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# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

FEB.

1877.

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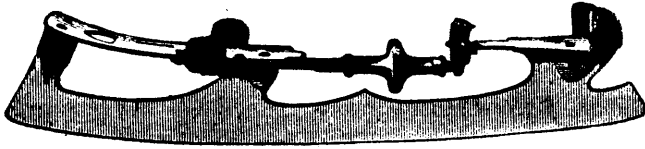
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## DRESS AND HEALTH.

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#### OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:

It may be a matter of pleasure as well as of interest to ladies whose attention has been directed to this matter to learn that the reform so strongly approved of by medical men whose opinions are below quoted, requires no change in the outward apparel. The discussion on the change of woman's dress has become so associated with bloomerism and woman's rights, that to some the mere suggestion of change is regarded as tending to something unlady-like or indecent, but the changes recommended in "Dress and Health" have a tendency directly in the opposite direction. The price of this book is 30 cents, post paid.

(Translated from the French.)

MONTREAL, May 22nd, 1876.

Messrs John Dougall & Son:

GENTLEMEN,—It is with pleasure I to-day reply to your letter of the 1st inst., in which you request my opinion as to the usefulness and worth of your little work "Dress and Health," which has lately issued from your press. Having read the greater part of this little work, I have no doubt that it will produce, in society, the most happy effects. Being essentially addressed to the ladies, it will not fail to make them reflect on their manner of dressing, and on the disastrous effects of the fashions of the day. The abuses which are described are in great part the cause of the sickness and feebleness of

young people, as well as of mothers, who see with regret premature old age.

"Dress and Health" should work great reform in the dress of ladies, especially on those who will peruse it attentively. I earnestly recommend it to be read by those who desire to preserve their health and that of their daughters, and that they put into practice the wise and salutary rules laid down by the authors for the moral and physical health of woman.

I am, gentlemen, yours &c.,  
J. EMERY-CODERRE, M.D.,  
Professor of Midwifery.

237 ST. ANTOINE ST., Montreal, 8th May, 1876.

The book entitled "Dress and Health" contains most important advice to the ladies on the momentous question of dress, considered from a sanitary point of view.

If they will only adopt some of the practical rules thus given, they will stand less in need of physicians and prescriptions, and find life much pleasanter to themselves.

J. L. LEPROHON, M.D.,  
Professor of Sanitary Science, University of  
Bishop's College.

MONTREAL, May 8.

GENTLEMEN.—In reply to your favor of 29th ult., accompanied with the book entitled "Dress and Health," I beg to say that I have read it, and consider it a sound, practical and concise work, which fully explains the effects of the present unhygienic style of ladies' dress, well worthy of careful perusal. The chapter on cutting and fitting will enable any lady to carry out the principles of reform without any difficulty.

Unless the leaders of fashion inaugurate the reform, I fear it is a hopeless effort to introduce such a change.

I remain, gentlemen, yours very truly,

E. K. PATTON.



HENRY IV. AT CANOSSA (Page 102).

# New Dominion Monthly.

FEBRUARY, 1877.

## POPE GREGORY VII.

The well-known tendency of the ruined gamester to dwell with fond remembrance on the recollection of great stakes won in days gone by, the natural impulse which tempts the penniless spendthrift to revert with pride to the recollection of his unwise profusion in the hour of his wealth, have doubtless urged the present Pope and his more devoted friends to celebrate the eight hundredth anniversary of the priestly triumph at Canossa, on the 25th-27th January, 1877.

To the prisoner of the Vatican, as he is pleased to style himself, the ex-King of Rome, and probably one of the last popes ever destined to play an important part in the affairs of the world, it must naturally afford a mournful satisfaction, not unmixed with heartfelt regret, to remember how eight centuries ago, one of his predecessors kept the proudest potentate in Europe for three days suing in his anti-chamber, half-clad, more than half-starved, and suffering anguish from cold. Eight hundred years have brought with them many changes, and however much he may wish to have the power, the infallible pope of to-day in his wildest day-dream can never hope to emulate the authority of the pope who had no pre-

tensions to infallibility in days gone by. The spread of knowledge and the light of the Reformation could not but prove destructive to a power founded on ignorance and superstition. It seems almost strange that any reference should be made to the humiliation of a German emperor, especially by the Pope and his adherents, considering the relative positions held by Pío Nono and Kaisir William at this moment; however, doubtless the eyes of the faithful will be kept so intently fixed on the glories of the past, that they will not have a moment to spare to glance at the humiliations of the present.

Meanwhile a short account of the reign of Gregory VII. may prove neither uninteresting nor uninstruc-

To three popes above all others, is due the credit—if credit it can be considered—of having raised the authority of the papal see to the superb height it attained at the end of the thirteenth century. These three popes were Gregory VII., Innocent III., and Boniface VIII. In speaking of them, Hallam says: "As Gregory VII. appears the most usurping of mankind till we read the history of Innocent III., so Innocent III. is thrown into the shade by the superior audacity of Boniface VIII.

The most able of the three was, in all probability, Gregory VII., known in the Romish calendar as St. Hildebrand, since he led the way which the others followed. He mounted the papal throne in 1073, at the age of sixty, and reigned twelve years, during five of which his authority was contested by anti-pope Clement III. Though he was comparatively an old man when he finally accepted the tiara, no pope ever came to the office more thoroughly prepared for the course he intended to pursue, and so thoroughly experienced in all matters relating to the papacy. His three immediate predecessors may be said to have been appointed by him: Stephen IX., Nicholas II. and Alexander II., whom he succeeded. Over Victor II., who preceded Stephen, and who is known as a reformer, he is also said to have exercised considerable power. In truth, at the death of Leo IX., known as St. Leo, and respected for his efforts to control simony and the incontinency of the clergy, the influence of Hildebrand had become so great that the Romans empowered him, singly, to choose a successor, and he selected Victor II., whom he may be said to have imposed upon the Emperor Henry III. Victor's successors were mere tools in the arrogant prelate's hands. It may therefore be said that for twenty-five years before he ascended the papal throne as Gregory VII., Hildebrand in truth was pope of Rome. Guizot, in speaking of him, calls him with great happiness of expression, "the Czar Peter of the Roman Catholic Church."

Though Gregory VII. came to the throne at an advanced age, and his reign was not long, he certainly managed to make it a stirring one. Besides his great quarrels with the Emperor Henry IV. of Germany, he was at various times involved in difficulties with no less than four other potentates,—over some of whom he triumphed; from others he received but sorry satisfac-

tion; almost all he ruthlessly excommunicated, some repeatedly. The most noteworthy of these refractory sons of the Church were our William the Conqueror. Boleslas the Bold of Poland, Nicephorus Bryennius, the would-be Byzantine potentate, and Robert Guiscard, the Norman filibuster, afterwards his greatest ally and dearest friend.

To begin with William the Conqueror, of all his adversaries probably the one from whom the proud pontiff got the least satisfaction, the See of Rome doubtless had reason to complain of his want of faith. When William had first thought of invading England, he applied to Alexander II., Hildebrand's predecessor, to decide between his imaginary claim and that of Harold. As he was the only applicant for a papal decision, and moreover was extremely generous in his promises of what he would do when he became King of England, the pope without much hesitation decided in his favor, excommunicated Harold and his adherents, and moreover sent the Norman a blessed banner and a ring containing a hair of St. Peter's. When Hildebrand mounted the papal throne, William had been seven years King of England, and had so far shown no inclination to redeem any of his promises. The pontiff therefore summoned him to pay tribute, and acknowledge allegiance, as he had engaged himself to do. The tribute so arrogantly claimed was neither more nor less than Peter's pence, first begged for as charity, generously given, and afterwards by Romish duplicity converted into a badge of bondage and subjection. William, the robber, was scarcely the man to submit to pillage from others, however ready to help himself without enquiring too nicely into his title to do so. An answer, therefore, was sent to Rome to the effect that Peter's pence would be paid as it hitherto had been; that as to doing homage, he had not the slightest intention of submitting to any-

thing of the kind, and that nothing was further removed from his mind than to impose such a servitude upon his State. The pope, of course, was dissatisfied; but his dissatisfaction availed not—England remained free. His holiness felt that there was but little to be gained by a struggle with an enemy so determined and so far removed, so he wisely decided to leave him alone.

Boleslas II., King of Poland, surnamed the Brave, was not so fortunate as William. There are few characters in history more attractive than that of the unfortunate Polish monarch whose end was so untimely, and whose death is wrapped up in so much mystery. He was known as one of the bravest leaders and most successful generals in Europe, while his boundless hospitality and kind-hearted readiness to serve made his court the refuge of all the unfortunate princes on the continent. He restored to their thrones no less than three of these fugitive kings, and yet died himself a miserable fugitive and outlaw, a victim of the tyranny of the Romish See, whom no one either would or could help. The complaint against him was the same as that afterwards brought against our Henry II. The Church had already begun the struggle against the civil power which has ever since been waged with untiring ardor in every country in which the hierarchy could manage to obtain a strong footing, and the last and most insolent of whose pretensions is to be found in the Syllabus of Pius IX. Boleslas, it may readily be conceived, was too powerful a King, and too absolute a monarch, tamely to submit to dictation from any of his own subjects, whether lay or ecclesiastical. The struggle, therefore, between the Church and the Crown was long and bitter. At the head of the former party was the Bishop of Cracow, the Thomas á Becket of Poland. His fate was much the same as that of his future English imitator, and doubtless he de-

served it quite as richly—he was slain at the altar, while officiating. Gregory VII. immediately excommunicated the king, and relieved his subjects from their allegiance,—and, a stretch of power which never was attempted before and has not since been ventured upon, declared, in punishment for the offence, the Crown of Poland permanently forfeited, and the country no longer a kingdom. The king, whose popularity had for some time been on the wane, was obliged to seek safety in flight, and is said to have finished his days serving in a menial capacity in a monastery in Carinthia. His brother Ladislaus was, by the kind permission of Gregory, elected to the throne in 1082 as Duke of Poland, and without the title of king.

Nicephorus Bryennius, who rebelled against Michael VII., also came under the censure of Rome and was duly excommunicated. In this case the interference of the pope could certainly not have much weight; but it was a systematic carrying out of the plan laid down for himself by Gregory VII., of making Rome the sole arbiter of the differences of all Christian monarchs, and the pope the king and supreme master of all princes.

About the same time that our William was summoned to come and do homage, another Norman, Robert Guiscard, also received notice to do homage for the kingdom of Naples and Sicily, which he had founded, and more particularly for the duchies of Apulia and Calabria. The request met with the same fate as that made to the English king. As a matter of course, excommunication followed, for which neither Robert nor his followers cared one jot. It was not to be supposed that a set of lawless adventurers, whose whole lives were passed in breaking every law of man and God, would be intimidated by the empty thunders of the Vatican,—it took something more tangible to frighten them. The excommunication, unno-

ticed, probably forgotten by Robert and his hardy soldiers, remained in force several years. At last, Gregory requiring the assistance of the Normans against Henry IV., who had taken possession of Rome, graciously removed the ban. Robert came to his relief and forced the Emperor to retire. From that time to the day of his death, the pontiff had no more valued and dearer friend than the godless Norman filibuster, who for ten years had laughed at his excommunication.

However, the numerous difficulties of Gregory VII. with other potentates, sink into insignificance when compared with his quarrel with the Emperor of Germany. And in reviewing the contest between the two, it is well constantly to keep in mind that all along the pope was acting upon a fixed plan and carrying out a deliberately formed determination. He doubtless availed himself of any advantages the course of events might offer, and was obliged to wait until Henry's conduct should give him some excuse for intervening; but from the moment the struggle began, the prelate saw distinctly laid out before him the course he would follow, and never swerved from it until he brought upon his adversary the bitter humiliation of Canossa. The lesson then administered, however, was not forgotten; and, when three years later, he found himself deposed and Guibert elected pope as Clement III., he doubtless wished that either the teaching had not been so complete or the emperor so apt a pupil. And he probably spent many an hour in no very agreeable meditation over this unpleasant conviction from 1080 until 1084, when he found himself driven at last from Rome, the anti-pope established in the Vatican, and himself obliged to beg for assistance from the excommunicated Robert Guiscard. To some men it doubtless is pleasant to oppress an adversary when you have him fairly at your mercy; but not unfrequently such a course is followed by

retribution, which is by no means so agreeable. Even the most powerful of popes have been able, from their own experience, to testify to the truth of Byron's well-known words:—

“For time at last sets all things even—  
And if we do but watch the hour,  
There never yet was human power  
Which could evade, if unforgiven,  
The patient search and vigil long  
Of him who treasures up a wrong.”

Gregory VII. had made all his preparations during the reigns of his predecessors, who, as we have said, were mere puppets in his hands. We have seen that he forced Victor II. upon the Emperor Henry II. He afterwards drew up himself the decree of Nicholas II., by which the right of confirmation to the See of Rome, by the King of Germany, was specially reserved. In the very face of this decree he secured the election and consecration of Alexander II. without waiting for the royal sanction. In his own election, for some reason known only to himself, he was more careful, and distinctly refused consecration until the royal sanction had been obtained. When Gregory ascended the papal throne, Henry IV., King of Germany, afterwards Emperor and known in history as the Great, was only twenty-three years of age. The young king had had the misfortune to lose his father when only six years of age, and had been brought up by the Empress Agnes, who acted as regent, Henry IV. having been proclaimed king on the death of Henry III., though still in his infancy. The training he received was certainly not as good as it might have been, and the temptations thrown in his way doubtless numerous. At all events he grew up vain, licentious and extravagant; though he early gave indications of some of the sterling qualities for which he afterwards became better known. A natural consequence of the young monarch's mode of life was a constant want of money; dissipated princes are sure to be afflicted,

sooner or later, with an empty exchequer. Henry resorted to the sale of church livings as a means of replenishing his purse. Such a course is not to be excused ; but it was the custom of the day, and continued so for centuries after. In fact, to this day there are other churches besides that of Rome in which something very like simony still prevails. And it is well to observe that the sale of sees themselves was not so much what the Church then objected to, and continued arduously to struggle against ; but the sale of sees by princes, the pope considering them a little perquisite of his own. Gregory notified Henry not to sell any more sees. The King paid no attention to the notification and continued doing as he hitherto had done. The pontiff then summoned Henry before him, "to answer for his sins towards his subjects." This was something new and unexpected. The pope was taking upon himself neither more nor less than the right of passing judgment upon the conduct of princes as princes ; or, in other words, the authority to depose any sovereign in Europe,—for the power to judge must carry with it necessarily that of condemning and punishing, and the only possible punishment of a bad and obdurate prince is deposition. Henry's answer to this arrogant pretension was one of the same high handed kind : he called a diet at Worms and proceeded to depose the pope. Gregory answered by excommunication ; it was his favorite reply to anyone who refused immediate submission to his will, and we presume was not tried on William the Conqueror only from the conviction that such a step would assuredly be answered by the stoppage of Peter's pence, or perhaps because his experience of Robert Guiscard had taught the pontiff that Norman filibusters were excommunication-proof. The papal ban carried with it the freeing of all the king's subjects from their allegiance. Gregory knew

spread of dissatisfaction throughout the kingdom. The constant calls for money had begun to tell heavily upon the people, and all that was required was to give shape and color to the general feeling of discontent. It is probable that even without the excommunication the thoughtless and oppressive conduct of Henry would before long have provoked a revolt. The wily pontiff, by his denunciation and the reason assigned for calling the King to account, fanned the flame which somewhat sooner burst forth in open rebellion.

The arrogance of the priest has ever found ready and powerful support in the credulity and subservience of woman ; it is therefore without much surprise that we find from the outset arrayed against the unfortunate monarch those who should have been the most attached to him, his mother the Empress Agnes, his aunt the Duchess Beatrice, and his cousin the famous Countess Matilda. The latter left by will to the pope all her possessions, which were considerable, and in the future were doomed to prove a very troublesome legacy. If olden chronicles are to be believed, her intimacy with the saintly Hildebrand was not of a kind to reflect much credit upon the character of either. The contest between a very young, inexperienced and somewhat hasty man, and one old and astute, thoroughly trained in dark ways of mediæval politics, and the more tortuous and hidden paths for which the court of Rome had even then acquired an unenviable notoriety, was not likely long to be a dubious one. Strengthened by the firmness which twenty years' management at the helm of State had given, and thoroughly confident of the accuracy of the knowledge he held, and on which he had relied before taking the final step, Gregory calmly awaited the result, contenting himself with sedulously fostering the already wide-spread dissatisfaction among his adversary's

subjects. Henry, deserted by his army, repudiated by his people, betrayed by his family, found himself obliged to fly, and in the depth of winter, accompanied by his wife and a handful of followers, crossed the Alps, to beg pardon from the pope. The humiliations he was made to undergo at the hands of the arrogant pontiff, and the actual physical sufferings he was made to endure, one finds it difficult to believe. For three days the unfortunate Henry, unattended, almost unclad, in the depth of winter, without food or drink, was kept in an outhouse, calling for pardon. After that time, more worn out by the importunity of his counsellors, than touched at heart or relenting, Gregory was pleased to be softened, and condescended to administer the exhausted sovereign absolution.

That there was good ground of complaint in the indiscriminate sale of sees, resorted to as a means of obtaining revenue, there is no denying. But although that was the offence first complained of, the cause of the summons was widely different; it was not to answer for infringing the powers of the Church and making an ill use of its dignity that Henry was summoned to Rome; it was to answer to another monarch, and that monarch his vassal, for his conduct as king, and his treatment of his subjects. The student of history, keeping this fact before his mind, cannot but feel the conviction forced upon him, that what Hildebrand most sought was not the abolishment of an abuse so much as the assertion of a power; not a reformation in the Church so much as a proclamation of clerical supremacy, not the greater purity of the episcopacy so much as the more unquestioned superiority of the pope. In the words of Hallam, "the disinterested love of reformation, to which candor might ascribe the contention against investitures, is belied by the general tenor of his conduct, exhibiting an arrogance without parallel,

and an ambition that grasped at universal and unlimited monarchy."

The lesson was a severe one, but it was not lost upon Henry, who set to work at once reforming the abuses which had cost him his popularity, and soon regained the confidence and affection of his subjects. He was absolved in 1077, the same year he was elected emperor, in spite of the strenuous efforts of Rodolph of Suabia, who opposed him, and was in so doing backed by the pope and what might be called the whole priest-party. This contest led to a war, during which, for a short time, it seemed uncertain which party victory would ultimately favor. It became at last evident, however, that Henry was the stronger. The pope, vexed at seeing the ill-success which attended his favorite, and doubtless aware that the Emperor's attention would be turned towards him as soon as his other enemies were disposed of, resolved to try again the strength of the papal anathema. The Emperor was, therefore, formally excommunicated a second time in 1080, three years after the first, his subjects forbidden under the severest ecclesiastical penalties from holding communication with him, and Rodolph of Suabia declared King of Germany. The pope further sent his newly nominated sovereign a magnificent inscription declaring that "Jesus Christ, the mystical Rock, having given the diadem to Peter, in the person of Gregory, he transferred it to Rodolph." The inscription is in Latin, and there is a pun on the word *petrus* which it is impossible to render in English. It soon became evident, nevertheless, that a favorite emperor, at the head of a victorious army, is not so easily overthrown by an excommunication as an unpopular and enervated king. Henry almost immediately carried off two complete victories, one over Rodolph, the other over the troops of his cousin, Countess Matilda. The Ger-



mans disregarded the papal orders and threats, while the Lombard soldiers, considered at that time among the best in Europe, were anxious to be led directly into Italy, to avenge on the pope himself the insult offered their master. Another pontiff was named, under the name of Clement III., as a preliminary step, and Henry prepared himself in grim earnest to crush his implacable enemy. Not knowing what to do, feeling that his adversary was every day gaining strength and confidence, while his friends were becoming more and more weakened and disheartened, Gregory VII. hit as a last resort upon a most dangerous expedient—he resolved to prophecy. It was a desperate course, which one would hardly have expected to see so able a man as Hildebrand adopt. Prophesying, unless the accomplishment be placed at some safely distant date (and then it loses most of its force), is always a very dangerous experiment, as William Miller and Dr. Cumming have ascertained in our day. Seeing, however, how precarious his situation was, Gregory resolved to renew the courage of Rodolph's followers by predicting their success within a short space of time. In the dark ages, more even than now, though unscrupulous use is still made of the powerful weapon, the Roman pontiffs were in the habit, by ceremony and ostentation, of imposing upon the credulity and striking the attention of their ignorant hearers. The more imposing the display, the greater was found to be its effect. The more vividly, therefore, to impress upon the minds of the witnesses, the solemnity of the occasion and the importance of the utterance, full pontifical robes were called into requisition, and to pronounce with all due pomp and majesty the prophecy which a few months was to prove false, Gregory VII. mounted the pulpit in full canonicals. The opening words of his address as given by olden writers, and repeated by Bayle, were certainly

such as to arrest attention:—"Call me no longer pope, but cast me from the altar, if before the feast of St. Peter this prophecy hath not been accomplished." The prophecy was neither more nor less than the death of Henry, and some historians do not scruple to declare that the assassins hired to make true the prediction failed in their efforts, otherwise there would have been another and a more glorious wonder to add to the long list of miracles which, later on, were to result in the canonization of St. Hildebrand. The first victim of this deception was the unfortunate tool the pope had used to cross and embarrass Henry. Full of confidence in a prediction which he believed could not fail, Rodolph forced an engagement, and fell mortally wounded in the first onslaught.

It now became necessary to explain this miracle of miracles, and satisfy the people how it was that the word of an infallible pope, since canonized as a saint, with the gift of extraordinary powers in the smallest vestige left of the smallest joint of his smallest toe, could have been found so disastrously erroneous. Henry was alive and successful, Rodolph had been vanquished and killed; of those two facts there could be no doubt, and yet the feast of St. Peter had come and gone. The question seemed a difficult one to solve; but where has clerical astuteness proved unequal to dealing with the doubt of the ignorant, or the misgivings of the credulous? His holiness soon found an explanation of the difficulty and gave a solution of the mystery, which doubtless proved satisfactory to those who heard it. It seems almost too laughable to be transcribed at this day, but it comes to us as well established as most facts in remote history, and, as such, we accept it as true, though scarcely able to realize to ourselves a state of society in which such an occurrence could take place. The pope simply explained that, from the date of

the prophecy Henry IV's soul had died within him, that is, died in the good, charitable, priestly fashion—gone to eternal perdition. It can scarcely be possible to reflect without compassion on the fate of this unfortunate emperor, who, with his soul in this unhappy state, survived his slayer twenty-one years.

Henry IV. now met with but little opposition in Germany, and devoted the whole of his efforts to obtaining possession of Rome. He reached the Holy City, as it was called, four years in succession, and on three different occasions was obliged to withdraw without effecting an entrance. The pope had found himself obliged to make advances to the excommunicated Robert Guiscard, who consented to come to his assistance, and before whose hardy and well-trained soldiers and the malaria prevalent at times, Henry deemed it prudent to withdraw. At last, however, in 1084, he succeeded in gaining possession of Rome. Guibert was consecrated with all due ceremony in the Lateran, as Clement III., and afterwards crowned Henry IV., as emperor, in the Vatican. Poor old Gregory VII. had meanwhile found refuge in the castle of St. Angelo. The approach of Guiscard again compelled Henry to retreat. The capture of the city by the hostile Imperialists proved but a mild aggression compared to its rescue by the Normans and Saracens. These savage allies are said to have burnt from the Flaminian Gate to the Antonine column, assaulted with barbarian violence both the Capitol and the Colosseum, and laid waste the area of the city from thence to the Lateran. The poor old pope, freed from his confinement, refreshed himself by once more excommunicating Henry IV. and Clement III. After this, scarcely knowing whom most to dread, his civilized foes or barbaric friends, he resolved to leave Rome, and retired to Salerno, where he died the following

year. His last words were :—“ I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity, and therefore I die in exile.”

In stature Hildebrand is said to have been considerably below the medium, but of an active, energetic temperament, and thoroughly fearless. His life was supposed in those days especially, when the clergy were by no means so careful as they now are of giving scandal, to be one of exemplary virtue. The only scandal connected with his name is his intimacy with Countess Matilda, which certainly must be looked upon as most suspicious.

His character has, of course, been differently judged by different men. Sir James Stephen, one of those who have considered his career in the most favorable light, thus sums up his opinion :

“ He found the papacy dependent upon the empire ; he sustained her by alliances almost commensurate with the Italian peninsula. He found the papacy electoral by the Roman people and clergy ; he left it electoral by a college of papal nomination. He found the emperor the virtual patron of the Holy See ; he wrested that power from his hands. He found the secular clergy the allies and dependants of the secular power ; he converted them into the inalienable auxiliaries of his own. He found the higher ecclesiastics in servitude to the temporal sovereigns ; he delivered them from that yoke to subjugate them to the Roman tiara. He found the patronage of the Church the mere desecrated spoil and merchandise of princes ; he reduced it within the dominion of the supreme pontiff. He is celebrated as the reformer of the impure and profane abuses of his age ; he is more justly entitled to the praise of having left the impress of his own gigantic character on the history of all the ages which have succeeded him.”

On the other hand Bolingbroke speaks of him in the following terms :—

“ Gregory the Seventh, in the next

century taking up the contest upon these very prerogatives, which was again on foot, carried it on with so much success, that all circumstances considered, by what he effected, and by what he put in the power of his successors to effect, he may be esteemed a worse man and a greater conqueror than Alexander or Cæsar. In this contest, he had the address to gain to his side the mother and aunt of the emperor, Henry the Fourth, and to debauch, in every sense of the word, perhaps, his cousin-german, the Countess Matilda. At least, the manner in which she lived with this dirty monk, and which was not at all necessary to the support of a cause she might and did affect to favor on a religious principle, justifies the accusation sufficiently." Elsewhere the same able writer declares :—"Gregory the Seventh carried these usurpations and this tyranny to the utmost height by a more impudent as well as a more successful prostitution of the doctrine of a future state than any of his predecessors. From him his successors learned to distribute plenary indulgences with profusion, and to extend particular excommunications into general interdicts. By the first, they sold heaven to the best bidders, and sent men in shoals to eternal happiness. By the second, they condemned whole nations at once, deprived them of the means of salvation, and subjected them in a collective body to eternal misery. The first was a never-failing source of wealth, the second of power." Hume, speaking of the temporal power of the popes, says:—"All this immense store of spiritual and civil authority was now devolved on Gregory VII., of the name of Hildebrand, the most enterprising pontiff that had ever filled that chair, and the least restrained by fear, decency or moderation."

That Hildebrand was a very able man, no one will deny; that he was an equally bad man few will question who abhor tyranny, and look with loathing

upon superstition. He grasped at power for the sake of power, and to obtain it did not hesitate to prostitute his priestly character and debase his sacred office. He traded upon the superstitions of mankind, and succeeded so long as the inclinations of his hearers went with his instructions, and their desires coincided with his orders. When the time came that the mask of religion no longer was necessary to cover the face of rebellion, he found his exhortations and admonitions unlistened to and unavailing. Then he took upon himself the high office of soothsayer, and turned his papal pulpit into a mountebank's stage. Such conduct could not but prove, as it did, extremely hurtful to the cause of religion. He was an able man; but when his calculations went amiss, he was not above trying to redeem his fortunes by the dodges of a trickster. In vain do we look in him for the single-mindedness and honesty of purpose which supported such reformers as Luther or Knox, the straightforward policy of Cromwell, the fervor and deep religious feeling of Xavier. He did harm in his day, and sowed the seed of more to be reaped after his death. He may be said to be the father of the Guelph and Ghibeline factions, and the original cause of the assassinations, tumults and convulsions which characterized their struggles. In his own person he suffered, it is true, punishment for his insatiable ambition. A death in exile to a man of his temperament must indeed have been a very sore blow. The Church however, to a certain extent, revenged his miseries. Quite prepared when it suits her purpose to advocate and countenance filial disobedience, disloyalty, ingratitude, or any other vice or crime, thirty years after, when Henry had grown old, Rome stirred up against him his eldest son. The revolution proved successful, and the old man, whom in days gone by no misfortune could completely overcome, was at last

borne down by the treachery of his son, supported in his unnatural conduct by the so-called vicar of Christ. As a fit and proper finale, the body of Henry the Great was cast out of its sepulchre, as excommunicated—a paltry triumph, speaking eloquently of the unforgiveness and malice of those who reaped it.

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## MY YOUNG MASTER.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CASTING THE LOT."

The vacation was nearly all gone, when one day as I was finishing something I was doing in the shrubbery, according to Mrs. Russell's orders, my young master called me, and said laughing, "We are almost strangers to one another, Willie. Have you forgotten Robinson Crusoe, and our cave and all our adventures together? Are you done with that work for my lady mamma? If you are I claim you as my property, sir, I must have one evening before I go back, to look over at bonnie Scotland and talk about what seems already to be 'Lang syne.' Get the basket, and away we go; papa has given us leave."

And away we did go, through the plantation over the hill to the far bleach green, Edward telling me of the prizes he had gained. He was very proud of a prize in drawing which he gained, thanks to Miss Lanphier's instruction, for the head of an old beggarman called "Blind Jamie," drawn from life.

"Mr. Harke praised it," said Edward laughing, "because the sketch was cleaner than the original. Blind Jamie is quite a remarkable character about Himmel-en-erde. He comes begging

once a week regularly, always asks help for God's sake, and he has such a droll, twisted face. A gentleman<sup>h</sup> thought Jamie was taking God's name in vain by asking charity for His name's sake, and he gave him an overcoat to beg in a less profane way. Jamie tried it, for the overcoat was warm and tempting; but his gains fell off, he could not get to feel at home using another form of words, and he could reach neither the hearts nor pockets of the charitable as he used to do. So he was fain to offer back the overcoat as he must go back to his old petition. Taking Jamie's portrait was quite a popular idea. I sketched it from the window; and had Kate's cake, that is young Lowry of Belfast, the lady confectioner's son, beside me to pitch him out a halfpenny at intervals to keep him in a state of expectation. That sketch cost me a shilling in halfpence before it was finished." We came out from among the bushes, as he was talking, and lay down on the grass opposite the sea, and looked across the channel to bonnie Scotland. "It is there yet," he said, taking off his cap and running his fingers through his fair curls, "it is there all right, the land so well worth fighting for, accord-

ing to Scott,—nobody has carried it off."

"Never mind the land, Master Edward," I said. "Tell me of how you got along away from home. Were you ever lonely? Was it all happiness while you were away?"

"Of course I was lonely sometimes. I missed home, and I missed you and our good times together, but I had jolly enough times too."

"Tell me of them," said I, turning away my face.

"What will I tell you? Of that goose Robert Alaster, forgetting his high prospects and getting into a scrape through writing love-letters to some village beauty? You know he is always up to something that way. That earldom, which he will never get, has turned his brain as well as his mother's. Of course he was found out,—you would be smart to do anything there, anything like that I mean, without being found out. There was a great fuss, as much as those Moravians would make about anything, and he was sent home to prevent him from laying the shadow of his coming coronet at the feet of any more of the fair young Moravians. I pitied the girl; she was not to blame for Bob's foolery and I believe she caught it awful. Shall I tell you of Harry Quin, how he managed to blow the back out of his jacket, experimenting with gunpowder? One of the teachers gave him the one hundred and nineteenth psalm to commit to memory as a punishment. Mr. Harke found it out, and the teacher got a sharp reprimand for making the Bible a means of punishment. He punished Henry himself for his Gunpowder Plot, and we have called him Guy Fawkes ever since. But, oh Willie! there was one awful thing happened. We often walked by the river-side. It is all green pasture-land there, with stiles to cross from one field to another. A good many of our fellows could swim,—some better than I, some

not so well (there were no orders against swimming, you know). We used often to swim, those of us who could, and there are shallow fords about knee-deep, where the country people cross to save going down to the bridge, where some of the boys were content to wade about like a parcel of girls. One day during our walk, Raymond, one of the boys, was telling a story about that gloomy old barracks Galgorm Castle. He said it was built by a Scotchman named Dr. Colville, who seemed to be a pretty keen hand at a bargain. He bought a hide of land from the O'Neil of that time, after the customs of long ago. By means of the black art he cut and lengthened the thongs into which he divided the hide, until it took in the estate and park of Galgorm. After cheating the O'Neil in the matter of the land, he sold himself to the devil for money to build the castle. Many imps were nightly sweeping the sea, gathering the treasures of shipwrecks to pay Colville the price of his soul. He had a large iron chest set in an upper room of the unfinished castle, which was to be filled; but as it filled his greed increased. He cut a hole in the bottom of the chest and through the floor into the room beneath; so when the chest was full, the room below was full also. The demons who carried the treasure seemed much amused at the difficulty of filling the chest, and jested grimly with one another, even quoting Scripture about profit and loss. Well, when the time drew near that Colville was to be taken away according to the bargain, he began all at once to turn pious, took to reading his Bible and reformed generally.

"Well, one night he was sitting in a room in his new castle, shaking in his shoes, for he knew that the hour was come. He was reading the Bible, as innocent-looking as anything, when the dark figure with whom he had made the bargain stood beside him saying, 'Your time is up and finished.' Colville peti-

tioned for a few moments' grace until the bit of wax candle which was burning before him burnt out. He politely consented. Colville immediately blew out the candle and put it in the leaves of the Bible, no evil spirit being able by word or spell to touch that book. He then had a stone coffer made, into which he put the Bible, and threw it into a whirlpool called, as we knew ourselves, Colville's Hole unto this day. The story ended so ; not telling us what became of the man himself, or if his trick was the means of lengthening out his time.

"We had a great deal of laughing over Raymond's story. I said he had invented it himself, either to prove that Scotchmen (he is Scotch, you know, in spite of his name) 'banged Banacher,' or to insinuate that Irish devils were an uncommonly stupid set, and easily cheated. But a lot of fellows who lived round about Galgorm began all at once to declare that Raymond's story was as true as the Bible. 'There is Colville's Hole, that you ali know,' said Major Rowan's son from Mount Pleasant ; that is one proof. 'We have often seen the iron chest at the Castle,' said Tom Courtenay ; 'that is another proof. And did not misfortune follow all the race ? And old Molly, the last of them, why it is well known that she has dealings with the devil.' 'Those things run in the blood, like the wooden leg,' said Fisher. 'Well, you may laugh,' said young Rowan, 'but she can, as every one knows, change into a cat or a hare. We all know that Lord Cashel's hounds followed the same hare often, and always lost it in the hollow near old Molly's cottage. One day one of the Adairs shot at it with a crooked sixpence (that is the only thing will hit a wit), and wounded it on the forepaw ; and it disappeared, and they went into Molly's cottage and found her lying gasping on the floor with her wrist bleeding.' 'They should have burned her in a tar barrel,' said little Jack

Simpson. 'Rowan, do you believe that balderdash ?' said Fisher. 'Yes, I do, every word of it,' answered Rowan. 'What a goosey gander you are !' retorted Fisher. 'Why the power that would do what you say that miserable old woman has done, would create a world, yet the old creature works for sixpence a day. And what good would it do her to turn herself into a hare ? What pleasure is there in having a pack of hounds after her, to her I mean ? I am sure a good dinner would be a greater pleasure and a greater rarity.' 'Stop your preaching, Fisher,' said I ; 'here is Colville's Hole.' It is a wicked looking whirlpool between a little island and the shore ; I proposed, for fun, that we should go in and look for the stone coffer with the Bible in it, and bring it up, as a clincher to all the other convincing proofs of the truth of Raymond's story, that Fisher might be put to confusion for his unbelief. I said, 'We will all believe the story when we see the coffer brought up out of the whirlpool, and opened, and the Bible with the piece of wax candle in the heart of it, taken out before our eyes.' The teacher who was with us that day was a Frenchman. He was always-looking out for edible snails, or botanizing in the hedges, or bothering after something. He was behind as usual when we came up to the whirlpool. There it was whirling round as wicked looking as ever. Well, about a dozen of us stripped and went into the water, some above and some below the whirlpool, at a safe distance of course. The river is not at all deep round there, and it was low water anyway. So we went nearer and nearer to the whirlpool, just playing with the danger, when the teacher came up, and without looking at us particularly, said it was time to return, and we should not bathe till evening.

"We started for shore, dressed in double quick time, and were soon on the march for home. One of the boys an English chap, named Bolton Waller,

who was the best swimmer among us, kept boasting that he went farther into the whirl than any of us. We knew he did, but he was a conceited fellow, so we kept chaffing him, saying he was the only one who was afraid. Henry Birnie told him that every one noticed how frightened he was. 'Why,' said he, 'you are white about the gills yet.' Bolton soon got regularly angry and said he would prove to us in the evening that he was not afraid; that he would see the bottom of Colville's Hole and see who among us would follow him. 'Of course,' said I, 'we will be too far gone in wonder and admiration to follow you.' 'But,' said Fisher, 'when you come up with the stone coffer, like a big turf, under your arm, we will follow in the triumphal procession that will escort you home.' When we thought he was angry enough we turned to Raymond about his canny Scot, who was more than a match for the Irish devil. 'That proves,' said Raymond, 'that Irish stupidity extends even to their familiar spirits.' Raymond was so cool, and took a joke so pleasantly, that there was no fun in teasing him.

"Well, at dinner, Bolton kept going back to the subject till we were all tired of it. When we went to walk in the evening we all voted for going by the river,—we wanted to see what Bolton would do. Sure enough whenever we got there he stripped and jumped in. His brother had hardly time to say, 'Bolton, don't be a fool; come out of that,' when we saw him whirling round quite unable to help himself. (The whirlpool went round and made a hollow that looked just like a funnel, you know, as if there was a hole somewhere that let the water down). I will never forget the look of his face. Some of the small boys began to scream, and the teacher waking up from his botany, jumped in and tried to reach him, but could not. It was quite shallow almost to the edge of the whirlpool and then sunk sheer down. So the teacher, not

knowing how to swim a stroke, was almost drawn in himself, but could not reach Bolton. Just then a man, alarmed by our screams, came to the opposite bank and shouted over, 'What's wrong?' 'A boy in the whirlpool!' we called back. The stranger threw off his clothes, crossed the river at the ford and swam round the little island to a place below the whirlpool. He must have known the river well for he dived and came up with poor Bolton under his arm. I don't remember things clearly after that. I saw the man go away, in the confusion no one speaking to him or thanking him. I saw some of the boys start off at a run for Dr. Millar; every one was talking and giving directions. Soon a door was brought and a dripping figure covered with something was carried on men's shoulders home. We boys followed quietly, huddled together like frightened sheep."

"But you don't mean to say the boy was drowned, actually drowned, Master Edward?"

"Yes, Willie, he was drowned sure enough. Dr. Millar was there and everything was done that could be done, but it was all useless. They wrote for his father and mother, and they came and heard all that was to be said, and acknowledged that no one was to blame but himself. So poor Bolton was laid in his grave among the dead Moravians. We have been forbidden to go into the river ever since. I am sure I don't care, I never could bear to look at the Maine water afterwards,—I seemed to see him in it, whirling round with that awful look on his face. I just wish I could forget all about it."

"Did you get into many scrapes yourself?" I said to him to change the subject.

"Oh well," he said brightening up, "I got into disgrace for bringing in forbidden books more than once. And every nice book is forbidden, Marmion and Lalla Rookh, Ivanhoe, Burns and Byron. Dear me, if I kept by the rules, I would never read anything but sermons and

sacred poetry, hymns you know, but I do not and cannot do it."

"Well, it is a beautiful place," I said.

"Oh, the place is well enough; as the old beggar woman said, 'It's horrid clane anyhow.' There is any amount of gravel walks and flowers. I do not admire it as much as Magill, the Presbyterian minister, did; he wrote a lot of stuff about it. We fellows set it to a ballad tune. It goes this way:

"When Adam and his lovely Eve  
Left Eden's blooming bowers,  
And wept remorseful tears to leave  
Its never-fading flowers,  
Ah little thought the parent pair,  
When sighing their farewell,  
That in this spot in after years  
There would be Eden still."

"Go on, Master Edward. Is there any more of it?" I said.

"Lots of it, but I forget it. You make as good verses yourself, so you can finish it. I was telling the boys about you, and they wished they had had the loan of you before Valentine's day to furnish them with soft stuff for valentines. They opened their eyes, I tell you, when I told them how you could write anything you wanted to write, and would do anything I wanted you to do because you liked me."

I was going to answer when something occurred that changed the current of our thoughts altogether.

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### CHAPTER III.

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She was more fair than words can say.

TENNYSON.

We were, as I said before, lying on the grass facing the sea, our fortress, the baby-house, being behind us. We had not yet been there,—we left it to the last like the good wine.

All at once the shrill sound of the bagpipes pealed out on the air. We started up and listened.

"It comes from the baby-house," said Edward; "some rapsallion of a

wandering piper has taken possession. Who can it be?"

He started off, running in the direction of the baby-house; Bruno scamp-ered after him, and I followed with the basket. Edward of course reached the entrance first, and bounded in. I was near enough to see him stop suddenly, draw back a little, take off his cap and apologize for intrusion.

"It is we who are intruding, I fear," said a voice from within. "You heard the pipes. Come in."

Edward entered and I followed. The musician was a tall, thin, very dark-eyed gentleman, standing in the gloom with the Highland pipes across his arm. Behind him, in the slanting shaft of sunlight that streamed in through the opening which was our window, stood a fair little girl with a face like a flower. At the first glance I thought her the most beautiful girl I ever saw,—I think so still.

"My little daughter and I," said the gentleman, "were taking a ramble and we discovered this pretty romantic retreat. We thought it must belong to the fairies; they took possession of the hill forts when the Danes left, you know, but they hold their revels by moonlight so resting here would not disturb them. If we are caught trespassing on mortal rights, we hope because we are strangers we may be excused."

The gentleman spoke gravely and courteously, but his eyes had a world of fun in them; Edward was won at once.

"The baby-house is honored, sir," he said, with his ready winning smile. "This is my father's place and has always been open to the public. The baby-house is my castle, and you are heartily welcome to it."

"You are Mr. Russell's son, then?"  
"Yes, I am Edward Russell, this is my attendant, and this is Bruno."

The introduction would have passed by me unheeded only for Master Edward's look and tone at the moment of speaking. It was his mother's look



and tone when at her haughtiest. I had never heard him speak so like her before. The thought flashed through my mind that he was afraid this gentleman, like the old lady visitor, would suppose me to be a relation of the family.

I was hurt, though I had no right to be. I knew in my foolish heart that I was only his attendant, but I loved him, and love is a great leveller,

“ Making aliens near of kin.”

I woke up at that moment, for the first time, to the knowledge that there was an impassable gulf separating the son of the gentleman from the son of the working-man. I saw the little lady looking at me with a curious, surprised look. I drew back into a corner where Bruno sat on his haunches, with his tongue out panting after his scamper, and gravely regarding the strangers with watchful eyes. I sat down beside him with my first sore heart.

“ My name is Bell,” said the gentleman in reply to Mas. er Edward’s introduction of himself, “ and this is my daughter Mary, or Maynie as we call her,—perhaps you will like that better.”

The gentleman was evidently Low-land Scotch by his tone.

“ I hope our coming did not put a stop to the music,” said Edward coaxingly. Mr. Bell immediately recommenced, and played marches, charges, strathspeys, reels, clangatherings and wild, wailing Highland music; every thing, in fact, that Edward asked for and much that he never heard before.

I sat in my corner thinking sadly how low and common I was, how far separated by circumstances from my young master. At the same time I listened to the music, and watched every movement of the little lady. She was as restless as a bird or a butterfly, and flitted about looking at our arrangements, which were original enough. She was not a bit like her father, who was dark enough to be a Spaniard; she was fair-faced, and gentle-looking, with

a timid grace, half shy, half petted, in every movement. The great wonder to me was that she looked different every time I looked at her. When I saw her first standing where the sunlight streamed over her, I said to myself she has

“ Sea blue in her eyes and the sun on her hair  
Golden and bright.”

When she moved from the sunlight into the shadow her hair seemed dark brown, and the heavy curls fell at every movement into a new form of beauty. Her father was playing “ Macgregor’s Gathering;” she listened with raised head and kindling eyes; I thought then that her eyes were black. Then he played a farewell to Highland braes, a tune that wailed after the familiar places, like the longings of a homesick exile, and I said to myself, she has those sad, violet eyes of which we read in stories. Indeed when we went home I had not yet decided what color her eyes really were.

After Mr. Bell had played a long time, Edward told me to unpack the basket and get luncheon ready. The little lady came to my help, shyly bringing forward their basket.

We joined our napkins for a table cloth and spread out the contents of the two baskets to the best advantage.

Our basket was as usual well supplied with cake and pie, cold chicken and sandwiches. The little lady added short bread, seed cakes and dainties peculiar to the land across the channel,

She had currant wine, and I went to the spring for water in the brown pipkin which we used to make believe was of our own making in the Robinson Crusoe days. I brought out of our locker plates, knives, cups and glasses, relics of the same silly time which seemed to have moved far away since we came into the baby-house. As I produced one necessary article after another the little lady looked on with amused and wondering eyes,

“ Why, here is a feast for a king,”

said Mr. Bell gaily, when I announced that all was ready.

"And here are royal appetites to enjoy it," added Master Edward.

Master Edward, as "King of the Castle," sat at the head of the table, Mr. Bell at one side, and the pretty little lady at the other. I sat at the foot ready to wait on them or bring anything that was wanted. Mr. Bell having laid his pipes aside was at more leisure to look round and admire the comfort of our arrangements, which he did in a way to gratify us both. Master Edward was so pleased that he told him all about the gay old times and the glorious make-believes we had before he went to school. "The furniture," he said, "Friday and I made when we were shipwrecked here. We had time to make ourselves comfortable before a ship came to our rescue. The bows and arrows in the corner belonged to us when we were bold outlaws in Sherwood forest."

"You must have led a very eventful life," said Mr. Bell, laughing.

It was plain to be seen that Mr. Bell and my young master were mutually pleased with one another; they lingered at the table talking of the pipes, their price, how long it would take to learn to play them, till it was high time to go home.

When we finally started for home, they walked on talking of Scottish music and Scottish song; the little girl, shy and silent, walked beside her father, and Bruno and I brought up the rear.

We went home through the new plantation, going quite down to the public road, before Edward parted from Mr. Bell, who gave him a warm invitation to come soon to see him and take his first lesson on the bagpipes.

When we turned into our own avenue Edward drew near to me and laid his arm round my neck, as he used to do, and with one kindly smile drove the introduction that classed me with Bruno

quite out of my mind. He was in great spirits because of our adventure.

"I will have papa get me bagpipes like Mr. Bell's, and he will teach me to play them when I am at home for the next holidays," he said gaily. This is not the last time that our cave shall echo to the sound of the pibroch. This Mr. Bell is the new schoolmaster. He and his little daughter live in that cottage outside the village, where Miss Dormer used to live. He is a widower, and this little Maymie, as he calls her, is his only child. He has an old dragon of a servant or housekeeper, who keeps things straight for them. She is cross and ugly. Rolston says she is granddaughter, or some near relation of the witch of Endor. I saw her in the village one day, but I never saw Mr. Bell before. I like him; I am so glad we met with him to-day."

"Isn't the little lady beautiful?" said I.

"Who?—the little girl? Oh I did not notice her much; she is a quiet little thing," said Edward, intent only on Mr. Bell and the bagpipes.

As we talked this way, we came up near the hall door. He had still his arm round my neck with his handsome face very near mine, in the loving, confiding way that had almost tempted me to forget the difference between us, when all at once he drew away his arm and fell apart from me a little. He had been chattering so gaily that now, as he stopped suddenly and became quiet, I, wondering at the change, looked up and saw Mrs. Russell standing on the steps of the portico, in her dark green habit, hat and feather, for she had just come in from riding. Rolston was leading her horse round to the stables. She stood there as proud as if, instead of being a plain country lady, Mrs. Russell of "The Hazels," she were queen of some great country. Her whip—such a pretty one!—she held in her hand as she might have held a sceptre. I noticed her look of haughty disapproval as we came up,

some steps apart now. I felt it to my heart, though she did not look at me, but over me, and past me, as if I was not there at all, then turned away and began switching at a climbing rose that crept over the portico. Edward felt the look too, for he quickened his steps so that he was soon a little in advance and then he ran up the steps to his mother, and she turned and swept into the house with him; and I, after my day of delight, went round to the kitchen with a sore pain at my heart. I sat down by the table and laid my head on my folded arms.

"What ails you, Willie? Are you sick or sorry?" said Mrs. Gibson the cook.

"I don't know," I said. "It is nothing, or not much anyway."

"Has Master Edward and you quarrelled, Willie?"

"No, Mrs. Gibson, I never quarrelled with Master Edward once since I came," I answered. "We had a splendid time away at the baby-house,—met with Mr. Bell, the newschoolmaster, and he played the bagpipes for us. But just now when we came home Mrs. Russell looked awful angry to see us together, and I feel sorry, that is all."

"Bless your innocent heart! did you not know that Master Edward was sent away to school, the time that dear good soul Miss Lanphier was dismissed, just to keep you and him apart? Did you not know how awful mad she was when Mr. and Mrs. Shirriff were here (these were the old-fashioned people I told you about before) because the old lady took you and Master Edward for relations?"

"I knew she was angry that day at the baby-house,—her eyes fairly blazed; and I noticed that we had few holidays afterwards."

"Sure I heard the greatest of an argument between the master and her that time. She said you were too familiar with Master Edward, and then he said that was no harm. 'The boy is a good boy,' says he, 'and Edward will

get no harm by being in his company.' 'There is harm to both,' says the mistress; 'Willie Hazley is not treated at all like a menial, but as a companion and an equal; Edward is entirely too much attached to him.' Mr. Russell laughed, in his free, easy way and said, 'Well they should be attached to each other,—they have grown up together.' 'Well Mr. Russell,' says she, 'I do not consider the errand-boy the most suitable companion for our only son. You are raising this Willie Hazley entirely above his station and spoiling him for a servant.' 'I do not see that; I am sure he is willing and obedient,' says the master. 'Besides, my dear, I am only discharging a small part of the debt I owe his father. Why, Eleanor,' says he, warming up like you know, 'that man, I may say, laid down his life in my service, and died almost in my arms. And I told him I would take care of Willie, and see that his wife did not suffer want. I have tried to keep my word.' 'I think you have, and more than kept it,' she says scornfully. 'Accidents are always happening to workmen, and employers do not feel bound to support their families or adopt their children.' 'Eleanor,' said Mr. Russell solemnly, 'you do not understand: Willie's father might have saved himself, but he would have ruined me,—think of that, and do not wonder if I am kind to the boy.' Besides I look on Willie as an investment that will pay well yet, and he is a safer companion for Edward than many of his equals; and Edward will never forget that he is your son, and he will value himself accordingly. Still, if you wish to keep them apart, do so; for myself I cannot see the necessity.' 'It is not keeping them apart,' says the mistress; 'it is keeping each in his own place. Edward is so devoted to Willie that he does not apply himself to his studies. Miss Lanphier tells me that in some things Willie actually excels him. Is that creditable to a Russell?' 'That is not Willie's fault, my

love,' says the master, 'Edward is a heedless self-loving, self-willed boy, I rather pity Miss Lanphier in her endeavors to drill learning into him, I think she deserves a place in the Book of Martyrs.' 'I am sure you need not be unjust to Edward in your sympathy for Miss Lanphier, which is entirely needless; she has little to do and a large salary. I cannot, for my part, see the martyrdom.' 'Do you see any martyrdom in her knowing that her plain face appears daily in contrast to the beautiful Eleanor, Queen of The Hazels?' says the master, flattering her up; that's the way he manages her. 'Nonsense,' says she, 'I do not care for remarks of that kind. Perhaps it would be better to dismiss Miss Lanphier—he is rather too old for her control anyway—and send Edward to a good school, where he would mingle with his equals and have the stimulus of emulation.' Them's her very words.

"'Well, my love,' the master says, 'when you have selected the school we will talk about it.' It was not long after that when Miss Lanphier was sent away, and Master Edward went to school, and it was all to keep you two apart."

"I would not so much mind Mrs Russell wanting to keep us apart,—I suppose it is but natural to such a proud lady," I said sadly, "but I cannot bear the thought that Master Edward does

not care for me after all the time we have been together."

"Don't make an idol of the young master, my boy," said Mrs. Gibson; "I daresay he likes you well enough, considering the difference between you, but you might follow him like a dog, and serve him as faithfully as one of the Highland clansmen, you and he are so fond of talking about, and he would still prefer Bruno to you. If you love him so very much, you must be content to take a pattern out of the Bible, and hope for nothing again. But my advice to you is to serve faithfully, but keep your love, my boy, for people on your own level who will pay love with love. There is no true friendship between gentry and commonality,—they are too far apart. We amuse them, we serve them—nothing more."

I lay awake after I went to bed, feeling more lonely than I did the first night I slept at The Hazels.

I determined that I would try to get taken on at the works, and relieve the haughty lady of my presence.

I only saw Master Edward by himself, once for a few minutes before he left home again.

He came to tell me that his father had promised to purchase for him bagpipes as splendid as Mr. Bell's, on condition of his winning certain prizes at school. His mother came to the back door as he was speaking to me, and he immediately left me and went into the house.

*(To be continued.)*



## TENTING IN WINTER.

On a cold, frosty, January morning, not many years ago, while the stars were still bright, and the night wind blew keen and cutting, a party of six individuals might have been observed, travelling in a north-westerly direction along the road leading out of the city of Quebec known as the Lorette Road.

The party consisted of five young clerks and an old French-Canadian driver—of whom more anon—and was divided in two vehicles, a cariole and a sleigh containing the impedimenta. The latter was driven by one of the young men, while the former was engineered by the old driver and drawn by an antiquated animal, the praises of whose steady gait he was continually sounding—it could never be induced to trot without first undergoing any amount of abuse from its driver and a liberal castigation into the bargain.

Their destination—a lake not fifty miles from the ancient capital; their object—a “good time” generally, fishing and shooting in the bush, for a fortnight.

By sunrise the travellers had reached the higher part of their journey, and were crossing the ridge of hills, from which they would bid farewell to the city for some time. They paused on reaching the summit, and looking back towards the city the scenery was very picturesque. In the distance lay the city, the bright sun shining upon its metal roofs, now and then dimmed by the driving clouds of white smoke from countless chimneys. Beneath them, the country roads, winding in all directions, were dotted with *habitants* on their way to market, and the music of many sleigh bells came to them on the wind.

But no time could be spared for sight-

seeing, if our travellers were to pass the night under their tents; so with a last admiring glance towards the city, a general lighting of pipes, and a vigorous application of the eel-skin to the horses, the journey was resumed, and they almost immediately entered a long bush road, on which the houses were few and far between. The road too, was very narrow, and some caution was requisite in passing other horses, without one party coming to grief by being pushed off the road into deep snow. Several times the horses had to be unharnessed and led carefully past each other, the vehicles being dragged by hand after them.

At one time a small animal was seen trotting quietly along the road before the party, which caused some comment, as no house being near it was thought unlikely that it should be a dog. On nearing it, it proved to be a red fox. Of course, as is invariably the case on such occasions, the firearms were carefully packed away at the very bottom of the load, and so the party had the mortification of seeing Reynard, when he had gone as far as he wished, deliberately turn off the road and walk away into the bush, a shot from a revolver somewhat quickening his movements but doing him no harm. Without other troubles than those already mentioned, *i.e.*, passing other teams on the narrow roads, an annoyance incidental to all country travelling in this vicinity in the winter season (and also of having the misfortune to lose their way for a time, thereby incurring some six miles more travelling than they anticipated and losing much valuable time), our party arrived on the shores of Lake Ontario about two in the afternoon.

Being so late in the day, it had been de-

terminated to remain over night at a farmhouse beside the lake, where the horses were to remain during their stay—instead of proceeding immediately up the lake to the camping ground, some five miles distant. However, finding there was so little snow upon the surface of the lake that the horses could be taken to within a short distance of the camp, it was determined to adhere to the original plan, much to the disgust of the old Canadian driver, who had contemplated a quiet afternoon's rest for his horse and a good dinner and smoke for himself, instead of ten miles more driving, and a walk from the farmhouse to the camp afterwards,—for he was to remain with the party in the capacity of a “hewer of wood and a drawer of water,” and a cook for one tent.

The head of the lake was reached about half an hour before dark; the loads were hastily unpacked, and the old man having been despatched back to the stables with the horses, all hands set to work with a will, some to dig away the snow in two places so as to pitch both tents on the ground, some to cut firewood, and others to *portage* the *materiel* from the lake shore to the camp.

The spot selected was some two hundred yards in from the lake, the approach being through very thick bush. Before the “diggers” had prepared the ground for the tents, darkness set in, and by the time the tents had been set up, and preparations commenced for cooking the meal which was to be alike dinner and supper—the party having fasted since four a.m.,—it was nearly eight o'clock. The old driver now made his appearance reporting the horses comfortably stabled, and lent a willing hand at the *cuisine*, as well as at the onslaught upon the victuals which ensued.

A couple of inches of ice still remained upon the frozen ground after the snow had been removed; upon this a temporary bed was hastily made by

laying first snowshoes and then spreading over them a buffalo robe, and although it was cold enough for the back, still it answered well enough for one night, none of the party being by any means wakeful after their day's work. The night was cold, and as a sufficient stock of firewood had not been provided, the consequence was that the tent grew too cold to allow them to sleep late next morning, and shortly after daybreak all were astir.

The work of making everything as comfortable as possible for their stay, was now begun in earnest, and it may not be considered out of place here, if we attempt to describe, for the information of those who have never experienced the pleasure of a holiday in the bush in winter, the process of camping.

Our party had two tents, six persons being too many to occupy comfortably but one. They were about nine feet long by six in width and shaped much like an ordinary peakroofed house; or perhaps no illustration will so aptly describe their shape as that of a dog's kennel—and they were certainly nearer the size of the latter than of the former. A strong cord passing along the ridge of the tent inside, coming out at each end, back and front, and fastened to two trees, sustains it, while from the top of the “wall,” just where the straight sides of the tent begin to slope inwards towards the ridge, thus forming the roof, six other smaller ropes, three on each side, appear, and keep the tent spread, being fastened out to stakes driven in the snow. It now begins to assume somewhat more of the appearance of a shelter, and when a sheet iron stove is added,—the pipe projecting through a metal plate sewed to the roof of the tent,—it looks quite complete outwardly.

But the comfort inside the tent demands most attention, and this is next looked to. Two logs, each as long as the tent, are laid inside upon the inverted edge of the canvas, one on either

side. These are about five inches in diameter. A large log is now laid across the head of the tent, serving both to hold down the canvas, and as a pillow. Small poles are then laid across the tent, their ends resting upon the two side logs: and these poles extend from the "pillow log" to within a foot or so of the stove, which is on the left hand side of the tent as one enters. The "door," so-called, is merely a slit in one gable end,—a little off the centre of the tent,—provided with strings with which it is laced up close at night.

The bed is not complete until "feathers," or *sapin* branches have been laid some six inches deep over the poles, and when these have been covered by a buffalo robe or blanket, the inside of the tent looks quite inviting. Of course, the bed being raised a foot or so from the ground, and taking up the lion's share of room in the tent, there arises the disadvantage of being unable to stand erect anywhere except just beside the entrance—the tent being at its highest point only some six and a half feet from the ground. But this is more than counterbalanced by the additional comfort it affords, as a warm current of air from the stove passes continually under the bed, warming the occupants, and thawing the frozen earth beneath.

The space beneath the bed can be made useful also for piling wood, or keeping snowshoes in, as it sometimes becomes necessary to bring the latter into the tent nightly on account of the destructive habits of squirrels.

Lines passing all around the wall of the tent and along the ridge, inside of course, serve as clothes lines for hanging up wet articles of clothing, &c.

All cooking is done by means of the aforesaid stove, which measures about two feet in length by some fifteen or sixteen inches square, and is placed facing across the tent, at right angles with the door of the latter, and within a foot or so of the front gable. The in-

tense heat which can be produced within the tent by simply leaving open the damper of the stove for five minutes after lighting the fire, would hardly be credited by one who has not tried it. The preparation of each meal is done either by lot or in turn, and on such occasions all but the cook "clear out," and the latter unfortunate sits in front of the stove, continually poking his head out of the door for a mouthful of cool air, and streaming with perspiration. At night, when bedtime has arrived, the wood for use during the night is got in, the door laced up, a good fire built in the stove, and the damper all but closed before finally turning in. Should the weather be mild and blankets plentiful, the fire will not require rekindling until early morning; but should it be cold, the coldest subject of the party, after being awakened by the low temperature, and lying shivering as long as possible in the hopes of some of his neighbors being moved to arise and stoke, will at length get up and with chattering teeth and benumbed fingers start the fire afresh, crawling back again under the blankets, when thoroughly warmed, to be greeted, in all probability by the voice of a now wide-awake companion, who congratulates him upon the pleasant temperature, and informs him that he, too, while pretending to snore, was half frozen, but was also waiting to see if no one else would save him the misery of "firing up" in the cold. The fire usually requires to be made afresh only two or three times during the night, so that there is plenty of time for sleep between those periods.

It should have been mentioned previously that the tents are not made of canvas, but of unbleached cotton, this being very much lighter, which is of some consequence when the equipment of a party has to be *portaged* or drawn in Indian sleighs for a distance. (The two tents we have described weighed together but twenty-seven pounds.)

The only annoyance of moment is, that during a fall of snow there is apt to be a slight leakage by means of spark holes in the roof, from which few tents escape, as during calm weather sparks frequently lodge upon and burn through the fabric. The tent can easily be kept perfectly dry, however, by spreading over the roof a spare blanket, which also renders it much warmer inside.

The *cuisine*, too, might disappoint a fastidious individual the first day or two, but after that very few campers retain any fastidiousness. Plenty of exercise and fresh air are wonderful incentives to the appetite, and he must indeed be unwell who is late at, or refuses his meals.

Light during the long evenings is obtained from sperm candles stuck in a holder made of a roll of birch bark doubled and placed in a slit in a stick, which is thrust between the poles of the bed. But in this digression we have almost lost sight of our party, whom we left preparing for a two weeks' siege of J. Frost, Esq.

The day being Sunday, nothing but what was necessary, such as cutting firewood, unpacking clothes, &c., was done, after the tents had been made snug. All hands were then piped to dinner, after which sundry magazines and papers were hunted up and a quiet afternoon's rest enjoyed.

On the following day, preparations for the fishing were begun in earnest, and the time from 7 a.m. until dark was spent away on the lake, cutting holes in the ice and setting lines therein. The next day, and in fact the greater part of the week, was passed in like manner; but very indifferent success attended their efforts, and few fish were taken. Some of the party, induced by the numerous tracks of hares visible in the vicinity of the camp, determined to vary the amusement by snaring them, and in this respect more success was attained. The little animals had become so bold that on one occasion,

hearing a noise early in the morning, one of the party looked out and perceived a hare licking a frying-pan which had been placed on the snow beside the tent. The noise he made alarmed it, and it darted off immediately. After each fresh fall of snow, the surface of the lake near the shores was crossed and recrossed in every direction by the tracks of hares, and also of their pursuers, foxes. None of the latter were ever seen, nor in fact any other animals whatever, excepting one solitary partridge and numerous squirrels.

A nest of flying squirrels was discovered near the tent door, but although the shootists of the party kept on the lookout for them, they never succeeded in getting a shot at them, so shy are they and so quick in their movements when perceived.

The weather now grew milder and milder until at length it culminated in rain, and, to the disgust of all, this continued for two days and nights. The snow began to disappear with marvellous celerity, and the surface of the lake for miles was a sheet of water. Of course there was no visiting the lines during such weather, so all were driven to their wits' ends for something wherewith to pass the time. Some of them sought to improve the occasion by laying in a good supply of firewood, while others cut and carved walking sticks, mended clothing, &c. One of the party, named K., occupied his time chiefly in trying to get a smattering of the French language from the old driver, whose liveliness during the wet spell of weather tended to keep up the general good humor of all. Great amusement was also derived from his "*petites histoires*," of which he appeared to have an inexhaustible stock. He was a very neat and cleanly old man, and his only apparent vice was that of smoking. He so seldom was seen without his pipe between his teeth, that when, while at meals, he laid it



down, he really looked incomplete. Though so inveterate a smoker he never would admit the evil of the habit, instancing his own remarkable freshness—for his age—as a proof to the contrary. Those of the party who could consume the greatest amount of tobacco daily were his especial favorites, and of one of them he used to exclaim in evident admiration:—"Gardez donc, monsieur X. Il fume comme un vrai père!" He was greatly tickled by the account of the would-be French linguist previously mentioned, K. The latter on one occasion having enquired what the French word for "quarter" was, was told *trente sous*. Some time afterward the old man happened to ask the time, when to the great amusement of all, K. pulled out his watch and replied: "Trente sous pour une heure." The old man's habitual politeness and respect was quite upset and he fairly shook with laughter.

However, the same night K. had a laugh at the *bonhomme*, who got up to replenish the fire, and to his disgust, stepped off the bed into water ankle deep in the doorway. The entrance being unfortunately the lowest part of ground in the tent, the melted snow had gathered there. A temporary floor was constructed next morning, but during the day following the change commenced, and in twenty-four hours more the thermometer marked 20 degrees below zero. The lake was one perfectly smooth sheet of clear ice for miles, and many were the regrets at not having skates, which, however, had they obtained, would have rendered them no better off, as there was not a solitary pair of boots among the whole party, nothing but moccasins being used.

The cold increased momentarily, and the trees cracked like pistol shots, while continual rumblings and growlings became heard under the ice, and it now and then split with a loud report.

Many were the bruises received that day from constant falls on the treacher-

ous ice, and the party told off to visit the lines reported no better success than previously. While at the lines they were surprised by a visit of two friends from the city, who had just arrived, and we must not omit to add had brought with them some change of fare in the shape of oyster patties, a novel diet for the bush. All returned to the camp for dinner, and the old man being in his element, speedily produced a meal to regale the visitors, who must have been considerably amused at the slap-dash style in which it was prepared. However, ample justice was done to it, and the strangers being anxious to return to town before dark, left shortly afterwards, but not before taking with them some letters to absent friends, written on birch bark in the absence of paper.

In the afternoon one of the party came across what appeared to be an old track leading from the shore back towards a cleft in the mountains, and pursuing it for some two miles he emerged on the shores of another lake very much smaller than Lake Ontaritz, but also very much higher. The next morning a party was despatched to the small lake and spent the day there setting lines, which were left there until the breaking up of the camp, being visited daily. Much better luck rewarded the fishermen in this lake, though the fish were smaller than those caught in the large lake.

By this time the inroads of six vigorous appetites upon the commissariat department became very apparent, but the game eked out the stock. The old man was never so happy as when concocting some new dish out of his slender stock of provisions, and his lasting regret was that he had no onions or garlic for seasoning. However, the absence of these was not at all a disappointment to the others.

On one occasion when, as usual, all but the old *bonhomme* had been away at the lines and were returning to camp, they were surprised at hearing

him singing away at the top of his voice, and evidently very much in earnest. Moving cautiously forward, they caught sight of the old fellow, creeping along, having in his hand a long pole, from the end of which dangled a noose of fine string, towards a log on which sat a squirrel, evidently entranced by the *chanson*. The appearance of the old man, with his nightcap on—a little gaudy-colored lacrosse cap which he had picked up somewhere, and in which his little round head looked very comical—was so absurd that all joined in a hearty peal of laughter, much to the discomfort of the old man, who declared that they had, by scaring away the squirrel, lost an addition to their supper, while he was minus a new squirrel-skin tobacco pouch.

But camping, like everything else, must have an end, and so on the thirteenth day all lines were taken up and preparations begun for an early start the next morning, which opened dull and gloomy. After breakfast, the tents were struck, and everything securely packed away on the traineau, for they were to drag their loads as far as the farmhouse, it not being expedient to bring up the horses. Everything being

ready a start was made, and the farmhouse was reached about noon. The inner man was here replenished and farewell bid to the lake shortly afterwards. The roads for some miles were very bad and soft, and a shaft was broken before going far, but repaired again bush fashion, with a piece from a convenient birch tree, and the better portion of the road soon afterward being reached, the horses were put to their best gait, arriving at Quebec once more about seven p.m.

Before concluding it might be interesting to total abstainers to know that not a drop of liquor accompanied our party, notwithstanding which all admitted that they had not felt at any time the slightest necessity for it, even during cold weather, when constant exercise appeared the only method of keeping themselves from freezing, when far from the camp; and we hesitate not to state that they were infinitely better off without spirits, in every respect.

At Quebec the party separated, some to remain there, and others to depart to their homes in Western cities, but all with the unfeigned wish soon again to meet beneath the tent roof, camping in winter in the bush.



F A L L O W - L E A .

BY WINNIE WAYNE.

Hidden among the woody hills,  
Rugged and picturesque to see—  
There lies our home—dear Fallow-Lea!  
Dear Fallow-Lea: but oh! how chill,  
The shadows creep about thy door,  
Eerie, and desolate, and still,  
Where we may meet again no more,  
As once we met in youth and glee,  
And lived long years at Fallow-Lea!

Long years within that mountain home  
We lived away the dreamy hours;  
Wild as the wanton winds that roam,  
We roamed at will the leafy bowers—  
Companions of the birds and flowers.  
There is no path along those hills  
Our wandering feet have never prest;  
Each grassy lane and meadow plain,  
With violets sweet and daisy drest,  
Was traversed o'er and o'er again.

When youth dwelt in those silent walls—  
Those silent walls where Gloom is king,  
And weird dark shadows crouch and  
cling—

Glad voices echoed thro' the halls;  
And merry laugh and footstep light,  
Rippled and tripped from morn till  
night;

When myriad stars came burning bright,  
And moon crept up the eastern hill,  
Glimmering and shimmering thro' the  
trees,

Sweet music woke the silent night;  
The rushing world went on at will,  
The unknown world we might not see,—  
Our only world was Fallow-Lea.

In mirth and smile, a glad sweet while,  
Great Love was king at Fallow-Lea;  
By mountain break and shadowy lake,  
O'er field and hill, he walked at will;  
Wherever he turned his joyous face,

He left a lingering, living trace  
Years cannot change, or time efface:  
Sometimes in shady groves he strayed,  
By mayflower bank and mossy glade,  
A tender halo round him played.  
But Love was called, he could not stay,  
He said good-bye—and went away,  
And let his shadow Grief come in—  
And Grief was then at Fallow-Lea  
For Love and Grief are often kin!

We'd weary of the summer days  
If dawned they in unbroken light;  
We would not prize the sunny rays,  
If all the hours were glowing bright.  
It needs the dew and murk of night,  
It needs the clouds and heavy showers,  
To perfect and refresh the flowers;  
For nature, when the storm is o'er  
Looks brighter, lovelier, than before;  
And so our lives at Fallow-Lea,  
Knew many a weary night of gloom,  
Knew many a rain of passionate tears!  
But gloom will die, and tears will dry,  
Remembered not in after years.

Remembered well the last dear time  
My eyes looked on the Fallow-Lea!  
My ears drank in the melody  
Of summer birds low warbling;  
A sudden shower of summer rain  
Wrung heavy odors from the flowers,  
Clover-bloom and rose perfume,  
Syringa pale and mignonette,  
Heliotrope and violet,  
Their dreamy fragrance haunts me yet;  
Oh! sweetest flowers, more sweet were ye  
Because ye bloomed at Fallow-Lea.

I clambered up the lattice fence—  
Above it pale-red roses grew,  
And drowsy lilacs bloomed there too;  
I pulled a rose at early hour,

Within its heart a drop of rain  
 Lay glittering—like a precious gem  
 Stolen from royal diadem ;  
 I drank the rain-drop—twined the  
     flower  
 Within my hair, and wore it there,  
 Till of itself it drooped away—  
 I know the roses grow there yet ;  
 That was the last rose bloomed for me  
 On garden bank at Fallow-Lea.

Sweet Fallow-Lea, beloved birthplace,  
 How many a time I strove to trace  
 In lines of art your artless grace :  
 The shadowy hill, the sheen of sky,  
 The plashing fall, the rustic mill,  
 The peasant's cot beside the rill,  
 The grove of sheltering trees near by,  
 Mingled and mixed in varied dye,  
 Birch, ash, and maple, fir and beech,  
 Graceful and old in friendly reach.  
 I trace them all, but oh how still  
 The pictured scene before me lies !  
 I cannot see the changing hill  
 The sheen of ever varying skies :  
 The mill is there, without the motion,  
 The fall, but not the cadence light,  
 Whose music lulled me many a night,  
 Like sound of distant murmuring ocean.  
 I trace a glimpse of grey old wall,  
 Of lattice fence and chimneys tall,  
 With windows curtained thickly o'er,  
 A wealth of foliage grouped before ;  
 I trace a bird upon the wing,  
 But oh ! that bird will never sing :  
 But Fallow-Lea thou wilt remain  
 A living picture in my brain.

The sunset gleams, the mountain  
 streams  
 Will stream and gleam while suns do  
 set ;  
 The busy clattering mill goes yet ;  
 The mayflowers bloom in early spring.  
 And still the wild birds carolling  
 Will wake those woods while birds shall  
 sing ;  
 The moss-grown rocks, the leafy walks,  
 Where oft we talked our girlish  
 talks,  
 Unchanged : yet never more, ah me !  
 We'll walk and talk at Fallow-Lea.

Oh Fallow-Lea ! oh Fallow-Lea !  
 A weary ache is in my heart,  
 And hot tears to my eyelids start !  
 Thy roof will shelter us no more ;  
 No hand will twine the ivy vine  
 That wreaths thy western windows o'er.

My mother's care in days of yore ;  
 The thrifty sheltering lilac tree  
 She planted there long years ago,  
 In loneliness must bloom and grow ;  
 The honeysuckle by the wall  
 Will droop without her fostering  
 care :  
 Ah let it droop—she is not there,—  
 Its flowers would scent the desert air  
 If it shall grow and flower at all.  
 No ears will hear thy robins sing  
 At nesting time in early spring,—  
 Bird, flower, and tree, are left to thee,  
 Oh, lonely, lovely Fallow-Lea.



## THE GIRLS' VOYAGE.

(BY ONE OF THEM.)

### MARION'S STORY.

*Dec. 8th.*—We are beginning to have cold weather now, although we still sit on deck nearly all the time, but in a few days the cabin will be our abiding place when we are engaged in our regular employments. Don't you want to hear what some of mine are? An account of yesterday's doings will give you a fair specimen of the way in which many of my days have been spent.

Directly after breakfast I burdened myself with the first volume of Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella," and swallowed my daily dose of history; then with my Latin books I went up to sit on the house and breeze my mortal frame in the sharp wind, while my mental powers combated with Virgil and the dictionary. I hope by the time I see my native shores to know more of Latin than I did in the *intelligere non possum* days, if the "pluck" which Mr. Fordyce compliments (after seeing me pore over my books with a visage like a thunder cloud) will only hold out.

When that labor was over, finding that Arthur and Amy had left the cabin I went down to indulge in the rare opportunity of practising on the organ without anyone to agonize by the dismal wails my uncultivated genius can draw out of that small instrument. It isn't *too* sweet-toned at any time, and being used by mice as a boarding-house, since it left Mason & Hamlin's Organ Rooms, hasn't improved its natural gifts. When I begin to blow I am not at all unlikely to see a long-tailed boarder rush out from under my feet; but I am not to be deterred by mice

from learning to play my favorite tune (the one in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," set to "Jerusalem the Golden"); Cousin Arthur comes in and watches my struggles with the keys and bellows, pats me on the shoulder with the encouraging remark, "You'll learn some time, little one—don't despair;" but compassion for his and Amy's musical ears soon causes me to stop.

After dinner I allow myself the relaxation of reading Cooper's "Water Witch," or we gather in the captain's office, he reading aloud to us while we sew or draw. The evenings are growing very long as we come near the Cape, for December is midsummer with the Patagonians, and in two weeks I'm afraid it won't be dark enough for us to want to go to bed all night long.

*Dec. 20th.*—I am writing under very comical difficulties to-day, my dear, and doesn't it seem as if all the worst features of sea life fall to my share in writing to you, leaving Amy only the descriptions of peaceful days and moonlight nights? The existing difficulties are that the low easy-chair in which I have established myself takes an occasional promenade of about four feet from the table, which is fastened by iron staples to the floor, and has my ink-stand tied upon it in a way that no one but our Captain Arthur would have thought of. There now! a great roll of the ship! I hastily take a penful of ink and slide off in my chair, writing all the time; the next roll will bring me back to the table in time to dip my pen into the ink again.

A penetrating cold and dampness prevails, and with the rolling and pitch-

ing will increase, I suppose, till we are safely past Cape Horn. We have got the funniest little stove imaginable in our parlor; eighteen inches in height and eight in width by actual measurement. There was an uproar of laughter from the passengers when the captain brought it out of obscurity to be our comfort in this cold region, and we soon found that we needn't expect much comfort from it, for it will not keep a fire alive more than ten minutes at a time if not attended to as often as that, and the flame goes out like a flash on the slightest provocation. Now it is an impossibility for any mortal to remember every ten minutes to throw in two lumps of coal; consequently, we haven't attempted often to keep it up, and when the after cabin becomes very chilly, we go into the dining-room and thaw by a generous stove that gives all the heat any frigid person could want. There we girls take no end of comfort, sitting cosily by the stove with our sewing, or writing by the table. One of the officers generally comes in when we are there (the one whose turn it happens to be to take his watch below) and spends an hour in playing chess with Amy, or I read aloud from a volume of Dickens while he sews. "While he sews!" I seem to hear you repeat in tones of wonder. Yes! Mr. Duncan brings an old raisin box, wherein are collected divers implements of needlework, and sits down with the utmost gravity to darn stockings, or put in patches, looking not a bit less manly than when he stands on deck to order the sailors, though I thought I should never stop laughing when I first saw him at that employment. The mother and sisters of Mr. Fordyce have fitted him out in style with a handsome sewing-case, but he doesn't handle his needle so skilfully as Mr. Duncan does, not having been obliged for many years to take his own stitches. Do you think I am hard-hearted to let these poor fellows do their own darning and patch-

ing? Well, I do sew for them sometimes, and Mr. Duncan, not being used to have girls help him in these trifles, is so grateful when I propose it that I would sew for him oftener, but the other youth is rather cool and easy in his ways—one of the lords of creation who consider it perfectly right and natural to have us wait on them, and I don't think it is worth while to make my services too common.

We are carrying out some jolly plans for Christmas. Amy called me into her state-room a few days ago and shut the door with an air of mystery. She then proposed that we should make Christmas presents for the three young men, and hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve, filled with whatever we could manufacture within a fortnight. Her capacious rag bag furnishes stores of silk and ribbon for neckties, and we make many other things of which I will give you a list when they are completed. Of course we have to retire from public life while we are working, and for an hour or two every day I go into Amy's room and sit on the floor with her, planning, sewing and having lots of fun, greatly to the captain's mystification. He declares we are plotting something, perhaps a mutiny against him because he doesn't fully gratify our incessant craving for olives and sardines.

On the 9th of this month we passed the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, and encountered a severe storm with thunder and lightning. I woke up in the night hearing the deep rumble of thunder, but saw no lightning, for some one had thoughtfully closed the heavy wooden shutter outside my window. A stream of water was trickling down the wall into my berth from a leaky place in the deck overhead, and at first I was rather nonplussed by such a novel experience; then, remembering that my mattress was too narrow for the berth, and consequently there was a nice little gutter for the rain to flow into, I resigned myself to slumber,

trusting that the water wouldn't collect fast enough to float me out into the cabin before morning.

That storm was the introduction to a change in our circumstances and mode of life. Cool, bracing weather and bean-bag exercises and brisk walks on deck take the place of quiet hours under our awning, yet sometimes we can sit up on the house or on the "bits" (wooden posts near the wheel), with warm wraps, watching the ocean's increased excitement as it comes near the ends of the earth. At these times a verse of Celia Thaxter's always comes into my head :

"Those splendid breakers ! How they rushed,  
All emerald green and flashing white,  
Tumultuous in the morning sun  
With cheer, and sparkle, and delight !"

Dec. 29th.—I've *such* things to tell you now, Gussie ! Experiences really worth ink and paper are these which have come to us since I wrote last in this journal. First let me tell you what happened on Dec. 20th, the day before we passed the Horn.

Early in the morning, Nora the stewardess came to tell me that land was in sight, and going on deck I saw mountains several miles away, and, what was almost as interesting to us, a barque. As the sea was calm the captain had one of his boats made ready, and sent Mr. Duncan and the boatswain to board her, carrying a bag of buckwheat, New York papers (only a month old) and a bundle of tracts as a present to her captain. I was half wild with desire to go too, and so was Amy, but Arthur thought it would be difficult for us to do the climbing necessary to such an undertaking, and I agreed with him when I saw them swing themselves over the ship's side by a rope. Although there were no waves at all that day the great ocean's swells would sometimes almost hide the little boat, as we watched it rather anxiously. It reached the barque after less than an hour's pull, and they brought back from her captain

a box of fine raisins. She was on her way from Malaga to San Francisco. In the afternoon we caught up with her, and sailed so near that the two captains shouted a conversation back and forth. Arthur said to us, "Now, girls, stand by the rail and put on your scarlet jackets, so they can see more plainly that I have ladies on board the 'Lyra.' I want them to know what a happy man I am."

It was queer to be so near a little company of strangers far at sea, and they stared at us and we returned the compliment as if the queerness was fully appreciated on both sides. Before we were out of their sight the "Lyra's" bean bag club (*i. e.* Amy, Mr. Fordyce and I) felt the need of doing something to keep warm, and began to toss the bags about. Mr. F. said he had no doubt that the lonely captain and officers of the barque were watching our fun with envious eyes, and wishing they had some young lady passengers to enliven their monotony. Generally we play with great precision and skill, but that evening we felt rather wild, I think, and carried on a disorderly warfare, the chief aim of which seemed to be the heaving of three bags at once against some unhappy being. Mr. Fordyce unintentionally sent one at my "starboard" eye with such force that for a moment I feared it would be my sad fate to go through the rest of my life with only one.

Later in the evening we took a long walk on the main deck with Arthur. I think we must have walked three or four miles altogether, for we kept it up from nine to eleven, not caring to go in while rosy sunset streaks remained in the sky, and at last we grew too sleepy to wait any longer for darkness to come. These Antarctic evenings are strangely fascinating. Think of our reading large print by twilight at ten o'clock p.m., in December, when you at home have had the gas lighted for five hours !

The next morning, Dec. 21st, we

entered the straits of Le Maire. I looked out of the cabin window with a vague idea that there might be land in view and saw mountains rising out of the sea, apparently very near. That was a sight for eyes grown accustomed to the vast watery plain, and we rushed on deck to look through the marine glass at the constantly changing view. We were favored with a fair wind, and sped through the straits at the rate of thirteen knots an hour, so that when I had provided myself with paper and pencil hoping to get some poor memento of the scene, the rapid changes in the landscape made me almost despair, while, with numb fingers I worked laboriously, every minute resolving to lay down my pencil and enjoy Nature to the utmost without trying to reproduce it on paper. It was not until my paper was covered, though, and the white rail by which I stood disfigured with scrawls that I gave myself up to full enjoyment of the mountains.

The weather was chilly and the sky rather cloudy, especially in the direction of Staten Land on our left, which we could only see indistinctly looming up behind the fog, but the coast of Tierra del Fuego on the opposite side was not more than three miles away.

As we went through the straits mountain after mountain came into view, of all shapes and sizes, a continuous line; their prevailing character bare and rugged, being almost destitute of trees and sprinkled with snow patches around their tops, but some had a greenish hue as if covered with moss. How lonely they looked as we sailed by them! Waterfowl rising in flocks from the sea were the only signs of life among those solitudes.

After dinner the land was in the distance, and I stayed on deck only long enough to see how we were beating a whaler and catching up with an iron English ship, which we soon left behind, greatly to Captain Roslyn's exultation.

At eight o'clock he called us to come

directly on deck to see the celebrated Cape Horn; so, well protected against the rain with waterproofs, we went up to see what will make that evening one to be remembered for a life-time.

Not far off was a bleak line of coast with curious groups of rocks in the water near it; the farthest point in the line a pyramidal rock much higher than the rest. That was Cape Horn, and we were sailing quietly where I thought tempests always raged. It looked lofty as we came near enough to see the streaks of lichens or seaweed on its black, barren sides, and when the "Lyra" sailed abreast of it I thought it was almost high enough to be called a mountain. There was grandeur in that picture of utter desolation, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world for us to burst out as we did in the doxology "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," for there we were, literally at the land's end, our great ship like an egg-shell compared with the mighty deep around and beneath us, and we had been led from our homes and preserved amid many dangers by our Father's hand. I wondered if Cape Horn echoes were ever roused by a doxology before. Arthur's voice behind me said, as if to himself, "All the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of God."

We were two hours in passing Horn Island, and though it was broad daylight till ten, the rain began to fall so heavily that we felt obliged to go down, after a parting look at the dark sentinel of the continent, half shrouded in mist. By the cabin stove we warmed ourselves, saying, "Is it possible that we are past Cape Horn; that place so feared and dreaded by us since we sailed!" and all agreed that the evening's pleasures had not been surpassed even by those of moonlight in the tropics.

The day before Christmas was the roughest we have ever known, and I am grateful that we survived it without any broken bones; yet there was fun in it,



as we were not at all seasick. It isn't exactly convenient, I can assure you, when standing before the glass, arranging my locks, to be kept in perpetual motion, hurled from my position and dashed against the door with brush in hand, then back to the glass again, but it entirely prevents unnecessary prinking, and is, no doubt, good for my character, even if it does make me late for breakfast.

The important business of filling the stockings had to be attended to on the 24th, in spite of all such inconveniences as those I have mentioned, and many of the presents being too large to go into a stocking had to be hung on the outside. The book of "Familiar Quotations" was brought into use to supply mottoes for some articles which were put in more as jokes than gifts. The hosiery we had to steal from the captain, of course, and he has unusually small feet for a man, therefore the stockings were not so capacious as we could have wished. By the way I must tell you of Nora's astonishment at Captain Roslyn's shoes, which she saw when she was "fixing up of his room one day; and Miss Amy, child, I says to myself, 'How can a man with such small feet have any constitution to learn anything!'" Amy said she supposed Nora must have thought that his *understanding* was limited.

Excuse this digression from the important matter in the foreground. We gave our captain two neckties, a shoe case made of duck (which we inveigled Mr. Fordyce into getting for us, out of the ship's stores), and bound with scarlet braid; an illuminated text, painted by Miss Marion Gilmer, under the greatest difficulties, and a penwiper; also a pinball shaped like a flying-fish, the scales marked in ink, and a row of pins ornamenting his dorsal fin. This article was made in reference to some joke of ours about a dead flying fish which an unseen hand propelled through Amy's window one day.

The stocking destined for Mr. Duncan contained a shoe case like the captain's, a necktie, a lace bag full of lumps of sugar, and labelled "Cape Horn confectionery," and a pincushion.

But Mr. Fordyce's stocking was a triumph of art and genius. Amy made him a brush and comb case, resplendent with pink bows, and I a brown silk necktie. We also presented him with a bottle of lemon syrup (stolen, I grieve to say, from the pantry, but the theft was afterwards confessed, and pardoned), and a tiny bean bag as a reminiscence of our club, with B. B. C. printed on it, and the written motto attached was, "Let all your aims be high,"—a gentle reminder for him to avoid throwing his bag at my eyes in future. A hideous pen and ink sketch of Poe's Raven, "sitting on the bust of Pallas," was the last of our favors toward this undeserving youth.

We had to sit up late on Christmas Eve, in order to hang the loaded stockings on the door handles without fear of discovery, and the motion of the vessel caused us to stagger about the dark cabin as if intoxicated, until they were safely suspended, and then we went to our respective rooms, after a loving embrace and mutual congratulations upon the success of our undertaking, and were lulled to sleep by a Cape Horn breeze sighing and shrieking through our windows.

Great was the excitement the next morning over the visit of Santa Claus, and we found he had not forgotten us; a jar of pickles being tied by a cord to Amy's door handle, and one of olives to mine, with the sentiment "Olive forever."

Arthur said Mr. Duncan had come to him in high glee, reporting the appendage on his door, and Mr. Fordyce appeared after breakfast with my necktie on, Amy's brush and comb case slung on his back like a knapsack, the bottle of syrup stuffed into his breast pocket, and the likeness of the

"Raven" in his hat band, to make grateful acknowledgments of the young ladies' kindness. Captain Arthur didn't discover his flying fish, and we, suspecting as much from the absence of allusion to what we considered our *chef d'œuvre*, found it in the toe of his stocking, and set him off into fits of laughter when we showed it to him.

Jan. 5th.—I ought not to write another word in this joint letter, having already gone beyond due limits; but never mind, Gussie, for I really must tell you about the close of the old year and opening of the new one.

On the last afternoon of 1869, we attempted a candy scrape, whereof the molasses wouldn't boil as it was expected to, and we tried hard to relish a mixture of sour molasses and nuts, eaten with spoons, but it took a deal of imagining to make us believe we were eating candy.

Amy and I resolved to see the year out, and at a few minutes before twelve, we went on deck. There, in the quiet starlight, we welcomed 1870, and thoughts of past and future made me feel unusually reflective. Just as the "for'ard" bell gave eight strokes for midnight, a great din arose in that part of the ship, among the sailors, who rang the bell violently, drummed on tin pans, shouted and exchanged New Year's greetings, while above all rose the voice of the boatswain singing his favorite melody, "Shall we gather at the river?" All this took away much of the solemnity of the time, for, though I was ready to welcome the new year with a song of praise in my heart, such riotous proceedings were hardly in accordance with my feelings.

Like two silly girls, as we doubtless are, we took it into our heads to stay on deck for a few hours, and see the sun rise, but were beginning to shiver in our seats on the "bitts," and Mr. Duncan asked us if we would trust him to

make us very comfortable, which he did by spreading shawls and cushions on the deck, and wrapping us up as if for a sleigh ride in a warm rug of his own. Then he sat by us on the skylight, and we had a delightful talk, learning to know and respect our usually reserved first officer more than ever as he told us what we had only gathered before from scraps of conversation—of his early life in the West, where he struggled hard to conquer his love of the sea, for he knew his duty was on his widowed mother's farm, and it was not easy to throw all his energies into work that he hated, yet he did it for three years; then his mother by a second marriage was relieved from fear of poverty, and he left free to be led by his own preferences. His aim in life, he said, is to be a faithful Christian captain like Arthur, a kind of sailors' missionary, and to take with him on his voyages a little sister, now in a boarding-school, whose delicate health causes him some anxiety, for she is the only one living in whom he can feel the right of possession.

We talked on all sorts of subjects, grave and gay, and speculated on the strange foreign scenes through which the new year might lead us. The starlight was beautiful, but at three o'clock, just as a faint light was dawning in the east, a bank of clouds from the horizon, mounted up and spread a dull grey curtain over the whole sky. Our chance of seeing any sun rise was gone, and I began to feel rather blue, for this dawn of 1870 was not enlivening. More chilly and stiff than romantic, were the girls who crept down to their staterooms, and all day we were so stupidly sleepy as to excite Arthur's wonderment that merely sitting up till midnight should have had such an effect upon us. At last we exposed all our folly, and were well laughed at for our pains.

(To be continued.)

## THE POLAR SEA.

BY C. W. A. DEDRICKSON.

The attempt to break the eternal silence of the North Pole is of no modern date. For centuries the restless curiosity of man has equipped expedition after expedition to the North, and effort after effort has been made to pluck the secret of the arctic circles from the snow angels of the mysterious waters.

The earliest polar voyage was undertaken in the year 982. Eric Randa having accidentally killed a man in combat, was banished from Iceland. He sailed with two ships to the south-west coast of Greenland, and writing home to his Christian friends in his native land, he told them that he had discovered a strange heathen population on the southern coast of Greenland. Iceland, in response, sent out a colony, accompanied by many missionaries, and took possession of the newly reported country. These colonists discovered North America many years before Columbus, and they reached as far, on the shores of this Continent, as Nantucket Island. Subsequently the whole population of Greenland perished by a pestilence known as the Black Death, and practically the world was shut out from the regions of the north.

The next impulse to northern discovery took place at the time of that wonderful movement of mind to which England owes her Reformation. At the close of the fifteenth century Portugal and Spain were devoted to geographical discovery. Christopher Colon, or Columbus, impertuned the sovereign of Spain with his entreaties to be allowed to discover the Western Continent. He had previously sailed with his son to the coast of Greenland, had visited

the icy regions of the north, and had, perhaps, examined the *debris* of the last colony of Iceland, before he was led to the discovery of this Continent. He was born in Genoa, and was a sailor from his birth. In the year 1492 he succeeded in discovering some of the islands of North America. Six years afterwards Vasco da Gama, in the service of the Portuguese, sailed round the Cape of Good Hope and discovered the path by the east to the Archipelago of the Spice Islands of the East. Spain and Portugal had thus discovered a western and an eastern continent; the Spaniards believed that they had found a Western World; the Portuguese believed that they had found an Eastern World. In those days the Pope of Rome was a real Pope. He divided the whole world into two hemispheres. He gave the West to Isabella of Spain, and he gave the East to the Portuguese. At this time there lived in Seville an English merchant named Master Thorne; he wrote a remarkable letter called "The Declaration of the Indies," addressed to Henry VIII. In this letter he declares that he believes that Almighty God had made no land uninhabitable, and no sea unnavigable; and he therefore recommends his sovereign, Henry VIII., to equip an expedition to sail from England to the North Pole, and come down from the North upon the Spice Island of Cathay. Thus His Majesty should arrive in that glorious Kingdom like a wedge, casting the Spaniards to the east and the Portuguese to the west, and the whole wealth of the Indies would lie at his feet. King Henry lost no time in acting upon the suggestion of Master

Thorne, and upon the 20th of May, 1553, Sir Hugh Willoughby sailed from the Thames, and on the following year succeeded in reaching the Island of Nova Zembla, and the entrance of the White Sea. Of these crews, and the gallant officers who commanded them, not a soul ever returned to their native England. Their record is a painful prototype of the fate of Sir John Franklin. They were discovered by Russian sailors some months after the last man had perished, with the account of their voyage and of their misery recorded up to a few days before the last of the crew had died.

The Dutch next took up the enterprise, and in May 1597, Admiral Barentzoon sailed from Amsterdam with three ships and succeeded in reaching Spitzbergen. In Nova Zembla they were forced to abandon their ships and for the first time in the narrative of northern sailors, scurvy appeared amongst them. On the 29th of May, Barentzoon, believing that it was time for them to make their escape, resolved to abandon his ships and to drag their boat down to the open water. There was only a few yards' distance between the spot where it was stranded and the sea; but, after a few short struggles, the sailors turned to their captain and said, "Sir, the will is not wanting, but the power." Barentzoon and his men fell beside their boat! They returned to their tents and by the use of the celebrated scurvy grass they so far recovered that on the 14th of June, by the providence of God, as the Admiral records, they were enabled, with renewed strength, to launch their boat and ultimately to regain the city of Amsterdam. This voyage threw a gloom over all the expeditions to the north, and from that time the record of Arctic discovery belongs exclusively to the English, until a recent date, since which the United States have exhibited a noble ambition to compete with the mother country.

This record brings before us, with

many others, the names of Sir Martin Frobisher and Sir Humphrey Gilbert in the reign of Elizabeth, the latter of whom was promised the hand of the fairest and the richest maid of honor in marriage should he discover the Northwest Passage. In the reign of James I., Henry Hudson penetrated to the northern coast of the inland sea and sailed through the straits that bear the name of their discoverer. This brave man and gallant captain was murdered by his mutinous crew on the 31st of August, 1610. Baffin, in 1616, discovered the bay that bears his name. Captain Phipps, afterwards Lord Mulgrave, was in northern waters in 1773. Captain Cook made his expeditions on the "Resolution" and "Discovery" in 1776. In 1817 the "Dorothea" and "Trent" sailed under the command of David Buchan and John, afterwards Sir John Franklin. Two years later, Captain Parry obtained the command of an expedition. In 1845 Franklin sailed from England never to return, and in the years 1849, 1850 and 1851, England sent out expeditions to search for his remains, and in 1850, 1853 and 1855, the United States sent out parties with the same object in view, and at length the fate of the gallant discoverer and his band was revealed by the expedition under Sir Leopold McClintock.

This brings us down to the voyagers just returned on the "Alert" and "Discovery" and the question is forced upon us: Have they set at rest the curiosity that has disturbed mankind since Eric the Red and his band landed on Greenland nearly nine centuries ago? We think not. The questions will still be asked: What lies beyond the gates of ice? Is there land, or only an open, desolate ocean, unploughed by keel of ship empty and void, like that first great sea when darkness covered the face of the deep? If there be land, is it inhabited? What race of people, unknown to us, live and move and have their being there? What trees have their branches

swayed by the storm, what flowers woo the breezes, what fruit ripens in the sun? These and a hundred other questions are suggested regarding that mysterious region to which no ship, sailing-winged or steam-impelled, has yet penetrated. Though eye hath not seen, we believe we may, from circumstantial evidence and from inferential deduction, gain some knowledge of that mysterious region.

The first question that stares us in the face is that touching the existence of an open sea, and upon this the most recent evidence is painfully conflicting. In the June of 1854, a sledge party from Dr. Kane's expedition attained a northern latitude only a few degrees short of that attained by the party under Captain Nares, and in 1860 Dr. Hayes attained the latitude of 82 deg., or only 80 miles short of that reached by the sledge party from the "Alert," namely 83 deg. 20 min. At the northernmost limit of Mr. Morton's excursion in June 1854, at latitude 81 deg. 24 min. and 8 sec. he was confronted by a sea "open as far as the eye could reach, with a tide running four knots an hour from the north and carrying very little ice." The thermometer in the water gave 36°, seven degrees above the freezing point of water in Rensselaer Harbor, much further south. The ice that was seen by this party off Gravel Point, near Andrew Jackson Cape, was full of gravel, showing that it had come from land further north. The channel was completely clear, and "there would have been no difficulty," Mr. Morton assures us, "in a frigate standing anywhere." Dr. Kane, commenting upon Mr. Morton's report, says "the wind blew strong from the north and continued to do so for three days; sometimes blowing a gale and very damp, . . . yet they saw no ice borne down from the northward all that time." "And again, animal life, which had so long been a stranger to us in the south, now burst upon them." They saw the

eider, and the brent goose and the king duck flying from the north, where they had wintered, going south. Dr. Isaac J. Hayes, who reached about the same northern latitude as Dr. Kane, also reports open water. "The ice," he says, "over which we travelled was thin and rotten at the further north."

In contrast to these reports, which coincide, we have the official report of Captain Nares. Referring to the "Alert," he says:—

"During her stay of eleven months, no navigable channel of water permitting further advance to the northward ever presented itself. In lieu of finding an 'open polar sea,' the ice was of most unusual age and thickness, resembling, in a marked degree, both in appearance and formation, low floating icebergs, rather than ordinary salt water ice. It has now been termed the 'Sea of Ancient Ice,'—the palæocrystic or Palæarctic Sea; and a stranded mass of ice broken away from an ice floe has been named a floeberg. Whereas ordinary ice is usually from two feet to ten feet in thickness, that in the Polar Sea, in consequence of having so few outlets by which to escape to the southward in any appreciable quantity, gradually increases in age and thickness until it measures from 80 to 120 feet, floating with its surface at the lowest part fifteen feet above the water line."

Here is the directest contradiction, and yet from the honorable character of all the parties making their statements we must conclude that each spoke the truth, and that what was open water one season was ice-locked another, or that through the ice-fields Captain Kane and Dr. Hayes saw an immense open channel which the commanders of the "Alert" and "Discovery" failed to find,

Notwithstanding the failure of the latest expedition, we imagine that the belief in an open sea will not be abandoned, because it is supported by circumstantial evidence, which may be

very briefly stated. (1) Drift wood is found in the Gulf Stream flowing from the north. (2) Migratory birds beyond a certain point north go further north for their winter quarters instead of flying south. (3) Ice in the most northern latitudes has been found full of gravel.

Drift wood indicates land and a higher temperature than is generally attributed to the polar regions.

Migratory birds can only be actuated in flying north by their knowledge of a warmer climate. The brent goose one of the migratory birds, feeds upon vegetable matter, generally on marine plants, and if it get its food north there must be open sea.

Ice bearing gravel indicates that it must have been in contact with land,—in all probability has been a glacier from some northern mountain peak, which after months or years of travel has come far enough south to meet the eye of the arctic explorer.

There is a natural feeling of disappointment that the English expedition returned so soon. We believe that the secret of the north can be only attained by systematic toil; that immense de-

pots of provisions must be deposited, that a steady advance must be made season after season, each season seeing the provision depots advanced further north until the open water, if it exist, is navigated, or else the question set at rest forever by reaching the Pole itself; and we would suggest that small balloons for taking observations would be valuable adjuncts to any future expedition. They would be light to carry, and the gas could be easily generated from iron filings and sulphuric acid, and in addition to their value as affording a commanding outlook, an occasional journey might be made in them, when, with favorable winds, a few hours in the air would represent a distance that it would take tedious days to crawl over the hummocky ice.

It may be asked, *cui bono?* Perhaps none; but as long as there is a foot of unexplored territory man will be restless until it is discovered. The spirit that animated Von Wrangell and Anjou, that stirred in the hearts of Ross and Parry, in Belcher and Franklin, in McClintock, McClure, Kane and Hayes, will not be extinguished because of the unfavorable report of Captain Nares.

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## QUESTIONS.

BY J. O. MADISON.

Who is the braver,  
He who in battle's strife  
Risks his life  
For country and for *fame*;  
Or he who, to serve a friend,  
To the end,  
Bears undeserved shame?

Who is the wiser,  
The sage who, with all his lore,  
Doth ignore  
Love that others render;  
Or he, who, though not so learned  
Hath not spurned  
Love true and tender?

## A STORY OF EARLY SETTLERS.

BY C. N.

Every one who has travelled down the valley of the Maccan River, in Nova Scotia, must have been struck with the remarkable beauty of its scenery. The river, which for many miles is a mere brook, winds its way between the wooded declivities, which in some places slope from a considerable height. Here and there it is completely lost to view in the brushwood and timber which thickly line its banks, and through which the traveller with difficulty finds his way; but in several parts of its course it spreads out into small lagoons, some of which, probably, have been used for accumulating water-power. But, standing on one of the hills which affords a commanding view, the sinuous sweep of the valley, the soft outline of other hills as they run down into its depth, the forest from the very bottom raising its masses of verdure to the sky, and the blue misty atmosphere bathing all, form a spectacle of striking loveliness and grandeur.

It was in the middle of a day in September, ninety years ago, that a small party might have been seen camped in the very bottom of this defile, near one of the small lagoons already mentioned. Hardly a clearing had been made anywhere in all this region, and it was at great distances that any settler, self-reliant and adventurous, could be found at all. The autumn hues that glow with such splendor on our American trees, were just beginning to tint the unbroken woods that stretched around them, and the stream, like a broad band of silver, flashed beneath the meridian sun. It was evident from the appearance of the small camp, that the party had ventured into the new country

with a view to settle in it. Two men, brothers, the wife of the elder and two children composed the number, and thither they had come in their journey. They had put together two huts of poles and branches, and near them were three young horses with waggons and various implements. The stock was scanty; but with such means it was, and oftentimes with less, that the hardy pioneers into our land often entered on their labors. To look upon the commodious houses of our farmers now, at the well-filled stables and barns, at the rich and teeming fields, gives one little idea of the hardships which many of their forefathers endured when they first cut their way amid the tangled forest, and cleared a space for the rude log-house which was the centre of their toil and hope. The dinner, which had been freshened by some fish caught in the stream before them, had just been finished, when the elder of the brothers, whose name was Henry, proposed that they should visit the ground which they had purchased, and to which they intended removing on the earliest day possible. It was distant not more than two miles, and threading their way through the wood where it was less dense, they were not long in gaining the level ground above. The tract they sought consisted of between two and three hundred acres, which had been bought at a small price, and which Henry Ross, in company with a surveyor, had some time before visited and marked off. A small part of it had already been burned, and it was here that the Rosses intended to erect the house which was to receive themselves and the family. The land gently sloped

off on every side, encumbered though it was with timber, and over the pine and maple tops it trended away to a great distance, swelling up in the east into lofty hills, and on the west debouching on the lower reaches of the river and the head of the bay of Fundy. There were few points from which a more extensive prospect could be beheld, and, under the cloudless sunshine, the spectacle of that vast forest undulating onwards till it was lost on the blue mountain ranges, and bordered by the lustre reflected from the distant waters, was one of impressive majesty. The two men, however, did not stop to admire the beauty of the country around them. They immediately busied themselves in clearing sufficient space for their building, and on examination timber suitable enough for the purpose was found at hand.

"Shall we set to work, to-morrow, Edward?" asked the elder brother, as he sat down on a blackened trunk. "The sooner we get into quarters the better," replied his brother, "for these yellow leaves tell us that there are not many weeks of fair weather before us." "Let us then be here in the morning," said Henry, "before the sun shines into the brook, and we shall soon have the beams of our cabin squared and set."

They talked for a little, discussing their future plans, and, as the sun was now about to set, they started for their camp. It was nearly dusk as they approached it, and to their astonishment they beheld the mother and her two children flying from the huts in their direction. It was evident that there was something wrong, and hurrying down they learned from her in her alarm, that two large bears had appeared and were attacking the horses which had been quartered near the huts, throwing them into a panic, and driving them into the wood. Some of these animals still infest the forests, but then they were much more numerous, and their depredations were fre-

quent, and not a little time was sometimes consumed by the early settlers in ridding themselves of such marauders. This, however, was only one of the many difficulties which these adventurers had to encounter, and which they cheerfully braved in order to take possession of a new land. Our two brothers were not long in reaching their huts, and seizing their rifles, they darted quickly in pursuit. Passing through some heavy undergrowth they entered the wood, here very broken and confused, and had penetrated hardly a hundred yards, when they discovered a large brown bear standing over the carcass of their youngest horse, the loss of which was no slight matter in their circumstances. Cautiously approaching, the younger brother fired and wounded the beast, but not fatally, for turning round he was upon them in a moment. Leaping into a low tree Edward was safe, but Henry, before he could discharge his piece, found the paw of the brute on his shoulder and himself at its mercy. Most providentially, as it happened, however, he was beside the very tree in which his brother had taken refuge, and, lifting his rifle with the disengaged arm, his brother seized it, and, taking sure though critical aim, shot the monster dead. All this was the work of only a few minutes, and the brothers escaped, one of them with a slight bruise. This adventure made them feel the more anxious to have their settlement completed, and early next day, after securing their huts and animals as well as possible, they were at work upon their ground. Day after day they plied their tools, and ere long they had a substantial log-house erected and divided into two parts, with a rough but firm outhouse built in the same way, for housing their two remaining animals, which they had ingeniously employed in lifting and placing the heavy timbers. We shall not describe the transportation of the wife and children, with the provisions and all other



articles, although, as they had very much to force their way, it was a work of no small difficulty; but at length they were safely housed, and their new life began just as the first snow-storm commenced to howl around them. It can be easily understood that no little patience and courage were required to enable those new settlers to pass the winter which there came upon them, limited as was their stock of furniture, provisions, and all comforts. They knew something, however, of the Christian spirit, and while cheering one another in their solitude, they did not forget that Divine protection could be theirs. Their supplies were a little assisted by a journey which Henry made to and from the nearest settlement, distant thirty miles; but carefully had they to husband their resources till the spring permitted them to meet more largely their pressing wants. But unceasingly did these heroic brothers toil on through the long winter, amid the snow and frost, deep and heavy as they then were: felling the trees around them, clearing a considerable space of ground, preparing wood for fuel and fencing, and piling up the waste into convenient heaps for burning. The heaviest part of their work was by the summer over, the ground cleared so far yielded a fair return, and next winter found them with a hopeful increase, the rubbish consumed, and many acres of ground with blackened stumps roughly ready for cultivation. The succeeding summer found them still perseveringly at work, and with more implements and assistance the prospect was cheering.

But a misfortune now befell them which well nigh damped their hopes. The eldest boy, during the temporary absence of the mother, by some careless means set fire to some loose materials, and the flame at once communicating to light woodwork along the side of the hut, the whole was speedily in a blaze. The mother, with no means at hand, attempted in vain to stay the fire, and

when her husband and brother-in-law, who had been employed at some distance, returned, the roof and much of the building were in flames. Horror-stricken the poor men dashed within, and in addition to what had been already carried out rescued several articles, and opening the door of the small outhouse attached, hastily led out the already alarmed horses. The whole hut was soon a mass of smoking ruins, and the laborious toil of many a day, as well as much store of thrift and care, was gone. This deplorable event terribly depressed their spirits, and for a moment threw them into despair. What was now to be done? Were they to give up and abandon their settlement? Fortunately it was the middle of summer, a good crop was in the ground, their horses were saved, and the more valuable of their few possessions.

"This is the worst trouble that could befall us," said Edward, as they sat down sadly under a temporary shelter which was hastily run up. "No, not the worst, Edward," said his brother's wife, "our two boys might have been lost, or some trouble might have fallen to you and Henry. Thank God, it is not the worst." "Mary speaks right; it is not the worst," said Henry. "Let us never give up. Here we all are, alive and strong as ever. We must have another cabin better than the last, and with God's help, all will be well." It was arranged that Henry should keep awake till daylight while the others slept, and then they commended themselves to the guardianship of Heaven. This was the last misfortune which befell the brave and devoted family, and from that day they steadily prospered. Field after field was cleared, until a large and smiling farm spread out around them, and now, where stood the old log-house which was reared with ungrudging toil, appears a large and modern dwelling-house, betokening abundant comfort and indicating con-

siderable wealth. And in that farmhouse lives the grandson of Henry, the elder of the intrepid settlers, while in the neighborhood has recently been opened one of those coal mines which are destined to make Nova Scotia one of the busiest parts of the Dominion. This story is not one certainly of remarkable interest, but it is often told over around the winter fire, and is valuable as illustrating the trials and the triumphs of those who from eighty to one hundred and twenty years ago boldly struggled in a new land for subsistence and comfort. Once over these regions reigned the unbroken rigor of winter and the untempered glow of summer, while through them roamed only the wolf, the catamount, the bear, or the more savage Indian; but golden harvests now smile and homes of happiness now rise upon them, and they and the surrounding countries are advancing in the pathway of Christian civilization to a prosperous future.

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## B O U N D .

BY M.

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“Aye, bound as with fetters of brass, and yet a willing captive.”

“Of whom are you speaking?” I asked, for I had come upon my friends only in time to hear a few words.

“Of John Harcourt,” and then I understood all; no occasion to enter into particulars, for his life was almost as well known to me as my own, and it is a few glimpses at that life which I intend to lay before you now.

Thirty-seven years before my simple story opens, James Harcourt wedded my dearest friend, Emma Summers. We had been neighbors and friends from infancy, and no one was more truthfully glad than myself, when with many a rosy blush, Emma came to remind me of our agreement, that the first married should have the other for bridesmaid.

“And what am I to do when I want the same kind office performed?”

“Oh I shall have any number of sisters-in-law and will lend you one,” was the laughing reply. We neither

of us knew then, that within a year from the day of Emma’s marriage, her sisters-in-law would also be mine; but so it was, for by that time I was the happy wife of John Harcourt, the brother of James,—but not the John Harcourt of my tale.

Emma’s wedding morning was bright and lovely, a fit emblem of her married life,—for so far as her husband was concerned, Emma’s happiness has been unclouded.

We were but village people, and I daresay the wedding breakfast would compare but poorly with the elaborate spreads provided by confectioners; but how rich were the simple adornments of home work, in comparison to the bought labor of strangers! How many kind wishes for the future happiness of the bride and groom, were stirred into the bridal cake and the jellies! How many fond regrets at parting with a loved one, mingled with the bustle and hurry which must someway attend weddings! Yes, the wedding breakfasts

provided for both Emma and myself may have been lacking in show, or even excellence of style and cooking, but they were heavily freighted with love and thoughtfulness, which more than repaid any deficiency otherwise.

Emma looked lovely to our eyes; I will try to describe her dress; though perhaps it will sound rather odd now—for thirty-seven years makes many changes. A simple white muslin dress, plain in the skirt and full-scarf of the same round the shoulders, bordered with white satin ribbon, white chip bonnet, in which were to be found the “bridal flower,” white gloves and long veil; completed what to us was a pretty and becoming costume. But never mind the dress, the marriage was the chief thing, and that being performed, midst smiles and tears we betook ourselves to the breakfast.

Teetotalers were scarce in those days, and wine was on the table, of which nearly all partook but John Harcourt and myself. He was “best man” with me, and of course was my escort to breakfast.

“Do you wish for wine, Miss Marston?” he asked. “As for myself I never take it.”

“No, thank you,” I replied, “I prefer water,” and so I did then and do now—but up to that time I had never seen any harm in taking a glass of wine. To *exceed* of course was wrong, but I had not then begun to see what “moderation” was leading to.

“Do you know,” continued John, after a while, “James and I cannot agree about the use of wines; he goes in for ‘using but not abusing’ and I am for never using.”

“But why so? Surely God has given us all things for our use.”

“Undoubtedly, but I don’t think He gave wine, or strong drink, though He certainly gave the grapes, rye and barley from which these things are made.”

I looked as I felt most like’y, a little puzzled; for these were new ideas

to me—and he continued, “The material from which intoxicating drinks are made were certainly given by God, as also the knowledge which has enabled man to manufacture them, but what a sad perversion of good gifts it has been!”

“Then would you have people abstain entirely from all alcoholic beverages?”

“Abstain! aye that I would; but that can never come to pass, for then this beautiful world would be no longer earth, but heaven.”

But the breakfast was over, guests began to depart, and our conversation was stopped; but I saw a good deal of John Harcourt after that, and when one day he asked me to link my life with his, I had by that time learned to love him so, that I willingly consented.

I was supremely happy in those days,—not happier though when I come to think of it than now, only I had but just found my treasure, and was not quite as calm over its possession as now, after all the long years that it has been mine. We talked over our future as all young lovers do, laying our plans, deciding what we should do in our new home—and one thing John was very earnest about, namely that we should begin our married life with the firm determination never to keep wine of any kind in our home, or taste it elsewhere. I hesitated a little,—not that I wished to partake of it, for to me water was far preferable, but I was afraid of being singular, or being thought mean, and I told him so.

He was silent for a moment or two, and by the expression of his face, I saw that some severe conflict was going on; then passing his arm around me, he said, and tears were in his voice though not in his eyes—“Nora, my darling, I will not urge this upon you too strongly, but oh I wish you would consent to it. I love you dearly and by God’s help will endeavor to make you a good husband, but there is that within me which

makes me dread starting our married life otherwise than as total abstainers— It may, as James tells me, be only a 'morbid feeling' of mine, but I am of a highly nervous temperament, and I dread lest the day should come when I might love the rosy tempter."

"I promise willingly, John. Ah, would I had done so at first!"

"Never mind dear, I always intended telling you how I felt about this—and really there may not be any danger, only I would rather not risk it," I felt sorry I had not consented at once, before John gave me his reason; and as I sat there resting my head on his shoulder, I thought over what had passed, wondering how it was that he had this fear—whether he had any craving for stimulant, whether his was to be a life-long fight for victory over his besetting sin, and whether he—no we, for we should fight together—would have defeat or victory. And James, the husband of my friend, the brother of the man so soon to be my own husband—what of him? Surely my thoughts must have discovered themselves in my features—or by that wondrous sympathy which, account for it as we may, does sometimes exist between people, we were both thinking of the same thing—for John said softly—"I don't think you need have any fear of me, Nora, for I do not find that I have the slightest desire now for stimulants—I rather dislike them than otherwise; all I wish to avoid is familiarizing myself to their smell or taste. Alas! how many do I know who used to be moderate drinkers, and are now sots! Now James is safe; a cool fellow like him will never exceed,—it is the poor nervous ones who fall most easily."

A few days afterwards Nora Marston was a being of the past, supplanted by the happy Nora Harcourt. Emma kept her promise, and her sister-in-law, so soon to be my own, was one of my bridesmaids. We started for our new home, and for many years I saw but

little of my own family, or of my girlhood's friends, but I heard constantly, and ever received the welcome intelligence of success and happiness. And so the years passed over, my own cup of happiness ever full, till at length Emma and I once more became neighbors such as we had been in those early days. We were both mothers; Emma gloried in two boys, fine sturdy fellows of twelve and fourteen; I in one son and two daughters. There was but little difference in age between my James, named after his uncle, and Emma's John—little difference in age and little difference in appearance, but as time wore on, a vast difference in character.

On our arrival at B—our own home was not quite ready, so we were Emma's guests.

"I am so happy to have you, Nora; it is like old times," said Emma gaily.

"It is glorious having you here once more, John," said James, "and a splendid opportunity for the cousins to become acquainted with each other;" and so it was, and they took advantage of it, for whilst we elders compared notes and enjoyed ourselves in our own quiet way, we could hear many a merry peal of laughter from the younger ones who had retired to the sitting-room.

A pleasant week we spent and then took possession of our own home. I was glad to get to it, for I began to notice an uneasy expression upon the face which I had studied closely during the past fifteen years; but I did not question,—I knew the trouble whatever it might be would soon be confided to me; indeed I had partly guessed it.

"Thank God, Nora, we are once more in our own home!" were almost my husband's first words, after we had retired to our room.

"Why, John, does not that sound rather ungrateful, after all the kindness shown by James and Emma?" I asked lightly.

"I did not mean it so," he replied, so

seriously that I saw there was a deeper trouble than I was aware of; so I knelt down beside him, laid my head on his shoulder, and merely said, "Tell me all, dear."

"Not much to tell in words yet, Nora, but I dread what it may be. Did you notice how James allowed that boy of his to take wine at dinner?"

"Yes, and though sorry to see it on the table at all, yet was glad to see he never went beyond one glass, and his brother Walty did not take any."

"Walter does not seem to care for it, but John does, poor fellow, for I have seen him go to the sideboard and help himself during the evening."

"But he never took too much."

"Ah that is said so often, and how untrue it is! Even one glass is too much, for it only fosters an appetite for more. True it is not always so; there are some people strong-willed enough to keep within bounds. Drink with them never becomes a passion, but I do not think John is one of that sort."

"James has always been a moderate drinker and is so still; he takes no more now than he did before he married."

"I know that he is one of the favored few, but his son is not, with his excitable temperament the taste will increase till it overmasters him. I am not so much afraid for Walty or for our own James."

"Thank God for that!" I cried earnestly, and as according to our usual custom my husband and I knelt down hand in hand to ask God's protection, we repeated our thanks that our boy, so far as we could judge, would not be as severely tried as we feared his cousin would.

Nothing of any particular consequence happened till about six years after we came to B——. John, my nephew had grown to be a fine handsome young man of twenty; Walty was eighteen; my own James nearly twenty, and his sisters Blanche and Nora seventeen and fifteen. The cousins had

remained firm friends during all that time, and though we often noticed that John and Blanche were more frequently together than the others we thought nothing of it. Sons and daughters remain children in the eyes of their parents much longer than in their own or those of others; so one day when John came to me asking permission to be engaged to Blanche, I was so astonished I could not speak.

"I don't want to marry just now, Aunt Nora," said the poor fellow, looking rather sheepish—on account of my look of amazement, I suppose—and all I could manage to say at the moment was, "Well, I should hope not, indeed."

"But you will consent to our engagement, won't you, and you'll ask Ucle John?"

Then my scattered senses began to come back to me, and I answered quietly, "I consent to nothing, John, until I have spoken to your uncle; we will give you our answer in a day or two, and till then, my boy, you must not come here." I pitied him, for young as he was he was a manly fellow, and I could see he loved my daughter dearly; but I felt that I was but doing my duty to both him and my child, and I was firm.

It was an anxious heart I carried around with me for the rest of that day, and I caught myself glancing furtively at my daughter—no longer entirely mine—to see if she were indeed the child I had always considered her. It was a pretty picture that met my gaze, and I was forced to acknowledge that Blanche with her tall, graceful figure, well-poised head, and quiet, ladylike demeanor, looked far older than she really was, and I no longer wondered at John choosing her. Then had he not said they did not wish to marry then? so it was not really so absurd as it had appeared to me at first.

We talked it over, John and I, and at last decided that if James and Emma were willing, there might be a condi-

tional engagement, but they were not to think of marrying before four years were over. And the conditions were these, if during those four years either found a change in their feelings, the engagement was to be broken immediately. So it was settled, for James and Emma were well pleased at their son's choice, and once more things went on in the old way. What about our temperance views? you ask, and I say that there was our only misgiving; but we hoped that the influence of our Blanche during those four years of probation would cause him to join our ranks. John had often talked to him about it, but had never been able to get him to promise more than moderation—and there his father encouraged him.

"Your uncle was always crochety on that point, Jack," he would say, "and for my part I only wonder he did not make it one of his conditions," and genial James Harcourt laughed merrily.

"I am glad he did not, for much as I love Blanche, I hardly think I could have consented to sign away my manhood."

Poor foolish youth! "Sign away your manhood!" Nay, but sign a "a declaration of independence," nobler even than the one which received the signatures of good and brave men one hundred years ago, and whose centennial has just been celebrated. But James Harcourt thought differently, so he replied,

"Right, my boy—the moderate use of wine will never hurt you; and the man must be weak indeed who cannot trust himself without being in danger of intoxication. Let such an one sign the pledge by all means and stamp himself drunkard at once."

"I have no fear of ever becoming one."

"If you did you would no longer be a son of mine," said James severely—and John turned the conversation to other subjects. They were both fearless, these men, each confident in himself and in the other.

Two years more passed over—John was twenty-two, Blanche nineteen—when suddenly one day James Harcourt bid adieu to the turmoil and bustle of this world. "Apoplexy," said the doctor, and with many a tear shed to his memory, the kind father, indulgent husband, and beloved brother was laid to rest. Up to this time life had been easy to John, but now things were different; his father's business was not nearly so prosperous as had been supposed, and the young man found himself suddenly placed in a position of care and anxiety, and now alas! did he first begin to feel the ill effects of moderate drinking.

"John, our supply of wine is out," said his mother, "and I think, dear, as it is so expensive we had better not buy any more. Walty never takes any, and I can do well enough without; nor do I think you care much for it, do you?"

"Oh, I can do well enough without," was the answer, and he thought so; but a weary feeling came over him, such as he had not felt before, and such as he could not account for, and by the advice of a friend (?) he entered a saloon and called for brandy. Swift is the course of the sled when once started on its downward path, swifter still the downward course of poor humanity—that single glass of brandy was the turning point in John's life, though he knew it not for months, nay almost years; but the taste which might have been kept within bounds had life continued easy to him, became a giant in strength when real work, real anxiety, harassed the poor excitable man; and all the quicker did it gain upon him when fostered by the fiery poison.

The four years were over, the engagement still held good, but though John was not an absolute slave to his passion then, still it had sufficient hold upon him to make us anxious to have it broken off; but we could not do that, and were thankful that his business

prospects were such that we could at any rate put off the fulfilment for some time longer.

"I cannot consent to your marriage yet, John," said my husband, "you are both young, and your duty is to your mother first. Walty helps I know, but still your affairs are not sufficiently prosperous to admit of marrying—and to tell the truth, John, I would much rather see the engagement dissolved; I am satisfied it will be better for you both." But no! neither would consent, and when after my husband had talked long and earnestly to him about what was always termed "his crochet," we had to compromise matters by continuing the engagement till better times.

Those better times never came. Slowly at first, but none the less surely, John Harcourt ranged himself on the side of the slaves of drink. It was years before any one ever saw him intoxicated, for he was wary and never "indulged" till safe locked in his own room; but when once he was discovered he lost shame, and from that day the downward course was swift enough to satisfy even the devils themselves.

My poor Blanche! he has wrecked her life as well as his, for she is still faithful to the promise made when she was but seventeen. "I shall never marry him, mother, for I am sure he is unable to reform, but so long as he considers himself engaged I have more chance of influencing him, and being cousins the outside world will not trouble themselves so much about us."

I had never understood my daughter till then, never understood the strength

of character which she possessed, and as the years have gone by and I have noticed her untiring efforts at reforming the sodden creature who was once handsome blooming John Harcourt—have seen the painfully anxious look which her face would wear till either he came, or the hours passed till it was too late to expect him; then if (as sometimes happened) the John she loved and lived for came in, how happy she was, how the worn look would pass off and my pale Blanche would become almost her own bright self again; but if the recreant John appeared, the lines would deepen, the eyes grow moist, the voice tremble, and naught but her strong love upheld her—I have learned to almost reverence my daughter in her strong, faithful womanhood.

Walty now manages the business; he, the younger brother, has a comfortable home, and there he keeps his treasures—a sweet blue-eyed wife and her diminutive counterpart. My Nora too is happy in her own home, with a kind good husband and affectionate children, and my James will soon leave us. Blanche will ever be with us, even when the drunkard's death which we know will be John's end has freed her from her engagement entered into so long ago.

Do you not believe my tale, dear reader? Do you think I am drawing upon imagination, and that the creatures of my fancy are delineated here? Would it were so, but alas! the veritable John and Blanche Harcourt are real beings, under false names and circumstances—he *bound* by appetite, she *bound* by woman's enduring love.

# Young Folks.

## A VALENTINE WORTH HAVING.

BY EROL GERVASE.

AUTHOR OF "THE TRACK OF HER FEET," "BOILED AND MADE BEAUTIFUL," &c.

Every Valentine's day since that first one, nearly five years ago, when a letter had come addressed to Miss Sarah Gregg, care of W. Gregg Esq., Sarah had received a valentine. Indeed so regular had become the arrival of these embossed and embroidered missives that the little girl had learned to take them quite as a matter of course, and to accept them as many of us older people are apt to accept the common blessings of our lot, without any particular feeling of gratitude, or any thought that she was more favored than other people.

I am sorry to say that Sarah was rather a selfish little girl.

She had very indulgent parents, a pleasant home, plenty of good clothes, and pretty playthings; but she had no little brothers and sisters, for whom she was obliged to deny herself, and perhaps this helped to make her selfish.

Then too, although she went to school with other little girls, either Miss Birch and her pupils were more than commonly good-natured, or Sarah was such a pretty child that they could not help being good-natured to her, for they petted her quite as much as her papa and mamma did, and the consequence of it all was that Sarah was, as I have said, rather a selfish little girl.

It wanted just one week to Valentine's day. I told you that Sarah took her valentines quite as a matter of

course. So she did; but, nevertheless, she was glad to get them, and felt a degree of excitement as the day approached. She usually got several. Two quite handsome ones, which, although her papa and mamma never said so, she knew pretty well came from those kind parents, and one or two from her schoolmates, and latterly one had come every year from Freddy Holmes, a little boy about her own age, with whom she often played.

It was Friday afternoon, and but one week from Valentine's day. Miss Birch's pupils were just released from school and were walking home in groups of twos and threes, talking volubly as school-girls usually are, and naturally enough about St. Valentine's day. "Miss Birch says," observed Miriam Sprigg, "that the birds were supposed to choose their mates on this day, and that that is probably the reason why people send each other those nice letters now, to show that they like each other and wish to be friends. She says that Valentine was a martyr and was killed at Rome, A. D. 271, but I don't know if that has anything to do with our pretty custom, and Miss Birch says she does not either, unless that it has made the day be called after the martyr."

"Did you ever hear of a person's getting a handsome present on St. Valentine's day?" asked one of the girls; "I



don't mean a letter, but a present like one gets at Christmas or New Year. My cousin Emily once did. It was a beautiful new piano, and her father sent it to her all the way from Toronto, where he was then, and there was written on the inside of the packing case, 'A valentine for Emily, from papa.' We all thought it splendid, and so it was, was it not?"

All the girls agreed that it was splendid, and Alice Lee, who loved music but had no piano, heaved a sigh and wished that her papa, who was away then, was rich enough to send her such a valentine.

"Look!" said Jane Hemmings, abruptly breaking off, as the girls approached a small cottage by the roadside, "if there is not Crutch at the window!" "How do you do, Crutch? Are you better to-day?"

"Not much, thank you," Crutch answered ambiguously, and her eyes, which were dark and unnaturally large, filled with tears. Crutch was thinking that it was hard to have to sit still at the window of that little stuffy chamber which served as kitchen, parlor, and even bedroom for some of the family, or to hobble painfully about on her crutches, this bright February day, when the white, snow-paved road looked so inviting outside, with the sun glistening on it, and the sleighs dashing swiftly by, and the boys and girls skimming along on their sleds, and Miss Birch's pupils passing gaily homewards.

Crutch had once gone to Miss Birch's school herself, and had bounded along as gaily as any little girl there; but that was years ago, when her father was alive and such a prosperous mechanic that he could afford to send his little daughter to the select school where the fine people's children went, and before the terrible accident which had deprived Crutch of the free use of her limbs and made her an invalid for the rest of her life.

When the wall of the new house had given way and had fallen upon Crutch, as she was running merrily past it, on just such a February day as this, and people had lifted her tenderly out from under the mass of crumbling brick and mortar, and had looked upon the mutilated face and form and the broken limbs, no one had ever thought the child could live.

But she had lived. Through those long months of suffering when the screams of agony she could not suppress had smote every one of them like a sword-thrust on the heart of her dying father; through the tedious period when, though the pain was at times abated and hopes were held out of a partial restoration, she had to lie still upon her back through the long days and nights, and think, oh, how sadly, of what she had once been and what she would never be again.

She had left her bed at last, and the doctor had made her mother procure her a pair of crutches, on which on her "good days," when she was comparatively free from pain, she had learned to hobble about with tolerable celerity; but life was sadly changed for poor little Crutch. Her father was dead and her mother was poor,—so poor that she was obliged to go out to work or to take in washing or any work that she could get to support herself and her orphan children.

There were four of them, and Crutch, who was now ten, was the eldest of the four.

She had come by the name so painfully significant, naturally enough, and long before it was suggestive of anything unhappy. Her mother's maiden name was Crutchley, and Mr. Pullan, when the child was born, had decided that it must be called Crutchley, after his wife and its maternal grandfather.

The twins, Frances and Grace, who had followed closely upon Crutchley's heels, had found the name a hard one to say, and so had cut off the final syl-

lable and cancelled the *r*, infant fashion, and called their sister "Cutch;" but Mr. Pullar, who had at one time stammered and had been cured of the defect, was sensitive as to his children's enunciation of this very letter, a stumbling-block to the imperfect elocutionist, and had insisted as the little ones' vocal organization became equal to the effort, upon its restoration.

So Crutchley was called Crutch in her own family, and gradually—for the sacred home names are taken up ruthlessly by strangers, who have got no right to their use—by every one who knew her. Miss Birch's pupils lingered a few minutes outside Crutch's window, and all of them spoke kindly to Crutch before they left. They all pitied her.

When she had gone to school with them, some of the girls whose fathers were professional men, and others who had very rich fathers and moved in a higher grade of society than Crutch or her parents, were silly enough to rather look down upon Crutch because her father was only a mechanic and quite a plain man, and her mother took in sewing; but after her accident, each one of them felt only compassion and regret for the unoffending sufferer.

It was three years since Crutch had been at school, and a good many new girls had come since then, and some of the old ones had left; but enough still remained to remember Crutch—Mirriam Spriggs and Jane Hemmings, who were both older than herself, and Sarah Gregg, who was just her own age, and some others.

They all remembered how clever Crutch used to be, and how many head marks she had carried off, and how willing she had been to help any child who had found the lessons too hard for her. The most kind-hearted among them had gone to see her quite often during the first year that she had been laid aside, and had brought her dainties to eat and books to read; but as the years went by, and especially after she had

recovered sufficiently to move wearily about on her crutches, their visits had gradually almost ceased. They did not mean to be unkind, but they were thoughtless and never stopped to reflect how Crutch in her loneliness and poverty and pain missed them, and how their absence made her hard lot seem harder still to bear.

Sarah Gregg had never cared to go to Mrs. Pullan's cottage. It was very small and close, and everything seemed to be going on in the same room. There was a bed in one corner, on which Crutch would sometimes lie and rest her aching back and head, and a stove in another; and wash tubs at which Mrs. Pullan was often engaged, and a perpetual odor of soap suds or cooking, or "something horrid," as Sarah forcibly described it, and how could a fastidious child like little Miss Gregg be expected to tolerate such surroundings? She ran gaily up the steps of her own handsome home when she reached it, with a feeling of satisfaction that was somewhat new to her; for always having enjoyed the blessings of comparative affluence, she had rarely paused to think what blessings they really were, and how dreadful it would be if anything were to deprive her of them.

The glimpse she had caught of the interior of Crutch's home, as she looked through the window, had made her shudder. It was so long since she had been there that she had almost forgotten what it looked like.

In reality it was not an entirely comfortable abode; small and poor and overcrowded it certainly was, but not uncleanly.

Mrs. Pullan in her better days had been the neatest of housekeepers, and she strove hard to be neat still; but her time was not hers to dispose of, and she was very often obliged to "let things go," about her house and family, while she went out to work, or took in washing and ironing at home.

The twins, who were nine, and Bobby,

who was seven, attended a free school; and were away from nine in the morning to four in the afternoon, so that when Mrs. Pullan went out to work Crutch was alone the greater part of the day. To quote a homely proverb, "Eels get used to skinning," and it is astonishing how people in time become accustomed to the inevitable in their lot.

Crutch had been so long afflicted—at least it seemed so long to her, looking back upon the time when she was well and strong and could run about and play and work like other children—that now she never thought of getting well. She was not on the whole *very* unhappy, and not much given to complaint. At first she had been. It had seemed so terrible to be struck down all at once, and her mental agony had been as great as her physical. She had been impatient often, and fretful and rebellious, —had even murmured in her childish, daring way against God, who had sent the blow; but her father's death first, had swallowed up every other trouble, for Crutch had dearly loved her father; and then there had been poverty, and they had all had to leave their pretty home and live in their present mean abode, and her mother had had to take what work she could get and to crush down her grief as best she could and fight the battle of life alone for herself and her children.

Mrs. Pullan was by trade a seamstress, and had added to the family income in her husband's lifetime by doing sewing; though, as Mr. Pullan had often assured her, she had no need, as he could earn enough for them all. If her eyesight had not failed, she would have earned her livelihood in this way still; but a dimness that had lately painfully increased, had obliged her to desist almost entirely from the use of her needle, and so there was nothing left for it but washing and char-woman's work, or starvation. The day that Miss Birch's pupils had seen Crutch

and spoken to her through the window, had been one of her "bad days." Her back and limbs and head had distressed her greatly, and she had felt unusually nervous and irritable. Her only companion since the morning had been her pet kitten, Toss, with whom she had shared the dinner Mrs. Pullan had left her when she went away to Mrs. Gregg's to wash, and she had scarcely tasted food herself, feeling too unwell to eat. She had managed with difficulty to get from the bed to the window just before the school girls had passed, and it was as much as she could do to answer them with composure when they spoke to her.

Meanwhile Sarah Gregg, perceiving when she entered her mother's house, a fragrant odor of baking fruit cake ascending from the kitchen regions, had run down thither to beg of cook a share of the good things she rightly judged were being concocted. Mrs. Gregg was washing clothes in the lavatory which was just off the kitchen, and she spoke to Sarah when she saw her, and in return Sarah told her how she and the school girls had seen Crutch at the window and had spoken to her.

"I should not think you would like to leave Crutch alone all day, Mrs. Pullan," Sarah said with childish rudeness, "when she can't go out and must be so lonely, with no one to speak to except a kitten. If I were sick I am sure mamma would never leave me alone if she could help it."

Mrs. Pullan's face flushed painfully at Sarah's words, and tears started to her eyes. She set her lips firmly a moment before she answered, and when she spoke her voice evinced a calmness that was forced.

"No more would I, Miss Gregg, leave my poor child if I could help it," she said, speaking very slowly; "but I am forced to choose between that and letting her and the rest of them want for food and clothing, so I am here to-day and she is at home by herself."

"Oh, I am sorry, Mrs. Pullan," Sarah said impulsively. She was a child of kindly impulses, though often selfish and careless for others, and she was really sorry that her thoughtless words had wounded Mrs. Pullan's feelings.

In order to make reparation she lingered talking to Mrs. Pullan more than she had ever done before, and asking her many questions about herself and about Crutch; and Mrs. Pullan, who was always ready to forgive, answered each one with patient precision.

"I suppose Crutch never got a valentine in all her life, Mrs. Pullan?" Sarah said, just before the long conversation was brought to a close by the little girl's hearing her mother's entrance at the street door, for Mrs. Gregg had been out when her daughter returned from school.

"Oh yes, Miss Gregg," Mrs. Pullan had answered. "She used to get them every year like other young folks. when her father was alive; but times have changed since then, and no one cares to remember to send them to her now, and I have no money to spend on such like trifles myself."

"Well," said Sarah as she left the lavatory, "don't be surprised if some one remembers this year."

A sudden bright thought had just entered her mind.

Would it not be splendid to send Crutch a valentine—a real, beautiful bought valentine, such as Sarah herself would be sure to get, with Cupids and roses, and a scent sachet in the middle, and wreaths of flowers, and a border of lace around it?

She would go this very minute and ask her mother if she might, and if she would give her money to buy it at the stationer's shop in High street. She could scarcely speak for eagerness, and at first Mrs. Gregg had some difficulty in comprehending what she wanted; but presently it was all plain. Might Crutch have a valentine, and might Sarah send it?

Mrs. Gregg did not answer immediately. She was a good woman, and benevolent, but without sentiment as far as the poor were concerned, and she was a close stickler for social distinction.

If Sarah had asked permission to give Crutch a new frock or a pair of shoes, she would have consented at once, and felt pleased at the kindness of heart evinced by the bequest; but a valentine, and a valentine corresponding in every particular to the one now lying concealed in the drawer of her desk, with Sarah's name on the envelope, seemed preposterous.

"I think, Sarah," she said at last, "Mrs. Pullan's little girl would hardly know what to make of her fine valentine. If you want to give her a present I have no objection, but I should advise its being something really useful. A valentine such as you describe, though quite suitable for you, would be quite out of place for Crutch."

Sarah's countenance fell. "I thought mamma," she urged, "that Crutch would value it all the more because it was something she would never be likely to get for herself, or from her mother or any of her relations. It is so nice, you know, to have pretty things even if they are not useful. And Crutch used to be very fond of pictures, when she was at school. I might give her something useful, too," she added hesitatingly. "Oh, mamma!" and her face brightened suddenly, "I know of something that would be more useful than anything, that would be a real blessing to Crutch."

"What is it?" Mrs. Gregg asked, laughingly—"a new doll, or a parrot to keep her company, or a hat with a feather in it?"

"No mamma, none of these," Sarah answered a little reproachfully, "It is, it is, it is—a *perambulator*!"

Sarah jerked out the word at last, with nervous vehemence, and then looking at her mother, all breathless eagerness, waited for her to speak.

Mrs. Gregg was taken by surprise. She had never thought of such a thing herself, and now that Sarah mentioned it, she wondered why it had not occurred to her, for she had often pitied Crutch, and felt sad to see her hobbling about on her wooden supports.

"Indeed, I think it would be a very good thing, Sarah," she said cordially, "and I am quite pleased at your thinking of it. I wonder it never occurred to myself, or to any of us. What could have put the idea into your head?"

"I read a story lately, mamma," Sarah said, "about a girl that was lame like Crutch, but who had a very rich grandmamma, with whom she lived, and who got her a perambulator. I had never heard the word before, and I found the meaning of it in the dictionary, and she used to push herself all about, and go to shops, and church, and everywhere, and I am sure Crutch could do just the same if she only had one."

"Of course she could," Mrs. Gregg answered. "But, Sarah, there is one thing, that perhaps you have not thought of. It would cost quite a sum of money; twelve or fourteen dollars at the least, and I have not that much to spare at present for such a purpose; and I would scarcely like to ask your papa, for you know he is preparing to build his new block in the spring, and he will want all the ready money he can get."

Sarah looked disappointed. I have three dollars and forty cents in my bank," she said, faltering. "But I was saving for a doll's house, like Cousin Ruth's, and papa was to give me a quarter towards it every month, you know; but— With a great effort—"I would give it up, mamma; I really would, rather than that Crutch should do without the perambulator, now that I have thought of it."

"Would you do without the new skates for your birthday? you know I promised you should have them, and

they were to cost ten dollars. Your old ones are quite good, but of course they are not the very latest pattern. Ten dollars added to your three-forty would be almost if not quite enough, and I would make up what was lacking. I would get your papa to lend me the money as I have not a great deal on hand at present."

Mrs. Gregg paused for Sarah's reply. She had made the proposal with apparent carelessness, but in reality her heart was in the matter. This was a test question for Sarah; her character for life might be determined by the way in which she answered it. Mrs. Gregg knew that her little daughter was self-indulgent and unaccustomed to deny herself for others; and she also knew that she had set her heart upon the doll's house, like her cousin Ruth's and the new pair of skates on her birthday. Would she have the courage, the generosity, to deny herself these coveted possessions for Crutch's sake? She watched Sarah's face and noted silently the conflict going on within. The child's face flushed and paled, and the hot tears started to her eyes.

It was some moments before she spoke. But ere the words were uttered, Mrs. Gregg knew that good had triumphed, that the battle had been fought and nobly won. She could scarcely control her own emotion, and when Sarah, smiling radiantly through her tears, announced in tremulous accents her decision, Mrs. Gregg caught the child to her breast and kissed her with a long, clinging tenderness. Not ten minutes after Sarah and her mother were hurrying hand-in-hand down the long street in which, amongst other shops, stood Mr. Basswood's extensive furniture ware-rooms. Mrs. Gregg had said there was no time to lose, as St. Valentine's day was so close at hand, and that they should see Mr. Basswood at once and ascertain whether he kept the article, or if not, whether he could procure it in time.

Mr. Basswood had no perambulators on hand. He said they were seldom called for and it would not pay him to keep them in stock, but he could order one from the city immediately and it would certainly arrive before the date mentioned. He could not tell exactly what the price would be until he should receive the invoice; but they were rather an expensive article and would probably come as high as fifteen or sixteen dollars, or even twenty—according to the style and finish.

Sarah colored at this announcement, and Mrs. Gregg hastened to explain that she would not care to go higher than sixteen dollars, but would like to have a comfortable and easily managed article. So the order was given, and Mr. Basswood promised that he would write to the city firm that very night.

The clerks at the Post-office were almost bewildered by the number and the variety, and in many cases, the beauty of the missives that passed through their hands; though I am sorry to say there were some ugly ones too, for even this graceful custom is sometimes abused by vulgar minds. If Crutch's Valentine had come by post, it might have lain in the office a long time, for Mrs. Pullan had no correspondence to speak of, and hardly ever inquired for letters. But Mrs. Gregg had foreseen this, and she and Sarah had agreed that the Valentine should be sent directly to Mrs. Pullan's house on the morning of the day. For Mr. Gregg was so pleased with his daughter's conduct that he had voluntarily procured a handsome *letter Valentine* to accompany the perambulator. I wish you could have seen Crutch's face, and Mrs. Pullan's face, and Francis' and Grace and Bobby's faces (it was so early they were all at home), when the boy whom Mrs. Gregg had employed for the purpose wheeled the perambulator into the room among them all, and then presented his letter.

At first none of them knew what to make of it.

The letter was plain enough. It was a valentine and a very handsome valentine for Crutch, but the perambulator, what was it, and where did it come from? And the boy only laughed at their bewilderment, and refused as he had been directed to answer any questions.

But an examination of the label attached to the handle soon settled the matter. It was addressed to Miss Crutchley Pullan, from her Valentine, and there was no longer any doubt that it was intended for Crutch.

None of the family had ever seen a perambulator before, and the boy who had himself been instructed by Mrs. Gregg and Sarah, was obliged to show them how it was worked.

He set Crutch into it and made her wheel herself up and down and round the room, to the discomfiture of little Toss the kitten who was breakfasting before the stove, to the threatened demolition of Mrs. Pullan's wash tubs, and to the delight of the twins and Bobby, who fairly shouted with joy.

What a day that was for the Pullan family, and especially for Crutch. It began a new era in her life.

Now the sunshine without was as nothing to the sunshine within in the hitherto so often sad heart of the crippled child.

Nothing would do her but that Mrs. Pullan should let her work stand for an hour or so, and go straight to Mrs. Gregg's as soon as breakfast was over to thank her and Sarah, for Mrs. Pullan told Crutch what Sarah had said to her about the valentine, and how she was sure in her own mind that Miss Gregg was at the bottom of it all; and then, after Mrs. Pullan had returned and reported how Sarah's conscious blushes and delight at the recital of Crutch's joy, had betrayed her, and how Mrs. Gregg had told the story of the doll's house and the skates, the prayers and

blessings that went up from Crutch's heart for Sarah Gregg, were answered we may believe to both little girls by Him who heareth the poor when they cry.

The only drawback to Crutch's perfect happiness was the thought that Sarah should be deprived of her intended possessions by her kindness to her.

But Sarah herself would not allow that there was any cause for regret in this fact. "I really did not want the skates," she said that afternoon when she and some of the other school girls came to see Crutch "in state in her carriage," as they playfully expressed it, "nor the doll's house either for the matter of that. It was only a bit of envy of cousin Ruth, and I think I never felt so happy in my life as I do now looking at you Crutch. You seem so snug and cosy there, and so independent."

I have little more to say. That perambulator was one of the turning points in Sarah Gregg's life. It helped to make her the self-sacrificing, generous-hearted, morally and religiously strong woman that she afterwards became. It opened her heart and quickened her sympathies to the poor and the suffer-

ing. It was but the first of a series of kindly deeds and words that are extending still through her whole life. And for Crutch! The contented look that grew into her face with the possession of that perambulator was really wonderful. She could "go everywhere" now, as she herself said. On errands for her mother, to meet the twins and Bobbie coming from school, to church when she was well enough, to breathe the fresh pure air at any time.

Before winter had quite passed away she was wonderfully improved in health and spirits, and with the balmy winds and brightening verdure of advancing spring, the change was perceptible to all who knew her.

Crutch has her perambulator still. She will never be quite well, but she is very much better than she used to be. She can go without her crutches now, about the house and for short distances outside, and when she is tired or when the way is long she has only to step into the well-worn but still efficient conveyance provided for her by the kindly self-denial of one who thus became a "ministering child," and to feel quite comfortable and at ease.

Little reader of my simple story, go thou and do likewise.



## OUR SEAL-SKIN CLOAKS.

BY M.

How many ladies, I wonder, in Montreal are there who, when buttoning up their comfortable seal-skin cloaks, ever give a thought as to where or how they are procured? Not many I dare say, but still to some it may be interesting to know, and I have therefore culled the following from various sources.

There are two kinds of seal, the "fur" and the "hair" seal, and it is the former from which we obtain the seal-skin of commerce. The animals resemble each other somewhat in appearance, but the manners are entirely different. The hair seal frequent different parts of ocean, but not in the immense herds that the fur seal do; they are very shy, whereas the hair seal are quite tame; the male and female are near of a size, whilst the male of the fur seal is about twice the size of the female; they cannot walk erect on land, but flounder along, and they have webbed paws, and feet. The fur seal can walk along quite easily, holding the head and neck erect, and keeping the body clear from the ground; they can travel at the rate of about half a mile an hour, if the weather is cool, or can even break into a queer kind of gallop for a short distance. They have flat fins or flippers, quite destitute of hair.

The seal is hunted all over the Arctic and North Atlantic Ocean, but except at the Pribylov Islands, in Behring Sea, no rules are followed, but a wholesale butchery takes place, and the supply is becoming exhausted. At Pribylov, however, immense herds congregate each spring, over five millions being on the little Island of St. Paul alone, and St. George, twenty seven

miles away, has an annual gathering of at least two hundred and fifty thousand. These islands were discovered by the Russians in 1786-87, were colonized by them and remained in their possession, till Alaska was transferred to the United States. The settlers (originally 137 persons) then numbered 370, and when the United States government leased the islands to the "Alaska Commercial Company of San Francisco," for twenty years, one of the conditions of the lease was that these settlers should be alone permitted to kill seals for the Company.

So soon as the snow and ice clear away, the seals begin to make their appearance, this is usually the first week in May, and it is the males who arrive first, choose each their spot of ground and then quietly await the arrival of their wives, of which each seal possesses some ten or a dozen. The females generally arrive late in May and strange to say have no difficulty in finding out their respective lords, who seated erect on their small property (of about ten feet square) keep guard over the females and the young, never leaving them for one moment, not even to feed or drink, but enduring one long unbroken fast throughout the whole of the breeding season of about three months. The young are usually born soon after the arrival of the females, sometimes the next day, and it shows how wonderful must be the instinct which causes them to swim from distances of two or three thousand miles, arriving at these islands just when reaching land is a necessity to them.

"Bull," "cow," and "pup," are the names applied to seals, also "hollus-



chickies," or "bachelor seals," for it is only the old strong bulls who remain at the "rookery" with the females—the others are driven away to what is called the "hauling grounds," and it is from among them that the Company yearly slaughter the one hundred thousand to which they are limited. Females are never killed, nor young ones under one year—these being protected by law—and policy prevents the old bulls being killed, so that the selected victims generally range in age from two to six years in age.

The mode of slaughtering is as follows—early in June a number of men go to the "hauling grounds," and selecting some two or three thousand drive them away to the slaughter ground. They are easily driven, though of course slowly—follow each other in almost single file, and so stretch over a path more than a mile long. Arrived at the grounds they are allowed to rest and cool, otherwise the skin is almost valueless, then a hundred or two are separated from the drove, and killed by blows on the head from heavy hard-wood clubs. These are skinned before any more are slaughtered, for in hot weather the body begins to decompose very quickly, in which case the skin is lost.

Skinning the seal is either an easy piece of work, or else the islanders become very expert, for I find that from four to five minutes is the usual time; though some can do it in two. The skins are laid on boards one on the other, salt being plentifully sprinkled between, and in about three weeks time they are repacked with fresh salt, and sent away to their market, chiefly London.

The workmen receive forty cents for each skin and as the number of workmen is not large, the sum each man and boy earns is about \$400, and owing to the care taken of them by the company, who give them every possible advantage of trading cheaply, supporting all

widows and orphans &c., they are looked upon as better off than any other similar set of working men. By the time the skins reach England they are worth from \$5 to \$10; but after they are dressed and dyed, their value is from \$15 to \$40. The highest price ever paid is supposed to have been £84 sterling, which was paid last year for two skins.

The seal has two coats of hair, and the long one being pulled out by the dresser, there remains the soft velvety fur which we use. This is yellowish in its natural state, but is dyed of a rich brown.

The full grown bull seal is about eight feet long and very heavy, weighing as much as five hundred pounds, the cow is about four feet, weighing about eighty pounds. On first arriving at the rookery her color is described as very beautiful, steel grey on the shoulders, white on the body, but exposure to the air fades it to a dull brown and gray.

The pups are very playful, and like to get all together—they cannot swim till about two months old, and would drown in deep water even then, nor can the stupid little fellows distinguish their own mothers; her instinct however, is stronger and she thrusts all aside till at length her own baby seal makes its appearance, when she will allow it to suckle. The male seals are said to be very quarrelsome, and but few of the old ones have two eyes by the end of the breeding season; or their right number of feelers or whiskers—which ever we should call them—they having been lost in the continual battles which take place between them; but the females are very docile, and good-tempered, as also are the "bachelor seals." I copy the following from "Harper" of May, 1874.

"A walk of half a mile down from the village to the reef on St. Paul Island any time during September will carry you to the parade ground of over 200,

000 pups, among which you can slowly make your way, while they clear out from your path ahead, and close again in your rear, you only interrupting them in their sleep or play for a few minutes.

This reef ground is a strange spectacle, as you walk through legions of semi-indifferent seals, some timid, others boldly defiant, though all give you room enough to move safely over the length and breadth of the mighty breeding ground, the summer haunt of a million of animals universally deemed wild, yet breeding here undisturbed by the close proximity and daily visitation of man; creatures which will fight one another to the death rather than forsake their stands on the rookeries, will yet permit you to approach them to within almost reaching distance without injury; old bulls which will die before they leave their posts, yet lie down and sleep while you stand by to sketch or observe them scarcely ten feet distant. No other wild animals in the brute world will permit this immediate attention from man."

This indifference to man is still further shown in the fact that the killing ground on St. Paul, is not more than fifty yards from the "rookery" or breeding ground, and only separated by a small stream of tide water.

In October and November the greater number leave the islands, though a few will remain on till January, and strange that after once leaving the Pribylov Islands they are never known to land anywhere till their return the following spring—nor is there any visible increase in their numbers, though while three or four hundred thousand are born yearly on the islands, only one hundred thousand are allowed to be killed. They must have numerous enemies in deep water, or else be hunted in other places.

Their sense of hearing is very acute, as also the sense of smell,—your approach from windward often waking them from sleep. They cannot erect or depress their ears after the manner

of dogs, nor can they move their "feelers," backward and forward. These feelers or whiskers are "stout whitish-yellow and grey bristles of about fifteen inches long, and about as thick as a good-sized knitting-needle."

The chief beauty of the seal seems to be its large lustrous eyes. They do not see so well on land as in the water, and the eyes are very sensitive, the spattering of sand from rain making them very sore. The "holluschickies" will take to the water during rain, but not so the old bulls, who never leave their place till the young are able to care for themselves. The food of the seal is fish of all kinds, varied with kelp, or seaweed. Codfish they appear to like, but never eat the head.

Sad tales are told of the cruelties practised by seal hunters off Greenland, Norway, Jan Mayen Island, and other fishing grounds in high latitudes. The number of seals is also diminishing there, owing to the reckless and cruel mode of killing the mothers before the pups are old enough to take care of themselves, whilst the pitious cries of the poor starving creatures fill the air.

This, however, is not the case either at St. George or St. Paul, for there the mothers and pups, as I have already mentioned, are protected by law. Belonging to the Pribylov group are two smaller islands, Otter and Walrus, but as the seals never go there, they are but little known, although large herds of the walrus frequent the latter. Nothing in nature is without its use, and besides the beautiful fur which the seal contributes towards our use and comfort, we read that the continual noise arising from such a vast number as frequent the Pribylov, can be heard miles away at sea, and has frequently served to warn vessels in foggy weather.

The species of seal which we have occasionally seen in the fountain, Victoria Square, must not be confounded with the fur seal, it is the hair seal, and I believe the only kind that comes so

far south. It, unlike its furry brother, delights in lying on the ice, whereas the other shuns it, it is also a much shyer animal, and it is of no use except for the oil.

The sea-lion, another species of seal, is more like the "fur," than the "hair," but yet is different from either. It is very large, males weighing at least twelve hundred pounds. It is polygamous, and the females are only half the size of the males. It frequents the Pribylov, but is not restricted to that land like the fur seal, nor does it go there in such immense numbers.

Twenty or thirty thousand are about all that find their way there. They are both shy and cowardly, leaving their young on the least alarm, and even deserting the breeding ground if molested—but the fur seal is exceedingly brave in defence of both the young and the females, and is perfectly undismayed by the approach of human visitors.

Such are some of the habits of that curious animal the fur seal, to which we are indebted for so much that conduces to our comfort, when our old friend Jack Frost condescends to pay us a visit.

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## TOM WRIGHT'S VALENTINES.

BY M.

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Tom Wright was a born poet—this fact was acknowledged by all his friends. At the early age of fifteen he had reached such perfection in the art that his small sisters and brothers looked upon him as a second Byron. However, as Tom was able to dispose of his share of bread and butter, and apple-pie, his parents saw no present cause for alarm.

Tom was the eldest of four children, and a sweet-tempered, obliging, fun-loving boy. He had one weakness, which was the faculty of noticing and commenting upon the odd or ridiculous in persons and things, and this fault made it difficult for him to sustain at all times his character for good nature. Many a stern rebuke and earnest entreaty he had received from father and mother about this failing; and to do Tom justice, he had made several efforts to overcome it, with I am sorry to say

indifferent success. It was Saturday, and a holiday, and Tom after doing an errand for his mother, splitting some kindling wood, and assisting Allie with a difficult sum in arithmetic, pronounced himself ready to be amused.

"Tom, Tuesday will be Valentine's day," said Winnie; "supposing you write a valentine for each of us to send somebody. Written valentines are nicer than the common ones you buy, and we have not money enough to get dear ones."

"Indeed! it is quite thoughtful of you to economize at the expense of my brains." Tom had a habit of using long words—it made the children respect him, he said. Allie dropped her arithmetic, and threw her arms around Tom.

"Come, there's a good Tom," she said; "you will write us each a valentine. We have an hour and a half

before dinner, and mamma is putting baby to sleep and wants us to be quiet, so it will be just the thing for us all to go into the library." Tom could not resist his favorite sister, so they all trooped into the library, and the young poet seating himself before the great desk, drew pen, paper and ink towards him.

"The eldest first," he began. Miss Wright, pray give me a description of the personal appearance and character of him to whom this sonnet is to be addressed."

"I want to send it to Ned Wenton, but you need not say anything about his looks. I know he likes me better than any other girl, but he is too bashful for anything."

"I did not imagine that one of my sisters was going to take advantage of leap year. I suppose you want to make a proposal."

"No, I don't want any such thing, Tom Wright."

"Well, well," said Tom, soothingly, "just all keep still for a few minutes, and I'll do the thing up." Solemn silence reigned while Tom wrote:

A bird that sits on yonder tree,  
And warbles all day long,  
Speaks of the hours of coming spring,  
And this is all its song:  
"I wake the flowers from their sleep,  
Under the cold cold snow,  
And call again the babbling brook,  
When April zephyrs blow,"—  
And may it tell that thou art mine,  
My own, my dearest valentine.

"How will that do?" asked Tom.

"I can't see it—Winnie, don't lean over me so; your long nose is in the way."

"My nose is not long,—least it don't turn up like yours any how."

"Children, children," spoke Tom, "do not allow such trifles to interfere with this serious matter. Long noses, or noses with a celestial tendency cannot be altered by your disputing. Miss Winnie Wright, what style of ode do you desire."

"I am going to send mine to Freddy Seaton; he is a real good little boy, but but he is not a bit handsome, so just say everything nice that you can to him."

"All right, we must tell him to cultivate his heart, and all that sort of thing. Here goes—

My Freddy, the beauties of form and of feature,  
Are nothing compared to the charms of the heart,  
Intelligence, modesty, dear little creature,  
May well to the plainest a magic impart.

"Now Benny, my man, speak up and tell us your lady love."

"I wants to send a vantine to my own sister Daisy."

"She's the best girl out, eh Benny?"

"Es indeed," said the child earnestly.

"Well, hold your horses for a while, and Daisy shall have Tom Wright's masterpiece." The children began to get impatient before Tom, with sundry flourishes of his hands and real feeling read the following lines.:

We have a precious little flower,  
She came to us in spring;  
Just when the daisies lift their heads,  
And joy and gladness bring.  
Her eyes are deep and dark and bright,  
And soft as silver moon;  
Her hair is like the golden sun,  
That fairer grows at noon.  
Her forehead is like driven snow,  
Or marble chaste and white;  
Her cheek is tinted like a shell,  
So delicately bright.  
Her lips when parted by a smile,  
Like sweetest rosebuds seem;  
And oh, three pearly little teeth,  
Between these rosebuds gleam.  
Her fairy hands, her dainty feet,  
And dimpled shoulders too;  
Her pretty artless baby ways,—  
We all do love them so.  
She's just the sweetest little flower;  
In her all charms combine;  
Heaven guide her young feet tenderly,  
My darling valentine.

"Tom, I am proud of you,—that is real sweet," said Allie. "The best you ever wrote, Tom," was Winnie's opinion, while Benny lisped, "My Daisy has the nicest vantine." "Don't let papa or mamma see it till Tuesday,

then you can send it to Daisy through the post office," said Allie.

"Mum's the word. Now, friends, if my ears serve me right, the dinner bell is ringing, and though a feast of reason and a flow of soul are most delightful in their way, a certain gnawing sensation warns me that eating is a necessity of life. Is it the mind of this meeting that we adjourn?" There being no dissenting votes, there was a general stampede for the dining-room.

Tuesday morning rose full of promise. The sun shone brightly and the air felt clear and bracing. No sooner were breakfast and prayers over than Tom, possessing himself of hat, coat and satchel, started off in the direction of school, a full half hour earlier than usual. Precisely ten minutes before nine Allie emerged from her room, ready dressed, and made a vain search for Tom.

"Where is that boy? I do believe he has gone off and left me the lunch-basket to carry."

"No, Miss, indeed, Master Tom took the lunch-basket as he always does," said Bridget, who was ever ready to defend kind, obliging Tom.

"Well, I wonder what's up that he went off before me." Allie was very fond of company, and did not relish the idea of walking to school alone; but there was no help for it this time, so she flew along at a brisk rate, and arrived just in time for the opening exercises.

The head master, Mr. Steele, was a stern, old gentleman, who made it a rule never to receive excuses or pass over offences. He had no perception of fun himself, and the slightest tendency to levity was put down by the inevitable cat-o'-nine tails. Mr. Hume, his assistant was a pale, melancholy young man, with large, prominent eyes and a half-starved look. His clothes were always shabby, and he had a gentle, shrinking manner, as if he was afraid of giving offence. His pupils took advantage of

him, treating him with marked disrespect, and making his peculiarities a subject of ridicule. Mr. Hume taught the senior geography class, and this morning when the bell summoned his pupils, every eye was turned towards the blackboard. Instead of a problem in geometry or a neatly traced map, the following lines were written upon it in an evidently disguised hand:

Good-natured yes, indeed you are,  
And no one can deny it,  
Just scribble off the recipe;  
And many a one will buy it.  
Pray veil those eyes with goggles green,  
Let none behold them but one;  
They are so very large and keen,  
Really they almost cut one.  
You surely do not think too much  
Of shirt fronts, ties or ruffles;  
Oh pray, bestow some thought  
On how to cure yourself of snuffles.

Of course there was giggling, whispering, and surmising as to the author of this poem. Not a doubt of their origin had Allie, as she read the lines, and her heart gave a great thump, and a bright color burned itself in her face, and her slight hand trembled so that she could scarcely hold her atlas, for Allie was beginning to lose faith in human nature. Of all present Mr. Hume, the object of this sarcasm, seemed the least affected. After leaving the offending verses upon the board long enough for everyone to read, he effaced them saying, in his usual gentle tones, "I am sorry that I should have given any pupil cause for this." As soon as school was over Allie hurried out, desiring nothing less than a talk with the girls upon the event of the morning. She soon overtook Tom, who like herself seemed anxious to avoid society.

Allie opened the conversation with—"It was real mean of whoever wrote those verses."

"You bet," said Tom, looking unconcerned.

"I never did think," continued Allie, "that the scholars treated Mr. Hume right, and after what I heard

of him the other day, it seems worse than ever to make fun of him."

"What did you hear?"

"Why Mrs. Seaton told mammat that he scarcely spends anything on himself, and sends every cent that he can save to his widowed mother and invalid sister. She says, too, that he has been engaged for three years to a young girl, and he won't get married just so that he can send his mother more."

"I never heard that before." "No and I suppose whoever wrote that insulting piece never heard it. Such a sneaking thing to do! because they might know Mr. Hume is too good and gentle to retaliate by reporting to Mr. Steele."

Tom winced—between conscience and Allie he was having a pretty hard time, though no harder than he deserved, as he told himself.

"Say, Allie," he cried, turning towards her suddenly, and speaking with a choking kind of feeling in his throat, "I may as well own up that it was I who wrote those despicable verses, and I just wish that I had been in the bottom of the Red Sea before I did it."

"Oh, Tom, I was just afraid of that—I am so sorry—I was always so proud of you—I used to say my brother never stooped to do mean things—and, and." Allie's feelings were too much for her, and she burst into a fit of crying. Poor Tom, you would pity him, could you have seen how miserable and helpless he looked, But Allie's tears did not last long; she soon swallowed them and advised Tom,

like a good little sister, as she was, to tell their mother the whole story, and leave ways and means of mending matters to her judgment. As soon as they reached home, Tom made a bee line for his mother's room, and after a lengthened conference, during which Allie was aching with curiosity, he seized his cap and the hall-door closed after him with a bang that meant business. In about an hour Tom returned, looking rather serious, but on the whole happy. Allie could not stand it any longer, and her desire for an explanation of affairs resulted in the information that it was all right, and Mr. Hume and Tom were to be chums for the future. The little affair blew over, and to this day, none but the interested parties have found out who wrote those verses. Tom has this year struggled for mastery over his fault, and I am happy to say his efforts are being crowned with success. His mother would tell you that her boy is beginning to look for higher help than earth can give. Tom's example is not without its influence upon the other pupils, and the assistant master is treated with increasing respect. In fact, it is astonishing how many good points they find in him, notwithstanding his peculiarities.

As the fourteenth of February approaches, Tom has given his veto against valentines containing unkind criticisms, but declares himself ready to write upon the shortest notice any number of sweet ones.



# PROUD LITTLE DODY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR THREE BOYS."

(American Tract Society.)

## CHAPTER III.

### ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Nobody woke Dody for breakfast the next morning, and she slept soundly till almost noon.

When she opened her eyes she looked around for Susan, and saw not only that her bed was vacant, but that it had been made up for the day, and wondered what it could mean at such an hour in the morning. While she was wondering she heard the door-bell ring; and as it was an unusual thing for it to ring before breakfast, she hopped out of bed and ran into the hall and put her head over the banisters, to see what was the matter. It was a lady coming to call, with her best bonnet on and very light kid gloves and a card-case in her hand.

"It's a lunatic from the asylum," thought Dody.

But, no, the lady lifted her face and she saw the blue eyes and pleasant smile of Hattie Fuller's mamma. She was turning towards the parlor when she caught a glimpse of Dody's night-gown fluttering through the banisters, and stopped to speak.

"Why, Dody! sick to-day?" she said.

"No, Mrs. Fuller," answered Dody.

"Lazy?"

"No, Mrs. Fuller," said Dody.

"It's morning, Mrs. Fuller."

The last information she gave in a kind, gentle tone; for she felt very sorry for the poor woman who didn't know any

better than to be out with her card-case before breakfast. She thought how sad it was for a nice girl like Hattie Fuller to have a crazy mother; and wondered if she'd bite, and whether she hadn't better caution her mamma against going down.

Just then Maria took Mrs. Fuller's card to her mamma's room; and as the door opened Dody was much surprised to see mamma standing before the bureau with her bonnet on. She looked at the card and took off her bonnet and came out.

"Better be careful, mamma," said Dody. "Mrs. Fuller's gone crazy. She's got yellow kid gloves and a card-case before breakfast."

"It is almost noon," said her mamma, not stooping to take the good-morning kiss which Dody was offering. "Go and tell Susan to dress you."

"Oh, now I remember," said Dody; and as the events of the last evening came back to her she knew why she had slept so late.

She had waked in her usual merry mood; but she became downcast in a moment. Her evening had been too remarkable not to leave some impression behind it. Too many bad things had happened for her to forget and recover from them all so soon as the next morning. Besides, the punishment was to come. It was very clear to her mind that she had already been punished enough; but she did not think her mamma would have the same opinion.

Susan dressed her and led her down to the dining-room where her breakfast

was waiting on a little tray. She ate it in silence, and all the time seemed so quiet and broken-spirited that Susan's heart was touched. She had said often to cook that morning that she hoped Dody's mamma would make the punishment "good and strong" this time; and now she didn't care how weak she made it.

Dody wasn't thinking about Susan, but when she heard her sigh she looked at her, and saw at once that she was inclined to be pitiful. Then, only too anxious to strengthen those inclinations, she dropped her head on her brown calico sleeve and rubbed it caressingly up and down, and said in a tone that she well knew how to use to advantage, "Susy." Not one word more; but if she had talked a page to get Susan completely on her side, she could not have done better.

"Toodleums—Doodleums," said Susan tenderly. She never called her that except when her heart was moved from the depths.

"A sorry little girl this morning, is it?" Susan asked.

"Yes," said Dody, keeping the head going on her sleeve.

She looked up and noticed for the first time what a big black bump Susan had on her forehead.

"What bumped you, Susy?" she asked.

"The door, when I was racing around hunting for you last night," said Susan.

"Let me kiss it and make it well," Dody said, putting up her arms and pulling Susan down.

"Eat another muffin, precious," said Susan.

"No," said Dody.

"Don't you feel well?"

"No," said Dody; "O Susan, there was a mouse in that room!"

"Saucy black thing!" said Susan.

"And I was afraid and lonesome, and I couldn't get out when I tried."

"Such a keyhole as that!" said

Susan. "Before I'd have it! I'd jerk it out and throw it in the street first."

"And I was sorry," said Dody meekly.

"Good little girl!" said Susan.

"Susan, I don't like my own way."

"Don't you, now?" said Susan.

"No," said Dody. "I used to want to get it; but now I don't. I never like it any more."

"Tell that to your ma," said Susan.

"Yes," said Dody, thinking it would be an easy thing to do if her mamma would only make friendly advances like Susan.

"Well," said Susan, "that is penitent, I'm sure, Who could ask for more? So I s'pose you'll try your ma's way hereafter."

"Yes," said Dody, "I think mamma's way is nicest."

All these touching and penitential speeches Susan took the first opportunity of repeating to mamma; and when Dody was sent up to her room for the reckoning, Susan had great hopes that she would come out of it unpunished.

Mamma was reading. She glanced up from her book when Dody stood before her, as if she wondered what she was there for.

Susan did not dare come nearer than the outside of the door, where she was hovering with listening ears; and Dody, dreading to meet the trial alone, had invited her doll to accompany her. Dody and the doll stood waiting, and the look on mamma's face made Dody's head droop and her finger go up to her mouth.

"Well, Dody," said mamma at length, "what do you want?"

"Susan said I was to come," said Dody.

"Oh, I thought perhaps you might have something to say to me," said mamma, "and I would give you the chance. But if you haven't you may go away."

"Yes'm," said Dody.

"Very well, say it."



Dody took her finger out of her mouth and stroked her mamma's knee. Susan had said she was a good little girl now, and she didn't see why her mamma shouldn't treat her better. She

"Say it now," said mamma, "or go and stay in the nursery till you are ready."

Dody whirled about and marched out of the room and went to the nursery



"THE LOOK ON MAMMA'S FACE MADE DODY'S HEAD DROOP AND HER FINGER GO UP TO HER MOUTH."

couldn't get along with her at all, or say any of the things she wanted to say, while she was so stiff in her manner.

"Say it, Dody," said mamma.

But Dody did not like her cold tones. Her pride began to rise, and she looked sulky.

and closed the door. Proud little Dody sat down by the window, and her upper lip curled high, and her chest swelled, and she tossed her head. She saw what her punishment was to be. Mamma did not mean to make any advances. She meant that Dody should do it all.

And never, never, never could she humble herself before mamma while she had that stuck-up look on! She would turn prisoner again first. She would live in the nursery on bread and water till she was a grown-up woman before she'd do it, that she would!

But, O dear me, Dody was not the little girl she had been before her troubles begun. Her nerves were quite shattered, and she soon fell to crying, and cried till her eyes were red, her cheeks burning, her throat sore, and her sobs and sighs as plentiful as her breath.

She purposely pitched her weeping on a high key when footsteps passed her door. But no one stopped to comfort her. Susan stayed away. When lunch-time brought papa home, she thought she was sure of a friend. She heard his firm, heavy tread outside the door, and it brought hope to her soul. Her sobs rose very high; but the footsteps never faltered.

How she did want to see her own dear papa. How long, long it seemed since her last frolic with him after tea the night before. She thought it must have been a lonesome breakfast for him without her to coax for a sip of coffee, and make faces at oatmeal, and give him love-pats once in a while.

When he came up-stairs after lunch and passed her room for the last time before going down street, she jumped out of her chair and ran to the door and called, "Papa, dear," in a little voice all broken by sobs and tears, and just as full of love as it could be.

But he walked straight on as if he heard nothing; and Dody did not know how her voice went to his heart, and how he longed to come back and kiss her. She thought she should die of grief when she went back to the nursery; but she was far too proud still to put an end to her grief.

At last there were footsteps that stopped at her door. Mamma came in with a saucer of berries. "This is all

the luncheon I have brought you," she said, "because you have just had your breakfast."

Mamma's face was turned away, for there were tears on her cheeks, too, and she did not want Dody to see them.

"Have you anything to say to me, Dody?" she asked as she went out.

"No! mamma," said Dody.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### DODY HUMBLED.

When she was alone again and thought of the long hours that might be before her, she wished it had been possible for her to say the words that would have ended her imprisonment. But that great pride filling her heart made it quite impossible, and Dody thought it would make it impossible always.

So it would if she had been left to herself; if she had had no better friend to take an interest in that little heart of hers than Pride. But Dody's best Friend had been watching her through all her troubles, and He sent a ministering spirit, now when she most needed help, to help her out of them. Sometimes the voices of ministering spirits can hardly be heard, because the consciences to which they speak have been made deaf by sin. But it is easy for little children whose years and sins are few to hear the soft, low voices sent from God, which talk to them of their naughty deeds, and coax them to be better.

At first Dody as she tossed on the bed, hot and cross and sobbing wearily, scarcely noticed the thoughts about her naughtiness which the good Spirit was putting in her mind. She liked her own thoughts about mamma's cruelty better. But, although she encouraged hers only, those others would not be driven off; and they pushed their way

slowly and steadily in with the naughty thoughts till they had made themselves into a verse, which Dody had to hear.

It was "Blessed are the meek;" and to this little girl who was not meek at all, but very proud, and very fond of her own way in spite of all she said, and firm of will, and wise in her own opinion, the words were not pleasant. Yet there they were in her head, every minute making themselves sound louder in her ears, until they had driven out all other sounds, and she heard only, "Blessed are the meek," repeated and repeated.

By-and-by she stopped tossing, for there was something lulling in the gentle words. It seemed almost as if a voice were singing her to sleep the way her mamma used to sing her to sleep when she was a baby. She was not like the Dody who had tossed and fretted and cried, when she once gave herself quite up to their power, and lay listening to them alone.

She closed her eyes. She was not asleep, only quieted and cooled off, with a restful feeling in her heart. She closed her eyes, and then some little children came to visit her. Her memory brought first of all the blessed child whom Jesus called to him to be a picture of humility to his grown-up disciples.

"If Jesus Christ should come by our house where we girls all were playing and call one of us, he wouldn't choose me; he'd choose Emmie Miller," thought Dody, with a little jealous pang towards Emmie rising in her heart. "Emmie's sweet and humble, and I'm only a proud thing."

Then came those little ones whom the disciples scolded and tried to drive away from Jesus. "He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them and blessed them," Dody remembered, and said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

"He'd have left me out if I'd been there," thought Dody. "He wouldn't have told the disciples to suffer me.

He'd have said, 'She's a proud little girl; send her away.'"

And Dody felt jealous of every one of those Judean children who had nestled in Christ's arms, and whose heads He had touched tenderly.

She knew a great many Bible verses. Her mamma often taught them to her, and she had a good memory. Now she seemed to remember only those about humility, and there was one which said, "Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he shall lift you up."

"If He was going by now I'd be just as humble," thought Dody, "and maybe he'd choose me and lift me up in His arms the way He did those others. Oh, think of it!"

She sat up on the bed and thought how beautiful that would be, to have him choose her as well as Emmie, and take her up in His arms, and leave all the proud little children down below.

At that moment Dody was ashamed of her pride—of her grand pride which she had often thought it was a fine thing to have; for if Jesus Christ despised it, what right had a little girl like her to do anything but despise it too?

That verse with the promise in it—what did it mean? The body of Christ was far-off in heaven, Dody knew. He would never walk their streets and bless her or her little friends by his touch and smile and voice. And yet in some way He would lift up the humble, for the verse said so. In some way, if she should humble herself, Christ would lift her, although He could not take her in His arms as her papa did, and as she would love—oh, how she would love—to have him do.

"Perhaps if I shut my eyes it will seem as if I were really up in His arms," thought Dody, "and that is what it means. I'll try it."

And so she did; and wonderful enough, humble little Dody, out of whose heart the ugly pride had gone, who was as sorry and meek now as a little girl could be, felt towards her

Heavenly Father just as she felt towards her papa when she was up in his arms with her face close to his. She seemed so near that she whispered, as she would have whispered to her papa whose ear was close to her lips,

"I'm not proud a bit. I'm real humble now. I'll tell mamma. I'm sorry I was proud. I'm going to be humble all the time. Please forgive Dody, dear Jesus."

Dody thought her papa had gone to the office long ago; but just then she heard his steps once more passing her room. She jumped up and ran to the door.

"Papa, where's mamma?" she said.

Even yet he did not dare to kiss her, but he rubbed her tumbled head roughly. Before he could call mamma she was there; for had she not been hovering near the door ever since she went out of it?

"I'll say it! I'll say it!" said Dody, as mamma took her hand and led her to her room.

But at first, as she sat in mamma's lap, she could only say, "Mamma, mamma, mamma!" over and over—she was so glad to be with her again. Then she stopped to think what it was she had to tell her.

"Do you want me to say just what I said to Susan, mamma?"

"I want you to say whatever is in your heart to say, dear," said mamma.

"That I'm sorry?"

"If you are."

"Oh!" said Dody, giving her a tremendous hug, "more'n tongue can tell!"

"And that is all?" said mamma. "What was that Susan told me about mamma's way and Dody's way?"

"Oh, yours is a great deal the best," said Dody. "Mine was perfectly horrid last night, mamma; and I thought I'd always try yours. Then I went and tried mine right over again to-day, by being proud. But it isn't your way I'm

trying now; it's God's." And she told her about the thoughts which had come to her, and about the Bible children.

"You're sure it isn't my way too?" said mamma.

"Why, so it is!" said Dody. "Seems to me God's way and yours are just the same."

"God teaches his own way to the mammas who ask him for help to guide their little girls well," said mamma; "and the Bible is full of proofs that God's way is the way of fathers and mothers. Don't you know how many verses there are that tell children to obey their parents, Dody? And the child Christ Jesus set an example for all the little children who should come after him; for the Bible tells us he was subject to his parents. And now that your way has brought you so much trouble, you think you will try mine instead?"

"Yes, mamma," said Dody.

"Shall I have to remind you of all you have suffered in your own way, and coax and beg you to try mine the next time? Or will you keep this experience all in your mind and be willing to try it without urging or forcing?"

"Yes, mamma," said Dody.

"Then all I shall have to say about it the next time will be, 'Remember, Dody!' will it?"

"Yes, mamma," said Dody.

"This has been a very proud little girl," said mamma. "I never knew one prouder or fonder of her own way. It is harder for you to give up than for most children, Dody; and you will have to think this thing over a great deal, and keep your mind prepared for that next time when you are going to try mamma's way without a word. Don't forget to talk to God about it, and to ask him to please help you when the next time comes."

"Yes, mamma," said Dody again.

"Now run and tell Susan that she may get you ready for a walk. You haven't had any fresh air to-day. Papa

is waiting for you to walk to the office with him."

"Oh, lovely!" said Dody.

She climbed quickly down from mamma's lap; but before she had climbed down from the stool at her feet

terminated that so long as memory should last she *would* remember.

She ran away to get dressed. Then she flew down to her papa, who caught her in his arms as she jumped from the fourth stair, and called her as many dear



"REMEMBER, DODY!"

mamma took her hand, and looking solemnly into her eyes, and solemnly lifting her finger, said,

"Remember, Dody!"

Dody went out from that room de-

names and gave her just as many kisses as he chose.

CHAPTER V.

MAMMA'S WAY.

Like many other little girls Dody's

intentions were great, but her memory for good resolutions rather weak. After one morning she forgot to ask God to strengthen her memory and to remind her not to disobey; and in a few days her troubles seemed more like things she had dreamed about than like things that had really happened. But down deep in Dody's heart there was a result of the victory she had gained over her pride which was going to help her to gain another victory, even though some one else's memory did have to prompt hers.

She was coming home with Susan from her papa's office after lunch, and they turned into a street where there were only very small trees, which had not been long planted, and gave no shade.

"Let's hurry out o' this," said Susan.

"No, don't let us hurry," said Dody.

"Let us look at the roses in that yard."

"This sun is hot enough to kill a rhinoceros, let alone a human," said Susan. "Skip along."

"I won't," said Dody, pulling back as Susan tried to pull her forward. "I'm going to lean over the fence and get a smell of that red rose."

"That you aint!" said Susan, giving her a jerk. "I'm blistering fast. You'll see the skin peel off my face directly."

"That I am!" said Dody, pulling her hand away from Susan's and running to the fence.

"Are you coming?" said Susan.

"I'll not stand here and wait."

"That is the sweetest smell I ever smelled," said Dody, jumping down.

She would not touch Susan's hand, and she would not make any effort to keep up with her feet. Although the sunbeams were hot on her head too, just for the naughty fun of teasing Susan she let them scorch her, and strolled along as slowly as if she were quite comfortable, pausing to look in at every yard they passed.

Susan turned around. Her face was

flushed, and she was plainly suffering with the heat in a way that ought to have made a little girl pity her and hurry to relieve her.

"Will you come?" said she. "I'll not wait a minute."

"You needn't," said Dody; and off Susan went, at a rate that soon took her out of sight.

Dody was delighted when she saw the last of her. She had often thought that she was treated too much like a prisoner, and that she was quite large enough to sometimes walk the streets alone. She imagined that she felt very much like a little caged bird which had suddenly broken its bars and flown away; and she drew a long free breath and prepared to be happy.

She began by climbing up on the nearest fence and clasping the tops of the pickets and looking over to watch a game of croquet. There were no better trees inside the fence than outside; but there was a little tent whose shade the players often sought; then the ladies and gentlemen all had on very queer-looking broad hats. Dody's hat was a straw turban without any brim, and her forehead was exposed to the sun's hottest rays, which beat down on it unmercifully and prepared to make it ache. As she had done so many times, Dody bore the disagreeable part of her own way just for the sake of having it.

She soon took a side in the game. There was a very bright young lady who had quantities of smiles to give away to the gentleman she seemed to like best, and yet an occasional smile to spare for the little girl on the pickets. Dody took a great fancy to her and became eager to have her beat. Whenever she hit a ball or went through an arch Dody shouted "Good!" and whenever she missed she said, "Dear me! Dear me!"

Right in the midst of her excitement over the game Dody heard a voice, so suddenly that it nearly made her tumble off the fence; and the voice said:

"Remember, Dody!"

Why, it was her mamma! and how did she ever get there? She did not stop an instant, but walked right on down the street. In perfect amazement Dody watched her out of sight. And then what do you suppose she did?

The evils of her own way had not become very troublesome yet. She was having the best of it now. Her head had not begun to ache hard; and she was very happy with her liberty, very glad to be a little uncaged bird. Every minute she was getting more in love with that smiling young lady who gave her such delightful glances whenever she said "Good!" for her successes, or "Dear me!" for her failures. Dody would have liked exceedingly to see the game out, and her mamma had neither sent Susan to drag her home nor herself bidden her go. She could do what she pleased, as mamma had not pointed out her way by a command.

But of course Dody knew well enough what that "Remember" meant. She jumped down from the fence and walked away. Once she looked back, just in time to see her young lady drive a rover's ball to the stake and put it out. She screamed "Good!" so loudly that everybody laughed, and the favorite young gentleman, who seemed very much pleased because she was on that side, took off his hat to her. Then she turned and ran home. She found Susan in the nursery.

"I've come," she said.

"Take your hat right off," said Susan.

"No," said Dody. "I'm going to play in the yard. Come, Susy, under the elm-tree, and let's play keep house. I don't like indoors to-day."

"You've been out long enough," said Susan, "and you're not going to stir out again till the sun goes down. The yard's as hot anywhere; and remember two o'clock in the morning."

"It wasn't the sun made me sick in the night," said Dody.

"But sick you was," said Susan, "and you don't go out again."

"I am going," said Dody, very decidedly; and when she spoke in that tone Susan knew that her mind was made up. "Mountains won't move her when she once sets down that foot of hers," she often said to cook. Dody's pride had risen at Susan's commanding tones, and she had never promised any one to conquer her pride for Susan and give up her way to hers. She didn't know why her way wasn't just as good as Susan's.

"Your ma left orders for you to stay in," Susan called after her,

"Well," thought Dody, going right on down the stairs, "I can explain to mamma that my head ached, and I needed fresh air for it, and that I went out to lie down under the elm-tree to get it cured. Of course mamma doesn't want me to take her way instead of mine, when mine is best."

But on thinking it over Dody could not remember that mamma had ever said anything of that kind to her, or ever acknowledged that she was able to decide whose way was best.

She had reached the front door when she conquered her pride, and her will gave up. She wanted to go and lie down over in the corner of the yard where the low branches of the elms made a shadowy, cool-looking little bed in the green grass; and it really did seem that there was no harm in her way this time.

But she had not forgotten, and she was a better child for the visit of those little Bible children to her room, and her good resolutions; for she turned her eyes from the elm-tree and her feet from the piazza, and began to mount the stairs.

Going up she thought, "Mamma says her way is God's way, and I'd like to know why He wants me to stay in the house this afternoon. I'd like to know what He cares whether I'm indoors or outdoors."

She could not understand it. She could not see why her way this time was not as much God's way as mamma's; but she well knew it must be best to mind her mother. Her obedience was all the better, because there was trust in it. She gave up, not only her will, but her vain little opinions.

Susan was surprised to see Dody coming back with a meek face on. She could not believe she had really yielded.

"Found the sun too hot?" said she.

"No, I didn't," said Dody. "It's beautiful and cool under the elm;" and she took off her hat.

"Saw your ma coming?" said Susan.

"No, I didn't," said Dody, sitting down and unbuttoning her boots.

"Afraid of a whipping?" said Susan.

"No, I wasn't," said Dody, putting her boots in the closet and bringing out her slippers.

She sat down on the floor and put on her slippers. Then she felt as if everything was settled. She was all prepared for an afternoon within.

She tried to take an interest in her playthings, but she could not get over wondering why this time mamma's way was any more God's way than hers.

Mamma soon came home. She looked so pleased when she saw her little girl's contented face, that Dody felt rewarded.

"You may bring your dolly to my room if you like," said mamma.

Dody took dolly and a few playthings, enough to keep house in the corner; but she did not find housekeeping interesting, for she soon strayed across the room to mamma, and watched her sewing.

"What makes you screw your eyes up, little Dody?" said mamma.

"My head aches," said Dody.

"Bring me the cologne and a fan," said mamma, "and come and sit on this stool, and I'll see if I can take it away."

Dody brought them and took her place on the stool, and laid her head in mamma's lap.

"Your hand feels like a velvet bonnet," she said, as mamma gently rubbed on the cologne.

After the bathing she fanned briskly, making delightful little chilly breezes creep over Dody's forehead.

"It feels better than that hot sun, doesn't it?" said mamma.

"Yes," said Dody. "But they were having a lovely game, and I did want to see if that smiling lady beat. Mamma, how did you get there?"

"Susan told me where you were, and I went to remind you," said mamma, "as there was no one else to do it. Where was that voice that talked to you the other day, Dody?"

"It never came."

"And you asked God for it?"

"Only once," said Dody. "After that I forgot."

"How nice it would be to have it always with you, to talk to you when I can't come where you are!" said mamma. "I am not to be depended upon, you know, for very often I can't be with you. But if God gives you one of His voices to stay in your heart, you won't need any one else to remind you. God likes best to give to those that ask, and you have only asked Him once to remind you to remember mamma's way."

"I'll make it up, and put it in my prayer, and always say it," said Dody.

"I am not scolding you, dear," said mamma, "for you have been a good girl and made great improvement. I only want you to take another big step in the right way."

"There's one thing I don't see," said Dody; "and that's why your way was any better than mine. When I came home I wanted to lie down in a cool place under the elm, and Susan said you wouldn't let me."

"There isn't a place under any shady tree that's as cool as this darkened room to-day, Dody. The house is altogether the best place for a little girl who was so ill in the night."

"Well, any way," said Dody, "why



was it God's way? What does God want me well for? It isn't wicked to be sick."  
"Sometimes it is, Dody," said mamma. "Sickness is wicked when people bring it on by their own carelessness. Now I'll teach you a lesson. To say the least, it isn't very polite to treat the bodies badly that God has taken pains to make for us, and that he has put

beautiful souls in. But he has made us all to do work for Him in the world, and the stronger our bodies are the more work we can do. He has given us our bodies only to use for Him, and we are not using them very well when we don't keep them healthy. Besides, time that belongs to God's work is wasted in being ill."

*(To be continued.)*



DRAWING LESSON.



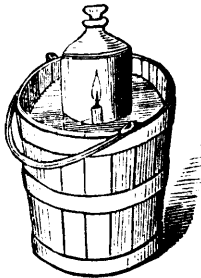
Outline Drawing by Mr. Harrison Weir, as a Drawing Lesson for the young.

—*Infants' Magazine.*

## RECREATIONS IN SCIENCE.

TO PUT A LIGHTED CANDLE UNDER WATER WITHOUT EXTINGUISHING IT.

Procure a good-sized cork or bung; upon this place a small lighted taper; then set it afloat in a pail of water. Now, with a steady hand, invert a large drinking-glass over the light, and push it carefully down into the water. The glass being full of air, prevents the water entering it. You may thus see the candle burn *under* water, and bring it up again to the surface, still alight. This experiment, simple as it is, serves to elucidate that useful contrivance called the diving-bell, being performed on the same principle.



The largest drinking-glass holds but half a pint, so that your diving-light soon goes out for the want of air. As an average, a burning candle consumes as much air as a man, and he requires nearly a gallon of air every minute, so that according to the size of the glass over the flame, you can calculate how many seconds it will remain alight; of course a large flame requires more air than a small one. For this and several other experiments a quart bell-glass is very useful, but being expensive, they are not found in every parlor laboratory; one is, however, easily made from a green glass pickle bottle; get a glazier to cut off the bottom, and you have a useful bell-glass.

### THE IMMOVABLE CARD.

Take an ordinary visiting card and bend down the ends as represented in the annexed figure, then ask any person to blow it over. This seems easy



enough, but it may be tried for hours without succeeding. It is, however, to be done by blowing sharply on the table at some distance from the card.

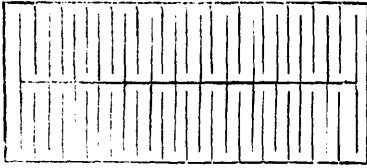
### FULL YET NOT FULL.

The possibility of putting a bulk so large as twenty quarters, weighing four ounces, into a wine-glass already full to the brim with water, may be doubted; yet, with a steady hand, it may be thus accomplished. First, procure a wine-glass, wipe it perfectly dry inside and out, especially round the rim; pour the water gently into it from a spouted mug until the glass is full to the brim; then drop the quarters edgeways gently in: Immediately the edge of the quarter touches the water, let it fall. Be careful not to wet the edges of the glass. Spring water answers better than soft. Having completed your task, you will observe, with surprise, how very much the water now stands above the level of the brim without flowing over; this is caused by the "cohesive attraction" of the water being greater than the "attraction of gravity."

### HOW TO CUT A VISITING CARD FOR A CAT TO JUMP THROUGH IT.

Cut the card through the centre, leaving a perfect bar at each end; then

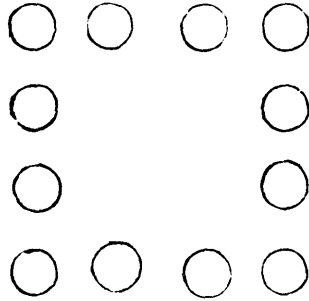
proceed by cutting the card according to the lines indicated in the subjoined engraving, taking care that you do not



cut through and thus separate the links. When the card has been thus carefully cut, it may be drawn out to form a hoop for pussy to jump through, or it will make a pretty collar for her to wear.

#### THE MAGICAL ARRANGEMENT.

Arrange the following twelve counters,



so that instead of counting four counters in a row, they will count five in a row.

### CHARADE.

No matter in what form you see  
My *first*, 'tis false as false can be;  
Though oft arranged with care and grace,  
The lie is stamped upon its face.

When the great waters' depths we sound,  
My *last* is—source of peril—found;  
Yet harmless on the land we view  
What fills with dread a sailor crew.

My *whole* on one of Ocean's Isles,  
Where beauty in luxuriance smiles,  
Is seen; and though so poor and low,  
It is her people's joy we know.

E. H. N.

### ANSWER TO HISTORICAL ENIGMA IN JANUARY NUMBER.

#### EPAMINONDAS.

- E-gypt.
- P-hœnicia.
- A-thos.
- M-ars.
- I-liad.
- N-emean Games.
- O-lympus.
- N-estor.
- D-raco.
- A-rgonautic Expedition.
- S-ocrates.

# The Home.

## THE AQUARIUM.

BY W. M.

About twenty-five years ago, Messrs. Ward and Warrington delighted not only scientists, but the public generally, by proving with several experiments that fish and water plants would live in perfect health and for an almost unlimited time, in small tanks or glass vessels without changing the water. A taste for aquariums at once arose, but the difficulty of properly managing them owing to the scant knowledge then possessed, caused many failures. Thanks, however, to the perseverance and intelligent observation displayed by lovers of the aquarium, the right method of managing it has gradually become known, so that now any person of average intelligence, with a little patience can easily construct, stock and keep one of those beautiful ornaments, and devise much pleasure and instruction from watching the habits of its inhabitants. The gambols of the fish, the movements of the snails (those scavengers of the little world) as they glide silently over the glass or rockwork, and the luxuriant growth of the vegetation are of the deepest interest to both old and young.

How to construct an aquarium is the first thing which claims our attention. One of the first attempts in this line was the glass globe which used to occupy, and does now (though not so much) so conspicuous a place in the front window, exposed as it usually is to the full rays of the sun. The fish, deprived of all shade and literally stuffed with bread crumbs, soon die, and people wonder, little thinking that the fish require shade as much as human beings do sleep. The globe has also

another disadvantage, that of making the fish appear distorted. To all who intend to keep an aquarium we say, avoid the globe. The most simple and convenient shape for the reservoir is the rectangular form, and a size well suited for an ordinary room would be to have the length 20 inches, breadth 14 inches, and height 13 inches. This will be found about the right proportion; other shapes, such as hexagon or octagon, look handsome, but are somewhat more difficult to make.

The material of which an aquarium can be constructed are various. A very serviceable one, and one which has the advantage of being easy to make, can be formed of wood and glass. Take a piece of wood the desired size for the bottom, and cut a groove on each side to admit the glass, then take two more pieces of wood, equal in size, for the ends, cut grooves in them to correspond with those in the bottom, and fix the ends to the latter by dovetailing or nailing. Then have the glass cut the right size for sliding into the grooves, taking care that it is sufficiently thick to withstand the pressure of water—for the size of aquarium which has been given 3-16ths will do. Fasten the glass in with a mixture of red and white lead and mastic varnish, and finish by securing the ends by rods or pieces of wood. Aquariums can also be made with the ends of slate, marble or iron—but these are of course more expensive; but in every case have the ends of some opaque substance, in order to afford the necessary amount of shade to the fish. The best preparation for making the tank water-tight is the following—1

gill of litharge, 1 gill of plaster of Paris, 1 gill of dry white sand, 1-3 gill of powdered resin; mix with enough boiled oil to make a putty, and then add a little patent dryer. This cement will do equally well for a marine aquarium as it resists the action of salt water.

How to stock the aquarium, is the next thing to consider, and this is a somewhat difficult operation, for there is such a tendency to overstock the tank, owing to the infinite variety of subjects, that much discretion has to be displayed in choosing suitable plants and fishes to form the inhabitants of the little world. Of the former, almost any of the plants which grow so profusely in our ponds and streams, will do, provided they are not too large, and by taking care that they do not overcrowd the tank. A word, too, is however necessary, as to fixing the plants. Never bed them in sand or earth; neither one nor the other is desirable in an aquarium, for both get disturbed very speedily and present an unseemly appearance. The plants will grow quite as well if fastened down by tying, or by placing a stone on them, and it may be stated here that rockwork neatly arranged should always be put in the tank, as it not only looks well, but also affords shelter for the fishes. The rockwork should project a little above the water, as amphibious creatures, such as the water newt, like to rest for a while out of the water. Water snails, of which at least two varieties exist plentifully enough here, should be next introduced, as they are the very best scavengers you can have, and do their work in such an efficient manner that those who have control of the scavenging of Montreal might learn a lesson from them with profit. Care must be exercised not to put too many snails in, or they will play sad havoc with the plants.

Of course no aquarium is complete without fish, and we naturally think of

minnows, who by their graceful, lively movements and pretty appearance are great favorites and indispensable to an aquarium. We can next put in a couple of goldfish, and it would also add to the novelty of the thing if you introduced two or three newts; for though they are not particularly handsome, they are many peculiar habits of their own which well repay observation. A small crawfish will prove quite an addition, and he will soon be at home among the rockwork. A few beetles will be interesting; but much caution must be shown in choosing specimens, for some are very carnivorous and will cause the fish to get small by degrees and beautifully less; and then, too, beetles being endowed with wings will sometimes fly away, but a little experience in this as in other matters will soon set things right.

How to manage an aquarium is the last and perhaps the most important thing which now claims our thought; for unless it is properly managed, the making and stocking will prove of but little use, and it is upon this rock so many aquariums have come grief. We have to treat fish in very much the same way as we treat ourselves—that is, give them fresh air, cleanliness, light and good food; do that and your success is sure. Every school-boy knows that plants give out oxygen which fish require, and absorb carbonic acid gas which fish throw out; it therefore stands to reason that if the two, fish and plants, are introduced in the right proportion, each will support the other. What the right proportion is observation will soon show; but entire dependence must not be placed on this. The water should be aerated once a day, by taking out one or two cupfuls and pouring them back or by injecting air by means of a small syringe. This will effectually prevent stagnation.

Occasionally a green substance will accumulate on the glass and baffle all the efforts of the snails to remove it;

but you can easily wipe it off with a piece of sponge tied to the end of a stick.

All decayed leaves, and pieces of plant, dead fish or dirt should be immediately removed, and if a fish is seen to be in a sickly condition, take it out at once and place it in a separate vessel till it recovers. Fish should on no account be handled, but removed whenever necessary with a small hand net.

The following apparatus will be found very serviceable for every aquarium: a small hand net, a pair of scissors, a piece of small round iron wire, with a pointed end, a syringe, and a few glass bottles. The food for the fishes need not be remarkable for variety,—small crumbs of bread, worms and sometimes the white of an egg boiled hard are all that will be required, for the fish find a large proportion of their food in the water and plants.

A salt water aquarium may be easily kept, even hundreds of miles from the sea, when once it is stocked; for if your tank is quite watertight you will not need to replenish your salt water, as all water given off by evaporation can be

replaced with fresh water, the strength of the salt not being affected. Artificial salt water may be made from the following receipt found in *Zell's Encyclopedia*:—4 quarts spring water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  ounce of Epsom salts,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  ounces of common salt, 200 grains troy of chloride of magnesia, and 40 grains troy of chloride of potassium.

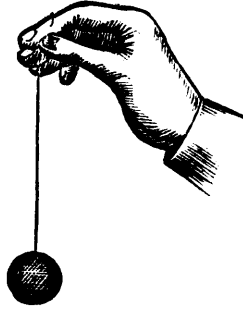
Any one visiting the salt water next summer can easily bring enough water, plants, and fish to stock an aquarium. It is impossible to overrate the benefit and amusement that can be derived from keeping an aquarium. It is an ornament to any room and will be an equal favorite with ladies as with gentlemen; it promotes a desire to know more of botany and natural history, and many a lesson may be learned from it. During the long winter evenings the carpenter of the family cannot better employ his time than by making the aquarium, and during the summer time you may take a fishing net such as boys catch minnows with, and a can or large-sized bottle and in almost any pond or stream catch enough specimens in one afternoon to furnish half a dozen aquariums.



## KINDERGARTEN GIFTS AND PLAYS.

The Kindergarten aims at the natural development of childhood in opposition to the artificial training and cramming of the schools. Froebel, its founder, allowed no book study to children under seven years of age, but taught the children through their delight in action and instructive curiosity. The first gift which he puts into the hands of children is a ball or rather six soft colored balls. Next to these soft balls, comes the second gift, a wooden ball, a cylinder, and a cube, with holes and eyelets in each, also some strings and a stick. The amount of information which is to be derived from these two gifts is surprising, and in following out the plan of their use, the teacher herself will probably be taught some

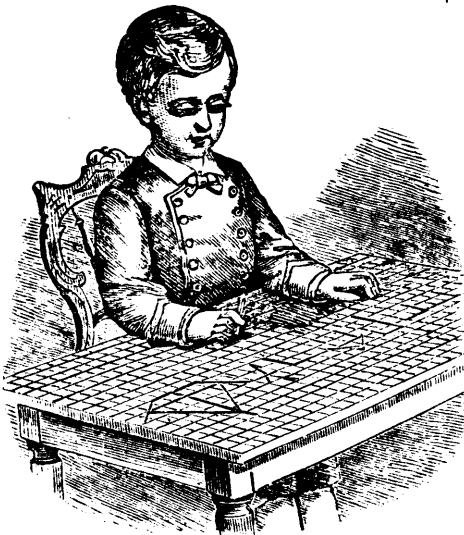
ceptive mind. Besides, being a poet, and living in a "paradise of poetry and



THE FIRST GIFT.

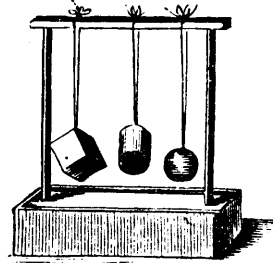
imagination," as every child does, as far as cruel realities permit it, he embodies the simplest forms with creations of his fancy.

It is astonishing to us, who are "hardened" to so much that is marvellous, to see how trifling a thing will interest a child. My



STICK LAYING.

new things. The details cannot be given here, but rhymes, music, and pretty plays are the stairs by which many truths of philosophy and mathematics will mount into the child's re-



THE SECOND GIFT.

own babies have had hours of quiet pleasure watching the mere twisting of the hands round and round on the wrist joints, keeping time to a kind of jargon (I hope the friend of whom I learned the trick will pardon that disrespectful expression) which runs somewhat thus: "Tee-raw-chee, tee-raw-chee, tee-raw-chee, raw-chee, raw-chee."



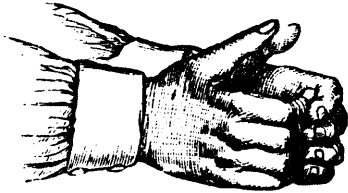
Among Froebel's cossetting songs there is a similar one, though perhaps somewhat of an improvement. The hand introduced in these pictures of the baby plays, is said to be a copy of the original, for which Froebel's own hand was the model. This "Weather-

"In the hedge a birdie dear  
Builds a nest of straw and hair,  
Lays two eggs, so small and round,  
Soon wee birdies there are found ;  
They call on mother : 'Hear, hear, hear,  
Mother so dear, mother so dear,  
O mother dear, hear, hear, hear.'"

Froebel said, "I have based my education on religion, and it must lead to religion." So in every possible way he introduces the teaching. In this case the child is taught to trust his Heavenly Father, as the little bird, waiting patiently in the nest, trusts its mother for food.

Love is the undertone of the first teaching, as it is, or should be, that of all teaching. So, in the "Flower Basket," the little one is taught to carry flowers to its father, singing :

"Little hands can learn to make  
A basket in a minute,  
And mamma can quickly take  
Some pretty flowers to fill it.  
The basket is not broad or long,  
But flowers look cheerful there ;  
We'll give them, with a little song,  
To papa, when he comes here.  
Sweet flowers, you are for papa ;  
La, la, la, la ; la, la, la, la."



THE BIRD'S NEST.

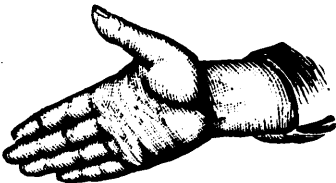
Froebel also taught the dignity of labor : so one of the early lessons is "The Carpenter." The fingers represent the house, the two thumbs represent the carpenters working on the cross-beam. Other plays introduce other avocations. Even the charcoal hut is made to seem attractive. A little collection of Kindergarten songs would be a great help to any mother. Little ones "take to them" quickly. For schools or little gatherings at home there are very many beautiful move-



THE SLATE.

cock" was intended to bring into play the muscles of the hand and arm, for the child soon learns to imitate the motion, as well as to prepare for little lessons about the action of the wind. The song is,

"Like the cock upon the tower  
Turning round in wind and shower,  
Little children's hands must learn,  
All in play, to twist and turn."



THE WEATHERCOCK.

Another pretty one is "The Bird's Nest." The hands form the nest, the thumbs folded in are the eggs. At the words of the song "Soon wee birdies," the thumbs rise and flutter.

ment songs. One, representing a dove-cote, especially pleased me, and it finds great favor with our little ones, though they have to take the piano for their pigeon-house instead of a circle of boys and girls. Played as it should be, a circle is formed, the children standing



FLOWER BASKET.

hand-in-hand, close to each other, while in the centre are some representing doves hovering about. After the first notes of the song, each child steps back four paces, and the doves fly out under the lifted arms, representing wings by placing the hands in the armpits. At the words, "We shut up the house," the doves return, lie down with heads



THE CARPENTER.

under the arms, the circle closes, and the song ends very softly. The words are as follows :

We open the pigeon-house again,  
And set all the happy flutters free ;  
They fly o'er the fields and grassy plain,  
Delighted with joyous liberty ;  
And when they return from their merry flight,  
We shut up the house and bid 'em good night.

The third gift is a box containing a large cube, divided into eight small cubes of equal size. These are first given to the little one to use very much as he likes. He should have the regu-

lar Kindergarten-table, just the right height for him, with the top marked off in squares. The teacher, or the mother watches his movements ; and joins sympathetically in building or admiring what he fancies to build. Gradually he can be taught some of the many things which even these few blocks may represent. Perhaps the hour may be enlivened by a purely imaginative use of them. Thus, two may represent a waggon, one a man driving, two blocks for two horses in front of him, one a dog, one a child wanting to ride, and one the mother coming to lift the child into the waggon. Or, five may represent sheep, one the shepherd, one a wolf coming to devour, and one a dog ready



PERFORATING.

to defend them. This will be a change from the tables, chairs, etc., which they ordinarily build.

Eighth in the regular series of gifts, but first of a special series for families, is a box of small sticks from one to five inches long. These are used to teach numerical proportions and forms, as, indeed, are most of the gifts. There are some sheets of patterns accompany-

ing the sticks, and a variety of uses can be made of them.

Next in the family series is the slate, which is grooved in squares, and by means of this plan children advance very rapidly in the study of drawing. Pastimes and studies are one and the same things in Froebel's plan, so this occupation is made full of delight.

Number three is a box of perforating paper with needles and patterns, and number four is a box of materials for weaving strips of colored paper into tasteful forms. Very quickly the little fingers become skilful in doing very dainty work, and the gifts go on advancing steadily, though gradually, till the twentieth, in the regular series,

gives the little pupils the materials and instruction for modelling in clay, wax, &c., &c.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that you can begin to-day to teach your little one "to observe, to do, and to tell." You can study his needs, and you can patiently guide him in his plays so that he may be growing in mind and heart as his body is nurtured. Now, a word of yours will turn his thoughts to noble things. Habit will turn the stream in the direction of purity and wisdom. Later you may strive to do it, and fail. The current may be too strongly set in the other direction.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

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## WORK AND CULTURE.

BY MRS. A. M. DIAZ.

Our problem is this: How may woman enjoy the delights of culture, and at the same time fulfil her duties to family and household? Perhaps it is not assuming too much to say, that, in making known the existence of such a problem, we have already taken the first step toward its solution, just as a ship's crew in distress take the first step toward relief by making a signal which calls attention to their needs.

A few, a very few of our women are able to live and move and have their being literally regardless of expense. These can buy of skilled assistants and competent supervisors whole lifetimes of leisure; with these, therefore, our problem has no concern. The larger class, the immense majority, either do their work themselves, or attend personally to its being done by others;

"others" signifying that inefficient, untrustworthy, unstable horde who come fresh from their training in peat-bog and meadow, to cook our dinners, take care of our china dishes, and adjust the nice little internal arrangements of our dwellings.

Observing closely the lives of the immense majority, I think we shall see that, in conducting their household affairs, the object they have in view is one and the same. I think we shall see that they all strive, some by their own labors wholly, the rest by covering over and piecing out the shortcomings of "help," to present a smooth, agreeable surface to husbands and company. This smooth, agreeable surface may be compared to a piece of mosaic work composed of many parts. Of the almost infinite number of those parts, and

of the time, skill, and labor required to adjust them, it hath not entered, it cannot enter into the heart of man to conceive.

I wonder how long it would take to name, just merely to name all the duties which fall upon the woman who, to use a common phrase, and a true one, carries on the family. Suppose we try to count them, one by one. Doing this will help to give us that clear view of the present state of things which it is our present object to attain; though the idea reminds me of what the children used to say when I was a child, "If you count the stars you'll drop down dead,"—a saying founded, probably, on the vastness of the undertaking compared with human endurance. It certainly cannot be called trivial to enumerate the duties to which woman consecrates so large a portion of her life, especially when we remember that into each and all of these duties she has to carry her mind. Where woman's mind must go, woman's mind or man's mind should not scorn to follow. So let us make the attempt; and we need not stand upon the order of our counting, but begin anywhere.

Setting tables; clearing them off; keeping lamps or gas fixtures in order; polishing stoves, knives, silverware, tinware, faucets, knobs, &c.; washing and wiping dishes; taking care of food left at meals; sweeping, including the grand Friday sweep, the limited daily sweep, and the oft-recurring dustpan sweep; cleaning paint; washing looking-glasses, windows, window-curtains; canning and preserving fruit; making sauces and jellies, and "catchups" and pickles; making and baking bread, cake, pies, puddings; cooking meats and vegetables; keeping in nice order beds, bedding, and bedchambers; arranging furniture, dusting, and "picking up;" setting forth, at their due times and in due order, the three meals; washing the clothes; ironing, including doing up shirts and other "starched

things;" taking care of the baby, night and day; washing and dressing children, and regulating their behavior, and making or getting made, their clothing, and seeing that the same is in good repair, in good taste, spotless from dirt, and suited both to the weather and the occasion; doing for herself what her own personal needs require; arranging flowers; entertaining company; nursing the sick; "letting down" and "letting out" to suit the growing ones; patching, darning, knitting, crocheting, braiding, quilting,—but let us remember the warning of the old saying, and forbear in time.

This, however, is only a general enumeration. This is counting the stars by constellations. Examining closely these items, we shall find them made up each of a number of smaller items, and each of these again of items still smaller. What seem homogeneous are heterogeneous; what seem simple are complex. Make a loaf of bread. That has a simple sound, yet the process is complex. First, hops, potatoes, flour, sugar, water, salt, in right proportions for the yeast. The yeast for raising the yeast must be in just the right condition, and added when the mixture is of just the right temperature. In "mixing up" bread, the temperature of the atmosphere must be considered, the temperature of the water, the situation of the dough. The dough must rise quickly, must rise just enough and no more, must be baked in an oven just hot enough and no hotter, and must be "tended" while baking.

Try clearing off tables. Remove food from platters, care for the remnants, see that nothing is wasted, scrape well every plate, arrange in piles, carry out, wash in soap and water, rinse in clear water, polish with dry cloth, set away in their places,—three times a day.

Taking care of the baby frequently implies carrying the child on one arm while working with the other, and this often after nights made sleepless by its

"worrying." "I've done many a baking with a child on my hip," said a farmer's wife in my hearing.

But try now the humblest of household duties, one that passes for just nothing at all; try dusting. "Take a cloth, and brush the dust off,"—stated in this general way, how easy a process it seems! The particular interpretation, is that you move, wipe and replace every article in the room, from the piano down to the tiniest ornament; that you "take a cloth," and go over every inch of accessible surface, including panelling, mop-boards, window frames and sashes, looking-glass-frames, picture-frames and cords, gas or lamp fixtures; reaching up, tiptoeing, climbing, stooping, kneeling, taking care that not even in the remotest corner shall appear one inch of undusted surface which any slippered individual, leaning back in his arm-chair, can spy out.

These are only a few examples; but a little observation and an exceedingly little experience will show the curious enquirer that there is scarcely one of the apparently simple household operations which cannot be resolved and resolved into minute component parts. Thus dusting, which seems at first to consist of simply a few brushes with a cloth or bunch of feathers, when analyzed once, is found to imply the careful wiping of every article in the room, and of all the woodwork; analyzed again, it implies following the marks of the cabinet-maker's tools in every bit of carving and grooving; analyzed again, introducing a pointed stick under the cloth in turning corners. In fact, the investigator of household duties must do as does a distinguished scientist in analyzing matter,—“continue the process of dividing as long as the parts can be discerned,” and then “prolong the vision backward across the boundary of experimental evidence.” And, if brave enough to attempt to count them, he must bear in mind that what appear to be blank intervals, or blurred, nebulous

spaces, are in reality, filled in with innumerable little duties which, through the glass of observation, may be discerned quite plainly. Let him also bear in mind, that these household duties must be done over and over, and over and over, and as well, each time, as if done to last forever; and, above all, that they every one require mind.

Many a common saying proves this last point. "Put your mind on your work." "Your mind must be where your work is." "She's a good hand to take hold, but she hasn't any calculation." "She doesn't know how to forecast her work." "She doesn't know how to forelay." "Nancy's gittin' past carryin' her mind inter her work. Wal, I remember when I begun to git past carryin' my mind inter my work," said an old woman of ninety, speaking of her sixty-years-old daughter. The old couplet,

"Man works from rise till set of sun,  
But woman's work is never done,"—

tells the truth. "Woman's work," as now arranged, is so varied, so all-embracing, that it cannot be "done." For every odd moment some duty lies in wait. And it is generally the case, that these multiform duties press for performance, crowds of them at once. "So many things to be done right off, that I don't know which to take hold of first." "'Tis just as much as I can do to keep my head above water." "Oh, dear! I can't see through!" "My work drives me." "I never know what it is not to feel hurried." "The things I can't get done tire me more than the things I do." Such remarks have a meaning.

And those who keep "a girl" have almost equal difficulty in always presenting the smooth, agreeable surface just now spoken of. With the greater ability to hire help comes usually the desire to live in more expensive houses, and to furnish the same with more costly furniture. Every article added is

a care added, and the nicer the article the nicer the care required. More, also, is demanded of these in the way of appearance, style, and social civilities; and the wear and tear of superintending "a girl" should by no means be forgotten. At any rate, the complaint, "no time to read," is frequent among women, and is not confined to any one class.

We see, then, that in the present state of things it is impossible for women—that is, the family woman, the house-mother—to enjoy the delights of culture. External activities, especially the two insatiable, all-devouring ones which know neither end nor beginning,—housework and sewing-work,—these demand her time, her energies, in short, demand herself,—the whole of her. Yes, the whole, and more too; there is not enough of her to go round. There might possibly be enough, and even something left to spend on culture, were she in sound physical condition; but, alas! a healthy woman is scarcely to be found. This point, namely, the prevailing invalidism of woman, will come up for consideration by-and-by, when we enquire into the causes of the present state of things. It is none too early, however, to make a note of what some physicians say in regard to it. "Half of all who are born," says one medical writer, "die under twenty years of age; while four-fifths of all who reach that age, and die before another score, owe their death to causes which were originated in their teens. This is a fact of startling import to fathers and mothers, and shows a fearful responsibility." Another medical writer says: "Beside the loss of so many children (nearly twenty-five per cent.), society suffers seriously from those who survive, their health being irremediably injured while they are still infants. . . . Ignorance and injudicious nursery management lie at the root of this evil."

We must be sure not to forget that

this prevailing invalidism of women, which is one hindrance to their obtaining culture, can be traced directly back to the ignorance of mothers, for this point has an important bearing on the solution of our problem.

The question, How may work and culture be combined? was recently submitted, in my hearing, to a highly intelligent lady. She answered, with a sigh, "It can't be done. I've tried it; but, as things are now, it can't be done." By "as things are now" she meant with the established ideas regarding dress, food, appearance, style, and the objects for which woman should spend her time and herself. Suppose we investigate the causes of the present state of things, which, as being a hindrance to culture, is to us so unsatisfactory. A little reflection will enable us to discover several. Chief among them all, I think, is one which may require close inspection before it is recognized to be such. It seems to me that the great underlying cause—the cause of all the other causes—is the want of insight, the unenlightenment, which prevails concerning, not what woman's mission is, but the ways and means by which she is to accomplish it. Let us consider this.

Those who claim the right of defining it never can say often enough that the true mission of woman is to train up her children rightly, and to make home happy; and no doubt we all agree with them. But have we, or have they, a full sense of what woman requires to fit her even for the first of these duties? Suppose a philosopher in disguise on a tour of observation from some distant isle or planet should favor us with a visit. He finds himself, we will say, on a spot not a hundred miles from New York or Boston or Chicago. Among the objects which attract his attention are the little children drawn along in their little chaises.

"Are these beautiful creatures of any value?" he asks of a bystander.

"Certainly. They are the hope of the country. They will grow up into men and women, who will take our places."

"I suppose there is no danger of their growing up any other than the right kind of men and women, such as your country needs?"

"On the contrary, there is every danger. Evil influences surround them from their birth. These beautiful creatures have in them the possibilities of becoming mean, base, corrupt, treacherous, deceitful, cruel, false, revengeful; of becoming, in fact, unworthy and repulsive in many ways. Why, all our criminals, our drunkards, liars, thieves, burglars, murderers, were once innocent little children like these!"

"And whether these will become like those, or not, depends on chance?"

"Oh, no! It depends largely on training, especially on early training. Children are like wax to receive impressions, like marble to retain them."

"Are they constituted pretty nearly alike, so that the treatment which is best for one is best for all?"

"By no means. Even those in the same family are often extremely unlike. They have different temperaments, dispositions, propensities. Some require urging, others checking. Some do better with praise, others without: the same of blame. It requires thought and discernment to know what words to speak, how many to speak, and when to speak them. In fact, a child's nature is a piece of delicate, complex machinery, and each one requires a separate study; for, as its springs of action are concealed, the operator is liable at any time to touch the wrong one."

"And mistakes here will affect a child through its whole lifetime?"

"They will affect it through all eternity."

"But who among you dare make these early impressions which are to be so enduring? Who are the operators

on these delicate and complex pieces of mental machinery?"

"Oh! the mothers always have the care of the children. This is their mission—the chief duty of their lives."

"But how judicious, how comprehensive, must be the course of education which will fit a person for such an office!"

"Do you think so? Hem! Well, it is not generally considered that a woman who is going to marry and settle down to family life needs much education."

"You mean, doubtless, that she only receives the special instruction which her vocation requires."

"Special instruction?"

"Yes. If woman's special vocation is the training of children, of course she is educated specially with a view to that vocation."

"Well, I never heard of such a kind of education. But here is one of our young mothers: she can tell you all about it."

We will suppose, now, that our philosopher is left with the young mother, who names over what she learned at the "institute."

"And the training of children—moral, intellectual, and physical—was no doubt made a prominent subject of consideration."

"Training of children? Oh, no! That would have been a curious kind of study."

"Where, then, were you prepared for the duties of your mission?"

"What mission do you mean?"

"Your mission of child-training."

"I had no preparation."

"No preparation? But are you acquainted with the different temperaments a child may have, and the different combinations of them? Are you competent to the direction and culture of the intellectual and moral nature? Have you skill to touch the hidden springs of action? Have you, thus un-instructed, the power, the knowledge,

the wisdom, requisite for guiding that mighty force, a child's soul?"

"Alas! there is hardly a day that I do not feel my ignorance on all these points."

"Are there no sources from which knowledge may be obtained? There must be books written on these subjects?"

"Possibly; but I have no time to read them."

"No time?—no time to prepare for your chief mission?"

"It is our mission only in print. In real life it plays an extremely subordinate part."

"What, then, in real life, is your mission?"

"Chiefly cooking and sewing."

"Your husband, then, does not share the common belief in regard to woman's chief duty."

"Oh, yes! I have heard him express it many a time; though I don't think he comprehends what a woman needs in order to do her duty by her children. But he loves them dearly. If one should die he would be heart-broken."

"Is it a common thing here for children to die?"

"I am grieved to say that nearly one-fourth die in infancy."

"And those who live,—do they grow up in full health and vigor?"

"Oh, indeed they do not! Why, look at our crowded hospitals! Look at the apothecaries' shops at almost every corner. Look at the advertisements of medicines. Don't you think there's meaning in these, and a meaning in the long rows of five-story swell-front houses occupied by physicians, and a meaning in the people themselves? There's scarcely one of them but has some ailment."

"But is this matter of health subject to no laws?"

"The phrase, 'laws of health,' is a familiar one, but I don't know what those laws are."

"Mothers, then, are not in the habit of teaching them to their children?"

"They are not themselves acquainted with them."

"Perhaps this astonishing ignorance has something to do with the fearful mortality among infants. Do not husbands provide their wives with books and other means of information on this subject?"

"Generally speaking, they do nothing of the kind."

"And does not the subject of hygienic laws, as applied to the rearing of children, come into the courses of study laid out for young women!"

"No, indeed. Oh, how I wish it had!—and those other matters you mentioned. I would give up everything else I ever learned for the sake of knowing how to bring up my children, and how to keep them in health."

"The presidents and professors of your educational institutions, do they share the common belief as to woman's mission?"

"Oh yes! They all say that the chief business of woman is to train up her children."

*(Philosopher's solo.)*

"There seems to be blindness and stupidity somewhere among these people. From what they say of the difficulty of bringing up their children, it must take an archangel to do it rightly; still they do not think a woman who is married and settles down to family life needs much education! Moreover, in educating young women, that which is universally acknowledged to be the chief business of their lives receives not the least attention."

If our philosopher continued his enquiries into the manners and customs of our country, he must have felt greatly encouraged; for he would have found that it is only in this one direction that we show such blindness and stupidity. He would have found that in every other occupation we demand preparation. The individual who builds our ships, cuts our coats, manufactures our watches, superintends our machinery,



takes charge of our cattle, our trees, our flowers, must know how, must have been especially prepared for his calling. It is only character-moulding, only shaping the destinies of immortal beings, for which we demand neither preparation nor a knowledge of the business. It is only of our children that we are resigned to lose nearly one-fourth by death, "owing to ignorance and injudicious nursery management." Were this rate of mortality declared to exist among our domestic animals, the community would be aroused at once.—From "A Domestic Problem."

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## SOUPS.

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**QUEEN'S SOUP, OR SOUPE A LA REINE.**—Skin and clean two fine fowls or three young chickens, carefully removing the dark spongy substance which is inside. Put them into a saucepan, with a bunch of parsley, and pour over them as much good white stock, nicely flavored, as will cover them. Let them simmer gently for an hour. Take them up, and pick off all the white flesh from the birds. Blanch and pound a dozen sweet almonds and two bitter ones. Beat them to a paste in a mortar, with a little water to keep them from oiling. Soak the crumb of a penny roll in the broth, and when it is quite moist, wring it in a cloth, to squeeze the moisture from it. Chop the flesh of the chickens, and pound it to a paste, with the soaked roll, the hard-boiled yolks of two eggs, and the pounded almonds. Stir this mixture into the soup, and press the whole through a sieve. Heat it in a clean saucepan, and mix with it a pint and a half of thick cream which has been boiled separately. Stir it over the fire till it boils, and if not sufficiently thick, add a little arrowroot. Many cooks omit the yolks of eggs altogether, and use arrowroot instead. If no white stock is at hand, it may be made by putting into a saucepan three or four pounds of the knuckle of veal which has been soaked and broken up, with

four ounces of undressed lean ham, three onions, a carrot, a turnip, four or five outer sticks of celery, two sprigs of lemon thyme, a bunch of parsley, a large blade of mace, half a teaspoonful of peppercorns, and three quarts of cold water. Bring the liquor to the boil, skim carefully till no more scum rises, then draw the saucepan to the side, and let it simmer gently and without ceasing until it is reduced to rather less than two quarts. Pour it out, and when it is stiff, clear the fat from the top, lift it out free from sediment, and it is ready for use. For many years this soup was constantly included in the royal bill of fare. Time to boil the chickens, one hour.

**MUTTON BROTH.**—Lean meat is best for broth; from two to three pounds of the scrag end of the neck is suited to the purpose, and if for a plain broth, not requiring much strength, allow a quart of water to each pound of meat. Put quite cold water on the meat, and set it over a slow fire to heat gradually. Simmer gently, and remove the scum. When no more scum is to be seen, and the meat is sufficiently done to be eaten, it may be removed for the family dinner, and any addition to the broth made. Pearl barley, rice, or oatmeal, with a carrot, a turnip, an onion or leek, may be added, the vegetables being cut

neatly. Season to taste. Warm up the meat, and serve in a separate dish, or with the broth. Pearl barley should be boiled separately for a few minutes, and then strained, and boiled with the broth. Simmer the meat an hour and a half. Enough for two quarts of broth.

**MUTTON BROTH (INVALID COOKERY).**—Boil one pound of the scrag end of a neck of mutton in about three pints of cold water, and if the patient can digest vegetables, it will be much improved by the addition of a little turnip, parsley finely minced, and onion. Put in the vegetables when the broth boils, and simmer for an hour, taking off the scum as it rises. Strain, and let it grow cold, then take off the fat. If pearl barley be added, it should be boiled as long as the meat, and before being put with it should be boiled in water for ten minutes, drained, and afterwards added to the broth. Veal may be boiled in the same manner, the knuckle is the part generally used for broth. Sufficient for a pint and a half to two pints.

**HADDOCK SOUP.**—Take three haddocks, fillet them, and put the skins, heads, tails, bones, and fins, into a saucepan, with two quarts of stock, a bunch of parsley, two or three onions, and half a dozen peppercorns, and let them simmer gently for an hour and a half. Strain the soup. Melt two ounces of butter in a saucepan, add two ounces of lean ham, cut into dice, let them remain until brown, then mix in, very smoothly, two table-spoonfuls of flour. When this is brown, add, very gradually, the strained soup, and simmer for a quarter of an hour. Put in the pieces of fish, and, when they are sufficiently cooked, serve in a soup-tureen. A little ketchup may be added, if liked. Sufficient for five or six persons.

**POTATO SOUP.**—Wash a dozen or more large potatoes, in lukewarm water,

and scrub them until quite clean with a soft brush. Drain them, and put them into a saucepan, barely cover them with cold water, and let them simmer gently until they are done enough. Pour off the water, and let them dry. Dissolve an ounce and a half of butter in a saucepan, and put in with it two moderate-sized onions finely minced, and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and let the onions steam gently until tender. Peel the potatoes, and rub them through a colander until quite smooth. Put them into the pan with the onions, &c., and stir all well together. Add a bay-leaf to the mixture, then pour in as much boiling water as will make a thick batter, and afterwards add as much boiling milk as will make the soup of the consistency of thick cream. Let it boil, put in pepper and salt to taste, and also a little grated nutmeg, and serve with toasted sippets in the dish. The soup will be better if white stock be used instead of water. Time, one hour. Sufficient for four or five persons.

**PRINCES' SOUP.**—Take half a dozen turnips, and with a vegetable cutter cut them into small balls the size of a marble. Put them into a stewpan with as much clear veal stock as will cover them, and let them simmer till tender; then pour over them a pint and a half of additional stock, clear and bright, let it boil, and pour it into the tureen. Cut a slice or two from a stale loaf less than a quarter of an inch thick. Have these cut in rounds about three quarters of an inch in diameter. Throw them into a sauté pan with about an ounce of butter, and shake them over the fire till they are brightly browned. Drain from the fat, and place them on blotting-paper to absorb the grease. Send them to table with the soup, and serve the crusts either on a separate dish or in the tureen. Time, an hour and a half. Sufficient for three or four persons.—*Cassell's Dictionary of Cookery.*

## Literary Notices.

**HAROLD:** A Drama, by Alfred Tennyson, Toronto, James Campbell & Son, (Drysdale & Son).

This is a neat Canadian copyright edition of Tennyson's last drama. It forms a volume of 160 pages, the drama being in five acts. For the historical facts Tennyson acknowledges his obligations to Bulwer's "Harold" and Freeman's "History of the Norman Conquest," after the old world records, such as the Bayeux tapestry and the "Roman de Rou." Our extracts are from the first, second and fifth acts.

**HAROLD AND EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.**

*Stigand* (pointing to the comet). War there, my son? is that the doom of England?

*Harold*. Why not the doom of all the world as well?

For all the world sees it as well as England. These meteors came and went before our day, Not harming any: it threatens us no more Than French or Norman. War? the worst that follows

Things that seem jerk'd out of the common rut Of nature is the hot religious fool, Who, seeing war in heaven, for heaven's credit Makes it on earth; but look, where Edward draws

A faint foot hither, leaning upon Tostig. He hath learned to love our Tostig much of late.

*Loefwin*. And he hath learnt, despite the tiger in him,

To sleek and supple himself to the king's hand.

*Gurth*. I trust the kingly touch that cures the evil

May serve to charm the tiger out of him.

*Loefwin*. He hath as much of cat as tiger in him.

Our Tostig loves the hand and not the man.

*Harold*. Nay! Better die than lie!

*Enter King, Queen and Tostig.*

*Edward*. In heaven signs! Signs upon earth! signs everywhere! your

Priests

Gross, worldly, simoniacal, unlearn'd!

They scarce can read their Psalter; and your churches

Uncouth, unhandsome, while in Normanland God speaks thro' abler voices, as He dwells In statelier shrines. I say not this, as being Half Norman-blooded, nor as some have held, Because I love the Norman better—no, But dreading God's revenge upon this realm For narrowness and coldness: and I say it For the last time perchance, before I go To find the sweet refreshment of the Saints. I have lived a life of utter purity: I have builded the great church of Holy Peter: I have wrought miracles—to God the glory— And miracles will in my name be wrought Hereafter.—I have fought the fight and go— I see the flashing of the gates of pearl— And it is well with me, tho' some of you Have scorned me—ay—but after I am gone Woe, woe to England! I have had a vision; The seven sleepers in the cave at Ephesus Have turned from right to left.

*Harold*. My most dear Master, What matters? let them turn from left to right And sleep again.

*Tostig*. Too hardy with thy king! A life of prayer and fasting well may see Deeper into the mysteries of heaven Than thou, good brother.

*Aldwyth* (aside). Sees he into thine, That thou wouldst have his promise for the crown?

*Edward*. Tostig says true; my son, thou art too hard,

Not stagger'd by this ominous earth and heaven;

But heaven and earth are threads of the same loom,

Play into one another, and weave the web That may confound thee yet.

*Harold*. Nay, I trust not, For I have served thee long and honestly.

*Edward*. I know it, son; I am not thankful: thou

Hast broken all my foes, lighten'd for me

The weight of this poor crown, and left me time

And peace for prayer to gain a better one.

Twelve years of service! England loves thee for it.

Thou art the man to rule her.

*Aldwyth* (aside). So, not Tostig!

*Harold*. And after those twelve years a boon, my king,

Respite, a holiday: thyself was wont To love the chase: thy leave to set my feet On board, and hunt and hawk beyond the seas!

*Edward.* What, with this flaming horror  
overhead?

*Harold.* Well, when it passes then.

*Edward.* Ay if it pass.  
Go not to Normandy—go not to Normandy.

*Harold.* And wherefore not, my king, to  
Normandy?

Is not my brother Wulfnoth hostage there  
For my dead father's loyalty to thee?

I pray thee, let me hence and bring him home.

*Edward.* Not thee, my son: some other  
messenger.

*Harold.* And why not me, my lord, to Nor-  
mandy?

Is not the Norman Count thy friend and mine?

*Edward.* I pray thee do not go to Normandy.

*Harold.* Because my father drove the Normans  
out

Of England?—That was many a summer  
gone—

Forgotten and forgiven by them and thee.

*Edward.* Harold, I will not yield thee  
leave to go.

*Harold.* Why, then to Flanders. I will  
hawk and hunt in Flanders.

*Edward.* Be there not fair woods and  
fields

In England? Wilful, Wilful. Go—the Saints  
Pilot and prosper all thy wandering out  
And homeward. Tostig, I am faint again.  
Son Harold, I will in and pray for thee.

[*Exit, leaning on Tostig and followed by  
Stigand, Morecar and Courtiers.*]

HAROLD AND WILLIAM OF NORMANDY.

*William.* But thou and he drove our good  
Normans out

From England, and this rankles in us yet.  
Archbishop Robert hardly 'scaped with life.

*Harold.* Archbishop Robert! Robert the  
Archbishop!

Robert of Jumièges, he that—

*Malet.* Quiet! quiet!

*Harold.* Count! if there sat within thy Nor-  
man chair,

A ruler all for England—one who fill'd  
All offices, all bishopricks with English—  
We could not move from Dover to the Hum-  
ber

Saving thro' Norman bishopricks—I say  
Ye would applaud that Norman who should  
drive

The strangers to the fiends!

*William.* Why, that is reason!  
Warrior thou art, and mighty wise withal!  
Ay, ay, but many among our Norman lords  
Hate thee for this, and press upon me—saying  
God and the sea have given thee to our hands—  
To plunge thee into life-long prison here—

Yet I hold out against them, as I may,  
Yea—would hold out, yea, tho' they should  
revolt—

For thou hast done the battle in my cause;  
I am thy fastest friend in Normandy.

*Harold.* I am doubly bound to thee...if  
this be so.

*William.* And I would bind thee more, and  
would myself

Be bounden to thee more.

*Harold.* Then let me hence  
With Wulfnoth to King Edward.

*William.* So we will.  
We hear he hath not long to live.

*Harold.* It may be.

*William.* Why then the heir of England,  
who is he?

*Harold.* The Atheling is nearest to the throne.

*William.* But sickly, slight, half-witted and  
a child,  
Will England have him King?

*Harold.* It may be, no.

*William.* And hath King Edward not pro-  
nounced his heir?

*Harold.* Not that I know.

*William.* When he was here in Normandy,  
He loved us and we him, because we found  
him  
A Norman of the Normans.

*Harold.* So did we.

*William.* A gentle, gracious, pure and  
saintly man!  
And grateful to the hand that shielded him,  
He promised that if ever he were king  
In England, he would give his kingly voice  
To me as his successor. Knowest thou this?

*Harold.* I learn it now.

*William.* Thou knowest I am his cousin,  
And that my wife descends from Alfred?

*Harold.* Ay.

*William.* Who hath a better claim then to  
the crown  
So that ye will not crown the Atheling?

*Harold.* None that I know...if that but  
hung upon  
King Edward's will.

*William.* Wilt thou uphold my claim?

*Malet (aside to Harold).* Be careful of thine  
answer, my good friend.

*Wulfnoth (aside to Harold).* Oh! Harold,  
for my sake and for thine own!

*Harold.* Ay...if the king have not revoked  
his promise.

*William.* But hath he done it then?

Harold. Not that I know.

William. Good, good, and thou wilt help me to the crown.

Harold. Ay...if the Witan will consent to this.

William. Thou art the mightiest voice in England, man,  
Thy voice will lead the Witan—shall I have it?

Wulfnoth (aside to Harold). Oh! Harold, if thou love thine Edith, ay.

Harold. Ay, if—

Malet (aside to Harold). Thine 'ifs' will search thine eyes out—ay.

William. I ask thee, wilt thou help me to the crown?

And I will make thee my great Earl of Earls,  
Foremost in England and in Normandy;  
Thou shalt be verily king—all but the name—  
For I shall most sojourn in Normandy;  
And thou be my vice-king in England. Speak.

Wulfnoth (aside to Harold). Ay, brother—  
for the sake of England—ay.

Harold. My lord—

Malet (aside to Harold). Take heed now.

Harold. Ay.

William. I am content,  
For thou art truthful, and thy word thy bond,  
To-morrow will we ride with thee to Harfleur.  
[Exit William.]

Malet. Harold, I am thy friend, one life with thee.  
And even as I should bless thee saving mine.  
I thank thee now for having saved thyself.  
[Exit Malet.]

Harold. For having lost myself to save myself,

Said 'ay' when I meant 'no,' lied like a lad  
That dreads the pendent scourge, said 'ay'  
for 'no'!

Ay! No!—he hath not bound me by an oath  
Is "ay" an oath? is "ay" strong as an oath?  
Or is it the same sin to break my word  
As break mine oath? He call'd my word my  
bond!

He is a liar who knows I am a liar,  
And makes believe that he believes my word.  
The crime be on his head—not bounden—no.

[Suddenly doors are flung open, discovering in an inner hall Count William in his state robes, seated upon his throne, between two bishops, Odo of Bayeux being one; in the centre of the hall an ark covered with cloth of gold; and on either side of it the Norman barons.]

Enter a Jailer before William's throne.

William (to Jailer). Knave, hast thou let thy prisoner 'scape?

Jailer.

Sir Count,

He had but one foot, he must have hop't away,  
Yea, some familiar spirit must have help'd him.

William. Woe knave to thy familiar and to thee!

Give me thy keys. [They fall clashing.  
Nay let them lie. Stand there and wait my will. [The Jailer stands aside.]

William (to Harold). Hast thou such trustless jailers in thy North?

Harold. We have few prisoners in mine earldom there,  
So less chance for false keepers.

William. We have heard  
Of thy just, mild, and equal governance;  
Honour to thee! thou art perfect in all honour!

Thy naked word thy bond! confirm it now  
Before our gather'd Norman baronage,  
For they will not believe thee—as I believe.

[Descends from his throne and stands by the ark.]

Let all men here bear witness of our bond!

[Beckons to Harold who advances. Enter Malet behind him.]

Lay thou thy hand upon this golden pall!  
Behold the jewel of St. Pancratius  
Woven into the gold. Swear thou on this!

Harold. What should I swear? Why should I swear on this?

William (savagely). Swear thou to help me to the crown of England.

Malet (whispering Harold). My friend thou hast gone too far to palter now.

Wulfnoth (whispering Harold). Swear thou to-day, to-morrow is thine own.

Harold. I swear to help thee to the Crown of England...

According as King Edward promises.

William. Thou must swear absolutely, Noble Earl.

Malet (whispering). Delay is death to thee, ruin to England.

Wulfnoth (whispering). Swear, dearest brother, I beseech thee, swear.

Harold (putting his hand on the jewel). I swear to help thee to the Crown of England.

William. Thanks, truthful Earl; I did not doubt thy word;

But that my barons might believe thy word,  
And that the Holy Saints of Normandy  
When thou art home in England, with thine own,

Might strengthen thee in keeping of thy word,  
I made thee swear.—Show him by whom he hath sworn.

[The two Bishops advance and raise the cloth of gold. The bodies and bones of Saints are seen lying in the ark.]

The holy bones of all the Canonized  
From all the holiest shrines in Normandy!

*Harold.* Horrible! [*They let the cloth fall again.*]

*William.* Ay, for thou hast sworn an oath  
Which, if not kept, would make the hard  
earth rive  
To the very Devils's horns, the bright sky  
cleave

To the very feet of God, and send her hosts  
Of injured Saints to scatter sparks of plague  
Thro' all your cities, blast your infants, dash  
The torch of war among your standing corn,  
Dabble your hearths with your own blood—  
Enough—

Thou wilt not break it! I, the Count—the  
King—

Thy friend—am grateful for thine honest oath,  
Not coming fiercely like a conqueror, now,  
But softly as a bridegroom to his own.  
For I shall rule according to your laws,  
And make your ever-jarring Earldoms move  
To music and in order—Angle, Jute,  
Dane, Saxon, Norman, help to build a throne  
Out-towering hers of France . . . The wind  
is fair

For England now . . . To-night we will be  
merry,

To-morrow will I ride with thee to Harfleur.

[*Exeunt William and all the Norman Barons, &c.*]

*Harold.* To-night we will be merry—and to-  
morrow—  
Juggler and bastard—bastard—he hates that  
most—

William, the tanner's bastard! Would he  
heard me!

O God, that I were in some wide, waste field  
With nothing but my battle-axe and him  
To spatter his brains! Why let earth rive,  
gulf in

These cursed Normans—yea and mine own self.  
Cleave heaven, and send thy saints that I may  
say

Ev'n to their faces, "If ye side with William  
Ye are not noble." How their pointed fingers  
Glared at me! Am I Harold, Harold son  
Of our great Godwin? Lo! I touch mine  
arms,

My limbs they are not mine—they are a liar's.  
I mean to be a liar—I am not bound—  
Stigand shall give me absolution for it—  
Did the chest move? did it move? I am  
utter craven!

O Wulfnoth, Wulfnoth, brother, thou hast  
betray'd me!

*Wulfnoth.* Forgive me, brother, I will live  
here and die.

*Enter Page.*

*Page.* My lord! the Duke awaits thee at the  
banquet.

*Harold.* Where they eat dead men's flesh,  
and drink their blood.

*Page.* My lord—

*Harold.* I know your Norman cookery is so  
spiced,  
It masks all this.

*Page.* My lord! thou art white as death.

*Harold.* With looking on the dead. Am I  
so white?

The Duke will seem the darker. Hence, I  
follow. [*Exeunt.*]

#### HAROLD ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

*Harold.* But I am somewhat worn,  
A snatch of sleep were like the peace of God.  
Gurth, Leafwin, go once more about the hill—  
What did the dead man call it—Sanguelac,  
The lake of blood?

*Leafwin.* A lake that dips in William  
As well as Harold.

*Harold.* Like enough. I have seen  
The trenches dug, the palisades uprear'd  
And wattled thick with ash and willow wands;  
Yea, wrought at them myself. Go round once  
more;  
See all be sound and whole. No Norman  
horse

Can shatter England, standing shield by shield;  
Tell that again to all.

*Gurth.* I will, good brother.

*Harold.* Our guardsman hath but toil'd his  
hand and foot,

I hand, foot, heart and head. Some wine!

(*One pours wine into a goblet, which he  
hands to Harold.*)

Too much!

What? we must use our battle-axe to-day.  
Our guardsmen have slept well, since we came  
in?

*Leafwin.* Ay, slept and snored. Your  
second-sighted man

That scared the dying conscience of the king,  
Misheard their snores for groans. They are  
up again

And chanting that old song of Brunanburg  
Where England conquer'd.

*Harold.* That is well. The Norman,  
What is he doing?

*Leafwin.* Praying for Normandy;  
Our scouts have heard the tinkle of their bells.

*Harold.* And our old songs are prayers for  
England too;

But by all saints—

*Leafwin.* Barring the Norman!

*Harold.* Nay,  
Were the great trumpet blowing doomsday  
dawn,

I needs must rest. Call when the Norman  
moves—

[*Exeunt all, but Harold.*]

No horse—thousands of horses—our shield  
wall—

Wall—break it not—break not—break—  
[*Sleeps.*]

*Vision of Edward.* Son Harold, I thy king,  
who came before

To tell thee thou should'st win at Stamford  
bridge.

Come yet once more, from where I am at  
peace,

Because I loved thee in my mortal day,  
To tell thee thou shalt die on Senlac hill—  
Sanguelac.

*Vision of Wulfnoth.* O brother, from my  
ghastly oubliette

I send my voice across the narrow seas—  
No more, no more, dear brother, nevermore—  
Sanguelac.

*Vision of Tostig.* O brother, most unbrother-  
like to me,  
Thou gavest thy voice against me in my life,  
I give my voice against thee from the grave—  
Sanguelac.

*Vision of Norman Saints.* O hapless Harold!  
King but for an hour!  
Thou swarest falsely by our blessed bones.  
We give our voice against thee out of heaven!  
Sanguelac! Sanguelac! The arrow, the arrow!

*Harold (starting up, battle-axe in hand.)*

My battle-axe against your voices; Peace!  
The king's last word—"the arrow!" I shall  
die—

I die for England then, who lived for Eng-  
land—

What nobler? men must die.  
I cannot fall into a falsar world—  
I have done no man wrong. Tostig, poor  
brother,

Art thou so anger'd?  
Fain had I kept thine earldom in thy hands  
Save for thy wild and violent will that  
wrench'd

All hearts of freemen from thee. I could do  
No other than this way advise the king  
Against the race of Godwin. Is it possible  
That mortal men should bear their earthly  
hearts

Into yon bloodless world, and threaten us  
thence

Unschool'd of Death? Thus then thou art  
revenged—

I left our England naked to the South  
To meet thee in the North. The Norseman's  
raid

Hath helpt the Norman, and the race of  
Godwin  
Hath ruin'd Godwin. No—our waking  
thoughts

Suffer a stormless shipwreck in the pools  
Of sullen slumber, and arise again  
Disjoined: only dreams—where mine own  
self

Takes part against myself? Why? for a  
spark

Of self-disdain born in me when I swear  
Falsely to him, the falsar Norman, over  
His gilded ark of mummy-saints by whom  
I knew not that I swear,—not for myself—  
For England—yet not wholly—

*Enter Edith.* Edith, Edith,

Get thou into thy cloister as the king  
Will'd it: be safe: the perjury-mongering Count  
Hath made too good an use of Holy Church  
To break her close! There the great God  
of truth

Fill all thine hours with peace!—A lying  
devil

Hath haunted me—mine oath—my wife—I  
fain

Had made my marriage not a lie; I could not:  
Thou art my bride! and thou in after years  
Praying perchance for this poor soul of mine  
In cold, white cells, beneath an icy moon—  
This memory to thee!—and this to England,  
My legacy of war against the Pope  
From child to child, from Pope to Pope,  
from age to age,  
Till the sea washed her level with her shores,  
Or till the Pope be Christ's.

#### AFTER THE BATTLE.

*Aldwyth.* O Edith, art thou here? O Harold,  
Harold—

Our Harold—we shall never see him more.

*Edith.* For there was more than sister in my  
kiss,  
And so the saints were wroth. I cannot love  
them!

For they are Norman saints—and yet I  
should—

They are so much holier than their harlot's son  
With whom they played their game against  
the king.

*Aldwyth.* The king is slain, the kingdom  
overthrown!

*Edith.* No matter.

*Aldwyth.* How no matter, Harold slain?—  
I cannot find his body. O help me thou!

O Edith, if I ever wrought against thee,  
Forgive me thou, and help me here!

*Edith.* No matter!

*Aldwyth.* Not help me, nor forgive me?

*Edith.* So thou saidest.

*Aldwyth.* I say it now, forgive me!

*Edith.* Cross me not!  
I am seeking one who wedded me in secret.  
Whisper! God's angels only know it. Ha!  
What art thou doing here among the dead!  
They are stripping the dead bodies naked  
yonder,

And thou art come to rob them of their rings!

*Aldwyth.* O Edith, Edith, I have lost both  
crown

And husband.

*Edith.* So have I.

*Aldwyth.* I tell thee, girl,  
I am seeking my dead Harold.

*Edith.* And I mine!  
The holy father strangled him with a hair  
Of Peter, and his brother Tostig helpt;

The wicked sister clapt her hands and laught ;  
Then all the dead fell on him.

*Aldwyth.* Edith, Edith—

*Edith.* What was he like, this husband  
like to thee ?

Call not for help from me. I knew him not.  
He lies not here : not close beside the stand-  
dard.

Here fell the truest, manliest hearts of  
England.

Go further hence and find him.

*Aldwyth.* She is crazed !

*Edith.* That doth not matter either. Lower  
the light.

He must be here.

*Enter two Canons, Osgod and Atheric, with  
torches. They turn over the dead bodies and ex-  
amine them as they pass.*

*Osgod.* I think that this is Thurkill.

*Atheric.* More likely Godric.

*Osgod.* I am sure this body  
Is Altwig, the king's uncle.

*Atheric.* So it is !

No, no—brave Gurth, one gash from brow to  
knee ?

*Osgod.* And here is Leofwin.

*Edith.* And here is He !

*Aldwyth.* Harold ! Oh no—nay, if it were—  
my God,

They have so maim'd and martyr'd all his face  
There is no man can swear to him.

*Edith.* But one woman !

Look you, we never mean to part again.

I have found him, I am happy.

Was there not some one ask'd me for forgive-  
ness ?

I yield it freely, being the true wife  
Of this dead King, who never bore revenge.

*Enter Count William and William Malet.*

*William.* Who be these women ? and what  
body is this ?

*Edith.* Harold, thy better !

*William.* Ay, and what art thou ?

*Edith.* His wife !

*Malet.* Not true, my girl, here is the Queen !

[*Pointing out Aldwyth.*]

*William to Aldwyth.* Wast thou his Queen ?

*Aldwyth.* I was the Queen of Wales.

*William.* Why then of England. Madam,  
fear us not.

(*To Malet.*) Knowest thou this other ?

*Malet.* When I visited England,  
Some held she was his wife in secret—some—  
Well—some believed she was his paramour.

*Edith.* Norman, thou liest ! liars all of you,

Your saints and all ! I am his wife ! and she—  
For look, our marriage ring !

[*She draws it off the finger of Harold.*]

I lost it somehow—

I lost it, playing with it when I was wild.

That bred the doubt : but I am wiser now. . .

I am too wise . . . Will none among you all

Bear me true witness—only for this once—

That I have found it here again ? [*She puts*

*it on.*]

And thou,

Thy wife am I for ever and evermore.

[*Falls on the body and dies.*]

*William.* Death!—and enough of death for  
this one day,

The day of St. Calixtus, and the day,

My day, when I was born.

*Malet.* And this dead king's,  
Who, king or not, hath kinglike fought and  
fallen,

His birthday, too. It seems but yester-even

I held it with him in his English halls,

His day, with all his roof-tree ringing 'Harold,'

Before he fell into the snare of Guy ;

When all men counted Harold would be king,

And Harold was most happy.

*William.* Thou art half English.

Take them away !

Malet, I vow to build a church to God

Here on this hill of battle ; let our high altar

Stand where their standard fell . . . where

these two lie.

Take them away, I do not love to see them.

Pluck the dead woman off the dead man,  
Malet !

*Malet.* Faster than ivy. Must I hack her  
arms off ?

How shall I part them ?

*William.* Leave them. Let them be ?

Bury him and his paramour together.

He that was false in oath to me, it seems

Was false to his own wife. We will not give him

A Christian burial : yet he was a warrior,

And wise, yea truthful, till that blighted vow

Which God avenged to-day.

Wrap them together in a purple cloak

And lay them both upon the waste sea-shore

At Hastings, there to guard the land for which

He did forswear himself—a warrior—ay,

And but that Holy Peter fought for us,

And that the false Northumbrian held aloof,

And save for that chance arrow which the

Saints

Sharpen'd and sent against him—who can  
tell ?—

Three horses had I slain beneath me : twice

I thought that all was lost. Since I knew  
battle,

And that was from my boyhood, never yet—

No, by the splendour of God—have I fought  
men

Like Harold and his brethren, and his guard

Of English. Every man about his king

Fell where he stood. They loved him : and,

pray God



My Normans may but move as true with me  
To the door of death. Of one self-stock at  
first,  
Make them again one people—Norman,  
English;  
And English, Norman;—we should have a  
hand  
To grasp the world with, and a foot to stamp  
it

Flat. Praise the Saints, it is over. No  
more blood!

I am king of England, so they thwart me not,  
And I will rule according to their laws.

(To *Aldwyth*.)

Madam, we will entreat thee with all honor.

*Aldwyth*. My punishment is more than I  
can bear.

## LITERARY NOTES.

MR. WILLIAM BLACK'S new novel, "Green Pastures and Piccadilly," will appear in the *London Examiner*. It is to be a sequel to the "Strange Adventures of a Phaeton." The issue of a novel in one of the English weeklies is a novelty in publishing.

A NEW story by Mrs. Oliphant is commenced in the January number of *MacMillan's Magazine*. The title is "Young Musgrave."

MR. ALFRED RIMMER, formerly of Montreal, has written a work which MacMillan has just issued—"Ancient Streets and Homesteads of England." Mr. Rimmer has fallen into a profession more congenial than that of a merchant. This book contains 150 illustrations drawn by himself, and will bring into notice many choice bits of mediæval architecture in out of the way parts of England. Dean Howson has contributed an introduction to the work. It is a large 8vo volume.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S new work, the "Makers of Florence," is indeed a beautiful and interesting volume. If the historic associations and natural beauties of Florence touch the imagination even of the average Cook's tourist, it is easy to suppose that a writer of first-class fiction like Mrs. Oliphant would be moved to a glowing enthusiasm by the contact, even through centuries, with such names as Dante, Fra Angelico and Savonarola. The book is beautifully illustrated from drawings by Delamotte.

PAYER'S "New Lands within the Arctic Circle," has been published in 2 octavo volumes. He was one of the commanders of the Austrian ship *Tegethoff*. It is a story of startling adventure and heroic endurance, rewarded by the discovery of what he has called Franz Joseph Land, very far north in the Nova Zembla Sea. It is in this direction that we must now look for an approach to the North Pole. The literary skill with which the story is told far surpasses that used in books of Arctic exploration. Caught in the ice, this bold explorer drifted away north in the ice floe until the unknown land was reached. There he remained with his crew for two winters, and finally abandoning his ship, made his way successfully homewards, leaving the *Tegethoff* fast packed in the ice at Franz Joseph Land.

SIR EDWARD CREASY has published a "First Platform of International Law." It is rather an introduction to the subject than a complete treatise, and it is a book of the same general scope as President Woolsey's well-known treatise on the same subject. He discusses, however, all the recent questions, such as the Geneva Arbitration, the Brussels Conference, and the privileges of public ships in foreign ports.

MR. SWINBURNE, the popular Pagan poet, has been pouring the whole wealth in invective of the English language upon the head of Mr. Thomas Carlyle. Mr. Swinburne is a perfect master of English, but he is so angry that he occasionally rises to the boiling point of vaporious unintelligibility. His pamphlet is called "Notes of an English Republican on the Muscovite Crusade." The occasion of it is Mr. Carlyle's sympathy with the Christians. The Turks, naturally enough, are under Mr. Swinburne's protection.

LOVERS of chemistry will be glad to know, that Professors Roscoe and Schorlemmer, of Owen's College, have in preparation a treatise on Chemistry, complete but concise, brought up to the latest level of that rapidly advancing science. Vol. I is nearly ready, and will contain, besides the general introduction, the Chemistry of the Non-metallic Elements, Spectrum Analysis and Crystallography.

A complete index to the "Leisure Hour" has been issued, covering the whole series (25 vols. of that excellent periodical).

THE International Society of Americanists will hold their second session, at Luxembourg, in September next. Very valuable papers have been promised on its ancient aztec civilization—the civilization of the Incas—the mound builders—and the philological relation between the Indian and Tartar languages.

MR. WOOD'S account of his discoveries at Ephesus is well received by English scholars. For over eleven years he labored amid obstacles of all sorts, from ignorant and malicious officials, sinking test pits, and digging trenches around the site of the ancient city, until at last he was rewarded by finding the ruins of the temple of the great goddess Diana, and the shrine of the image which fell down from Jupiter.



MISTRESS.—“ WHY, GOOD GRACIOUS, BRIDGET, WHAT HAS BECOME OF ALL THE TURKEY ?  
COOK.—“ WELL, MA'AM, TO TELL YOU THE HONEST TRUTH, THE CAT ATE IT.”

# PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

—:O:—

## THE PRIZES.

The prize competition for January has been closed, but the list of successful competitors is not yet ready for publication. It will be inserted in next issue, which we expect will be mailed about the 20th of February. The offer concerning the skates will be kept open until May, so that every young reader of the **DOMINION MONTHLY** may have a pair for her or himself. The sender of any letter directed to the publishers stating that he or she desires to work for the skates will receive in return sample copies of the different **WITNESS** publications, which may assist them in their work.

## IN FUTURE.

The Publishers expect this year to be able to present to their readers a series of illustrated articles on Canadian subjects, which will prove of value and interest. The March number of this Magazine will contain an illustrated article on Ottawa with views of the Parliament buildings, the Chaudiere and Rideau Falls, the Lovers' walk and other interesting objects. They expect that there will be an extra demand for this number.

## PROGRESS.

The increase in the circulation of the **NEW DOMINION MONTHLY** of late has been very rapid and satisfactory. The Publishers hope that this will continue, and it doubtless will, if its readers who think it worth the trouble will kindly speak of it to their friends.

## BOOKSELLERS.

The **NEW DOMINION MONTHLY** is being sold by booksellers throughout the Dominion through whom additional copies may be ordered at any time, or from the Publishers direct if it is preferred. Booksellers who desire extra copies of the March number will do well to send in their orders early. Trade orders should be sent to Dawson Brothers, Montreal.

## CHESS.

The Chess page has been omitted this month for want of space. Answers to problems are desired and in future will be acknowledged when received. Original problems, and observations will be considered and published if satisfactory.

## L'AURORE.

It may seem at first sight a fool-hardy project to attempt to establish a Protestant French paper on a sound financial basis in Quebec, but the publishers of **L'Aurore** have entered into the publication of that paper with a determination to succeed. It is not a rabid journal, but one which simply views public matters from the standpoint of Protestants, and will give to the French in Canada an opportunity of learning something of Protestant institutions and views. It also affords a means of union to all members of the French Protestant family in every part of America, (and this constituency can hardly be considered a small one), and besides, gives our English-speaking population who have some knowledge of French an opportunity of obtaining some insight into the condition of those whose language they are becoming conversant with.

## Vennor's Almanac.

This Almanac contains Mr. Vennor's Weather Predictions for 1877, as well as much information on how to foretell weather, and on other subjects. Already 17,000 copies of this Almanac have been sold, and orders are coming in as fast as they can be supplied. Price 20c.

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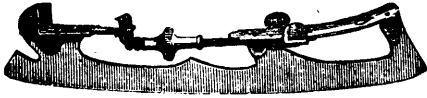
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**A FEW LETTERS.**

POINT DE BUTE, Jan. 8th, 1877.

Many thanks for the skates which I received. The skates are all right. They are an excellent pair, and fit nicely. Others who have seen them think they are a splendid pair, and are trying for them, too.

I remain yours, &c. J. S.

BURRITT'S RAPIDS, Jan. 8th, 1877.

I received the skates you sent me all right, and am very much pleased with them. They fit me well. They are the first of the kind in this section, but I think you will have a chance to send two pairs more soon, as there are two other boys working for them. My father thinks the WITNESS is the best family paper in Canada. Accept my thanks for the skates. V. S. W.

CHELSEA, Jan. 8th, 1877.

I received the skates on Wednesday, the 3rd instant, and I am very much obliged to you for them, as I think they are a first-rate pair, and every one who has seen them thinks the same.

Yours truly, W. S.

LONDON, Jan. 8th, 1877.

Yours of 2nd came duly to hand, as also did the skates. I was surprised when I opened the box to find such a fine pair of skates. They are the best ones I ever saw. I think it was well worth

my time to get subscriptions for your valuable papers. Several boys asked me where I got my skates, and I told them. They then said they would go to work.

Yours truly, J. O. W.

PORT HOOD, C. B., N. S., Jan. 4th, 1877.

I have your Eureka skates by last mail, and they are a splendid fit. I take the shine off all the rest of the boys in Port Hood. I wish the skating was good. I would skate up and see your place. Enclosed find 25c. for your Venor's Almanac for 1877.

J. S.

The publications, subscription for which count in the Skate competition, are as follows :

DAILY WITNESS, price per year, including postage,		\$3.00
TRI-WEEKLY WITNESS,	do.	2.00
WEEKLY WITNESS,	do.	1.10
NEW DOMINION MONTHLY,	do.	1.50
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Miss Charlesworth is known to a large circle of readers as the author of two very popular religious stories, "Ministering Children," and the "Ministry of Life." Of the former of these the enormous number of one hundred and forty-nine thousand were sold in England alone. The present is a work of the same class, setting forth Christian principle and Christian duties. The lessons taught are sound and wholesome—no slight praise when so much that is false is inculcated in popular books—and the descriptions of character, and incident are simple and natural. Those who seek for sensational adventure and exciting mysteries will not find them here, but they will find what is better, wise lessons, and pure moral. The whole book is instinct with earnest Christian sentiment.—*Canadian Monthly Magazine*.

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