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THE NEWS-BOY.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

NOVEMBER, 1871.

THREE CONQUERORS IN THE TROAD.

BY JOHN READE.

The land of the Sultan is a land of ruins—where mighty empires were "founded, flourished, and decayed," and have left only their names and their graves. There is not a spot throughout its whole extent that is not full of the interest that belongs to what has lived and is dead. There humanity had its earliest ineffable joys, its first awful sorrows. There rose the mother of all cities whose walls were destined to watery overthrow. There Jubal drew from winds and woods the secret of music. There flourished primeval art. There, though "Enoch walked with God," not many walked with Enoch. There came to sinful men the dread message, to which they would not harken, of approaching destruction. There rose the Ark above a drowning world. There, on a peak of Ararat, Noah rested after his pathless, but not unguided wanderings. There the fathers of all the families of the earth tended their countless flocks. There did Abraham hear the voice divine which commissioned him to be the founder of the chosen people. There grew Damascus, and Babylon, and Nineveh, and Jerusalem. Thence migrated to their appointed places the patriarchs of the Gentiles. There were enacted the great scenes, pregnant with human destinies, recorded in the Bible. There Assyrian and Macedonian, and Roman and Saracen tyrannized in turn; and in turn were swept away. There was the birth-place of Judaism, of Christianity, of Islamism. There the Redeemer of mankind went about doing good, and suffered, and died and rose again. There fought the champions of the Cross with the fierce followers of the Arabian Enthusiast. There reigned for a brief time in the Holy City a few Christian kings. There now, alas! unseemly broils take place for the right to worship on the spot where the great sacrifice was offered. It is, indeed, a wonderful, romantic, venerable land, in spite of all its degradation, this "land of the East," this "clime of the sun."

If we had the opportunity of visiting one and one only of its shrines of the past, we would, without hesitation, choose to take our seat on the Mount of Olives—where David wept as he went up, where Christ looked with compassion on the cruel, infatuated, fated city. But next to Jerusalem, we would choose for the goal of our pilgrimage the scene of the grand old poem which is very dear to our heart, where Ida looks upon Tenedos and Scamander flows into the Ægean.

The region of Troas, situated on the Asiatic side of the entrance to the Propontis, or Sea of Marmora, however insignificant it may be now, is strangely associated with the progress of civilization. It was pressed by the footsteps of three of the greatest conquerors that the world has known, though their modes of conquest were widely different. They lived in ages far apart and amidst circumstances utterly diverse. Their names were Homer, Alexander, and Paul. We do not know that

these three names have ever before been placed in comparison. Yet, guided by God's providence, their mission was, to a great extent, the same. They worked, each in his own way, each impelled by a power which he could hardly resist, for the civilization of the world. The efforts of all three were attended by wonderful success. The first was a poet; the second, a warrior; the third, an apostle. Literature, war, and religion, the three respective engines of their power, have ever been among the mightiest influences in the elevation of mankind to the level of civilized brotherhood. And the work which their hands found to do they did with all their might. They were all chosen instruments for the accomplishment of God's purposes on earth.

And here we trust the reader will not misunderstand us, as though we put these three men in the same relation with the Disposer of Events. On the contrary, between the first two and the third, there is, in a moral sense, no comparison at all. What we mean to shew is, that they took their stand upon the scene of the Troad, and upon the world's stage in regular sequence, according to the preordained arrangement of God's providence. The appearance of none of them was by chance. Each came just at the proper time; and each prepared the way for the arrival of his successor.

We are of those who believe that Homer was not a myth, nor a mere name representative of circumstances, or of a plurality of persons. We think that he was a *bona fide* individual, as Virgil, or Dante, or Milton; that he was a man who travelled and observed much; that, whatever else he may not have written, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were of his composition; that he was personally acquainted with most of the scenes which he describes; that he was especially well-acquainted with the scenery of Troas. He thus trod in the destined footsteps of Alexander of Macedon and of St. Paul.

It would not be easy to over-estimate the influence of the Homeric poems on the inhabitants of the Grecian States. It is not saying too much, we are sure, to assert that these poems conquered the Greeks—conquered them, renovated them, changed them into a new nation—a nation of conquerors. They showed them the wealth and the power of literature. They roused the soul within them; they made them an intellectual, a spiritual people; they developed their artistic faculties; they made them able to discern the beauties of the natural world; they made them patriotic; they made them a race of heroes; they made them disdain a foreign joke; they enabled them to win Marathon and Thermopylæ; they spread their fame over three continents; they gave the noblest language in the world to those who sat in almost speechless barbarism. For Homer was the creator of Greek literature, and so of all that sprang from it.

Well might Alexander offer sacrifice at the shrine of Homer's hero when he set foot on Trojan ground, though he little knew all the meaning of the act. His own mission was to carry Homer's fame and Homer's language into a land holier than Homer's. That language was to be a chosen agent in the conversion of the world to the Truth of God. Little did he know how, more than three centuries after, he should be rewarded for that act, not in his own person, but through his country, when another conqueror in Troas, going westward as he was going eastward, rapt in vision sublimer than that of Homer's, should hear a voice saying, "Come over to Macedonia and help us." And he was "the best, bravest conqueror of them all."

We do not think there is in all history a more beautiful record, one that more fully "justifies the ways of God to man," than that of these three men standing, ages apart, at the foot of Mount Ida, each listening to a mysterious voice which summoned him to the common work of spreading, by lyre and sword and burning word, the glad tidings of Salvation.

To put the matter more logically: The Greek language was destined to be the chief medium by which Christianity should be propagated, both orally and by writing. The conquests of Alexander the Great tended to introduce this language into countries where, in the ordinary routine of peace, it could have made but little progress. The poems of Homer, by rousing in the Greek mind an enthusiasm for literature,

were the means of bringing the language to such a perfection as made it the fittest vehicle for the communication of high spiritual truths. And thus Paul, the preacher of the Gospel, Alexander, the founder of the Macedonian Empire, and Homer, the father of Grecian poetry, were, in the wisdom of God, fellow-laborers in one glorious work. Of the results of this work we, in this far land of which they never dreamed, are this day inheritors. But Troas—alas for thee! thy conquerors conquered in vain! Thou art now but a land of the dead. May the day soon dawn when thou shalt wake to life, and the darkness of superstition shall be removed, and thine eyes behold the light!

Over the Ægean and the Mediterranean and the Atlantic there seems to come a cry to us, as once there came a cry to him who saw the vision on thy shore, "Come over and help us!". May that cry be heard!

THE CHALLONERS:

THE LAST LEAVES OF A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY MRS. R. ROTHWELL, AMHERST ISLAND.

(Continued.)

Chapter II—Part III.

The next Christmas witnessed what had not occurred for many a long year—a social gathering at Donningdean. Eager to give his daughter pleasure, Allan would not permit the festive season to pass by—the mourning for his father had prevented festivity the preceding year—without due attention to its gracious presence; so he called to his house friends and neighbors from far and near—people who could not understand the change in him. "It was wonderful the alteration his father's death had made in him; he was not like the same man; they could not make it out at all." How should they? They did not know the mystery of his life.

There were few permanent guests, however, at Donningdean, besides those who daily assembled within its old grey walls. First among these were, of course, Mrs. Falconer and Percie, and Mrs. Lawrence and her two sons—both; for to be present at this family gathering, and to make acquaintance with his new cousin, John Lawrence had asked and obtained a three weeks' leave.

Elsie made a charming hostess. No one but voted her golden opinions on that score. Her lively manners, her never-ceasing care for the comfort, and endeavors for the amusement of her guests, were the theme for universal praise. Then she was so discreet; she knew so exactly how far to permit attentions to go and when to stop them; she was so guarded and yet so unguarded, so frank and yet so reserved, so free and yet so coy, that her admirers could not decide whether she were most woman of the world or child.

Ah, Elsie! is it only your knowledge of the "proprieties" that makes you so wise? Is there no other reason why you should be blind to the glances of respectful admiration, deaf to the soft flatteries usually so pleasant to a maiden's ear? Is there no hidden voice within your heart whose

echoes make all other sounds distasteful? What has come to you, Elsie Challoner? Why does your heart bound or sink now at a sound or a step? Why are you so gay if all the company, save one, are present, and on the entrance of that one why do you become grave and demure? Why, if he approach you when you are playing chess or singing, does your hand tremble and your voice shake? Foolish Elsie! you little thought when your father wrote his invitation to your cousin John, and you joked about your soldier cousin and his plebeian name, that he held the key of that hitherto insensible heart.

It was a very speedy process by which Elsie and her cousin fell in love. It was, as we know, her first fancy; and though, of course, John Lawrence had not reached his twenty-fifth year quite unscathed, he had never yet seen the "one woman in the world for him." Elsie made an impression on him at once, which deepened and strengthened day by day. Little was said, and, strange to say, no one noticed the growing liking on either side. John had not yet spoken the decisive words, and Elsie, though she perfectly understood what he implied, would not appear to do so till he uttered them.

It was New Year's Eve. The guests were preparing for dinner, and the drawing-room was deserted except by Elsie, who ready dressed, was seated on a low stool before the fire. Her eyes were fixed on the pictures in the coals, and her thoughts were evidently deep and earnest, if you might judge by their steady gaze and the line upon her brow.

A step in the hall makes her start and causes the rich color to mantle over cheek and neck; but she is quiet again before the door opens and admits her cousins John and Percie, mud-splashed, and in shooting dress.

"Here alone, Elsie!" said the former "But I need not feign surprise. I knew we should find you here at this hour."

"And, therefore, came to inflict the sight of those muddy gaiters upon me!" she said with a merry laugh. "I am afraid you make too sure of a welcome."

Truly his face said that he was sure of it. He was a gallant young fellow, stalwart and bronzed. None of his brother's delicacy, no trace of the family to which he was supposed to belong—his plebeian blood asserted itself in strong health and vigorous life. He was not of his mother's fair complexion, though he strongly resembled her; but he had her brown eyes and dark waving hair. The eyes told of truth, sense, and feeling; the soft yet firm lines of the mouth were at once resolute and sweet. You may give your heart to him without fear, Elsie Challoner. He will value it and guard it well.

"What sport have you had to-day?" asked Elsie.

"Not much; but we did not spend much of our time on it. John and I were practising at a mark in the long walk."

"And which is the better marksman?"

"Oh, John beats me out and out. My hand has lost its cunning altogether at Oxford."

"Percie underrates his own skill," said John. "I have hard work to beat him. I should be very sorry to stand up as his target."

"I mean to be even with you yet," said Percie; "but in the meantime we had better get out of this mud and dress for dinner. If you're as hungry as I am you won't want to keep it waiting."

He left the room, but John remained, leaning on the mantel-piece and looking at Elsie, who still kept her low seat.

"What do you call the color of your dress, Elsie? It is very pretty."

"Don't you know mauve? With these black ribbons it is half-mourning, and you know papa does not wish me quite to leave it off just yet."

"It is very becoming—at least you look well in it; not but what you always look well in my eyes." The tone of the last words brought the color to her face again.

"Elsie, I never thought how pleasant it would be to have a sister till I knew you."

"Do you wish I were your sister?" she said innocently, and then blushed deeply at the sudden thought which entered her mind.

"No, Elsie," he said, coming nearer and leaning over her; "I would not have you for my sister for the whole world."

She could not speak now. Her eyes

were bent upon the ground, and the hot blushes came and went.

"Elsie, do you not know that it is as one far nearer and dearer than any sister ——"

What more he would have said she did not know; for, at that most inopportune moment, Mrs. Falconer entered the room. Her keen eye noted at once John's bent head and Elsie's glowing cheek, and a flash of intelligence crossed her face. "Why did I never think of this?" she thought; "but it may not yet be too late." She came to the fire and sat down in the shadow.

"John, your mother wishes to see you before dinner," she said in a cold tone. "She has had letters whose contents it is important you should know."

The young man looked up, struck by the peculiar emphasis on the words.

"No bad news, I hope, Aunt Charlotte?"

"You will hear from your mother," was the reply.

John hurried away, leaving his aunt to converse with Elsie, who, though not in a very talkative mood, was obliged to exert herself.

"Is anything the matter, aunt? Anything I may know?"

"Anne has had some bad news, if what she fears is true; but, perhaps, I have no right to tell you. You will most likely hear it from her or your father before long."

This was just enough to make Elsie anxious and uneasy. She thought the conference of her aunt and cousins lasted a most unreasonable time, and worried herself with wondering what could be the matter until they appeared, which was not till they had kept everyone waiting for ten minutes, and been twice summoned. She did not obtain much satisfaction when they came; her cousins looked very grave and her aunt's eyes showed signs of tears, for Mrs. Lawrence had not outlived her youth in that respect: tears came as readily to her relief in trouble now as they had done at seventeen. Nothing, of course, could be said now; but as they went down to dinner, Elsie caught a few low-spoken words between her Aunt Falconer and Challie, who were before her.

"Challie, you know something of such matters; how will it be? Tell me the worst."

And she heard the young man answer, "Utter ruin in any case, exposure and disgrace unless the necessary sum can be raised in time."

Why could they mean? Who could be threatened with ruin and disgrace, in whom they could be so deeply interested? She puzzled over it, and made the most erratic replies to the remarks of her neighbor while listening for some chance word which might throw light on the mystery. None such was spoken; the conversation was gay as usual, the silence of two or three not exciting observation; and Elsie at last discovered that to wait with patience was her only resource.

In the evening her attention was wholly occupied with what touched her much more nearly—the altered manner of her cousin John. He did not come to her first, as usual, on entering the drawing-room; he did not ask her to play chess, or stand behind her when she sang; a few commonplace words were all the notice she received from him, and, unable to account for it, she was first surprised, then annoyed, and then, like all women, supposed that he had good reasons for what he did and that she was in the wrong. She waited until it should be set right with the best grace she could, all unaware of what was to come.

The party at last broke up, and the remaining guests were separating for the night, then John Lawrence spoke.

"It is good night and good-bye for my brother and me," he said with a smile. "I had letters to-day which shorten my leave; and important business demands our presence in London to-morrow, so we had better bid our friends adieu now, as we must start by the train from Oxton station at six o'clock."

The general surprise and expressions of regret formed a cover for Elsie's blank dismay. The brothers took a friendly farewell of all, and though she glanced in John's face as he took her hand and said, "Good-bye, Elsie," she could not perceive that either his look or tone were warmer than those of Challie. How could she tell what the effort cost him? What did she

know of the fierce struggle raging beneath his outward calm, as he looked on her face, as he believed, for the last time? No word or sign betrayed it; so the good-byes were spoken, and the party dispersed, and Elsie went to her room, wondering in a kind of stupid surprise how she should feel to-morrow.

Chapter III.

Drearily enough passed the next few weeks. Elsie soon, too soon, learned the ill tidings that had created such an effect on New-year's eve. No one knew how much it affected her; no one thought it needful to soften it to her, or to avoid discussing it in her presence; but she suffered no token to escape her of what she felt, or the sorrow it must bring on her.

The story was soon told. Mr. Lawrence had been possessed with a love of speculation, which had gone on increasing year by year. Not so much by his own fault or misdoings, as through evil chances and the defalcations of others, he had become inextricably involved. Elsie could not understand the detail; it was all Greek to her what her father said about compound interest, mortgaged property, and renewed bills; but the facts were plain. Things had gone smoothly for a time, but the day of reckoning had come at last. Mr. Lawrence was indebted over and above the value of his property, for more than £20,000; and as he had no means to defray the debt, unless the necessary sum could be raised among other members of the family, bankruptcy must follow; there must be, as Challie had said, ruin, exposure, and disgrace.

Disgrace! for who would draw the distinction between his misfortune and his fault? Who would think it worth while to consider how much he was to be pitied and how far blamed? And blame of course attached to him, as it must to any one who speculates beyond his means, endangering, no matter how safe he may consider the ground to be, the property of others besides his own. Bitterly did they all feel this; bitterly did they all regret that even the suspicion should come on one connected with the name of Challoner; but none felt it so keenly as Charlotte and her brother. Who had the same cause? To the rest it was an unavoidable misfortune, to be grieved over and borne; to them it was one which but for their own act might never have been.

Of course the money must be forthcoming; large as the sum was (£20,000 is a large sum to be required at once, even of a wealthy family) it must be procured. Mrs. Falconer must stint herself (for Percie's property was untouchable); Allan must take from the fortune of his child, and even then pinch and spare, and all to shield one whom both knew to have no claim whatever upon either. And besides this, the stigma of being connected with the bankrupt mill-owner must cling, wholly without foundation, to the Challoner name. It was very bitter to both of them; to themselves and each other they confessed that they thought so. For whatever wrong they had done they were severely punished; they had thought to avert scandal and the busy tongue of the world, and they had ensured both; they had, in what they called good nature and affection, done evil that good might come, and they now paid a heavy price for past immunity; they had escaped the lesser evil to fall into one far greater.

And yet neither for a moment thought of escaping by the only means by which escape was possible now; neither suggested the idea of revealing the truth to Anne, and throwing off responsibility in the matter. If deceit can ever be excusable, or allied to virtue, it became so here. The Challoner pride saved them from the commission of that meanness, even in thought. No. They had for their own sakes concealed the truth when the disclosure would have affected them comparatively little, and have been small grief to Anne; how could they make it known now, when the knowledge would cause her double suffering, and be of such benefit to them?

This was their share of the burden. With Mr. Lawrence we will not concern ourselves; he has not appeared on our scene, and will not till the end; but his sons felt keenly the change in their lot in life. Challie's acute sensibility was alike wounded by the slur on his father's name,

by the suffering to his mother, and the obligation under which they must now lie to others, with very little hope of being able to discharge the debt; and if John did not feel all this quite to the same extent, it was because he had his own peculiar griefs.

Mrs. Lawrence and Elsie sat together in the dressing-room of the latter, when the year and their misfortunes with it were about three weeks old. The girl had appeared to be more drawn toward her aunt than ever, since there had existed the necessity of comforting her. The gentle Anne bore her grief with meekness and patience, but it was grief none the less; and though she did not devote much time to complaining, she felt as any other wife and mother would.

"I am sure I ought to be thankful to have such children," she said, folding up a letter from which she had been reading extracts to her niece. "I do not believe one in a thousand would at his age have done what Challie has done. The business is settled now."

Elsie did not answer; it was not of Challie she wished to hear, and yet she did not dare to ask the question that trembled on her tongue. Why was she so foolish? she thought. Why could she speak freely of Challie, and yet could not mention John?

"From this letter I suppose it is quite concluded," resumed Mrs. Lawrence. "The mill property brought more than they expected, and this, together with what I have given up of my own, will render it necessary to borrow of your father and your Aunt Charlotte only £11,000, which will satisfy all claims."

"Given up!" exclaimed Elsie. "Oh, Aunt Anne, you have not given up anything of your own? what will you have left to live on?"

"There is no merit due to me, my dear; the credit, if there be any, is the boys': Challie being of age, it was possible for them to revoke and annul the settlement if they chose. How could they keep the money when their father's name demanded it, and how could *I* refuse consent with their example before me?"

"Oh, how noble, how generous!" exclaimed Elsie, with kindling eyes. It was just what she could appreciate and admire. "But have you given up absolutely all? What will you do?"

"We shall have £400 a year. I do not understand how it was, but there was a small property to that amount that none of us could surrender."

"I am glad of that," said Elsie. "But what a pittance! How will you ever live on it? You will have to live here, Aunt Anne."

"What people have to do they must do, my dear, and it is no use to complain. I do not pretend to say I like it, or that I shall not find it very hard after living as I have always done; but I feel far more for my children. What a blessing it is now they have their professions to turn to; that they have not been brought up in idleness. But it is hard on both."

The mother's eyes filled and she looked steadily into the fire. Elsie listened, a new light breaking on her mind. She was so unused even to the idea of poverty, that she had not hitherto thought of the change their parents' loss of wealth would make to the young men.

"How is Challie? Is he well, or working too hard?" she asked at last.

"Poor boy, he will have to work now. He told me when he left he meant to make a fortune in no time. He must work of course, but I shall see that he does not do too much, for he cannot bear it; and he will still live with me. At present the change will be greater for John than for Challie," and she sighed.

"Why?" Elsie ventured to enquire.

"He will have to give up so much that he has always been used to; so much that he likes. Challie says he is negotiating for his exchange."

"Exchange! Into what, and why?"

"He cannot support the expense of a cavalry regiment any longer. Of course we can give him no allowance now, and he says it is impossible to live on his pay, so he is going to exchange into the line."

"But why can he live on his pay better in a line regiment?"

"I don't know. He says so much is not expected, and that having been used to a good income hitherto, he could not continue where he is without it. Besides, he

will receive a considerable sum for the exchange. I have no doubt what he does is for the best."

"But the line is an inferior service, is it not, Aunt Anne?"

"It is thought far less of, certainly. It is a sad thing for my poor boy, a complete blight of all his prospects. I am glad he was never in love, for he can now never marry."

Elsie started so visibly as to interrupt her aunt, but perceiving she had not been observed she transformed the start into a shiver, and, complaining of the cold, crept nearer the fire.

"I am sure I find the room warm enough, my dear," said Anne; "and your face is quite flushed; but how cold your hands are! you must be ill. Lie down on the sofa while I get you something warm to drink."

And Mrs. Lawrence, alarmed out of her own sad thoughts by her niece's flushed cheeks and cold hands, disposed Elsie on the sofa under a thick shawl, and hurried off in quest of her panacea for a cold. Elsie swallowed the mixture of port wine and ginger which in a short time made its appearance, pleaded a sudden chill, and begged to be allowed to go to sleep, glad of an excuse to be left in quiet to her own thoughts.

Her mind was in a whirl. She understood now what had puzzled her for the last three weeks; she saw clearly the reason of the conduct that had appeared to her so strange. Her cousin's words had been but few, but Elsie knew as well that he had intended them as a serious declaration of love as though he had indulged in lover's raptures for an hour. Often had she wondered that he had found or made no opportunity of renewing the conversation so inopportunely interrupted; but the reason was plain now, he had purposely avoided it; he had left her so suddenly to prevent the chance of their being thrown together. He could not marry, therefore he must not speak of love.

She did not know whether the discovery most pleased or pained her. Perhaps she had not actually doubted John's affection; she loved him, and therefore believed doubly in his love for her. But still it was satisfactory to know that conduct which had seemed so like caprice or trifling was nothing of the kind, but grounded on firm and honorable motives to which Elsie's own heart fully responded. This was the bright side; the dark one, and it was very dark, was that she did not see how the obstacle was to be removed. John had left her; was not likely to return; and even if he did, it was not probable that what had seemed right and fitting to him at one time would not be so at another. He could say no more to her; he had been interrupted just in time. The few words he had uttered that evening, being, as they were, unsucceeded by any further declaration, Elsie could not appear to take at their full meaning, however well she had understood them. Her clear mind saw all this without disguise. A less straightforward nature might have hesitated to define such thoughts so clearly, but Elsie did not attempt to conceal from herself, however she might conceal from others, that she loved her cousin, and should endeavor as far as her efforts could avail to remove the impediments that might lie in the way of their union. Any certainty was to Elsie preferable to ignorance or suspense; and having once come to a settled conclusion, and arranged her plans for the future, her mind was at rest. When Mrs. Lawrence came a short time after to enquire how she was, she found Elsie fast asleep.

Chapter IV.

The winter wore away and brought little change. For the greater part of it Mrs. Lawrence remained at Donningdean; her niece could not bear to part with her, even to go to Charlcote, and so it was settled that she should continue Elsie's guest until her own home in London could be prepared for her reception. They were to live in London for Challie's sake; he must pursue his reading in earnest now, as on his success hereafter in his profession his livelihood would depend, and his mother could not bear the idea of his doing so away from her. She never said, though they all knew, how she must dread the exchange from her old commodious and luxurious home, and pure country air, to a small close dwelling

in the stifling atmosphere of London, Elsie determined to spare her as long as she could, and, besides this, the winding up of Mr. Lawrence's affairs, the finding of a house in a convenient situation, and other business of the kind, would take some time. Thus it came to pass that Easter found her still at Donningdean; so did Percie, when he came home for the short vacation; and so did John Lawrence, when, to the surprise of all, he suddenly appeared.

It was not exactly keeping to the resolution he had formed of avoiding Elsie and temptation together, but we can easily find excellent reasons for any course we wish to pursue. John Lawrence persuaded himself without any difficulty and in perfect good faith, that a visit to his mother at Donningdean was indispensable. He would be very careful, and a week would do no harm.

The April evening was soft and mild as he entered the avenue at Donningdean. It was late in the month and the trees began to show the first indications of the leafy wealth to come; the sun was sinking, casting slanting rays across the verdant grass, and brightening into flame the windows of the old mansion. John thought as he slowly paced between the rows of stately elms (he had walked from Stormington), how beautiful the scene was in its evening peace and stillness; a stillness unbroken save by the occasional rustle of a bird among the branches, and the gurgle of the brook close by.

The murmur of voices which suddenly came on his ear, disturbed his reverie. His own tread on the grassy carpet made no sound, so that the speakers did not hear him, nor were they aware of his presence till he was close upon them. Once in sight of them he drew back, stood for a moment looking on them from the shadow of a beech tree, and then turned away.

Before him were Elsie and Percie Falconer; she seated on part of a felled tree, he lying on the ground at her feet. Elsie's face could not be seen, being partly concealed by a drooping veil, and partly turned away; but Percie's was plainly visible to the spectator, and in it he read all he wished, and more.

They were lovers. In Percie's speaking features and eager eyes, John saw at last what he wondered he had never seen or suspected before—his love for his cousin. By the light of his own affection he read that of his rival, and submitted to his fate.

Or thought he did. He reasoned thus: He had said but little to Elsie, she might easily have misunderstood him, or taken his words as compliment or gallantry; she had seen but little of him, and it was not likely he had in so short a time made much impression on her heart; how far more probable that heart should be given to Percie, her constant companion, with every attraction of person and fortune to favor his suit! As he saw her bend to reply to some remark of Percie's, he told himself he was very glad he had been mistaken when he fancied she might have come to love him; who was he, what right had he now to think of love or marriage? No; he was glad she loved Percie; very glad indeed.

His face was not indicative of great gladness as, after his short observation of the two, he turned unheard and unnoticed away. It was a singular thing, but although he had expressly made up his mind that his visit to Donningdean had nothing at all to do with Elsie, he now retraced his steps towards the gate as if his business was over and done, and had proceeded some distance before he discovered the direction in which he was going. "Bah!" he said, impatiently, "I am but a coward after all. Why should I not see them when I know it to be the truth and acknowledge it to be for the best? Besides, it was my mother I came to see, not—not *her*. I'm a fool to care so much about what can't be helped. I'll make a virtue of necessity, and give her up with a good grace. I—I think, though, I'll just walk round the park before I go in."

He did so, and there was no trace of agitation in his manner or greeting when he presented himself among the surprised family group, just before the second bell rang for dinner. "Glad to see me, mother?" he said as she welcomed him. "I thought I should surprise you a little. That exchange business is settled at last, and I'm on my way to join the ——th at Perth; but as Perth is a long way off, and as I'm not likely to get leave for some time, and shan't

be too flush of travelling expenses if I had it, I got permission to stop with you a week by the way." This to his mother, while, after saluting her, he shook hands with his uncle, and then spoke more cordially to Percie than he had feared he should be able to do. He gave his hand to Elsie for a moment, but without any particular greeting; and did not look at her or he might have seen that she was deadly pale.

Her father's welcome and the slight excitement caused by the unexpected arrival, gave her time to recover herself, and by the time John returned, after a short absence to prepare for dinner, she was herself again. Her momentary confusion had escaped notice; perhaps it was a pity John had not seen it, though probably he would not now have attributed it to the right cause if he had.

She was herself and yet not herself. Herself in all her own innocent gayety, her freedom of manner, her liveliness, and her sprightly ways and conversation. Not herself, in that she carried everything a shade too far.

With any one else Elsie might have exposed herself to the suspicion of wishing to establish a flirtation, had there been any one to remark. As it was, no one noticed the persistent way in which she gave her whole attention to her cousin John; how she talked only to him; how she summoned him to sing; kept him to turn the music while she played; challenged him to a game of chess, which she made to last a most unreasonable time; and through all was more winning in manner and speech than she had ever allowed herself to be before. Her father and aunt considered she was but properly courteous to a new guest, and Percie, though rather wondering at Elsie's sudden flow of spirits, was far from imagining the cause, though as much in love as ever, John's quiet reserve was such as to prevent the idea of jealousy from entering his mind.

But John felt her gentle affectionate manner; felt it keenly through the mistaken interpretation he put upon it. "She can afford to be tender now," he thought bitterly. "She and Percie understand one another too well to need outward attentions or marks of love. I am the stranger guest, to be treated with politeness; he can be left to consider himself at home. What a fool I was to come here!"

The next morning they all rode over to Charlcote. Mrs. Falconer was much surprised (and to him it was very evident disagreeably so) to see her nephew. She did not express any regret at hearing he was going to Scotland, at which he did not wonder; but he was somewhat astonished when she evinced a desire to see as much of him as she could, and invited herself to Donningdean for the period of his stay. He soon found what her affectionate interest meant.

Percie invited him to come and inspect his shooting ground and targets; at the same time asking Elsie to be witness of a match between them. Elsie agreed willingly, but Mrs. Falconer interposed, saying she was afraid to trust her niece in such a dangerous vicinity; being remonstrated with and laughed at, she at last consented, on condition she should be of the party—"to keep Elsie out of harm's way."

"Well I'm sure, mother, this is an unexpected honor," laughed Percie. "Do you know, John, I have never been able to persuade her down here before." But John, who had been keenly watchful of his aunt's look and tone, perceived more in her sudden solicitude than was suspected by her son.

He was soon confirmed in his idea. He saw that Charlotte watched every look and motion of both Elsie and himself; that as far as she could she listened to all that passed between them; that she carefully prevented any chance of their being left together or having any private conference; that she made Percie as much as possible their companion, and that, when he was otherwise engaged, she contrived that either Mrs. Lawrence or herself should share their walks or rides. He was half indignant and half scornful. "With her son once attached or engaged to such a girl as Elsie," he thought, "how can she consider such espionage useful? Or if useful, how could it be of any avail?"

This went on for five days out of the six that John's leave extended to, but on the last a different programme was arranged. Elsie had also perceived Mrs. Falconer's

stratagem, and the young lady's spirit was roused; she determined that her aunt should not have everything her own way. Directly after breakfast she had a consultation with Percie, after which he disappeared. Allan went out on some magisterial business, and Mrs. Lawrence, having a slight cold, kept her room; so that Elsie, entering the breakfast-room, about eleven o'clock, dressed for riding, found Charlotte its only occupant.

"Where are you going, my dear? I thought you had decided not to go out to-day?"

"So I had, but I remembered afterwards that I had promised to go and see that poor woman at the Glen Fall."

"And who is going with you? John and Percie?"

"Only John," said Elsie, quietly buttoning her glove.

"Where is Percie?"

"Gone to Stormington for the third volume of the book we were reading last night; we want to finish it before John goes."

"Why did you not send Crawford?"

"Crawford is gone into the village to have a shoe put on Red Rover; he cast one the last time I was out."

"Then what horse are you going to ride?"

"Aunt Sally."

Mrs. Falconer held up her hands. "My dear, I cannot permit you to ride Aunt Sally. Your father would never forgive me if I let you go out on that restive brute."

"Papa knows all about it, Aunt Charlotte," said Elsie, and, though she spoke very quietly, Mrs. Falconer noticed her eyes shone. "I told him before he went out; and even if I had not he allows me to ride any horse I please."

"At any rate, my dear, wait till Percie comes back, and can go with you. I should be more at ease if he were at hand to take care of you."

"I daresay you would, Aunt Charlotte;" and for her life she could not have helped saying it; "but I am quite satisfied with John's protection myself."

"You have chosen a disagreeable day to go out," said Mrs. Falconer, biting her lip, but seeing signs of the "family spirit" in Elsie which warned her not to go too far. "It will surely rain before you return."

"We had better not delay then," said Elsie, maliciously enjoying her aunt's vexation. "I see John is ready." She gathered up her habit and left the room with a smile; and Charlotte, standing at the window, was obliged to put up with the mortification of seeing them ride off together.

(To be continued.)

AFTER THE TAKING OF QUEBEC, 1759.

BY E. H. NASH, FARNBORO, P. Q.

"A struggle wild; the battle done!
An onset fierce, a victory won!
On Abram's heights, Quebec is ours;
Her gates, her castle, and her towers!
Among the dead, oh, well we may
Mourn the young hero of the day,
The noble, brave! Yes, Wolfe is slain;
As 'Victory' sounded o'er the plain.
His glazing eye marked well the rout,
With life's last flash, ere it went out."

This was the news borne o'er the main,
And English hearts beat high again.
Rejoicings wild filled all the land,
"The battle's ours." Hand joined in hand!
And bonfires huge, of faggots piled,
Blazed in the darkness, flaming wild;
Throughout her length and breadth entire
Did England's sons light up that fire,
Save in one spot—a hamlet mean,
Where neither smoke nor flame were seen;

Where all was gloom amid the light
That shot from each surrounding height,
Where all was silence 'mid the glee
That filled the land from sea to sea;
For there a widowed mother's grief
In silent sorrow sought relief.
There Wolfe's lone mother mourned as one
"Who mourneth for an only son,"
In woe so deep that none but He
Who every human grief can see,
Who every mortal pang can feel,
The Lord above, alone could heal.

RUSTIC JOTTINGS FROM THE BUSH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A CANADIAN PIONEER."

(*Continued.*)

No. 4.

TRIALS OF SETTLERS.

Spurgeon remarks: "We ought not to be put out of heart by difficulties. They are sent on purpose to try the stuff we are made of; and, depend upon it, they do us a world of good. A world where everything was easy would be a nursery for babies, but not at all a fit place for men."

Rocks and hills, dangers and difficulties, have ever been favorable to the production of muscle and mind. Albeit Canada is necessarily yet in the rear in producing the higher type of individual greatness, she turns out a very handsome supply of serviceable humanity. Our young men possess a power of adaptation that makes them no mean rivals on ordinary fields of competition; and we may, without vanity, boast of a soil favorable for producing men. In passing under review trials incident to emigrant experience, it is not intended to refer to those fiery ordeals which awaited the white man when he tested for the first time in a new world the rigor of climate, the local diseases of the country, and the enmity and revenge of the Red man. Terrible things are recorded of the suffering and death experienced by the pilgrim fathers who laid the foundation of civilized existence in America. Their fame is safe in the annals of the qualified historian.

The humbler task assumed in "Jottings from the Bush," is to expatiate on the ordinary trials of ordinary times. In dwelling briefly upon these, it will be attempted to draw lessons of instruction from the various ways in which difficulties have been met by different individuals in fighting the battle of forest life, and remarks offered thereon which may interest and benefit the reader. In a previous number of these "Jottings," the pain of parting from country and kindred was referred to. Perhaps it may not be wide of the mark to denominate the next trial

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Interested and injudicious parties, in representing Canada, have ofttimes induced persons to emigrate who were comfortable at home, and should have stayed there. Very much misery and discontent have been the consequences in such cases, and, in many instances, individuals thus deceived have returned from whence they came.

On the other hand, it is scarcely possible to convey to the minds of our trans-Atlantic friends correct impressions of things as they are. Their imaginations will diversify and change the picture, so that some degree of disappointment awaits them on their arrival here. Then, again, the nature of man is such that this feeling can hardly be provided against, so much are we creatures of habit. A man who has been long a prisoner scarcely values liberty when it comes. Translate an inhabitant of the most inhospitable clime to one of the most favored, and he will sigh for the land of his birth. Small wonder, then, that time is necessary before anyone can judge justly of this or any other country.

The circumstances under which the emigrant arrives have often much to do in producing despondency. The state of his own health and even that of others, the condition of his purse, or the character of the weather will exert influence over his judgment in approving or condemning the country. Take an example:—

Some years ago a worthy and industrious farmer left Scotland, intent on life in Canada. His numerous family possessed

every quality to secure success. After defraying all the expenses of the voyage a thousand sovereigns remained to the good with which to make a start. Alas! they landed in Montreal the first year of the cholera, and the scenes witnessed on the wharf as they stepped ashore made them shudder. Suffering and death met their gaze at every point. The father pushed on to Bytown; but cholera and its fruits met him there also. Dispirited and discouraged, he concluded Canada was not the place for him or his, and hastened back to Montreal. They re-embarked immediately, and returned to their native land. A farm was rented; but a succession of bad crops exhausted the good man's means, and obliged them to try Canada again. This time the family brought no other capital but the will and ability to labor. Their success has been ample, and every member occupies a comfortable and respectable position in the community.

Probably another trial will be the climate. Such it must be until experience enables the new-comer to provide against greater heat in summer, more intense cold in winter, and deeper snow for several months than he has been accustomed to. The more even nature of the weather in Canada must strike old country people favorably. Considering the absurd stories about our climate which are widely circulated at home, we have a right to expect emigrants to be agreeably surprised with the reality. In a geography published in Britain, the cold of Canada is represented as being so severe that no part of the body can be exposed during winter without the certainty of being frost-bitten, and the entire person must be enveloped in furs before venturing out of doors!

In the April number of Spurgeon's *Sword and Trowel* for 1870, is an article on the distinguished missionary, Wm. Burns. In this article occurs the following language:—"In Canadian wilds it is not unusual for people to get weather-bound; and if excuses for not keeping a preaching appointment, or for not filling up one's pew, can ever be pleaded conscientiously, it is when the primitive roads, enveloped in snow-drifts, only allow the preacher or hearer to be dragged to chapel during a lull in the storm by a *team of twenty horses* at the rate of a mile an hour."

What will Canadians think of this picture of Canada experience, drawn in this enlightened day in the great city of London, only ten days distant from the land so misrepresented? Who among us ever saw such snow-drifts, such a team—unless drawing masts—or such an accommodating lull?

This descriptive piece partakes of the character of one on the Falls of Niagara, to be seen in a "Reader" once extensively used in common schools, wherein it is stated that Indians in their canoes have been known to descend in safety the mighty cataract, and which is as truly true as the legend of the Chaudière at Ottawa.

In a Gazeteer of no mean pretensions, it is stated that the great Chaudière is the mouth of a subterraneous channel whose extent and direction is unknown; that a cow which had fallen into its boiling waters disappeared, but came up all right at Foxe's Point, ten miles below. It happens Foxe's Point is more than twice ten miles down the river; but a few miles makes no difference in a big story.

Isolation is another trial which presses sorely on the social instincts of the settler. He enters fully into the feelings of Selkirk when he asks:—

> "O solitude, where are the charms
> That sages have seen in thy face?"

Even this trial has its compensating benefits. Generally a humanizing influence steals over the mind of the dwellers in the bush. With ungrudging hospitality they make welcome the lone traveller to the cover of their shanty and the frugal fare of their board. Neighborly interchange of good offices in helping and being helped is favorable to rubbing off the asperities of temper, and in teaching men of different nations and diverse religious and political creeds to respect and esteem each other.

The trial of flies will not be deemed a light affliction by any son or daughter of Adam who has experienced their power to torment poor humanity. When a cleared country and drained fields are enjoyed, a great diminution of this plague is the result. The old settler has a lively recol-

lection of his sufferings in days gone by, when these troublers made sad havoc of his comfort both by day and by night. Mosquitoes in legions waged eternal war on his person. Blackflies, as plentiful and as unrelenting, followed suit, and sandflies plied with equal energy the same vocation, until his face and neck were swollen and lacerated with the poisoned bites of these bloodsuckers.

Another trial claiming notice is that of wild beasts. Bears have carried off children, indulged in fresh pork, and hugged the huntsman to death; but such occurrences are rare, and generally Bruin prefers running to fighting. He prefers vegetable diet to animal, and loves such dainties as nuts and berries. Green corn and green oats are especial favorites, and the back settler has ofttimes had to mourn the destruction of much of his crops by bands of these marauders. The racoon, too, is an efficient hand in this kind of work, being at one with the bear in the opinion that green corn is good eating. These freebooters occasionally pay dear for their good cheer, and in turn supply the owner of the crops with excellent meals from their flesh, while their skins can be sold, or manufactured into sleigh robes.

In securing such gentry, the dead-fall, the trap and set gun, are common means employed. On one occasion the writer had the good luck to kill two bears at one shot with a set gun—the accommodating animals pulling the trigger themselves, thus committing suicide. Another method of dealing with these robbers is, erecting stages in the invaded fields and shooting them therefrom, without the intervention of judge or jury. An old veteran settler, who had fought under Sir John Moore and in nearly every battle of the Peninsular War, tried the stage plan to compass the enemy; but always did so with fixed bayonet, in case, as he observed, of coming to close quarters. One night as he stood sentry, a formidable fellow in dark dress entered an appearance, and began, as usual, to feast on our hero's corn. A well-aimed shot stretched Bruin on the ground; but to make all sure, the gallant warrior charged and gave the foe the full benefit of his trusty steel.

Wolves are more dangerous and more destructive customers. Many a flock of sheep has been thinned, and sometimes all destroyed by their incursions. Sometimes they will attack a man. An instance within the writer's knowledge occurred several years ago. One cold winter night as the schoolmaster of a back settlement was passing through a strip of woods between two clearings, a numerous pack of these ravenous animals fell on his track, and set up a most unearthly howl that well nigh frightened the poor pedagogue out of his wits. He concluded it was all up with him as they came bounding towards him. Fortunately he was young and nimble, and having no desire to be made a supper of by such fellows, he managed to climb a tree just in time to save his skin. His cap and mittens, in the hurry, were left behind,—these the disappointed scamps tore to shreds, and evinced their rage by gnawing the bark of the tree and scratching the snow at a furious rate. The unfortunate schoolmaster was serenaded for some two hours by the most unmusical sounds that ever saluted human ears. Each hour seemed a day, and, as he shivered aloft, he began to think seriously of the liklihood of freezing to death or falling down to be eaten up after all. However, longer days were in store for him. The pack left for other game, and he escaped, and yet lives a useful member of society. More than thirty winters have passed over the head of our friend since he was "treed" by wolves, and his hairs are whitening by the frost of age; but he retains a vivid remembrance of the event, and gratefully acknowledges the good hand of the Almighty in sparing his life.

Other animals are troublesome and thievish, particularly in invading the hen-roost. The porcupine and skunk are occasionally unpleasant neighbors—the former by lodging its quills in your dog's body, and the latter by the horrid stench by which you recognize its presence. Both these, however, act on the principle of letting alone if left alone; but Master Fox, whose morality is much more lax, is a thief of the first water. Many times does he disgust the good wife by large drafts on her poultry yard, thereby disappointing her of

an intended roast or choice fowls for market.

Hard work is legitimately one of the trials of the emigrant. Every man who enters upon a bush-covered lot, and wishes to succeed, must lay his account with continuous hard labor for many years. Cutting down big trees taxes the muscle, and yet, when the art of using the axe is acquired, it is not an unpleasant kind of heavy work. There is pleasure as well as danger in levelling the primeval forest, as one after another of the sturdy giants tumble to the ground. A few days only are required to chop an acre. A few acres each year in time presents an ample farm. After chopping, logging and burning follow, which are more laborious and less pleasant employment.

Still the land is covered with stumps, and the bush-farmer must harrow, plough, reap and mow among these as best he may for some years. This is a trying operation to man and beast, and calls into exercise a quality that distinguished a noted farmer of old; but patience and application will surmount all difficulties, and the day will come when the wilderness shall become fruitful fields, and when the mower and reaper shall perform their labor-saving work with ease and profit where stumps erst-while covered the ground.

(*To be continued.*)

TO C——

BY B. C. M'LEAN.

The sands are dry where warbling fountains ran;
The breezes from the sky have died away;
Perspiring brows attest the toil of man;
The drooping flowers do nature's thirst betray.
Yet evening cools or breezes softly fan
The meadows, dried by noon's too ardent ray;
Refreshing showers restore their greener span
And cheer the flocks that on their herbage stray.
Thus heaven provides a cure for nature's pain
And pours a soothing balm upon her wounds,
But for the griefs that in my breast remain
Is poured, alas—no balm—are set no bounds;
With ceaseless anguish shall my bosom strain,
For thou, departed, ne'er return'st again.

The flowery sheen of summer's blooming plain;
The warbled gladness of the leafy glade;
The blushing robe of nature's eastern train,
By winter's hand among the past are laid.
Yet spring, with heavenly bounty, brings again
The joyous birds that in the branches played,
And loveliness, in winter loved in vain,
And flowers to bloom in place of those that fade.
But ah! when death brings unrelenting pain,
When homes in mourning weeds are sad arrayed
No spring will break his melancholy chain,
No summer bring them light instead of shade;
From mem'ry there is then no balm to gain
And sorrow can but weep and love complain.

THE LEGEND OF ST. JOHN D'AUCUNA.

BY H. R. BIGELOW, QUEBEC.

Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres. O beate Sesti
Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque Manes.

Oh! the chimes of Mafra ring out sweet, peaceful notes, when the sun goes gently down to its setting, and merrily trolls the heart of the farmer homeward bound, for the blithesome notes find echoing refrain in his own breast on this evening of return. Oh! yes, ye chime not now of aught save rest from care; but I wonder what knell ye rang when he whose trembling hand carved these words of teeming beauty out of the solid rock of his earthly home and sepulchre, was stolen away from your shores. I wonder that the melody of your voices did not grow the more harsh, as ye tolled forever to their final rest, the souls of those whom Inquisition scourged, and then released from their corruptible bondage. Buried for numberless years in the bowels of the earth, crusted over almost beyond recognition by the rust of ages, it was left to Nature to reveal this secret of Inquisitorial power, more horrible than any other of its numberless perpetrations.

Few among us can have forgotten that series of earthquakes which so direfully afflicted the Island of St. Thomas on the 18th day of November, 1868. And never will they whose dearest ties were clinging around the U. S. Steamships "De Soto" and "Monongahela," cease to thank that merciful Providence which brought the beloved ones safe to their homes again. The horrors of that day and night have left an impress on the minds of those who witnessed it, which time cannot efface. These scenes were all described in many of the daily journals of our land, and everywhere excited a thrilling interest; but few, even among those who were stationed at St. Thomas at the time, know of the extent of the revelations made by this wondrous disembowelling of the Island. It was my fortune, good or bad, to have been at that time, as an Officer of the Navy, on board of one of these vessels, of whose safety the earliest tidings that reached the Navy Department were, that she had been washed ashore "bottom up." What consternation this must have caused, what anguish it must have brought to those dear ones in "Fatherland," ye best can tell who have fathers, brothers, or sons serving on the High Seas.

On the morning of the 19th of November, I went ashore at St. Thomas, accompanied by two officers, to examine into the extent of damages on the Island; and also to test the truth of a report which had reached us that the Island of Saba had been rent in twain. We had but just completed this duty, and, somewhat tired, were making preparations for return, when, panting and trembling from eager haste, a young man saluted us in the peculiar jargon of the country, begging that we would follow him to the crest of the hill, where there had been disclosed a peculiar opening, seemingly leading to an extensive cave. We were certainly not unwilling to comply with a request which promised so much of interest. But before hastening on with the result of our research it becomes necessary to preface this article with a short account of the early inhabitants of St. Thomas. Very early in the sixteenth century, this island was the resort of Spanish pirates, who infested the sea, and plundered the small and scattered villages along the coasts. Over the spot where tradition says they buried their treasure, has been erected recently a house of peculiar architecture, called "Pirates' Castle," which overlooks the whole harbor of St. Thomas. It was to the rear of this building that our young Cicerone directed our steps.

Indeed it was

> A cave where no daylight enters,
> But cats and badgers are forever bred.

The internal convulsion had been such as to separate into nearly equal divisions the rock on either side. At the extreme end of the rent was an entrance supported by arches of human artifice, which not even the earthquake had been mighty enough to disturb. Beyond all was dark and gloomy. Our interest now was excited to a pitch which admitted no thought of fatigue or personal discomfort. Securing, therefore, a sufficient number of lanterns, spades, picks and excavating materials, together with two natives, we commenced the exploration. For a distance of twenty feet there were evidences to be seen of a vestibule with groined roof and tesselated pavement, the walls of which, when freed from that slimy moss which always adheres to solid materials in damp and darksome places, were found to be covered with hieroglyphics and strange lettering. Generally they were illegible, the incrustations of mineral earth having effaced letters and whole sentences. Some of the words were apparently of old Spanish dialect—snatches of warlike chants and deeds. Other inscriptions were written with the old square character assimilating to the Hebrew, though they were more probably Arabic. In a niche cut out of the face of the rock were the remains of a sarcophagus, covered at the head with inscriptions, and at the foot with the representation of one vessel pursuing another. The bones of the cranium still remained, with portions of others, in the sarcophagus; these, together with an iron urn, were all that could be found in this connection. So far, there was no clue to this mystery, owing to our inability to translate what was written. There was little or no resemblance between the old and modern Spanish. All we could do was to take impressions and seek further. We came now to an abrupt turn on the left, though this direct entrance had been continued, no doubt, some distance; but all passage way in a direct line was entirely obstructed by the earth which had fallen in. Passing then to the left, through long rows of crumbling conglomerate pillars, wreathed with carved snakes and oak leaves, we came suddenly upon a wide and lofty hall full of remains of ancient trophies. A large stone table ran midway down the centre for half the entire length, with rows of curiously carved chairs arranged on either side. At the extreme end of the room was an elevated platform of delicate workmanship. On the face of the keystone of the arch of the hall under which this regal throne (for so I supposed it to be) was raised, was carved a crown, and an inscription which, in Arabic, would be "El Kuds"—"The Holy." Here were blades of Moorish scimetars—eaten almost beyond recognition by rust—greaves, and crests of olden time device. Underneath each chair was chiselled out of solid stone a single word, probably the name of him who occupied it. While trying to decipher the inscription underneath the seat of honor with the help of chisel and hammer, I struck somewhat heavily upon a letter which was more obliterated than the others, when with a groan the whole mass seemed to revolve as if moved by superhuman power. I felt myself moving backward, and could see that the floor of the hall had divided itself into two equal parts which receded from each other. Wider and wider grew the gap, the floor creaking on rusty hinges which croaked hideously at the loathsome revelation it was about to make. Up poured the foul and pestilential air, pent up for ages in this "durance vile." The hot and fetid breath struck the face and paled the cheek with sickening horror. For a moment I had well nigh succumbed with nervous fear and nausea, but braced myself as well as possible, awaiting further developments. What occupied in reality but a minute or two, seemed an hour; and I thought the horrid creaking would never cease, nor the noxious gases ever purify themselves in better atmosphere. But pause at last it did, and together with my companions I commenced an investigation. A curious network of wheels and mechanical contrivances, of which I had accidentally struck the motive power, had rolled back on either side the massive floor, and left an opening of six feet at least in width, and in length corresponding to the width of the hall. We approached cautiously,

and peered into the chasm, but were unable to penetrate the thick darkness, even with the aid of our lantern. But after our eyes had become somewhat accustomed to the gloom, and we were better able to bear the vapors ascending, we came to the conclusion that, in order to explore this mystery to the end, it were better to adopt the plan of the Swiss guides, that while two remained in the hall, the other should descend with a rope around his body. This was the most feasible and only arrangement in our power. Then the question arose as to which of us should make this "Descensus Averni," and as no great eagerness was displayed on the part of any one individual, we decided to draw lots; and, with my usual luck, I drew the shortest paper. I cannot say that I hailed it as a particular piece of good fortune, or that I looked quite cheerful and pleased; for, to tell the truth (I had not the spur of ambition to prick me on), I was not anxious to encounter the deep gloom and nauseating smells of this vault, chasm, or whatever it might be. Nevertheless, I mounted my best coat of bravery, and allowed my companions to commence preparations. First of all, with a lump of clay, I fastened a candle to the crown of my hat, miner fashion, then slipped the rope around my body, and with lantern, and pick in hand, begged the lucky fellows above to lower me gently, for not being the lightest weight in the world, and my knowledge of the strength of materials not being as profound as when a student, I was naturally anxious for the safety of my person. I had descended about ten feet, when I landed upon a solid foundation, beneath which I could very distinctly hear the washing of water among the rocks. Fortunately my lantern was a powerful one, with a good reflector, and this, with the candle in my hat, was sufficient to guide my footsteps in the right direction, and to illuminate the gloom for fifteen or twenty feet around me. I hailed my companions, informed them of my position, and asked them to make all speed and descend. A long narrow chasm, through which flowed some tributary of the sea, separated the vault longitudinally into two equal divisions. On each side of the platform were dungeons with grated iron doors. The first one that I entered contained the skull and bones of one who must have met an awful death within the walls of this cell. Through the parietal bones of the cranium there was a hole and the rusty remnant of a nail, and I cannot but think that this unfortunate one was cruelly murdered as was Sisera of old. I could gain no clue as to the name or history of the inmate, as there were no inscriptions. This was evidently the prison wherein were incarcerated and murdered the victims of the pirates. Descending by a few stone steps, I came upon a small, narrow dungeon, more gloomy and confined than all the rest; the water washed and bubbled almost to the very threshold, and a damp, unwholesome smell penetrated to the very bone. Within the limits of this dungeon the light of day could never have penetrated, and he who was left to perish there must have suffered a lingering death, with the tortures of the worst atheist in Dante's "Inferno." Here it was that I discovered a missing link in the chain of Spanish history—a point upon which all historians have failed to throw any light; here it was that I gained material for this true legend of St. John d'Aucuna. As in the case of the others, this cell contained only a few bones of the head and extremities—the remains of an iron bound headpiece, with iron bars in front, which after developments proved to be a mask. But the walls were covered with writing carved out of rock, evidently with great care and labor, and in the Latin language. The first thing that caught my eye was that verse of old Horace, over which I had pored in my school-boy days, and which I have quoted at the head of this article. What a host of reminiscences crowded and hustled each other in and out of memory as I read the words gleaned with great tribulation and many an irritating smart full ten years ago; then too, to meet them here, in an underground cell, revealed by the mighty internal powers of the earth—to read them graven in solid rock, by one whose sufferings were second to no martyr of old. What an immortality for the Bard. *Pallida Mors* has brought a blessed realization of divine pity to many a one in the eras of life, but I doubt if he ever released from

earthly misery a soul so willing as that of the inmate of this cell. My knowledge of Latin was not sufficiently accurate to translate all that had been left upon the walls for posterity to bring to light, but such as I deciphered I give to you in substance.

The family of Aucuna was second to none, in point of rank and wealth, in all Spain. In war, politics, or charitable undertakings they were always found in the foremost rank. During the days of the Inquisition the head of the house, Count Tristram d'Aucuna, had married the daughter of Villariciosa, an officer in the Inquisition, and author of a celebrated mock heroic poem. She, the young wife, was esteemed throughout the land for her beauty and accomplishments, and well was she fitted for the proud position of wife and mother in the House of Aucuna. The second brother, Alvarez d'Aucuna, was made Cardinal Bishop of Toledo, and was better known as Don Bernardo y Roias of Sandoval; so that, in church and state, this family, strengthened by its intermarriage, was the most powerful in Spain, and any direct blow aimed at one of its members would strike with equal force a large number of mighty nobles whose enmity it was not politic to incur. These names are all familiar in history, yet are poorly expressed in a military, religious, and literary sense, so that any new facts relating thereto will, in a measure, affect the history of Spain during the 16th and 17th centuries. During the 17th century, at the time Alvarez was made Inquisitor-General of Spain, his brother was confirmed as Duke of Lerma. The only offspring of the marriage above referred to was John, Count d'Aucuna, and the subject of our present story. He was born in the old family mansion at Madrid, and passed his youth among men his superiors in years and learning. Indeed, he had, at one time, the celebrated Dominican Monk Beda for his tutor. It was not strange then, that, imbibing at so early a stage of life the bitter notions and bigoted ideas with which all Spain was rife, hearing but one side of the question from such men as Beda and his uncle the Cardinal Bishop, he, the young Count, should have grown up a type and integral part of themselves. In poetical attainments he was far from mediocre, and his verses to this day hold a prominent position in the literature of Spain. At the age of twenty he became espoused to a daughter of the far-famed house of Alba. You may remember a Duke of that name played a conspicuous part in the Inquisition in the Dutch colonies. At this point, the whole course of his reasoning seemed to tend in a direction less bitter than formerly, and he became impressed with the belief that the Inquisition was not only a cruel type of barbaric ignorance, but that its course was the least calculated to inspire the nation with a love for the Roman Catholic religion. Such an entire change of opinion as this could have been attained only by much self discipline, and an amount of philosophic research many years in advance of the age. Conscientiously governed by the truth of this idea, it was not long ere he had inoculated the mind of his fair young betrothed with a like belief; and they twain, though still devout Roman Catholics, determined to preach a gospel of peace, charity, and brotherly love, and to reason with their families concerning the injustice of the Inquisition, and the danger of a future revolution which would almost certainly result from it. To this end, the young Count issued a pamphlet, under an assumed name, which excited the greatest ire, and was ordered to be publicly burned. At no one could the generals of the Inquisition point the finger of accusation, so carefully had the real name of the author been concealed; so publicly, however, had the Count expressed his views, that the Duke of Alba resorted to the brutal measure of extorting, by means of the rack, the truth from his daughter, the betrothed of Aucuna. The poor child, unused to suffering, could illy bear the torture of thumbscrew and rack, and confessed to the truth, only after almost unbearable anguish, that her loved one had written the pamphlet. The family of Lerma was at once so powerful and so influential, that to bring the Count John publicly before an Inquistorial tribunal would be a matter of great danger to the judges and members; so it was determined to try him secretly, and to this end he was seized one night, when alone,

hurried into a covered carriage, and driven to the halls of justice; and there, chiefest among the chiefs, sat in judgment his uncle the Cardinal Bishop, unmoved by one single thought of kinship, without a grain of pity for the youth of the prisoner. The speech of the Count in defence of his conduct was noble and true, and had it been before a court of any others than such bigoted Catholics, it would, doubtless, have acquitted him. But the time was not yet ripe for the reception of the ideas he propagated, the nation could not realize that religious persecution could result in anything but Elysian happiness. The words, almost inspired, fell upon cold hearts and deaf ears, and despite his rank, wealth, and name, he was condemned like all others, but not to the flames—not as one of the ill-fated men who swelled the throngs of an Auto-da-Fè. For him was reserved a more exquisite torture, one which should be carried out in secret, that the offense so rank, which, indeed, might "smell to Heaven," would not be wafted to his family. He was to be embarked aboard one of those smuggling craft that touched at Mafra, and consigned to the care of the pirate chief at St Thomas, who was to receive a large amount of money for his safe keeping. In addition to this, the Count was always to wear an iron mask, and to be confined in a dungeon, until he retracted his opinions and confessed his guilt. The same night the sentence was carried into effect; unknown to all save the members of the Inquisition, he, the sole remaining heir of the House of Lerma, one of the most promising men of his time, beloved by all, left his native soil forever—left home and kin without one parting word of explanation, without a clasp of the beloved hand, without a single kindly word, left all this world can give—to live and die in wretched oblivion.

I would like to tell of all his sufferings both of mind and body, of his noble resignation to his Father's will, and of his never wavering faith in the promises of the Gospel, for I believe that few could produce a record so spotless; but one more able than myself has already begun a book of the history of this underground castle, and of the lives of its inmates; and, if I mistake not, he will furnish a concise and accurate life of John, Count d'Aucuna, and of his canonization, nearly a century after his death. This ground which I investigated has been purchased by two wealthy citizens of St. Thomas, who are continuing their excavations, and have already made several new discoveries. But this, the chiefest of them all, supplying as it does that missing link in the history of the celebrated Spanish House of Lerma and Aucuna—this link about which there was an impenetrable mystery, will afford food to the student for many days' contemplation. I have thus briefly reviewed the circumstances which, at the suggestion of our Consul at St. Thomas, Mr. Simonds, I copied into my note-book on the 19th November, 1868, in the hope that it will prove as interesting to those who remember the incidents of that day, as it was to those who shared with me the investigations of that morning. As a naval officer, my vocation was not cast in the pleasant places of literature, neither have I the traveller's gift of bringing reality into the words of an article. I have but sought to ignite one little spark of interest, which I know will blaze forth in wonder when the whole History shall be first given to the world from the hands of one whom all respect and love.

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY:

ON A JOURNEY FROM GIBRALTAR TO BADEN-BADEN IN 1856.

BY E. H. A. F.

JUNE 10th, 1856.—P. feeling well enough, we started to-day again for our next halting place. At half-past eleven o'clock, we embarked on the Lake steamer "Nyones." Her decks were quite crowded with excursionists; indeed, it would have been pleasanter if a few of the passengers had postponed their departure until another day. However, we determined as usual to make the best of our bargain, and to extract as much fun out of it as possible. We soon made the acquaintance of a good-natured, elderly, Swiss lady, who quite charmed us with her affable manners. She was full of conversation, and gave us short descriptions of each of the towns we passed on our passage up the lake. She was very kind in giving us hints for our guidance when we should reach Yverdun and Morges: recommending Hotels, &c., &c. She regaled us the while with "sweeties" and "Chocolat-Menier!" We found the owners of the ship had taken steps for the amusement of their passengers; so, when we were well under weigh, a man came into the poop armed with a concertina, and struck into, and murdered (much to E.'s horror) the hackneyed, though beautiful duet, out of "Norma," beginning thus "Deh! conte." To do this individual justice, I must say that, considering what an inferior instrument he had, he did his part well, very creditably bringing in all the turns and flourishes, and even playing variations on it. He then treated us to a piece from "La Figlia," and several other airs with which we were intimately acquainted. His part done, a conjuror took his place; performing all the stale standard tricks with six balls; steel rings linked and unlinked; eggs, which he conjured in and out of his sleeves; making puddings in his hat all out of nothing, &c., &c. But, poor fellow, very few deigned to pay him attention or sous either. And lastly there came a ballad singer, his head was covered with a quantity of long grey, shaggy hair, with a long beard, which gave him a very wild appearance. He sang a very long French song, but I could not make out the thread of the story, although the air I thought very quaint and pretty. These several individuals, having abstracted all they could out of their hearers, now landed at one of the villages on the shore. After a run of three hours, we landed at Morges, where there awaited an omnibus to convey us to the station, whence we were to go by rail to Yverdun, and there halt for the night. This line of railway is evidently quite new.—the carriages as soft and sweet as bran new cushions, paint, and varnish can make them. The station is not yet finished, and all the officials seemed new at the work, and the porters were not at all *au fait* at their business. The kind old Swiss lady aforementioned went with us to the station, but there we parted, as she was going by another train to Lausanne. Another three hours brought us to Yverdun, as the train was anything but an express. We stayed that night at l'Hotel de Londres. Yverdun is situated on the shore of the lake Neufchatel, which we are to cross to-morrow in a steamer. This is the oldest and shabbiest looking town we have yet passed through; the hotel being of a piece with the rest. The language here spoken seems to be wholly French. Our rooms were tolerably comfortable, but the ceilings were very low; the walls of our bed-room were papered with old fashioned paper, covered with colored landscapes, all out of perspective, and quite French. One of these pictures represented a man lying on his side

attempting to fish in a stream; and under this picture some one (evidently a wag) had scribbled, whilst still bearing in mind various fits of indigestion caused by the bad cooking at this inferior hotel:—"*Ah! je ne puis plus me tenir assis: j'ai trop de colique, parceque j'ai dine aujourd'hui a l'Hotel de Londres.*" And we had ample proof of the badness of the commissariat here a few hours after; nothing being good but the butter.

11th June.—Before starting this morning we walked down the principal street in this town, but we saw nothing remarkable beyond extreme dirt and shabbiness in the appearance of the shops, &c. At twelve o'clock we embarked on board another steamer, in order to cross the lake of Neufchatel. This time there were very few passengers; but a society of Odd-fellows embarked with us, going to form part of a procession in some town farther on. They wore a stagey, romantic looking dress, with Swiss crosses and "Helvetia" worked all over them. Nothing of much importance happened during our trip on this lake, beyond an alarm of fire on board, occasioned by a spark from the funnel setting the awning in flames.. It was put out immediately, however, amidst the screams of the female passengers. We arrived at Neufchatel at half-past two o'clock, and finding we were too late to go on by the regular diligence to Soleure, we were proceeding to take rooms for that night, when a man addressed us, asking if we wanted a *vôiture*, or post-chaise, to go on to Soleure. On enquiring, we found this was a plan often followed by travellers, and that it cost much less than going *par diligence*, we therefore engaged the *voiture's* (coachman's) carriage at a certain price, on condition of his doing the journey in a given time. This done, we repaired to "l'Hotel des Alpes" to dine, while the voiturier put to his horses, packed our luggage in the boot of the carriage, and prepared for the journey. Our dinner was not very exquisite at this hotel, and at four o'clock the carriage drew up to the door and we packed ourselves into it. It was now the hottest time of the day; the sun being so near the horizon that its rays shone right in on us from the left side of the carriage, and, as there were no shutters or blinds in the vehicle, we suffered intensely from the heat, as usual. However, we had more room and were much better off than in the "dilly," especially as P. preferred the box seat, meaning to gather all the information he could about the country, and things generally, from the German cabby who was driving us. The scenery we found tamer and not so varied as formerly. The country about here appears to be devoted to Bacchus, as there were vineyards on all sides of us, and the whole population appeared to be engaged in tying up the vines to sticks. We soon lost sight of the lake of Neufchatel, and came in sight of that of Bienne, with the Isle of St. Peter in the centre of it. This little island is about a mile long, and is one mass of pine and larch trees. We passed through several small towns of no importance, and apparently little frequented by travellers, being out of the way of the general traffic. At nine o'clock, we arrived at a town called Biel, where we halted for an hour to bait and rest our unhappy horses. We also determined to take some refreshment here, and we called for *thé et café-au-lait*, which we much enjoyed, sitting in the verandah inhaling a cool breeze which had now sprung up. German appears to be generally spoken in this town, and we hailed this circumstance with delight, imagining that we were now drawing near to our journey's end. On re-entering our carriage, we found the shades of night were quickly falling on us, and we could not see anything of the country; and some hours later we found ourselves crossing over the drawbridge and fosse of the ancient fortress of Soleure. There were no sentries at the gates, however, nor guns on the ramparts. We drew up at the "Hotel Faucon," and were soon installed in very comfortable spacious rooms. Here we first met with German bedsteads, which are proverbially the shortest and most uncomfortable couches in Europe. I was very tired, and got into my bed as soon as I could, but was as cramped up and as uncomfortable as I had been during all these days of diligence travelling, and I got very little rest in consequence.

June 12th.—Rose betimes, breakfasted, repacked carpet bags, &c., and whilst waiting for the *voiture* to come round, we started off to get a peep at the Cathedral of St. Ours, said to be named after a Theban soldier called Ursus. The church was close to the hotel, but it could not be compared to any of those we saw at Genoa. The architecture is Corinthian, and the acanthus leaf is carved on the pillars and around the pulpit, &c. The church has a light appearance and contains some handsome marble, but no paintings worth looking at. We were sorry our time would not permit us to examine a valuable missal dating from 724, and the banner and crown of gold given by one of the Emperors of Germany to this town. There is also a fine collection of Jura fossils here, an arsenal, and good museum containing a curious collection of the ancient armor of the old Switzers and Burgundians, but our time was too short for sight-seeing. Soleure is situated on the Aar, and seems a nice town. At 10 o'clock punctually we started off again. To-day, we passed through a lovely country, and as we drove slowly, on account of the many steep hills (like those in Worcestershire in England) we had every opportunity of admiring the beautiful scenery. It was to-day that we first caught glimpses of the magnificent Black Forest. The day was cool, and we had a slight thunderstorm and refreshing rain. We drove all day through forest glades, dotted about with picturesque Swiss cottages, and indeed the scenery was most romantic. And thus at last we passed through the gorge of Mount Jura, and the sight of the fine old castle on the heights brought to our minds many historical events connected with this dreaded pass. The fields appeared to be one mass of lovely wild flowers of all colors and sorts. At 2 o'clock we stopped for our mid-day rest at a small country-town called Waldabery. The poor horses seemed very tired and jaded, and glad of a rest. And we were very much fatigued also, and glad of our dinners. A river ran through the grounds of the hotel, and there was a small cascade here, too; whilst on the left rose a magnificent range of hills, thickly wooded. The hotel was small, but clean, and we were much amused with the German *mädchen* who waited at table. She was dressed very smartly, and put on a haughty air as she placed the dishes on the table, and seemed to think she was doing us a great favor, giving us a sort of look which seemed to say, "There, take that and be thankful, that's all you'll get out of us." She evidently disliked English people. After dinner we were again *en route*. E. and I preferred to walk for the first mile, however, to stretch our limbs. The industry of the inhabitants about here is remarkable; at the doors and windows of all the cottages appear men, women, and children weaving, spinning, and winding silk; and many walking along the road knitted as they went. Fine trout streams appear to abound here, and the scenery is splendid. We now got into the carriage, and P. again got on to the box-seat to admire the view. The roads being now in a capital condition, we bowled along at a good swinging trot, whilst the bells on the harness rang merrily. I never enjoyed such a drive as this before. We passed through much wood, consisting of filbert, larch, pine, and oak trees, all of them alive with birds, singing their liveliest strains. We were quite sorry when we found we were now in sight of the frontier town of Basle. We drove into this city at about 9 o'clock at night, and halted at "l'Hotel Sauvage," which we thought a most appropriate name—for we never saw a more "savage"-looking place — dirty withal, so as to be more like a pig-sty than anything else; for the rooms were low, dark and dismal, and were heated, stuffy, and very ill-smelling.

June 13th.—After a bad night's rest, we rose early, meaning to view the town. Our breakfast was anything but a nice one, but we determined we would make up for it by dining later in the day at a good "Restaurant," or "Chop-house," which had been strongly recommended to our notice. Basle is situated on the glorious Rhine, and is on the frontiers of France and Germany. Formerly one of the "Freistadts," also, it has considerable commerce, standing, as it does, at the head of the steam navigation of the river, and being likewise the centre of the network of railways in this part of the country. It contains 37,000

inhabitants, and is celebrated for its university, library, and museum. It is one of the wealthiest cities in Switzerland, and was the seat of the Ecclesiastical Council in the early part of the 15th century.

Erasmus, Holbein, Euler, and Bernouilli were all natives of Basle. I will here relate a very singular fact about Basle. It was the custom until the end of the last century to keep the clocks of the town an hour in advance of the "right time." The origin of this most inconvenient arrangement is said to have been, that a design to deliver the city over to an enemy at a certain hour was defeated by reason of the town-clock, which was to give the signal, striking an hour too soon. This caused the conspirators to abandon their plan, supposing they were too late. Therefore the clocks were kept wrong in grateful remembrance of this event until 1795, when the custom was abandoned, after strenuous opposition. Strict railway time is now kept at Basle. Although the heat was terrific, we determined to see as much of the town as possible. It is a large city, but its general aspect is not very pleasing, I think. As in duty bound, we first visited the Protestant Cathedral, which is very large and ancient. It is built of a kind of red stone found in these parts. From the terrace near this church we had a fine view of the Rhine and its bridges, and of the suburb of "Little Basle," on the other side of the river.

The Cathedral was built in the Byzantine style, by the Emperor Henry, in 1010. But it was subsequently, in 1356, destroyed by an earthquake; and in 1490 rebuilt in the Gothic style. The portal on the north side is called "St. Gallus' Gate," and "His Saintship" is represented on the arch, of course. We descended into the vaults, and saw the seven coffins of the "Princes and Princesses of Basle." The walls of the vaults are covered with frescoes, but too much faded to be made out well. After leaving these gloomy abodes, we examined teh church, and saw the tomb of Anne of Hapsburg, dated 1770, mother of the present branch of the family of the Austrian Emperor, and also that of Erasmus, dated 1536. Workmen in the church were scraping off the whitewash, with which some Goth had bedaubed it, and restoring the building to its proper color. But time would fail me to describe all we saw here. I was delighted with the organ, which was being performed on by the organist during our visit to the church. A side door led us into the "Council Chamber." Here we saw many interesting models and carvings representing scenes from Bible history. Pictures of the "Boiling of St. John in Oil," "The Death of St. Lawrence," and four Gothic windows in stained glass, perfect as in the days when the council sat here. Here, too, is a fine collection of paintings by Holbein, and amongst them that well-known and suggestive painting called, "The Dance of Death." In this picture "Death" (a skeleton) is seen snatching the money-bag out of a miser's hand, even as he is counting up his hoard, refusing to aid the beggar at his door. "Death," in another place, is grinning over the shoulder of a young girl as she is finishing her toilette for a ball, and, to her horror, she beholds the spectre's face in her mirror. But I cannot here fully describe this remarkable picture. It filled my mind with deep thoughts concerning the human follies and sins of this world, however. Ah! how often does Death come and snatch away his victim all unprepared, and little suspecting his approach.

Before leaving this fine church, we took another look at "St. Gallus' Gate." The carvings all around it are splendid, representing Our Saviour, St. Peter, St. Gallus, and the group of Wise and Foolish Virgins, also St. George and the Dragon. After visiting the church, we went to see the museum, quite worth a visit. It is one of the handsomest buildings in Basle. It consists of four large rooms; one containing stones and fossils; one birds and other zoological subjects stuffed, &c.; a third contains a magnificent collection of paintings by Holbein, and others, — quite treasures; the fourth room is appropriated to sculpture, natural history, &c. But we had barely time to glance at all these objects, for the principal things to see were, I thought, the paintings, and I was quite vexed I could not devote more time to their study. There is a painting of "Christ's Passion" on wood here, by Holbien, for which 30,000 florins were offered by

Maximillian of Bavaria, in 1641; but the offer was refused. But I cannot here detail all the pictures we saw; neither can I say much about the library, in which we saw "Erasmus' Testament," containing notes on the margin in his own handwriting. At last we looked at our watches, and behold! barely half an hour remained to us in which to repair for dinner to the "Restaurant," to return to the hotel for our baggage (which we had had the prudence to pack before going out sight-seeing), and to take our tickets at the station for Baden-Baden. Fearfully hot we were, and nearly choked by having to eat our dinner so quickly. The omnibus now came round with our baggage from the hotel, whither poor P. had gone to pay the bill, &c.; and handing him his dinner in the shape of a parcel of sandwiches, we all hopped into the 'buss and found ourselves soon after at the station. Fortunately for us, the train was behind time. So we had space allowed us for resting, and poor P. managed to get a sort of a meal at the *buffet* in the station. While we were waiting, all our baggage was searched at the *douane*, as Basle is the frontier town of Switzerland. To our great annoyance, we had to pay duty on the silks and velvets purchased at Genoa. Had we only thought of cutting them into widths this would not have happened. It is "dresses in the piece" they object to. But "we live and learn," buying our experience dearly. At last we were off. We were lucky in getting a carriage to ourselves; but the train jolted us very much, and poor P., who now began seriously to feel the effects of this long journey, suffered very much. The train started at half-past 2 o'clock, and we stopped at 32 stations, and travelled at the rate of a Parliamentary train all the way. When we had been about three hours *en route*, we came in sight of the splendid cathedral of Fribourg, the spire of which can be seen long before one catches a glimpse of the town. It is the handsomest spire in Germany, and is built of red stone, and is as open as lace-work. We were amused with the costume of the peasants on the road, which was most quaint. After changing carriages at the Oos Junction, much heat, jolting, and many provoking stoppages, we steamed into Baden-Baden.

THE END.

THE CONSCIENCE AND FUTURE JUDGMENT.

I sat alone with my conscience
 In a place where time had ceased,
And we talked of my former living
 In the land where the years increased.
And I felt I should have to answer
 The question it put to me,
And to face the answer and question
 Throughout an eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions
 Come floating before my sight,
And things that I thought were dead things
 Were alive with a terrible might.
And the vision of all my past life
 Was an awful thing to face,—
Alone with my conscience sitting
 In that solemnly silent place.

And I thought of a far-away warning
 Of a sorrow that was to be mine,
In a land that then was the future,
 But now is the present time.
And I thought of my former thinking
 Of the judgment-day to be;
But sitting alone with my conscience
 Seemed judgment enough for me.

And I wondered if there was a future
 To this land beyond the grave;
But no one gave me an answer,
 And no one came to save.
Then I felt that the future was present,
 And the present would never go by;
For it was but the thought of my past life
 Grown into eternity.

Then I woke from my timely dreaming,
 And the vision passed away,
And I knew the far-away warning
 Was a warning of yesterday.
And I pray that I may not forget it
 In this land before the grave,
That I may not cry in the future,
 And no one come to save.

And so I have learned a lesson
 Which I ought to have known before,
And which, though I learned it dreaming,
 I hope to forget no more.
So I sit alone with my conscience
 In the place where the years increase,
And I try to remember the future
 In the land where time will cease.
And I know of the future judgment,
 How dreadful soe'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
 Will be judgment enough for me.—*Spectator*.

EARLY SCENES IN CANADIAN LIFE.

BY REV. THOMAS WEBSTER, NEWBURY, ONT.

(*Continued.*)

CHAPTER XLVII.

SCARCITY OF SAILING VESSELS ON LAKE ERIE—A SMALL SCHOONER OBTAINED—THREE TRIPS NECESSARY TO CONVEY ALL—FIRST AND SECOND SUCCESSFUL—THIRD DRIVEN BACK TO DUNKIRK—NEXT ATTEMPT FORCED TO PUT IN AT LONG POINT — THENCE BY WAGGONS TO ST. THOMAS—AN INVITATION AND AN OFFENCE—THE WILDERNESS — A CONTRAST — CHOPPING — BUILDING — HOUSED — SAD REMINISCENCES.

The unfortunate emigrants looked with dismay upon the wide expanse of waters which had so recently threatened to engulph them, their families, and their all of worldly wealth, the now doubly dreaded dangers of which they must again brave in order to reach their destination. They could not, as a traveller wishing to depart from the same point now might, hope soon to discern the long trail of murky smoke lazily floating upward to mingle with the clear azure of heaven—indicative of the approach of a steamer; or to descry here, there, yonder, the swelling canvass of sailing vessels carrying lumber, grain, &c., from the north and west to the marts of commerce.

No, the forests and fields that yield these valuable freights were then but slightly known, except to the adventurous explorer, or the daring trapper and hunter. Lake Erie was at that time navigated by comparatively few vessels of higher pretensions than the canoe or skiff.

Happily for the shipwrecked strangers, a small schooner happened soon to visit the scene of the disaster. Although much too small for the accommodation of so large a number of persons, with the effects they had succeeded in saving from the wreck, yet no other vessel being to be had, and the people being anxious to resume their rudely interrupted voyage, the little schooner was engaged to convey the entire company to Port Talbot.

The capacity of the schooner was so limited that it was decided that one-third of the people, and the same proportion of the baggage, was as much as it would be safe to attempt to convey in it across the lake at one time.

Mr. Talbot's second son and a number of other young men made up the party for the first trip, probably influenced thereto by a desire to reassure their dispirited friends; and also feeling that it was fitting that they who had none depending upon them should be first in again trusting themselves to the treacherous element from whose fury they had all recently suffered so much.

The first and second trips were both successfully made, and the passengers safely landed on the Canada side. When their feet once more pressed the green earth, what joy must have sprung up in their hearts—perhaps thankfulness—that their further progress was to be on *terra firma;* that they need "tempt the winds and waves no more."

Mr. Talbot and his family (excepting his two grown-up sons) had remained at Dunkirk while the little vessel twice crossed and re-crossed the lake; then they, with the last of the emigrant band, embarked and bade what they hoped was a final adieu to the scene of their late disaster.

The schooner soon cleared the United States coast, and, with a fair wind filling her sails, was rapidly borne away toward the long-desired port. But the wind, as if not yet weary of making the harassed voyagers its sport, soon changed; and, after tossing the helpless craft hither and thither, carried it back to Dunkirk.

Next day the attempt to reach Port Talbot was renewed; but they were driven to

Long Point. There they landed, thankful to stand once more on British soil. Being now where their point of destination was accessible by land, they declined to further extend their experiences of the pleasures of navigating Lake Erie. In the vicinity of Long Point were made some of the earliest settlements in the western part of the Province; therefore the strangers procured the conveyances they required with less difficulty than they would have found if the settlement had been new. Though a road leading from this settlement to Port Talbot had been open for a number of years, yet, to the new-comers, the route seemed dismal enough. Speaking of it, one of the party says, "We went on our weary journey in waggons, through dense forests, to Kettle Creek (now St. Thomas), where we arrived on the 13th of October."

Soon after their arrival at St. Thomas, the Hon. Colonel Thomas Talbot, of Port Talbot (a few miles further west), called upon Mr. Talbot and his family, and invited them to his house, to spend the time which must necessarily elapse before a house could be prepared for their reception, on the land that Mr. Talbot had located in the Township of London. But Mrs. Talbot's delicacy shrank from adding her large family, embracing as it did young children and several women, to the household of an eccentric, whimsical, old bachelor, as the Colonel was known to be, and who was also reported to have such an antipathy to the sex that, for several years, he would not have one of them in his house, even in the capacity of a servant. Mrs. Talbot, therefore, hoping by so doing to promote mutual comfort and the continuance of cordial feeling, politely declined his proffered hospitalities. This very much annoyed the irascible old gentleman, who construed the non-acceptance of his invitation as a personal slight, which he never forgave.

The Township of London having been selected as the future home of the Bathurst settlers, and the settlement of that township being under the control of Colonel Talbot it was necessary to arrange some preliminaries with him before going thither. This done, they resumed their long-protracted journey, hoping that its termination was not now very far distant.

The Township of Westminster, which was their next stopping place, had been sparsely settled for a number of years. It lies south of London, having the river Thames for its northern boundary. Near the river, on the London side, was the house of Montague, the first settler in the Township of London, and, till 1818, the only one. Here were the outposts of civilization in the direction of their destination. Beyond, arrayed in its gorgeous garniture of richly varied autumn hues, stood the primeval forest, stretching away northward till forced to give place to the encroaching waters of Lake Huron.

Instead of that deep wilderness, we have now, in the foreground of the picture, the busy city of London, with its wide diversity of private residences, from the lowliest to the ornate and elegant; its churches, schools, colleges, and other public edifices. In the background, fertile farms, and thriving villages, with occasional remnants of the ancient forest.

After making such arrangements as circumstances would admit of for the temporary accommodation of their families in Westminster, the men, provided with axes, food, &c., took their way into the woods in search of the places where they hoped to lay the foundations of future prosperity for themselves and their families.

Each male adult of the party was allowed to locate one hundred acres. Once upon their lands, nothing daunted by the magnitude of the task before them, they, with brave hearts and willing though unaccustomed hands, set about felling the giant trees. Then commenced the construction of rude shanties, or more pretentious log-houses, according to the tastes or means of the respective owners.

An experienced backwoodsman would, doubtless, have been amused at the manner in which much of the chopping and bush-carpentry was performed; but the main object of securing shelter for themselves and families from the cold and storms of the nearly-approaching winter having been attained, most of them were not very particular as to the style of workmanship.

Early in December, they were all safely domiciled in their forest homes — all

except those who, though wanting in the family circles that gathered about the new firesides, were yet enshrined in loving hearts: the wife and mother who was sleeping her last sleep in the stranger's grave on a foreign shore; the little ones laid to their rest by tender hands on the islands of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and yet more painful were the thoughts of the bereaved parents who still shudderingly recalled the sad burial of those other little ones whose precious remains they had been obliged to commit to the keeping of the great deep, till that day in which the sea shall give up her dead.

By twenty-six children and one adult had death diminished their number since that bright June morning when they had sailed hopefully away from their native land.

Chapter XLVIII.

TOWNSHIP — GORE — WELL WATERED—INFLUX OF SETTLERS—DOMESTIC ANIMALS — GETTING VEHICLES ACROSS SWOLLEN STREAMS—HENS BROUGHT FROM YORK STATE—KETTLE CREEK—PROVISIONS HIGH—GOING THE WRONG WAY—AN INCIDENT—ULTIMATE SUCCESS—NO ABSOLUTE DESTITUTION—MILLS — BRIDGES — FIRST RELIGIOUS SERVICES, ETC.—SUBSEQUENT SERVICES—CHURCH EDIFICES.

The Township of London is twelve miles square. It is divided into sixteen concessions, extending from east to west. A road, called the Proof-line, passes through the centre of the township from north to south, cutting the concession lines at right angles. On each side of the Proof-line, and running parallel with it, are three side roads; each of these side roads being a mile and a half distant from the next. The Governor's Road forms the southern boundary of the township proper, from the town-line, which separates it from the Township of Nissouri on the east, to the city, where is the western termination of the Governor's Road; thence westward, the river is the boundary between it and Westminster. South of the Governor's Road, and between it and the east branch of the Thames, lies the Gore of London, which is separated by that stream from Westminster. The north branch of the Thames enters London not far from the middle of its eastern limit, and runs across an angle of the township in a south-easterly direction to the city, where it unites with the east branch. By these streams and their numerous tributaries, the Township and its Gore are well watered. In fertility of soil it is not surpassed by any township in the Province.

The arrival of so large a number of settlers at one time, attracted attention to London, and gave an impetus to its settlement. Young men from the older settlements began to go there and locate land. Persons coming from the British Islands, or from the States, purposing to obtain land in one of the townships newly opened for settlement, naturally preferred one already containing so many inhabitants.

The supply of domestic animals then to be procured in the settlements contiguous to London, was not sufficient to meet the demand. Numbers were brought from the head of the lake, some from about Niagara, and others even from the State of New York. In some cases, from this cause, in others from lack of money to purchase, some of the settlers were a long time without cows, oxen, or horses.

The bridgeless state of the rivers and small streams was a source of much delay and trouble to the people when the water was high.

Mr. William Warner, originally from the County of Prescott, went to London in the autumn of 1819; but after a brief stay, he left for the State of New York. In March, 1820, he returned, accompanied by his sister and her husband, Mr. Orange Clarke. When they reached the river, the ice had broken up. They had with them a yoke of oxen and a cart, by which they were conveying their effects; among these were some hens that they had brought with them all the way. Such quantities of ice were still in the river as to make swimming the oxen across impracticable.

There was a man then living near the river, a little below where London now stands, who kept a canoe, and ferried people over the river. He took Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, and their baggage, across to

the London side. Then Mr. Clarke went two miles and a half to the next house to procure a sled and oxen, with which to bring on his goods, while Mr. Warner went back three miles with their own team to leave them at a place where they could be fed for a few days.

After the ice had nearly disappeared from the river, they crossed it again to bring their oxen and cart over. The cart they loaded with five hundred-weight of hay, which they had purchased and tied in bundles. Then they proceeded to the river once more. The only way in which the cart could be got over was by taking it to pieces, so that the separate parts could be got into the canoe. This having been done, the canoe was paddled across with its unwieldy freight. The bundles of hay were conveyed in like manner, and the oxen made to swim the river.

Having at length succeeded in getting all on to the London side, they put their cart together again, re-loaded it, and started for their land, five miles distant. for two miles of which they were obliged to cut their way before them through the woods.

The next year a Mr. Ingham, from London, went out to Yarmouth, near the lake, to bring in some corn, taking, for the purpose of conveying it, his own oxen and a waggon belonging to Mr. Jacobs.

"This," says Mr. Warner, "was the only waggon that we knew of in the township. It was the first that ever went on our side road"—the first side road, west of the Proof-line.

It was in the beginning of June, and while Mr. Ingham was gone, there was a great rain, which caused the river and creeks to rise very high. When, in his return journey, he reached what is now St. Thomas, he was obliged to take the waggon apart, and ferry it and the corn over Kettle Creek* in a canoe—the oxen swimming. This tedious procedure had to be repeated at Dingman's Creek in Westminster, and again at the Thames, before his dear-bought corn was deposited at home.

Such experiences were quite familiar during the first few years to those who had occasion to take vehicles across the streams while the water was high. Those who were without oxen or horses had still harder difficulties to contend with, having to carry upon their own backs, from the older settlements, the food necessary to sustain their families till they had made clearings and raised crops on their own land.

Very high prices were demanded for all kinds of provisions. The settlers having but an exceedingly limited choice as to where or of whom they would buy, they had little option, being compelled by the imperative necessity for food to give what was asked.

A very inferior article of corn, called "squaw-corn," was bought by a settler at one dollar and a half per bushel. He then took it to the nearest mill to get it ground, and thence into the Township of London, carrying it all the way on his back—a distance of over twenty miles.

Another, going to mill with a bag of corn on his back, after having advanced some miles, came to a wet place, or sort of swale. In trying to cross it on old logs, he deviated from the right course, and, after trudging along for some time, he was surprised at seeing a man whom he had met before, and whom he therefore supposed to be then at a considerable distance in the opposite direction from that in which he beheld him. This individual addressed him as he advanced, saying:

"Why, you have got your grinding done soon to-day."

"No," replied he; "I have not got to the mill yet."

"Then," said the other, "you are going the wrong way."

Finding that he was travelling towards home, he turned about to retrace his steps, carrying his heavy load for the third time over the same space.

In the spring of 1820, at Mr. Warner's, they one night heard some one halloing, and answered the call as was usual. After the lapse of a little time, a man came up with a load on his back, and his shoes in

* So called from kettles and other articles of hardware having been sunk by their owners in this stream to preserve them from a band of marauders, who, during the war of 1812, passed through that neighborhood, destroying what they could not carry away. This band is believed to have been composed of white men, though they were disguised as Indians.

his hand. They inquired why he carried his shoes, instead of wearing them.

"Oh! I pulled them off to climb the brae," was his reply.

He had lost his way, and had been wandering about in the woods with eighty pounds of flour on his back. The place from which he had started was five miles distant from Mr. Warner's, if he had followed the nearest marked route. Next morning he started again with his load, having still seven or eight miles further to go.

Such being the loss of time and other difficulties attending the bringing in of provisions from the older settlements, and the getting of grinding done when they had grain, the settlers, after they had raised corn and potatoes, often allowed their stock of flour or meal to run very low, sometimes to be altogether exhausted; then they resorted to the primitive mortar and pestle to reduce their corn to an eatable condition, or depended almost exclusively upon potatoes, with such additions as the streams and forest might chance to yield.

In the spring and fall fish were taken with very little trouble—the streams being almost alive with them; but they afforded only a transient supply,—salt to preserve them in any considerable quantities being an almost unattainable luxury.

Fat venison and plump pheasants sometimes diffused their appetizing odors in the rude homes of the settlers. Some of these were good marksmen who, when opportunity offered, used their guns with such effect as gave occasional variety to their meals—perhaps sometimes supplied one. More frequently, however, what game they had was bought from the Indians; for the majority of them were without skill in wild-wood hunting, and their daily toil at labors of a kind to which they had not been accustomed, left them little leisure to acquire experience in its mysteries. The supply of ammunition, too, was often very limited; therefore, the abundance of game in the woods did not supplement their frugal stores to any very appreciable extent.

The descendants of these hardy and industrious people, who now sit down daily to bountifully-spread tables in their own comfortable—some of them luxurious—homes, would regard the simple fare of these their progenitors as semi-starvation. Yet, plain in the extreme, and sometimes even scanty as it was, they contrived to subsist upon it while performing exhausting labors; and, ultimately, they conquered the difficulties of their situation, and were rewarded with competence, some of them with wealth.

Notwithstanding all their hardships, it is believed that not one case of absolute destitution occurred during the early settlement of the township.

The long, weary tramps, at first unavoidable, when they needed to get grain ground, were somewhat diminished two or three years after the commencement of the settlement, by the erection of Gardiner's mill on the Westminster side of the river, about five miles below the Forks. At a little later date, Harrison's mills were built, near the place where Hellmuth Ladies' College is now situated. These, a grist and a saw-mill, were the first mills in the township proper. Not far from the same time, Doty's mill was built on the London side of the river, near the town-line running between the Gore of London and the township of Dorchester.

On the same town-line, within a few rods of Doty's mill, was built the first bridge available to Londoners, over the east branch of the Thames. The first bridge across the north branch of the Thames was built a short distance east of Harrison's mills.

The first congregation assembled in the township for the public worship of God, was at the house of Mr. Webster, in the autumn of 1819. A Methodist minister officiated—the late Rev. Samuel Belton. But he was only a visitor; no minister came regularly into the township to hold divine services til 1822.

The Rev Dr. Stewart was the first minister of the Church of England who visited the township. In the last mentioned year, he preached in Mr. Fralick's barn, on the Proof-line, nearly a mile south of the present village of St. John's He then also baptized upwards of forty persons, three of whom were adults.

As an illustration of the difficulty some

of the people at that time found in procuring wearing apparel, it may be mentioned that a woman brought with her to that service her two sons, aged respectively eight and ten years, the boys wearing each a single garment made of coarse linen, being a sort of shirt or smock reaching to the knees, and nothing more.

"The word of the Lord was precious in those days," and the people went great distances and at great disadvantages, women often walking many miles, to attend religious services held by any denomination. Leather was very scarce, and consequently very expensive, so that it was not very unusual for even respectable women to be seen in religious assemblies in summer time barefooted.

In 1824, a minister of the Church of England, whose name was MacIntosh, was sent to St. Thomas, London, and vicinity; but in London the services were only occasional, till the town began to be built.

After Dr. Stewart had become Bishop of Quebec, he again visited London, and, in 1827, held a confirmation service in the temporary court-house then being built in the town, now City of London. This was the first service of the kind ever held in the township.

The first Presbyterian minister who officiated in the township was the Rev. Mr. Ferguson, beginning about 1824 or '25. He continued his ministrations there for several years.

About the same period, a Baptist minister, the Rev. Mr. Sloat, began to preach occasionally in the township.

The Church of England at St. John's was the first church edifice attempted; but the town soon after beginning to attract attention, and the erection of churches there being undertaken by the different denominations, the St. John's Church progressed slowly towards completion.

A CHAPTER OF PROVERBS—NOT SOLOMON'S.

BY MRS. A. E. BARR.

Proverbs are the portable philosophy of centuries, the current coin of a nation's wisdom; bearing the same relation to its character as ballads do to its history. And though my Lord Chesterfield considers them "ungentlemanly," we venture to say that they have an antiquity and an authority quite independent of his approval. Abraham on Mount Moriah uttered in two sublime words his conscious faith and trust. David quotes as a time-honored saying, "Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked." Solomon's proverbs have outlived his power, and a greater than Solomon gave us many of his evangelized ethics in this popular form. Admitted their antiquity and authority, nothing strikes us so much as their cosmopolitism. They are thorough citizens of the world, adopting the dress and language of those with whom they sojourn, but still preserving their identity; just as the grape is still the fruit of the vine, though in every country it may have a different bouquet and flavor.

The wisdom of Greece gave us the famous aphorism "Exceed in nothing." Travelling to Italy it became in the mouth of the stately Roman "*Ne quid nimis;*" the Frenchman shrugs his shoulders at unprofitable excellence and says, "Too keen an edge does not cut;" the practical German sees that "Too many sacks are the death of the ass;" the religious Portuguese re-echoes the proverb in "Too much wax burns the church;" the Nile boatman will tell us that "Too many sailors sink the ship;" the Englishman, careful of his dinner, that "Too many cooks spoil the broth;" and the wise Scotsman preserves the true Hellenic flavor in "Eneuch's as guid as a feast."

"Know thyself," was the Delphic proverb which faced every devotee as he entered that famous shrine. And the original majestic simplicity of this sum of earthly wisdom is discernable in all its wanderings;—even in the homely dialect and sly obliquity of

> "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
> To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

Taking the mote out of another's eye while the beam is in our own, receives in the following proverbs a wide and significant reproof: "Satan corrects sin," is the English version. In Italy the pan says to the pot, "Keep off or you'll smudge me." In Spain the raven cries to the crow, "Avaunt, Blackamoor." In Germany one ass calls another "Long Ears," while the peculiar state of morals in Catalonia gives a great significance to their version of the same proverb, "Death said to the man with his throat cut, How ugly you look!"

In English we recognize the general ingratitude for divine help in great emergencies by saying "The river past, God forgotten." In Spain the saints take the place of God and they say "The river past, the saints forgotten." Italy acknowledges a still more profound depth of ingratitude

and says "The peril passed, the saints mocked." In this one proverb each nation writes its religious autobiography. Such examples could be extended indefinitely; we will notice only one more, the same which in the "beginnning of times" dropped like pure gold from the lips of the Father of the Faithful, "Jehovah-Jireh." His posterity bore the same witness in the old Israelitish proverb, "When the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses comes;" and there are very few who cannot recall "seasons of extremity" which have been "God's opportunities."

The Greek proverbs as a class are remarkable for their wisdom and delicate perception. We have already quoted two of the most famous. Here is another which could have come so touchingly from no other source: "Misfortune, where goest thou—into the house of the artist?"

Roman proverbs have a curt simplicity and directness, with a patriotic or military flavor. "A crown from a spear," is the natural expression of a nation who recognized in military success "the divine right" to govern. "In the midst of arms the laws are silent," will receive the endorsement of thousands who have learnt within the last ten years the meaning of military boards, and the mysteries of Provost-Marshals' offices. "Virtue is praised—and starves;" "Keep silence, and be a philosopher," have just that taint of civil contempt for learning and the arts of peace, which power physical affects generally toward power mental.

Mr. Trench (who is authority on the subject of proverbs) thinks Spain richer than any other country in this kind of literature. The humor of Spanish proverbs is peculiarly subtle, full of a quiet dignity, and seldom devoid of a certain amount of chivalric politeness. "White hands cannot hurt." "Never speak of a rope in the house of a man who was hanged." "If you want to beat a dog, say he ate your iron." "The gallows are made for the unlucky." "The wolf does that in the week which prevents him coming to church on Sunday." In these refrains we are struck with the disposition to turn reproof into "an excellent oil which will not break the head." There is a stately pathos, too, in the quiet irony which recognizes their proverbially ill luck in calling all disappointed hopes "Succors of Spain."

The majority of Italian proverbs are cynical and selfish, and have an ecclesiastical and revengeful flavor. "Big churches, little saints." "Touch a friar, and the cowls flutter as far as Rome." "With the Gospel one becomes a heretic." So much for the orthodoxy they represent. Many of them relate to intrigue, to the danger of which they are quite sensible; as such proverbs as this evidence: "For an honest man half his wits is sufficient, the whole is too little for a knave." Those relating to revenge show a depth of sly vindictiveness painful to contemplate. "Revenge waits time and place. it is never well done in a hurry;" and "Revenge when one hundred years old has still its sucking teeth."

But the degraded heart of the Italian proverbs finds a deeper depth in the Egyptian, which are so servile and so devoid of all consciousness of virtue that they could only spring from a nation utterly slavish and heartless. "If the monkey reigns, prostrate thyself before him;" "Do no good, and thou shalt find no evil;" "Kiss the hand thou canst not bite;" "If the waters come like a deluge place thy son under thy feet," are proverbs which are of local and circumstantial growth, incapable of naturalization in any free or Christian country.

The Dutch proverbs are of an amphibious nature; they have one foot on land and one on sea. "Pull gently at a weak rope;" "Cover the pot, an eel is in it;" "Coupled sheep knock down one another;" "A wreck on shore is a beacon at sea," sufficiently show their peculiarity. In like manner the Arab draws his similitudes from his desert surroundings. "Let the night be your camel," is no doubt the experience of some Ishmaelitish sage, skilled in cattle-lifting. "More beautiful than a black horse with white feet;" "The last drinks least;" "Death is a black camel which kneels at every man's gate," bear distinct trace of their Eastern origin.

The French proverbs are full of "glories," and "great souls," and "eternities"—short, vivid sentences, flashing out their own intensity. Those relating to women are remarkable for a keen and generally kind insight into her nature. Thus, "Take the first advice of a woman, and not the second," acknowledges that wonderful intuition which is aptly described by Montaigne as "*l'esprit primesautier*, that which, if it is to take its prey, must take it at the first bound."

Proverbs in praise of virtue and in reproof of vice abound in the English language, and some of them are very beautiful. "Silence was never written down." "By the street of By-and-By one arrives at the house of Never." The unrighteous penny corrupts the righteous pound." "Charity gives itself rich." "God never wounds with both hands." The Scotch proverbs equally moral have a more caustic tone and a broader humor. "He that teaches himsel' has a fool for his maister." "The miser wad rake hell for a bawbee." "Lippen to me, but look to yoursel." "Ye wad do little for God if the deil were deid." No one can fail to contrast the directness of these Caledonian proverbs with the delicate implication of their Spanish relatives.

Proverbs in which rhyme and alliteration have been called in as aids to memory are so numerous and so general that we would almost imagine rhyme to be the mother tongue of proverbs. "Birds of a feather flock together;" "Safe bind, safe find;" "He who would thrive, must rise at five; he who has thriven may sleep till seven;" "No pains, no gains;" "East, west, home is best," are well known and excellent examples of this class. But such alliterations as, "Out of debt, out of danger;" "A cat may look at a king;" "All is not gold that glitters," are just as abundant. Another common form is that of pleasant exaggeration, as when the Arab says of a man whose luck never forsakes him, "Throw him into the Nile, and he will come up with a fish in his mouth."

Purely selfish and immoral proverbs cannot be passed over. That they exist, such abominable maxims as "Every man has his price;" "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost;" and, "Count after your father," are witnesses. But they are comparatively few in number, and in the estimation of the vast majority worthy of a much more severe condemnation than Lord Chesterfield's.

We have unfortunately no space left to notice the birth of various historical proverbs, nor yet to examine that large and interesting class which come distinctly under the head of "Ecclesiastical." By such we do not mean those only which had their origin on the hills of Galilee and in the cities of Judea; but also the wise saws of Herbert, and South, and Barrow; the maxims with which Knox clinched his arguments and Jeremy Taylor fastened the "nail in the sure place." In this field Matthew Henry is rich beyond all comparison. His "Exposition" is "a mosaic of proverbs on a basis of sandal-wood." Many of them, indeed, are the old current coin of the world, but others bear the image and superscription of Matthew Henry; as, "Many a beau becomes a beggar;" "God blesses the giving hand and makes it a getting hand." His proverbs are like "steel in a fountain; the sparkle pleases the eye and the tonic strengthens the heart."

Closely connected with ecclesiastical proverbs are those mottoes which our pious ancestors engraved on their dining tables, on the lintels of their houses, on their signet rings, and carriage doors—hopeful earnests of that day when the prophecy of Zechariah shall be fulfilled and on "every pot," and upon the bells of the horses—"Holiness unto the Lord" shall be inscribed.

So it is not the poverty but the wealth of this subject that is embarrassing; for there is no phase of life, no shade of character, which has not passed through the alembic of the great heart of humanity, and become a proverb.—*Christian Union.*

JOSS-HOUSE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

BY N. S. DODGE.

The quarter of the Chinese up Sacramento street, is the most curious part of the city of the West. They live here in thousands, and have made this portion of San Francisco almost their own; having theatres and joss-houses where they can play and pray after the most orthodox national manner. I spent hours prowling among them. They say you may buy trussed rats in their meat-market, but I did not inquire for them. The signs of the shops, card-plates on house-doors, names on licensed vehicles, and account books, are all Chinese. I bought a pair of shoes of "Wo Cun," who tied up my parcel with a strip of grass, and entered the sale at the wrong end of a rice-paper book, with a brush dipped in India ink rubbed on a saucer, in complicated letters an inch square.

I was anxious to see a joss-house. The word is not Chinese. *Deos*, Portuguese for God, is its origin. Joss-house then means simply, God's house. California seems to treat such places with contempt, for I asked in vain, some half-dozen persons, whether they could direct me to one. So I went into the shop of "Loo Sing," and fancying that perhaps he would be jealous of a Christian enquiring for his god, opened my approach by buying a bundle of joss-sticks; things like thin bulrushes, made of pastile and burned during worship. Then said I, adopting the Chinese-English current in San Francisco, "Want see joss-house, Chinaman's god!" "Eh! ah!" replied John, grinning, "tchess, tchess, I show." But even when he had directed me to the right corner of the street I was still at a loss, seeing nothing but ordinary houses. At last I caught a passing Chinaman and made him take me to the sanctuary. It was approached through a store-house. We went up stairs and along a passage; then he waved his hand as he led me into a large, half-darkened hall, where I found myself, for the first time in my life, in the presence of real, heathen idolatry. The air was heavy with incense. An altar some eight feet long by three feet wide, and about three feet high, draped in embroidered cloth, with mats for kneeling before it, stood at one end of the hall. It had upon it burning lamps and a vessel of smouldering incense. At the side were several attending priests, to invoke heaven in behalf of the worshippers. Behind the priests were vases of sandal-wood matches or joss-sticks, which were constantly being sold to the worshippers as they came to the altar. A scribe was seated near the priests, to write out charms or prognostications. In a recess were several musicians,

with gongs, cymbals and trumpets. Moving about, now receiving whispered instructions from the priests, now removing the offerings from the altar when it became overloaded, were five or six domestics in white tunics and barefooted.

This temple is dedicated to the sun, and is under the protection of the god of fire, who ranks first among the symbolical deities of the elements; the others being the genii of wood, earth, metal, air and water. In a recess is an image of the myth, made of gilded metal, and not ugly. Over the alcove are Chinese characters, which were written out for me thus, in Roman letters. "Ting-me sin-shun-wye," meaning, "spiritual throne of the genius of fire." It was the fourth day of the moon, set apart in honor of the god; a fact I had been told before, and I was fortunate in seeing a great deal of the worship. My presence did not appear offensive; in fact, no notice was taken of my being there, so far as I could make out.

The first worshipper was a fat man, of middle age; belonging, apparently, to the laboring class; who brought in his hands a cooked fowl, laid on some large plantain leaves. The offering was received by one of the white tunics and placed on the altar. Moving towards the priests, the obese devotee purchased from one of them a bundle of joss-sticks, lighted and stuck them in the vessel or censer, and then kneeling upon the carpet, prostrated himself so prone that he touched his forehead to the floor quite a number of times. His devotions, which consisted of nothing more, being ended, he arose, received a slip of paper from the scribe and departed. He looked like a miner, and I fancied him going on his way to the Sierra Nevadas rejoicing.

By the way, I ought to say here, that there is a large cook-shop on the opposite side of the street from the joss-house, and that offerings for the altar are sold there just as they sell wreaths of *immortelles* in Paris close to Père la Chaise.

Several worshippers followed, bringing various gifts. All were apparently of the poorer sort. Potatoes, onions, carrots, maize, pulse—all cooked and all neatly placed upon broad leaves—were brought in, received by the attendants, and laid upon the altar. In each case the same routine—purchase of joss-sticks, prostrations, &c.—was followed. One gift only was rejected, and I learned the reason afterwards. The fellow who brought it was evidently very indigent. Upon his two hands, the customary leaf interposing, rested what appeared to be a roasted pig. An attendant approached and conversed with the man before he reached the altar, and leaving him standing there, went to take advice from a priest. Returning in a moment, he took the poor devotee by the shoulder and shoved him out of the hall. It seemed that, ignorant of the refined palate of the Genius of the Sun, the man had brought a roasted dog.

My stay was protracted through more than two hours. At no time were there, besides priests, musicians and attendants, more than twenty persons in the house. There was no worship beyond the prostrations of the devotees. The incense, drapery, vases of flowers, burning lamps and candles, joss-sticks emitting odors, and half-shrouded image, reminded me of worship to be seen in every rural church in Roman Catholic countries. There was this difference—perhaps all the difference in the world. There was no praying aloud or alone. Beside what has been described, there was not a sign, nor show, nor pretence, nor shadow of worship. The white tunics kept moving about, the priests kept selling joss-sticks, the worshippers kept prostrating their bodies, and the musicians kept up their low, harsh sounds all the while, swelling them above a dull monotone only when a choice offering was laid on the altar.

Before I left, the altar began to show a fair spread of eatables. Beside the fowls and vegetables, there were fish, pork-chops, clams, sweetmeats, nuts, and dishes of rice. The room began to be filled with those oily whiffs from hot dishes which however provocative of appetite to Chinamen, are sickening to Occidentals. Suddenly, at a signal from one of the priests, just as I was rising to go, the musicians struck up more loudly, one of them with a sliding trumpet producing a sound more hideous than the bellowing of a bull. Looking towards the entrance, the cause of this *fanfaron* was apparent. A portly Chinese gentleman, a member of one of the large mercantile firms in San Francisco, with his two sons, all richly attired in silk, came up the hall, followed by several servants carrying dishes of all sorts—fowls, fish, turtle, ham, and above all, the head of a hog nicely garnished *a la Chinois*. The white tunics bustled about, pushing a poor slow devotee out of the way, placing the gifts on the altar, and making great flourishes as they laid the *pièce de résistance* in the centre. The father and sons purchased a good supply of joss-sticks, which they kindled. Dropping upon their knees, they there went through the customary genuflexion, while the attendants, swinging censers, sent a cloud of smoke into the idol's nostrils.

As I came away I was more than ever inclined to believe Gavazzi's story—long as the bow is he is accustomed to draw. The Father said that John Chinaman visited the Sistine chapel during high mass. Upon coming out he was asked how he

liked it. "Good!" replied John! "Much good. Joss-house same!"

"What?" asked the Church dignitary who attended him, "is this like the god of the Chinese?"

"Tchess! Tchess! Chinaman's god! All same."—*Observer.*

HOW WE SPENT THE SUMMER.

July 1.—We opened our secret box to-day. It is a square box, about a foot deep and wide, covered with green, starred paper, excepting the slit in the top. John took it down from the bookcase. "It's heavy, girls—very heavy," weighing it in his hands. I had not seen his eyes dance, or his cheek burn in that fashion for a year. It had been just a year since we pasted the starred paper on the box, and put it up there—this very day, indeed, last July, when we discovered that there was no hope of getting out of the breathless heat of the city for even a day. It is breathlessly hot again now, and our sole chance of fresh air and health lay in that boxfull of pennies and ten-cent notes. No wonder we were glad to feel how heavy it was.

While John dusted it off, and went for a chisel, I lighted the gas, and told sister Sue about how we came to think of the box. Sue was not living with us last summer.

"You've no idea of the stench and heat in this narrow court later in July, Sue," I said; "nor how utterly run down John is, after a year's steady work at the desk."

Sue nodded, glancing over at his face and thin hands trembling over the chisel. "I thought all the clerks at Postellwrust's have a furlough," she said.

"So they have. John had a fortnight last year, but only half pay for the time. We could barely live in town on it, and take a jaunt to the Park two or three times. As for a glimpse of a green field, it was just as impossible as to unbar Heaven's gate, and look in at the streets of gold. We counted it all over this first night in July, and gave it up. Two or three weeks of rest and good air would have given John new years of life. I felt as if we were signing them away."

"So, then, you thought of the box?"

"Then we thought of the box. John and I were sitting just here by the window, looking out at the dirty alley, with its sickening sights and smells. He said, 'God gave the country and fresh air to cure and strengthen all his children, Sally; and, please God, we will not be cheated out of our share another year. We'll save every penny.' 'The only way,' I told him, 'to do that, was to put the pennies where we could not lay them out.' We nailed and papered the box that very night. You know how we've saved for it."

"Yes, I know," said Sue. I know a good many of Sue's little earnings have gone into it.

The truth is, I was very uneasy about bringing her home last spring with me, after mother's death, though our house seemed the natural refuge for the poor, motherless, homeless girl. But the most grating stress in poverty is, that your love and generosity have all to be weighed and measured out to suit the miserable monthly salary, before they can become active. John's salary barely feeds and clothes ourselves and the four children. If I overrun my allowance fifty cents in the week, it is long before I can make it up, so closely are we narrowed down. What were we to do with a hearty, growing girl of seventeen? Of course, the first intention was that Sue should support herself; but when we came to look into it—what could she do? She was the best hearted, jolliest, fat little thing in the world; kept John and the children in a perpetual chuckle and riot with her fun. But she seemed to know nothing in the world to be learned out of books—so she could not teach; she could not even count well enough to make change—so there was no chance for her in a shop.

"I've no genius, nor skill, nor even handiness," she said, holding up her plump ten fingers, and laughing. "I don't know what you can make of me, sister Sally." But, although she laughed, she went out quietly, and got some law-papers to copy. She did it in a big, round hand, but they pay her for it. She makes tatting and knits baby-socks in the same quiet way; but she is constantly bringing me in bits of money. The child pays for her boarding twice over; and then, how her absurd nonsense brightens up the house. What with the anxiety of mere living, and keeping the wolf from the door, John and I have almost forgotten in the last ten years that there were such things in the world as jokes, or laughter, or downright fun, for the sake of fun.

Well, as I said, Sue had slipped many a penny into the box. I have stinted the Sunday dinners all through the year; John has worn his ragged shirts another season; in short, we have lopped off every little relief and relaxation that had always made our bare life endurable through the year.

"Never mind, children," John would say, "it will come back in the summer. The summer! There will be your puddings and your rides, all in one."

The children were in bed early to-night. John had hurried home, so that we might have time to count our treasure leisurely.

"If there are more than fifty dollars," said Sue, "the mountains. If there are less, a country farm-house."

"I thought sea-bathing would be the

very thing for John," I ventured. "And Jenny—Jenny is teething."

"Oh, impossible! You've no idea of the expense of sea-bathing! No idea, whatever!" said Sue, decisively. "Besides, we've no dresses fit for a watering-place." Now Sue is an authority on dress.

The large tea-tray was brought, and the box placed in it. John applied the chisel—whiz, presto, off came the lid! Sue and I drew a long breath.

"It is not—not quite so full as I thought," said John, looking in—and then he overturned it. "Take some of these notes to count, Sally. Sue, you're equal to the pennies, eh? Make piles of ten."

So we went to work. We were a very little while in getting through. Then Sue and I waited until John should dot it all up.

"Fifty! The mountains," she whispered, nodding.

But I was afraid that was too high an estimate. John finished counting, and then did not speak for a minute. "Thirty-five dollars would give us all a week at Farmer Potter's," he said, "taking us there and back."

"A week! Is that all?" I cried. I could not keep the tears out of my eyes. I had made so many plans. I have been all the year making plans.

"But it cannot be even that—it is only twenty dollars." No one spoke for a little while. John put his hand on mine. "I am so sorry for your disappointment, Sally. Never mind, little wife."

My disappointment? I looked up at his sunken jaws, and the red spot on his cheek-bones. Something must be done to ward off death. For it was that which was surely coming. Far-off, perhaps, but surely coming. Death.

"La, ta, ta!" sang Sue, nervously walking up and down.

There was a ring at the door-bell. John did not gather up the pennies—it was only Dr. Clough. We have no secrets from him. I tried, though, to shade my red eyes—I want to make the house cheerful for the doctor, that he may not give up his habit of spending his evenings with John. He is the only chum left of John's early days, when he, too, had leisure and money for study, and rare editions, as well as the grave, scholarly professor. Then, too, I fancy the dry old bachelor finds something of the warmth and comfort of a home with us and the children. Sue, though, jars against him, I know. He is so full of hard, unflinching sense, and poor Sue has all a silly girl's fondness for show and fashion. She is so dull, too, as not to be at all in awe of him.

"Something may be done with twenty dollars, surely," she said, when he was seated.

"There are ten of us," said John, in his sober, argumentative way. "The cheapest board that I can hear of in farm-houses is five dollars for adults and half-price for children. Then there are the traveling expenses. No! we must stay at home, Sue."

"How do the other men in the office manage, Eckert?" asked Dr. Clough.

"Ford goes fishing in his fortnight, and leaves his wife and children at home. I couldn't do that, you know, George. Peters takes his wife to Cape May for a couple of days; nothing can be done with the children, of course. Stoll sent his daughter to Long Branch, for a week. It pinched the whole family for a year, he told me. But she is a pretty girl, and he wants her to have a chance to marry well."

"Fanny Stoll came home full of ideas about dresses," cried Sue, with eager eyes. "She made her last winter's merino precisely like Mrs. General Short's silks from Worth. And she says that they have such lovely hops at Long Branch!"

Dr. Clough looked at poor Sue's flushed face with cool contempt. I would have liked to snub him well, if I dared. She is only a child. Is it unnatural she should long for fine dresses and dances?

"Your colleagues, John, certainly have very strange ideas of the way to secure a stock of health and courage for the year's work, out of their one holiday," said the doctor, with a quiet sneer. "Can you manage no better."

"I'll have the fortnight's rest in town. We'll make it as pleasant as we can. We'll have to give up green fields and barn-yards. Yet, I wish Sally could have had a glimpse of them," looking wistfully at me. "The little woman is worn out."

"Yes, she is worn out," said the doctor, gently.

I tried to say no; that it was John who was overworked; that I had done nothing but attend to the house and children; but I broke down, and making some excuse, came here, up stairs. The baby moans incessantly in her sleep. She was fat and chubby but a month ago; but the disease has left her wan and white as a little ghost. Our two bedrooms are but twelve feet square, and so close that every sound is heard from one to the other. When John comes home, exhausted, fagged-out with the day's work, the stifling heat and the baby's cries make the nights more wearisome than the days.

I don't want to complain. I make the best of it to John. But the air from the alleys is foul and heavy with disease. The whole world seems to pause to take breath in this heat; but for us, in-doors, there is the same hard, drudging work that goes on from year's end to year's end; and without, the glaring sun, and vile sights and smells,

It is not only that my children are growing up without a glimpse of all the beauty and glory God has given to the world, but their bodies are being poisoned for life in their infancy. Why should health, and pleasure, and all the beautiful works of God be kept for those who have a few poor greenbacks more than we? unfairly earned, too, sometimes. Why should all of His blessings wait for that gross liquor-dealer at the corner, who can pay for them, while John, who has culture and refinement—God forgive me! I don't know what I say. But when I look at him, I feel as if my burden was more than I could bear.

JULY 10.—The heat is almost intolerable. John's vacation begins on the 15th. I have determined that he shall take the money and go with Ford fishing. Rest, and fresh air are absolute necessities for him.

Mrs. Peters called this morning. Sue and I were with the baby.

"Where do you go this summer, Mrs. Eckert?" she said.

I told her I thought, nowhere.

"Dear! dear! Why, it's quite the thing to leave town. Everybody of any gentility goes away, or, at least, shuts up the house," with a giggle. "Peters and I are going for our summer to Long Branch, when the season is fairly begun. We want a change from Cape May, where we went last year."

"How long do you call the summer?" asked Sue, spitefully.

"Well—ah! Not the whole hot weather, Miss Sue, of course. Certainly not. One grows weary of the frivolity of fashion, and longs for the quiet of home. Why, you are in a hurly-burly from morning till night. Such dressing, and flirting, and dancing! one is so hot and anxious, one has hardly time to draw breath. And the expense of it! You've no idea! Why, what with my dresses and Peters' broadcloth suit, and our boarding, one Cape May season swallowed just one-third of our last year's income. But then we sat down cheek by jowl with all the high-flyers, every day. One must have a glimpse of high-life, you know, Miss Sue."

"Yes; to come home discontented with your own for the rest of the year. And your season only lasted a week, after all."

Sue's tones were very tart, and Mrs. Peters' face as red as the flowers in her hat. I thought it time to interfere, and began talking of baby's medicines. But she answered me very drily, and rose soon after, and went away.

"I'm afraid you were rude, Susy."

"I suppose I was," the angry tears rushing to her eyes. "But why should that vulgar woman come here to boast? Why should she wear silks, and thrust herself into good society, while you sit here in a shilling calico?"

"My calico is cooler than her silk to-day; and we are 'good society.' 'Where McDonald sits, there is the head of the table.'" But I could not bring a laugh to Susy's face. She went to the window and stood looking gloomily out. I knew, through the glaring brick pavement and dirty gutter, she was looking at the gay beach and brilliant ball-rooms at Cape May.

While she stood there, Mrs. Price came in to look at baby.

"She does look peaked," she said, poking at it with her bony finger. "Try gin in her milk."

"Sally or I take her to the square in the morning before the sun is up. The air is a better tonic than gin," said Sue, who was ready for combat with anybody.

Mrs. Price gave one of her disagreeable laughs. "Oh, to be sure! The fresh air! The next step will be the baby must have salt baths, or a month in the country. It is astonishing how many sick babies and women crop up just at the fashionable season for leaving town. For my part, I despise people of our means who toady and ape fashionable manners. Out of town for the summer, forsooth! I met Mrs. Peters coming out, all agog for Long Branch! Men and women like Peters and his wife, are the laughing-stocks of the real gentility at the watering-places. No wonder men are dragged down in their business, with wives full of such whimsies and follies."

"You don't go out of town in summer, then?" I said, with a sudden wrench of my conscience. Was it nothing but a folly and whimsy in me, then?

"Out of town! What in the name of common sense would take *me* out of town? What takes any woman out of her own comfortable house, flying here and there to watering-places and sea-beaches, like a wild goose that has lost its way, but the silly wish to follow after geese bigger than herself, and to cackle about them? No, Mrs. Eckert, I don't go out of town! And if the Peters had laid by the money they've wasted at Cape May, and the like, they'd have as snug a sum as Price has now in bank. People of our means, that bring children into the world, ought to look to their future, and provide for them. They've no right to vanity and junketing."

"I am quite sure of that," I said.

I hardly heard what she said as she went away, the matter troubled me so. What if she was right? John and I had always tried, out of our poor means, to make our home as pleasant, and life as cheery for the children as we could. Until this year, we had spared a dollar now and then, for a concert, or a rose to set in the window. There was Tom's violin and Joe's rifle—was this all selfish thoughtlessness? Ought we to have laid by these odd pennies for

the boys' education? Our first duty was to them, no doubt. This trip we had planned to the country, too? Were we like the Peters? Was it a sin, or a weak aping of the wealthy classes, for people of our means to spend any money in pleasure? Was it to be all hard drudging?

I felt so anxious and conscience-stricken about it that I spoke to John and Dr. Clough this evening, and told them all that was in my mind. Neither of them answered me for a moment.

Sue did. "I suppose God did not mean to cheat you and your children of your birthright of enjoyment, sister Sally. I would take it at any rate."

The doctor answered me at last. "Miss Britton is right, madam. Certainly, both rest and enjoyment are the birthrights of you and your children, and you ought to take them. It would be a poor education for the boys, if amusement was left out of it."

John nodded. "I thought that," I cried; "but I was afraid."

JULY 13.—Jenny is worse. Sue and I have watched with her for the last four nights. Oh, God! if she should die.

JULY 14.—Jenny lies on the crib, without motion, except from the faint, slow breath. Hester is at home from school. She sits by me, and will sit here, until late in the night, watching the baby. She is a prematurely old and thoughtful child. Her pale, anxious face is as sad to me as my poor, sick baby's. Oh, if I could pour health, and strength, and hearty pleasure into my children's lives! If I could give my heart's blood to do it! Tom and Joe, too, have left school. I cannot shut up two boys of ten and eight in this cramped house and fearful heat; consequently, they run the streets. They are finding their education in the gutter. Every day thay come home with some new profane word or vile habit. What can I do? I must sit holding the baby. I can pray, but that is all. Sometimes I think if I had them in the green meadows, and the yellow sea-beaches. Heaven itself grows dull beside them, to my sick fancy.

EVENING.—The physician has just gone. I noticed a change in his face when he looked at the baby. "Is it worse?" I said.

"It is worse, Mrs. Eckert. I think it right to tell you that I can do nothing more for the child. The only chance for its life is an immediate change of air. You must take it out of town."

"I cannot," I said stolidly. I knew that there were but the twenty dollars. If I and the baby went, John stayed at home, and if he had not this chance, he could not live through another year. John should be saved, let what would come to the others. But my head swam, and my ears grew dull; I could not hear what the doctor said to Sue and John, who came into the room, and stood looking down, with pale faces, at the baby, while Hester sobbed on the floor, by the crib.

After awhile, I felt them lift and lay me on the bed. The doctor had his finger on my pulse. "Overworked," he said. But I knew it was not that. It was that I carried John and the children so long on my heart, and the weight was too heavy for me. "I wish God would help me with them," I said. I could not waken for a long time. At last I heard a man's voice, so cheerful and hearty, I could hardly believe: it was Dr. Clough. He had Jenny in his arms. Country air? Of course, she shall have country air! or the salt sea-winds, which is better. We'll have her fat and rosy in a week's time. But you must leave the matter to me, John. I ought to have taken it in hand before; but I was afraid of meddling."

"Do as you will. But, Clough," said John, "remember, I have but the twenty dollars. Make it go as far as it can for the child and her mother."

"Why, bless your soul, man, you're all going! You, and Hester here, and these two dirty, frightened ruffians; and Miss Sue, if she will accept my plans. I do not think, however, I can compass even a day at Long Branch."

Sue was too terrified and troubled to hear or heed him.

"Clough!" John put his hand on his arm, "you are very generous; but I cannot accept money, even from you."

"I do not mean to advance you a penny. I mean that you shall all go for the twenty dollars. Leave me to manage. You will not refuse to accept my good sense in lieu of your stupidity, eh, old fellow?"

He handed back the baby to John, laughing. His face was red, though, and his eyes wet. I never thought him handsome before; but he seemed to me now as if he looked like one of the messengers of God.

JULY 21.—I have time now to write down all that has happened in this wonderful week. I cannot but think, as I sit here on the beach, the awful solitude of the sea before me, Jenny asleep in my lap, with a soft tinge of pink in her cheeks, that we have been transported on the magic carpet which carried Aladdin to his fairy palace. But it was practical work enough which brought us here. By daylight, the morning after the physician had ordered us off, Dr. Clough was at the house. "My vacation began yesterday," he said. "All hands to work! There is not an hour to lose!" His coat was off in a twinkling, and John and he, in their shirt-sleeves, with the boys, in the midst of a dire confusion of trunks and boxes, Sue and Hester flying here and there, busy and happy as bees. By ten o'clock, behold the result of their

labor! Three trunks packed with all our half-worn and shabby clothing; (the best garments were left in the closets.) A second-hand army-tent, strapped, ready for transportation; two barrels, filled with pots, gridirons, flour, sugar, coffee, soap, sheets, and blankets, an axe, hammer, nails—and fifty other unconsidered trifles, which Dr. Clough remembered to add. By noon, the whole party, in a sort of bewilderment daze, given over to the doctor's guidance, like a flock of sheep, were steaming through New Jersey, on the Camden and Amboy road. Then followed two hours' jolting in an open wagon, which deposited us, at sundown, on the yellow-sand beach, pine-woods behind us, and the ocean before. With the first breath of the salt air baby opened her eyes, and presently gave a feeble little crow. I sat and nursed her, while John and Dr. Clough, both old campaigners, dug a drain around a square spot of ground, pitched the tent in the middle of it, heaped sand for beds, and spread blankets over it. The boys and Sue kindled a great fire, and made coffee. Then the shelter-tent was pitched for the men and boys. The first night was all a wild, uneasy dream, so sudden and violent a change as almost to terrify me. Now that a week has passed, it seemed to me as if I had lived here always, as if this wild gipsying was, after all, the true life. My baby is not only safe, but is growing fat and rosy, as the doctor foretold. I lie through long hours with her on the warm sand, watching the change from violet to sullen gray, over the vast, heaving plane below, and feel new life stealing into every vein. We have gone to housekeeping regularly. The empty bed-ticking we brought has been filled with chopped straw, which we purchased from the farmers for a few cents. The drift-wood on the beach supplies us with fuel; and the sea and marshes are our market. We live on the delicacies of the season, and hunger gives a sauce which Delmonico could not buy. Fish, snipe, crabs, clams, oysters, the men and boys bring in until my larder is full to repletion. Hester clung to my side at first, awed, and half afraid of the sea. But now she is off by daylight, with her brothers, wading, or gunning, or crabbing—a veritable tom-boy. I can hear their shouts and laughter now ringing over the beach.

JULY 22.—A cool day, full of soft, gray, tender shadows over the woods and sea, crisp, white foam lapping the shore at our feet. The white-sailed ships, spectral in the mist, passing noiselessly all day along the horizon, in the stately procession of a dream. The doctor, John, and the boys, were up and off to the marshes before dawn, coming back uproarious, and starving for breakfast, by the time the great wood-fire was burning. They are all cooks; John and the doctor have gone back to their old boyish days, and fancy, I believe, the frolic is to be perpetual. Unending old stories and jokes are brought out; John goes in and out whistling, his head erect, his eye sparkling, and his skin the color of the brown kelp.

EVENING.—John asked Dr. Clough for a statement of our expenses. He jotted it down.

One second-hand tent, bought at auction, - - - - - -	$6 00
Railroad and wagon fare, - -	7 25
Expressage for tent, - - - -	1 50
	$14 75

"Which leaves," he added, "$5 25 to take you back home. The twenty dollars, as you see, have covered the expenses, except two dollars, which you must allow me to pay, as a boarder, to put it on business footing."

I wish there was some way for me to make this statement known to the thousands of poor men and women stifling in the city, for whom a week or two of rest and return to this simple out-door life would give strength and courage for a year of drudgery.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

Young Folks.

EFFIE HAMILTON'S WORK.

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

(*Continued.*)

CHAPTER VI.

Good God! to think upon a child
  That has no childish days,
No careless play, no frolics wild,
  No words of prayer and praise.

Is there no pity from above—
  No mercy in those skies;
Hath then the heart of man no love,
  To spare such sacrifice?

—*L. E. L.*

It was long past daylight, though to the low room in that crowded court scarce a beam of light had made its way, when Jeanie was awakened by a touch on her shoulder; starting up she looked round, bewildered at finding herself in so strange a place.

"Don't be scared," said Solly, showing all her teeth. "I guessed I'd best wake yees, for if old Nance was to find yees she'd make yees cut sticks mighty quick."

Effie's blue eyes were wide open by this time and gazing up at Solly.

"Well, young un; how do yer feel this fine morning?" asked the city arab, anxious to be as polite as she knew how.

Effie only smiled in reply, but presently she said:

"But, mammy, what are we to do to-night and to-morrow-night and every night? old Nance won't always be away."

"You're a queer young un, you be; but I guess if I ain't mistaken the room above this ere's to let, and if it ain't quite as good as this it ain't a bad place I can tell yer; and it's in a 'spectable part, not like them bad places below Canal street; and I advise yees, being as yees are strangers, not to take up with any of them; them's an awful bad lot, and would fleece yer of all yer have and more too," exclaimed Solly.

"But how much maun I pay for such a room?" asked Jeanie.

"Well, we pays four dollars a month for ourn; but being above us I guess yer might get old Grinder to let yer have it for three."

Jeanie looked aghast. Three dollars a month! how could she earn even that, let alone provide food for Effie and herself.

"But how can I earn a' that?" she asked, wonderingly.

"Lors a mercy, chicks younger that I be earn that much, let alone big women folks; can yer sew?"

"Yes, yes, I can sew."

"Well, I tell yer, if yer'll leave the business to me and come round here about dusk, I guess I can hev' things kinder settled for yer: lots of folks knows me and give me work that would turn you away, added Solly, patronizingly. "But if you'll consent the bargain's made."

"You are a good lassie; I wad like to do something for ye, child."

"Pshaw! go 'long, what do I want? tell us it its a bargain?"

"Yes, yes, child, gladly."

"All right, come along now till I show yer down stairs; may be yer could get a bite of breakfast at Lomminey's round the

corner. Lor! thinking of that supper last night makes my mouth water, it do."

"But I haven't said my prayers," interposed Effie, gravely.

"Well, just make em a bit short for today, else I guess as how you'll be praying old Nance to let go of yer soon."

Reprovingly Effie looked at her strange new friend for a moment, then went through her usual morning prayer, not hurrying it, as Solly had advised.

In a few moments after the city girl had shown her guests out of the front entrance; scarcely had the sound of their thanks and Jeanie's blessing left her ears when, "Yeller Nance's" rough voice accosted her.

"What vagabones be them now you've had along, you brat, you?" asked the half-intoxicated woman, at the same moment aiming a blow at Solly which was skilfully evaded, thus causing the strong red arm to come with some force against the ricketty door-post, making it shake under the shock.

"Ya-a-ah!" grinned Solly, making a grimace. "Don't now, you might hurt the door; please don't," she yelled, as again the brawny arm was lifted.

"Tell us then, quick!" screamed Nance, shaking her fist at the child.

"Them folks, as went out? Lor, they weren't nothing but some Scotchies looking at old Grinder's upper room: let 'em come and see how they likes it."

With this explanation Nance seemed satisfied, and Solly, inwardly chuckling, set off on her daily quest of "chores" to do, or to collect any "broken wittles" which she could beg or find; but this day she had other business on hand. First, she went to an establishment where she knew work was given out, believing Jeanie would not bear to leave Effie, and consequently would wish to take her sewing home; here she drove what she considered a hard bargain with the merchant and departed on her way rejoicing, thinking she had done wonders to get her new friend twenty-five cents apiece for every shirt she made. Her next visit was to "old Grinder," as the owner of almost all the houses in her own court was familiarly termed. A nice little sum those same tenements bring "old Grinder;" even one house crowded, perhaps, with its twelve or fifteen families, yielding him a larger sum than some of the costly mansions on Fifth Avenue rent for. With this person Solly had even more trouble than with the Broadway merchant; so many questions had to be answered, so many assurances given of the good character of the would-be-tenants of the upper room of No. 18. To be sure Solly knew little of this Scotchwoman and her child, but she was quite willing to answer for their promptitude in payment of their rent.

"I don't see why you should be so mighty pertickler about these strange folks, Solly?" said the landlord (to whom our little city friend was well known), when a good deal of argument had passed between them.

"Well, Mr. Grinder, if yer must know they's special friends of mine; if that is'nt enough you can jist go'long and rent yer old rooms to Tom, Dick or Harry. I ain't a goin to waste no more time arguin' with yer."

And with a toss of her matted locks, Solly turned to go.

"Say, Solly, won't you give us three fifty?"

"No, I won't, not a cent mor'n three; so jist please yerself," and she opened the door to depart.

"Well, Solly, I guess you can have it," called the landlord after the child; grinning she ran back, and pushing the door open, put in her dirty sharp face, with, "You're a brick, old Grinder," and then she was off.

But now Solly had to make up for lost time, else "Yeller Nance" would give it to her. Her perseverance gained her more than one odd job, and often accompanying payment would be a few cold potatoes, two or three slices of meat, a stale loaf of bread or something of the kind; the day was a successful one to Solly in spite of her delays, and when she started for home she took with her almost a dollar in little pieces, besides her "wittles." Nance was in a good humor, and so, in high spirits, the girl seated herself on the half-rotten door-step, as the daylight waned, to watch for her new friends.

All that day Jeanie and Effie had been wandering about, now on Broadway, now through some of the narrow side streets,

then again in the busy thoroughfare of business and pleasure. It was almost four when, attracted by a moving crowd, they followed in the rear, as one is apt to do when wandering aimlessly through a great city, and found the people turned into the Park which they had noticed before but had not entered.

"Oh! let us go, too," said Effie longingly, "the trees and the grass look so green, and there are so many little children there."

Jeanie looked down sadly on her little one, who for so long a time had scarcely seen a blade of grass or listened to the singing of nature's merry songsters; so she took Effie's hand in her's and they went in with the hurrying crowd. The attraction was a brass band that was vigorously performing, on very brassy instruments, "The Star Spangled Banner."

What a wondrous attraction to old and young there is in the sound of music, whether it be the rolling, swelling anthem in some grand old church, or the squeaking notes of a quavering concertina played under our windows on a moonlight night! If a crowd is collected in some busy thoroughfare, ten to one but the magnetic power is that of music! Effie was charmed; the thronged park seemed to her some enchanted place, a perfect paradise in the midst of the noisy dirty city; her mother could scarcely tear her away when the time drew near for them to meet Solly; the place was gaining new charms, just then lights were beginning to gleam out among the trees, gay chinese-lanterns swinging among the branches, gave a sort of oriental aspect to the scene, while gaily dressed ladies and laughing children flitted past.

"Oh, mammy, not just yet!" pleaded the child, lingering as her mother turned her steps toward one of the gates.

"But, Effie bairn, we maun go; you must be a wee woman now and help mammy; you ken we must work bairnie, and play nae langer."

Without another glance, Effie placed her hand in her mother's, saying quickly,

"I'll help you, mammy."

So the two hastened on and found it quite dark in the court when they reached it, so soon did daylight flee away from those narrow, crowded human haunts.

Chapter VII.

There rests a shade above yon town,
A dark, funereal shroud;
'Tis not the tempest hurrying down,
'Tis not a summer cloud,

The smoke that rises on the air
Is as a type and sign;
A shadow flung by the despair
Within those streets of thine.

Such is the moral atmosphere
Around thy daily life;
Heavy with care, and pale with fear,
With future tumult rife.

—*L. E. Landon.*

It was with some difficulty Jeanie distinguished Solly's abode from the other houses in the gloomy street, so similar were they in outward appearance; but at length she spied one at whose doorway a childish form in a light dress stood out against the dark background; she guessed it was Solly and stopped before her.

"Lor now, you did scare me," exclaimed the girl starting from her crouching posture. "But I'm main glad to see yer; bless me if I didn't think you'd tuk off and left me in the lurch; I'm glad to see your a woman of yer word. I got the room for yer, and shirts to make at a quarter a piece, and that's what old skinflint don't give to every one. See what it is to have a friend in a big place like New York."

Jeanie could not repress a smile, though a moment before her heart had been chilled by the price named by Solly for her work, and which the child thought so much better than most seamstresses got; but she thanked her little patron very warmly, and even when ushered by her into the bare, comfortless room upstairs, she felt a throb of thankfulness at the thought that it was all her own and that she and Effie might be there together.

Poor Solly had, by keeping back some cents of her earnings, procured a bundle of clean straw which she had spread carefully in the corner, but of this she said nothing when pointing out the advantages of the room.

"Yer room," she said, "in some ways is better nor ourn, the cold winds don't blow

in here as they do on our side of the house, and there's only two panes out of the winder, which is a deal fewer than most of us has, and then there's a garret overhead and I hurd Granny Lyons say it warn't but a little rain came in one corner, and I didn't put yer bed there yer see; so I tell yer it ain't such a bad room, and I got old Grinder to let me have it for three a month, though he was pretty tough."

"Your a good bairn; God will reward you for your kindness to the lonely."

"Lor, I don't want no 'ward," exclaimed Solly, rolling her eyes. "I'se glad to see yees comfortable."

"I say, Solly," asked Effie, who had been inspecting the apartment as well as she could by the dim light of a tallow candle in which Solly had also indulged in honor of her friends; "I say, where did you get the straw—it wasn't here before, was it?"

"Oh, you go 'long, that ain't much," said Solly, turning away quickly, and pretending to be busy dragging a big box she had obtained somewhere; how, perhaps, she would not have cared to explain to her new friends.

But Jeanie saw in a moment how it was about the straw, and began pondering how she could help the child and yet not appear to pay her for what she felt was indeed thoughtful kindness on the part of this little city arab.

"Where's Nance to-night?" she asked, when Solly had ended her labors satisfactorily and bestowed this article of "furniture" in what she considered a desirable situation.

"Oh, the old girl's jolly to-night; her feelings overcame her, she said, after the funeral this mornin', and she's been lying down ever since."

"Have you had your supper?"

"Not yet."

"Will ye do for me as ye did last nicht, and tak yer supper with Effie and me?"

"Won't I though," returned Solly, with shining eyes. "But I guess we hadn't better have such a jolly one as we had last night, else we'll get stravagant."

"Just as you like," replied Jeanie; "only bring eno' for us a', it mayn't be always we can get it."

Solly was off in a minute, her quick footsteps making the old stairs shake even under her light tread.

And so Jeanie and Effie were settled in their own room, and next day work in earnest began. Solly took Jeanie to the establishment in Broadway, and on the deposit of a dollar—the last she had in the world, three shirts were given her to make. There must be no more play hours for Effie now, life had begun in earnest for the little Scotch lassie, she must learn to sew very nicely so as to help mither; even now she could fasten the buttons on the shirts, and very soon she was able to hem them round and do the plainer parts; hour after hour she would sit by her mother's side, patiently, if slowly, plying her needle and thread; it was early for her to sing the Song of the Shirt. But though Jeanie gave herself no rest, she insisted on Effie taking it; every little while, three or four times a day, she would invent messages, now to the corner bakery for a loaf of bread, again for some needles or thread; at first these voyages were made only when Solly could take the child with her, but ere long Effie learnt to find her way among the crowded streets, and the mother could but trust her little one to His care who gives His angels charge concerning those who make Him their refuge to keep them in all their ways.

Jeanie had now almost lost all hope of finding her wayward husband, and, though never forgetting the purpose of her voluntary exile, her one object now was to earn sufficient money to take her and "the bairn" back to their dear Highland home; she knew if she had applied for assistance to her father help would gladly have been forwarded to her at whatever cost to himself; but she also knew that the "auld folks" had as much as they could do to manage to keep their own home together, and cause them privation in their old age she would not. So she struggled ont finding it hard work to lay up one sixpence at the week's end, and alas! discovering ere the next week closed that she must draw on her scanty hoard; but she hoped on, always trusting that the next few days would be better and that as Effie grew more helpful she might find time for extra work.

But I must say a word in passing about our friend Solly, for I trust that already my readers are beginning to feel an interest in the far from uninteresting city child. Some may, perhaps, be inclined to think that the little woman's charity and benevolence were unnatural to one in her circumstances; but that royal law of love which bids us do to others as we would have others do to us is not always an accompaniment of educational advantages only, or to be found merely in the homes of the rich and the fortunate. You will find emanating from many a humble abode deepest sympathies and most delicate acts of kindness towards the suffering and the sad, "truant flowers of Eden planted in the garden of the heart" by some sweet ministering angel. The poverty of a fellow sufferer often excites in the bosom of the poor a compassion that the sorrows of the rich man seldom seem to call forth from his wealthy friend.

In poor Solly's heart this fellow feeling for the destitute or the sorrowing among her own class was deeply rooted, though doubtless she would have laughed to scorn the idea that any of the occupants of the gay carriages she so often admired rolling down Broadway needed in the slightest degree her pity; to her, accustomed since she knew aught to connect sorrow and suffering with want and destitution, wealth seemed free from any such companions, the rich alone were to be envied, they surely were exempt from every ill. How much better it would be if the rich and poor knew each other more; the poor, doubtless, would be less inclined to covet the position of the rich man, surrounded by a thousand carking cares and wearying griefs he wots not of, and the rich seeing the misery of poverty would surely often relieve where now he sends empty away from his door the ragged suppliant and would henceforth feel that his wealth was not his own, but entrusted to him by his Lord to be used for Him to relieve the needy, to comfort the sad.

Solly's morals, I'm afraid, were not the highest in the world, for though nothing would have tempted her to steal from the poor, I fancy she thought it little harm to take anything she could from those she considered would "never miss it." But remember, kind reader, that although this child had lived all her little life within the sound of the sweet church bell, she had never heard the sweeter story of Jesus' love. There were street-preachers and "missioners" who often came to the court, but from these Solly instinctively shrank, and old Nance made it a point to turn such from her door, as we have already heard. Poor little Solly! how many there are like her in that busy, hurrying metropolis; yet, thank God, we hope the number is lessening. Brave, true men and women are going forth strong in the Lord and in the power of His might to stem the torrent of wickedness and vice that pours down those dark, dank courts like a mighty stream—to rouse the careless, to teach the ignorant, to raise the fallen, to guide and help the penitent. God help and bless them in their work of faith and labor of love; and let us all, whether young or old, try wherever our lot may be cast in this wondrous New World, to work for Him who has so loved us, to bring to the fold of the Good Shepherd some of the many weary wanderers we may find anywhere and everywhere. Poor Solly, 'tis true, had heard the name of Christ—alas! too often in awful blasphemy from the mouths even of little children; she herself had doubtless used the sacred name in her fits of anger or indignation, little knowing the awfulness of the sin she committed. But don't blame her too harshly, you, my little readers, who have been brought up in religious homes, carefully shielded from scenes where language such as Solly every day and all day heard would meet your ears; you have been told from your earliest years of that blessed Jesus who came on earth to die for poor sinners, who is willing to help and bless all those who will trust in Him: but Solly had never heard of that dear Saviour as the Saviour of all who believe, as *her* ever-living Redeemer.

(*To be continued.*)

MY HIGGINS FRIGHT.

When I was a child I suffered, like all little ones, from a thousand imaginary terrors. I laugh now as I recall some of these half-forgotten agonies; and I agree heartily with prosy Mr. Tupper, that, at least in my case, it was "the ills that never happened which chiefly made me wretched."

To this day I cannot hear the name of "Higgins," without a sudden recollection of one of the greatest frights of my life. It is not much of a story, but is perfectly true as far as it goes. So listen and you shall hear.

My Cousin Lydia was my first love among cousins. She had petted me so much, that I entertained for her the profoundest regard; and when she was married, and actually invited me, a little girl of seven, to her wedding, I think my love for her amounted to idolatry.

I can see her now, all in white, standing beside the only man in the world who was, in my opinion, worthy to be her husband. I can see my black-eyed Aunt Ann presenting her with a bridal rose, which, I dare say, withered next day, but which is beautifully fresh in my mind. The cutting of the wedding-cake was performed with solemn precision, and I thought that ceremony quite as important to my two cousins as the few words pronounced by the good minister over their clasped hands. And certainly my own cunning little slippers, and new wax beads, figured as largely, and were as essential as anything else. Never (though I should live to marry off all my kindred) shall I behold such a wonderful wedding again! The only drawback to my perfect bliss was the thought of losing Cousin Lydia; however, my mother had promised her that I might soon visit her in her new home.

I went that very summer, buoyant with a delight which was almost too big for my little heart to hold. It was not only Cousin Lydia now: it was Cousin James also; and together, they constituted the most charming "double cousin," that ever a little girl had to love. They were boarding at a hotel. What a hotel was I hardly knew, except that it was not in the least like any other house, and, for that reason of course, all the more desirable. I anticipated a fortnight of pure ecstacy; and my heart warms now toward my gentle Cousin Lydia, long since one of the angels, when I think how much reason she gave a spoiled child to love her and expect the tenderest kindness at her hands.

My ride to Clinton was a fairy-journey. When we passed houses with open windows, it seemed to me that the houses were laughing for joy. The flowers by the roadside smiled sympathetically, and the grass in the fields nodded knowingly. "So you're going to Clinton? Feel grand, don't you? Oh, you needn't deny it! Well, you'll have a splendid time, that's a fact."

Ah, well-a-day! and so I should have had, no doubt, if Mr. Bluebeard Preston (I forbear to give his real name) had been a hundred miles away. He was my Cousin James's partner, and boarded at the same house,—a handsome, pleasant young man, with, however, the most inveterate love for teasing. The moment he espied me, I suppose I reminded him of a little fly, such as he had enjoyed impaling with a pin in his boyhood. He took me on his knee, and, kissing me on the mouth, declared I was his little girl "to keep," and he was greatly obliged to me for coming so far to see him! In vain I remonstrated. I had not come to see him, I said. Would he please put me down? I did not like to be kissed.

But the more I vociferated, the more amused and persistent the tyrant became. He called me by various pet names, among others, "little wifie," and assured me that my curly hair had inspired him with such admiration, that he intended to wait for me, and marry me, whether I was willing or not.

There was such a wicked twinkle in his eye as he said this, that I looked appealingly at my Cousin Lydia; but she only smiled, and did not interfere. My indignation was hardly suspected, for I was too shy to tell even my cousins how I felt. But from that moment there entered into my heart a bitter hatred of that gay young man, such as only a helpless child can feel. Thank Heaven, I am sure it would now be impossible for me to dislike any human being with such mingled emotions of terror and disgust. I did not quite believe I should be obliged to marry him, still the bare thought of such a fate filled me with unspeakable dread. I looked at my hair in the glass, and decided that if worse came to worst, I could singe it off to the roots; better do that or wear a wig, than have my curls, that enchained Mr. Preston, remain a stumbling-block, and ruin me for life!

Go where I would, this intolerable man seemed ever at my elbow. He was a sword over my head, an ogre at my side, a ghost at my banquets. He dwelt at great length upon the delicious wedding-cake which he had reason to suppose my mamma would prepare for our nuptials. "O ho!" thought I, and a gleam of satisfaction crossed my brain. "I would cheat him! For shame, to care so much for cake!" My mother should be instructed to make a delusive compound of sawdust and molasses, stuck full of bits of brown bread for make-believe citron and currants. That would be a glorious revenge!

I loved my cousins so dearly, that I did

not tell them how I hated this friend of theirs, and longed to go home, for the sake of shutting out the sight of his detestable face. If he had had a finer nature, he would have discovered for himself that what was to him a moment's pastime, had become to his poor little victim a chronic torture. But it is quite common for grown people to forget the exquisite capacity for suffering which belongs to childhood.

My Bluebeard one day took a new tack. I always avoided him as if he had been a savage lion, but he never failed to pursue me to my hiding-place, and draw me forth, trembling with apprehension of what was to come next.

"Now, Miss Moppet," said he, "it will break my heart to lose you, but when you are ready to go home, I shall drive you in my buggy."

I made a faint remonstrance.

"O, but I shall, my cherub! And on the way, I shall take you to see my Aunt Higgins. You never heard me speak of my respected Aunt Higgins, perhaps? It is a very painful subject, and I can seldom mention it without tears."

I met a roguish flicker as I gazed into the man's eyes, but never suspected that the unscrupulous tease was making up a story as he went along.

"My Aunt Higgins," continued he, drawing a deep sigh, "is an afflicted woman. Her husband, a promising man, and a blacksmith, hung himself with a skein of yarn!"

"Why-ee! Did it hurt him any?"

"Hurt him, child! It killed him dead as a door-nail!"

"O when, where, how? What made him?"

"It was years ago, Miss Moppet. I believe he ate some custard pudding that disagreed with him; at any rate, he was very unhappy. He was in the shed-chamber when he expired. His wife was knitting some stockings, smiling, as she rocked before the fire. She missed the yarn, but, strange to say, never mistrusted what had become of it! O, O! such a loss!"

Here the narrator, being quite overcome, buried his face in his hands.

"My dearly beloved aunt has since told me that she could never have the heart to use that skein of yarn, though she needed it to finish out the stockings, and it was just as good as new."

"O dear, dear, I never heard of such folks," shuddered I; "do they belong in this country?"

"Indeed they do! The widow is still alive, and her seven sons,—all boys, too. They think a great deal of me, and I'm going to carry my little wifie there to see them. Won't it be jolly?"

"O no, no, no," groaned I, struggling to get down from his lap. "I don't want to go."

"Yes, but they would never forgive me for going by them; and you see, chickie, their house is right on the road."

"But I can walk home," gasped I; "it's only sixteen miles, and I'd just as lief, and my mother wouldn't care!"

"Nonsense; don't you want to visit my bereaved Aunt Higgins, for my sake? Anyhow, you *must!* The only trouble is, I'm afraid,—I'm very much afraid,—yes, let me see, you *will* have to sleep in that shed-chamber!"

"O don't, don't!" I entreated. I am very sure my persecutor could not have been aware of the depth of my distress, or he would not have persisted so cruelly.

"O yes, Miss Henny Penny! You see there are seven boys, two in a bed—that leaves one for me to pair off with—and then—"

"But couldn't—couldn't I sleep with your auntie?" sobbed I.

"O no! she sleeps alone, and groans continually. There's no spare bed in the house. Too bad, little darling; but really I don't see any other way but we must go to see these Higginses, and put you in the shed-chamber!"

I wondered frantically whether there wouldn't be a window in the room, and whether I couldn't climb out,—no matter if I did break my neck. O, that it should come to this!

"Here's a bag of candy," added the Ogre; "you may eat half, and carry the rest to Ichabod Higgins,—he looks most like his father!"

Candy for a breaking heart! Had I been saved through the whooping-cough in babyhood, and lived seven whole years, to meet with such a doom at last! Was there no hope? Compared to this, the distant prospect of marriage was a trifle light as air! I would never go home, that is, so long as I could help it, if the road would always run by those Higginses!

I thought of my impending journey day and night, and once questioned Cousin Lydia with regard to the facility of riding home across the fields, adding that the Higgins family were strangers to me, and I objected to visiting a house where there had been such a domestic tragedy. It was the first time my cousin had heard of Mrs. Higgins or her bereavement, and she laughed immoderately. I was silenced at once, and never broached the subject again; so my cousins had no reason to suppose it troubled me at all. None the less, however, did I continue to dwell in secret upon the frightful subject, pondering some way of escape. It was useless to implore my unfeeling enemy to stay away from the direful house. I never questioned his sincere attachment for his afflicted aunt and her seven noisy boys, all with boots on; and even if natural affection had been

wanting, did I not know too well his obdurate nature, to attempt further remonstrance? A man who would marry a girl against her will was capable of anything!

I had nothing but pity for poor Mrs. Higgins, with a face of woe, and a necklace of gold beads. But those seven dreadful boys all in a row! I shivered, as I seemed to hear them giggle over Mr. Bluebeard's "little wifie!" And that ghostly chamber, where I must sleep all alone! I lay awake, hour after hour, making pictures in my mind of a rough room curtained with cobwebs, and infested with crawling spiders. I presumed it would be a moonlight night when this, my doom, would come upon me; and the melancholy moon would stare in at the high windows, and show me a man dangling stiffly from the ceiling by a nail, a skein of gray stocking-yarn choking his neck! Ha! So still as it would be! No sound from the crawling spiders, only silence, and moonlight, and horror! I had drenched my pillow with tears as I gazed at this fancy picture, but did not know I was crying aloud, till Mr. Preston, who slept in the next room, called out, "What is the matter, little one?"

O nothing!" I sobbed, convulsively; "nothing ails me at all!"

For, next to my fear of the Higginses was my dread of being laughed at. But Mr. Preston, who was, on the whole, a very kind-hearted young man, would not be satisfied with this answer, and called up my Cousin Lydia. How I longed to pour out my sorrows in her pitying ear! But no! I only said, "I would like a drink of water." I was a naughty child for disturbing the house; and when I think of it, I would like to shut myself in the closet; but my cousin only kissed me, and was afraid I was sick, while the horrible dragon cheerfully hurried to fetch me a draught from the northeast corner of the well. They never knew that I was almost frenzied by dwelling on those Higginses.

The fatal day came at last, and the pertinacious Mr. Preston did indeed drive me home; but Cousin Lydia was with us, and I clung to her as a protector. I dared not ask any leading questions, but my relief can scarcely be imagined when Mr. Preston suddenly turned to me, saying with apparent regret, "Dear me! How unfortunate it is that I must give up visiting Aunt Higgins! I wished so much to exhibit my little wifie to her and the seven boys! But your Cousin Lydia would make one too many, begging her pardon. My dear aunt wouldn't feel like putting a lady in her shed-chamber!"

Joy of joys! My heart danced under my sun-bonnet strings, as buoyant as a bubble. I caught my Cousin Lydia's hand, and held it in mute gratitude, for it was she who had saved me.

This was years ago. I need not aver that up to this date I have never, to my knowledge, slept in a room where any man, Higgins or otherwise, had ended his days with a skein of yarn. So all that fright went for nothing.

Moreover, I have never married Mr. Bluebeard Preston,—nor anybody else.

On the whole, I have decided that "looking for evil" is a very foolish employment. Never see spectres in the distance. If you walk up to them, you will generally find that, like the fabulous Higgins, they "hang on nothing in the air."—*Sophie May.*

A NEWPORT TRAGEDY.

PART I.

By the sad sea waves sat Dolly;
 Her mother had left her there.
(Her mother's name was Polly,
A damsel with fluffy hair,)

Now only this spake Polly,
 As she placed her on a rock:
"Sit here while I go home, Dolly,
 And change this mussy frock.

"I'll come and take you, Dolly,
 When I'm ready for my ride."
Miss Dolly stared at Polly,
 But never a word replied.

Never a word she uttered
 As the fluffy hair flew past;
But oh! the sad sea muttered
 And the sullen tide rose fast.

Alas! alas for Dolly!
 Still onward rushed the tide,
And still forgetful Polly
 Was dressing for her ride.

PART II.

Oh! dreary is the ocean,
 With black night over all:
And weary is the motion
 Of floating (to a doll).

And a most unwelcome visitor
 Is a sea-gull, as you float,
One made a cruel kiss at her
 And caught her by the throat.

The gull was hungry, wood is tough,
 Which made it bad for Dolly;
And since he could not eat enough,
 'Twas doubly melancholy.

PART III.

The cruellest of cruel shocks
 Had Polly in the morn,
When Jacky found among the rocks
 An object all forlorn.

"O cousin Jack! O cousin Jack!"
 Cried the distracted mother;
"It's dreadful hard; but throw her back—
 I'll have to buy another!"

And ever since, on Newport shore,
 Whate'er the fun and folly,
The sea with moan and dismal roar
 Bewails the fate of Dolly.

—*Hearth and Home.*

FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS.

One pleasant morning in August, Charlie Norton, with his little sister Grace, started for a pasture half-a-mile from their home, to gather blackberries. "What a nice morning it is," said Grace. "Yes," said Charlie, "it is very pleasant." "Did you say 'Our Father,' this morning, Charlie?" inquired Grace. Charlie reddened a little as he replied, "What made you think of that, Grace?" "I don't know, unless it is because everything is so pleasant. Mother says God makes all the pleasant things, and they should remind us of Him. Did you say it?" she continued, after a little pause, suddenly recollecting that her brother had not answered her question. "No," said Charlie. "How could you forget it *this* morning?" Grace emphasized the word *this*, because she felt that on a morning so full of blessings, the great Giver should not be forgotten. "I did not forget it," said Charlie. "Why didn't you say it, then?" "I thought I had better not." Grace looked up in surprise. She could understand how her thoughtless brother might forget to say his prayers, but she could not see how he had come to the deliberate conclusion that it was not best to say them. "What do you mean, Charlie?" she asked. "Do you remember what mother said last Sunday night?" "Do you mean what she said about 'forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors'? Yes, I remember that very well." "Yesterday when Stephen Corson knocked my book out of my hand into the mud, I did wish I was big enough and strong enough to kick him into the ditch, and I have felt so ever since, so I didn't say 'Our Father' last night or this morning." "Oh! Charlie, it must be wicked to feel so that we can't say our prayers." "I suppose it is, but how is one to help it?" "If you ask God to help you not to feel so, I am sure He *would* help you." Charlie looked doubtful. Perhaps there was in his heart the unbelief which is too often found in older hearts, and he questioned if he should get help if he asked it. Perhaps he did not really wish to part with his angry and wicked feelings, but on the whole preferred to keep them. A great many prayers are hindered in one or other of these ways; and a great many which the lips do utter are rendered insincere. When they reached the field they found little Willie Barton there. He had started early and had been there about half-an-hour. "I am glad you have come," he said. "I am almost afraid to be in the field alone with that bull." "He won't hurt you," said Charlie. "Mother says he won't hurt us if we pick quietly, and take no notice of him." "There comes Stephen Corson," said Willie Barton, after Charlie and Grace had been in the field about an hour. "I don't want to see him; I wish he would stay away," said Charlie. Stephen had not been in the field long when he contrived to upset Willie Barton's basket. Willie had left it near the edge of a large flat stone while he picked some berries. Stephen made it in his way to go across this stone, and he gave the basket a little touch with one foot, just sufficient to overturn it. "Oh, that is too bad!" exclaimed Willie; "I wanted to keep my berries so nice for mother, and now they are all spilled in the grass and dirt." "You should not leave your basket in my path then," said Stephen. "It was not in your path," interposed Charlie, indignantly; "you went across the rock on purpose to knock it over." "You had better be careful what you say," said Stephen, turning defiantly towards Charlie. As Charlie was not a match for Stephen, he thought it prudent to say no more, but his heart was burning with indignation and anger. As Stephen could find no other mischief to do, he began to throw stones towards the spot where the bull was quietly feeding. "Don't," said Willie Barton; "if you do that he will come at us." "You had better go home to your ma-a-a, you little chicken," said Stephen, contemptuously. "I am afraid to stay here; let us go into the next field," said Willie to Charlie. "I will agree to that," said Charlie; "I would rather stay in the field with the bull than with Stephen Corson; but to have them both is a little too much." Stephen, finding that the bull took no notice of him, grew bolder and drew nearer, shouting and throwing stones, though still keeping at a considerable distance. At last the animal seemed to consider himself insulted. He stopped feeding, and stood for some time looking at Stephen. The bold boy was not alarmed until he saw the infuriated animal coming towards him. He then ran and leaped over the fence into the field to which the other children had retreated. "I don't like to stay here," said Willie; "it is a low fence, and now the bull is angry, he may jump over. Let's go into the next field. The wall is high there, and we shall be quite safe." "There are no berries there worth picking," said Charlie. "If we can't find any we will go home," said Willie. "I am quite ready for that," Charlie replied; "Stephen has spoiled all our fun, and I don't care how soon we go." Willie's fears were not groundless. The animal soon knocked off one of the rails with his horns, and jumped over. Stephen was now thoroughly alarmed. "See how frightened he is," said Willie, who was watching him on the other side of a high stone wall. "What if he should not get away?" "It would be good enough for him," said Charlie. "Don't talk so, it is wicked," said Willie. "I suppose it is; I don't want

anything so bad as that to happen him," "I am really afraid he won't get away," said Willie: "I fear that he trembles so he can't climb the wall. If one of those bars were down he could get through in a minute." So saying Willie ran to the bars, let down one of them very quietly, and then ran to hide behind the high wall, where the animal could not see him. "How you tremble," said Charlie; "you were afraid to go to the bars." "Yes, a little, but it took only a minute." "And you did it for *him*, when you were so frightened." Stephen ran directly to the bars and darted through. "It was well you thought to let down the bar," said Stephen, as he joined the boys. "What a fright I have had." There was a short silence, and probably a short struggle also, and then Stephen again spoke. "Willie," he said, "you were a good boy to let down the bar for me. I am sorry I overturned your basket. I will never do so again." After parting with the boys, Charlie was very thoughtful and quiet as he walked home with his sister. "I think Willie can say 'Our Father' to-night," he said, after a long silence. "I think he can," said Grace. "Can't you say it too? Do you feel now as if you wanted to kick Stephen into the ditch?" "No: Willie has made me ashamed of those feelings. He acted nobly, and I wish I were like him." "I am very glad," said Grace; "I think you, too, can say 'Our Father' to-night."

Dear young friends, have you not something to do before you can say "Our Father?"—*Mother's Friend.*

A SHORT CATECHISM.

At sunset of a summer's day,
All curled up in a funny heap,
Beneath the currant-bushes lay
A boy named Willie, half asleep.

But peeping through his sleepy eyes,
He watched all things as if he dreamed,
And did not feel the least surprise,
However strange and queer they seemed.

And every creature going by
He hailed with questions from the grass,
And laughed and called out sleepily,
"Unless you answer, you can't pass."

"O caterpillar! now tell me
Why you roll up so tight and round;
You are the drollest thing to see—
A hairy marble on the ground."

"I roll me up to save my bones
When I fall down: young man, if you
Could do the same, the stumps and stones
Would never bruise you black and blue."

"O spider! tell me why you hide
The ropes and ladders which you spin,
And keep them all locked up inside
Your little body slim and thin."

"I hide my ropes and ladders fine
Away from neighbors' thievish greed;
If you kept yours as I keep mine,
You'd always have one when you need."

"Why do you buzz so, busy bee?
Why don't you make your honey still?
You move about so boisterously,
I'm sure you must much honey spill."

"I buzz and buzz, you silly boy,
Because I can work better so;
Just as you whistle for pure joy
When on the road to school you go."

"O robin, wicked robin! why
Did you my mamma's cherries eat?
You thought no mortal soul was nigh:
But I saw you from bill to feet."

"And I saw you, my fine young lad,
And waited till you left the tree;
I thought when you your fill had had,
There would be little left for me!"

"O big bullfrogs! why do you make
Such ugly noises every night?
Nobody can a half-nap take;
You make our baby cry with fright."

"O Willie! we suppose the noise
Is not a pleasant noise to hear;
But we've one hundred little boys—
Frog-boys so cunning and so dear.

"And it is not an easy task,
You may believe, to put in beds
A hundred little frogs who ask
All questions which pop in their heads."

—*H. H., in Our Young Folks.*

A MOTHER'S KISS.

BY FABIAN FREER.

She pressed his lips with a fond caress,
Of a mother's loving tenderness.

Nothing so pure, so sweet as this,
The holy love of a mother's kiss.

Watching his lov'd form pass the street,
Into the city's dust and heat.

Her heart rose up in voiceless prayer—
Watch him and guard with loving care,

Keep him always, Oh, God! I pray,
From snares that gather around his way.

Juice of the clustering purple grapes
Smiled in myriad sparkling shapes—

From carven sideboards, old and rare,
In golden goblets, chaste and fair.

Drink, 'tis the rarest vintage old,
With glittering drops, like beads of gold.

The rich perfume from the golden cup
Came sweet and softly floating up.

It touched his lips—a thrill, a start
Of pain and sadness pierced his heart.

Was it the prayer of a mother dear,
Or guardian angels watching near?

Mother kissed me, he thought—the beat
Of his throbbing heart grew calm and sweet.

Mother kissed me, I will not throw,
Her love away for a drunkard's woe.

—*New York Witness.*

"THE SEA IS ENGLAND'S GLORY."

NATIONAL SONG.

Music Composed and Arranged for four voices by H. G. Gilmore, late Organist, &c., of St. Paul's Cathedral, Buffalo, N.Y.

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With spirit.

TREBLE.

1. The sea is Eng-land's glo - ry, The bound-ing wave her throne, For

ALTO.

TENOR.

1. The sea is Eng-land's glo - ry, The bound-ing wave her throne, For

BASS.

ACCOMPANIMENT.

ages bright in sto - ry, The o - cean is her own; In

ages bright in sto - ry, The o - cean is her own; In

war the first the fear - less, Her ban - ner leads the brave; In

war the first the fear - less, Her ban - ner leads the brave; In

peace she reigns as peer - less; In peace she reigns as peer - less; In

peace she reigns as peer - less; In peace she reigns as peer - less; In

rall.

peace she reigns as peer - less, The Em - press of the wave.

rall.

rall.

peace she reigns as peer - less, The Em - press of the wave.

rall.

rall.

2. The sea is England's splendor,
Her wealth the mighty main;
She is the world's defender,
The feeble to sustain;
Her gallant sons, in story,
Shine bravest of the brave—
Oh! England's strength and glory
Are on her ocean wave.

3. Thou loveliest land of beauty,
Where dwells domestic worth,
Where loyalty and duty
Entwine each heart and hearth;
Thy rock is freedom's pillow,
The rampart of the brave—
Oh! long as rolls the billow,
Shall England rule the wave.

The Home.

MRS. BRINKERHOFF'S TROUBLES.

BY SUSAN WARNER.

(Concluded.)

The next morning, after her husband had left her, and the arrangements of the day were made, she locked herself in her room, with the money spread before her, and went into calculations on her part. They were blind calculations as yet, for the expenses of the household had been governed by no system as yet; the one simple and satisfactory rule being, when a thing was wanted, to get it. So that now, when Mrs. Brinkerhoff wanted to come to some determination about how much of this sum ought to go to the butcher, and how much for a month's groceries, she had no data on which to base her conclusions; only some broken recollections of the housekeeping at home, in her mother's house, before she had married and come into more stately ways. Two hundred dollars lay before her.

"I shall never need to spend all that," said little Mrs. Brinkerhoff, feeling that blessed, quiet luxuriance of a person who has more money than he wants. "The women's wages will take thirty dollars exactly—there's no margin about that. For market—for butcher's meat—how much? I am sure that we did not use to spend at home more than three dollars a week for meat; but we had a smaller family and lived closer to our means. Here, of course, it is another thing. I suppose I must say twenty dollars a month, or twenty-five. Twenty-five certainly ought to be enough. Vegetables are not much; fruit is something. Let me see. I have paid fifty cents and seventy-five cents a day lately for strawberries, and Sam has sent home bananas and oranges besides. That is, say, five dollars a week. Twenty dollars for fruit. It cannot be less either, at present; for I have my jam and jelly to make. It will take more. Groceries? I am sure Sam and I eat very little—not two pounds of butter in a week, nor anything like it; and sugar is a mere trifle. I suppose I might say, for the kitchen and all, fifteen dollars. Thirty, and twenty-five, and fifteen, and twenty for fruit, and, say another fifteen for vegetables, &c.—a hundred and five! It mounts up. Well, there is ninety-five left for things not reckoned. I do not want dresses at present. I do not want anything, I think. I shall have a great deal to spare. Twenty dollars, of course, shall be set off at once as the Lord's tenth of this money; but I think I can give a good deal more, and yet keep a little fund for extra expenses that might come another month. That will be wise, I suppose, to do always."

So, with much content, Mrs. Brinkerhoff put aside in a private drawer of her secretary a clean twenty-dollar bill, and locked the rest up for occasions, with the feeling of one who has a bank at his back.

The next day her mother came to see her; and with great secret joy Mrs. Brinkerhoff took out the twenty-dollar bill and put it into her hands for the relief of the distressed family.

"This will be quite a windfall for Betty Morse, poor thing! She has looked—well, hollow-eyed, for sheer thinking and want of comfortable food, I do believe."

"Want of food!" cried Mrs. Brinkerhoff.

"I do believe it. She would stint herself, you know, for the sake of the children. And I *know* they were dining the other day on potatoes and molasses—with bread, I mean."

Mrs. Brinkerhoff quietly unlocked her secretary, and took out ten dollars more.

"Can you spare it?" asked her mother.

"Yes. I must spare it. It makes me feel guilty to think of the strawberries I have been eating lately. But I cannot help it. Sam will have them."

"My dear, you ought to have them. Your husband is quite right. He can afford to have what he wants."

"Yes; but all the strawberries in the world would not do me as much good as that ten dollars that is to give Betty a little comfort. Do buy some strawberries with a few shillings of it, mother; or else they will not know the taste of one, and the taste of mine will be spoilt."

"I'll do that. Esther, Ball & Blimber have some elegant chintzes, very low—just the thing you would like for morning dresses. And they are so much worn now. Have you seen them?"

"I don't want any dresses just now, mother. I have really enough."

"But such chintzes you cannot get every day; and these are put down very low. Late in the season, you know. I think you ought to get one; it is good economy."

Mrs. Brinkerhoff had a weakness for just such things—cool, fresh, bright muslins

and cambrics—in which she looked herself like a strawberry under a leaf; and she liked that kind of effect. She went to see the chintzes. They were quite as they had been described. She had not meant to buy any dresses that month; nevertheless, she was tempted, and bought one of these. It did not cost much.

A day or two after, she was going with her husband into the country for a visit of two or three days. The weather was warm, and she got herself a flat straw hat. Also she found that she had no small trunk or valise fit for her use on just such an expedition; and she was forced to purchase one. Mrs. Brinkerhoff knew better than to practice the false economy of buying cheap things; so the valise did cost something. But, as she reflected, it would not be to buy another month, and her stock held out.

The bills, however, were, by her arrangement, to be rendered to her at the close of the month. Until then everything had gone on in the household just as usual. She expected the day with some curiosity, but no fear; even a little grain of hope that she would have more fund money left than she had counted upon.

The result took away her breath. Under her eyes lay the various accounts of butcher, green grocer, and grocer not green; also several lesser bills—of the plumber for some repair of the kitchen pump—of the upholsterer for putting up muslin curtains to the drawing-room windows, of the livery-stable man for carriage hire, and of the milkman for his daily supply of the house. But Mrs. Brinkerhoff's eye returned to the three accounts first named. How was it possible? The butcher had furnished her with meat to the amount of fifty dollars, instead of half that sum; the grocer had sent in a bill of fifty-five; and the cost of her vegetables for the month filled Mrs. Brinkerhoff's mind at once with wonder and dismay. Twelve dollars were for green peas alone; other things in proportion. In fact, another hundred would but have made Mrs. Brinkerhoff's affairs square with the world at the end of the first month.

There is no use in inquiring too closely how this revelation was received; if some mortified drops fell from Mrs. Brinkerhoff's blue eyes, she was all alone, and might do what she liked. For one half minute a flying thought of borrowing the missing money from her mother, and making it up by care from the excess of months to come, did overshadow Mrs. Brinkerhoff's brain; but no more than half a minute. There would be too much risk; there would be some difficulty; and, above all, there would be the dissimulation. That was not Mrs. Brinkerhoff's way; but in the light she would do all she did; and no shadows were on her brow or under it when, some hours later, she met her husband.

She chose her time, however. She did not broach the matter at the dinner-table. She waited till all that business was over; and, in the cool drawing-room, where the light of the summer day had lost its fierceness, her husband came to her side, in that mood, pleased and ready to be pleased, of a man with whom the world is going well, who has just eaten a good dinner and can afford it, and will get his wife a pound of sugar-plums if she asks for it. Some men like to be asked. I think Mr. Brinkerhoff did. His invention, or his imagination, was somewhat slow. He came and sat down by his wife—or, rather, threw his length somehow over the end of the sofa—and looked at what she was doing. Not that he could comprehend her work, any more than he supposed she could comprehend his; but the nice little hand and its delicate motions were pretty to see, and the lace and muslin that half-veiled the wrist quite suited Mr. Brinkerhoff's pleasure. He was particular about his wife's dressing. For a little she let him look in silence.

"What is the use of all that?" he asked at last, with a sort of lazy incredulity.

"It has its use," said Mrs. Brinkerhoff.

"I don't see it. You can have all that sort of thing done for you."

"I do. I have everything I want, Sam. This is for somebody else."

"Not for me," said her husband. "That sort of thing never goes on my head."

"Nor on mine, said pretty Mrs. Brinkerhoff, bursting into a merry laugh. "This is an old woman's cap, Sam; don't you see?"

"Let the old woman make it for herself."

"Ah! she can't. Her hands are stiff with inflammatory rheumatism. They will never make any more caps."

"Hire somebody to do it, then."

"But I save money this way. Don't you see, I can give her half-a-dozen caps that I make myself for two that I can buy. And I have plenty of time."

"It isn't work fit for you," said Mr. Brinkerhoff, rather grumblingly. "You ought to be doing something better."

"What better can I do?" said his wife, letting her work fall and facing him. "She is a good old woman—very good. If she wasn't, I would make caps for her; but, being, as she is, one of the Lord's own people, she is my sister, Sam. I am bound to do all I can for her, and it is very pleasant to do it."

"All you can, eh?" said Mr. Brinkerhoff, apparently drawing some mental conclusion.

"With my own money, Sam," his wife responded, quickly; "not yours. You are safe enough now from my old women or my poor people. I shall only spend what I have to spend."

"What will you do when you get pinched?" said Mr. Brinkerhoft, to whom the thought, perhaps, suggested that a little pearly ear was conveniently near, and pleasant to take hold of. His wife let him pinch it for a moment, taking no heed; and then suddenly broke forth:

"Sam, will you try me another month?"

Mr. Brinkerhoff stared at first and mused, not catching the clue; then something in his wife's look, half wistful and half confident, revealed it to him. He burst into a laugh, good humored, but not wanting at the same time in a certain flavoring of manly superiority and supremacy.

"Ha!" said he. "You are bankrupt, aren't you?"

"It takes time to learn some things, especially complicated things," his wife replied.

"Well, you *are* bankrupt, aren't you? Confess. Just as I said."

"I don't think I shall be again, Sam."

"No," said Mr. Brinkerhoff. "Ha, ha! How far has the tide come up over your high-water mark?"

"Over yours, Sam. I am sure I set none."

"It was yours after I had marked it, little one. How much are you in debt, eh?"

It was a little hard to answer. Mrs. Brinkerhoff flushed somewhat as she said, "A hundred dollars."

"Pretty well!" exclaimed her husband. "Ha, ha! A hundred under water the first month. The plan works finely. How do you account for it, eh? What have you done with it? Have we eaten so much more this month? Upon my word—a cool hundred!" and he laughed again.

"It will not be so next month, or I am mistaken. Sam."

"You want to try it again, eh? It'll come to the same thing."

"Do you really think a woman cannot keep accounts?"

"Certainly not. I only think she can spend money. O, yes; I dare say she knows how."

"I begin to think I know, Sam; but it is not my spending, I assure you. I have bought almost nothing."

"Only three hundred dollars' worth."

"No; others bought it. That was the trouble. I did not know till now how your money goes. I supposed it was all right. I am sure it is all wrong. I am sure the high-water mark, as you call it, may well be where you have put it, and easily."

Mr. Brinkerhoff was not so sure of that, for the private truth was that he had given his wife less than he believed they had been spending.

"I wouldn't bother myself with it anymore," he said, in the tone of one who wishes to put an instruction in the form of suggestion.

"You have no objection?" said his wife, looking at him.

Now there was nothing but the simplest asking in this form of words; nevertheless Mrs. Brinkerhoff's blue eyes accompanied it with such a cool assertion of power—it was a way they had—that Mr. Brinkerhoff's objections were all beaten down and bent like long grass before the wind.

"Well, I declare!" said he. How much must I hand over for this month?"

"The same as before, Sam; no more."

"It's a way of keeping you amused," said the gentleman, rising, and beginning to walk up and down the room. "I suppose I should have a sweet time if I didn't find some way for that all the while. Well, you are worth a hundred dollars a month."

"I'll be worth more than that," thought Mrs. Brinkerhoff to herself.

She had studied her books and bills and the whole subject generally already that morning, and laid her plans. Immediately she set about executing them. The first thing was to know how much of all that came into the house was truly needed there.

Mrs. Brinkerhoff began to go to market herself. She took her maid with her with a basket. Everything she bought she paid for on the spot. At home she went into the kitchen, and took order as to the disposition of her purchases; arranged what should be cooked and what should be kept in such manner that without her knowledge nothing could be done.

Next she set about a careful system of measuring, weighing, and comparing, by which, in course of time, she arrived at a fair certainty of how much butter and sugar and tea and coffee each person in the family ought to consume. Then she ordered in her groceries by the quantity, and gave out by the week what was sufficient for the use of the household. Her general stores were kept under lock and key.

This produced first remonstrance and then rebellion. The cook gave notice to quit—in such terms that Mrs. Brinkerhoff must either own herself beaten and retire from the field, *alias* the kitchen, or submit to lose her valuable services. Now, the woman supposed her master would not part from her, as he was known to approve the results of her work and to prize the workwoman, and he was believed to hold the strings of the family purse. But Mrs. Brinkerhoff was mistress of the situation, dismissed and paid off her refractory subaltern on the instant, saw to the dinner herself for a day or two, and then introduced an old servant whom she had for some time wanted to receive into her service. The waters of rebellion sub-

sided and became profoundly calm. Mrs. Brinkerhoff's countenance shone serene over the smooth working of her household machinery. At the month's end she reported money in bank. Mr. Brinkerhoff looked *almost* disappointed.

"How is it?" he asked. "How is it?"

"I told you things were going wrong, Sam. I have found out how. There was wasted or stolen in the house exactly half of all we bought in the way of eatables."

"How do you know?"

"I suspected, and I took measures to find out. I buy everything myself now, and give out what is needed for a week's use, and no more. The rest is under lock and key."

"And you keep the keys and weigh out sugar and tea?"

Mrs. Brinkerhoff nodded with a satisfied expression of face, not reflected in that of her husband's.

"It is slavery!" he exclaimed. "It is slavery!" It is not worth the time and the trouble."

"It is duty!" said his wife. "It is duty; and duty always pays."

"I do not see that it is duty. Your hands are not made for such drudgery, and your time is too precious. I don't like it, Esther."

"My hands are not too good to do what I have to do," said Esther, lightly.

"I would rather lose the money. Of course, one expects to lose something in all those ways. It is the fate of every household, I presume. We are not worse off than others."

"But, Sam, duty! We have no right to let our house be a training-school for thieves."

"Nor a reformatory, either," said the gentleman. "At least, I hope not."

"I wish it could," said Mrs. Brinkerhoff. At any rate, I have stopped the thieving."

"And I say, I do not think it is worth the time and the pains," said her husband, looking considerably disgusted. "For you to be weighing out butter and cheese every day, like a dairy-woman—it is preposterous!"

"Have we any right to waste the money the thieving costs?" said his wife, with a grave tenderness. "There are plenty of things to do with it. Help and comfort for hundreds of people is in the cost of what our servants used to steal."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Brinkerhoff.

"I can show it you in figures."

"We have enough, besides, for giving all you want to give," said her husband.

"I beg your pardon. I want to give all that too, Sam. There is no end to the world's wants. Only the other day, I saw a list—a descriptive list—of a number of families of decayed and deceased ministers, poor and old and infirm women, wanting the very necessaries of life, that made md heart ache. Think what the sugar, any beef, and mutton, and tea I have saved this month would be to them."

Mr. Brinkerhoff seemed to be struggling with two or three feelings at once, of which one was sympathy. But another was a less noble motive.

"That is all you care about!" he burst out at last. If I let you go on, from retrenching in the household, you will come to retrenching in your wardrobe. Mind, I won't stand it. I have a right to see you well dressed, and I will. You are not to go and let yourself be shabby, all that you may give your gowns to old ministers' wives."

"No, Sam," said Mrs. Brinkerhoff, and, though she smiled, the water stood in her eyes. "I have not been retrenching in the expenses of the household; only cutting off the theft and the fraud."

"The theft and the fraud!" repeated her husband. "She thinks she has got rid of it! You cannot do it, Esther; they are everywhere!"

"Then I will only say that I have got rid of a large portion of it. Sam, dear; so large that what remains of it is imperceptible."

"But you do not answer me about your dressing."

"What shall I answer you?"

"What are you going to do, or wishing to do?"

"To make myself look just as well as I can, and excite you to a just emulation to dress as well as *you* can. I bought a chintz pattern and had it made the other day, that I knew would just please you."

"Chintz!" said Mr. Brinkerhoff. "What's that? I want you to wear what costs money."

Mrs. Brinkerhoff looked sober for a minute, and then asked, "Why?"

"Why? Why what is the use of having money?"

"To help make people happy, I think."

"Well, it makes me happy to see you well dressed."

"*Provided I be that*, Sam, would you not just as lief I should do it with fifty as with five hundred?"

Mr Brinkerhoff looked doubtful, and possibly afraid to commit himself by answering.

"I'll try to make you happy," said his wife, "in that way and in all ways. But oh! Sam, you do not know the exquisite pleasure I can get out ot twenty dollars in another manner! To see sad faces brighten, and thin faces fill out, and pale cheeks take color, and smiles come on the lips again; to see a little fire warming and brightening a poor room, where people had been starving with cold; to see a sick person or a feeble appetite made glad over

a dish of strawberries! Think how much that twenty dollars will do; and then talk to me about a little annoyance (but it don't annoy me) and time and trouble that will save many twenties."

"For some people," said Mr. Brinkerhoff, rather lamely. "But you have enough without that."

"I sent my seamstress a day or two ago to take a journey into the country to see her mother. She had not seen her for three years; has been sick and ill-paid, and could not afford it. You should have seen her crying for joy, Sam."

Mrs. Brinkerhoff's blue eyes were quite full and running over by this time, and Mr. Brinkerhoff was clean worsted. He made no more fight, but got up and went off; and next day gave his wife two hundred and fifty dollars for her next month's housekeeping.

It may be interesting to some ladies, young in married cares, and of Mrs. Brinkerhoft's mind as to the inconveniences of asking for money, to know that, after her household machinery once got into working order, she was never bankrupt again; and that for fifty years of housekeeping thereafter her machinery worked smoothly and noiselessly and with an utter loss of friction. Mr. Brinkerhoff attended to the house-rent, coal, and gas bills, taxes, journeying expenses, his own dress, of course, and the claims of poor relations on his side of the house; and once every quarter he made over to his wife the money he chose to afford for all the rest of the family life. That she administered; and out of it she gave her own charities and supplied her own wardrobe. No bills ever threw their evil shadows across Mr. Brinkerhoff's vision; no doubt as to what she could afford or how much she ought to expend ever troubled the mind of his wife. Her accounts were duly kept, and every quarter submitted to her husband's revision, that he might see, if he liked, what she did, and make sure that nobody wronged her in any way. And a household peace, unbroken and unshadowed, filled that household, to the great honor and content of both the ruling parties, so long as their mutual sway lasted.—*Independent.*

COFFEE.

"Will you take coffee?" asked Mrs. Bloomedor, her white hand and hyacinth ring resting, like some rare embossing by Tiffany's bold designer, on the handle of the cafetière. We will go no farther to-day than to answer her question, though a poet passed the cup to a painter after her words.

Whether we will take coffee or not depends, first, on its native quality. You remember the little packets of ground coffee done up in tin-foil which shed such inspiring fragrance through the room when you were housekeeping in Paris. Subtler than Rimmel's extract of coffee for aristocratic handkerchiefs, sweeter than the breath of orange flowers, yet with an almond flavor, and a pungency that restored languid brains by its very aroma, this coffee left its traces on the air long afterward in a glorious, vague, reviving essence that not all the alyssum and jasmine in the window-boxes could conceal or overlay. But that was in Paris, and that fragrant coffee is no longer even a name to you, for you forgot to inquire its variety, and you can only surmise that it came from Nubian valleys and islands girt with sunshine in the same zone as Mocha, though not sharing its celebrity. You must make treaty with the Syrian monks if you want to lay hands on a small portion of the genuine Mocha, though novelists of the period seem to have customers for larger crops of this coffee than Mocha could grow in five years.

The finest coffee procured in this country is from the Dutch East Indies, and this is a small portion of the good coffee furnished. Cubans, who are known to be critical in matters of the table, prefer the best growth of Porto Rico for their cups, esteeming it for its fragrance and stimulating properties. We will not go far wrong in taking their judgment on this point, for they have palates dainty as humming-birds. Taking the verdict of national tastes, the Turkish coffee is the finest in the world, for the reason that the climate allows the bean to ripen on its stalk for years, and coffee always improves with age. Then comes Java, when well ripened; but that known as Old Government Java is a damaged article. The select coffee of Porto Rico may rank next; then Maracaibo and the Brazilian exports, always remembering that more in this country depends on the grade and condition of coffee than its variety. It deteriorates in carriage, because it absorbs readily any foreign odors, such as spice or spirits, which come near it. On shipboard or in warehouses coffee is thus affected, and the deterioration is most rapid if it had been browned. Fine qualities of the browned article should be put up in cases lined with tin-foil or oiled silk bags, the upper surface of the contents covered with a layer of coarse white sugar to keep the aroma from escaping when opened.

Many substances are mixed with coffee to cheapen, and occasionally, by persons of weak health, to weaken it. Roast carrots, pease, and rye are used for this purpose, and, as diluents, furnish the same color as coffee, and a taste which blends with it, but can never be used as substitutes, because they lack entirely its principle, caffeine. This gives to coffee its invigorating

and aromatic qualities, the escape of which renders it worthless. But a substitute has been lately found in asparagus seeds which contain a large amount of caffeine, and have an odor like that of the finest coffee. The pulp is washed from the seeds, which are roasted and prepared just like coffee. Doubtless it will not be long before asparagus beans are an article of commerce, but farmers and gardeners can furnish themselves with this desirable substitute the coming season.

Common coffee should always be washed when green to remove the copperas, in a solution of which it is often soaked by dealers to give it a fresh appearance. Three or four waters are sometimes found tinged with the yellow copperas stain, which is rank poison to human stomachs. Brown it as quickly as possible to a dark color, but stop short of burning. Light brown coffee gives a raw flavor to the drink, and burning makes it bitter. In the last minutes of browning add a few spoonfuls of powdered white sugar, which will melt, and coat each berry with a varnish which excludes the air and preserves all the aroma. Keep in bottles or small cans tightly corked to prevent its heating. Even in large quantities the dealer may secure his coffee from evaporation by the addition of sugar while browning. Grind your coffee as wanted, if you care to have every particle of its strength, and grind as fine as possible. In finely ground coffee you get all the strength, and get it at once, as you can not do even by long boiling. Coarsely ground coffee may be dried after using once and ground again; in making over one-third the strength will be found remaining.

There are two ways of making coffee—one of which depends simply on the vessel in which it is made for success; the other is the old-fashioned arrangement, which demands a little skill. For the latter the coffee must be prepared by mixing with cold water and the white of one egg till all is moistened—not wet, but merely damp; use as little egg as possible (it holds the strength of the grounds in it,) but every particle must be moistened, or it will float in the coffee; pour on boiling water, and boil for three minutes; set it back where it will keep hot, but not boil, for five minutes, stirring the floating grounds in two or three times; pour out a cupful to rinse all the grains from the spout of the coffee-pot, and put it back again; add a cupful of cold water, which will precipitate the grounds at once, and serve.

The modern method of clearing coffee is by filtering the boiling water through the grounds, which are suspended in the pot in a wire or perforated cup. Half a dozen models of cafetières are seen in the shops, any one of which is inferior to the simple contrivance I will describe. This is a flannel bag with a wire run in the top to hold it open; the coffee fills this, and boiling water is poured through it—the beverage taken to the table when filtered. But this is awkward and slow compared to the homely fashion I have experimented on with the most satisfactory results. A strip of fine white Shaker flannel, quite full and thick, was torn into pieces a quarter of a yard square, and kept out of the dust, in the pantry, for use. One was scalded the first time of using, to take away the taste of wool, and the dry ground coffee tied up in it, and thrown into a pot of nearly boiling water and boiled for two minutes, the aroma kept in by a tin thimble fitted over the spout. This gave coffee that was a thing of beauty in its rich color and jewel clearness, and of a flavor to appease the exigent Parisian who handed his cup at the right of the table. Every day the sight of that coffee seemed to say that I had not lived in vain—that I had done something well. Observe, the water must not be boiling when poured on the coffee, or it will take a long time to extract the strength. Coffee made in this way will bear heating over, with a little fresh to add aroma, if a strong cup is desired in preference to nice flavor. And it is both economy and taste to boil the sugar in the pot, as it blends perfectly, giving all its sweetness when the cup is poured out. Two-thirds of a cup of coffee of sugar boiled in, made two quarts of coffee sweet enough for people who usually added three spoonfuls of sugar to each cup, and the flavor was richer than when the sweetening was dissolved. Fresh cream, not more than eighteen hours old, should be used, as old cream gives its flavor to the coffee. The coffee should be kept just below the boiling-point on the table, and poured on the cream, which will be diffused through the cup by the time the coffee is cooled enough to drink.

A delicate way of making a small quantity is to pour cold water on the pulp of egg and ground coffee, and let it stand five minutes just *at* the boiling-point, known by the slight simmer at the sides of the pot. This may be regulated by setting the pot in a vessel of boiling water and heating it there. Do not let coffee stand in a tin pot, as it extracts the taste of the metal.—*Harper's Bazar.*

BREAD AND BREAD-MAKING.

It was always a marvel to me how any one could relish graham bread. But John was a dyspeptic, and truly believed "bran bread" was the saving of his life; yet he ate it as a holy father wears hair cloth and goes to bed on a couch of spikes. I always sighed "Poor fellow!" when I saw him mumbling away at his dry slice, until after

a long course of experimenting we had sweet, nutritious graham bread, which it was no gastronomic penance for either John or myself to eat. Indeed, our breakfast-table is seldom without it, either in the form of "gems" or raised biscuit.

For this I sift the meal to lighten it, but use the bran, mixing it thoroughly with the flour. I know a housekeeper who gives the bran to the horses! The object of buying *graham* flour, with this purpose in view, is not obvious. I have found no one who sifts it, if intending to use the bran, but it certainly is much better sifted and mixed together again.

GRAHAM BREAD.

One quart of the meal, as prepared above, a half-cupful good of yeast, and a little salt. Mix with little more than a pint of warm water. In winter, milk or part milk may be used. In the morning add flour, but not enough to allow it to be kneaded. If biscuits are required, take a piece of the dough, flouring it and the hands, and work it lightly into little round biscuits. Fill a pan, crowding the biscuit a little. Leave it an hour in a warm place. Bake in a hot oven. If a loaf is preferred, pour into a pan after the flour has been added and thoroughly stirred in. Raise an hour before baking. I have seen it suggested somewhere that the bran, fermenting sooner than the flour, and before the sponge is raised enough, is the cause of the usual sourness of this bread; that adding the bran when the sponge was nearly or quite light enough, would obviate this. I would like to know if any one has any *practical* knowledge of this method. My own judgment is that the molasses, considered essential, causes the acidity, and I do not use it.

GEMS.

To make this simple but nutritious and palatable form of bread, one requires a cluster of little iron patty-pans, with which some readers are familiar, but more are not. They are found now, I think, in all large places, and if not, can be readily cast at any foundry. The pan at hand, make a thick batter of graham meal, a little salt and warm water, giving it a thorough stirring and beating. The consistency of the batter is not so important an item as that the gem-pan should be heated just right when the batter is put in. It should not scorch, but it should *sizzle*. Heap the pans, as the gems will be lighter and less crusty. Bake in a hot oven. When they will slip out of the pan they are done. They are quite as nice warmed in the oven when a day or two old as when just baked. They can be made with milk and one egg to about a quart of the flour, but they have not the pure wheaten flavor of the water gems.

If the following directions are closely observed, the housewife will have brown bread unequalled, save by the famous "Boston brown bread," and not surpassed by that.

BROWN BREAD.

Prepare the meal like the graham; sift, but turn back the bran and use it.

Two and a half cups of Indian meal, one and a half of rye—both measured after being sifted—half-cup of molasses, one cup thick sour milk, two cups sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda. A cup of sweet milk and two teaspoonfuls of cream-tartar can be used instead of the sour milk, with equal success. Pour this batter into a three-pint pail, or any vessel of about that size which can be covered tightly. Place it in a kettle containing boiling water enough to come half-way up the sides of the pail. Cover the kettle and keep it boiling three hours and a half. Set the bread in the oven fifteen minutes, to dry off. Water must be kept boiling with which to fill up the kettle as it boils away. It must be watched closely, but when it is done the cook will be well repaid for her trouble. Cut the slices round the loaf, and if you have a healthy stomach, eat the bread while it is warm.

As a finale, I will give a recipe for the most delicious achievement I have yet found in the way of bread, This must be made in the morning.

PARKER-HOUSE ROLLS.

One quart of flour. Make a *well* in the centre, heaping the flour high as possible about it. Pour in a half-cup of yeast. Warm a half pint of milk, with a tablespoonful of white sugar, and lump of butter half the size of an egg, and a little salt. Stir it in gently with the yeast, preventing it, if possible from running over the flour. Place it in a warm room, but not a very warm place. At noon, mix it and knead thoroughly. Possibly a little more flour may be required. Let this sponge rise until an hour before you desire to bake the rolls. Work it over again; roll it out half an inch thick; cut it into strips about four inches wide and perhaps six long. With the hands, roll the two short sides towards one another until the two rolls meet; pinch up the ends into the usual form of rolls; rub melted butter over the top, to give them a rich brown when baked. Place them in the baking-pan so they will not touch. Allow them to stand an hour, then bake in a quick oven.

None of the above recipes are theoretical only; I have tested them thoroughly, and she who may use them as a guide will surely have a variety of nice, healthful bread.—*Hearth and Home.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

A Good Recipe for Yeast.—For a small family take one ounce of dried hops and two quarts of water. Boil them fifteen minutes; add one quart of cold water, and let it boil for a few minutes; strain, and add half a pound of flour—putting the latter into a basin, and pouring on the water slowly to prevent its getting lumpy—one quarter pound of brown sugar, one handful of fine salt. Let it stand three days, stirring it occasionally. Little bubbles will soon rise in it. When it ferments well, add six potatoes, which have been boiled, mashed, and run through a colander, making them as smooth as possible. This yeast will keep for a long while, and has the advantage of not taking any yeast to start it with. It rises so quickly that a less quantity of it must be put in than of ordinary yeast.

Baked Tapioca Pudding.—A small teacupful of tapioca, one quart of milk, six eggs, a piece of butter of the size of a chestnut, a teacupful of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt; rosewater, essence of lemon, or nutmeg, as you prefer. The lump tapioca is the best, and if it is white it should not be washed, as the powder, which is the best part, will be washed away. Pick it over very carefully, soak it over night in a part of the milk. If you have omitted to do this, and need the pudding for dinner, it will soak in water in two or three hours; put barley enough to swell it thoroughly, boil it in the milk, stirring it often; beat the eggs some time with the sugar in them; stir them and all other ingredients into the milk while it is yet hot. If the pudding is put immediately in the oven, it will bake in three quarters of an hour, or a little less. Three eggs to a quart of milk will make a very good tapioca or sago pudding. Tapioca is very nice soaked in water and boiled in milk (about a pint to a coffee-cup of tapioca,) with grated lemon-peel, and a little essence of lemon, and eaten with cream and sugar.

Oyster Sausages.—Chop a pint of oysters with a quarter of a pound of veal, a quarter of a pound of suet, and some bread-crumbs; season with salt and pepper; pound them in a mortar; make them into little cakes with an egg; flour, and fry them dry. Serve hot.

Quince Blanc-Mange.—This, if carefully made, and with ripe quinces, is one of the most richly-flavored preparations of fruit that we have ever tasted; and the recipe, we may venture to say, will be entirely new to the reader. Dissolve in a pint of prepared juice of quinces one ounce of isinglass; next add ten ounces of sugar, roughly pounded, and stir these together gently over a clear fire, from twenty to thirty minutes, or until the juice jellies in falling from the spoon. Remove the scum carefully, and pour the boiling jelly gradually to half a pint of thick cream, stirring them briskly together as they are mixed: they must be stirred until very nearly cold, and then poured into a mould which has been rubbed in every part with the smallest possible quantity of very pure salad-oil, or, if more convenient, into one that has been dipped into cold water.

Vermicelli Pudding, Boiled.—Stir very gently four ounces of vermicelli into a pint of new milk over the stove until it be scalding hot, but no more; then pour it into a basin, and add to it while hot one ounce of butter, and two ounces of sugar. When the above is nearly cold, mix in it, very gently, two well-beaten eggs, and immediately put it into a basin that will exactly hold it. Cover carefully with a floured cloth, and turning the basin the narrow end upward, move it round for ten minutes, and boil an hour. Serve with pudding-sauce.

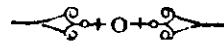
Grafton Cake (cheap and good).—One pint of flour, one-half pint of sugar, one table-spoonful of butter, one egg, two table-spoonfuls of cream tartar, one of soda; make a batter with the milk, having it quite thin. Bake at once.

Yorkshire Pudding, to Eat with Meat.—Take a quart of milk and five eggs, mix them with flour sufficient to make a good pancake batter; put in some salt, nutmeg, and ginger, butter or dripping a frying-pan, and put the batter under a piece of beef, or mutton, or veal, that is roasting. When the top is brown turn it, and let the under side be browned. Send it to table quite hot.

Soufle Biscuits.—Cut up four ounces of butter into a quart of flour; make it into a smooth paste with new milk; knead it well, add a little salt, and roll it out as thin as paper; cut out the cakes with a tumbler; bake quickly. Serve hot.

Crumpets.—Take one quart of dough from the bread, at an early hour in the morning; break three eggs, separating the yolks from the white; both must be whipped to a light froth; mix them into the dough, and gradually add milk-warm water, until it becomes a batter the consistency of buckwheat cakes; beat all well together, and set it to rise until breakfast time; have the griddle clean and hot, and nicely greased; pour on the batter in small, round cakes, and bake a light brown.

Literary Notices.



WHAT I KNOW OF FARMING.—Practical Agriculture as an Art, based upon Science. By Horace Greeley. Canadian News Company, Toronto.

The venerable sage of the *New York Tribune*, who has, according to some of his admirers, a good chance of occupying the Presidential Chair after the next election, published last year a series of fifty-two weekly essays, which have since been published in book-form under the above title. In the preface he gives the following explanation of his views and aims:—

Men have written wisely and usefully, in illustration and aid of Agriculture, from the platform of pure science. Acquainted with the laws of vegetable growth and life, they so expounded and elucidated those laws that farmers apprehended and profitably obeyed them. Others have written, to equally good purpose, who knew little of science, but were adepts in practical agriculture, according to the maxims and usages of those who have successfully followed and dignified the farmer's calling. I rank with neither of these honored classes. My practical knowledge of agriculture is meagre, and mainly acquired in a childhood long bygone; while of science, I have but a smattering, if even that. They are right, therefore, who urge that my qualifications for writing on agriculture are slender indeed.

I hope to be generally accorded the merit of having set forth the little I pretend to know in language that few can fail to understand. I have avoided, as far as I could, the use of terms and distinctions unfamiliar to the general ear. The little I know of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, &c., I have kept to myself; since whatever I might say of them would be useless to those already acquainted with the elementary truths of chemistry, and only perplexing to others. If there is a paragraph in the following pages which will not be readily and fully understood by an average school-boy of fifteen years, then I have failed to make that paragraph as simple and lucid as I intended.

That I should say very little, and that little vaguely, of the breeding and raising of animals, the proper time to sow or plant, &c., &c., can need no explanation. By far the larger number of those whose days have mainly been given to farming, know more than I do of these details, and are better authority than I am with regard to them. On the other hand, I have travelled extensively, and not heedlessly, and have seen and pondered certain broader features of the earth's improvement and tillage which many stay-at-home cultivators have had little or no opportunity to study or even observe. By restricting the topics with which I deal, the probability of treating some of them to the average farmer's profit is increased.

And, whatever may be his judgment on this slight work, I *know* that, if I could have perused one of like tenor, half a century ago, when I was a patient worker and an eager reader in my father's humble home, my subsequent career would have been less anxious and my labors less exhausting than they have been. Could I then have caught but a glimpse of the beneficent possibilities of a farmer's life—could I have realized that he is habitually (even though blindly) dealing with problems which require and reward the amplest knowledge of nature's laws, the fullest command of science, the noblest efforts of the human intellect, I should have since pursued the peaceful, unobtrusive round of an enthusiastic and devoted, even though not an eminent or fortunate, tiller of the soil.

There is throughout the volume a sound substratum of common sense, which makes all he writes well worth the farmer's while to read, though anyone who made a point of following every item of advice given, would probably do as foolish a thing as would any reader of a health journal who attempted to imitate the mode of life of everyone who has attained old age. The fact is, in farming, as in hygiene, every one must, to a great extent, judge for himself, what is best and act accordingly; but in order to do this intelligently, it is well to seek all possible light on the subject, and the price of this edition—40 cents—is so

low that any farmer can easily possess himself of it. To illustrate the style we copy one of the essays, entitled

PREPARING TO FARM.

I write mainly for beginners—for young persons, and some not so young, who are looking to farming as the vocation to which their future years are to be given, by which their living is to be gained. In this chapter, I would counsel young men, who, not having been reared in personal contact with the daily and yearly round of a farmer's cares and duties, purpose henceforth to live by farming.

To these I would earnestly say "No haste!" Our boys are in a great hurry to be men. They want to be bosses before they have qualified themselves to be efficient journeymen. I have personally known several instances of young men fresh from school or from some city vocation, buying or hiring a farm, and undertaking to work it; and I cannot now recall a single instance in which the attempt has succeeded; while speedy failure has been the usual result. The assumption that farming is a rude, simple matter, requiring little intellect and less experience, has buried many a well-meaning youth under debts which the best efforts of many subsequent years will barely enable him to pay off. In my opinion half our farmers now living would say, if questioned, that they might better have waited longer before buying or hiring a farm.

When I was ten years old my father took a job of clearing off the mainly fallen and partially rotten timber—largely White Pine and Black Ash—from fifty acres of level and then swampy land; and he and his two boys gave most of the two ensuing years (1821–22) to the rugged task. When it was finished, I—a boy of twelve years—could have taken just such a tract of half-burned primitive forest as that was when we took hold of it, and cleared it by an expenditure of seventy to eighty per cent. of the labor actually bestowed upon that. I had learned in clearing this, how to economize labor in any future undertaking of the kind; and so every one learns by experience who steadily observes and reflects. He must have been a very good farmer at the start, or a very poor one afterward, who cannot grow a thousand bushels of grain much cheaper at thirty years of age than he could at twenty.

To every young man who has had no farming experience, or very little, yet who means to make farming his vocation, I say, Hire out, for the coming year, to the best farmer who will give you anything like the value of your labor. Buy a very few choice books (if you have not them already), which treat of Geology, Chemistry, Botany, and the application of their truths in Practical Agriculture; give to these the close and thoughtful attention of your few leisure hours; keep your eyes wide open, and set down in a note-book or pocket-diary each night a minute of whatever has been done on the farm that day, making a note of each storm, shower, frost, hail, etc., and also of the date at which each planted crop requires tillage or is ripe enough to harvest, and ascertaining, so far as possible, what each crop produced on the farm has cost, and which of them all are produced at a profit and which at a loss. At the year's end, hire again to the same or another good farmer and pursue the same course; and so do until you shall be twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, which is young enough to marry, and quite young enough to undertake the management of a farm. By this time if you have carefully saved and wisely invested your earnings, you will have several hundred dollars; and, if you do not choose to migrate to some region where land is very cheap, you will have found some one to sell you a small farm on credit, taking a long mortgage as security. Your money—assuming that you have only what you will have earned—will all be wanted to fix up your buildings, buy a team and cow, with a few implements needed, and supply you with provisions till you can grow some. If you can start thus experienced and full-handed, you may, by diligence, combined with good fortune, begin to make payments on your mortgage at the close of your second year.

I hate debt as profoundly as any one can, but I do not consider this really running into debt. One has more land than he needs, and does not need his pay forthwith; another wants land, but lacks the means of present payment. They two enter into an agreement mutually advantageous, whereby the poorer has the present use and ultimate fee-simple of the farm in question, in consideration of the payment of certain sums as duly stipulated. Technically, the buyer becomes a debtor; practically I do not regard him as such, until payments fall due which he is unable promptly to meet. Let him rigorously avoid all other debt, and he need not shrink from nor be ashamed of this.

I have a high regard for scientific attainments; I wish every young man were thoroughly instructed in the sciences which underlie the art of farming. But all the learning on earth, though it may powerfully help to make a good farmer, would not of itself make one. When a young man has learned all that seminaries and lectures, books and cabinets, can teach him, he still needs practice and experience to make him a good farmer.

"But wouldn't you have a young man study in order that he may become a good farmer?"

If he has money, Yes. I believe a youth worth four or five thousand dollars may wisely spend a tenth of his means in attending lectures, and even courses of study, at any good seminary where Natural Science is taught and applied to Agriculture. But life is short at best; and he who has no means, or very little, cannot afford to attend even an Agricultural College. He can acquire so much of Science as is indispensable in the cheaper way I have indicated. He cannot wisely consent to spend the best years of his life in getting ready to live.

He who has already mastered the art of farming, and has adequate means, may of course buy a farm to-morrow, though he be barely or not quite of age. He has little to learn from me. Yet I think even such have often concluded, in after years, that they were too hasty in buying land—that they might profitably have waited, and deliberated, and garnered the treasures of experience, before they took the grave step o buying their future home; with regard to which I shall make some suggestions in my next chapter.

But I protest against a young man's declining or postponing the purchase of a farm merely because he is not able to buy a great one. Twenty acres of arable soil near a city or manufacturing village, forty acres in a rural district of any old State, or eighty acres in a region just beginning to be peopled by white men, is an ample area for any one who is worth less than $2,000. If he understands his business, he will find profitable employment hereon for every working hour; if he does not understand farming, he will buy his experience dear enough on this, yet more cheaply than he would on a wider area. Until he shall have more money than he needs, let him beware of buying more land than he absolutely wants.

Notices.

Our picture this month is engraved from a photograph of a New York news-boy. The little chap goes by the name of "Nibsey," and was a proud and happy boy when selected from the motley throng of energetic little news-vendors to have his picture taken. He is represented as standing in the neighborhood of City Hall Park, a place which, from the number of lines of street cars which pass that way, is perhaps the best in New York for selling papers.

This number of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY contains a fine original piece of music, entitled "The Sea is England's Glory." It is a national song, and is arranged for four voices.

The important and interesting discoveries made in the island of St. Thomas by a Quebec gentleman, and recorded in this number of the Monthly, will render it particularly valuable to all interested in historical and antiquarian lore.

The Publishers of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY ask all subscribers who are interested in the spread of sound literature in Canada to aid them by making the magazine known to their friends. Its low price and many attractions should win for it a much wider circulation than it has yet attained.