others were posted at the gate of the town, beyond the draw-bridge, to await

his arrival. In the midst of this stirring scene, even at the entrance to the bridge, was poor Fridli, with his black dog, a faithful companion who never left his side. Fridli was scarcely twenty years of age, his figure was tall and slight, his limbs powerful, but the deep seams which scarred his whole face disfigured it in the most frightful manner. He had been born in the Brisgau, where his first occupation was that of a cowherd, but, attacked by small-pox, he became totally blind, and now guided by his dog, and furnished with a hurdy-gurdy, which some charitable people had given him, he wandered about from place to place, asking alms. Gifted with a harmonious voice, he endeavored to excite the compassion of the passers-by, by singing the ballads and popular songs most in vogue. Learning that the Doctor of Kaiserberg was to preach in his native town, he directed his steps thither, under the guidance of his dog, and he hoped to receive, at the door of the church, bountiful alms. But instead of the rich harvest upon which he reckoned, poor Fridli found only trouble and disappointment. His terribly scarred face attracted, from those who passed by, coarse raillery and little sympathy. While, to please his auditors, he tried in vain his most joyous tunes, the poor musician, inwardly, was more inclined to weep than to sing, for not a red farthing was thrown into his money bag. And yet his faithful dog, sitting on her hind feet and holding her master's cap in her mouth, sought the compassion of the passers-by with supplicating gestures that would move a heart of stone. But all at once a cry is heard, "Here comes the Doctor's carriage!" At once the crowd disperses to run in advance of him, thinking no more of the poor blind man than if he had never existed.

Fridli would willingly have followed their example, and tried to join the learned and pious man whose charity to the poor was so well known. But, oh misery! when he wished to start, he perceived that some wicked boy had cut asunder the cord which united him to his faithful guide. The dog instead of using his unexpected freedom, vainly sought, by dragging at his master's rowers, to show him the way. The bli n d

man, not seeing the danger, and having no one at his side to tell him of it, made a false step, tottered and fell into the ditch, where he sprained his ankle, uttered a piercing cry of anguish, and remained motionless, without any hope of succor. But, by God's mercy, little Matthias, dame Madelaine's son, attracted to the place by the bustle of the *file*, heard the cry of pain, and ran to the spot whence it proceeded; and, seeing the poor blind man lying stretched at the bottom of the ditch, the dearchild, without hesitation, rushed to his aid. With his assistance, Fridli managed to sit up, but his foot pained him frightfully and he could neither rise nor walk. What was to be done? The street which a little while since swarmed with people, was now quite empty, and Matthias found himself alone with his poor *protégé*. All at once he remembered that not far from thence lived his worthy Grandmother Ursula.

"Have patience" said he to the blind man, "I am going to get help for thee," and off he set with all the speed his little legs could muster. Miss Ursula had a godchild in nearly every house in the town; so by young and old, she was called "The God-mother," as if her sole vocation in life was to hold children at the baptismal font. She was the youngest daughter of the Doctor's grandparents, and therefore his aunt. She had been at his birth, had seen him grow to manhood, and had watched over him with the tenderness of a mother, supplying the place of her who was no more. The pious woman divided half her income between the church and the poor, to whom she distributed soup and bread twice a week. But old age was creeping on and the love of order and cleanliness which had been one of poor Ursula's chief virtues, was become a tyrannical passion. All that disturbed the monotonous routine of her daily life, made her utterly wretched. Her favorite, little Matthias, was the only person who could ever persuade her to deviate from the accustomed rut. To-day, for a wonder, she and her house were in gala costume, when little Matthias, quite out of breath, rushed into the room.

"Upon my word," said the worthy Ursula, drawing back the hair from the child's eyes,

and wiping his brow, which was bathed in perspiration, "thou hast been in some mischief, I am sure, little good-for-nothing boy! Thou wilt go on with thy pranks until thou hast made thyself ill in earnest."

"Godmother," said the child, "just imagine, some one has cut the string by which a poor blind man was led by his dog, he fell into the town ditch, and has hurt his foot very much!"

"Poor man! who could have been so wicked as to do that? Conrad must take him a new cord and some money."

"But, godmother, that would be of no use to him: he cannot stand upright, his foot is so bad. Thou seest, Conrad must take his wheelbarrow and bring the poor man here that thou mayest bind up his foot and cure him."

"Art thou in thy senses, my dear Matthias? Dost thou wish to turn my house into a hospital?"

"Thou seest, godmother, it will soon be very dark and cold, and poor Fridli cannot remain all this long night lying in the ditch with his bad foot. No, no, that cannot be. Thou *must* send and fetch him here."

"And when he is here and I have banded his foot, what is to be done with him afterwards?"

"Well, thou wilt put some straw in the barn: he can lie on that, and thou wilt keep him till he is cured."

"Thou dost not consider, child; thou knowest well it cannot be done. Thou wouldest not wish to force me to receive into my house a blind vagabond?"

"Come, come, godmother, I know thou wilt take him in," resumed Matthias in his most winning tones. "Thou art so good and charitable! Thou knowest if thou receivest him out of love to God, thou wilt receive a reward in Heaven."

Thereupon, taking his request for granted, the child darted towards the barn to seek his good friend Conrad.

The hand-cart was soon fastened to the brawny shoulders of the old servant, and both he and Matthias had vanished before poor Ursula had found courage to say No! A prey to the most comic embarrassment, she mechanically faced the

court yard in front of her house, grumbling to herself, more angry with herself than even with her godson, "That little monkey certainly does as he likes with me!"

In truth the honest Ursula had the kindest heart possible, but to receive a beggar, no doubt eaten up with vermin, into her clean and well-kept barn—to dress herself the sprained foot, in her handsome gala costume—it was too much for her! Certainly, her conscience secretly whispered what she *ought* to do; but to lull this tiresome accuser, she told herself she would give, if necessary, a beautiful new crown-piece to have the wounded man taken care of by the nuns or begging friars.

In the meantime, the cart came back with poor Fridli, drawn by Conrad's strong arms, Matthias and the dog forming the rear guard. At the same moment a messenger arrived from dame Madelaine, to say that "the Reverend Doctor begged for his Aunt Ursula's company." The poor godmother divided between anguish and joy—between duty and pleasure, knew not to which saint she should pay homage. But the sick man was there; he must be received, and the Doctor could better wait than he. There was nothing to be done except, as the proverb says, to "take a good bite of the green apple," and lay the sufferer on a straw bed in the barn. But when, stretched on his couch, poor Fridli, consumed with burning fever, his face wet with tears, cried out in his agony, "O, mother, mother, if only I were near thee!" tears of sympathy flowed also from the good Ursula's eyes. She forgot, for a moment, the confusion caused in her barn, and, bending over the poor man, she addressed to him consolatory words, examined carefully his swollen foot, without troubling herself to know if it had been washed, and applied to it a poultice made of wine and strengthening herbs. Then, having seen to all the wants of the sufferer, and throwing over him a nice warm covering, and commending him to Conrad's care, she took little Matthias' hand, and trotted on with a light step, as if she had suddenly become twenty years younger, towards the house where the Doctor awaited her. On the way, however, the good godmother

tormented herself afresh—upon what footing would she be with her illustrious nephew? Should she address him as formerly, with *thou* and *thee*, and might she call him by the old pet name of Hans, which already rose naturally to her lips? Certainly not, for nothing would be more disrespectful to so learned a man, the Lord's anointed, and such an honor to the family! On the other hand, to call him "Reverend Sir," or "Learned Doctor," these grand titles she could never manage to pronounce. And yet, it was the same little Hans who, when he was scarcely three years old (she remembered it as if it were yesterday) she had gone to fetch from Ammerschwih, when his parents had been carried off in a few days, by the great epidemic then raging. It was then she had promised the dying mother to supply her place to her orphan son. God knew if the promise had been fulfilled! On the staircase, the old servant, her face beaming, led the way, in order to relate "that my lord Doctor was doubtless a pious and learned person, of the stuff of which bishops are made; but still the same good and merry little Hans of former days, for he had recognized her at once, and shaking her by the hand, had asked whether she had forgotten how to make the famous cakes he used to like when he lived at his grandmother's, before he became a student and set out to make his way in the world?" A little reassured, and with a lighter heart, the good Ursula entered the banquetting hall, making, as she did so, a profound courtesy. As soon as ever he saw her, the Doctor ran to meet her, took her in his arms, and said with unaffected goodness, "Welcome a thousand times, my good old aunt. I was famishing and thirsting to see thee. But nowadays, the world is turned up-side-down—old people put themselves out of the way to accommodate young ones. I wished, as was my duty, to hasten to pay thee my respects as soon as I arrived; but Madelaine assured me thou would'st rather I awaited thee here."

"Truly, sir Doctor, that would have been too great an honor for me and my poor house," stammered poor Ursula, quite confused by the hearty reception which put all her plans to flight.

"Now, really my good aunt, am I not still thy nephew, Hans, as I used to be in the good old times, and whom thou hast loved so tenderly all my life? Well, then, let us have no more titles and ceremonies, on this happy day when God has permitted us to meet after so many years." And speaking thus, he led her to the place of honor which had been reserved for himself, saying it belonged to her of right, since it was that of his worthy grandmother. Then he introduced his travelling companion, Dr. Sebastian Brandt, and he added, with a malicious smile, "Now good aunt, wilt thou be vexed with me for having promised my friend a bed at thy house, that abode of supreme order?" At these words the poor godmother became quite pale with fright—already a blind beggar in her barn, and now a learned doctor coming under her roof! And all this without warning, so that she had no time to prepare for her guest! Fortunately, dame Madeline, seeing her distress, took pity upon her, and whispered in her ear that "she was not to worry herself, only to give up her keys and she (dame Madelaine) would send an old servant to prepare the room for the unexpected occupant God had sent." Then came little Matthias's turn to be introduced by his father to the illustrious Doctor, who took him in his arms and raised him up so as to imprint a warm kiss on his forehead. Then the child was sent, according to the good old custom, to drink his cup of milk and go to bed, instead of sitting up for the evening family meal.

As for the good doctor he was almost beside himself with joy to be once more in his old home, where nothing was changed—not even the old armchair stuffed with horsehair in which his grandmother sat, and where so many times she had prayed with him and told him so many beautiful tales, the memory of which, after a long lapse of years, still lived in his mind.

"Dost thou remember, dear aunt," suddenly exclaimed the Doctor, "how one fine day thy nephew (who must then have been about fifteen years old and the Carnival was going on as it is at this moment) longed to go to a masquerade? And thou too, although no longer a child, wouldst not

have been sorry to accompany him. Then grandmother told us a dream she had had."

"Oh, yes, I remember," interrupted Ursula, "a peasant with a long scythe appeared to her in the night."

"That peasant was God's great mower, and his name Death! And grandmother did not receive him very well, but said: 'Friend, go thy way for this time, and try to return at a more convenient season. Just now, we have other things to do than to think of thee; as in the time of Noah, we eat, drink, and feast; we dress ourselves up, and in short, we are enjoying the Carnival. Thou had'st better come on Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent.' But the Reaper replied: 'Each season is alike to me, and I must not cease mowing until the end of the world. Woe to him whom I surprise revelling in the foolish lusts of the flesh, for he goes straight to hell! Take warning, then, and think of the day of thy death, which must soon come; thou dost not know if on Ash Wednesday thou wilt be among the living!'"

"'Children,' then added the grandmother, "remember my dream, and go to no place where the Reaper, coming suddenly, might find you unprepared. We old people *must* die, but you young ones *may* die, and Death may arrive at a time when you least expect him!" And we two remained at home that evening, dost thou remember, my good Ursula? to wait for the Reaper, in case he should be pleased to knock at the door, so that we might be ready to open it to him. And when, later on, more serious temptations assailed me; when my companions wished to lead me to do wrong, grandmother's dream often came into my mind, and kept me from many follies."

"Yes," murmured Ursula, sighing deeply, "soon or late it *must* come! But when, like me, one has passed one's sixtieth year, ah! then it seems as if always before my eyes there stands that horrid Death, making such frightful faces, that I shudder when I think of it."

"Dear aunt, once our blessed Saviour was asked to which country He belong-

ed. Raising His finger towards heaven. He replied—'There is my country.' And we poor fools act as if ~~we~~ thought we should always remain here below, in this country of a day, which makes us forget the life everlasting."

"I have, however, done all I could," replied the godmother. "I bought from a Dominican friar, newly arrived from Rome, at the cost of a beautiful gold florin, a plenary indulgence for all my sins past, present and to come."

"Thou oughtest also to have bought from the Dominican a good provision of repentance, my poor Ursula, for without it thy indulgence, instead of being worth a gold florin, is not worth a farthing."

During this colloquy, a slight smile appeared on Brandt's face, while Master Anselm and his wife looked astonished at what they heard, and Ursula's eyes opened wider and wider.

The Doctor took her hand and said gently, "Tell me, now, like the honest creature thou art, if thy indulgence has at all lessened thy fear of death?"

"Alas! no, sir Doctor—I mean my dear Hans, not the least in the world; whoever could show me what I ought to do would remove a heavy load from my breast."

"What thou oughtest to do? Repent sincerely, dear aunt; confess thy sins, and say to God morning and evening, from the depths of thy heart. 'Lord pardon all my offences, and for the sake of thy Son Jesus, receive me into thy favor.' If thou so doest God will pour into thy timid heart the assurance of forgiveness, and He will drive away forever the fear of death. What says the prophet Isaiah? 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat: yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.' *Without money*, hearest thou, Ursula? By the free gift of grace! The Lord does not want thy florin; what He requires of thee, is a broken and a contrite heart, seeking pardon. And such an offering, God be praised, the poorest is rich enough to make!"

"Why has no one ever told me this before?" sighed the poor godmother.

"Go on, sir Doctor," said master Anselm; "I am rejoiced to hear you thus expose that shameful traffic, and to proclaim that it is not with money our sins can be pardoned. Assuredly no monk or priest would dare to say as much!"

The Doctor pressed warmly the hand which grasped his: "What we must always remember above everything, my dear cousin," he continued solemnly, "is that the only ransom for our sins is the blood of Jesus Christ! It is by forgetting this that the poor Church of Christ has fallen so low, and that divine service has degenerated into a vain comedy. Do you know, for instance, what took place in my Cathedral at Strasbourg, when I preached there for the first time? Noblemen brought to church their dogs and falcons, and let them loose from time to time, during divine service, to afford them amusement. Tradespeople talked about business while mass was being said, as if they were at a fair. Pigs were driven through the church to the market, their cries obliging the officiating priest to stop in the middle of his mass. On the Feast of the Innocents, a child dressed up as a bishop performed divine service; men in disguise walked round and round the cathedral; masked processions took place, plays were acted and profane songs sung there. But it was at the dedication of the temple that the scandal reached its utmost height; drunken men and women spent the night there, singing, dancing, and acting the most fearful burlesques. The high altar served as a diningroom, and in the chapel of Saint Catherine were broached butts, which shed abroad wine and mirth. And every time that my eyes are elsewhere condemned to behold so sad a spectacle, it seems as if the Lord's voice thunders in my ears the words, 'My house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves.'"

Brandt, in his turn, outdoing his friend, depicted, in his masterly way, the abandoned life of the clergy, the pride and covetousness of the prelates, the ignorance of the country curates, the immorality and scandalous doings in the monasteries. When he had spoken Anselm and he, with one accord, endeavored to encourage the Doctor,

and all good Catholics with him, to represent to the Pope and Emperor the urgent necessity for a reform in the Church.

"Dear friends," replied Geiler, smiling sadly, "each time that I have begged my superiors to expel this plague from our Church, neither Pope nor bishops would seem to understand me, and all has remained as before!"

"Doctor," replied Brandt, "God has set before you a noble task, and you must not shrink from it. You, the confessor of my lord Bishop, the people's favorite; you for whom the Magistracy have erected in the Cathedral the beautiful sculptured pulpit; you who are in high favor with Pope and Emperor, are visibly destined by God to accomplish the great work of a reform in the Church."

"I much doubt, friend Sebastian, but, some way or other, a stop must be put to it, for things cannot remain as they are among us poor Christians. And since Pope, Emperor and Kings refuse to reform this goddess, lawless, impious life, - well then, the Bishop of Bishops and the King of Kings, Jesus Christ, will take pity on His fallen Church, and will send a Reformer who will do the work better than I, and I shall be only too glad to prepare the way for him. A secret voice tells me I shall not see that happy day; but it, dear friends, more fortunate than I, you behold the dawn breaking, remember, at least, that I heralded its approach, while standing, like Moses, on the threshold of the promised land!"

"Alas!" replied Sebastian Brandt, quoting his own lines:—

"St. Peter's ship is tossed by the billows,
And I fear she will be a wreck;
The waves strike her here, strike her there,
And Jesus Christ is no longer her pilot."
(To be continued.)

KATY.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

CHAPTER VII.

COUSIN HELEN'S VISIT.

A little knot of the school-girls were walking home together one afternoon in July. As they neared Dr. Carr's gate, Maria

Fiske exclaimed at the sight of a pretty bunch of flowers lying in the middle of the sidewalk.

"Oh my!" she cried, "see what somebody's dropped! I'm going to have it." She stooped to pick it up. But, just as her fingers touched the stems, the nosegay, as if bewitched, began to move. Maria made a bewildered clutch. The nosegay moved faster, and at last vanished under the gate, while a giggle sounded from the other side of the hedge.

"Did you see that?" shrieked Maria; "those flowers ran away of themselves."

"Nonsense," said Katy, "it's those absurd children." Then, opening the gate, she called: "John! Dorry! come out and show yourselves." But nobody replied, and no one could be seen. The nosegay lay on the path, however, and picking it up, Katy exhibited to the girls a long end of black thread, tied to the stems.

"That's a very favorite trick of Johnny's," she said; "she and Dorry are always tying up flowers, and putting them out on the walk to tease people. Here, Maria, take 'em if you like. Though I don't think Johnny's taste in bouquets is very good."

"Isn't it splendid to have vacation come?" said one of the bigger girls. "What are you all going to do? We're going to the sea-side."

"Pa says he'll take Susie and me to Niagara," said Maria.

"I'm going to make my aunt a visit," said Alice Blair. "She lives in a real lovely place in the country, and there's a pond there; and Tom (that's my cousin) says he'll teach me to row. What are you going to do, Katy?"

"Oh, I don't know; play round and have splendid times," replied Katy, throwing her bag of books into the air, and catching it again. But the other girls looked as if they didn't think this good fun at all, and as if they were sorry for her; and Katy felt suddenly that her vacation wasn't going to be so pleasant as that of the rest.

"I wish Papa *would* take us somewhere," she said to Clover, as they walked up the gravel path. "All the other girls' papas do."

"He's too busy," replied Clover. "Besides I don't think any of the rest of the girls have half such good times as we. Ellen Robbins says she'd give a million of dollars for such nice brothers and sisters as ours to play with. And you know, Maria and Susie have *awful* times at home, though they do go to places. Mrs. Fiske is so particular. She always says 'Don't,' and they haven't got any yard to their house, or anything. I wouldn't change."

"Nor I," said Katy, cheering up at these words of wisdom. "Oh, isn't it lovely to

think there won't be any school to-morrow? Vacations are just splendid!" and she gave her bag another tuss. It fell to the ground with a crash.

"There, you've cracked your slate," said Clover.

"No matter; I shan't want it again for eight weeks," replied Katy, comfortably, as they ran up the steps.

They burst open the front door and raced up stairs, crying "Hurrah! hurrah! vacation's begun. Aunt Izzie, vacation's begun!" Then they stopped short, for lo! the upper hall was all in confusion. Sounds of beating and dusting came from the spare room. Tables and chairs were standing about; and a cot-bed, which seemed to be taking a walk all by itself, stopped short at the head of the stairs, and barred the way.

"Why, how queer!" said Katy, trying to get by. "What *can* be going to happen? Oh, there's Aunt Izzie! Aunt Izzie, who's coming? What *are* you moving the things out of the Blue-room for?"

"Oh, gracious! is that you?" replied Aunt Izzie, who looked very hot and flurried. "Now, children, it's no use for you to stand there asking questions; I haven't time to answer them. Let the bedstead alone, Katy, you'll push it into the wall. There, I told you so!" as Katy gave an impatient shove, "you've made a bad mark on the paper. What a troublesome child you are! Go right down stairs, both of you, and don't come up this way again till after tea. I've just as much as I can possibly attend to till then."

"Just tell us what's going to happen and we will," cried the children.

"Your Cousin Helen is coming to visit us," said Miss Izzie, curtly, and disappeared into the Blue-room.

This was news indeed. Katy and Clover ran down stairs in great excitement, and after consulting a little, retired to the Loft to talk it over in peace and quiet. Cousin Helen coming! It seemed as strange as if Queen Victoria, gold crown and all, had invited herself to tea. Or as if some character out of a book, Robinson Crusoe, say, or "Amy Herbert," had driven up with a trunk and announced the intention of spending a week. For to the imaginations of the children, Cousin Helen was as interesting and unreal as anybody in the Fairy Tales; Cinderella, or Blue-Beard, or dear Red Riding-Hood herself. Only there was a sort of mixture of Sunday-school book, in their idea of her, for Cousin Helen was very, very good.

None of them had ever seen her. Philly said he was sure she hadn't any legs, because she never went away from home, and lay on a sofa all the time. But the rest knew that this was because Cousin Helen was ill. Papa always went to visit

her twice a year, and he liked to talk to the children about her, and tell how sweet and patient she was, and what a pretty room she lived in. Katy and Clover had "played Cousin Helen" so long, and now they were frightened as well as glad at the idea of seeing the real one.

"Do you suppose she will want us to say hymns to her *all* the time?" asked Clover.

"Not all the time," replied Katy, "because you know she'll get tired, and have to take naps in the afternoons. And then of course, she reads the Bible a great deal. Oh dear, how quiet we shall have to be! I wonder how long she's going to stay?"

"What do you suppose she looks like?" went on Clover.

"Something like 'Lucy,' in Mrs. Sherwood, I guess, with blue eyes, and curls, and a long, straight nose. And she'll keep her hands clasped so all the time, and wear 'frilled wrappers,' and lie on the sofa perfectly still, and never smile, but just look patient. We'll have to take off our boots in the hall, Clover, and go up stairs in stocking feet, so as not to make a noise, all the time she stays."

"Won't it be funny!" giggled Clover, her sober little face growing bright at the idea of this variation on the hymns.

The time seemed very long till the next afternoon, when Cousin Helen was expected. Aunt Izzie, who was in a great excitement, gave the children many orders about their behavior. They were to do this and that, and not to do the other. Dorry, at last, announced that he wished Cousin Helen would just stay at home. Clover and Elsie, who had been thinking pretty much the same thing in private, were glad to hear that she was on her way to a Water Cure, and would stay only four days.

Five o'clock came. They all sat on the steps waiting for the carriage. At last it drove up. Papa was on the box. He motioned the children to stand back. Then he helped out a nice looking young woman, who, Aunt Izzie told them, was Cousin Helen's nurse, and then, very carefully, lifted Cousin Helen in his arms and brought her in.

"Oh, there are the chicks!" were the first words the children heard, in such a gay, pleasant voice. "Do set me down somewhere, uncle. I want to see them so much!"

So Papa put Cousin Helen on the hall sofa. The nurse fetched a pillow, and when she was made comfortable, Dr. Carr called to the little ones.

"Cousin Helen wants to see you," he said.

"Indeed I do," said the bright voice.

"So this is Katy? Why, what a splendid tall Katy it is! And this is Clover," kissing

her; "and *this* dear little Elsie. You all look as natural as possible—just as if I had seen you before." And she hugged them all round, not as if it was polite to like them because they were relations, but as if she had loved them and wanted them all her life.

There was something in Cousin Helen's face and manner, which made the children at home with her at once. Even Philly, who had backed away with his hands behind him, after staring hard for a minute or two, came up with a sort of rush to get his share of kissing.

Still, Katy's first feeling was one of disappointment. Cousin Helen was not all like "Lucy," in Mrs. Sherwood's story.

Her nose turned up the least bit in the world. She had brown hair, which didn't curl, a brown skin, and bright eyes, which danced when she laughed or spoke. Her face was thin, but except for that you wouldn't have guessed that she was sick.

She didn't fold her hands, and she didn't look patient, but absolutely glad and merry.

Her dress wasn't a "frilled wrapper," but a sort of loose travelling thing of pretty gray stuff, with a rose-colored bow, and bracelets, and a round hat trimmed with a grey feather. All Katy's dreams about the "saintly invalid," seemed to take wings and fly away. But the more she watched Cousin Helen the more she seemed to like her, and to feel as if she were nicer than the imaginary person which she and Clover had invented.

"She looks just like other people, don't she?" whispered Cecy, who had come over to have a peep at the new arrival.

"Y-e-s," replied Katy, doubtfully, "only a great, great deal prettier."

By and by, Papa carried Cousin Helen up-stairs. All the children wanted to go too, but he told them she was tired, and must rest. So they went out doors to play till tea-time.

"Oh, do let me take up the tray," cried Katy at the tea table, as she watched Aunt Izzie getting ready Cousin Helen's supper. Such a nice supper! Cold chicken, and raspberries and cream, and tea in a pretty pink-and-white china cup. And such a snowy-white napkin as Aunt Izzie spread over the tray!

"No, indeed," said Aunt Izzie; "you'll drop it the first thing." But Katy's eyes begged so hard, that Dr. Carr said, "Yes, let her, Izzie; I like to see the girls useful."

So Katy, proud of the commission, took the tray and carried it carefully across the hall. There was a bowl of flowers on the table. As she passed she was struck with a bright idea. She set down the tray, and picking out a rose, laid it on the napkin beside the saucer of crimson raspberries.

It looked very pretty, and Katy smiled to herself with pleasure.

"What are you stopping for?" called Aunt Izzie, from the dining-room. "Do be careful, Katy, I really think Bridget had better take it." "Oh no, no!" protested Katy, "I'm most up already." And she sped up stairs as fast as she could go. Luckless speed! She had just reached the door of the Blue-room, when she tripped upon her boot-lace, which, as usual, was dangling, made a misstep, and stumbled. She caught at the door to save herself; the door flew open; and Katy, with the tray, cream, raspberries, rose and all, descended in a confused heap upon the carpet.

"I told you so!" exclaimed Aunt Izzie from the bottom of the stairs.

Katy never forgot how kind Cousin Helen was on this occasion. She was in bed, and was of course a good deal startled at the sudden crash and tumble on her floor.

But after one little jump, nothing could have been sweeter than the way in which she comforted poor crest-fallen Katy, and made so merry over the accident, that even Aunt Izzie almost forgot to scold. The broken dishes were piled up and the carpet made clean again, while Aunt Izzie prepared another tray just as nice as the first.

"Please let Katy bring it up!" pleaded Cousin Helen, in her pleasant voice, "I am sure she will be careful this time. And Katy, I want just such another rose on the napkin. I guess that was your doing—wasn't it?"

Katy was careful. This time all went well. The tray was placed safely on a little table beside the bed, and Katy sat watching Cousin Helen eat her supper with a warm, loving feeling at her heart. I think we are scarcely ever so grateful to people as when they help us to get back our own self-esteem.

Cousin Helen hadn't much appetite, though she declared everything was delicious. Katy could see that she was very tired.

"Now," she said, when she had finished, "if you'll shake up this pillow, so;—and move this other pillow a little. I think I will settle myself to sleep. Thanks—that's just right. Why, Katy dear, you are a born nurse. Now kiss me. Good-night! Tomorrow we will have a nice talk."

Katy went down stairs very happy. "Cousin Helen's perfectly lovely," she told Clover. "And she's got on the most beautiful night-gown, all lace and ruffles. It's just like a night-gown in a book."

"Isn't it wicked to care about clothes when you're sick?" questioned Cecy.

"I don't believe Cousin Helen could do anything wicked," said Katy.

"I told Ma that she had on bracelets, and Ma said she feared your cousin was a

worldly person," retorted Cecy, primming up her lips.

Katy and Clover were quite distressed at this opinion. They talked about it while they were undressing.

"I mean to ask Cousin Helen to-morrow," said Katy.

Next morning the children got up very early. They were so glad that it was vacation! If it hadn't been, they would have been forced to go to school without seeing Cousin Helen, for she didn't wake till late. They grew so impatient of the delay, and went up stairs so often to listen at the door, and see if she were moving, that Aunt Izzie finally had to order them off. Katy rebelled against this order a good deal, but she consoled herself by going into the garden and picking the prettiest flowers she could find, to give to Cousin Helen the moment she should see her.

When Aunt Izzie let her go up, Cousin Helen was lying on the sofa all dressed for the day in a fresh blue muslin, with blue ribbons, and cunning bronze slippers with rosettes on the toes. The sofa had been wheeled round with its back to the light.

There was a cushion with a pretty fluted cover, that Katy had never seen before, and several other things were scattered about, which gave the room quite a different air. All the house was neat, but somehow Aunt Izzie's rooms never were *pretty*. Children's eyes are quick to perceive such things, and Katy saw at once that the Blue-room had never looked like this.

Cousin Helen was white and tired, but her eyes and smile was as bright as ever. She was delighted with the flowers, which Katy presented rather shyly.

"Oh, how lovely!" she said; "I must put them in water right away. Katy dear, don't you want to bring that little vase on the bureau and set it on this chair beside me? And please pour a little water into it first."

"What a beauty!" cried Katy, as she lifted the graceful white cup swung on a gilt stand. "Is it yours, Cousin Helen?"

"Yes, it is my pet vase. It stands on a little table beside me at home, and I fancied that the Water Cure would seem more home-like if I had it with me there, so I brought it along. But why do you look so puzzled, Katy? Does it seem queer that a vase should travel about in a trunk?"

"No," said Katy, slowly, "I was only thinking—Cousin Helen, is it worldly to have pretty things when you're sick?"

Cousin Helen laughed heartily. "What put that idea into your head?" she asked.

"Cecy said so when I told her about your beautiful night-gown."

Cousin Helen laughed again.

"Well," she said, "I'll tell you what I think, Katy. Pretty things are no more

'worldly' than ugly ones, except when they spoil us by making us vain, or careless of the comfort of other people. And sickness is such a disagreeable thing in itself, that unless sick people take great pains, they soon grow to be eyesores to themselves and everybody about them. I don't think it is possible for an invalid to be too particular. And when one has a back-ache, and a head-ache, and the all-over ache," she added, smiling, "there isn't much danger of growing vain because of a ruffle more or less on one's night-gown, or a bit of bright ribbon."

Then she began to arrange the flowers, touching each separate one gently, and as if she loved it.

"What a queer noise!" she exclaimed, suddenly stopping.

It was queer—a sort of snuffing and snorting sound, as if a walrus or a sea-horse were promenading up and down in the hall. Katy opened the door. Behold! there were John and Dory, very red in the face from flattening their noses against the key-hole, in a vain attempt to see if Cousin Helen were up and ready to receive company.

"Oh, let them come in!" cried Cousin Helen from her sofa.

So they came in, followed, before long, by Clover and Elsie. Such a merry morning as they had! Cousin Helen proved to possess a perfect genius for story-telling, and for suggesting games which could be played about her sofa, and did not make more noise than she could bear. Aunt Izzie, dropping in about eleven o'clock, found them having such a good time, that, almost before she knew it, she was drawn into the game too. Nobody had ever heard of such a thing before! There sat Aunt Izzie on the floor, with three long lamp-lights stuck in her hair, playing, "I'm a genteel lady, always genteel," in the jolliest manner possible. The children were so enchanted at the spectacle, that they could hardly attend to the game, and were always forgetting how many "horns" they had. Clover privately thought that Cousin Helen must be a witch; and Papa, when he came home at noon, said almost the same thing.

"What have you been doing to them, Helen?" he enquired, as he opened the door, and saw the merry circle on the carpet. Aunt Izzie's hair was half pulled down, and Philly was rolling over and over in convulsions of laughter. But Cousin Helen said she hadn't done anything, and pretty soon Papa was on the floor too, playing away as fast as the rest.

"I must put a stop to this," he cried, when everybody was tired of laughing, and everybody's head was stuck as full of paper quills as a porcupine's back. "Cousin Helen will be worn out. Run away, all of

you, and don't come near this door again till the clock strikes four. Do you hear, chicks? Run—run! Shoo! shoo!"

The children scuttled away like a brood of fowls—all but Katy. "Oh, Papa, I'll be so quiet!" she pleaded. "Mightn't I stay just till the dinner-bell rings?"

"Do let her!" said Cousin Helen, so Papa said "Yes."

Katy sat on the floor holding Cousin Helen's hand, and listening to her talk with Papa. It interested her, though it was about things and people she did not know.

"How is Alex?" asked Dr. Carr, at length.

"Quite well now," replied Cousin Helen, with one of her brightest looks. "He was run down and tired in the spring, and we were a little anxious about him, but Emma persuaded him to take a fortnight's vacation, and he came back all right."

"Do you see them often?"

"Almost every day. And little Helen comes every day, you know, for her lessons."

"Is she as pretty as she used to be?"

"Oh yes—prettier, I think. She is a lovely little creature; having her so much with me is one of my greatest treats. Alex tries to think that she looks a little as I used to. But that is a compliment so great, that I dare not appropriate it."

Dr. Carr stooped and kissed Cousin Helen as if he could not help it. "My dear child," he said. That was all; but something in the tone made Katy curious.

"Papa," she said, after dinner, "who is Alex, that you and Cousin Helen were talking about?"

"Why, Katy? What makes you want to know?"

"I can't exactly tell—only Cousin Helen looked so:—and you kissed her:—and I thought perhaps it was something interesting."

"So it is," said Dr. Carr, drawing her on to his knee. "I've a mind to tell you about it, Katy, because you're old enough to see how beautiful it is, and wise enough (I hope) not to chatter or ask questions. Alex is the name of somebody who, long ago, when Cousin Helen was well and strong, she loved, and expected to marry."

"Oh! why didn't she?" cried Katy.

"She met with a dreadful accident," continued Dr. Carr. "For a long time they thought she would die. Then she grew slowly better, and the doctors told her that she might live a good many years, but that she would have to lie on her sofa always, and to be helpless, and a cripple; Alex felt dreadfully when he heard this. He wanted to marry Cousin Helen just the same, and be her nurse, and take care of her always; but she would not con-

sent. She broke the engagement, and told him that some day she hoped he would love somebody else well enough to marry her. So after a good many years, he did, and now he and his wife live next door to Cousin Helen, and are her dearest friends. The little girl is named 'Helen.' All their plans are talked over with her, and there is nobody in the world they think so much of."

"But doesn't it make Cousin Helen feel bad, when she sees them walking about and enjoying themselves, and she can't move?" asked Katy.

"No," said Dr. Carr, "it doesn't, because Cousin Helen is half an angel already, and loves other people better than herself. I'm very glad she could come here for once. She's an example to us all, Katy, and I couldn't ask anything better than to have my little girls take pattern after her."

"It must be awful to be sick," soliloquized Katy, after Papa was gone. "Why, if I had to stay in bed a whole week—I should die, I know I should."

Poor Katy! It seemed to her, as it does to almost all young people, that there is nothing in the world so easy as to die, the moment things go wrong!

This conversation with Papa made Cousin Helen doubly interesting in Katy's eyes. "It was just like something in a book," to be in the same house with the heroine of a love-story so sad and sweet.

The play that afternoon was much interrupted, for every few minutes somebody had to run in and see if it wasn't four o'clock. The instant the hour came, all six children galloped up stairs.

"I think we'll tell stories this time," said Cousin Helen.

So they told stories. Cousin Helen's were the best of all. There was one of them about a robber, which sent delightful chills creeping down all their backs. All but Philly. He was so excited, that he grew werlike.

"I ain't afraid of robbers," he declared, strutting up and down. "When they come, I shall just cut them in two with my sword which Papa gave me. They did come once. I did cut them in two—three, five, eleven of 'em. You'll see!"

But that evening, after the younger children were gone to bed, and Katy and Clover were sitting in the Blue-room, a lamentable howling was heard from the nursery. Clover ran to see what was the matter. Behold—there was Phil, sitting up in bed, and crying for help.

"There's robbers under the bed," he sobbed; "ever so many robbers."

"Why no, Philly!" said Clover, peeping under the valance to satisfy him; "there isn't anybody there."

"Yes, there is, I tell you," declared Phil,

holding her tight. "I heard one. They were *chewing my india-rubbers.*"

"Poor little fellow!" said Cousin Helen, when Clover, having pacified Phil, came back to report. "It's a warning against robber stories. But this one ended so well, that I didn't think of anybody's being frightened."

It was no use, after this, for Aunt Izzie to make rules about going into the Blue-room. She might as well have ordered flies to keep away from the sugar-bowl.

By hook or by crook, the children would get up stairs. Whenever Aunt Izzie went in, she was sure to find them there, just as close to Cousin Helen as they could get.

And Cousin Helen begged her not to interfere.

"We have only three or four days to be together," she said. "Let them come as much as they like. It won't hurt me a bit."

Little Elsie clung with a passionate love to this new friend. Cousin Helen had sharp eyes. She saw the wistful look in Elsie's face at once, and took special pains to be sweet and tender to her. This preference made Katy jealous. She couldn't bear to share her cousin with anybody.

When the last evening came, and they went up after tea to the Blue-room, Cousin Helen was opening a box which had just come by express.

"It is a Good-by Box," she said. "All of you must sit down in a row, and when I hide my hands behind me, so, you must choose in turn which you will take."

So they all chose in turn, "Which hand will you have, the right or the left?" and Cousin Helen, with the air of a wise fairy, brought out from behind her pillow something pretty for each one. First came a vase exactly like her own, which Katy had admired so much. Katy screamed with delight as it was placed in her hands.

"Oh, how lovely! how lovely!" she cried. "I'll keep it as long as I live and breathe."

"If you do, it'll be the first time you ever kept anything for a week without breaking it," remarked Aunt Izzie.

Next came a pretty purple pocket-book for Clover. It was just what she wanted, for she had lost her portemonnaie. Then a cunning little locket on a bit of velvet ribbon, which Cousin Helen tied round Elsie's neck.

"There's a piece of my hair in it," she said. "Why, Elsie, darling, what's the matter? Don't cry so!"

"Oh, you're s-o beautiful, and s-o sweet!" sobbed Elsie; "and you're go-o-ing away."

Dorry had a box of dominoes, and John a solitaire board. For Phil there appeared a book—"The History of the Robber Cat."

"That will remind you of the night

when the thieves came and chewed your india-rubbers," said Cousin Helen with a mischievous smile. They all laughed, Phil loudest of all.

Nobody was forgotten. There was a note-book for Papa, and a set of ivory tablets for Aunt Izzie. Even Cecy was remembered. Her present was "The Book of Golden Deeds," with all sorts of stories about boys and girls who had done brave and good things. She was almost too pleased to speak.

"Oh, thank you, Cousin Helen!" she said at last. Cecy wasn't a cousin, but she and the Carr children were in the habit of sharing their aunts and uncles, and relations generally, as they did their other good things.

Next day came the sad parting. All the little ones stood at the gate, to wave their pocket-handkerchiefs as the carriage drove away. When it was quite out of sight, Katy rushed off to "weep a little weep," all by herself.

"Papa said he wished we were all like Cousin Helen," she thought, as she wiped her eyes, "and I mean to try, though I don't suppose if I tried a thousand years I should ever get to be half so good. I'll study, and keep my things in order, and be ever so kind to the little ones. Dear me—if only Aunt Izzie was Cousin Helen, how easy it would be! Never mind—I'll think about her all the time, and I'll begin to-morrow."

BARN-ROOF PRISONERS.

BY CAROLINE MARSH CRANE.

"Dora, I'm getting 'fraid, more'n' more every minute," said a plaintive voice.

"Nonsense! what's the use of that. May-blossom? 'Fraid' will never help us down from this horrid old roof. Let's think a minute, and we shall find some way down."

"But, Dora, you've been finking more'n an hour, almost."

"Well, May, I've thought of something now. Do you see that hay-stack just below us, that's been all pulled to pieces and scattered round? Well, now, you hold your breath and watch me, 'cause I'm going to jump down on it, and then I shall get a ladder and lean it up against that barn door, and climb up here again, and then carry you down on my shoulder."

"Oh! no, no, Dora!" cried little May, terrified at thought of the fearful leap her six-year-old sister proposed taking for her sake; "you musn't jump. I'm not so much 'fraid now. May be sometime somebody 'll fink of us if we wait long enough." And the baby-philosopher pressed her one clumsy little shoe, with its stubbed-out toe, closer against the edge of a rough plank

which had been loosely nailed across the shingles to stop a leak in the old barn-roof out upon which the two naughty children had crept, May having been tempted, coaxed and encouraged by the adventurous Dora to come to "just the nicest place in all the world."

Dora looked uneasily about, wishing her mother would sound the dinner-horn, and then all the men would come up from the tide-meadow, and some of them would be sure to hear her shout, and see her scarlet jacket waving from the top of the barn. But there was no hope of that for a long time yet; and to tell the truth Dora was becoming more frightened than she cared to confess. An hour before their mother had sent her out into the yard and garden with May, as she did almost every morning, that they might play together in the bright sunshine, while she was busy in the house. As she tied on their sun-bonnets she said,

"Don't wander away, Dora; don't even go far down the orchard, or mamma may think you are lost. Be sure and not go where you can't see the house; and take good care of our little Blossom."

She watched them till she saw them busily engaged in bursting milkweed pods, and sailing the light down through the air. Then she turned away, believing Dora would prove, as usual, a trusty little guardian for her baby sister.

The milkweeds furnished sport for a short time, and then a three-days old chicken came hopping along, with its "peep! peep!" and both the children followed it to the gate. Instead of stopping there, the little thing—which had strayed away from the brood—crept under the gate, ran across the road, and into the barnyard. Chick's mother was not allowed to stay in the barnyard, and Dora did not believe that chick's own little self ought to be there; so, taking May by the hand, she said resolutely,

"Come, May, mamma would like to have us catch that chicken."

They passed through the gates, May rarely hesitating to follow Dora's guidance, Dora looked prudently round to assure herself that there were no cows in the yard, and then hurried after the runaway chicken as fast as May's fat legs would allow. Back and forth the frightened chicken ran, round and round the yard, the breathless children in hot pursuit, until at last it hid itself under the barn. May sat deliberately down on the ground to look under, and Dora for a few seconds stared through the narrow opening, lost, apparently, in deep thought.

"May!" she exclaimed at last, "that silly little thing thinks we can't get it now, but I can roll under! see if I can't!" And, tossing her sun-bonnet into May's lap, she threw herself flat on the ground and attempted to squeeze herself in. "There 'll be more—room, you know, May, when I—"

once get—under!" she exclaimed, squirming about, and growing purple in the face from her violent efforts to accomplish her purpose.

"But Dora, look, 'e chicken's come out!" Hearing this, Dora struggled out from the uncomfortable position where she had almost crushed herself between the earth beneath and the sleepers above; and, shaking the dirt and straw from her dress, exclaimed indignantly,

"Such a chicken as that! It's not worth being looked up and taken care of! I'm not going to catch it any more!" Then, surveying the field in search of new occupation, the little out-generalled commander, careless of a first defeat, proclaimed, "I'm going to climb up on the barn!"

"Oh, Dora!" gasped May, opening her eyes wider than ever at hearing this startling announcement.

"Now, May, don't be a coward," said Dora, her determination growing stronger every minute; "you can come too, and then you'll see that there isn't any danger. Dick goes up there, and so can we. Don't you see what a nice sunny place it is? It's just the nicest place in all the world! I shouldn't wonder if mamma sends us there every day after this, 'cause we can see every speck of the house from there; and then if mamma wants to know where we are, all she'll have to do is just to go to the front window and look up on the barn-roof, and there we'll be."

May yielded, and followed a few steps, though reluctantly; but when, after entering the barn, she saw Dora mounting the steps which led up to the hay-loft, her faint courage failed her, and again she hung back.

"Oh, Dora!" she pleaded, "don't go! don't go!"

"Hush! May, I'm coming down in a minute to help you up," replied Dora, authoritatively. "Don't be afraid; I'll take care of you."

May was silenced, and curled herself down beside an old saddle which careless Dick had left on the barn floor. Dora scrambled up the steps, and succeeded in reaching a small, low window. She thought she could step out from this upon the roof without any trouble, and told May so.

"This is a delightful window, May! I can see as much as a hundred miles, I should think!" And Dora leaned out as far as she dared. "I can see all the trees, and the houses, and the clouds, and the pond and—don't you want to come, May!"

Chubby May stood herself up on her feet before she answered.

"N-n-n-no," she said at last, but not very resolutely.

"Well, I'm coming down for you," was Dora's cool rejoinder. "The window is open, and we can get out there on the roof

and see a great deal farther than from here. I shouldn't wonder if we could see a thousand miles!"

Dora came down, and found May ready to try the ascent. By dint of vigorous tugging, pushing and rolling on Dora's part, and exhausting effort on May's, the two little people succeeded in getting half way up, and stopped there to rest.

"Aren't you glad you are so high up, May?" asked Dora, encouragingly.

"Y-e-e-s, not very," answered May, looking first up and then down, frightened at the distance below her, and almost ready to cry. "I fink we ought to go home," she added, her courage quite gone, as she looked up again toward the window.

Dora's face clouded over.

"But, May, we are almost up there now," she said; "let's hurry."

Still May hesitated. Suddenly she had a brilliant thought, which fairly shone out through her eyes, and she began sturdily pushing her plump feet down to the step below her.

"May must go now, Dora," she said, rapidly, with a most important and dutiful air. "Help me down, Dora—it must be 'most time for me to take my nap!"

Now, Dora knew that "taking a nap" was the one trial of baby May's life—the one thing to be evaded, if such a thing were possible; and so when she heard this excuse for going down, she laughed heartily. May looked ashamed, and when Dora again proposed climbing higher she made no further resistance. They reached the window without any mishap except that one of May's shoes came off and tumbled down into the manger. Dora jumped out on the roof, which was almost flat, and reached in for May. As she was lifting May over the sill, May's dress caught on a wooden peg, and Dora, not seeing that the peg held the window open, snatched it out and threw it away. She had hardly succeeded in pulling May through when down came the window with a crash, leaving them on the barn-roof, without any possible way of getting down.

May sat down, too terrified to move, though too proud to cry, while Dora crept back and forth on her hands and knees, clinging to the shingles, and assuring May that "there never was such a nice place in the world—never."

At last May, tired out with the unusual exertion, became very sleepy, and then dauntless Dora grew exceedingly anxious lest her little sister should fall asleep and slip off. She thought first of one way of getting down, then of another, but all seemed impracticable. Finally she proposed jumping off, to which plan May refused to listen.

"May," said Dora, suddenly, bracing her feet also against May's plank, "let's

tell stories. We can imagine we are in a balloon, and arn't ready yet to come down."

"Well," replied May, who always enjoyed Dora's stories, "if you'll tell a good one."

"You must tell one first," said crafty Dora, who foresaw that May could not keep awake through even a very short story, unless she herself were telling it.

"Well," said May, at last, feeling assured that no story would be forthcoming until she had told hers, "I'll tell you 'bout two little girls. Vey went to walk. No, 't was a little girl and a little boy."

"How old were they?" interrupted Dora.

"'Bout my age; and vey walked, and vey walked, and vey walked, and vey came to a river, and vere was a bridge, and ve little boy went over, and ve little girl went over, and ven vey walked some more, and ven vey came to a gate, and ven vey stopped and looked at ve gate, and ve little girl said, 'Oh!'"

May's eyes were shining, all sleep having been driven from them in the excitement of the thrilling story she had been telling. Dora waited, supposing that the chief interest of the tale would lie on the other side of the gate, and only suspected the truth when May asked naively,

"Isn't that a nice story, Dora?"

"Is that all!" cried Dora, in amazement.

"Isn't it *nuff*?" asked May, in alarm.

"You dear little precious May-blossom!" exclaimed Dora, throwing her arms round the little one; "of course it's '*nuff*.' Did you make it all up your own self?"

Happy May, fully reassured, smiled and nodded complacently.

"Now I'll tell one," said Dora; "but it won't be so interesting as yours. Mine's about a whole town full of people, who lived near the river, not very far from an old mill. The mill didn't belong to anybody, 'cause there were ghosts in it, and nobody likes ghosts very much. One day—May, do you see that speck over there?"

May looked very hard, holding her limp sun-bonnet with both hands back from her face.

"I think it's father's hat, coming to find us," said Dora. "Well, one day," she continued, going back to her story, "the—"

"No, it's a dog," interrupted May, whose faint hope of deliverance grew fainter, though she couldn't yet turn aside from it altogether.

"You aren't listening to my story, May! One day—"

"Dora? Dora!"

"Mamma's calling! It must be time to take my nap!" said little one-ideaed May.

"Mamma!" shouted Dora, in reply.

"Dora! Dora!"

"Mamma! mamma!" cried Dora, again, "mamma!"

The children's mother hearing the cry, which was almost a shriek, hastened out into the yard. She called Dora, and Dora replied; but for a long time she did not think of looking off the ground for her little ones.

"Mamma, look up in 'e sky!" cried May, finally.

Mrs. Gould looked up, and there she found them. If they had been floating about in mid-air, she could hardly have been more surprised. She hurried to their release, and brought down first one, then the other.

"Could see 'e house all 'e time!" said May, as she trudged through the yard, holding her mother's hand, and knowing that they had been very naughty, but wishing to give her mother their own view of the case.

Dora walked silently along, rebelliously thinking over how she could best argue the matter with her mother, and convince her that she had not done wrong. But Mrs. Gould said nothing, and Dora did not dare to speak first. Dinner was almost ready when they reached the house, and when her father and brother came home there was so much to talk of that her exploit was not mentioned. After dinner May climbed into her cradle and went to sleep, and when everything was still Dora sat by the open window thinking for a long time. At last she came over beside her mother, who was sitting at work.

"Mamma," said she, gently, quite subdued by the long talk she had had with her conscience, "I think you will not want to trust May with me again."

"Do you think I ought to, Dora, when you have once led her into so much danger?"

"No, mamma. I do wish you would try me again. I'll try harder than ever to take good care of baby. Won't you trust me just once more?"

Looking into the earnest face, Mrs. Gould believed that the little pleader would henceforth be more to be relied on than ever before.

"Yes, darling, I will," she replied, taking the child on her knee; "and I want my Dora to remember that when mamma can't trust her little girl one of her chief happinesses will be gone. There is no greater sorrow for a mother than to know that she has a child whom she can't trust. You are a very little girl now, Dora, but unless you learn to be faithful, you can never be happy yourself, nor hope to make others happy."

Dora is a grandmother now, but she still remembers her mother's gentle words as she held her that afternoon on her knee, and she often tells the story to May's little Dora, who wishes she could see her mamma's old shoe, which fell down into the manger.—*Little Corporal.*

The Home.

MY FIRST YEAR IN CANADA.

BY E. K. E.

My interest in Canada is of no recent date, but was first excited in me when, as a mere child, I listened with eager attention, and oft demanded a repetition to "stories about Canada," related for our amusement by a near relative, who had visited and spent five years with more distant relations in this country.

As I grew to riper years that interest was not diminished, and I fondly hoped, and even believed, that I should some day visit the New World, and behold for myself the wild but picturesque scenery so oft described, and be able personally to judge of the habits, so different from our own, which so completely took captive my childish fancy.

How little did I then think that when I should in verity find myself on the distant shores of Canada it should be not on a visit of some months' duration, as I then imagined, but to find my home for life in its bosom, and to be dependent for my life's happiness on the love and kindness of its inhabitants, and more especially on the tender and watchful affection of one who wooed me from my quiet and happy Scottish home with words of love and the promise of a life devoted to my happiness.

I bade farewell to dear old Scotia on the second of July of last year, and after a tedious voyage, and a trying one so far as sea-sickness and other discomforts to which those who commit themselves to the mercies of the mighty deep are liable, I arrived at Quebec on the sixteenth of the same month. This town filled me with feelings of strange interest, being the first Canadian city in which I had set foot, and one so strikingly different from our own Scotch towns. The narrow streets and wooden

tenements seemed very grotesque to my unaccustomed eyes, as also the mode in which the town is built, one part of it having the appearance of being literally built on the top of the other. We spent a couple of days in the town, leaving on the evening of the second day for Montreal.

As a town, Montreal is more like our own cities than any I have yet visited in Canada; possessing, as it does, many fine buildings, open streets, and imposing places of business.

We drove for several hours through the principal streets of the city and its environs, visiting the cemetery, which impressed me as a most lovely spot in which to sleep the last long sleep which knows no waking. The following day we "did" the Lachine Rapids, but in experience it was so much less frightful an undertaking than represented in the pictures I had seen of it, that I felt proportionately disappointed. On the third morning we left Montreal for the small village on the banks of the Ottawa where my lot was now to be cast, which we reached on the evening of the same day.

As we neared my future home my husband, fearing that on our arrival I might be disappointed with it, or with the house he had prepared for my reception, by most unflattering descriptions of both tried to prepare my mind for the same.

I began at length to think that our abode must be near akin to a hovel, and I confess that my heart sank a good deal at the anticipation.

My father's jokes, wherewith he was wont to tease me before I left home, about the "wigwam" which was to be my future abode seemed to be nearer realization than either he or I then supposed. Sufficient to say,

however, that these fears were soon agreeably dispelled, for though the house itself could certainly bear no comparison with the solid stone structure in which my youth had been passed, yet the different apartments were both comfortably and neatly furnished, and proofs of my husband's taste and desire to please my own met me on every side.

I trust Canadians will pardon me when I express an opinion, which has doubtless been expressed by many of my countrymen before me, and to which by this time they are probably quite accustomed, viz., that the Canadian homes are, as a rule, wofully inferior to those of the Old Country, and so much so that persons here in comparatively affluent circumstances, are content to inhabit dwellings which would be regarded by any of our artisans as entirely beneath their occupation.

I was much delighted with the lovely scenery around my home, and especially with the mighty river which flowed at a short distance from it. The rivers of my own country seemed but as streamlets, or "burns," as in Scotland we designate such, in comparison with the imposing waters of the Ottawa.

As we sat at breakfast on the morning after our arrival at home my husband began to tell me of those who constituted the society of the place, and to name the families with whom I should probably be most intimate.

After a slight pause in the conversation he gravely remarked that probably the person who supplied us with milk might call. At this to me astounding announcement, I could by no means keep my risible faculties in order, but burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. Before my mental view arose a vision of the rubicund visaged, and by no means slimly proportioned dame, who supplied us with the same commodity at home, favoring us with a visit, and treading on our parlor carpet with the hob-nailed shoes in which that personage was wont to encase the ample understandings with which nature had endowed her.

My husband I feared might be offended at my sudden and prolonged merriment, but instead of that it seemed to infect him

also, and he joined in the laugh with me.

I may state that though the anticipated visit has never been paid, I have had the pleasure of meeting often the expected visitor, and have found her very different indeed from the individual who was recalled to mind by the above conversation.

I have also discovered that in Canada a man's company is chosen not so much for what he *does*, as for what he is, certainly a nobler actuating principle than that which obtains so much at home.

My housekeeping went on, on the whole, very satisfactorily, though some difficulties beset my path at first. My chief trouble was the cooking-stove, which to the Canadian is almost a household god, but which, to my Scotch eyes, seemed a very clumsy substitute for our wide kitchen ranges and open hearths. I sighed for the cheerful blaze of the wide kitchen fire-place—the blaze to believe in whose existence no faith was required. It is almost ludicrous now, when I think how trying I found it not to be able to see the fire, and how dolefully uncertain I felt when I put anything on the stove to cook that it would ever arrive at a stage fit for eating. Oftentimes, when no one was by, have I surreptitiously opened the stove door, that I might regale myself with a temporary but cheering view of the dancing flames within. The result of this, however, was not satisfactory, as concerned the vitality of the wood, and I found that for this indulgence I had generally to pay the penalty. Had I been the most inexperienced of beginners, instead of having had several years' experience in practical housekeeping, my mistakes could not have been more absurd, or apparently contemptible. I knew not how to regulate the heat, and thus at one time, when I wanted something cooked hastily, my fire would be perversely in a dying condition; and again, when I wished it slow, it would persist in blazing and roaring as if it meant to set the house on fire.

Had it occurred to any one that these difficulties, and many others which seem now too trifling to repeat, could have arisen, doubtless they would have enlightened me on the mechanism of their much-loved

cooking apparatus. As it was, I mentally concluded that American cooking-stoves were humbugs and had to wait for experience to teach me otherwise.

I miss as much as ever the open and cheerful fireplaces of dear old Scotia, but am convinced that so far as cooking a variety of dishes at the same time is concerned, the stove is infinitely the most convenient; and thus I have become reconciled to its black face in the kitchen, and have learned to feel towards it some of the regard of a true born Canadian.

I would fain, however, banish it from the parlor, where, through its agency, such pleasing results are not to be attained; and oft, how oft, through the cold days, and colder evenings of a Canadian winter, have I sighed for the cosy circle which was wont to gather around our drawing-room fireside at home, the "bonnie blythe blink" of which will ever be dear, even in remembrance.

I know that our fires would not be adequate to heat Canadian houses, so as to make them habitable in winter; and that Canadians, when they visit the old country, shiver over our much-loved coal fires, and declare that while their faces are being roasted, their backs are freezing. This has been my own experience sometimes, when our winter has been more severe than usual, and thus I thoroughly appreciate the equally distributed heat which the stove sends forth, making one part of the room as comfortable to sit in as another. Nevertheless, I have got my husband to promise that in our new house we shall have fireplaces in the sitting-rooms; and thus, though not pretending to be able to do without the friendly warmth which the stove affords, we shall also enjoy the cheering and heart-warming glow which he appreciates as well as myself.

When the intensely hot days of August began, I ceased to think of fire and fuel, except to wish that they could be banished entirely from our domestic economy. Many were the warnings I had received at home as to the intense severity of a Canadian winter, but no warning voice was lifted up to prepare me for the overpowering heat of a Canadian summer.

It has struck me as strange that Canadians themselves enlarge so much on the former, while the latter seems to be considered almost unworthy of mention. Though I donned the thinnest of thin dresses, and laid aside every garment which it was possible to do, some days I felt as if I must expire for want of air, be scorched by the intense rays of the sun, or melt away altogether. I felt thankful that, I had escaped part of the summer, and devoutly hoped that, by the next, I should be better inured to a Canadian climate.

We had many pleasant pic-nics and croquet parties, both of which I enjoyed thoroughly. I thought it strange at first to set off to a pic-nic at three or four in the afternoon, as we sometimes did. At home a pic-nic is almost always a whole day's excursion, the party setting off very often at six or seven in the morning, and not returning till the same time in the evening. I think the plan adopted in this part of Canada at any rate (I have not much experience in others) is the best, as the other, from its excess, often proves as much a toil as a pleasure.

At the first pic-nic to which I was invited I was much astonished at the infinite variety of cakes which, with cold fowl, tea, &c., constituted the repast; but I was fated to be more surprised still at the deliberation with which the company set about demolishing them. No one seemed to think of refusing as the plates were handed to them in turn, and as I felt very hungry I was fain to follow the example of the rest, though feeling ashamed of the quantity and variety of eatables which were heaped on my plate.

I fancied the astonishment with which, could they see me, my friends at home would regard the heaped plate before me, and how shocked they would be at my strange forgetfulness of good manners. At home it is considered almost vulgar to take an additional supply on one's plate until the first is disposed of, but in Canada it is different, and I am, to a great extent, a believer in the wisdom of the maxim that it is good to do at Rome as Rome does.

In Canada, meals and meal times are

quite differently arranged from what they are among the same class in Scotland. A Canadian seems to attach more importance to his breakfast than to any other meal, meat and potatoes being indispensable composites, while at home all the skill and energy of the *cuisine* is brought to bear on the dinner, which every Englishman, and Scotchman too, considers a thing of serious importance.

Again, in Canada, we hurry past all our meals as early in the day as possible, dispensing altogether with the late, before-bedtime supper, which is a distinct repast, and not the "tea," so often called by the same name in this country. As a rule, the middle class in Scotland dine late in the afternoon, contenting themselves with a comparatively light breakfast, a light lunch, and reserving all their energies for dinner, tea, and supper, which follow each other in pretty close succession.

As the summer glided swiftly by, and gave place to the cold, clear days of autumn, I became more enamored of Canadian scenery even than at first. When the trees laid aside their dress of living green, and donned their autumn garb, I felt an almost rapturous admiration of the variously tinted foliage in which they were arrayed.

When the bright tints gave place to the more sober browns and yellows to which I had been accustomed, and at length the autumn winds ruthlessly swept the leaves from the branches so lately gay with their bright covering, I began to long for winter, and mentally to prepare for the coming ordeal. The preparations which my husband seemed to think necessary were, on the whole, rather alarming.

Such a putting up of stoves, double windows, and so on, seemed as if winter were going to be no joke, truly. I felt half afraid of it, and yet impatient of its approach, but was altogether pleased when, at length, my husband summoned me one morning to behold the white covering in which the earth was enshrouded, and which I regarded as the herald of the coming winter.

The descent was all too slow for my impatience, but as time went on and the snow lay deeper and deeper on the ground, and the cold became more and yet more intense,

my reiterated enquiry was, "Is this as deep as the snow generally lies on the ground? Is this as cold as we may expect it to be?" and as I had not found the cold very intense, I was relieved when informed, "The snow will probably lie much deeper, and we may expect the weather to be much colder than it is at present."

When the cold did become very severe, I had to acknowledge that all our preparations were certainly required to keep out Jack Frost, and indeed, on some days, found them insufficient for that purpose.

How I did love the sleigh driving over the crisp snow to the merry music of the tinkling sleigh bells! I cannot imagine anything more delightful than the feeling of invigoration and gladness which one experiences when muffled, or as we would say in Scotland, "happed up," in warm garments and cosy furs; one sets forth for a sleigh drive on a cold clear day, when, though the temperature be upwards of thirty degrees below the freezing point, the sky is bright overhead, and a warm sun dispenses its cheering rays on all around, transforming for the time each snowy particle into a sparkling gem of living light, which, but for its transience, might vie with the diamond itself in lustre.

In my fondest imaginings of the beauty and imposing grandeur of such a winter scene in Canada, I had not pictured to myself anything to excel what I now beheld and enjoyed daily, but which did not cease to charm, or become commonplace, on that account.

Our winter days passed pleasantly in driving, visiting, &c., and our winter evenings in social gatherings of various descriptions. I particularly enjoyed our surprise parties, the ease and unconventionality of which was, I think, the principal charm. None of the stiffness which is apt to prevail, for a time at least, at large evening parties, was to be felt on those occasions. We were not expected to bedeck ourselves in flimsy garments of gaudy colors, nor were even kid gloves or slippers considered necessary to the completion of our toilets.

Sometimes a few were invited to the house of a friend, not to tea, but merely to

call in an easy way, and on these occasions it was customary, before the departure of the guests, to serve refreshments of some kind. At one of these little parties, I received a surprise, and I may say also, rather a severe shock to my nervous system. After spending a pleasant evening, with music, games, &c., to pass the time, we were requested to adjourn to the dining-room, on entering which, I beheld a sight which I may truly say appalled me; and, had I not been previously convinced of the sanity of our hostess, I should have been certainly led to the suspicion that she was not exactly "*compos mentis*," or, as our Scotch friends would express it, that she "wasn't a' there." On the table, my startled gaze beheld no fewer than five immense milk cans, filled with some white substance, having a layer of a brown color on its surface. After an exclamation, quickly subdued, I followed the example of the others, and sat down to table, on which, with the exception of the vessels above mentioned, nothing was laid but a few silver forks.

In bewildered astonishment I accepted the fork handed to me, and prepared, with the assistance of the young lady seated next to me, to make an attack on the curious compound.

I cautiously inserted my fork into the white part of the mixture, which I thought looked most inviting, and conveyed it to my mouth, but no sooner had it touched my lips, than it was quickly withdrawn and I involuntarily exclaimed aloud, "It is snow!" This of course was by no means an original discovery to those to whom a "latire" party was nothing new, but it certainly contributed in no small degree to their amusement. I proved in this instance that appearances are indeed deceitful, and hastened to turn my attention to the brown part of the dish before me, which, though less attractive, proved infinitely more satisfactory.

My first year in Canada is now a thing of the past; my childish anticipations have been more than realized, and I have never yet had cause to regret that I left my beloved home to make Canada my adopted country.

SELECTED RECIPES.

GIBLET PIE.—*Ingredients.*—A set of duck or goose giblets, 1 lb. of rump-steak, 1 onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of whole black pepper, a bunch of savory herbs, plain crust. *Mode.*—Clean, and put the giblets into a stew-pan with an onion, whole pepper, and a bunch of savory herbs; add rather more than a pint of water, and simmer gently for about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Take them out, let them cool, and cut them into pieces; line the bottom of a pie-dish with a few pieces of rump-steak; add a layer of giblets, and a few more pieces of steak; season with pepper and salt, and pour in the gravy (which should be strained) that the giblets were stewed in; cover with a plain crust, and bake for rather more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour in a brisk oven. Cover a piece of paper over the pie, to prevent the crust taking too much color.

APPLE GINGER.—(*A Dessert Dish.*)—*Ingredients.*—2 lbs. of any kind of hard apples, 2 lbs. of loaf sugar, $1\frac{1}{4}$ pint of water, 1 oz. of tincture of ginger. *Mode.*—Boil the sugar and water until they form a rich syrup, adding the ginger when it boils up. Pare, core, and cut the apples in pieces; dip them in cold water to preserve the color, and boil them in the syrup until transparent; but be careful not to let them break. Put the pieces of apple into jars, pour over the syrup, and carefully exclude the air by well covering them. It will remain good some time if kept in a dry place.

RICE SNOWBALLS.—*Ingredients.*—6 oz. of rice, one quart of milk, flavoring of essence of almonds, sugar to taste, 1 pint of custard. *Mode.*—Boil the rice in the milk, with sugar and a flavoring of essence of almonds, until the former is tender, adding, if necessary, a little more milk, should it dry away too much. When the rice is quite soft, put it into teacups, or small round jars, and let it remain until cold; then turn the rice out on a deep glass dish, pour over a custard and, on the top of each ball, place a small piece of bright-colored preserve or jelly.

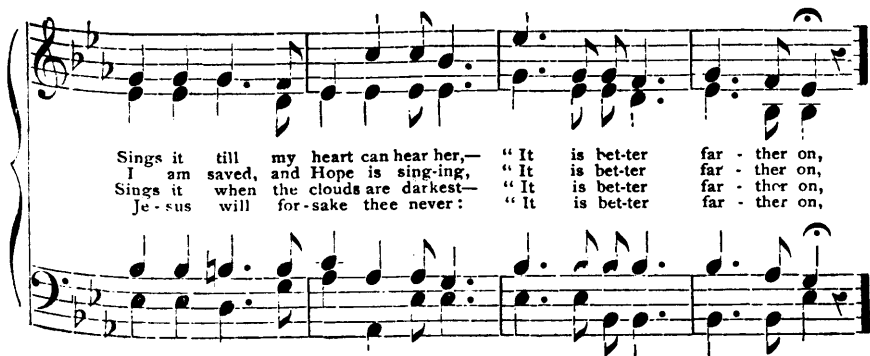
RICE CAKE.—*Ingredients.*— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of ground rice, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of loaf sugar, 9 eggs, 20 drops of essence of lemon, or the rind of 1 lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of butter. *Mode.*—Separate the whites from the yolks of the eggs; whisk them both well, and add to the latter the butter beaten to a cream. Stir in the flour, rice, and lemon (if the rind is used, it must be very finely minced), and beat the mixture well; then add the whites of the eggs, beat the cake again for some time, put it to a buttered mould or tin, and bake it for nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour.

'TIS BETTER FARTHER ON.

1. Me - thinks I hear Hope sweet - ly sing - ing, Sing - ing in an un - der - tone;
 2. When first my faith took hold of Je - sus, Light Di - vine with - in me shone.
 3. With - in my soul Hope sings most sweetly, When I ab - sent friends be - moan,
 4. Farth - er on! but how much farth - er? Count the mile - stones one by one?

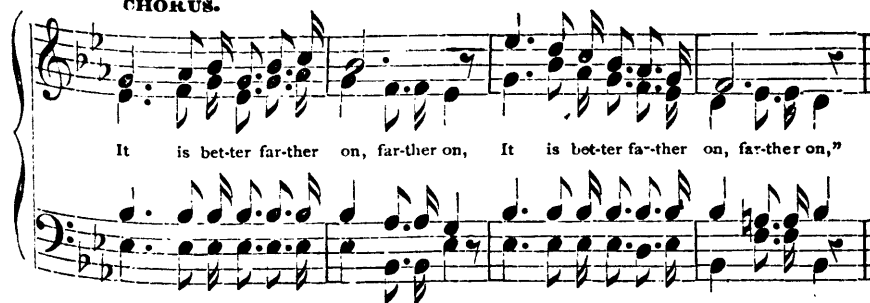
Sing - ing, as tho' God had taught her, " It is bet - ter far - ther on,"
 And I know, since that glad hour, " It is bet - ter far - ther on,"
 (Oh, sweet words, they cheer my spirit), " It is bet - ter far - ther on,"
 No! not count - ing, on - ly trust - ing, " It is bet - ter far - ther on."

Night and day she sings this same song; Sings it when I sit a - lone.
 Dai - ly com - ing to the foun - tain, Flow - ing free for ev' - ry one,
 Sit - ting on the grave and sings it; Sings it when my heart doth groan,
 Hope, my soul, hope on for ev - er! All thy doubts and fears be - gone!

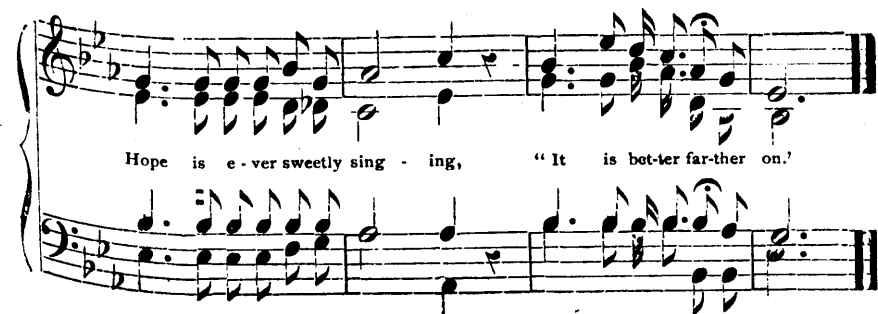


Sings it till my heart can hear her,— “It is bet-ter far - ther on,
I am saved, and Hope is sing-ing, “It is bet-ter far - ther on,
Sings it when the clouds are darkest— “It is bet-ter far - ther on,
Je - sus will for - sake thee never: “It is bet-ter far - ther on,

CHORUS.



It is bet-ter far-ther on, far-ther on, It is bot-ter fa-ther on, far-ther on,”



Hope is e - ver sweetly sing - ing, “It is bot-ter far-ther on.”

Review of the Times.

Happy the nation which has no history! If history were merely the chronicle of war, as, in sad truth, it has for the most part been, or even if it consisted of stories of courtly intrigue and plotting, Canada would be one of the happiest countries under the sun. The times that are passing over us are the piping times of peace; yet, much as such times may be sneered at by *dilletante* warriors (never by soldiers who have been in real conflict), or by poets in some fine mood of phrensy, they may yet be pregnant, if worthily occupied with wise and faithful industries, with blessing to the men of the time now present, and of all time to come. The portion of earth committed to the Canadian race has not been an easy one to subdue. No holiday task has it been to force the recesses of deep and vast forests to yield a tribute of service to man. It needed a hard and stern and rugged determination to enable the men of our early days to penetrate the wilds, measure the land, construct roads, bridge the streams, and clear the forests. And it needed a large and clear foresight to lay the foundation, in those rude days of isolation, of that fine system of municipal government, universal education, political freedom, and equal laws which we are enjoying in our own time. Never was the saying, "Other men have labored and ye have entered into their labors," more true than when applied to Canada. There is, however, much land yet to be possessed, and vast developments await the children of the present generation. The Legislature of Ontario has been for some time in session, and has certainly done wisely in restricting municipalities from imposing taxes on the stock of banks. Taxes on the capital which form the very life-blood of trade and commerce must tend to restrict trade and commerce; and if trade and commerce are restricted, real estate will speedily feel the effect. A convention was held in To-

ronto some time ago, in which representatives of municipalities discussed the question of taxation, but not very wisely. The question seemed to be largely put, as between real estate and personal property; but such personal property as bank stock is that which gives value to real estate. Town property is worth very little if trade declines. Farms shrink in value if the towns are depressed. To tax bank stock is too much like killing the goose which lays the golden eggs, and the Legislature of Ontario has done wisely in prohibiting its being done—by municipalities at all events.

The deliberations of the Dominion Board of Trade are acquiring an importance only second to that of the debates in Parliament. The Board has no legislative power, but legislation may spring from the conclusions so large and respectable a body arrives at. By these public opinion is formed, and public opinion finally prevails in the framing of Acts of Parliament. The most important question discussed was that of protection to manufactures. It is singular how differently the same general principle is applied in different circumstances. In England, the great question was how to protect the English farmer against the foreign grower of wheat; while manufacturers persistently agitated for free trade in corn. In the United States, it is the manufacturer who cries out for protection from his fellow manufacturer of Britain. In Canada, the chief cry is "Protect us from having our markets flooded with goods from the United States."

We are all aware of the effect the abolishing the protective corn laws had upon the farming interests of Britain. The landlords and farmers were not ruined, as it was most confidently predicted they would be; but an effect did follow which few had expected. A better style of cultivation was gradually brought about, closer calculations were made, more watchfulness

was exercised, better implements were brought out, machinery was introduced, farms were managed more on commercial principles, and the result was that in spite of the foreign corn which could be freely imported, the landlords and the farmers became more prosperous than ever. We wish we could have added that the laborer had shared in the prosperity, but until very lately he certainly had not.

It is a question whether there is not a lesson for us in Canada from all this. For revenue purposes, foreign goods pay a duty of about 15 per cent. The freight, insurance and other charges, amount to a considerable sum more. Here, then, is a certain amount of protection to begin with, and one that can be counted on. Now, when a higher duty is imposed than is necessary for revenue, it is evident that the whole community suffers to the extent of the excess. The goods are made dearer to the whole Dominion, even in districts far removed from those where a particular manufacture is carried on. The question then to be considered is this: Does the country gain more by the establishment of these manufactories than will counterbalance that loss? There is another question,—whether protection does not lead to a loose style of management? whether, in fact, the duty that is required for revenue would not be an ample protection to any manufactories that are healthy, that belong naturally to the country, that are carried on with proper machinery, that are closely looked after and well managed? We strongly incline to think this to be the case, and that the outcry for a five per cent. more duty here, or ten per cent. more there, if met by a firm and decided negative, would lead to that very style of management which alone ensures success. Manufacturers complain of the market being flooded with goods from the States. An additional duty of five or even ten per cent. would not prevent this; for such goods are sent here when sent at all, to be got rid of at any cost. The manufacturer is prepared to sacrifice them, and sacrifice them he would, even if he lost five per cent. more than he does at present. This, however, is an evil which will cure itself, so far as it

can be cured at all. There is a point beyond which goods cannot be sacrificed, but that point certainly is not at five or ten per cent. above the present duty, and it is a question if a higher rate than this would not at once lead to smuggling.

It is, however, alleged that by a sort of hocus-pocus at the custom-houses on the frontier, American manufactured goods are entered at a much lower rate of duty than they ought to bear. Machinery is brought in in parts, as if it were raw material, then put together by agents on this side. This however, is a different question from protection altogether, and a simple clause or two in the Customs Act would remedy it.

The influence of the Church—using that word in its broadest and most general sense—upon the life and development of a nation, is generally underrated, if not entirely overlooked, by literary men of the time. It is sometimes used as an argument against the credibility of the narratives of the Bible, that in the current history of the day—such, for example, as that of the early Roman Emperors—events which to us seem extraordinary enough to have filled whole chapters of the narrative are passed by without notice. But the very same thing has been repeated in the histories of modern times, and is even repeated every day under our very eyes.

The great religious revolution of the last century exercised a more important influence on the English nation than the rise or fall of any statesman, the conduct of any war, the success or failure of any mercantile enterprise, or the policy of any monarch. Yet we may read many histories of the reign of George the II. and George the III., and find scarcely the shadow of a reference to it. And, in our own day, religious movements which affect most powerfully the destinies of whole peoples are often as entirely overlooked by the press as if they were the gyrations of a party of dervishes. There can be no doubt with thoughtful observers, who look beneath the surface, that the churches of the United States are the very salt that preserves the body politic from corruption and

disintegration. Had it not been for them, the history of the great Republic would have been as inglorious as that of Mexico or Central America, and long ere this, faction, jealousy, and the fierce strife of parties would have rent the Union into fragments.

Amongst ourselves, the churches which had their origin in the various phases of the religious life of Europe, have all found a home, and few things tend to reconcile the newly arrived emigrant to his lot more than to find on going to his church the first Sunday after arrival, that the old hymns are sung, the old forms observed, the old prayers are said, and the old preaching maintained. All over the Dominion the churches prevail. No matter how far away in the back-woods the enterprising settler penetrates, the enterprising home missionary or pioneer preacher will speedily follow him. But the religious life of Canada and the States has been fruitful of new developments; long before the experiment of dis-establishment was tried on the English Church in Ireland, it had been put to the test in Canada, and as many think to the great advantage of the Church itself. All the essential principles of the Church of England have been retained, and the same schools of thought and practice which divide its ministry in the motherland are reproduced here. But now, we think for the first time in ecclesiastical history, we witness the inception of a Reformed Episcopal Church. It is well known that many souls have long felt dissatisfaction with certain features of her formulary and doctrine, and efforts have been made for revision under high and influential auspices in England. The difficulties, however, have hitherto been insurmountable. The isolation of the Church, too, has affected many of her gifted children, who have sighed for broader ecclesiastical communion. A movement, however, has now been made, which, originating in the States, has spread to Canada, having for its object the purification of ritual from certain tendencies, and the establishment of fellowship with other Christians. It is in some respects to be regretted that this has taken the shape of another division amongst the many divisions already exist-

ing. Division, however, is not always schism. Where a number of Christians have well-defined views, peculiar to themselves, on doctrine, policy, and ritual, which they think of sufficient importance to justify them in assuming a separate existence, it is difficult to see a reason why they should not follow out their own policy freely. At all events, separation is better than the compromise of conscience. All depends on the reason, the motive and the importance, or otherwise, of the principles put forth. There is such a thing, beyond doubt, *in* churches, as well as *between* churches, as agreeing to differ; but this cannot be carried on in the Church beyond a certain point without harm. Of this harm each must be the judge for himself. It is precisely in this way, that is—that the separation was reached where the harm of separation was felt to be less than the evil of further compromise—that nearly all the churches originated which have separated in England and Scotland during the last two hundred years.

Time only will show whether this movement of Protestant Episcopacy has in it the elements of permanency and power. It may gradually gather round it many of strong evangelical tendencies who have long desired some change in the ritual and formularies of the Church, but who despair to see any change accomplished. It may, too, gather about it persons from other churches who have long felt drawn to the English Church by the sobriety, dignity and beauty of its liturgy, but have held back from uniting with it by reason of the sacramentalism pervading its offices. *Nous verrons.* Time, as we said, will show whether the movement just inaugurated at the seat of Government is to grow, and probably all will conclude that the opinion of wise Gamaliel with regard to Christianity itself may be applied to this particular development of it: "If it be of man it will come to nought, but if it be of God it cannot be overthrown."

Turning our eyes to the United States, we are struck by the death, nearly on the same day, of ex-President Fillmore and of Charles Sumner. When we look back

to the time when these men were both most prominent in the political arena, we cannot but be sensible how rapid has been the march of events in this generation. It might be hundreds of years since the terrible agitation that ensued on the passing of the fugitive slave law, that law whose iron entered into the very soul of the North, and brought out that passionate cry of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which ran like wildfire through the civilized world. Yet here have only just passed away the President who signed it, and the statesman who threw his whole soul into the most determined opposition to it. The signing of that bill was the great mistake of the President, just as the favoring the policy of compromise was the fatal and irretrievable mistake in the life of a far greater man than either Fillmore or Sumner—Daniel Webster. Northern men should have known that there can be no compromise with wrong, cruelty and oppression, and that there is an eternal law of justice which, though long moving on through cloud and darkness, will at length assert itself in the light of day. When slavery struck Sumner down in the Senate, it reached that culminating point which invariably precedes the overthrow of tyrannies. "Pride goeth before destruction." "Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad." After all, the course of events for the last twenty years in the United States has been such as to encourage any who are fighting an uphill battle against established wrong. They encourage also those who can see the working of Divine counsels in the complex affairs of this world, and who trust to Divine help rather than to human policies. Of the overthrow of slavery and of the overthrow of other gigantic evils, could we see more into the springs of action we should say: "Not by right, nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord of Hosts."

Before, however, any great wrong is overthrown, it seems necessary in every case that wrong shall culminate in some deed of atrocious violence; martyrdom or suffering must precede deliverance. The scandalous custom-house iniquity which exacted nearly \$300,000 from a house of the standing of Phelps, Dodge & Co., has

roused such a feeling that the whole system which rendered it possible, with the rascals which fattened upon it, may soon be swept away. The deed would have been disgraceful to one of the republics of the dark ages; what then when it is perpetrated by government officials in the nation which boasts of being the most enlightened upon the earth! The truth is that liberty, so highly lauded, may be so outrageously abused, that every kind of villany may, for a time, take refuge under its shadow. Such a career as Tweed's would have been impossible under any of the governments of Europe. In London or Paris Jay Gould would long ago have been brought to trial for his villainies, and the informer, Jaynes, instead of being allowed to plunder merchants of hundreds of thousands, would, in Liverpool, be playing no higher role than of an employee at a couple of pounds a week.

However, even in the United States, retribution generally overtakes roguery in the long run, and if we wait a few years we may see Gould and all the tribe of that ilk consigned to the infamy they merit.

The murder of a Protestant missionary in Mexico at the instigation of a fanatical Romish priest (if the report prove true) may be another of those outrages which precedes the downfall of a system. Whatever be the demerits of the American Republic it does take care of its citizens in foreign countries, and a very strict account will have to be rendered by Mexico for this deed of darkness; and as a Romish priest and mob have brought this trouble on the republic, upon the Roman Church will the blame be laid. The blood of the martyrs has often been the seed of the Church, and this martyrdom may be the beginning of a new order of things in that much distracted country—a change, in fact, from priestly absolutism, superstition and anarchy, to the intelligence, respect for law, religious freedom and general advancement which generally prevail in Protestant communities.

The close of the Tichborne case, by the conviction of the claimant, is not merely satisfactory so far as it is a triumph of jus-

tice, but far more as it bears upon the future administration of criminal law. The credence so largely given to this impostor's story, had it been confirmed, would have gone far towards paralyzing the action of justice so far as its pursuance depends upon evidence to establish the identity of any person accused of wrong, or pleading for right; it would have given a dangerous justification to the cynical phrase of Goethe, "Der Schelmsitz überall im Vortheil"—the rogue has always the best chance.

In future cases depending upon personal identification a precedent would have been available to show that the most ordinary, most natural, most conclusive proofs hitherto relied upon were no longer relevant to that issue. It would have been established as a law of evidence that the specific testimony of a few persons unable to recognize an individual as one with whom in past years they had been most intimately acquainted, unable to awaken in him recollections of them, unable to vivify in him a single memory of the thousands of joint family experiences and associations of events and feelings which are stored up by long intercourse and affection, could not be so weighty as testimony in a case of disputed identity as the recollections of a larger number of witnesses with whom the person in question had only had a casual acquaintance. The Claimant's success would have changed the natural theory of the dynamical value of all evidence in judicial proceedings, for it would have raised testimony which might be mistaken or vitiated from the scanty observation on which it is based, and the consequent possibility of recollections thereof being vague or erroneous, to a higher power than testimony resting upon life-long observation and memories so interwoven with the very life of the testifier that madness or death only could obliterate them. It is one of the many dramatic aspects of this case that the love of two women should have played so prominent a part in it—so opposite in nature, yet so harmonious in effect—the vivid memory of a woman's slighted love being the most cogent defence of the slandered affection of another, the remembrance of one lover confirming so strongly the conviction of an-

other's absence. Lady Radcliffe knew not the Claimant, nor he her,—an ignorance which his tale of slander renders incredible. But Miss Loder knew him; so the non-recognition of one woman and the recognition of another were very justly affirmed by the Judge to be ample testimony that the Claimant was not the old lover of the former, but of the latter, and far more convincing than any negations or assertions made by witnesses having had lesser opportunities of, and lesser motives for, storing up indelible memories of personal appearance, speech, and all that goes to make a man's individuality. Besides this revolution in the estimate of what we may term the *quality* of evidence which the Claimant's success would have brought about, it would have established a precedent which would have rendered nugatory all arguments in future cases based upon the impossibility of the utter obliteration from the mind of the ordinary effects of education and social circumstances. It would have been established as a fact that a man in a few years may forget his native language, which he has used up to manhood, so as to be totally ignorant of it, incapable even of uttering or reading a single sentence; that having learned Greek he may be so lost to all remembrance of it as to forget whether the characters are Greek or Latin; and, what first convinced us of his being an impostor, that a young man of high social rank, fond of correspondence, may in a few years so sink, intellectually, as to use for the pronoun "I," the small "i" seen constantly in Orton's letters, which we take to be the sign of not only ignorance of the art of writing, and that the art has been self-taught and little exercised, but of a vulgarity which is inconceivable in the most illiterate person of high rank. Happily, these very dangerous precedents have not been created, and the revolution in the value of evidence we have indicated will not occur until our common nature is radically changed. Another question will, we believe, be raised by this case: the present system of conducting trials in England. The French mode has its drawbacks, but for probing promptly into the very marrow of a case it has signal advantages over the British. The Tich-

borne case affords a double illustration of this. The civil trial gave the power of interrogating the Claimant, and his claims collapsed in consequence. Out of his own mouth came his condemnation. If so direct and conclusive a result is attainable in a civil trial by direct examination of the person interested, why should a criminal trial be conducted on a plan which seems to assume that the accused person knows less of the case than the witnesses? The theory is that a man in law is innocent until proved guilty, and the routine of a trial makes the Court uphold this presumption. The true theory should be, that the guilt or innocence of the accused is not assumed, but that the truth is to be investigated, and that the accused, if innocent, has a vital interest in its prompt discovery, and if guilty, the State has a vital interest in a speedy conviction; the result, either way, being most surely, most quickly, reached by direct interrogation of the accused. Another satisfactory feature in this case, is the singular evidence it affords of the profound confidence of the lower orders in the administration of justice. The mob cheered the Claimant up to the day of his conviction, cheered his erratic, not wholly sane counsel, Dr. Kenealy; but the verdict given, the decision was accepted without question, and their demonstrations proved how complete is the trust of even the mob in the equity of that ancient process, "Trial by Jury."

The rule of England over India associates the highest civilization with disasters incident to barbarism, and reveals how slight is the hold the ruling power has over the governed. There, in spite of British prestige, British troops, British power in government and in commerce, some score millions of British subjects are slipping away from their allegiance. A nation, in extent of population, is falling under the sceptre of that great King whose subjects never rebel. The shadow of death now falls over a people as numerous as all the dwellers in the British Isles. Myriads who till the most prolific soil in the world, a soil yielding four harvests each year, are dying for lack of food. In 1770, a like ca-

lamity occurred, and the horrible famine in Orissa, when one million died of starvation, is too recent if not too terrible to be forgotten. The present distress arises from a long drought over an area of 88,336 square miles, inhabited by 31 millions of Hindoos, living in 128,000 towns and villages. Throughout this area, the whole mass of the population have proprietary rights over the soil, the system of land tenure being what may be broadly termed communistic. The infinite and intricate subdivision of the land, held subject to a small rental to the State, has produced a social condition which has reduced humanity down to the lowest condition. Life can be supported on an income of five cents per day, so that with a revenue of twenty dollars a year, the owner is saved all necessity to work. All the virtues tend to make a people prosperous and self-reliant and independent of the minor accidents of life; the instinct of the bee and the ant are there unknown. The moth lives not more heedless of the morrow than the Hindoo, nor is its tenure of life less precarious than his. Nature, which civilized man controls, against the more terrible operations of which he provides, in this region has two aspects—the bountiful, which is abused by lazy dependence upon its provisions; the terrific, which comes ever and anon to sweep out of existence whole multitudes. During the famine, close upon a million persons will have to be fed daily by the authorities, and public works executed to facilitate transport of food at a cost of \$600,000, the entire cost of which will fall upon the Government of India. That Government has already been the means of incalculable blessing to the great peninsula, and the present extreme trial will doubtless only rouse to extreme exertion those energies which have been so well devoted to the people's good.

The story of the relations of the British Crown with the Ashantees is a very trite one. With a change of name it would tell equally well the history of every case in which a conflict has occurred between the power of Great Britain and any barbarous tribe or State. First on the scene comes the merchant adventurer, which in this case

was the African Company, whose interests were mainly in the slave trade. Then come disputes between these settlers and the surrounding tribes. Then the necessity for an armed force to ensure safety and the observance of obligations entered into by the native chiefs; then the gradual assumption of governmental authority, conflicts with the home authorities, interference of the Imperial Government, which, in this instance, became necessary from the African Company favoring the slave trade; and finally, after a number of disputes and petty wars on the minutest scale, an attack in force on some troublesome neighbor, followed by the establishment of the British power as supreme.

In 1826 Great Britain, after a short fight with the Ashantees, concluded with them a treaty of peace in which the King renounced his claim to exact tribute or homage from the surrounding kings, they being bound, in case of dispute, to abide by the decision of the British Governor at Cape Coast Castle, and to abstain from wars with each other and against the King of Ashantee. In 1840 the Crown resumed its authority over the forts on that coast, and a very dubious kind of Protectorate was established over the various tribes. During the Colonial administration of Lord John Russell a very absurd effort was made to establish, in this region, a form of constitutional government. A Parliament was assembled, a system of taxation established in consideration of the Protectorate, which was no sooner arranged than one of the chiefs of Assim undertook to break the bargain and become tributary to the King of Ashantee. This nearly led to a war, but the conflict was averted, and peace reigned for about ten years. An attempt, in 1862, to compel the Governor of Cape Coast Castle to give back a runaway slave, although the owner, the ruler of the Ashantees, well understood that the English were bent upon destroying the system of slavery, and could not recognize property in human flesh, raised another trouble. The whole region under British Protectorate was overrun with Ashantees, and the Governor then urged on the Imperial Government that "policy, economy, nay, even mercy! demand that a

final blow be struck to humble the Ashantee Kingdom."

Policy and mercy were, however, sacrificed to economy, and trouble after trouble arose until the rising last year, which was doubtless part of a long-considered plan to assert, once for all, the supremacy of the Ashantees over those minor tribes who had been placed under the shelter of the Union Jack.

As to the rights and wrongs of this war we care not to enquire. To hear both sides when one side is a savage utterly incapable of comprehending the principles of international justice, and the other a civilized power incapable of recognizing the savage's ideas of right and wrong in such a quarrel, would not be very instructive. The probabilities are that the Ashantees had as much right to invade their neighbors' territory as England had to settle down in such a place and bring a number of tribes into subjection.

The march of every race from barbarism to civilization has been through blood and fire. Whether the African races, with whom Britain has been at war here and there round the Continent for a century past, will ever be civilized, is one of the greatest problems of humanity. The Ashantee war, we hope, will prove of service in working out this problem. It will, if successful, probably root out the cruel rites of heathenism, the wholesale massacres, the feasts of blood, the slavery, which make Africa the earth's Golgotha.

The victor of Coomassie is to meet, on his homeward voyage, the remains of Livingstone, to give them honorable escort to the shores of the land which begrudged to the missionary explorer what, years ago, would have done infinite service to the cause of humanity and saved him from his melancholy fate.

We do not disparage the work done by Wolesey, the soldier—it will bear good fruit in time; but we should rejoice to find the old land less free in entering upon such enterprises, and readier, heartier, more free-handed in supporting that work, which must be vigorously pursued—the work of Livingstone—if ever Africa is to be other than a reproach to the civilized world.