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THE
NEW DOMINION MONTHLY
FOR 1872.

PART II.—JULY TO DECEMBER, INCLUSIVE.



Montreal:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
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1872.

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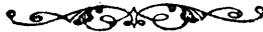
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JULY,

1872.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

MONTREAL WITNESS PROSPECTUS

FOR 1872.

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

Daily, 11,000 x 6	- -	66,000
Tri-Weekly, 3,000 x 2	-	6,000
Weekly - - - -	-	7,000
		<u>79,000</u>

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

PLATFORM.

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

CHANGES.

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

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

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

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

ADVERTISING.

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

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

Weekly - - - -	-	7,000
Tri-Weekly, 3,000 x 3	=	<u>9,000</u>
		16,000

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

(Continued on third page of Cover.)



LORD DUFFERIN.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

JULY, 1872.

RECOLLECTIONS OF WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, THE POET.

BY JOHN READE.

The name of "Ballyshannon" will probably sound as strangely to Canadian ears as some of those old Indian names with which we, on this continent, have grown familiar, would sound to Irish ones. Those who have seen the beautiful "Blue and Gold" edition of William Allingham's Poems, published in 1861 by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, will find the name with the letters "W. A.," at the close of the brief preface. In Ballyshannon Mr. Allingham was born and bred, and in honor of it he has written one of his most characteristic, national and popular poems—"The Emigrant's Farewell."

His father, who died in 1866, was for many years manager of the Provincial Bank in that place. There his stepmother and her family still reside.

The family settled at Ballyshannon or in its neighborhood in the time of James the First, and its members, in their generations, have held a good position in the County Donegal ever since that time.

The poet's father, as we have intimated, married twice, and had four children by each wife. Of these William, the eldest, obtained at an early age an office in the Customs in his native town. John, his brother, followed the business of his father. Of their two sisters only one is married.

Of the second family, Thomas, the eldest son, after a career of rare brilliancy at Trinity College, Dublin, died in 1863,

while he was acting as tutor in the Royal School of Raphoe, and preparing for the ministry of the Church of England. He was a young man of wonderful talent, and gave good promise of taking a high rank in the world of letters. His original intention was to study for the bar, and with this end in view he had taken the degree of LL.B. In Trinity College he had gained renown, among other things, for his command of elegant latinity; and his Latin and Greek verses were marked by an easy vigor and beauty almost unprecedented. His death, which was sudden, struck with a chill of grief all those who had the happiness of knowing him. The shock to his own family and the circle of his intimate friends may be imagined.

Thomas left two brothers. Edward, the elder, is a clergyman in the Church of England. He, also, is an excellent classical scholar, and has considerable literary taste. But his forte is painting. We can recollect that while quite a boy he painted some birds in a manner so life-like as to induce the belief that the plumage had been neatly pasted to the canvas. Some of Mr. Allingham's artistic productions have gained very favorable mention at exhibitions in Dublin and elsewhere. If he pursue his career, we have little doubt that he will win wide fame as an artist.

Hugh, the younger brother, is engaged in the banking business.

The eldest child of the second family is a daughter.

It will thus be seen that William Allingham comes of a stock in which genius is not rare. Indeed, we could mention several of his more distant relations whose ability has acquired for them an extended reputation. Almost all of them, whether actively contributing to the world's wealth in literature or art, are distinguished by uncommon culture and good taste.

So much for the family; now for the birthplace.

Ballyshannon, as the word signifies, is "a town on a river." It is beautifully situated on the River Erne, which carries to the Atlantic the superfluous waters of the lake of that name. In the "Emigrant's Adieu," which is found on page 259 of the Boston edition of the poems, Mr. Allingham has given a graphic as well as poetic picture of the little town and its surrounding scenery. The river, over which is a fine old bridge, divides it into two unequal parts, which in character are very diverse. That to the south is, with a few exceptions, composed of wretched houses and perennially filthy streets. The northern portion is built on the acclivity of a steep hill, which finds its apex in the Episcopal church. From the church, which stands on the site of an ancient Danish fort (the neighborhood of it is still called the Forth) a fine view is obtained of the town and surrounding scenery. And there is not a spot on which the eye may rest to which either some authentic history or some weird legend is not attached. Away to the south are the "Leitrim Mountains, clothed in blue;" and between them and the river stretches a plain—the Moy—as full of glorious associations to the fervid Celt as was that of the Troad to the imaginative Greek. For there, in that very plain, were fought the battles of Fingal and his warriors, of which Ossian—the Homer of the Gael—sang with such fire and pathos! On this very "Forth," and all down the slopes to where the river meets the sea, are the raths and cave-shelters from which the fierce Vikings sallied forth on their ruthless raids of pillage and murder. Often and often in childhood have we tempted their dark and treacherous recesses. Below is

the fall, famous far and wide as a salmon leap:—

"The silver salmon shooting up the fall,
Itself at once the arrow and the bow."

And higher up another fall; and higher still another. And these three raise their voices in a wild, wailing monotone as for the dead glory of Erin, while away off there, the ocean, surging up against the sandbar, joins them with his ever-varying, manifold music.

But look down that little peopled hill. What a contrast to our busy, thriving, ever-growing American (including of course Canadian) towns! So has it slept in the sun and rain for a thousand years—if we believe the native records, since days when the Seven Hills were bare. Certainly so it looked over river and plain to the far mountains when Brian fought at Clontarf and, no doubt, contributed its contingent to the Irish host which there defeated the "proud invader." The tombstones in the Abbey tell his tale at least; and gauntly towering, skeleton-like, above the bridge, are walls which were old hundreds of years ago. The street which there begins is called Castle Street. The Bank and neighboring houses are built on the walls of the old stronghold which gave it its name. The Bank was also the dwelling-house of the manager. There several of the Allingham family were born, but not the older ones. The latter were born on the "Mall"—the "lane" to which Mr. Allingham alludes in his "Duam." But in the "Bank" they lived from a period to the writer immemorial, till some years before the death of Mr. Allingham, senior, in 1866. In the house next to the Bank, towards the river, he who writes these recollections first saw the light. And on that very ground long ago the great O'Donnells of Tyrconnel—some of whose descendants still live in the neighborhood—feasted and fought and fell.

The Irish have an innate veneration for ruins very hard to eradicate. Straggling, ruinous walls and heaps which to the Cis-Atlantic eye would be an abomination, it is considered in Ireland little less than sacrilege to touch. And much valuable ground, even within the precincts of towns, is thus encumbered. Very often supersti-

tious fear is at the root of this archæologic æstheticism. But this fancy, if inconsistent with progress, tends to preserve many objects of interest, which a too harsh utilitarianism would efface. And the consequence is that Ireland abounds in castles, abbeys, towers and raths in all stages of decay. And Ballyshannon was, and is, in this respect, a rich treat for the antiquary. I mention this fact here because, although I cannot recall the first occasion on which I saw Mr. Allingham, my most vivid recollection of him is connected with visits, in company with him and his brothers, Thomas and Edward, to places which tradition had hallowed or accursed.

As well as if it were yesterday do I remember the discovery of "The Ruined Chapel" on which Mr. Allingham has written the verses beginning,

"By the shore a plot of ground
Clips a ruined chapel round."

We had had a long tramp round by the shore to the ruins of the old Castle of Kibarron, famous as the scene of the labors of "The Four Masters." The Chapel, invisible at a very short distance off, being almost buried in weeds and shrubbery, is situated a little inland from the lofty promontory on which the castle stands. The sight of it, as we were returning homeward through the fields, was the signal for a general shout of surprise and pleasure. I well remember the poet's enthusiasm, in which we boys shared vaguely, as he stood within the ruin. I well remember his carving his initials, or rather monogram, over the entrance, which the *débris* of ages had made low and narrow. All the way home he talked of it, telling us of the days when the good O'Cleoy's worshipped there.

It was seated on a green bank near the "Spectral Walls" of "Abbey Assaroe," that he opened and read to us a book which he had just received from across the Atlantic—The Poems of Thomas Buchanan Read. Occasionally he invited us to criticize, and some of our remarks seemed to please and others to amuse him.

One book he appeared to be never without—"Emerson's Essays." Being not quite fifteen when it was my lot to forego forever those pleasant walks and delightful

conversations, I am unable to say anything of Mr. Allingham's religious belief. But I know that he held views at variance with the popular Protestant orthodoxy, and he was a habitual absentee from the parish church. Only once do I recollect his presence in the family pew. The occasion was a sermon preached by the Rev. John Gregg, now Bishop of Cork, who was noted for his ready eloquence in the pulpit as well as on the platform.

In appearance Mr. Allingham was handsome and distinguished-looking. He was not above the middle height, but he was straight and active. His hair, which was dark and slightly inclined to curl, he parted in the centre, and he wore the full beard, when both those styles had not, by some years, become conventionally permissible. His eyes were very expressive, and were of a dark blue color, if I remember rightly, and of a tone peculiar to the family. His dress, which was always extremely neat, never varied; and I seldom saw him out of doors, whatever the weather might be, without an umbrella.

He retired to rest late, and did not leave his bedroom till the afternoon had begun. Into his study few gained admission, even of the members of his own household. His younger brothers were convinced that it was haunted, and that his lucubrations were interviews with the denizens of the spirit-world. As far as I recollect, we crossed the mysterious threshold only once. On that occasion we received frequent warnings not to touch anything. Besides a well-stocked library, we saw some astronomical and other scientific apparatus. On leaving, Mr. Allingham gave the writer a present of a book—"The Neighbors," by Miss Bremer.

Mr. Allingham was always very fond of the society of boys. He once instituted a little academy, the chief object of which was the study of astronomy. But it did not last long; some of the pupils were unruly, and some of them took no interest in the lessons taught them.

I can recall many incidents arising from our boyish intercourse with Mr. Allingham which are to me pleasant memories, but I fear that to stranger eyes they would give but little satisfaction. Then we had

no idea that the leader of our little expeditions was an illustrious man. A prophet's honor does not begin at home. It was when I had grown to manhood, a thousand leagues of sea away from those happy haunts, that I recognized in our early play-fellow one of the sweetest singers of his time. It is true I had seen, long before we bade "adieu to Ballyshannon," the first edition of his poems, dedicated to Leigh Hunt. But at that time I had no great relish for poetry,—much preferring tales of mystery and adventure—and soon forgot that Mr. Allingham was a poet, regarding him simply as the autocrat of our rambles.

Mr. Allingham's duties at the Ballyshannon Custom House were, for the most part, merely formal. His office was, indeed, a sinecure. He had thus ample leisure for study of all kinds, of mankind, of nature and of books. His knowledge of character, especially of what is dark and bright in Irish character, he obtained by frequent intercourse with the people.

The subtlety and perfect naturalness of some of his touches are the result of his keen appreciation of the human heart in all its changes. He has never written a line at second-hand. In his love for man and nature there is not a particle of affectation. All his country lasses and pilot's daughters and fishermen and peasants are real flesh and blood, with real beating hearts,—toiling, loving, longing, weeping, dying. He knows the shape and comeliness of every tree, the look and fragrance of every flower, the sigh and murmur and roar of every breeze and brook and waterfall he mentions. It is this truthfulness and loyalty, this scorn of mere words, which give to William Allingham's poems their great charm.

The young Irish poet soon obtained an entrance into the literary circles of Eng-

land's metropolis, where, indeed, he was well known as a poet of no ordinary genius long before his merit was recognized in his own native town. His productions found a welcome place in "Fraser," the "Athenæum," the "Dublin University Magazine," "Household Words" and, in fact, in the best periodicals of the United Kingdom, and he has long reckoned among his friends and acquaintances the leading literary men of the day. With Tennyson he is on terms of intimacy and frequently visits him in his island home.

In this brief memoir it was not my intention to say anything of Mr. Allingham's poems. All I wished to attempt was a record of a few pleasant memories—a few out of many—memories with which are associated feelings which I cannot better express than by quoting these lines from a poem to which I have before referred :

"The thrush will call through camlin groves
The livelong summer day,
The water run by mossy cliff,
And bank with wild flowers gay;

The girls will bring their work and sing
Beneath a twisted thorn,
Or stray with sweethearts down the path
Among the growing corn;

Along the river-side they go
Where I have often been;—
Oh! never shall I see again
The days that I have seen!

A thousand chances are to one
I never may return;—
Adieu to Ballyshannon
And the winding banks of Erne!"

On some future occasion I may, perhaps, supplement this article by introducing Mr. Allingham's poems to those of the Canadian public who may not yet have read them; or, at least, give them their share of space in a general notice of modern Irish poetry.

EMILY ST. JOHN'S REVENGE.

BY JEANIE BELL.

"Talk not of wasted affection; affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment."

Not a hundred miles from the Capital of Upper Canada is situated one of the prettiest little towns in our highly-favored Dominion. It is sheltered by hills east and west, upon which are built handsome stone houses. In some cases the hillsides are terraced down to the foot, trees and shrubs adorning the scene here and there, while on others the soft grass is in an unbroken wave from top to bottom. A good-sized river flows past the town, dividing the east side from the west.

During the American War this little town became the home of several refugees from the Southern States—among whom we shall notice more particularly the families of St. John and Claremont. Mr. St. John was an elderly man. He had been a cotton-grower. Not wealthy—for he would not try to increase his income by selling his slaves—a perfect gentleman, a fine scholar, his home had been the resort of all the well-educated people in his neighborhood. Too old to take an active part in the defence of his country, he, a few months before the war began, gave his slaves their liberty, and bade them go to the free States if they liked; then, selling off the old homestead, he, with his wife and orphan niece, started for their new home in Canada. They were induced to settle in the town of G—, because Mrs. St. John had a sister there. The other family, from Kentucky, by name Claremont, moved to the same place soon after. The two families were soon on intimate terms of friendship.

Emily St. John—the orphan niece of the old gentleman—was a girl who made no

pretensions to beauty. Soft lustrous dark eyes, a good forehead, and beautiful hair—these were Emily's special marks of beauty. "Mouth and nose are too large for a woman," critics would say; but her graceful and dignified manner was admired by many and imitated by not a few. Emily's mind was a highly gifted one. Naturally gifted with a good memory and clear understanding, her uncle found it easy work to teach her. Step by step she was led into the higher branches of knowledge, until now there were very few girls of her age so well informed on general subjects as she was. Emily enjoyed the society of friends very well; but with a favorite author, or with her uncle in a walk, she enjoyed herself far more. Her aunt being an invalid, Emily was her uncle's chief companion, and with him explored all the walks for miles round the town.

To Emily there was beauty in all nature. The old churchyard, nestling so snugly on the western hill, where it caught the last beams of the setting sun, was ever a source of delight to her. To some the graves, undivided by gravelled walks—family groups here and there, with scarce a stone to mark their last resting-place—would have had no beauty; but to Emily's poetic eye, the romantic situation of the graveyard—so far above the stir of human life—the fact of its being the first burial-place in the town—made, too, by hands that were now also folded to rest—rendered it ever charming. Most of the sleepers were thousands of miles from their native land—some alone—a solitary grave—while here and there a stone told of the old folks gone, and perhaps a son or daughter.

Another source of delight to Emily was the Canadian autumn. When the trees along the river's bank were gorgeous in their robes of green, crimson, purple and orange, Emily never wearied of gazing.

Her grateful heart gave thanks to Him who had made all seasons so beautiful.

When Emily St. John was just turned eighteen, the eldest son of Mr. Claremont came home from Europe, where he had been finishing his education. As the war between North and South America was nearly finished, Edward Claremont came direct to his friends in Canada. Any mother would have been proud of such a son as Edward Claremont. Clever, fine-looking, with a warm, loving heart, he came home from some of the gayest cities on the continent with as warm an attachment to home and a quiet home life as he had when he left—a mere boy.

Emily St. John and Edward soon met. Often in after years did Emily remember the circumstances of their meeting. The day had been very hot, and she with a book had seated herself at the foot of the bank, close to the river's edge, enjoying the quiet beauty of the scene and drinking in refreshment from the cool breeze off the water. Presently she was aroused from her reverie by her uncle's voice calling her; but before she could rise from her seat, a rich manly voice said:—

"Oh! here she is," and without waiting for a formal introduction, Edward Claremont took Emily's hand, saying: "I need no introduction to Miss St. John. The comfort you have been to my mother and sisters in their exile is passport enough to my favor."

The warm blood rushed to Emily's cheeks as the young man spoke; but she replied as frankly as he had spoken. Evidently Mr. Claremont was pleased with Emily's appearance. Her dress was of simple white muslin, relieved at the throat by a bow of crimson satin ribbon. Her dark wavy hair was tied from off her broad forehead with a band of the same bright ribbon, and hung in graceful curls on her neck. It was a simple costume; but it suited Emily's style well, as it also pleased Mr. Claremont's taste.

The gentleman saw at once that Emily St. John was not beautiful; but the graces of mind and manner he soon discovered. As for Emily, she could not define why this particular summer evening was so much more beautiful than others; but, cer-

tainly, after an hour's interesting talk with Edward Claremont, evening, thoughts and everything else appeared *couleur de rose*. Day after day found the two families together. Edward Claremont never seemed content unless in Emily's society. The older people saw this, and they were well pleased it should be so; for Emily was loved as a dear relative by all the Claremont family. Upon Emily's side "love's young dream" was a sacred thing. It grew gradually; but the root was deep down in the centre of her heart—a part of her very life it was, filling her cup with so much happiness that it overflowed and gladdened other hearts near her. Hers was not a selfish love; for since she had met Edward Claremont she seemed to have more love and sympathy for all God's creatures. To her guardians she could not be more devoted; but to the poor, and in all good work, she endeavored to show her gratitude to her Heavenly Father for this great boon.

Emily had been carefully trained by her pious aunt, as soon as she could understand the principles of true religion. Emily could scarce tell the time when she first began to love the Lord; but in looking over childhood's years, the first time she recollected as having found comfort in Jesus was when her father and mother died. Suddenly cut off within a few days of each other, Emily was bereaved of both parents in the same week, and although too young to appreciate fully her loss, yet she remembered well her desolate feelings when the slaves told her she would never again see papa or mamma on earth. Weeping bitterly at the side of the bed in which her mother died, she prayed to Jesus, as her mother had taught her, and vividly she recollects the sweet feeling of peace that entered her heart when she thought of Jesus as her Father. Although her earthly father was taken away, there was still One to watch over and care for her. Was it then the dying mother's prayer for Emily was answered? She could hardly tell; but since then God's own peace had filled her heart and influenced all her actions. Edward Claremont seemed to appreciate Emily's goodness and talent. She was his equal in education and intelligence, and

he thought life would be very pleasant with such a companion as Emily.

To Emily, Edward appeared all that was noble and true. He had been all his life so like the young Jewish Ruler mentioned in the New Testament, having kept the commandments from his youth, that few discovered that he lacked the "one thing needful." As Edward professed a veneration for all that was pure and holy, Emily thought they were one in religious principles, as in all else. Alas! she was soon to find out her mistake. A life of uninterrupted happiness is not for God's children while on earth. "In the world ye shall have tribulation," were Christ's own words to His disciples; and as the poet sings:—

"Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall—
Some days must be dark and dreary."

Shortly after Emily St. John's engagement to Edward Claremont was made known, Mrs. St. John died. Emily ministered with loving hand to her aunt in her dying hours, giving her what the broken-hearted husband could not—words of consolation from the Holy Book, and a whispered word of prayer to soothe her restlessness. Mr. and Mrs. St. John had been very happy in their married life. The wife had not so rich a mind as her husband; but hers was the most deeply religious nature, and in their hours of trial it was she who was the strong one—the wife who was the comforter. No wonder, then, that Mr. St. John grieved to part with his gentle wife; but she, poor woman! was very weary of life. Suffering for years from a painful disease, she strove to bear her sufferings meekly, as becomes a child of God; but sometimes she could not restrain her longings for the heavenly rest. Her life had been a quiet one; but it had not been idle. If she had no special talents, at least she did what she could, and in her gentle way much comfort was given to the sick and weary—many a gentle word dropped so quietly in unlikely soil, sprang up and brought forth fruit after many days. The time came when the silver cord was to be loosed, and she—the weary one—to enjoy that rest prepared for the people of God. Never did Emily appear more lovely to her betrothed than now in this time of trial.

How little either dreamed of a change to come so soon!

Things moved on quietly after Mrs. St. John's death until a niece of Mrs. Claremont's wrote to her aunt that she was coming to visit them. Report had it that she was a New York belle, and bore among her friends in that city the unenviable character of a flirt. This fair beauty came to her friends, and certainly soon made a stir in their quiet home. From the first word of Lucy Ashburn's coming, Emily St. John had dreaded her appearance; but feeling that such thoughts of a stranger were wrong, she determined to try and conquer her feelings of dislike, and show Miss Ashburn all the kindness she could. A greater contrast two girls could not be than these. Lucy was fair, with fine features, a good complexion, light curls, and a winning manner—at least she could be winning when she chose. Lucy was struck with Emily's quiet, dignified manner; but privately she told her cousin Edward "she wondered they could love such a cold creature as she was." Edward defended Emily to his cousin, and she, seeing it would not do to say aught against this favorite, wisely turned the conversation.

Weeks went by, and Lucy Ashburn had played her part so well that uncle, aunt, and cousins were ready to obey her slightest behest. Many a lonely hour did Emily spend with her uncle, for Lucy generally contrived, both in walks or drives, to prevent Emily's accompanying them, or if Edward did insist on her coming, she managed to leave her with her young cousins, keeping Edward with herself. It was quite apparent that Lucy Ashburn was trying her best to win Edward Claremont's love. Fascinated he certainly was with her beauty and bright sparkling manner, so great a contrast to Emily's now so often sad face.

Emily felt the neglect keenly; but she was too proud to complain. Once her uncle spoke of it; but Emily begged so earnestly that he would say no more, that, for her sake, he desisted. Emily thought if Miss Ashburn were away, Edward would act like himself again. Lucy did not go away soon, however, and Emily saw that he whom she thought so noble was fast

forgetting both love and honor. Poor Emily! it is a hard struggle for you to show no resentment. With a nature passionate when roused, it is only God's grace which keeps you from evil. Must she give him up—he whom she loved so well? "Yes!" pride answered; "it will not be hard to do that;" but again the woman's heart said, "It was hard to give up the sweet dream of the past—the hopes of happiness for the future." It would have been easier for Emily to say to her betrothed, "You are free!" if she had been sure that he really loved his cousin; but she was sure it was only a fancy. Two such natures could not be happy together, and perhaps he would find this out when too late. More than once Emily fancied he was on the point of confessing to her his sorrow for his way of acting; but whenever Lucy saw Emily and him alone, she found out some means for interrupting their interview.

A few days later and Emily heard Edward Claremont confess his love for Lucy Ashburn. Emily was walking one evening at dusk in the garden, when she heard voices. Lucy was replying to some remark of Edward's, and she spoke in that soft, winning tone she knew so well how to assume.

"But what shall we say to Emily—good noble Emily?" replied Edward.

"Oh, you need not mind her!" answered Lucy. "Emily's heart is too cold to break for love of anyone."

With a desperate effort at calmness, Emily opened the little gate which separated the two gardens, stepped before the summer-house where Lucy and Edward were seated, and said in quiet tones, "Edward Claremont! I would not wish you to keep your promise to me when your heart is another's. From this moment you are free to marry whom you please!"

Then, without another look, Emily ran down the bank to the water's edge, and throwing herself on the ground, gave way to the grief which rent her heart. In her agony she thought of plunging herself in the river. The calm and peace of its waters were inviting, and for one moment she looked at it longingly; then a voice seemed

to say—"It is finished," and instantly there flashed before her mind Christ's sufferings on the Cross. Before the grief and agony of His heart her sorrow seemed small. Falling on her knees, she prayed that this trial would be sanctified to her, and that in all her actions towards those who had injured her she might show no resentment, but rather prove to them the power of God's grace—to show forth a forgiving spirit.

When Mr. and Mrs. Claremont knew the true state of affairs, they were very much displeased; but Edward was their only son, and Lucy's winning manner soon won them to be reconciled, and after a time they concluded, as Emily showed no resentment, that things were better as they had turned out. Mr. St. John was justly indignant: "To think," as he said, "that such a clever girl as Emily should be thrown aside for an empty-headed child!" but, for his niece's sake, the old man endeavored to curb his temper. None knew so well as her uncle how Emily suffered for a while; but in this school of affliction Emily was storing up a rich harvest of experience, which, in after years, was to be used in comforting others.

Soon after this *denouement*, the Claremonts removed to their old home in Virginia. Most of their money was gone; but there was still sufficient left to keep them in a quiet way in the old homestead. Edward and Lucy married shortly after their removal, and went to live in New York. Lucy Ashburn loved her husband as well as her shallow nature could love anyone; but fashion and gaiety were more to her than home comforts, and it was not long until Edward discovered that the pretty face concealed a shallow mind, and that with all her protestations, Lucy was incapable of loving truly. When Emily St. John heard of the marriage, she went to her room, and on bended knees prayed that the life of the newly-wedded pair might be a happy one. Reader, this was part of Emily St. John's revenge, and it was a sweet one—through grace she conquered.

Time went on. Emily still lived in her quiet Canadian home; but she was no longer unnoticed. For a year or two back

Emily had been recognized as the author of several beautiful poems, and to more than one leading magazine in the States she was an honored contributor. Emily's talent had now found an outlet, and her wounded feelings a balm. Her writings had comforted and cheered many a lonely heart, and the knowledge of this gave her a new motive to live.

"All are architects of fate,
Working in these walls of time,
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme."

While Emily's words were bringing comfort to many hearts, her hands were not idle. The poor near her were cared for, and her uncle's declining years were watched over, and he waited on with all the love and devotion her grateful heart could bestow. Sore as was the wound made by him dearest to her heart, yet already she saw the wisdom of God's dealing thus with her. Emily saw now that Edward Claremont knew nothing of the true guiding principle for fallen sinful man. While living outwardly as any Christian might, he had never seen the necessity of pleading for pardon as the chief of sinners. Suited in mind as Emily and he were, they yet lacked the one bond of true union, viz., by love to the Lord Jesus. The Bible command, "To marry only in the Lord," contained a different meaning to Emily now.

Edward Claremont did not prosper in business. Perhaps he had little heart to struggle for a position, with a wife never happy unless in scenes of gaiety, where she could be admired. Too late he repented his folly—too late he realized what he had lost in throwing aside Emily's love; but as he sowed, so he must reap, and bitter enough was the reaping to the proud spirit of Edward Claremont.

Emily was ignorant of his misfortunes, until once, returning from a visit to the States, she accidentally met him. Very much surprised and shocked she was to find him in the same seat with her—the more so that he poured forth his sorrow and remorse in passionate words. As soon as Emily could speak, she bade him seek forgiveness of God—not from her. She had forgiven him long ago; and as he had married Lucy Ashburn, he was to strive to

make her a better woman. Edward was calmed by her earnest words, and inclined to hope for better things. When they parted he thanked her kindly for a less-burdened heart.

Feeling sure that Edward must be in straightened circumstances, Emily wrote to a friend in New York, who sought him out and gave him a situation in his counting-house. Many a ten-dollar bill was sent from Emily to add to his salary; but he never knew of it. Again Emily tasted the sweetest kind of revenge, and she got it by obeying the Bible precept—"If thine enemy hunger, give him bread; if he thirst, give him drink." This Emily did, and she knew by the sweet peace which filled her heart, that such was her Heavenly Master's way.

A few months after meeting with Edward Claremont, Mr. St. John died. Happy in the sure hope of a glorious resurrection, the old man peacefully fell asleep, and they laid him by the side of his wife, under the willow, in the old churchyard on the hill.

Often when the last rays of the setting sun were gilding the tree-tops at the back of the churchyard, Emily would seat herself near her aunt and uncle's grave, and say over those comforting words—"The dead in Christ shall rise first."

Alone Emily is now, and sometimes lonely. At times her woman's heart craves sympathy, and she wonders if she will ever love again. Her life is a useful one. It is no little honor to speak through her pen to so many hearts, and the letters of acknowledgment she has received, for comfort given, fully reward her for all her labor. Through Emily's words—although the author is unknown to him—Edward Claremont's life is changed. He is trying now to live as God would have him, and his gay, thoughtless wife, subdued by the trials she has undergone, is making an effort to improve her life. Emily knows all this, and she thanks God she has been permitted to lend a helping hand in this work. By counsel, and in a more substantial way, she has assisted in raising Edward Claremont to a respectable position in society.

* * * *

Ten active, useful years have passed over

Emily since she was the happy affianced bride of Edward Claremont. Friends were beginning to call her "old maid," and even Emily herself thinks she will never marry.

* . . . * . . . *

An intimate friend of Emily's is about to be married, and asks Emily to be her bridesmaid. Emily dislikes the office; but as both are dearly-loved friends, and are going off as missionaries to a foreign land, Emily consents.

The bridegroom has an intimate friend, also a Divinity student, of whose good qualities Emily has often heard; besides, for some time back, this friend had criticised her articles for the press. These circumstances gave Emily an interest in Mr. Adrington, and she prays, before leaving home, that she may be kept from temptation, and that the Lord may guide her in all she does.

At the marriage she met Mr. Adrington. She likes his grave, intellectual face, and his conversation still better. They agree to marry one another, and ere many months elapse, Emily is again a promised wife—not, however, until Mr. Adrington has heard the story of her first love, and had assured her that he would far rather possess the calmer, stronger love of her more mature years.

At last a happy future seems before Emily. Loving truly in the Lord can be said of John and Emily Adrington. They do not expect a life of ease, although they hope to be happy in each other; for the missionary's life in a heathen land is full of trials and difficulties. Emily knows this, and she knows also the joy of working for the Lord, and the reward awaiting those who strive to win jewels for Immanuel's Crown.

While in New York, Mr. and Mrs. Adrington called upon the Claremonts. A comfortable home was theirs now, and Emily could hardly believe that she saw Lucy Ashburn in the quiet, matronly-looking woman who looked up with such evident pride to her husband. If Edward Claremont felt disappointed in his early married life, he now seemed grateful for the change to the better.

Emily had her triumph when Edward said to her husband "that all the good which had come to him was through Emily's influence." Reader, was not "Emily St. John's Revenge" a noble one? as England's Poet-Laureate sings:—

"'Tis noble to be good;

Kind hearts are more than coronets,

And simple faith than Norman blood."

LINES FOR DOMINION DAY, 1872.

BY E. H. NASH.

Hail Dominion, vast Dominion,
Stretching north, and west, and east;
New in name, but old in story,
Nor among the lands the least!

Hail Dominion, New Dominion,
Old in all but thy new name;
Old in story and in glory,
Old in deeds of might and fame.

Old the tales of ancient seamen,
Sailing o'er the waters vast;
And their rapture when Acadia's
Rocks and trees loomed up at last.

Old the story of their shouting
"Welcome, welcome!" to the shore,
As they bade adieu to ocean—
Ocean and its ceaseless roar.

Old the story of the sailing
Up the broad St. Lawrence stream,
And the great explorer's gladness,
Like, perchance, to those that dream.

Old the boatman's song at even
As he bent him to his oar,
Singing of some bright-eyed maiden
Left on France's sunny shore.

Old the story of the red-man,
Ever creeping on his prey;
Old the tales of blood and rapine
Crowding round thine earlier day.

Old the story of the soldier *
Pacing o'er the rocks in doubt;
Looking down upon the river,
Through the fog-lines gazing out;

Watching eagerly a moving
Speck upon the waters dark,
Nearing fast the rock-walled city,
Looming out, a sea-worn bark!

Old the story of his sorrow
As she nearer, nearer sailed;
For she bore old England's banner,
And his noble spirit failed.

Lost, O lost to France the stronghold,
Lost to France the streams and lakes!
Lost forever now the broad lands,
Giant trees and lovely brakes!

And far down the current sweeping
Of the years since passed away,
Comes an echo, low and plaintive,
Of the grieving of that day.

Old the tale of exultation,
Joyful Murray's soldiers cried,
"God be praised, an English rescue!
See our good ship proudly ride!"

Yes, that day was thine, dear England,
Thine became the land so fair;
Well thy children love thy conquests,
Well thy greatness they may share!

Hail Dominion, New Dominion,
Old in all but thy new name;
Old in story and in glory,
Old in living deeds of fame!

Older—O, how old the lapping
Of thy waters as they flow;
And the shadows of thy mountains
Which the moonbeams darkly throw.

Old the rushing of the Chaudière,
And the "Kettle's" boiling din,
With its foam-crests wildly dashing,
Dancing, leaping, out and in.

Old as is creation's story
Is Niagara's awful roar;
With its wealth of falling waters
And its mist-clouds evermore.

Hail Dominion, vast Dominion,
Stretching west, and north and east!
New in name, but old in story,
Nor among the lands the least!

* De Levis, watching in hope that vessels from France might arrive to his rescue before English reinforcements should be on the spot.

EARLY SCENES IN CANADIAN LIFE.

BY REV. THOMAS WEBSTER, NEWBURY, ONT.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER LIV.

A WELCOME SOUND: THE TINKLING OF A COW-BELL—SEE A HOUSE—ANOTHER DISAPPOINTMENT—HOPE AGAIN—REACH THE HOUSE OF MR. TOWNSEND—THE DOCTOR PROFESSIONALLY—A SOMEWHAT INTRACTABLE PATIENT—KIND ENTERTAINERS—THE WHEREABOUTS OF THEIR HARBOR OF REFUGE—HOW MR. TOWNSEND CAME TO BE FOUND IN THAT REMOTE WILDERNESS—THE RETURN.

Exhaustion had for a time triumphed over pain and anguish; but these latter, ere long, reasserted their supremacy and roused the unhappy sleepers. Their sufferings during this night—the thirteenth* of their being out, was often afterwards spoken of by Howay as far exceeding any they had before experienced.

While vainly endeavoring to woo the return of sleep, the quick ear of Knowlan detected a sound he thought different from that of the wind among the branches.

"Hark! Howay," he cried, "what noise is that?"

They listened intently, but for a time all was still. Then, the night wind bore to their ears a faint tinkle, tinkle. Could it be, or were their senses deceiving them? They thrust their heads out of the hay to listen. Then came clear and distinct the ringing of a cow-bell—to them, just then, the sweetest music that had ever fallen on their delighted ears.

* Some of their contemporaries think that thirteen days covered the entire period of their absence from the settlement, but Knowlan asserted that they were thirteen days and nights in the woods. The writer also remembers having heard Howay say that they had had nothing to eat for thirteen days but the lunch they had taken from home with them, the partridge they shot, and the bark and buds of trees.

"It is," they simultaneously and exultantly exclaimed "*it is a cow-bell!*"

"Yes," said the Doctor, "and where there is a cow or an ox wearing a bell there is somebody not far off."

"I hope so," rejoined Howay; "but whether it be cow or ox that carries that bell, if we cannot find its owner it dies before another night."

Though the bell was heard so distinctly in the keen frosty air, it was yet nearly two miles distant, the sound being conducted to them by the river.

The cow, as if conscious of the important service she was rendering to two human beings just ready to perish, kept up the ringing of her bell with but slight intermission till morning.

As soon as it was light enough for them to see where they were going, they crept from their cold bed among the hay. Perceiving that their faithful fellow-sufferer did not follow, they called him; but he, poor animal, unable like his master to derive sustenance from bark and buds, had suffered from the pangs of hunger more than his human companions. At the call he made an effort to rise, but unable to do so he fell back again upon the hay, looking wistfully up at them, and wagging his tail, as if to say: "I would gladly follow you still if I could, but I cannot. I must stay here and die."

Scarcely able to walk themselves, it was out of the question for them to attempt to carry him with them; yet it was with a pained and sort of guilty feeling, as if committing a breach of good faith toward a partner in distress, that they turned away and abandoned the faithful creature to a fate that they had expected to be their own when they all lay down together the night before.

The bell still rang out its hope-inspiring

note, and they for some time followed the sound. Then happening to look around and up the river, to their surprised delight they perceived through the trees on the opposite side of the stream, a house. Here then, thought they, is the home of the hay-maker and the cattle-owner which we have been so anxiously seeking while we were leaving it behind us. Wondering much that the house could have escaped their careful scrutiny when they came that way before, they sought a convenient place to descend the bank and cross the stream.

Having reached the other bank, they turned their feeble steps towards the house, encouraged by the thought of finding warmth, and food, and rest, with human companionship and sympathy, within its walls. On obtaining an unobstructed view of the house, they observed with some abatement of satisfaction that no smoke was visible from it that cold morning. But trying to reassure themselves with the supposition that its inmates were probably not early risers, they continued to advance. When they got near the house they were still more disconcerted at perceiving that the snow lay untrodden all about it. Then they discovered with deep dismay that the building was without inhabitant.

For a minute or two they regarded each other in blank despair; but not long. Fortunately for them they had not gone out of hearing of the cow-bell, and soon its cheerful tinkle, tinkle spoke to them once more of hope. This last hope did not prove delusive. They followed the welcome sound till it led them into a small clearing, where was a house with signs of occupancy.

Its owner, a Mr. Townsend, was surprised to hear a knocking on his door in that remote wilderness, and at so early an hour; and well he might be astonished when he had opened it and saw standing before him two haggard beings with sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, long uncombed hair, and unshaven faces—those were not the days of long beards—their garments hanging in tatters, and their toes protruding from their worn boots.

The cadaverous visitors having been invited to enter, they in brief phrase explained their famishing condition, and Mr. and

Mrs. Townsend, with ready sympathy, busied themselves in ministering to their relief.

After seeing her ghastly guests made as comfortable as their state admitted of beside a warm fire, Mrs. Townsend hastened to prepare for them a substantial meal. Her hospitable intentions, however, were interfered with by the Doctor. Feeling it incumbent on him to assume the character of medical adviser to his friend, he informed Mrs. Townsend that in consequence of him and Howay having been so many days without having eaten anything, their stomachs were not in a fit state to receive solid food of any kind. He therefore requested her, instead of the more generous meal she was about preparing, to make them a little very thin gruel, composed only of flour and water, flavored with a little salt. Of this he would not take himself, nor allow Howay to take, more than half a teacupful, and after the lapse of ten or fifteen minutes another half teacupful. By degrees the quantity of gruel was increased; but it was hours before the doctor would eat any solid food, or allow Howay to do so; and then, only a small bit of bread.

Howay strongly objected to such homœopathic treatment, and became urgent in his entreaties for bread; but the Doctor was inexorable, and Mr. and Mrs. Townsend, thinking him the best judge, strictly carried out all his orders.

After warmth had been restored to their nearly frozen bodies, and they had drunk a few times of the gruel, they became exceedingly drowsy. Doctor Knowlan had a theory that it was as necessary for them to be cautious about indulging in sleep as in food. He therefore rose and walked about as briskly as he was able, and insisted upon Howay doing likewise. Howay thought he had had walking enough, and now preferred sleeping. But his friend would not let him rest, and kept teasing him till he rose up to walk, in no better humor than he had sat down in, when refused the bread he so much craved.

In their joy at their deliverance they had not selfishly forgotten the poor famished dog. At their request Mr. Townsend had gone to the hay-stack to look after him.

Finding the dog still alive and disposed to eat, though unable to walk or even to stand up, he carried him home.

When Townsend had returned with the dog, the Doctor explained to him his idea of the danger of allowing them to sleep long at one time, charging him, as they were then about to lie down, on no account to suffer them to sleep longer than twenty or thirty minutes. At the expiration of the specified time, Mr. Townsend found it no easy task to rouse the sleepers; and after he had accomplished it, found one of them not much obliged for the attention. The Doctor's theories did not commend themselves to Mr. Howay, who thought it kinder, and much more reasonable, to allow men who were worn out with weariness, and want, and enforced wakefulness, to rest, and eat, and sleep to their satisfaction. But seeing that his friend submitted himself to all the restrictions he imposed upon him, his momentary annoyance passed away and he yielded again to the Doctor's dictation.

When bedtime came, the Doctor judged it no longer necessary to continue the limited indulgence in sleep that he had so strictly enjoined during the day. With what satisfaction must they have contrasted their condition that night, comfortably housed, kindly fed, and lying in a warm bed, with what it had been for so many preceding nights, when the camp fire beside which they shivered was the one solitary speck of solace in all those days and nights of harassing hardships.

Deliverance from woes such as theirs surely must have called forth gratitude and thanksgiving that rose higher than to the benevolent fellow-creatures who succored them in their destitution; for it seemed an interposition of Providence that they were guided thither.

Some time before the unfortunate bear hunt, Mr. Townsend had located himself on the Aux Sables, at a place that lies within the township of Bosanquet. There was no house then between his and Sarnia. His object in going so far from other inhabitants was to trade with the Indians for furs.

The building which Knowlan and Howay were so much disappointed at finding unoccupied had been erected by Mr. Town-

send to be used as a salt manufactory. Salt bore a very high price at that time, and having discovered a spring of brackish water, from which he expected to obtain salt in paying quantities, he was then preparing to begin operations. For some reason, his undertaking appears not to have been successful, though recent discoveries have proved that he judged correctly with regard to the existence of salt in that region of country.

Howay and Knowlan continued to receive the same kind attentions from their hospitable entertainers till their strength was sufficiently restored for them to attempt returning home. Then Mrs. Townsend supplied them with provisions for the journey, and Mr. Townsend conducted them to a blazed line leading into the township of Lobo, and directed them to a house where they might depend upon being accommodated for the night.

After taking a grateful leave of their kind benefactor, they proceeded according to his directions, and without further adventure arrived at the house of Mr. J. Scatcherd.

The glad news that the lost ones had returned was soon carried through the settlement, and all were eager to, in some way, manifest their interest in those who seemed almost as if restored from the dead.

Howay was soon himself again, but for some time the Doctor had an opportunity for the undisputed exercise of his skill in the healing art upon his own frozen feet.

CHAPTER LV.

A CONVENIENCE—HIGH PRICE OF GOODS—
SOME OF THE CAUSES—SETTLERS IN
DIFFICULTY—COLONEL TALBOT—HIS
CONTEMPT FOR THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES—
DEPENDENCE OF THE SETTLERS
UPON HIS MERE WILL—ANECDOTES.

When the Townships of London and Nissouri were settled, the nearest place at which the inhabitants could purchase dry-goods or groceries was Dundas. It may, consequently, be supposed that their supply of these conveniences was not very frequently replenished.

This privation was, however, partially relieved after a few years.

About 1823, the late Hon. G. J. Goodhue, then a young man just beginning life, brought a small stock of goods into Westminster, and opened a general store in a log house on Westminster street (Brick street). Various articles for household use, of which there had been for some time rather a dearth among the settlers, were there obtained in exchange for black salts,* grain, maple sugar, or whatever else they had to spare.

But this agreeable change was found, ere long, to have also its disagreeable side. Almost every article that they required to buy was held at a high price, while everything they had to sell brought only a low price. Prints and factory cottons such as can now be had at from 12 to 14 cents per yard, then cost 75 cents. Tea was \$2.00 per pound, and nutmegs 6 cents each. For a pair of coarse shoes, of very inferior quality, they had to pay \$3.00; and for everything else in proportion. It took twelve bushels of wheat to pay for a barrel of salt.

Such prices for absolute necessities may seem exorbitant, and doubtless they afforded the dealer a high percentage on the capital invested; but, perhaps, not so very high as may be supposed. In the first place, the dealer then had to buy at wholesale at much higher rates than in subsequent years. The Erie, Welland, and Rideau Canals were not yet available. The lack of public facilities for the conveyance of merchandise, and the wretched condition of the roads for a large part of the year, made the expense of transportation from New York or Montreal enormous. Then, the merchant was obliged to sell on credit, and the majority of his customers were poor; so that sickness, or a failure of the crops, would make payment that year an impossibility, and consequently so much of his limited capital must be unproductive. These disadvantages caused a great diminution in the apparently very large profits; and as those

* This article is obtained by boiling the lye from wood ashes down to a salt. This, from its color, is called "black salts" which on being subjected to intense heat in ovens becomes pearl ash.

who opened shops in the woods did not do so from purely philanthropic motives, but for their own advantage, they no doubt made the retail prices high enough to yield them a handsome profit after paying all expenses and providing against probable losses.

The customer who did not keep a very exact account himself, knowing that during the year he had taken a number of articles to the store, at which he had purchased but a few small parcels, naturally deluded himself with the idea that his account must be nearly, if not quite balanced. But when he came to see the figures that represented his cakes of maple-sugar and his porkers, his bushels of grain and his barrels of black salts, and to contrast their inconsiderable amount with the much larger one that figured on the Dr. side of the account, it was difficult for him to realize that the few household necessities that he had bought should have so far exceeded in monetary value the more bulky commodities with which he had supposed that he had paid for them.

Though the majority accepted the evidence of figures, yet there were instances of those who, refusing to be convinced, involved themselves in added difficulties by quarrelling with their creditor.

The few who kept accounts themselves of their transactions at the store, and thus knew all the time how they stood, were perhaps a little more careful about adding to their indebtedness, and if they were not always able to keep that side of their account below the other, were at least exempt from the temptation to allow themselves in evil surmising and unkind insinuations against those with whom they dealt.

The early settlers in these townships as a class were honest men, who would not willingly have left their debts unpaid. There may have been exceptions, as there are in most communities; but even honest men are not always able to pay their debts when their creditors become unable or unwilling to wait longer. And so it was that Mr. Goodhue sometimes thought he had occasion to sue some of his customers.

An anecdote used to be told in connec-

tion with some of these suits, which, as an exhibition of the irresponsible authority claimed, and exercised by a notable of that period, may be introduced here.

A report had gone abroad that Mr. Goodhue had determined to collect some of his outstanding debts by process of law. The report reached the ears of Colonel Talbot. Whether by accident, or design, the Colonel honored with his presence, one evening, the public-house at which the constable charged with the duty of serving the summonses happened also to be putting up.

The Colonel entered into pleasant conversation with the officer on subjects of general interest; then making minute inquiries respecting the improvement of certain neighborhoods, and the loyalty, industry and prosperity of the settlers. This excited no surprise, as he was known to be desirous of keeping himself posted with regard to all these things. The constable, well pleased to find the usually morose Colonel disposed to be agreeable, became quite communicative, and mentioned his present business. The Colonel asked to see the summonses, that he might know exactly who had got into such difficulties, and the unsuspecting official handed them over.

The Colonel having gravely examined the documents as if to ascertain names and amounts, suddenly flung them all into the midst of the great log fire blazing on the hearth before them. Then with the bearing of an autocrat, whose doings were not to be questioned, he turned to the astounded constable saying:—

“Now go and tell Goodhue that the men will pay him as soon as they are able. I’ll teach Yankee shopkeepers to come in here and distress *my settlers*.”

Mr. Goodhue does not appear to have taken any notice of this lawless proceeding, probably thinking that as Colonel Talbot had taken it upon himself to interfere with the due course of law, he would also himself exert the pressure necessary to enforce payment where payment was possible, and Mr. Goodhue’s object being only to recover his own, not to put costs upon his customers, he did not mind waiting for another court.

The settlers interested in this case had

better reason to be satisfied with the Colonel’s interference in their affairs than they sometimes had on other occasions; but that he would have dared to do so high-handed an action, shows how completely he held himself to be above all law.

Fully impressed himself with the idea of the vast superiority that his aristocratic birth gave him over those of more plebeian origin, he expected others to recognize and defer to that superiority. The position which he occupied in a community where nearly all the people held their lands subject to his will, made him a person of great consequence among them, and tended to strengthen the faults of his naturally imperious character.

Colonel Talbot derived his authority not from the Colonial but from the Imperial Government, which had invested him with almost uncontrolled power with regard to the granting of lands in several townships of the London District.

When a man wished to settle in one of those townships, and had selected a lot that suited him, he went to Colonel Talbot and asked him for the lot. If the Colonel happened to be disposed to grant the request, and the land had not previously been taken up by anyone else, the applicant’s name was written on the lot, as laid down in the map of the township. Then he had certain improvements to make, called “settlement duties.” When he produced evidence satisfactory to the Colonel that he had done his settlement duties, he received from the Colonel a certificate which entitled him to his deed on payment of certain fees.

This was the necessary process, sometimes got through with without anything more offensive than a somewhat crabbed questioning and cross-questioning, freely embellished with oaths; but more frequently the luckless applicant was subjected to an outpouring of unprovoked abuse and profanity, from which the settlers shrank as they would when unarmed from meeting a bear in the woods. Many of them, it is presumed, would have preferred encountering the four-footed bear. But there was no help for it; those townships contained some of the finest lands in the Pro-

vince, and there was no way then of obtaining them but through the Colonel.

Though the Colonel chose to conduct himself in this outrageous fashion, in utter contempt for the feelings of those whose circumstances compelled them to do business with him, he was really desirous of settling the townships under his care with honest, industrious, and loyal men. Therefore, if satisfied with regard to these points, particularly the latter, it usually happened that after having goaded the indignant applicant almost beyond the bounds of endurance, and sworn a dozen times or more that he should not have a rood of land, he would terminate the audience by entering the man's name on the lot he asked for, or some other, telling him to "Go home and go to work, or he would give the lot to some one else." And that this was not always merely an idle threat, some of the unfortunate settlers found to their cost.

Money was so exceedingly scarce in the country, that it was not unusual for a settler to live for several years on the land that he had located, and to have made quite respectable improvements upon it, before he could spare, from present necessities, the amount of money required to pay the fees exacted when a patent deed was issued. Settlers so circumstanced, in the townships which were at the disposal of Colonel Talbot, had no better title for the lands upon which they had been spending the hard labor of years, than the goodwill of the whimsical old Colonel. And woe to the poor man who in any way incurred the displeasure of that despotic dignitary!

Though he allowed himself great latitude in harassing and intimidating those who offended him, yet the instances were comparatively rare in which he went to the extremes that he threatened. Sometimes he seemed even to respect a manifestation of manly resistance to his arbitrary proceedings.

A settler who considered that he had not had justice done to him with regard to his land, went to the Colonel to urge what he conceived to be his *rights*. If he had presented himself as a suppliant he might have obtained some sort of a hearing:

but that one of his settlers should presume to claim anything from him as a *right*, so incensed him that he would not listen to the man, but heaping upon him all manner of opprobrious epithets, obliged him to quit his presence.

The indignant Briton, confident that in a British Province impartial justice would be meted out alike to rich and poor, determined to appeal to the Provincial authorities; and by way of delivering a parting shot, as he retreated, he called out before the door closed behind him, "Since I cannot get justice here, I'll go to your *betters*, sir."

"Will you indeed?" hissed out the wrathful Colonel, studding each sentence with expletives, "You may when you can find them, but it will not be in Canada."

The settler, resolved upon obtaining redress, plodded away on foot to York—a distance of more than 100 miles. When he had gained access to the officials of the Land Department, and had told his story, he was informed that no person in Canada had any control over the transactions of Colonel Talbot with regard to the lands being settled by him.

A few days after the return of the disappointed man, he met Colonel Talbot, and to his surprise was accosted by him.

"And so, my man, you have been to York, I hear."

The poor fellow, feeling sadly crestfallen, briefly assented.

"And did you find my '*betters*' there?" inquired the Colonel.

"No sir."

"Then you might as well have taken my word for it at first and saved yourself the journey. But come up to me to-morrow, or next day' and we'll see what can be done for you."

Suspecting that some new humiliation was designed for him, the man hesitated about going. But his friends insisted that he had better go, expressing the conviction that the Colonel would not have so spoken if he had not relented. They were right.

The excitable old gentleman's anger having subsided, he was pleased with the spirit and determination displayed by the wronged man, and he resolved to make him amends.

When the settler appeared on the scene of his former discomfiture, he found the Colonel in one of his most agreeable moods, and ready to make an arrangement entirely satisfactory to him.

The peculiar temperament of the Colonel would have made him a sufficiently difficult person for the heterogeneous collection of people who settled in those townships to deal with, if the power to which he was accountable had been accessible to them. But his not being responsible to any of the Canadian authorities left the settlers completely at his mercy—a quality of which there was no excess in his composition, though he has been known to perform deeds of kindness. But capricious, irritable, and arbitrary, his occasional kind actions to those whom he esteemed his inferiors, were discourteously performed, and his power exercised with rude justice, vexatious petulance, or absolute tyranny, according as his humor chanced to be when the settler applied to him.

Though long borne with, and by many, he did not always escape with impunity. One day a brawny Scotchman, as high tempered as himself, and as little disposed to brook insult, was doing some business with him. They failed to agree about something, and the Colonel berated the Scot in his usual style; among other vile epithets calling him a "liar." The Gael's blood was soon up, and springing like a tiger on the Colonel, he felled him to the floor, and belabored him soundly, till he was rescued by his domestics.

After that unpleasant episode, persons coming to the Colonel on land business were not admitted to his office, but were required to present themselves on the outside of the house, before a certain window, through which he communicated with them, and which was closed in their faces whenever he chose to terminate the interview.

(To be continued.)

A STORY OF KING DAVID.

See I Chronicles, Chap. XI., v. 15—19.

BY GEO. MURRAY.

'Twas the harvest-time, and a warrior king
In the Cave of Adullam lay,
Weary of battles, and languishing
With the pitiless heat of day;
Pale he lay, as one who hath died,
And his foes were around him on every side.

Through a storm-rent crevice he bent his gaze
Upon Rephaim's vale below,
And watched in the quivering noontide-blaze
The tents of the heathen glow;
And the foemen's garrisons held each place,
City or hamlet, that eye could trace.

A burning fever consumed the king,
And he panted with keen desire
For a fresh, cool draught from some mountain spring,
While his brain seemed all on fire;
But rivulet near him or fount was none:
They had been lapped up by the fierce, hot sun.

Then he thought how his enemies slacked their thirst
At the well by Bethlehem's gate,
And a cry from his kingly bosom burst,
As he couched there, desolate;
"Oh! the cool, pure waters of Bethlehem,
My parched lips' agony pines for them!"

"Is it some dream that I panting lie
Like a woodland beast at bay?
Israel's anointed king, am I
To perish of thirst this day?
Oh! that some help-mate a draught would give
Of Bethlehem's waters, that I might live!"

Adino, the Eznite, a stalwart chief,
And warrior comrades twain,
Heard the sick monarch's low cries of grief,
And vowed to assuage his pain;
But for three, I ween, 'twas a hopeless task
To seek the boon that the King did ask.

Their fleet, strong coursers flew like wind,
Their swords like lightning flashed,
As onward, to jeopardy seeming blind,
Like angels of death they dashed,
Till at Bethlehem's gate, after bloody deeds,
They reeled in their saddles and reined their steeds.

Ice-cold water they drew from the well,
And soon by the same red track,
While arrows and javelins rain-like fell,
Rode gashed and gore-stained back;
Then they sought the cavern, and cried, "O king,
Water from Bethlehem's well we bring."

Dizzy and feeble the king stood up
To honor the mighty three,
And with trembling fingers upraised the cup,
While its waters sparkled free;
Still he would not sip one drop, but poured
The blood-bought life-draught to the Lord.

And he spake, "O Lord! be it far from me
To do this sinful thing;
This cup is the blood of these mighty three
Who were stricken to save their king!"
So he would not drink in his sore distress—
Could a king do more, or a hero less?"

THAT WINTER.

BY EDITH AUBURN.

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CHAPTER XIV.

On Christmas morn Mabel saw the first rays of the sun as he rose behind the pretty town, bathing it in his soft golden beams. She watched the smoke from the different houses ascend in cloud-like columns on the frosty air; so numberless were they, stretching into the vault above, that it needed no great stretch of imagination to picture in the valley before her some vast temple of old, from whose thousand shrines the morning incense arose. The family were up, and Lucy had slid quietly out of bed, and stood reaching out her hand to wish a "Merry Christmas," before she awoke from the beauty of the scene. Putting aside the child's outstretched hand, she gave her a hearty kiss, and then hastened down stairs to receive and return the morning's greetings. Edgar was the first to meet her. His eyes were so fearfully bloodshot that she shrank from his looks.

"Miss Rivers, I am not going to wish you a 'Merry Christmas,' for as I do not expect to have one myself, I am not so disinterested as to wish it to others. I had formed plans for the day, but the good parson in there insists on seeing me at Communion, and as that will afford me neither merriment nor pleasure, I look to passing a gloomy time."

"How can his father," she thought, "urge him to such a holy feast, when his face still bears marks of last night's dissipation?" but she said nothing, beyond expressing a hope that one day he would consider it a privilege to be a partaker of it. Then catching up the little toddling baby, who was looking for sister Lucy, she went into the breakfast-room.

When Mrs. Allan and family entered the vestibule of the church, the organ was sending forth its welcome to the happy

morn. Lawson was standing at the door, a troubled expression on his face; leaving Kitty, whom he always lingered to see, unnoticed, he whispered to Mrs. Allan,—

"That cross be makin' a peck of trouble. Some of the folks have turned home, an' Mr. Roy he be a lookin' cross."

"Miss Lewis, his niece, helped Mr. Ellice to put it there," quickly replied Mrs. Allan, and hastened down the aisle to her seat.

Mabel now, for the first time, saw the cross, which, resting on the Communion table, fixed the attention of all present.

"I will be the first to pull it down," said Mrs. Allan, half rising in her seat.

Just then her husband commenced to read, in his habitually composed manner, the opening sentences, and Mabel laying her hand on the impulsive woman, whispered, "Not until after service."

More than half of the congregation entered their protest against the innovation by keeping their seats; a few turned to the door and walked out; while the active innovators looked alarmed at the storm of indignation they had raised. In the middle of the first prayer, when the people, regardless of the act in which they were engaged, debated with themselves what stand they should take, a woman, stalwart and determined-looking, rose from a pew near the door and noiselessly walking up to the chancel entered within the communion rails, and reaching out a pair of tongs caught up the cross. Holding it suspended at arm's length, she approached the reading-desk, and snatching from before Mr. Allan the book-markers, on which the same symbol was worked, returned to her pew, but not before the fire had crackled over her spoil. She did it so silently that when the congregation rose from their knees they wondered what had become of them. The enjoyment of that Christmas service

was marred for Mabel. Not even when the choir sang the time-honored song, "Hark the herald Angels sing," could she join in its strain. She was glad when she found herself once more in her room, listening to Kitty's repetition of what the people on the gallery said about the cross.

The next evening the Sunday-school children's festival was to be held. They were to assemble in the church, and after a short address from Mr. Roy, repair to the school-room, which, owing to Mabel's taste, was beautifully and appropriately decorated with Scripture texts, and evergreens interspersed with winter berries, and where the refreshments were set out. When the evening arrived, Mabel had such a severe headache that, had it not been for her expectant class, she would have remained at home. Mrs. Allan strongly advised her to do so; but a sense of duty, as well as a desire to mingle with the children, decided her to attend. She was rewarded by the warm greetings from her class and from her humble friends, who attended in large numbers. From every one else she met with more marked coldness than had yet been shown her. When the children were around the tables, and teachers and visitors were busy passing and re-passing each other to wait on them, and exchanging pleasant, friendly words, she was isolated. If, in the excitement of the moment, she addressed a remark to some one near, it met with such a cold reply that, were it not for pride, which would not allow her to show her feelings, the hot blood would have rushed to her face. She felt irritated with herself for allowing their conduct to annoy her; but once in the midst of her class, to whom she was the most perfect teacher ever placed over them, she shook off the stings that this time more than glanced at her, and helped to swell the hearty, almost-deafening strains of—

"Carol, carol, Christians!"

Between the music various things were attended to; but the one to which most interest was attached, was the producing and opening of the money-box. What was the surprise of all present when the box was found to be empty!—the year's collection stolen! Lawson's face turned very pale,

but no one observed him except Lucy, who afterwards said, "He caught the handle of the door and shook all over."

Jack Lawson and Percy Stiggins were at the extremities of the room; but they managed to exchange glances, and simultaneously to wonder, "Who could have done it?" Mrs. Allan's sharp eye was upon the former; but he returned her look, and denied all knowledge of the theft with as innocent an expression as any boy in the room.

Lawson had barely recovered himself when his name was called from the platform. Shaking in every limb, and with an ashy paleness overspreading his face, he went up to it, expecting to hear an accusation. The superintendent's laugh grated harshly on his ear as he prefaced the presentation of twenty dollars from the ladies of the congregation, with—

"Why, Lawson, you are as frightened looking as though you were the thief!"

"No, sir," said the poor, trembling man; "I never touched it, and never let the key be one moment from me!"

The entertainment was closed with the exhibition of a magic-lantern, and after the benediction each one left, to think and talk over how the evening had been spent. When I said each one I should have expected the sexton, who could think of nothing but the robbery of the money-box. Kitty followed her father home. She had permission to stay all night. Why she asked she could not explain better than, "I wanted to stay."

"Father, your hand shakes worse than the wind! Let me light it!" said Jack, watching his father's vain efforts to light a candle.

"You ain't a bit better yourself!" said Kitty, as she snatched away both candles and matches; and after shading them with one hand, she soon produced a light.

"Where do the wind come from?" asked the old man, peering round the dimly-lighted room.

"Sure as I live, dad, there be some one in the bedroom; for the winder's open!" said Kitty, drawing her cloak across her face, and commencing to scream. "I heer'd them! I heer'd them! Oh, I wish I hadn't come to-night! We'll be killed!"

"Stop your bawling, miss!" Jack enforced his command by giving her a sharp slap on her back, which had the effect of silencing her. "There's no one in the house. Father left the window open before he went out."

"Loike as not, loike as not!" said the old man; "for I be so flustered for time that, for all I know'd, I might have gone out that way."

"The key of the door is lost," said Jack, searching the door-way for it.

"Be it gone? Another robbery!" said Lawson, seizing his hat. "I'll go to the mayor's!"

"Why, father, are you out of your senses? What would make any one come *here* to rob?"

"The sarvice plate!"

"The service plate is at the church. It is the key of *our* door that is lost!" He shouted "our" into the old man's ear.

"I be thankful! I do be thankful!" He sat down on a chair and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Father, what is the matter with you?"

"I be all of a tremble ever since I heer'd of that money bein' stole."

"You had nothing to do with it, and you never let the key from you?" said Jack.

"No, no; but we'll be sure to be blamed. I be the only one beside theirselves know'd where it be kep'. Who could 'a done it? Jack, my boy, I'd do anything for *you* slave myself a'most to death, to help you on. Do you know nothin' about it? Don't speak for a minute! Give me both your hands to hold, and say."

The boy came forward slowly, refused to put his hands in his father's; but he looked him in the face and said:—

"No wonder strangers suspect me when my own father does."

"No, no, my boy! Say you didn't do it, and know'd nothin' about it, an' I'll believe you. We've been so happy o' late, an' you've been doin' so well—no bad stories about you to fly in my face—that I couldn't bear it. Say yes or no!"

"No, then; and I hope I'll hear no more about it; for, when anything goes wrong, it's dinned into my ears until I'm good for nothing. And now, father, seeing I've ceased your mind, I want you to be a little

liberal, and give me a warm overcoat out of that money. You won't be any the poorer, for you know you didn't expect to get it."

"An' me a pair of warm boots, for my feet's a'most froze in these," asked Kitty.

The gladness of heart which followed Jack's denial would have been complete had Lawson been able to give the ladies, whose present he held in his hand, some clue to the guilty party; but, although thankful that he could not find it in his own family, he felt he could not clear himself from blame, nor would his duty be over until he discovered it.

"Dad," said Kitty, after he had got through tucking her in the little straw bed on the floor, and covering her with his Sunday coat to keep her warm, "I heer'd that all them shanty men, as went swearin' past here, be drowned."

"And Bob?" asked the father, standing with the candle in his hand.

"Bob an' all! But don't cry now; it's awful late an' so cold."

He did not cry, but he staggered to his room and knelt in his accustomed place by the bedside. He uttered no wail, and breathed forth no petition, but knelt. A confused wandering was in his brain, a heavy sense of something terrible oppressing him—what he could not grasp.

CHAPTER XV.

"I never saw such a fool as that Lawson," said Mrs. Allan, bursting into the drawing-room, where Mabel was busy over some homely garments for one of her *protégés*, and Lucy was amusing the baby by letting her pull her hair; "he is going quite dazed over Bob's being drowned. I declare it would be the best thing that could happen to him; but I am afraid the news is too good to be true." (Mabel looked shocked). "Has not the fool given me this race after the key, which he went off and left here, and Miss Lewis and the Stigginses waiting outside the school-room. If it occur again he will lose his place, and I told him so."

After finding the key, which cost some time, Mrs. Allan left the house as hastily as she had entered it, but in a few minutes

Mabel caught a glimpse of her gray shawl returning.

"Miss Rivers, you are so good and kind that I wish you would go down and speak to the old man. Were I good for anything but finding fault, I would not trouble you. His old head is muddled over this news."

Mabel had just been wondering whether or not she would find him at home. She knew that the ladies of the mission-school were to meet this afternoon to distribute garments made by the children, and she feared he might be detained by them to run messages. She was right; for when she got to the church gate, she saw him hurrying down the back entrance with a basket on his arm. Hoping to see him on her return, she crossed the bridge to the Lamberts' cottage, to give Maria the warm frock she had just finished for her. She was delayed longer than she expected, for the spring-like day had suddenly changed, and a high wind and blinding snow-storm set in, so that it was with difficulty she could make her way back.

The ladies had left the school-room, and Lawson had been driven by the storm to his home, when Mabel, almost blinded by the snow, leant against his door to take breath. Kitty, who was watching for her, had her in in a moment, and seated by the warmest side of the stove, while she busied herself in shaking the snow off her clothes.

"I be just agoin' to look for ye, Miss. The ladies stayed so long that I be only come in. An' I know'd you'd be glad to hear he beant drowned," said Lawson.

"Bob not drowned! I am so glad!" said Mabel, sincere pleasure lighting up her face.

"No, Miss. It be all a mistake; he be well and sound, only lost his place. I just see'd a man who see'd him two days ago. Next time I'll just take more heart and cast the burden on the Lord."

"Yes, doing that always brings comfort. We sink when we try to bear it alone," replied Mabel.

"That be true, for I thought I'd a died under mine. But it be all gone, and a lighter one be come."

"What is that, Lawson?"

"It be a long story. There be the rob-

bery at the Sunday-school, an' my robbery of the twenty dollars which the ladies gave me, an' I to get clothes for Jack out of it, an' boots for Kitty; but that beant all—the little money which I've been savin' nigh onto ten years, to buy a head-stone for my wife, has been taken too. Who's done it, is beyond me to know. The little bit purse it was in I found out of the window"—(here he produced the stocking purse). "This be the last thing my poor wife done afore she died."

Mabel's suspicions of who could have committed the double theft rested, like Mrs. Allan's, upon Jack. "Who else," she thought, "could, or would, have access to the house?"

Lawson shook his head. "I know who you be a thinkin' of, but he 'udn't have the heart to rob his ol' father. I've struv hard to give him larnin', an' he couldn't a done it. A while ago I drew from this purse to buy him them gran' books; for he be clean above borrowin', you see."

"Here," said Kitty, searching in her pocket, "is a letter the book-man giv me fur you, an' he said you was to pay right off."

The old man trembled visibly as he asked Mabel to read, "for I'm no scholard." It was an account for the full amount of Jack's new books. Lawson was so frightened that he ran at once to the bookseller's to see if there was not a mistake.

Mabel did not think it prudent to wait for his return, for each moment the storm increased in fury; still she felt sorry to leave him alone in his new trouble, and wished Kitty to remain to cheer him. The latter shrugged her shoulders and said,—

"I'd be froze clean through if I did. He's tuk all the wood out of the stove, 'cause it burnt too quick, an' it smokes my eyes. Look!" pointing to the hearth, on which lay half burnt-sticks smouldering in the snow, which drifted down the chimney. "An' them winders rattle frightful all night. I couldn't stop on no account."

On their way home, Kitty took advantage of the first lull in the storm, to say confidentially,—

"Jack's tuk that money, I'm sure on it. He's ben out a'most ev'ry night this week

an' dad feels awful bad about it, for all that he a kind of thinks he didn't. He says there beant no rest for him from trouble, until he gets down in the cemetery."

Here the wind swept down the street with such fury that they did not again breathe freely until they reached the warm and well-lighted Rectory.

The storm continued until midnight, when it cleared away, and an intense frost set in, so penetrating that Mrs. Allan rose to see if an outside door had been left open. Next morning, when the family assembled at the breakfast table—on the last Sabbath of the old year—the unanimous comment on the weather was, that such a night of cold had never before been experienced by those present. No one attempted to open a door, to feel what it was like in the outer world and there was no loop-hole left in the windows, which were covered to the top with a thick glassy frost, from which even a glimpse could be caught.

"There will be no church for us to-day," said one of the younger children.

"No," replied their father, "you may all remain at home. I suppose even you, Miss Rivers, who were so venturesome yesterday, will scarcely venture out to-day."

"Scarcely. I'm afraid the poor sexton must have suffered in those miserable rooms, and having to rise so early to light the church fires," she replied.

"He never feels the cold," answered Mr. Allan.

"It is not because he has such warm clothes," said Edgar, "for I do not think that he has a shred of an overcoat, or anything warmer than a muffler to wrap around him."

"Work makes heat," said his mother, "and he will have plenty of it this morning, to get the path shoveled before church time."

The first bell for church sounded so faintly, that Mabel had to strain her ears to assure herself that it was ringing. She did not go out, for she feared to expose herself a second time to the cold, but spent the morning in telling the little ones, who remained in, Bible stories.

Fred had changed his mind, and gone to church. Returning before his parents

he walked slowly up to Mabel, who was sitting at the hall-stove with Lucy and Willie on either side, and baby on her lap, and said,—

"Poor old Lawson won't meet us at the church door any more."

"He is dead?" said Mabel.

"Yes, when we got up to the church gate he was lying at it, stiff and cold—quite dead. He had been carrying a barrel of ashes to sprinkle on the walk, and it is supposed he got over-heated, and fell on his face in a fit, and was smothered."

Fred's sad news was too true—the old man was gone. The shock startled the congregation with a power unfelt before, and to each one it seemed as though he were within a moment of the unseen world.

There were no unmoved countenances in the church, and many weeping ones, when Mr. Allan's voice, usually so unvarying, quivered and ceased altogether as he alluded to him. Poor Lawson! Perhaps he would have considered this tribute at his death a compensation for the lack of sympathy in his lifetime—the bell that he rang had not been considered more of a machine than he.

On Tuesday they carried him to the church and let him rest, where a few days before he was so busy, flying hither and thither, until the burial service was read. Then a sweet voice in the choir burst out in singing,—

"Chime on, ye bells, again begin,
And ring the Sabbath morning in,
The laborer's week-day work is done,
The rest begun
Which Christ hath for His people won."

They bore him in the poor man's hearse, and laid him in the grave that was waiting for him, beside the wife whom he had so simply and tenderly mourned.

His children did not show much grief at their loss. Mabel had feared to break the news to Kitty (Mrs. Allan had left her to do it); but the child's tears were quickly dried when some one in her presence mentioned mourning clothes. Jack laughed with his young companions, as though nothing unusual had happened; while Bob, the worst and wildest of the three, grudged the time he was detained from his work. When the funeral was over, the three met to divide their father's effects. Bob's share was two thin and well-worn garments, a pair of half-mended shoes and a cap. Kitty chose his Bible and Prayer-book, and the awl which he had prized as having used since he was married. Jack took the little stocking-purse, together with what was left.

TRIFLES FROM MY PORTFOLIO.

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

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE—RIMOUSKI—
METIS—MATANE.

Business having brought me recently amongst the happy and prosperous peasantry who inhabit the Lower St. Lawrence, a few rough notes on this locality may not be unacceptable, especially at a time like the present, when the Intercolonial Railway is being constructed. I may first premise that I am neither a railway constructor, nor a railway engineer, nor a holder of any land in the said locality; my sole motive in penning these lines is to call attention to the beauty and resources of this fertile, healthy and picturesque portion of the Dominion. Nor have I any hesitation in saying that ere long Cacouna will be in a great measure deserted, whenever a regular and daily intercourse is established between Quebec and these remote spots on the Lower St. Lawrence, scarcely known at present. At a fare of two dollars and a few hours of railroading you land safely at Riviere-du-Loup, where a substantial first-class hotel is ready day and night to receive you. The host's kindness to travellers is proverbial, one is mostly reminded of Shenstone's utterance:

"Who'er has travelled life's dull round
Where'er his stages may have been
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn!"

Such is Monsieur Larochelle's unremitting attentions. Excellent stages are constantly in waiting at the hotel door, and those who like speed can count on reaching Rimouski early the same day, provided they select one of the spanking tandems constantly on hand. The distance is sixty-six miles; the scenery, especially that of Bic, the most mountainous and beautiful on the whole south shore. Bic, with its

lofty crags, land-locked bays, and green fields, reminds one of the Highlands of Scotland.

Rimouski has become so populous, so ambitious of late, that steps have recently been taken to have it incorporated as a town. The R. C. Cathedral, a noble Gothic structure, cost \$50,000; it has a Bishop—Bishop Langevin, the brother of the respected Secretary of State—a convent—a college for young men, numbering some 200 pupils—a court house and jail—and some half dozen resident lawyers. The Government wharf is about 2,100 feet long—one of those solid structures on which the late Mr. Baby left his mark. The telegraph wire runs some thirty miles lower down to the point of Metis.

Rimouski itself is a rich parish, dating from 1701, settled for some miles back, with a fine river running through. The parishes lower down than Rimouski, though much more recently settled, are progressing very fast—the country merchants making little fortunes varying from \$50,000 to \$100,000 in a few years,—such as Ste. Luce, Ste. Flavie, Metis, Sandy Bay, Matane, &c. I knew an auctioneer in Quebec who left the city—some years back—not over-burthened with the good things of this world; he is now one of the "merchant princes" of Matane, with some \$80,000 to back him, a nice house to live in, and an air of well-to-do in all his demeanor. The harvest has been excellent this year, and it is not surprising that the country merchants prosper,—they get as much as \$1.10 a bushel for their barley; one has 8,000 bushels, another 5,000, another 4,000, and another 3,000 for sale, and I wish I were permitted to give names. Wheat has given good returns also; some farmers, especially in the interior, have from 500 to 1,000 bushels.

That portion of the population which gave up their fishing pursuits for farming, are thriving the most; and some, however, still stick to their boats and nets, and look after codfish and herring instead of wheat and barley.

Some twenty years ago, the most flourishing settlement was a wilderness—Sandy Bay; now it is inhabited to the Sixth Range or Concession, and the *curé* has a respectable rent-roll—as a rule a fair indication of the fertility of parishes. Some of the villages, like Ste. Luce, Ste. Flavie, Metis, Matane, are built on beautiful deep bays, in which a winding rivulet or rapid river discharges. On the majority of them, substantial saw-mills, surrounded by bright pine and spruce deals, proclaim that English enterprise dwells therein. Echo still repeats the respected name of the “King of the Saguenay,” Wm. Price, Esq. Most of these mills are managed by George Sylvain, M. P. for Rimouski.

At Little Metis, a curious spectacle greets the eye—an entire settlement of Scotchmen, imported from the Land of Cakes some thirty years ago, by the Seigneur of Metis, the late Mr. McNider, numbering about 100 families. They have pushed their settlement to the third Concession, and seem to prosper. I was surprised to find they could support two churches of the Protestant faith. Can it be possible that they vary the duties of husbandry with a spice of theological quarrels? The children looked well clad, rosy and contented, I asked one wee lassie, where she was bound for? “To see my mither, ayount the hills,” she civilly replied, with charming simplicity.

I hear they speak Gaelic in the settlement. No French-Canadians live there. Their lands are not as much mortgaged as those of the French-Canadians, and they do not intermarry with them. I heard it stated that though they belonged to a better class, and brought several agricultural books and implements with them, they gradually fell back to the style of culture of the Canadian peasant. Some, ’tis said, have sold their farms and removed to Greenbush, Wisconsin—’tis a loss for Metis. As to scenery, nothing on the south shore of the St. Lawrence equals that of Bic, Matane, and Metis. The high road,

for more than forty miles, runs level like a bowling green, on the edge of the roaring St. Lawrence—so broad here that the opposite shore cannot be seen. The back ground is diversified by hills, meadows, rivers and valleys.

I shall retain a long time the vivid impression which Metis made on me, whilst travelling through it on the 15th November last. It was the first winter roads; the weather was bright and frosty. Amidst the breaking of the surf on the beach, the tinkle of our sleigh-bells was scarcely audible. Merrily we bowled along in the solemn silence of a Sabbath afternoon, to where duty called. On our right stood the Kirk, lit up with the last rays of the setting sun, whilst a bevy of rosy-cheeked, youthful worshippers pured out of its portals, homeward bound; and far away in the blue east, a mere speck dancing on the bosom of the great river, a noble ship, the “Nestorian,” also homeward bound, carrying Lord Monck and his fortunes. One of those radiant sunsets with which autumn occasionally consoles us for the loss of summer, was pouring on the waters westward its purple light, whilst a pair of hardy fishermen were striving, tugging lustily at their oars to make the entrance of the bay. What a scene for an artist!

At Matane the traveller finds a comfortable boarding-house, kept by a Scotchman named Grant, who speaks French and has married a smart French-Canadian girl. The Matane river, a splendid salmon and trout stream, washes the bank in front of the house. The steamers “Gaspé” and “Secret” make Metis and Matane stopping-places, and there is little doubt that, in addition to the Montrealers who enjoyed sea-bathing at Matane last summer, several Quebecers will deviate from over-crowded, over-dressed and noisy Cacouna, to try Gaspé and the lower parishes as bathing-places. One of the greatest boons to this portion of Canada is the opening up of the interior by colonization roads; not those, of course, made mile by mile, such as had been previously the case—so that the first mile was rendered impassable by the underbrush which in a couple of years springs up.

The Tache road, when completed, will be of immense service. It runs parallel to the

St. Lawrence, about thirty miles inland from Beauce to Rimouski and lower down, and cross roads are being opened towards it from each parish.

A wonderful change has come over the Canadian peasantry since the construction of the Grand Trunk Railway. Intercourse with the cities and the United States—the spread of education—colleges, court-houses, convents, opened in all the large centres—such is the spectacle which all through greets the eye, even in the remote parishes.

I can assure you that I tried in vain to see that "ruin and decay" of which our croakers and tault-finders are unceasingly prating. I found the lower parishes rapidly filling with an industrious and prosperous population. No doubt when the Intercolonial Railway and Lower Port steamers open a constant communication with the District of Rimouski, the march of intellect and of progress will penetrate still lower down.

PROFESSOR MORSE'S GEOGRAPHY.

Just as I was returning from one of my winter trips on the Lower St. Lawrence, of which I have furnished some notes, my little daughter, an elfish rogue of some ten summers, who reads the newspapers, as all progressive Canadian children do, greeted me in the following words: "Papa, either Professor Morse or you must be telling stories in what you both have written. Just read in my school Atlas the Professor's account of the parishes lower than Quebec: "*Below Quebec, on the St. Lawrence, there are few settlements except small fishing villages.*" Some lines further, the Professor informs his readers that "*Canada was first settled by French in 1608.*" This remarkable work contains about one hundred plates and letterpress, edited by Harper and Bros., N.Y., and compiled by Sidney Morse, A.M. In the preface, in large text, the reader discovers above the Professor's signature that "the whole work is the result of long and careful study." The Yankee *savant* has the hardihood, not to say the ignorance, to lead one to expect merely a few fishing villages in these populous 300 miles of country which line the St. Lawrence from Quebec to Cape Chat. How is he borne out by facts and figures. Seven

flourishing counties, viz., Levis, Bellechasse, Montmagny, Islet, Kamouraska, Temiscouata, Rimouski, comprise within their limits the parishes spread over the beautiful south shore valley of the St. Lawrence, from Quebec to the County of Gaspé. Rimouski alone one of, if not the largest county of the Dominion, is one hundred and fifty miles in length. It extends from Bic inclusive to Cape Chat and lower. Seventeen parishes,* of which six or eight are on the banks of the river, and the remainder in the interior, constitute this fine county, together with seven townships.†

We are safe in averaging fifteen parishes to each county, which would give one hundred and five parishes, each with a spacious parish church (sometimes two), school-houses, mayor and councillors, post-office, &c. Some, like Montmagny, the old home of one of the A. D. Cs. to the Queen, the late Sir E. P. Tache, since it became the *chef-lieu* (county towns), with resident Judge, Court House, Jail, have sprang into importance very rapidly. The same might be said of Rimouski. In addition to the Court House, Jail, and District Judge, this locality supports a large college and convent, under the spiritual care of the new bishop, whose magnificent Gothic cathedral merely requires an episcopal palace to complete the see. The course taught at Rimouski comprises a commercial course, Belles Lettres, Rhetoric, the Classics, Natural and Moral Philosophy, Chemistry, Mathematics, Astronomy. In mentioning colleges, one must not omit saying a word of the beautifully located College of Ste. Anne, County of Kamouraska. This noble pile, built on the slope of the mountain, covering several acres with its well-wooded parks, gardens, chapels, museums, was founded in 1827, by an enlightened R. C. priest, the Revd. Mr. Painchaud, of Crane Island, a brother to the late Dr. Painchaud, of Quebec. Ste Anne College has an addi-

* St. Simon, St. Mathieu, St. Fabien, St. Cecil, Bic, Town of St. Germain, Parish of St. Germain, St. Blandine, St. Anaclet, St. Donat, Ste. Luce, Ste. Flavie, Ste. Angele de Mariei, St. Octave, Metis, L'Assomption, McNider, St. Ulric.

† Township of Matane, St. Jerome de Matane, St. Felicité, Townships of Cherbourg, Dalebert, Romieu.

tional interest for all the friends of agriculture, as it gave birth, under the superintendence of the Revd. Mr. Pilote, its Director, to the model farm and agricultural course which has now been flourishing there for several years. It does one good to see carried out, year after year under the eye of the professor, by sturdy young Canadian lads, the system of rotation crops, deep-ploughed, well subsoil-drained fields, with no end of Berkshires, Durhams, Ayrshires and Cotswolds in the farmyard and stables. A semi-monthly paper, in connection with agriculture, *L'Echo des Campagnes*, something like the *Toronto Farmer*, has been in existence there for some seven or eight years. May it continue to prosper! Little remains for me, after what I wrote previously, to add respecting Rimouski, or rather the Town of St. Germain, for such is the name fixed on its Act of Incorporation. I feel sorry, however, to think of the old name Rimouski—of Indian origin though it be—dropped and forgotten: Rimouski, which in former years so nobly responded to the call of the venerable Robt. Baldwin, left out in the cold by his Upper Canada constituents. Rimouski, by its progressive character, wealth and extent, was, indeed worthy of the honor of restoring to public life and usefulness the father of Constitutional Government in Upper Canada. The county also was, for many years, represented in Parliament by one of its ablest sons, Dr. Chas. Taché, Deputy Minister of Agriculture.

An additional wing to the government wharf at Rimouski, on which large steamers might land at all hours of the tide, such as the "Secret" and "Georgia" together with the completion of the Intercolonial Railway, whose line nearly skirts the shore, is wanted. These two things effected, Rimouski will, no doubt, in a very few years, double its wealth and resources.

I presume Professor Morse's "few fishing villages" have been sufficiently disposed of. As to his grave assertion of Canada having been first settled by the French in 1608, I would recommend the Professor to read up a little more; he may then get more accurate knowledge for his next edition. One reason induces me to attach to his state-

ments more importance than one does to those of several recent tourists. There is a class of itinerant libellers and penny-a-liners, who come amongst us in quest of sensational anecdotes and spicy discoveries. One of the fraternity, a sixteen-tumbler man, had not long since to apologize over his signature, in order to escape the horse-whip, for some printed libel perpetrated on ex-Councillor Kirwin; another saw recently in our market places "old dames in white caps and wooden shoes, selling apples and plums," and made the extraordinary discovery that carters, as a class, were noisy; others, again, make no hesitation in committing in our midst literary piracy on the grandest scale. This literary banditti, however, with all its mean lies and shamelessness, cannot do near so much harm as a grave book circulated in our schools, which are misled by the high-sounding titles A. M. and F. R. S., &c. This is why I should wish our own Educational Bureau would publish and offer for sale, at reasonable prices, correct geographies of America. Our children would escape being victimized by men like Professor Morse! More anon.

(To be continued.)

THE CHILDREN'S PORTION.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

"There's one tater, two taters, three taters!" counted little Joe, lazily tossing the vegetables into a basket beside him, and seating himself upon the ground to meditate a little.

The summer sun shone hot and bright upon the field—a dull, prosaic stretch of ground, dry and brown between the little tufts of green that, ranged in long monotonous rows, marked the potato hills. Drearly bright and sunny it looked, save in this corner, where an old crab-apple tree spread its gnarled and crooked branches, and threw a pleasant shadow. Joe appreciated it, and throwing off his old straw hat, he began sifting the warm, soft earth through his fingers, down upon his bare, brown feet.

"When you get 'em all covered up, you'll just have to dig 'em out again, and then they won't be taters," moralized a little voice from under a big calico sun-bonnet beside him. The sun-bonnet was pretty nearly all that was visible; but Jicky was hidden away under it somewhere.

Angelica she had been magnificently christened, but "Jicky" was all that six years' wear and tear had left of the name.

"Well, who cares?" responded Joe, indifferently. "I wish every tater was a lump of gold, and I'd dig 'em up fast, I tell you! I'd fill my basket, an' all my pockets, an' my hat, and then I'd go—wouldn't ketch me spendin' it for old fields an' farms! I'd buy six black horses, an' a silver carriage to ride in, and have nice clothes an' gold-headed spectacles like the minister's, and a band to play for me, an' a circus all of my own, where I could go in every day without payin' nothin'; and I'd live in a great big house with a steeple to it, and eat mince pie and oranges all the time—"

"Joe! Joe! what keeps you so long? Hurry, now!" called a voice from the back door of the yellow farm-house.

"Well, I'm just a gettin' ready to hurry," said Joe, explanatorily to himself, reluctantly relinquishing his dreams for his hoe, and slowly rising upon the feet he had been planting. "A feller can't do nothin' afore he gets a good ready. There's four more taters, an' there's five. I say, Jicky, I'll dig 'em, an' you put 'em in the basket."

The immense bonnet bobbed assent, but there were such long rests between the short works, and so many experiments to try in the way of marksmanship, with the basket for a target, and the potatoes for ammunition, that, notwithstanding their united efforts, the summons again sounded from the house before they were ready to go.

A woman, flushed and tired with a morning's hard work, and annoyed with this long waiting, caught the basket before the tardy little feet that bore it had crossed the threshold, and said in tones, sharp with impatience:—

"Well, you did get here at last! What possessed you to stay so? It does seem to me that I can't set you children at anything but what you'll continue to hinder more than you help. Here, Joe, take this pail and bring me in some water—quick, now!"

Her hurried manner imparted no corresponding haste to Joe's movements. "Mother's always in a hurry," he soliloquized, discontentedly, as he took the empty pail and sauntered towards the well. "Don't see what she's always wantin' us to work for, if 'tain't no help, I don't!"

Up and down, in and out, from cellar to kitchen, and from kitchen to pantry, Mrs. Moore passed. There were so many things to do that it was no wonder she grew wearied, but she would let no sign of it creep into her unflagging step, and so it could but find expression in her face and voice. She was a woman of whom the neighbors always spoke as "smart and capable." She took pride in the name, too—in the

number of pounds of butter she sent to market every week, and in being "able to turn off a good day's work." Still, the reputation cost her something—a cost she never yet had stopped to count.

Joe came and sat down in the door-way. He was restless and uneasy that day, his thoughts continually travelling back to a disappointment of the morning.

"I don't see why we can't go to the picnic too! All the other boys and girls'll be down at the school-house this afternoon, helpin' make wreaths and banners, and learnin' speeches an' things to say."

His mother looked into the oven, and carefully turned the loaves of bread that were baking, but made no answer.

"I don't see why we can't go, too; say mother, why can't we?"

"You know very well; I told you this morning. Nothing will do but the little girls must all wear white, so I'd have to buy and make a new dress for Jicky; and then there must be cake and other things baked for you to carry, and I haven't got time to spend on such nonsense nor money either—that's all there is of it. You're better off at home anyway."

"That's what you always say, and I don't want to stay at home all the time, I want to go somewhere, and have some fun," persisted Joe, complainingly. "Can't I go up to the school-house and see what they're doing?"

"Dear me! yes, if that'll keep you quiet. I don't believe this oven is hot," and she crowded more wood into the stove.

"And can I put on my t'other jacket an' trousers?"

"No, you can't," was answered shortly—the mother was tired of being teased. "If you get 'em on you'll get 'em all stained and soiled, and then they won't be fit to be seen on Sunday unless they're washed. I can't be bothered that way."

"Then I won't go," said Joe, leaning his head back against the door-frame again. "I ain't goin' up there lookin' this way, when the other tellers 'll be fixed up—that's what I ain't!"

"Very well, you can stay at home, then; you'd ought to if you don't know that it's politeness and good manners that make any one respectable, and not what they wear. If you'd only behave as well as you're dressed, you'd do well enough."

"Behave like I'm dressed!" muttered Joe, surveying a pair of pants that certainly bore strong proof of maternal industry in the mending line. "Guess I'll have patched up politeness an' darned manners then."

"Joe!" exclaimed Mrs. Moore, severely, but Joe was walking off toward the barn and did not hear, and her culinary arrangements called for careful oversight, so she contented herself with seasoning

her soup, only murmuring—"Anybody that's so busy, don't have half time to 'tend to children."

Marcia, a pretty girl of fifteen, who stood at the ironing-table with her back toward her mother, smiled faintly. She had a lurking suspicion that if "'tendin' to" meant reproof, Joe would do quite as well without further attention that day. She watched him walk listlessly across the yard, and a little wound in her own heart ached in sympathy with his disappointment. Someway they never did "have things like other folks," as he said; never kept the holidays, or had birthday parties or went off on little excursions. She did not quite know why, only father and mother thought such things nonsensical—a useless way of spending time and money. Perhaps they were right, and she might feel differently about it, too, when she grew older, but now she was so weary of the dull, monotonous round, and so longed for things that never came into her life. The words so frequently repeated—"we can't afford this or that," "we must economize," "somebody must work, or how shall we live?" often sounded in her ears like clanking chains, and by no means satisfied her hungry heart. She accepted it as necessity, though, and seldom made any attempt to break through the usual routine. Pushing any plan through a host of objections to the victory of a reluctant consent, robbed it of all life for her, and left the coveted pleasure tasteless. But she knew how to pity Joe, poor little rebel! in his chafing and fretting, and she sometimes saw in the face of Mark, the brother between herself and Joe, the same weary, unsatisfied look that was easy to read, though he was a quiet, thoughtful boy, who said but little. There was a good farm, free of debt, and her father was adding to its acres yearly—"laying up for the children," he said when neighbors congratulated him upon his success. A little thread of self-reproach mingled in Marcia's thoughts as she remembered how hard he and her mother worked, and, of course, it was all for them—the children. Still she could not much rejoice in added fields that only seemed to mean added work, nor quite understand why the years that were coming were of so much more value than these, that everything must be saved for them, and nothing enjoyed now. There was always so much to do. Poor Marcia! She was tired with the warm forenoon's work, the iron grew heavy in her hands, and her gaze wandered wistfully to the far-off hills, where great forest trees threw cool shadows. It would be so sweet to wander there for a little while, to rest her flushed cheek upon some pillow of moss, and hear only the rustling of leaves, and the soft ripple of water.

"Marcia, ain't you most through with that ironing? It's nearly time to set the table for dinner."

"Yes'm," answered the girl slowly, a little hesitatingly—the words broke so sharply upon her dream of rest and coolness.

Afternoon would bring its own work, she knew. Dinner once out of the way, there would be the great kitchen floor to be swept and cleaned, the falling apples to gather up, cut and pare for drying—not that they needed them, but they would sell—and the clothes to be repaired and put away.

"If we could only dress up real nicely, and sit down somewhere to read!" Marcia spoke the words aloud almost unconsciously.

Her mother looked at her in astonishment.

"After dinner, do you mean? Dear me! I guess we shall have enough to do without reading, and as for dressing up—why you're most as bad as Joe! It'll be pretty late before we're all through, and what would be the sense of putting on good clothes when it would so soon be time to get supper, 'tend the milking, and other things that might spoil 'em? It's not likely anybody'll come here to-day, and if they do, I'm sure we're clean."

That was true. Mrs. Moore was too neat a housekeeper to tolerate anything else, but grace and ornament were never consulted in articles for home wear, and their best attire was too carefully preserved for Sundays and the other rare occasions of going out, to be thought of for afternoons. Yet to Marcia, with her tasteful fingers and beauty-loving eye, this enforced homeliness was positive pain.

"I wish, Marcia," said Mrs. Moore, after a few minutes' silence, "that you'd try to hurry up a little afternoons, and find time to get along with the patch-work for that quilt faster. You've had it on hand a good while."

"Yes, I know," Marcia answered, hesitatingly, "but then—why, mother, it doesn't seem much use doing it: you've so many quilts laid away now—more than we ever use."

"I should be ashamed of myself if I hadn't," Mrs. Moore responded decidedly. "Any good housekeeper will have plenty of bed-clothes, and every girl ought to make up some quilts. Why, I had six that I'd done all myself, handsome patterns, too, when I was eighteen; and that's a good deal more than you'll have, Marcia, if you don't rouse up and take a little interest in such things."

Marcia questioned no farther, only sighed as she spread the table, and arranged plates, knives and forks.

Mr. Moore was in high spirits that noon.

"Simms paid me that money to-day," he remarked to his wife, "and that makes up six hundred. I expect I'd better take it into the bank this afternoon, for safe keeping, but I mean to have that south meadow now, before long; I'm pretty sure I can get it."

"I wish you'd buy me a pony, all of my own, or a boat to sail on the pond, or something to have some fun, 'cause I can't have none," said Joe, disconsolately.

"Ho!" laughed his father. "You have high notions, Master Joe! A boy that wants so many things had better learn to work pretty hard, or he'll never earn money enough to get 'em in the world. I wonder how much you've helped your mother this morning?"

"Help, indeed!" commented Mrs. Moore, contemptuously, recalling the morning's annoyances.

"Well, I don't want to work all the time," persisted Joe; "and she won't let me and Jicky go to the pic-nic, where all the rest of the school's agoin'."

"Won't let you go off with a lot of other little simpletons, and some big ones, to tear your clothes to pieces, and make yourselves sick with the stuffing cake and lemonade, eh? That's a pity, to be sure!" The father's ridicule was good-natured. It was such a small matter to him, and he never thought what it might be to Joe.

"Jicky," said the boy that afternoon, when, after numerous errands to the well and wood-pile, his mother was at last busy with the apples, and he detected a chance to withdraw from active service. "Jicky, let's go down to the pond."

"Well," assented Jicky. She always assented to Joe's propositions, and her sun-bonnet was invariably to be seen in the wake of his hat, so now she emerged far enough from her calico eclipse to see where she was going, and trudged after him.

The pond, a small lake not more than half a mile in width, lay at the foot of a sloping meadow. On the nearer shore grew a large oak tree with great, spreading branches, and the children amused themselves with launching tiny acorn-cup boats, with now and then an unfortunate ant for a passenger. But Joe grew discontented with such insignificant craft at last, and leaving Jicky to await his return, he went back to the farm-yard, and, from the contents of an old lumber-shed, possessed himself of two small doors that had once been used for an outer cellar-way. These, after considerable exertion, he dragged down to the water's edge; another trip to the shed provided him with a pole, and then the doors, being placed one above the other, were pushed into the water.

"Now," said Joe, getting upon them,

"We'll be sailor boys, runnin' away, 'cause we can't have no good times to home. You get on, too, Jicky."

"Yes," answered Jicky, serenely—just as serenely as she would have done if Joe had proposed going to sea in a sieve. But the raft did not work very well. By vigorous use of his pole, the boy contrived to push them out a little way; but it was rather heavy laden, the water would wash over it now and then, and Jicky moreover, was not the most tranquil of sailors.

"Spouse you get off, and let me try it alone a little first," suggested Joe, when by hard pushing he had reached the shore again. "I'll be a Sunday-School 'scursion goin' out to look for a place to go to, and then I'll come back for you."

Jicky accordingly disembarked, and the "scursion" proceeded without her. It was much easier going alone, and Joe was delighted. He pushed out farther and farther, calling back, laughingly, to the little girl, who was trying to throw acorns far enough to reach him, and using his pole wildly in pretended efforts to escape from her. Presently, in making a sudden plunge with it, he came upon a deep hole where it would not reach the bottom, and in another moment he had lost his balance, and was struggling in the water. For one instant Jicky stood motionless, scarcely comprehending that this was not some new freak of fun; then her shriek of terror rang loud and shrill, and she turned homeward, her little feet fairly flying. Once only she glanced back over her shoulder as she ran, and that one look revealed her brother rising and sinking again.

Her agonized screams had brought her mother and Marcia to the door in alarm before she reached the house.

"Oh, he's in the pond! in the pond! Joe is!" she panted, and sank down trembling and breathless upon the steps.

Two words only—an exclamation and a prayer together—burst from Mrs. Moore's blanched lips as she sprang from the doorway, and ran with a frantic speed that Marcia, with her young strength could scarce equal—Marcia, whose tortured heart was whispering at every step, "We shall be too late! too late! By the time we reach him there will be no hope—none!"

They did not reach the water's side first; others had been before them. Some men driving slowly along a road near by had noticed the perilous sailing, and a few moments later heard the child's wild cry, and hastened to the spot. They met the mother and sister now, bearing a burden—no restless, teasing, troublesome boy, but something cold, white and still.

Who can follow the hurried events of such an hour? Mrs. Moore could not have told how it was that the tidings spread, and

neighbors came hurrying in, and that she was pitiably drawn away, while other less trembling, and so more efficient hands worked over the motionless form that she scarcely dared look upon. She wandered away to the kitchen, where her work all stood as she had left it, and found herself wondering vaguely how she could ever have been interested in such pitiable, trifling things! But death had never entered their home; it had seemed to her something dim and far away—almost beyond thought—one little hour ago.

She stole to her room, listening for, yet scarcely daring to hear, any word of hope or doom that might be spoken in the adjoining apartment. Closets and drawers had been thrown open with eager hands, to furnish articles that were needed, and her eyes fell upon a little suit of clothes hanging there—the ones Joe had coaxed for only that noon, and been refused. She wanted to keep them from soiling—perchance she had done it forever. An added pang forced its sharp way even through her steady agony—a feeling that she had defrauded her child. It was unendurable; she shuddered and turned away.

"There's life there," said a low voice in the next room.

The mother bent her ear eagerly, every breath a prayer, while the brief silence that followed seemed interminable.

"Oh! he's breathing!" said another. "Poor fellow! he's had a narrow chance. Stand away a little, some of you, and give him more air."

Slowly he struggled back to life; the breathing became more natural, his eyes unclosed again, and the dread shadow of death lifted and passed away. Friends, no longer needed, slipped out one after another, with a mingling of congratulatory smiles and tears, and the mother watched beside her boy—a quiet sleeper—scanning the pale face with steady, eager eyes, to be quite sure that she was not dreaming.

Upon her silent watching broke a step, not heavy, but wondrously firm, and Aunt Prudy Greer walked in—aunt and nurse to the whole neighborhood.

"Heard about it, an' come to stay a spell," she announced briefly, depositing her work-bag and untying her bonnet. "How came he to be pokin' round the pond, anyway?" she questioned when she was comfortably established. "Thought all the children in these parts would be down at the school-house this afternoon."

"Joe did want to go, but I thought—that is—we decided it wasn't best they should go to the picnic," Mrs. Moore explained in a reluctant way, unlike her usual assured manner. "You see," she continued, reading the dissent in Aunt Prudy's gray eyes, "there would have to

be some new clothes bought, and rich cake made, and, altogether, it would take a good deal of time and bother, and I didn't know how to be troubled with it. Then it would cost something, too—not but what we could do it as well as some others—but such things seem sort of foolish. We're trying to lay up for the children, and it will be more use to 'em by and by."

"Will it?" asked Aunt Prudy, slowly. "Layin' up, layin' up!" she repeated musingly. "That's all very well, but I've lived long enough to learn that it's best to be very careful what we lay up. There's such a thing as layin' up bitter memories and everlasting regrets—I've seen it. There's people, too, that robs the time that is to lay up for a time that never comes—like that man in the Bible with his 'much goods laid up for many years,' an' he never had the many years, you see. 'Whose shall those things be?' It don't say whose they was; I s'pose it don't matter. If little Joe had been laid up in heaven to-day, why, his portion—well! well! I don't know! It's all well and wise to look out for the coming years when we can; but then they're uncertain—mighty uncertain—and I'd try an' lay up a happy childhood for the children, Ellen, while I had 'em. There's a deal of meanin' in that verse about 'moth and rust,' if we could only get down to it."

The mother shivered, but made no reply; she was thinking too deeply for that. Had they been robbing the children? They had tried to teach them to work, save and plan as they did, but was that, after all, the highest, noblest life? She had worked for her children so hurriedly and busily that she had found no time to sympathize with them, to make them happy, to show her love in the little things that came up day by day. Would broad lands altogether atone for there being no happy home life to treasure up? no days marked with a white stone? no tender memories? Was their present of so much less importance than their earthly future would be if they lived? and if not—

"No, David, this straining, hurried, crowded life isn't the best for now or afterward," she said, when she and her husband talked the matter over that evening.

The "south meadow" was not purchased, but greener and fairer possessions far came into the family, as sweet poetry began to mingle with life's earnest prose, and the old yellow farm-house slowly blossomed into brightness and beauty. Years afterward, Mr. Moore was wont to say with an odd smile, that his most fruitful field was the one he never bought; it yielded the richest harvest.—*Wood's Household Magazine.*

GAVAZZI.

You say you have not heard Gavazzi, and ask me to tell you all about him. He is six feet high and well-proportioned, about fifty-five years old, with a fine head, broad, pleasant face, long thick hair beginning to turn grey, and his features indicate good humor. In private, social life he is genial, pleasing, companionable, though an old bachelor. He has not become so thoroughly reformed from Romanism as to renounce in his own case the celibacy of the clergy; but in this his faith may be better than his practice. It is not too late for him to complete his reformation. He does not walk firmly; he crosses the platform with a shuffling gait, and stoops when he begins to speak, but is straight enough as he gets on. His pronunciation of our language is not distinct; his delivery is naturally rapid; he tries to force the words out faster than they come naturally, and many people do not understand much more than half he says. I never catch all his sentences, but the general drift of his discourse is intelligible to all. He understands our tongue thoroughly, and rarely, if ever, uses the wrong word; but he does not speak it with fluency. It is wonderful that he speaks it as well as he does. I would love to see him in his own language. If his fervor is so intense, as he toils through an oration in a tongue that is not his, how he must burn and blaze with words that have been his from childhood. But with this almost insuperable disadvantage, he has such power over his audience that it is curious to inquire into its secret.

He is thoroughly in earnest. That is half the battle. If the people did not understand a word he says, they could not see a man so hard at work in a good cause without being in sympathy with him. Then his voice has as many tones to it as any instrument of ten strings. He has one for sober argument, another for tender appeal; one for indignation, scorn, contempt; one for comic humor, ridicule, sarcasm; and the way he manages this organ of his is to an American wonderful. The changes are sudden, and the effect galvanic and irresistible. The high key with which he unlocks the doors of fun and lets a flood of laughter over the house, is so out of keeping with the size of the speaker and the deep base of his normal voice, that itself sets every hearer into a merry mood at once. And, then, more than all else, is the action. The three primal elements of an orator are said to be "action, action, action." Roscius, the actor, contended with Cicero that he could express an idea in greater variety and force by gesture than Cicero could do with words. Gavazzi is a countryman of Roscius and

Cicero. The Italians gesticulate much in ordinary conversation. They have a talent for pantomime. Gavazzi sometimes makes several significant gestures with both hands, while he is not saying a word; and before he has spoken, his idea is caught and appreciated and responded to. With such elements he must make an impression upon any audience, with any subject. But he has come here full of a great, living, popular theme, and the people are with him before he begins.

Exiled for twenty years from his native land, because of his abandonment of the Pope and hostility to the priestly Government of Italy, he joined Garibaldi and became a soldier apostle of Christian liberty. The march of political events that brought Victor Emanuel to the crown of united Italy and stripped the Pope of his temporal diadem, opened also the gates of Rome to the Gospel and Gavazzi. He was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. Like a flame of fire he shone in front of the Vatican, and proved that the downfall of the Pope was the salvation of Italy. Identifying himself with the Free Christian Church, and forecasting the necessities of a great work that is to bring back the peninsula to the faith of the apostles, he would found in the imperial city of the Cæsars a Biblical College, where the preachers of the future shall be trained, and whence, as from Jerusalem of old, they shall go out over all the land to declare the word and way of life.

Our Protestant hearts meet him more than half way, and eagerly take in the appeals he makes. When he hurls defiance at the Pope, taunts him with past perfidy and tyranny, triumphs over him in his impotence and despair, describes him as "an old lion without teeth or claws, the laughing stock of boys;" when he tells of the five evangelical Italian congregations in Rome, a hundred in Italy, and tens of thousands of hearers of the word; when he points to the presses multiplying Bibles, and shop-windows displaying the word of God, without any to molest or to make afraid; and more than all, when he laughs to scorn the infallibility of the Pope, and shows that with the blasphemy of this assumption came the declaration of war that brought down Napoleon and the Pope, so that the power that sustained the Pope and the Pope himself went down in the same hour: as Gavazzi pursues these glowing and exciting themes, all his voice and all his action, the great variety of tone and gesture, pathos and humor, ridicule and denunciation, are summoned into the field, and he triumphs like a giant trampling on his foes.

He speaks every night, and two or three times on Sunday. Without extraordinary care such mighty work would kill him



GAVAZZI,



soon. So intense is his physical exertion while speaking, that he is reeking with perspiration; and so great is the danger of his taking cold, that he retires to the vestry immediately at the close of his discourse and makes a complete change of clothing. This precaution might have saved the lives of many public speakers. If he does not break down before October, he will succeed in his noble mission, and besides enlightening the public mind on the subject of Romanism at home, he will raise a goodly sum for his Free Church and Biblical College in Rome.—“*Irenæus*,” in *N. Y. Observer*.

PURE GOLD.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

CHAPTER I.

The train reached a way-station. Three ladies were to leave it, and two gentlemen, their travelling companions, insisted upon helping them out with their hand-bags and shawls. They went with them to the comfortable sleigh—which was waiting with its two horses and driver—in spite of the remonstrances of the ladies, who feared they would not have time to get back to the train, in which they were going farther.

“Indeed, you must not trouble yourselves with us,” said the elder of the ladies, “the train stops but a few moments.”

“There is plenty of time!” “All right!” said the young men.

“But there is the whistle, you must go!”

“Good-by!”

“Good-by!”

“Is the carriage blanket tucked in?”

“I gave you your travelling bag, Miss Archer!”

“Oh! yes! Oh! yes. Pray don’t wait any longer with us, for the train is certainly starting!”

“Oh! don’t get on while the cars are in motion,” cried the three female voices as the two young men leaped upon the platform and then upon the departing train.

“Of course, they will,” said Aunt Mary, “because they are young men. I mean they will wait until the last minute before they jump upon the car. I should have thought Andrew would have been more prudent though!”

“Oh! what charming young men!” cried one of the young girls, as the sleigh took them quickly away from the station.

“Aunt Mary, you never promised us anything so delightful as this journey has been.”

“Why Aunt Mary, this coming to

Sherburne will be the very pleasantest thing that ever happened to us in all our lives!”

“Now, stop, Isabel; and stop, Ellinor,” said their aunt; “don’t take it into your heads that your visit to Sherburne is going on in this same delightful, romantic way. We have had the chance to meet two very agreeable young men on our journey here. But you know I warned you that none of that species were to be found in Sherburne, that we were all old here, and mostly female; the young men go off and make their fortunes elsewhere, and the girls—”

“Oh! I know, Aunt Mary,” said Ellinor, “you have told us their horrible fate. They live on and on, and the cobwebs gradually gather over them, and all of a sudden they wake up and find that instead of being young girls they are nothing but spinsters of a certain age. Oh! what a fate!”

“But we have ventured to come,” said Isabel; “we have crawled into the web in spite of your warnings.”

“We haven’t promised we would stay here all our lives though,” said Ellinor.

“There’s no danger,” laughed Aunt Mary, “you will be ready enough to go back at the end of the two weeks’ visit. I only admire your courage in breaking away from the entertainments of the season to come to my quiet little home.”

“Oh! what you call ‘entertainments,’ Aunt Mary,” said Ellinor, “are not so very entertaining when you come to look at them. It is just a series of bores!”

“And, Ellinor, only look at those pines I with the snow upon them, and the mountain far away, the real mountain!” exclaimed Isabel.

“Oh! how beautiful is the country in winter!” cried Ellinor, and these two girls fell to exclaiming over all the beauty of the scenery in the three miles’ ride that took them to the very middle of Sherburne, where Aunt Mary lived. And how comfortable Aunt Mary’s large old-fashioned mansion looked; and Uncle Josiah received them at the door so cordially; and what a welcome in the large parlor, with its cheerful, gay curtains, warm carpets, and, best of all, a roaring wood fire!

It was before this comfortable fire they found themselves sitting after supper, in cosy easy-chairs, a screen shutting off a draught from a side window, Uncle Josiah cheerfully going off into a nap behind them over his newspaper.

“Now, Aunt Mary, tell us something about our young men,” said Ellinor, as she put out her feet, and rested them on a crook in the andirons.

“O Ellinor! can’t you get them out of your head?” said Aunt Mary. “Remember

they are only going home for a day or two—”

“And how far off is their home from here?” asked Ellinor.

“About twenty miles.”

“Twenty miles, Isabel! That is something of a distance.”

“And you heard Roger say,” said Aunt Mary, “that he had not seen his mother for six years.”

“Oh! yes, how pleasantly he talked about Japan!” said Ellinor. “That is the kind of traveller I like. He didn't bore you with long adventures of ‘I did this’ and ‘I said that,’ but they stuck out of him all over!”

“Just as Chinese things smell of that nice paper they are all done up with!” said Isabel.

“I know it, that sort of tea-paper,” said Ellinor. “Oh! how good Aunt Mary's tea was to-night! real old-fashioned Chinese tea, none of your English-breakfast-tea humbugs.”

“What have you got off upon now?” asked Aunt Mary, bewildered.

“Oh! I have not got away from our charming companions,” said Ellinor.

“The two young men are as different from each other as possible,” said Aunt Mary, rather dreamily, looking into the red-hot coals. “I used to see them in their growing-up quite frequently.”

Ellinor looked up with a nod to Isabel. She wanted to say, “Aunt Mary used to see them quite frequently, so twenty miles can't be very far off.” But she didn't venture to interrupt Aunt Mary, lest she should cut off the valuable thread she had started upon.

“Yes, I often wondered how they would turn out,” Aunt Mary went on, “both talented, high-spirited young men, but with such different views of life. Andrew's mother was always ambitious for him. He had a rich uncle, who gave him everything he asked for, from marbles when he was a boy, up to the highest education the country affords, as he grew to be a man. Then he put him in the way of making his fortune.”

“His own fortune, Aunt Mary,” interrupted Ellinor, “so he told me himself. He was not ashamed of confessing that he began with sweeping out the store.”

“Yes I know that,” Aunt Mary went on, “that was the way his uncle had done before him. With Roger it was different; he had to be indebted to a friend for his education. So before he was fairly through college he was a teacher in a school, and worked too at some trade with his hands, until he had repaid his debt. His next earnings went to the support of his mother and sisters. He could make money quickly by his talents. His friend, Andrew, used to be proud of telling me this. Roger had a way of using every power he had. In

the tedious hours of convalescence, after a serious illness, once, he studied diligently the Eastern languages. So some years ago, one of our rich merchants took him out with him to Japan, on account of his knowledge of the Japanese language.”

“And now he has become really famous with his book about Japan!” exclaimed Isabel.

“They are both wonderful men,” said Ellinor, “so young, and yet they have done so much; they are both at the top of the ladder, and can look round and choose what they will!”

“And how differently will they choose!” said Aunt Mary, as she took the tongs and gave a plunge to a half-burnt stick, and sent the sparks flying up the chimney. “I sometimes think people spend only gold, and others only the filthy paper currency.”

“What do you mean?” asked Ellinor. “I am sure I have not seen anything but currency these years!”

“I mean that the people that spend, give a character to the money they spend. In some hands it is pure gold, in others it is ‘filthy lucre.’ Every bit of Andrew's money goes for himself. He works day and night that he may be a millionaire. Sometimes he was willing to sweep out the store because that was the way his uncle began to be a rich man. He told me of his late speculation, of which he is so proud, that he is going home to take the news of his success to his uncle himself. Yes, he has got his money, but what else? does it shine with any pleasure it has given to others? Is it anything besides the money? What indeed does it give him?”

“O Aunt Mary!” exclaimed Ellinor, “what can it not give him? Art, pictures, travel abroad, carriages, horses—nay, even the power of charity; he can found hospitals, relieve the poor!”

“All in the future, Ellinor, do you not see? He can, but has he? He may, but will he? Meanwhile, already, everything that Roger has earned, has turned to pure gold. His first thought was for his mother. He provided her a comfortable home before he ever cared for himself. He has started up a hospital for poor, lame children, because his thoughts turned that way, when he came near being lame himself after his long illness. He asked Andrew to give to that object, but Andrew thought such institutions led to idleness. Andrew has a great respect for labor, and thinks only the laborer should have his reward.”

“He has worked hard enough himself,” interrupted Ellinor.

“And so has Roger, and he also respects labor, and respects money and what it brings. He has never earned as much money as Andrew has, and I think he has come home without any fortune, except his capabilities. Yet, do you know, he is

richer than Andrew, because he has spent more in charity and in helping others than ever Andrew has thought of. What I mean is, he can get all the good of his money. When they were both young, and Andrew was sweeping his store and saving his pennies, he regretted that he could not afford to buy a flute for a poor fellow in the same boarding-house, who had a genius for music. But Roger, poorer than Andrew, did afford it! He worked over a translation, by which he earned the money late at night, after his working hours."

"How splendid!" exclaimed Isabel. "It seems, from what you tell me, as if he had the power with his touch to turn everything to gold."

"I don't know," said Ellinor, gaping a little, "I think I should prefer to have the gold than the power to change to gold. 'There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.'"

Aunt Mary raked up the fire, and they bade good-night. Isabel said:

"Well, Aunt Mary, if Sherburne is a quiet place, we have begun with an event."

"Why, yes," said Ellinor, "the meeting these young men will give us talk for the rest of our visit. I do like events."

"I am afraid it will be your only one," laughed Mrs. Archer.

CHAPTER II.

Aunt Mary proved a false prophet; that very night was the sound, unusual in Sherburne, of an alarm of fire; the whole town was stirred and waked, Ellinor and Isabel with the rest.

"Half New York might burn up without our knowing it," said Ellinor, "but here we are all afloat because one poor little house is on fire."

It happened to be very near, however—only across the street, a little farther down. Uncle Josiah went out to help, Aunt Mary and all the household were up and dressed, and when it proved the poor little house could not be saved, she arranged to receive the invalid mother in one of her own lower rooms.

Ellinor and Isabel made themselves useful, and ran up and down and here and there. There was coffee to be made, fires were built, and directions given. And all the time the roar of the fire outside was going on, and the splendid glow of the flames, for the great barn to the little house went too; and Ellinor and Isabel had to stop continually and look out upon the magnificent sight of the rushing flames, the whirling ruddy smoke, and the lurid color in the sky lighting up the snow.

The next morning they sat together over a late breakfast.

"Well, Aunt Mary, you got up some-

thing for our entertainment this time. I never saw quite such a sight," said Ellinor.

"How the flames cracked and roared!" said Isabel. "What a terrible sound that is, as if they were really devouring something, like a horrible pack of wild beasts! Don't wonder that anyone should lose their senses in a great fire."

"But how comical some of it was!" said Ellinor. "I shall never forget that girl's coming in with a gridiron, and putting it in my hands with such care, as though it were a set of diamonds she was saving."

"Poor Agnes," said Aunt Mary, "no wonder her head was turned, when she saw burning the house she was born in. But she thought first of her mother's safety."

"How near such a scene brings us to our fellow-creatures!" exclaimed Isabel. "How interested I shall always be in all those people we worked with last night. That dear old man that thought of the mother's rocking-chair with its pluffy seat! He brought it in to me with tears in his eyes, as he said, 'I guess she thinks considerable of that, and wouldn't like to have it go.'"

"I know," said Ellinor, "if I met him in a horse-car I should think he was just a common kind of old man, but he was thinking of everybody and everything."

"And that brave boy who climbed up to the roof of the next house with the rope for the pails of water," said Isabel, "what a splendid fellow he was!"

"Yet he had a snub-nose," said Ellinor, "and his hair inclined to the sandy, so you would think if you met him selling newspapers."

"How can you talk so about them," said Isabel, "when you have seen them all in such scenes?"

"That is the thing," said Ellinor, "I am waking up to the beauty of my kind. O Aunt Mary! I see one must come to Sherburne to see the world."

"What nonsense you are talking, Ellinor!" said Aunt Mary, "and we must sit here no longer, for there is Mr. Dobson with his sleigh to take his mother away to his own house. We shall all be quiet again before the morning is over, and by to-night you will be thinking Sherburne is the most 'dead-and-alive' place you ever saw."

Aunt Mary was doomed to be a false prophet again. Farmer Dobson, indeed, did insist upon taking his mother away to his own home, and the house was restored to its usual quiet and neatness by noon, when a sleigh was seen to drive up to the gate.

"Who is this?" exclaimed Isabel.

"Our travelling companions, surely!" cried Ellinor.

And very soon appeared the two young

men who had accompanied them on their journey of the day before.

"We thought we would be neighborly, Mrs. Archer, and take advantage of the sleighing to make you a call," said Andrew.

Of course Aunt Mary invited the young men to stay to dinner, as there would be a glorious moonlight in the evening for their long sleigh-ride back.

As she went out to make her arrangements for her dinner, she said to herself, "There are some people to whom events come wherever they are, and Ellinor and Isabel are of that kind."

Yes, these two cousins were young and pretty and gay-spirited. And Andrew and Roger were young and full of spirits too. And twenty miles proved but a short distance to these two, and for a week or more Sherburne proved so attractive to them that they could not keep away.

And even Ellinor was satisfied with the events in Sherburne.

CHAPTER III.

Nearly fifteen years had passed away, and Aunt Mary sat again by her sparkling wood-fire. Ellinor was with her, handsome, brilliant-looking still. She was leaning back in a comfortable chair as though she were used to taking her ease, and knew how to do it. There was somehow a placid expression of pleasure merely in the rich dress she was wearing, in its becoming folds and lace draperies. She had not been in Sherburne since her marriage with Andrew, not since the visit she had made when she had first made his acquaintance. So as she looked into the glowing hot coals of fire, she might have been dreaming of the past, and of those romantic days of the betrothal that had taken place in that very house.

But she had rather the air of present comfort, not of dreaming.

"Yes, Aunt Mary, I feel quite satisfied about the children."

"Robbie and Andrew are at such a nice school. I am much pleased with Mr. Merton. And then the little girls are always happy at their grandmother's. She lets them do exactly as they please. The house is immense, and the grounds, and there are plenty of servants. And they are to go on with their French and their music all the same. And Andrew and I are going to have a real honeymoon-time abroad. We are going to stay as long as we please, and to stop where we please. When we went abroad before, directly after our marriage, Andrew was so taken up with business, and watching stocks, and how gold went up and down, that we had no fun about it."

"He feels perfectly easy now," said Aunt Mary.

"I can't say that exactly," said Ellinor. "I don't know but it will be the same thing over again. It is astonishing how even rich people have to calculate. Of course, whether gold goes up or down it is of immense importance to us. Not that I ought to say we are rich people. Andrew would abuse me for thinking so. Do you know, Aunt Mary, I had such a plan, only we could not carry it out!"

Ellinor started forward from her low seat, and clasped her hands over her knees and the fresh color came into her cheeks as she looked up into Aunt Mary's face for sympathy.

"You see, Aunt Mary," she went on, "Andrew had a great success this autumn with some lands he had not expected a thing from. But he took the right minute to sell off, so advantageously. Do you know—though he don't often crow over such things—he said it almost doubled his fortune; that, and something else I couldn't understand. This is why he thought we could afford a few years in Europe. Because, you know, one can live very handsomely there and not spend half as much as one has to here. Well he had been explaining to me all this, and then came my idea. Could not we take Roger and Isabel out with us? You know they would be exactly the loveliest companions in travelling, Roger knows everything, and all the languages, and Isabel has such taste. And lately we know they have been living in straitened circumstances, and Roger is not a bit well. They could leave the children with his mother or Isabel's at really very little expense. And it would be a real old-fashioned kind of a lark."

"What did Andrew say?" asked Aunt Mary.

"Well, his face clouded up a little," said Ellinor, "and then I suggested it might be only for a few months, to go up the Nile with us, and how Roger could talk Arabic."

"Did he think Roger would not consent?" asked Aunt Mary.

"Not a bit of it," said Ellinor surprised. "Of course we would have made them go, but Andrew then explained it all," and Ellinor flung herself back in her chair into her first position. "I never can quite make out these money difficulties. It seemed that to get the good of all this lucky hit the money must be put somewhere into a railroad or a mine, or something that ties it all up, so that nobody can get at it. And, in fact, I don't see but what we are going to Europe for economy after all."

Aunt Mary could not suppress a sad smile.

"I see what you mean," said Ellinor, starting up suddenly. "I recall what you said by this very fireside that first evening

we came to Sherburne. You think Andrew and I do not get the good of our money, that it is not the pure gold."

"I cannot judge," said Aunt Mary.

"I know," said Ellinor drily, "people's tastes are so different. One person likes one thing, one another. I like the gold that jingles," and she shook her hand at Aunt Mary, rattling her bracelets, and twirled a heavy gold chain she wore about her neck, and they both got up to say good-night.

CHAPTER IV.

It was not many weeks after that Isabel came for a visit to Sherburne, stopping on her way to Roger's old home. She had brought the children all with her, but they had been put to bed, when she drew up with Aunt Mary, in the old way, by the wood-fire. Uncle Josiah had his newspaper by the lamp in the same old way, too, not dozing more than he used.

Isabel had grown more lovely in Aunt Mary's eyes in all these years, but she was looking thin, with some marks of care upon her face. Aunt Mary looked at her earnestly for a while. "You look a little pale, Isabel," she said at last, "but better than I had feared from all you have been through. I can't think where you got that peacock—no, I mean that cheerful look."

"Because I am so happy," said Isabel, taking her aunt's hands. "Think what we have been through, and all of us together and well again! Roger comes tomorrow to take us all to his home, and he will be with us the rest of the winter. He wants the quiet so that he may finish up his Japanese grammar."

Roger and Isabel had been living in Chicago the last ten years, but their house and all their belongings had been burned to the ground. They had saved only their lives.

"I wished you could have come directly to me after the fire," said Aunt Mary.

"Oh! you were so good to ask us," said Isabel. Everybody was too good. But, indeed, it was quite impossible at that time to move Jack, our dear boy, so far. And we were comfortable, and I could not bear to leave Roger. But oh! we did have some very hard times, and everything looked black for a while, I can tell you. And the contrast of it all made it the harder, because we had been very prosperous before the fire. Aunt Mary, I am afraid we were too much set up; we had made such plans for ourselves. We actually talked about going to Italy to spend the winter. The doctors have constantly told us a warm winter would be the best thing for Jack, and Roger had been laying some money aside for it. And he meant to spend the winter over his book on Volcanoes."

"O Isabel! must you give it up?" asked Aunt Mary.

"Ah! yes, indeed; but we thought nothing of that deprivation at first, when Jack was so sick. Then, indeed, Aunt Mary, when all seemed very dark, I did rebel a little. There were so many things we wanted for our poor boy, and just a little money would have helped us. I thought of Ellinor, and how what she spends on one Paris dress that she wears but once or twice, might save, perhaps, our child's life. But it was not very long that I was in that envious state. I soon remembered all the joy I could have in thinking how little I had been separated from Jack. I have always had him with me—all the children, as far as was possible. They have never been put off upon servants. They have always been ours. And I could have him now. I was strong, and I could care for him myself. And that has been our compensation. Our children have been our own, our own! But you know alas! poor Ellinor must leave all her children behind when they go to Europe—her dear little girl, who was left so ill after the scarlet fever, with the rest. And do you know I have a little plan to have the little Nora come to us after we are all arranged at Roger's mother's? I think we can find a place for her; for the other girls, her sisters, are all so healthy and hearty, they don't seem to know how to care for her. She is a sensitive little thing. I am afraid not very good-tempered. But we are all so well and happy now, and Jack is truly better. I believe it was my own determined care that made him well. O Aunt Mary! we feel so rich now!"

"Yet I can't help feeling sorry about the Europe plan," said Aunt Mary.

"I think there is a spell against our going to Europe," laughed Isabel. "You know we planned it for our wedding journey. But, you remember why we gave it up? Roger thought we ought to have his old paralytic uncle with us that winter, and so we put it off, and it has never seemed to come about since."

Aunt Mary laughed. "Some people would think an old paralytic uncle not a fair exchange for Europe."

Isabel laughed merrily. "Do you know we felt so glad about it, for it gave us such quiet times together, such a honeymoon all winter long—a chance to grow acquainted with each other—for you know our marriage came on in a bit of a hurry, and we never should have had the same quiet travelling about from one place to another. Then dear old Uncle John, he asked to listen to our talk, and we never could tell if he understood a word we said, because he could not speak plainly himself, but he always looked happy when we were gay and happy. And at last he passed away so

peacefully and quietly, and that look of something higher than thankfulness that he gave us before he went away, was something more than all satisfactions one gives one's self.

"That was a blessing upon your marriage," said Aunt Mary.

"And as to Europe," said Isabel, "I will tell you a bit of a secret. You know Roger's younger brother, Eben, has worked for his education as Roger did. And now he has received an appointment as Professor of Modern Languages in one of the Western colleges; I am not at liberty to tell you where. But he thinks he can't accept it conscientiously until he has had first a few months' study in Germany. And do you know we are going to send him, Roger and I? Don't you tell anybody. I could not hold in from telling you, to show you how rich we are after all our losses. And I helped, too. I had a bit of money laid aside, and Roger's last book has been a complete success. Eben can live very economically while he is studying, but we mean he shall see a bit of Europe, too. And it will be like going ourselves, for he writes the most delightful letters, and is one of the kind that sees everything."

"And that is to be your Europe!" exclaimed Aunt Mary.

"That is to be our Europe for the present, began Isabel, but she started up. "Do listen; I believe that is baby's voice!" she cried. "I suppose it is the new place, for she usually sleeps like a top from the minute her head touches the pillow. Did you ever see such a darling?"

Isabel hurried off, and Aunt Mary would have followed her, but Uncle Josiah stopped her. He had put down his newspaper and waited his chance for a talk.

"I think you were about right, Mary, in what you said to those girls fifteen years ago, the first night they came to Sherburne."

"You have remembered it all this time?" asked Aunt Mary.

"Why, yes," said Uncle Josiah, rubbing his spectacles. "I thought you had your simile all wrong about gold and currency. For it seemed to me that people like Roger made currency out of the gold in handing it so quickly from one to another, instead of hoarding it up into capital in banks. But I see your meaning. He gets out of his money all that is highest and best in it. Here it is a peaceful death-bed for an old man, otherwise friendless. There it is giving new life and education for a hard-working student. It is not the 'filthy lucre' any longer; it is glorified, transmuted. Yes, they are rich, indeed!"

Aunt Mary rubbed her eyes. "I am afraid my friends ought to know what a bit of humbug you are, Josiah, sitting there

behind your newspaper pretending not to hear a thing, but taking it all in and philosophizing over it!"

"It is better so. I don't want to be turned out of the room," said Uncle Josiah, "and your young girls would never talk so freely if I were to pull my chair in by the side of the rest. But it is a lesson growing old teaches us, that it is not the amount of money we have that makes us rich, but the way in which we use it. The use of the gold makes it shine, but in hoarding it, it gathers only rust."—*Hearth and Home.*

IS YOUR LAMP BURNING?

Say is your lamp burning, my brother?

I pray you look quickly and see;

For if it were burning, then surely
Some beams would fall bright upon me.

Straight, straight is the road, but I falter,
And oft I fall out by the way;
Then lift your lamp higher, my brother,
Lest I should make fatal delay.

There are many and many around you,
Who follow wherever you go;
If you thought that they walked in the shadow,
Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.

Upon the dark mountains they stumble,
They are bruised on the rocks, and they lie
With their white, pleading faces turned upward
To the clouds and the pitiful sky.

There is many a lamp that is lighted,
We behold them anear and afar;
But not many among them, my brother,
Shine steadily on like a star.

I think were they trimmed night and morning,
They would never burn down or go out,
Though from the four quarters of heaven
The winds were all blowing about.

*If once all the lamps that are lighted
Should steadily blaze in a line,
Wide over the land and the ocean
What a girdle of glory would shine!*

How all the dark places would brighten!
How the mists would roll up and away!
How the earth would laugh out in her gladness
To hail the millennial day!

Say, is your lamp burning, my brother?
I pray you look quickly and see,
For if it were burning, then surely
Some beams would fall bright upon me.

Young Folks.

EFFIE HAMILTON'S WORK.

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

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXII.

One by one—bright gifts from heaven—
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready be to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee—
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

—*Adelaide Proctor.*

It was one sharp November day that it was agreed Effie was to be driven in to meet Solly, and then take dinner with her at the Rittermans'. Mr. Sawyer had left New York by a night train, for which Effie was very glad, as then she could meet Solly herself.

A little snow had fallen, and the roads were hard and frozen. Effie shivered as the cold wind blew round the buggy, and felt very thankful that she and Solly would be warm that winter. Dear Willie, too! no cold blasts would reach him either; he was safely sheltered from every storm. Their kind Father had been very good to the three little ones.

Harry left Effie at the station, as she was to go home by the street cars. Very soon the shrill whistle was heard, and the train came rushing in. Effie ran out on the platform, and there, sure enough, was Solly!—the same dear old Solly as ever, only looking different in her neat, dark dress.

We will not attempt to describe the meeting of the children—Effie all smiles and tears at once; Solly cool and undemonstra-

tive as ever, yet plainly as happy as she could be.

"And whatever did you do with Nance?" asked Effie, as they hurried along after Mr. Sawyer.

"She's just stayed along in the old place. One of them little Simmonses is a-coming to live with her. Their ma died a month ago, I guess; so Nance took the little 'un, and Liz is trying to get work. I felt real sorrowful to leave old Nance, I did; she ain't never been bad to me, and I've lived with her ever since I was a wee shaver; but I wanted ter see you awful, and Miss Clark, she thought I'd best come. I 'spose I needn't stay here if I don't want to?"

"No, —" said Effie, doubtfully; "I suppose not; but I guess you'll want to, Solly!" she added more brightly.

"Be they nice folks?"

"Nice! ain't they though? Just as nice as they can be! Mr. Ritterman was just as kind as he could be to me when I was coming from New York; gave me cakes and oranges, and made a bed for me of his own coat."

"Did you sleep?"

"Yes; why not?"

"Well, I guess I didn't! I sot right straight up all the way. Sleep! I'd as soon think of sleeping on—on the top of a chimney, when there was a roarin' fire inside. I thought I'd be blowed up every minit, I did!"

Effie laughed merrily; but they now came in sight of the Rittermans', and it was evident Solly was somewhat impressed with its imposing appearance.

Great preparations had been going on inside—Mr. Ritterman having even hired

a boy to look after the store for the afternoon, that he might devote himself to his guests. This gentleman Effie and Solly found done up in his Sunday clothes, genial as ever; Mrs. Ritterman rustling in clean gown and cap.

"My dears, I be glad to see you!" she exclaimed, hurrying forward to meet the children.

"And this is Solly," said Joseph, taking her hand. "I hope you'll be happy with us. I guess our old friend Effie might have managed to if she hadn't found anyone better; he, he! But dinner's on the table; fall to right away."

Effie chatted away quite briskly, giving her friend's experience of railway travelling, much to the good host's amusement; but the little girl herself was very silent.

"Where did you have your breakfast, my dear?" asked Mrs. Ritterman of Solly.

"Didn't have none," returned Solly, lifting her shining eyes to her questioner's face.

"None! how was that?"

"Don't know. I guess Mr. Sawyer couldn't afford to get me any."

"But I gave him plenty of money, I did!" shouted Mr. Ritterman, his fat cheeks growing crimson. "The mean rascal. I'll have a settlin' with him for that. To think that you shouldn't have any breakfast! Take some more beef, my dear, you must be nearly starved."

"Oh! dear no, I've used to goin' without breakfasts. I've done that more times than I've done the other thing; but I never saw a dinner like this, I didn't!"

"Poor thing!" exclaimed good Mrs. Ritterman, wiping the corners of her eyes, quite touched at the encomium on her good cooking. "Im sure, my dear, the dinner's not very much. I'd liked to have had a turkey, but we thought maybe it was best to wait till Thanksgiving, seeing it's so near now. Don't be bashful now; father, give her somethin' more. Effie, I do wish you'd eat somethin' worth sittin' down to table for."

"Oh! I can't do anything but watch Solly; it's so good to see her!"

"Please sir," said Solly, in the pause which followed, "I'd like it, sir, if you wouldn't say anything to Mr. Sawyer. I guess he did the best he could."

"Don't be afraid, my dear; I won't be too hard on him."

"I like 'em!" said Solly, significantly, when the children were left alone for a little, after dinner.

"I knew you would," returned Effie, triumphantly. "And what do you think? My own Miss Maude, she wants Mrs. Ritterman to let you come out Sunday afternoons, and we'd have Sunday-school like, we three; wouldn't it be nice?"

"First rate, and then I can use the hymn-book Miss Clark gave me, just like yours."

"The only thing," said Effie, sadly, "is, we don't know how to get you out, being Sunday."

"How far is it?"

"About five miles, I think, near a lovely little village called Whitesborough."

"Pshaw! is that all? Why, I can foot that easy enough; but maybe Mrs. Ritterman won't let me go."

"We'll ask her at all events," said Effie, leading the way into a little back kitchen, where the good woman was busy washing her dishes.

"I'm a'goin' to help," said Solly, rolling up her sleeves and pinning back her dress in a minute.

"No, no; not to-day," urged Mrs. Ritterman.

"Might just as well commence now; can't never begin younger. Do let me wipe 'em," and suiting the action to the word, Solly seized the dish-towel and began vigorously to polish the plates that were draining on a tray. Mrs. Ritterman watched her, much amused at her energy, and a little afraid, if the truth had been told, of the safety of her crockery; but she need not have trembled, quick in her movements as Solly was, she seldom let things slip from her grasp. Very soon Mrs. Ritterman discovered in her that much-prized capability of American women—faculty, and with the active housekeeper the quality hid many faults. While Solly worked at her dishes Effie urged the Sunday claim, and was as usual referred to "father," if he was pleased, his wife was; she would like Solly to go to church with them of mornin's, but for the afternoons, why she could'n't object to the child's spending them

at the Lyttletons', specially when it was something good as called her. Effie went to the store then for father's opinion, but he did not seem exactly to like the idea of Solly walking so far.

"But then you know she's strong, and I don't know but it would do her good," pleaded Effie.

"Well, at all events we can see," said Joseph. "Don't know how things works in this world till we've tried 'em."

"How do you think you'll like her?" asked Effie confidentially, getting close to her old friend, and looking up anxiously in his face.

"I think we'll be friends; she ain't much like you, though."

"If she was she wouldn't be half the help to you that she'll be just as she is!"

Joseph laughed, but shook his head a little. It was evident old friends were the best with him; but we know what sterling worth our Solly has, and know, too, very well that ere many weeks have passed the old man and his wife will have learnt both to value and love her. She was a true diamond, Solly, though a rough one!

When Effie reached home, she was bounding into the kitchen, when a sight of Molly, Jane, and old Joe in earnest colloquy suddenly made her stand still and ask what was the matter, her thoughts at once flying to her dear mistress.

"Matter enough, indeed! it's a sad day in this house, it is! Don't yer mind him jist as he rode out uv that gate, Molly, and how he looked back and waved his handkercher to Miss Belle. He was a fine young man!"

"Is it Master Richard?" asked Effie, who with eyes and mouth wide open had been taking in every word.

"No, not Mr. Richard. Lor! if it had been him! but it's near as bad. It's just young Mr. Norris as Miss Belle was to have been married to just as soon as the war's over; and she with all her nice things made, and just ready to go with him if he came to-morrow! And they do say he was took off in a minit with one of them bullets, and dropped dead as a stone! Mister Richard himself, who is in the same regiment, saw him fall, and ran and picked him up at once; but it was no use. Poor

Miss Belle! I am awful sorry for her. A fine young couple they made. He so tall and slim; you'd just think as how they was made for each other!" Jane, who had been the speaker, here wiped her eyes on her apron with a sigh.

"It's just an awful thing, war!" said Molly, shedding sympathetic tears. "There's my own sister's son was shot down like a dog not a week ago! There must be some of them rebels has a pile to answer fur in this world or the next."

"How did the news come?" Effie ventured to ask.

"In a letter from Mister Richard, dear," answered cook; "and who knows but somebody may be writin' the same of him before twenty-four hours is over! Them awful bullets strikes down young and old, good and bad, though more of the good, I do believe."

"They're most ready to go then," said Effie, thoughtfully.

"True, my dear, true enough; but them's the ones their friends grieves over the most, as is natural."

"It does seem hard," put in old Joe, "that Miss Belle couldn't have the satisfaction of seein' the corpse; such a beautiful one as he'd make, too. I'd walk a couple of miles to see him myself, I would!"

Effie, remembering she had loitered a long while, hurried away to her own room. When she had taken off her jacket and hat, she stepped softly into Miss Maude's; but it was empty and silent. There was even a sad air about it, Effie thought—the house, too, was so still; scarce a sound was to be heard. Effie went back to her own little chamber and took up a book Maude had lent her; but she could not read. Presently she heard voices approaching; so she softly closed the door leading into her mistress' room. Almost immediately the invalid's chair was wheeled in, there was a sound as of some one kneeling down heavily, a burst of bitter sobbing, and then all was still. Effie took up her book again, but found it hard work to fix her attention. In a little while low voices sounded again, then quiet, then some one left the room. Effie heard her mistress sigh and say, "Oh, dear!" and then her bell rang.

When Effie entered the room, Maude, with the traces of tears on her pale cheeks, was sitting near the window, looking sadly out. She turned round as Effie entered and saw at once by her face that she knew all.

"I am so sorry, Effie, that your happiness to-day should be in any measure damped by our troubles at home. Has dear Solly arrived, and is she quite well?"

"Oh! yes, she's come, Miss Maude; I don't think she looks quite as well as she used to; she was always thin, but she's grown so tall she looks bonier than ever; but she's just the same she always was," and Effie's eyes brightened as she spoke of her friend.

"And do you think Mr. and Mrs. Ritterman will like her, and that she will be happy?"

"I think so. I hope so anyhow. They seem to like each other. How is poor Miss Belle?" Effie ventured to ask after a pause.

"Oh! she is very, very sad, Effie; it is such a terrible blow to her, for she has always been so hopeful; the wedding was just going to take place when the war broke out, and now—Poor, poor Belle!" and the tears chased each other down the sister's thin cheeks. "I shall keep expecting, too," she went on, "to hear the same news of Mr. Richard every day now, and it would almost break my heart if anything happened to him; for though he is not my own brother (his father was mother's first husband, you know), I could not love him better. He has always been so kind to me; when I was little he used always to carry me about in his great strong arms. I shall never forget my great trouble when he first left us. I don't think I've ever been the same since; I never could talk to anyone as I could talk to him,—and oh! if he should be killed and I never saw him any more!"

"Oh! don't, Miss Maude; mammy used to say it wasn't fair for us to take to-morrow's troubles because you know Jesus has to carry them too, if we do, for He bears our griefs Himself." Maude looked wonderingly at the child; she always spoke of her Saviour as if He was so near, and yet without the slightest irreverence or undue familiarity.

"I wish you could go and talk to poor Miss Belle; you would do her good I know."

"Oh! you can do that best, Miss Maude," said Effie, blushing.

So Maude had a new work given her.

The servant who earnestly prays "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" will soon find paths of duty open, and plans of usefulness disclose themselves!

The harvest is ever plenteous; it is only the laborers who are few!

(To be continued.)

A STRUGGLE FOR A MUSTACHE.

BY C. A. STEPHENS.

This is for boys of course. Who ever heard of girls being interested in mustaches! What can they know of that strange longing which goes out from the very soul of every youngster of a dozen,—sometimes younger,—which gets stronger and stronger every year, as he goes into his teens, and like Schiller's Whirlpool never will rest till his upper lip is mustached? What can they know of it? Nothing. That's why I don't think it worth while for them to read this sketch. They couldn't (I say it respectfully and without the slightest attempt at disparagement, not the slightest)—they couldn't appreciate the situation; but boys can. Every boy knows, or shortly will, just how it is himself. For mustaches are inevitable, and will come either with or without help,—usually with. I therefore dedicate this bit of experience, sad personal experience, to the shavers, little and great. They'll read it, I feel confident, every one; and that they may to some extent profit by it is the earnest wish of one of their number.

It was in January, the first month of a year not a great many years ago. The winter school was keeping. George Redway was master that winter. Harry Smith, Tom Edwards, and I had the "long seat" together. The long seat was the one at the end of the room, at right angles with the other seats. It partially fronted the rest, and was long enough for three of us,—a favorite seat and one greatly sought after in the general scramble on Monday morning of the "first day." I remember that Tom and I went down to the school-house a little after seven that morning in order to make sure of it by getting our books under the bench before the McIntire boys got there.

The "back seat" was full of "great boys" of eighteen and twenty. They nearly all had mustaches or attempts at the same. And some of them even had whiskers. Of

course their example and good success in this particular was stimulating to us smaller boys. Still we didn't take our fever (mustache fever) from them. It came from a sudden exposure in the form of a young fellow from Portland, named Fred Barry, who came up the second week of our school on a visit at his grandfather's, who lived in the neighborhood. By way of passing the time (nothing more I guess) he attended school for several weeks. Anything like the brown beauty, the trimness, and the heroic effect of Fred's mustache can scarcely be conceived of. The "great boys" were goats beside him. And as for the "great girls," it was amazing to see how they kept wearing their best dresses every day, and how cold they grew toward their old admirers.

Harry, Tom, and I, from the long seat, eyed him (the mustache part, and that was the only part of him worth noticing),—eyed him admiringly. Day by day we watched and sighed, nay, pined—I really think we pined—under the unapproachable glory of that manly mustache. Unapproachable; for as yet our faces were as smooth as our dinner-boxes. As I said at first, I don't expect any save boys to sympathize with us in this mood. And I know the most of folks will but laugh when I state that for the first fortnight after Fred's arrival, Tom and I actually lay awake nights to discuss it, and devise means for putting our own upper lip in a similar condition. As a preliminary step, we had already procured an old razor and a cake of soap; and were proceeding toward the object in view by scraping in the usual way, when one forenoon at recess Harry, whose fever ran higher even than ours, showed us a slip cut from a late newspaper (a religious paper, too) which made everything easy in a moment.

That slip was this:—

"MUSTACHES! MUSTACHES!!!

"The Grecian Compound! Will force a growth of hair on the smoothest face with a few applications. This is no humbug! Price only \$1.00 per package.

"Address (with the money),

"PROFESSOR BOUFFET,
"83 Nassau street, N. Y."

Was there ever such an opening! We read it over and over in school, holding it behind our books.

"Do you suppose it *really is so*?" whispered Tom.

"This is no humbug," read Harry, pointing to the slip.

On the whole it looked too straightforward and honest, and was too much to our liking to be seriously doubted.

"Let's send on and try it, anyway," said Harry, as we sat eating our dinners in

our seat and talking the matter over. "Shouldn't wonder if that was the way he raised his," with a nod up to where Fred was *shining* and talking with the girls. "Let's send to-morrow. It'll be thirty-three cents apiece. Can you do it?"

It would nearly break us; but we could do it, barely.

"Come over to our house to-night," said Harry, "and we'll write the letter."

That evening, after repeated attempts, we got off the following:—

"N—, MAINE, Jan. 29, 186—.

"PROFESSOR BOUFFET, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR: Please send us a package of your Grecian Compound as soon as you get this, which contains one dollar to pay for it. Be sure to send us the right kind.

"Your obedient servants,

"HARRY SMITH and two others."

We put this in the post-office next morning, as we went to school.

"How long do you expect it'll be before it will get here?" asked Tom.

"O, well, it may be a week," said Harry. "I don't mean to think strange, though, or worry, if it don't come for a fortnight. May have a good deal of business on hand, you know."

That seemed some time; but as we could do nothing further, we set ourselves to wait patiently.

Tom and I were therefore very agreeably surprised, when, on the third night after, Harry came running up to our house, and, calling us out, exclaimed, "Its come!"

Such promptness looked well in the *Professor*.

"Let's see it," cried Tom.

It was simply a yellow envelope addressed to "Harry Smith," containing a little square paper package, much like a paper of garden-seeds, with "directions" on it which told us to *dissolve in warm water and apply* wherever we wanted *hair*.

"Come down and stay with me to-night," said Harry, "and we'll *put on* some of it."

We went back with him, and at an early hour retired to Harry's chamber. He had brought up a cup with some water. We tore off a corner of the package and turned out about a quarter of the Compound into the cup. It was merely a gray powder; but what a puissant look it had to us! It dissolved readily in the water. And standing there before Harry's little looking-glass, we put it on to our upper lips with our forefingers, dipping them alternately. The operation took some fifteen minutes; we rubbed it in well. It was a bitter cold night. There was no fire in the chamber. I remember that we nearly froze our legs; though, of course, a little thing like that was not to be put in the balance with a mustache. After what we deemed a faith-

ful application, Harry blew out the candle and we got into bed, shivering considerably, but with high hopes.

"It'll probably begin to start 'em out by morning," said Harry. "We'll put on some more before we go to school. Drive as fast as we can, now."

It was light when I woke. Tom was up in bed (he had the middle), staring alternately from my face to Harry's, who was not yet awake. His upper lip was *black as soot!* It flashed into my mind about the mustache "Compound."

"Tom!" I exclaimed, "You've got a *prodigious* one!"

"Have I?" cried he, jumping out and running to the glass. "I hope it isn't like yours."

I sprang out and looked over his shoulder. My lip was black as his!

"What is it?" said Harry, rousing up.

Then seeing us staring into the glass, he leaped out and came looking over my shoulder. There were now reflected three of just the blackest lips you ever saw. We eagerly *felt* of them. It wasn't hair, it was a black stain. Our forefingers were equally black.

"By hokey!" exclaimed Harry, "I didn't think that's the way 'twas going to do! Did you?" We didn't.

"But it's all right and regular enough, I guess," he continued, after a moment of doubting amazement. "We'll wash it off, though, before we go in to breakfast."

We went down to the sink, and, getting out the soap, began to lather and scrub, running along to the glass now and then to see how it looked. We could no more start the stain than we could dissolve granite! It seemed to grow all the blacker for soaping! For a moment we were thoroughly frightened; then, our faith in the "Compound" returning, we resolved to accept the situation resignedly for the sake of a mustache.

"It's probably getting the roots laid," whispered Harry, as we went in to breakfast rather shamefacedly.

"Why! Why! My stars, boys!" exclaimed Aunt Dolly (Mrs. Smith), as we took our places opposite her at the table.

"What have you been doing to your faces? Ink! It's ink. O you silly boys!"

We said not a word. Far better to have her think it was ink than to know what we had really been doing.

How little Rhoda and Lizzie laughed! But we were thinking of the tougher ordeal in store for us at school.

"O, if we hadn't got to go to school!" exclaimed Tom, after we had left the table.

It wouldn't do to think of giving up our school, however. The folks wouldn't hear a word to that. If we even asked to stay at home one day, we should have to ex-

plain it all. Besides, there was no prospect of the stains coming out very soon.

We gave our luckless lips another scrubbing, a fruitless one; and then, as it drew near nine o'clock, went off toward the school-house. The master was just going in as we got there. Holding our hands up to our noses, we went to our seat without attracting much notice. But while reading in the Testament, several of the boys spied it out in spite of the books we held up. We began to hear a suspicious tittering; and while the "Fifth Reader Class," which came next, was out on the recitation-seats, it kept breaking out, much to the master's annoyance and surprise. He looked sharply around. But we held our heads down and studied prodigiously. "Class in the Fourth Reader!" cried the master. That was our class.

(To be continued.)

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

Two boys, both about fifteen years of age, were employed as clerks in a large grocery, in one of our cities.

Walter Hyde was the son of an invalid widow, and his earnings were her only means of support.

Andrew Strong was the eldest son of a poor mechanic, who had quite a large family depending upon him for their daily bread.

Both the boys were capable and industrious; both were equally well disposed, and both were members of the "Temperance Union," which had been started in their Sabbath-school. They had but lately entered upon the business in which they were now engaged, and which promised to be a lucrative occupation.

Walter and Andrew were good friends, and glad of a situation where they could labor together. But they had not long been employed in the grocery before they learned, to their dismay, that Mr. Bates, its proprietor, kept a bar in the store, where he retailed alcoholic drinks.

The two boys conferred together upon the propriety of remaining at a place where stimulants were sold. They had nothing to do with the sale of the liquor, and did not know whether to remain would interfere with their pledge or not.

"Let us talk with our folks at home," said Walter; "they will know best. I shall do just as my mother says."

"And I will ask my father and mother," said Andrew. "I don't know whether they will think it a sufficient reason for me to leave, but I know they will hate me to lose my situation."

"Mother," said Walter Hyde, seating himself beside her easy-chair, and leaning his head on his mother's shoulder, "did you know Mr. Bates sold liquor?"

"Why no, my son," said Mrs. Hyde, with a startled movement; "does he?"

"Yes. I didn't know it for a fact until to-day, though I have mistrusted it before. What do you think about my staying there? I don't have anything to do with the liquor department, but it don't seem exactly right to stay where it is sold. Does it to you, mother?"

For a moment the mother did not answer. Poverty is a hard thing to battle with, and Mrs. Hyde knew only too well what must follow the loss of her son's situation. But as she pondered, there came to her mind from the dim recollections of the past the memory of a boy she had known in girlhood; a brave, high-spirited lad, with the promise of as noble a manhood as lay before her own cherished boy. But how little a thing had wrecked the hopes of his friends, and brought him to a drunkard's grave. It was at first but the companionship of those who loved strong drink.

"Lead us not into temptation." When could those words be more fitly uttered than now?

"My dear boy, let us pray together," said this Christian mother. And together they knelt in the cheerful fire-light, and the Lord's prayer was breathed from the lips of Mrs. Hyde.

"I can answer you now, Walter. I would rather starve than have you for a single day exposed to such temptations as beset a drinking-house. You may tell Mr. Bates in the morning that you cannot work for him any longer. The bitterest poverty, even starvation, would be preferable to having my boy in danger of becoming a drunkard."

In his home that evening Andrew Strong asked the same question of his parents that Walter had asked of his mother.

"You say you don't have anything to do with the liquor, eh?" questioned Mr. Strong.

"No, sir, but I am right where it is all the time. I can't help that, if I stay there."

"If we were able to get along without your wages, I wouldn't have you remain another day; but I have so many mouths to feed, and our rent is coming due, and if you leave there you may not get another situation in a long time. What do you think, Anna," he inquired of his wife, "had the boy better leave?"

Mrs. Strong was one of the Marthas; troubled about many things. She keenly felt their necessities, and the more limited their circumstances, the more care and burden fell upon her shoulders. It seemed to the poor weary woman as almost unbearable. She suggested a compromise.

"Let him stay a little while," said she, "until we can get the rent paid, and meanwhile be looking up a new situation for

him. We won't have him remain any longer than is really necessary."

The next day Walter Hyde resigned his situation, and he and his widowed mother were left without the means of support. But they put their trust in God, and He did not forsake them. You have heard the proverb, "Heaven helps those who help themselves." Never was there a truer saying.

Walter, when he found himself out of employment, did not sit down and fold his hands in discouragement, but he went about looking for something to do, ready meanwhile to take any honest occupation that offered itself. He picked up little jobs here and there, performing them well and faithfully, until at last a gentleman struck by his frank, manly countenance, and learning something of his history, interested himself in the boy's behalf, and procured him a clerkship in a large manufacturing establishment, a far better position pecuniarily than the one he had occupied before.

Andrew Strong remained in the store of Mr. Bates.

"It was only for a little while," said his father and mother. They intended to find him another situation as soon as possible. His father made inquiries to that effect whenever he thought it advisable, but nothing satisfactory turned up, and so Andrew still remained.

At first no apparent evils resulted from his stay, and as familiarity with a danger causes it to seem less dangerous, they finally ceased to feel troubled regarding the temptations that surrounded him.

For a long time Andrew remembered his pledge, and was careful to avoid the liquor department of the grocery. But as day after day passed by and he grew accustomed to the sight and smell of liquor, and became familiar with the men who frequented the bar-room, he would occasionally be persuaded to taste of the intoxicating drink. He no longer frequented the meetings of the "Temperance Union," for the first time he broke his pledge he felt that he had no longer a right to be there. He did not have the courage and resolution to confess his wrong-doing and promise amendment for the future.

Twenty years passed by. In one of our large manufacturing towns, as the wealthy owner of nearly half the mills in the place was walking along the street one day, he saw a man lying drunk by the road-side. He stopped to see if he could not do something for the poor fellow, for he was a kind-hearted man, ever ready to relieve suffering humanity.

"Do you know this man?" he inquired of a passer-by. It chanced to be the superintendent of one of the factories that he addressed.

"No. He is a stranger in the place. He came to me yesterday morning to hire out in the mill. I hired him, and then he told me he had been out of work so long that he had been unable to get him anything to eat, and that he wanted pay for yesterday's work in order to get him something. I paid him and he spent it for liquor it seems.

"What did he tell you his name was?" inquired the factory owner.

"Andrew Strong," was the answer.

"Is it possible?" The wealthy gentleman looking long and earnestly at the features of the poor inebriate, then said, "Yes, it must be he." Then turning to the man he had been talking with, he said, "Mr. Horton, if you will help me carry this man to my house I will do you a good turn some day."

Mr. Horton looked surprised, but he did as his employer requested.

When Andrew Strong awoke from his drunken slumber he found himself in a rich and costly apartment, and surrounded by all the appurtenances of wealth; while beside him sat a strange gentleman, whom he never recollected of seeing before.

"Where am I? What, does this mean?" he demanded, as his scattered senses returned to him. "What am I here for?"

"Andrew Strong," said the stranger, "do you remember me?"

"No, I never saw you before," was the answer.

"You are mistaken then, for you and I were once old friends. Don't you remember Walter Hyde who used to work with you in the store of Mr. Bates?"

"Yes, yes," was the answer, "but you cannot be he."

The poor inebriate looked with his bleared eyes into the noble face of his companion, and after a long pause said: "Then I suppose you are the Hyde that owns all these factories, and is so rich?"

"Yes."

A pause, and then came a groan from the poor drunkard, so deep and heart-broken, that the rich factory owner never forgot it to his dying day.

"Oh that my father and mother had laid me in my grave," said he, "rather than have let me remain in that soul-destroying liquor house. Just there is where I went down and you went up. If I had left the place when you did, I might now be an honored and respected man like you. My parents are more to blame for my present situation than I am."

"My poor friend, do not despair," said Walter Hyde. "It is not yet too late for you to reform. I will help you, and I am sure there is manhood enough left in your soul to bring you up again."

And he did help him. And the poor wretched inebriate became again a man,

respected by his fellows and a blessing to society.

Parents, do you know what you are doing, when you carelessly permit your children to associate with the wine-bibber and the drunkard, when you allow their tender minds to become accustomed to scenes of dissipation, to look upon the wine when it is red and become fascinated with its glittering sparkle? See to it that ye forget not the petition our father taught us: "Lead us not into temptation."—*Progress.*

BETSY BELL AND MARY GRAY:

A TALE OF THE MOUNTAINS OF VIRGINIA.

CHAPTER I.

I was staying with a friend near the little town of Staunton Va.; and as we sat together one evening in the long, low cottage porch, listening to the sweet south wind, as it swept through the fading leaves, and watched the red, round sun as it sank lower and lower in the western sky, I felt that earth contained few lovelier pictures than the one before us.

"Do you see those two tall mountains standing close together, side by side?" said my white-haired host, taking his pipe from his mouth, and looking far off in the dim distance, where two slender mountains rose in majestic beauty against the clear gray of the sky above them. "Well," he continued, "it has been forty years, yes, forty years and more, since two little girls were lost in those very mountains, and the people around named the mountains after them, Betsy Bell and Mary Gray."

"Did the little girls die there? were they ever found?" I asked, almost impatiently. "Wait, and I'll tell you all about it," said my host, with the authority of old age.

And I did wait.

"Well," he commenced, after a while, "there used to be an old field school kept not far from those mountains, and a great many little boys and girls went there to school. I was a little fellow myself then, and many a happy day I've spent in the old school-house.

"One day (it was in the month of June) we had a great picnic there, just at the foot of the mountains; and such a glad, merry time we did have in the cool shade of the green trees; we danced and capered about like little wild kittens, and nobody thought about care or sorrow.

"Among the gayest of the gay were my two little friends,—Betsy Bell and Mary Gray,—and it was pleasant to see how they loved each other; they were always together, and nobody ever thought of calling

their names separately,—they were inseparable; and that day (the day of the picnic) they both looked so pretty, I could hardly keep my eyes away from them. They both had on hats alike, and when they ran hither and thither among the green branches, they looked, for all the world, like beautiful angels. As the sun went down we were scattered far apart over the mountains, among the rocks and ivy cliffs, and the dews of evening were falling fast when we turned our steps homeward. Supper was ready at my father's when I got home; I remember it now just as distinctly as if it had happened yesterday. We were all sitting at the table, eating and chatting away merrily, when we were started by a knock at the front-door.

"I wonder who that can be!" said my mother, setting down her cup of coffee hastily, and looking up anxiously at my father, as he got up and walked leisurely to the door and opened it to admit the callers.

"It was Mr. Bell and Mr. Gray, who had walked over to know if I had seen their girls, Betsy and Mary; they had not reached home, late as it was, and the fathers had grown very uneasy about them.

"Where did you leave the girls, my son?" asked my father, "and when did you see them last?"

"I thought a moment. I had not seen them since early in the day; they were together, and I heard them talking about going up the mountain to look for birds' nests and wild pinks. I was sure I had not seen them since.

"What can keep them so late? where can they be?" said Mr. Bell, anxiously looking up at the clock ticking on the mantelpiece.

"O, don't be uneasy," my father answered, as he took his hat down from the peg on the wall, "they have only lost the right path, and we can soon bring them back." And then I heard him calling cheerfully to Jim and Joe, the colored boys, to come and join in the search for the little girls, who, he said, must have somebody to meet them as they came down the dark mountain path. His cheerful manner seemed to dispel the fears of the fathers of the girls, and I thought, surely they can be in no danger, or my father, who is so wise and so good, and knows so much about the mountains, would not talk so gayly, or look so happy as he does.

"We were climbing up the side of the mountain,—my father was far ahead of all the rest, and I tried to keep as close to him as possible; I was very near him, when I heard him say to himself, almost in a whisper, 'God grant it may not be too late, but I fear the Block Rock. O, what a fate, poor things!'"

"What are you talking about, father?" I said, catching him by his arm; "what did you say about the Block Rock?"

"Hush, child!" he answered, hurriedly; "Don't ask me anything now." And he hastened up the narrow path, holding his lantern carefully in one hand, and drawing himself up by swinging with the other to the trees that grew on either side of us.

"It was as dark as pitch when we got to the top of the mountain. In vain we called the names of the lost ones; our voices were borne back to us in wailing echoes from the surrounding rocks; they could not be found, and we began our descent on the other side of the mountain. Slowly and carefully we went down, for underneath the green ivy leaves and thick moss beds were hidden awful precipices, and one false step might have hurled us into eternity.

"Why, surely the children would not have ventured here!" said Mr. Bell, with a groan of anguish; "they must be on the other side of the mountain, going home."

"My father did not answer, but I knew by the troubled look of his face, as the lantern light fell on it, that he feared the worst.

CHAPTER II.

"Here is de Block Rock," said Jim, the colored boy, taking a large coiled rope from a basket he held on his arm. "Now, massa, you tie dis rope right round my waist, and I'll slide down dis ugly hole, and see if I can see anything of dem poor young critters. You know how dey might have fallen down dis crack, and not known it was here at all."

"That's so," said my father, as he proceeded to fasten the rope firmly around Jim's waist.

"I looked down, with a shudder, at the rock on which we were standing; the top was almost flat, and so overgrown with moss and ivy leaves, that it was almost impossible to discover the crack of which Jim spoke, without stooping down and putting the branches aside. O, what a dreadful opening it was! down, down, down, almost a hundred feet, the lost girls must have fallen, if they had fallen there at all. The suspense was awful beyond expression, and every heart beat fast, and every eye turned anxiously to the brave boy Jim, as he began slowly to descend into the horrible pit.

"Looking back at my father, he said, 'Marster, you see how I may never come back again; and if I don't, please jest tell 'em all at home how Jim died doin' his duty; and tell 'em all good-by,' and in a moment he was out of sight. Coil after coil of the strong rope was undone, and still Jim was not at the bottom; at last the rope was motionless. My father fastened the end of it to a great tree, and then we stooped down to listen for Jim's voice.

Presently we heard him saying faintly, 'Here's both of 'em; draw up de rope.'

And with strong hands and aching hearts we began to pull the rope with all our might. It came up slowly; it was bearing a precious burden, and we longed, yet feared, to bring it up to view. At last it came,—a mangled, bleeding body, motionless and stiff in death. We could not tell if it was Betsey Bell or Mary Gray; and my father took off his coat and covered the bloody corpse, to hide it from the agonized fathers, who sat a little way off, with their faces buried in their hands, shedding no tears—their grief and horror were too great for weeping.

"Then we let the rope down again, and in a little while we drew up the other girl, crushed, and mangled, and dead like her companion; and then the two childless fathers threw themselves into each other's arms, and such cries and groans as they uttered were enough to make the very ground shed tears. We all wept together over the poor children, and then we let down the rope once more for our good, brave boy Jim. We had to pull very hard this time, and we thought we could never bring Jim up out of the Block Rock again; the weight was so great, that we were afraid the rope would break. But we pulled hard, and up, up, slowly and steadily it came, till at last Jim stood on the top of the rock safe, yet almost out of breath, and faint from the great exertions he had made in the descent and return.

"The sun was far up in the heavens when we took up our dead burdens and turned our steps toward home. It was a sad procession; the very flowers seemed to hang their heads in grief, and the sunshine was dim with sorrow. There was mourning all around that day; and O, it was pitiful to see the poor mothers of the little girls. Nothing seemed to give them one bit of comfort until they heard the voice of the old gray-headed preacher saying, as he stood over the open grave, "I am the resurrection and the life," saith the Lord; "he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth, and believeth on Me shall never die."

"And then a great calm seemed to fall upon the hearts of the mourning mothers, and they bowed their heads and said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

"As for me," continued the old man, wiping his eyes, "I have felt many a sorrow, and many a sad sight these dim eyes have seen, but I never felt a keener sorrow than I did on that day when they buried together in the same cold grave my precious little friends, Betsey Bell and Mary Gray."—*Riverside Magazine*.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE STARS.

BY MARY HAINES GILBERT.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!"

This is what Ella was singing softly to herself by the open window. "They are brighter than mamma's diamonds. Oh, how I do love them!"—and then she sang again, "Twinkle, twinkle—"

"Come here, little sister, and I will tell you about the stars," said her big brother. Then Ella left the window and climbed upon his knee. He opened a book and showed her a plate with stars on a blue ground. "The stars are great suns like our sun," said he, "but they look like little shining points, because they are so far away."

"How far?" asked Ella.

"Oh, farther away than you can think!" said he.

"Farther away than Aunt Sue's?" asked Ella. "Oh! I was so tired riding in the cars: three days we rode and rode, and the fields and the houses seemed to be flying away from us all the time. But mamma said it was we who were flying; and I thought that so funny, because the cars didn't seem to move at all."

"So the world is moving very fast all the time, though we don't feel the motion," said the big brother. "It looks as if the sun was going around the world, don't it?" but instead of that, it is the world that is going around the sun. Every hour the earth travels sixty-eight thousands of miles."

"Oh, so fast!" cried Ella. "Then, by-and-by, we shall get right near the sun. Oh, we'd be burned up!"

"But we are not going *toward* the sun," said he; "we are only going round it, in a kind of circle. We keep nearly the same distance off all the time—96 millions of miles. But the stars are very much farther away. Guess how far."

"A thousand millions," said Ella.

"Guess again."

"Ten thousand millions. No! they can't be so far as that."

"Guess again," said he, shaking his head.

"Farther away yet!" cried Ella, drawing her face up in surprise. He nodded. "A hundred thousand millions, then," said she.

"Not right yet."

"Then I give it up," said Ella.

"Well," said he, "the very nearest star is twenty trillions of miles away. You can have no idea of it. Trillions! Why, it makes my head dizzy trying to realize it!"

"Twenty trillions," repeated Ella. "Is that farther than I said?"

"Yes: you guessed a hundred thousand millions last; but twenty trillions, that is two hundred times as far. Now, if you were in a railway train going through space, it would take you almost a year to reach the moon, even if you went along as fast as you did going to Aunt Sue's—a mile every two minutes, or thirty miles an hour."

"Almost a year," laughed Ella. "Oh, I shouldn't like it at all. What a long long, ride!"

"But that is nothing," said her brother. "If the same train kept going right on toward the sun, it would be 352 years in getting there, even if it never stopped one minute to take in passengers or let them out. But how long do you think it would be before this train reached the nearest star?"

Ella was anxious to guess right, so she thought awhile before she spoke. "A mile every other minute, and it takes more than 300 years to get to the sun; but the stars are so much farther away," she mused.

"Brother, it is ten thousand years?"

"A great many more years than that."

Ella opened her eyes widely. "Fifty thousand years," said she.

"Wrong again. Let me tell you. It would take the train seventy millions of years to get there; for, the nearest star, Alpha Centauri, is two hundred thousand times as far away from us as the sun; but the next nearest star, 61 Cygni, is three times as far away as Alpha Centauri, so the train would be more than two hundred millions of years in getting to the second star."

"Why, it takes away my breath," said Ella.

"Yes," said he; "the men who study the heavens are sometimes struck speechless with wonder. Never till we study God's stars, do we feel how great He is."

"Our Father in heaven," said Ella, softly.

"Yes; He who made the sun and the moon and the far-off stars is our Father. And He makes the flowers spring up by the way-side, too. He makes the green blades of grass grow in the fields," said Ella's brother. "And oh, how he loves us!"

"Oh, I love God, and I love the stars," said Ella; and she ran to the window and peeped up at the spangled sky; but soon she came back to her brother. "Do tell me more about them."

He laid down his book. "Let me see—do you know how fast light moves?"

"Papa told me the other day," said Ella, "but I forget now; but it was thousands of miles in a minute, I think."

"No, you do not remember right. Light

travels 192 thousands of miles in one second—while the clock ticks once. Now, it takes eight minutes for light to travel from the sun to us; but light is three years and seven months coming from the nearest star, and twenty years in coming from the Pole star. Let me show you the Pole star, Ella"—and he went with her to the window and pointed it out.

At first Ella could not make out which star it was. "There are so many," said she.

"Yet there are millions upon millions that we cannot see with our naked eyes," said he. "If you should look through a telescope, you would be astonished."

Ella pointed up at Venus. "O, that is a lovely star!"

"That is not a star," said he. "That is one of the planets that revolve around our sun. It is called Venus, and is between us and the sun. Like the earth, it has no light of its own; it borrows its light from the sun. You can easily tell the stars from the planets, because the stars twinkle, but the planets shine with a steady light. Now we know that the stars are suns, perhaps with worlds revolving around them; for if they shone with borrowed light, being so far away, the rays could never reach us. But don't you see the Pole star?"—and he pointed it out again.

"Yes, now I know which one it is," said Ella, at last.

"And is it not wonderful," said her brother, "that the rays of light which shine down on us from that star set out on their journey twenty years ago? Yet this star is one of the nearest to us. I would tell you more, little sister, but it won't do to overwhelm you with too many figures at once."

Then the two looked up to the stars for some time without speaking a word; but by-and-by the brother said:

"And of what is Ella thinking now?"

"Oh," said Ella, "I think the stars are angels' eyes."

"Yes, they are beautiful enough to be angels' eyes," said he; and then lifting his eyes again to the starry heavens, he repeated the verses of Israel's sweet poet.

"Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights.

"Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all ye his hosts;

"Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light.

"Praise him, ye heaven of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.

"Let them praise the name of the Lord: for he commanded, and they were created.

"He hath also established them for ever and ever he hath made a decree which shall not pass."

—Observer.

MAGALIE

AN OLD FRENCH MELODY.

Translated by FR. SÉGUIN.

Allegretto.

O Ma - ga - li, ma tant a - ma - dol Mete la
O Ma - ga - li, my love, my trea - sure! Open thy

tet' au fe - nes troun; Escout' un pau a - quest' au
case - ment while I sing A morn - ing song, and round the

ba - do De tam - bou - ri - ne de viou - loun. Ei plen d'es-
 mea - sure With tam-bou - rine and vio - lin string. The sky with

tell' a - pe - ra - mount, L'aur' es toum - ba - do; Mai lis es-
 stars is glit - ter - ing, The wind's at lei - sure; But pale the

tel - lo pa - li - ran, Quand te vei - ran.
 stars of heav'n will be, Be - hold - ing thee.

The Home.

TRIMMINGS.

BY LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.

Miss Marabell was waiting at her dress-maker's, whither she had come to hold a consultation over her new silk dress. The said dress had been a present brought home by an uncle from Europe some months before. Miss Marabell was going to the seaside, and she thought she would have her pretty new dress made up for the occasion. So she was waiting in Mrs. Mansfield's little parlor, for some other lady to be fitted, and to pass away the time she had taken up a paper. It was an odd number of a missionary paper, containing a particular account of a certain girls' school established in a remote country. Miss Marabell was interested in missions, and she read through the whole story with great attention. She had just finished the concluding sentence, "for twenty dollars the whole expense of a girl's education may be defrayed, including her board, lodging, and instruction, not only in book learning, but in those household arts of which the women here know next to nothing," when Mrs. Mansfield came in. "I will lay by five dollars out of my charity purse for that school," thought Miss Marabell. She took out her diary and made a memorandum of the resolution, before she began to discuss the new dress; for she was in earnest, and she was not one to let grass grow under her feet.

Mrs. Mansfield looked tired and worn, but she listened to Miss Marabell's ideas about the dress, and then propounded her own. "You see, miss, you can't hardly have too much trimming, but then it seems a kind of pity to cut up such rich silk into bands and puffs that you can't use again. If I was you, miss, I'd save my silk, and buy a rich fringe or some black lace."

"That will make it pretty expensive," said Miss Marabell. "However, I will think about it and see what I can find."

"Could you let me have a little money to-day?" asked Mrs. Mansfield rather diffidently. "I would'n't ask it, only my husband being sick, and everything so high."

"Certainly, as much as you want," replied Miss Marabell. "Let me have your bill, and I will bring you the money when I come home, or send it to you this even-

ing, if it will do as well. I never mean to keep any one waiting for what I owe." This was perfectly true. No poor dress-maker or washerwoman ever called on her again and again for a few dollars.

Miss Marabell looked at the bill while she was waiting her turn at Rose's counter. The total was fifty dollars. "That is very reasonable considering!" thought Miss Marabell, as she put away the bill, and asked to look at black lace and fringes. "I thought it would have been more."

The fringe was very glossy and heavy with a sort of chenille or velvet braiding; just the thing for the rich silk, but then it might go out of fashion in six months. The lace was more expensive, being three dollars a yard, but then it would last to use again, black lace being always in fashion.

"Three times ten is thirty!" calculated Miss Marabell. "It seems a good deal, but then the dress was given me, and I can afford it."

She took out the little diary which served her as a purse, and opening it her eye fell on the note she had lately made, "Five dollars for the girls' school at O."

"Five dollars for foreign missions, and thirty dollars for trimming which I shall be just as well without! Thirty dollars which would give some poor girl a good education, and enable her to give her children the same.

"I can show you some wider laces if you would prefer them," said the young lady in attendance, seeing Miss Marabell as she thought hesitating over the laces.

"I believe I will not take it to-day," replied Miss Marabell, and she laid down the lace, and asked for gloves.

When Miss Marabell went home she shut herself up in her room, got out her account-book, and began to square her accounts, for she was very methodical in money matters, being indeed a conscientious Christian woman. She had a tolerably large and quite independent property, and had the reputation of being very liberal in its use. She took out Mrs. Mansfield's bill and looked it over once more.

She laid out the money for the dress-maker, and then the five dollars for the mission-school. Then she arose and went to the bed where her new dresses lay in great state, and looked them over.

"Fifty dollars for trimmings and five for missions!" said she to herself. "That seems

rather out of proportion. They are none of them very expensive material. It is the making that costs so! To be sure the poor woman has the money. But after all what a waste!"

"I have changed my mind about the silk dress, Mrs. Mansfield!" said Miss Marabell, when she went to pay the dressmaker's bill. "I think I shall have it made very simply. I am tired of trimmings."

"And so am I," said Mrs. Mansfield; "I wish they would go out of fashion."

"I am surprised to hear that," remarked Miss Marabell. "I supposed the fashion was at least profitable to dressmakers."

"Not so much as you'd think, miss. You see one of these trimmed suits is a good week's work, when I have to make all the trimmings by hand, and in that time I could make three plain dresses, which bring me in more money and are not half so tiresome. I declare!" said the poor dressmaker, "I can't get any sleep for these trimmings, I'm just dreaming them over all night!"

The next day Miss Marabell bought a postoffice order for thirty-five dollars, and sent it to the secretary of a certain large board, pretty well known in the country.

"What is that for?" asked Cousin Georgy, who was with her.

"Trimmings!" said Miss Marabell.—*Christian Weekly.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DINNER.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

In almost all civilized nations dinner is regarded as the important meal of the day. A certain dignity surrounds it, even where materials are simple and service scanty, and the man who breakfasts sparsely, and sups not at all, will indulge in some little rearrangement of dress, if it be only a washing of hands, or the brushing of a threadbare coat, to do honor to the dinner-table. And it is right and proper that this should be so, and that this humble necessity of food which we share with other animals should be thereby lifted into the dignity of a family festival, and our lower needs be hedged about with the graces of decorous propriety.

But when the dinner is an early one, sandwiched between two halves of a working-day, it is not easy to carry out this idea. And there is no denying that, by all sanitary laws, dinner should be early. It is a dreadful pity; the meal is so much prettier, and more ornate by gas-light, amid the pleasant sense of leisure and repose, that we almost feel like congratulating those whom circumstances force to the adoption of the pernicious custom. But as most of us are obliged perforce to ac-

cept a wiser hour, it remains to inquire, What can be done to make a one o'clock dinner attractive, and redeem it from that dyspeptic orgie of unmasticated meat and pasty pie, which in many over-driven American families it has become?

It is said that reformers usually begin by demanding a radical change in human nature! Perhaps we lay ourselves open to the same charge when we say in the first place that to make an early dinner at all what it should be, business men must give themselves more time to eat it. How can papa, who gets in from his office at a quarter before one, and must be back at a quarter past, be expected to give ten minutes to his dressing-room, disengage his mind from earthly cares, share agreeably in conversation, partake of his meal with judicious slowness, and walk back again at a pace befitting the recent reception of food? Even if he "eats his pie in the street," like the Hartford gentleman, it can't be done! But the question is, Cannot papa possibly make up his mind to devote a little more time to his dinner? Is it so much more necessary that he should, as Col. Higginson says, "put each day ten dollars more between his remote posterity and the poor-house," than that he should preserve bodily vigor and health for his own benefit and that of his children? But even supposing that papa must hurry, and the boys and girls must get back to school, something may yet be done if the other heads of the family be of the right kind. A far-sighted and judicious mother will make the most of small opportunities. If she cannot command elegance and leisure, she will, at least, make sure that no carelessness or slackness occur in her own appearance or that of her dinner-table. She will cultivate good manners in her children by practising them herself, and do all that in her lies to insure a cheerful and pleasant tone of conversation at the meal. For she will know that a certain degree of enjoyment is necessary to the proper assimilation of food, and that no time is wasted which is spent in securing it. And if, in addition to this, she has the happy knack of giving the air of a banquet to the prosaic meal by some little arrangement of grasses or flowers, or by the grouping of a basket of apples—why, all that is essential is secured. There are Dracos who still hold to the old-fashioned rule, that what a child fails to eat at one meal, he must be forced to eat the next, before touching anything else. We have known a plateful survive from breakfast to dinner, to supper, and to breakfast again, before the poor, shuddering little victim was forced by sheer hunger to dispose of it. Now, we are of those who believe that a child's diet should be of the simplest, but nature implants certain antipathies in everybody;

and this avoidance of particular articles, which Draco denominates "squeamishness," is not always to be combated. Indeed, we observe that he himself has preferences and avoidances. The large mouthfuls he bolts at dinner are not selected from the dishes he dislikes—quite the reverse. There is a law within his members which teaches better than that, and the justice awarded to his own stomach is far other than that he metes out to his little child.

Family atmosphere, at least while the children are young, is altogether dependent upon the heads of the house. If the dinner-table is a selected place for the discussion of such disagreeable subjects as high prices, faulty servants, bodily ailments, and so on, be sure the meal will be gloomy to the youngest child present. If, on the other hand, care is taken to keep these inevitable ills in the background for the moment, and to encourage cheerful talk, improving questions, innocent family jokes, an insensible influence pervades the little ones. They chirrup over their food; they rise twice filled; home and its belongings establish a firm place in memory to enrich after years, and the gathering together for the satisfaction of a carnal necessity becomes, in fact and in retrospect, what it is meant to be—the festival of family life.

SYMPATHY.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

We are all ready to acknowledge in words the great power and influence of sympathy, but very few are aware how very vast this power is, how inconceivably great is the function which this principle fulfils in the formation of the human character, and in regulating the conduct of men.

It is almost impossible to exaggerate the extent and the magnitude of the influence it exerts in forming the character and shaping the ideas and opinions of men, and in regulating all their ordinary habits of thought and feeling. People's opinions are not generally formed or controlled by arguments or reasonings, as they fondly suppose. They are imbibed by sympathy from those whom they like or love, and who are, or have been, their associates. Thus people, when they arrive at maturity, adhere in the main to the associations, both in religion and in politics, in which they have been brought up, from the influence of sympathy with those whom they love. They believe in this or that doctrine or system, not because they have been convinced by proof, but chiefly because those whom they love believe in them. On religious questions the argu-

ments are presented to them, it is true, while they are young, in catechisms and in other forms of religious instruction, and in politics by the conversations which they overhear; but it is a mistake to suppose that arguments thus offered have any material effect as processes of ratiocination in producing any logical conviction upon their minds. An English boy is Whig or Tory because his father, and his brothers, and his uncles are Whigs or Tories. He may, indeed, have many arguments at his command with which to maintain his opinions, but it is not the force of the arguments that has convinced him, nor do they have any force as a means of convincing the other boys to whom he offers them. They are controlled by their sympathies, as he is by his. But if he is a popular boy, and makes himself a favorite among his companions, the very fact that he is of this or that party will have more effect upon the other boys than the most logical and conclusive trains of reasoning that can be conceived.

So it is with the religious and political differences in this and in every other country. Every one's opinions—or rather the opinion of people in general, for of course there are many individual exceptions—are formed from sympathy with those with whom in mind and heart they have been in friendly communication during their years of childhood and youth. And even in those cases where persons change their religious opinions in adult age, the explanation of the mystery is generally to be found, not in seeking for the argument that convinced them, but for the person that led them, in the accomplishment of the change. For such changes can very often, and perhaps generally, be traced to some person or persons whose influence over them, if carefully scrutinized, would be found to consist really not in the force of the arguments they offered, but in the magic power of a silent and perhaps unconscious sympathy. The way, therefore, to convert people to our ideas and opinions is to make them like us or love us, and then to avoid arguing with them, but simply let them perceive what our ideas and opinions are.

The well-known proverb, "Example is better than precept," is only another form of expressing the predominating power of sympathy; for example can have little influence except so far as a sympathetic feeling in the observer leads him to imitate it. So that, example is better than precept means only that sympathy has more influence in the human heart than reasoning.

This principle, so powerful at every period of life, is at its maximum in childhood. It is the origin, in a very great degree, of the spirit of imitation which forms so remarkable a characteristic of the first

years of life. The child's thoughts and feelings being spontaneously drawn into harmony with the thoughts and feelings of those around him whom he loves, leads, of course, to a reproduction of their actions, and the prevalence and universality of the effect shows how constant and how powerful is the cause. So the great secret of success for a mother, in the formation of the character of her children, is to make her children respect and love her, and then simply to *be* herself what she wishes them to be.

And to make them respect and love her, is to control them by a firm government where control is required, and to indulge them almost without limit where indulgence will do no harm.

But besides this general effect of the principle of sympathy in aiding parents in forming the minds and hearts of their children, there are a great many cases in which a father or mother who understands the secret of its wonderful and almost magic power can avail themselves of it to produce special effects. One or two examples will show more clearly what I mean.

William's aunt Maria came to pay his mother a visit in the village where William's mother lived. On the same day she went to take a walk with William—who is about nine years old—to see the village. As they went along together upon the sidewalk they came to two small boys who were trying to fly a kite. One of the boys was standing upon the sidewalk embarrassed a little by some entanglement of the string.

"Here you, fellow!" said William, as he and his aunt approached the spot, "get out of the way with your kite, and let us go by."

The boy hurried out of the way, and, in so doing, got his kite-string more entangled still in the branches of a tree which grew at the margin of the sidewalk.

Now, William's aunt might have taken the occasion, as she and her nephew walked along, to give him some kind and friendly instruction or counsel about the duty of being kind to everybody in any difficulty, trouble, or perplexity, whether they are young or old; showing him how we increase the general sum of happiness in so doing, and how we feel happier ourselves when we have done good to any one, than when we have increased in any way, or even slighted or disregarded, their troubles. How William would receive such a lecture would depend a great deal upon his disposition and state of mind. But in most cases such counsels, given at such a time, involving, as they would, some covert though very gentle censure, would cause the heart of the boy to close itself in a greater or less degree against them, like

the leaves of a sensitive-plant shrinking from the touch. The reply would very probably be, "Well, he had no business to be on the sidewalk, right in our way."

William and his aunt walked on a few steps. His aunt then stopped, hesitatingly, and said,

"How would it do to go back and help that boy disentangle his kite-string? He's a little fellow and does not know so much about kites and kite-strings as you do."

Here the suggestion of giving help to perplexity and distress came associated with a compliment instead of what implied censure, and the leaves of the sensitive-plant expanded at once and widely to the genial influence.

"Yes," said William; "let's go."

So his aunt turned and went back a step or two, and then said, "You can go and do it without me. I'll wait here till you come back. I don't suppose you want any help from me. If you do, I'll come."

"No," said William, "I can do it alone."

So William ran on with great alacrity to help the boys clear the string, and then came back with a beaming face to his aunt and they walked on.

William's aunt made no further allusion to the affair until the end of the walk, and then, on entering the gate, she said, "We have had a very pleasant walk, and you have taken very good care of me. And I am glad we helped those boys out of their trouble with the kite."

"So am I," said William.

Now, it is possible that some one may say that William was wrong in his harsh treatment of the boys, or at least in his want of consideration for their perplexity, and that his aunt, by her mode of treating the case, covered up the wrong, when it ought to have been brought distinctly to view and openly amended. But when we come to analyze the case, we shall find that it is not at all certain that there was anything wrong on William's part in the transaction, so far as the state of his heart, in a moral point of view, is concerned. All such incidents are very complicated in their nature, and in their bearings and relations. They present many aspects which vary according to the point of view from which they are regarded. Even grown people do not always see all the different aspects of an affair in respect to which they are called upon to act or to form an opinion, and children, perhaps never; and in judging their conduct, we must always consider the aspect in which the action is presented to their minds. In this case, William was thinking only of his aunt. He wished to make her walk convenient and agreeable to her. The boy disentangling his string on the sidewalk was to him, at that time, simply an obstacle in his aunt's way, and he dealt with it as such,

sending the boy off as an act of kindness and attention to his aunt solely. The idea of a sentient being suffering distress which he might either increase by harshness or relieve by help was not present in his mind at all. We may say that he ought to have thought of this. But a youthful mind, still imperfect in its development, can not be expected to take cognizance at once of all the aspects of a transaction which tends in different directions to different results. It is true, that he ought to have thought of the distress of the boys, if we mean that he ought to be taught or trained to think of such distress when he witnessed it; and that was exactly what his aunt was endeavoring to. We ourselves have learned, by long experience of life, to perceive at once the many different aspects which an affair may present, and the many different results which may flow in various directions from the same action: and we often inconsiderately blame children, simply because their minds are yet so imperfectly developed that they can not take simultaneous cognizance of more than one or two of them. This is the true philosophy of most of what is called heedlessness in children, and for which, poor things, they receive so many harsh reprimands and so much punishment.

A little girl, for example, undertakes to water her sister's plants. In her praiseworthy desire to do her work well and thoroughly, she fills the mug too full, and spills the water upon some books that are lying upon the table. The explanation of the misfortune is simply that her mind was filled, completely filled, with thoughts of helping her sister. The thought of the possibility of spilling the water did not come into it at all. There was no room for it while the other thought, so engrossing, was there: and to say that she *ought* to have thought of both the results which might follow her action, is only to say that she ought to be older.

The power of sympathy in the mind of a child—that is, its tendency to imbibe the opinions or sentiments manifested by others in their presence—may be made very effectual, not only in inculcating principles of right and wrong, but in relation to every other idea or emotion. Children are afraid of thunder and lightning, or of robbers at night, or of ghosts, because they perceive that their parents, or older brothers or sisters, are afraid of them. Where the parents do not believe in ghosts, the children are not afraid of them; unless, indeed, there are domestics in the house, or playmates at school, or other companions from whom they take the contagion. So, what they see that their parents value they prize themselves. They imbibe from their playmates at school a very large proportion of their tastes, their opinions and their ideas,

not through arguments or reasoning, but from sympathy; and most of the wrong or foolish notions of any kind that they have acquired have not been established in their minds by false reasoning, but have been taken by sympathy, as a disease is communicated by infection; and the remedy is in most cases, not reasoning, but a countervailing sympathy.

Little Jane was very much afraid of a kitten which her brother brought home—the first that she had known. She had, however, seen a picture of a tiger or some other feline animal devouring a man in a forest, and had been frightened by it; and she had heard too, perhaps, of children being scratched by cats or kittens. So, when the kitten was brought in and put down on the floor, she ran to her sister in great terror, and began to cry.

Now, her sister might have attempted to reason with her by explaining the difference between the kitten and the wild animals of the same class in the woods, and by assuring her that thousands of children have kittens to play with and are never scratched by them so long as they treat them kindly—and all without producing any effect. But, instead of this, she adopted a different plan. She took the child up into her lap, and after quieting her fears, began to talk to the kitten.

“Poor little pussy,” said she, “I am glad you have come. You never scratch anybody, I am sure, if they are kind to you. Jennie will give you some milk some day, and she and I will like to see you lap it up with your pretty little tongue. And we will give you a ball to play with some day upon the carpet. See, Jennie, see! She is going to lie down upon the rug. She is glad that she has come to such a nice home. Now she is putting her head down, but she has not any pillow to lay it upon. Wouldn't you like a pillow, kitty? Jennie will make you a pillow some day, I am sure, if you would like one. Jennie is beginning to learn to sew, and she could make you a nice pillow, and stuff it with cotton wool. Then we can see you lying down upon the rug, with the pillow under your head that Jennie will have made for you—all comfortable.”

Such a talk as this, though it could not be expected entirely and at once to dispel Jennie's unfounded fears, would be far more effectual towards beginning the desired change than any arguments or reasoning could possibly be.

Any mother who will reflect upon the principle here explained will at once recall to mind many examples and illustrations of its power over the hearts and minds of children which her own experience has afforded. And if she begins practically and systematically to appeal to it, she will find herself in possession of a new element

of power—new, at least, to her realization—the exercise of which will be as easy and agreeable to herself as it will be effective in its influence over her children.—From “*Gentle Measures in the Training of the Young.*”

REAL LACE—HOW TO WEAR IT AND HOW TO CLEAN IT.

It has been said that women will fall down and worship a bit of dingy lace. Men wonder how ladies, dainty as regards the cleanliness of every other article of dress, will wear lace which is, to say the least, yellow, if not positively soiled. Point d’Alençon, one of the most beautiful and costly of the lace family, has a dingy appearance even when new—the dirt appearing to be in the thread itself. This doubtless arises from the fact that it is slowly made, from hand-spun thread, and wrought with the needle, and the poor lace-makers weave into it the sweat of their fingers, if not of their brows.

The fashion of dingy or yellow lace is one of ancient origin. In the days of Elizabeth, immense lace ruffles were worn at the neck and wrist, the lace being generally handed down from one generation to another. To have old lace was to have an ancient lineage. Of course, the yellow tinge of age was not to be bought by parvenus, and to have washed one’s lace forsooth! would have been to take away its prestige entirely.

But doubtless the fashion has another reason for its origin. The moment the delicate meshes are *wet* the tiny threads *shrink* and the lace “fulls” more or less. I have heard ladies say that they could do up lace to look “just like new.” Now, this very fact of shrinkage proves that it can not be done by any but a “professor.” The art of washing fine and costly lace is a trade in itself. It is spread, while wet, upon a cushioned table, and, after being pulled smooth, a pin is stuck into every mesh, to prevent shrinking; a whole day is sometimes spent upon a single yard of lace. When ladies can do that, they can perhaps do up lace to look “just like new.”

I once knew a lady, possessed of a rare collection of valuable laces, and also a rare passion for them, who washed and pulled them until they were dry, and then, slightly oiling some fine writing-paper, pressed the lace between the folds of it for several days. Of course she had not much else to do, and the lace, especially the Valenciennes, did really look beautiful; but it did not look new after all, and lacked the spirit-like delicacy of that which has never been wet.

There is no finish so perfect to a lady’s attire as a set of lace collar and cuffs. One

should wear linen in the morning, to be sure, the pure whiteness and washableness harmonizing well with the plain print or merino morning-dress. But for full dress one must have lace, fine and clear, both for beauty and fashion. To wash it is to spoil it. To throw it away as soon as it has become soiled—well, only people who wear diamonds at breakfast can do that; while to wear it positively dirty with oil from the hair or neck, is to forfeit the respect of all whose good opinion is worth having.

But there is a way out of this dilemma both easy and feasible. If a box of powdered magnesia be kept at hand, and the laces thrown in and covered as soon as they are taken off, and kept there until they are wanted again, they will come forth as clean and fresh as could be desired. The magnesia can all be removed by beating the lace across the hand. Lace which has become much soiled by long use may be cleaned in this way so as to be quite presentable over a dark dress; only, it must be thoroughly rubbed with the magnesia.

Lace-mending forms a separate branch of industry in Europe; as distinct, if not as widely followed, as lace-making. Like that, the trade must be learned, for the delicate meshes and pattern must all be restored. Ladies of rank often employ lace-menders to teach them their art—that being, I suppose, as fascinating an employment as embroidery. Charlotte Brontë, in “*The Professor,*” makes her heroine a lace-mender.—*Hearth and Home.*

SKELETON LEAVES.

Mr. J. F. Robinson describes, in *Hardwick’s Science Gossip*, a method of preparing skeleton leaves which seems preferable to the old and tedious method of maceration, and which he recommends to all young botanists, especially to his fair friends who take up the science of botany more as an intelligent amusement than for severe study. First, dissolve four ounces of common washing soda in a quart of boiling water, then add two ounces of slacked quicklime, and boil for about fifteen minutes. Allow the solution to cool; afterward pour off all the clear liquor into a saucepan. When this liquor is at its boiling point place the leaves carefully in the pan, and boil the whole together for an hour, adding from time to time enough water to make up for the loss by evaporation. The epidermis and parenchyma of some leaves will more readily separate than others. A good test is to try the leaves after they have been gently boiling for an hour, and if the cellular matter does not easily rub off betwixt the finger and

thumb beneath cold water, boil them again for a short time. When the fleshy matter is found to be sufficiently softened, rub them separately but very gently beneath cold water until the perfect skeleton is exposed. The skeletons at first are of a dirty white color; to make them of a pure white, and therefore more beautiful, all that is necessary is to bleach them in a pure solution of chloride of lime—a large teaspoonful of chloride of lime to a quart of water—if a few drops of vinegar is added to the solution it is all the better, for then the free chloride is liberated. Do not allow them to remain too long in the bleaching liquor, or they become too brittle, and can not afterwards be handled without injury. About fifteen minutes will be sufficient to make them white and clean-looking. Dry the specimens in white blotting-paper, beneath a gentle pressure. Simple leaves are the best for young beginners to experiment upon; the vine, poplar, beech, and ivy leaves make excellent skeletons. Care must be exercised in the selection of leaves, as well as the period of the year and the state of the atmosphere when the specimens are collected, otherwise failure would be the result. The best months to gather the specimens are July and August. Never collect specimens in damp weather; and none but perfectly matured leaves ought to be selected.

IN CASE OF ACCIDENT.

When a serious accident occurs, it is proper, of course, to send for the doctor; but it frequently happens, especially in the country, that a considerable time must elapse before he can arrive. In such cases those who are not doctors are often compelled to do something immediately for the sufferer, and a few hints for emergencies of this kind may be acceptable to our readers. We offer nothing new. Everything that we have to say has been said before, but there are some things which can not be too frequently or forcibly impressed upon the mind and simple facts and directions like those which follow ought to be learned as often as they are forgotten. Our first words are those of caution. We would give all lay practitioners the warning that we would give to the owner of a fine clock. To the latter we would say, Clean the case if you will, even move the hands or regulate the pendulum if it is necessary, but be very, very careful about meddling with the works. Leave that to the clockmaker. The human body is infinitely more complex and delicate in its mechanism than a clock, and yet its works are meddled with daily by thousands of ignorant and utterly incompetent people.

Until the arrival of a medical man much may be done for a sufferer from sudden ill-

ness or an accident; but, as far as possible, medicines and meddlings of all kinds with the internal arrangements of the body should be avoided.

With this caution we will proceed with our hints, most of which we owe to an admirable little work called "Till the Doctor Comes," recently issued by G. P. Putman & Sons, of New York.

IN CASE OF BURNS.—If the victim of the accident is a woman, it generally happens that her clothes are burning, and the first thing to be done is to put out the fire. Begin by being very cool yourself, and then be prompt and energetic. Make her lie down on the floor and roll over on the flames until you can come to her assistance. Seize a coat, a blanket, or a piece of carpet, and after covering well your own hands—for another patient will not be needed at such a time—wrap her up and extinguish the flames by smothering them. When the fire seems to be out, drench the patient well with water, else the cinders of her clothes will burn her. Then give her a drink of something warm and stimulating and send for the doctor. In the meantime, if the doctor lives at a distance and it is necessary to do something before he comes, remove the clothes very carefully, cutting and ripping wherever necessary, and cover the burns with soft linen cloths, wet with a mixture of linseed oil and lime-water, or, if this is not convenient, with milk and water with a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda added to a pint of the mixture. Or, if this is not at hand, use warm water with plenty of soap in it. At all events, keep the parts, in case of either burn or scald, thoroughly wet until the doctor comes. If the burn be small, you can dress it with some simple ointment—such as common whiting mixed with lard without any salt, or chalk and linseed, or olive oil mixed with vinegar so as to form a thin syrup. This last is a very soothing application. If burnt by lime, use vinegar and water: if burnt by acids, use lime-water, or chalk, or soda.

IN CASE OF A SPRAIN.—Wet the injured part with a flannel dipped in hot water, or, if the sprain be very painful, wet the flannel with laudanum and cover the whole with a dry cloth. Then, with the arm in a sling if it be the wrist that is sprained, or the leg in a horizontal position if it be the ankle, wait and see if it will be necessary to send for the doctor.

IN CASE OF POISONS.—Make your patient vomit by giving a tumbler of warm water with a teaspoonful of mustard in it, and send for the doctor. If it be necessary to act without the doctor, and the poison is arsenic, give large quantities of milk and raw eggs, or flour and water. If the poison is an acid, give magnesia and water, or

chalk and water, or soap and water, and plenty of warm water besides. If it is an alkali, like potash, give vinegar and water, lemon-juice, or some other safe acid. Always remember the emetic first. If it is laudanum, strong coffee is a good thing to give until the doctor comes. Keep the patient awake.

Of course these hints are very meagre, but, suggestions as they are, they may be found useful in time of need. There is no more valuable member of society than the man or the woman who knows just what to do in case of an accident.—*Hearth and Home.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

A GOOD CUSTARD.—Upon five eggs, well beaten, pour one quart of milk scalding hot, stirring all the time; sweeten to taste; flavor with lemon or nutmeg; bake twenty minutes in an oven at a moderate heat. A custard made in this way is superior to one made of cold milk, as the taste is richer, and it does not "wey."

SAGO PUDDING.—Two ounces of sago, one pint of milk, three eggs, three ounces of sugar, and the grated rind of a small lemon, or a few drops of almond-flavor. Set three-fourths of a pint of the milk on the fire; mix the one-fourth pint of cold milk with the arrowroot till quite smooth; then pour in the hot milk, stirring it quickly, adding the sugar and lemon-peel, or almond-flavor; cool, add the eggs, well beaten; butter a dish, and bake in a moderate oven.

SAVORY OMELETTE.—Beat the yolks of six eggs till very light, and the whites till they are a stiff froth; add to the yolks one table-spoonful of chopped parsley, half ditto thyme, salt and pepper to taste; put in your pan two ounces butter and a tea-spoonful of finely minced onion; fry for a few minutes; mix the whites and yolks together, and pour into the boiling butter; keep the pan constantly shaken, and the mixture well stirred from the sides with a knife or fork till set; turn out and serve. never allow the cook to fry an omelette on both sides; the side that has touched the pan should be a delicate golden brown.

PREMIUM BREAD.—Sift three quarts of best white flour into a tray or pan; take therefrom three spoonfuls of flour, and scald it with boiling water. Cool this paste with three spoonfuls of new milk and a little cold water; then add an egg, a table-spoonful of sugar, and one of salt. Now make an opening in the centre of your tray of flour, pour therein the above mixture, with a cup of well-risen yeast;

add sufficient water to form a moderately stiff dough, and knead it well. The water should be blood-warm in cold weather, and cool in summer. Put your bread to rise in a vessel with a closely-fitting lid. It will not do so well to cover it with a cloth; in this case a thick, hard crust will form on it, which must be taken off, and this is a waste. Besides, in the covered tin it will rise sooner and more uniformly. When well risen, divide, and mould into loaves; set them to rise a second time—one hour should be sufficient—wet them with cold water, and bake immediately in a moderate oven, until a good, brown, even crust is formed.

TO RESTORE COLORS TAKEN OUT BY ACID, ETC.—Hartshorn rubbed on a woollen garment will restore the color without injuring it. Spirits of turpentine is good to take out grease or drops of paint out of cloth; apply it till the paint can be scraped off. Rub French chalk or magnesia on silk or ribbon that has been greased, and hold it near the fire; this will absorb the grease so that it may be brushed off.

HOW TO WASH HAIR-BRUSHES.—Too frequent washing is bad for any kind of brush as it softens the bristles. Once a fortnight is sufficient for hair brushes. Dissolve a piece of soda in warm, but not very hot water; dip the bristles only of the brush once in, then rub a little soap on them, and continue dipping the brush in and out, taking care not to let the water get to the back or handle, till it becomes white and clean, then dip it once into cold water in the same manner. Shake and wipe it with a cloth, and stand it, bristles downward, to dry before the fire on a cloth. It is the water soaking into the pores of the ivory that makes it yellow. When dry, rub the back and handle, both of the ivory and tortoise-shell brushes, with wash-leather, to polish them.

ANOTHER.—Melt a piece of common soda in hot water, and put it in a large basin, and when nearly cold, dip your brush in, with the back upward (do not let the water get over the back;) shake it in the water till it becomes clean, then pour cold water over the back; take it out of the water, shake it as dry as you can, and then let it dry in the air without any rubbing with a cloth, which ruins the bristles.

CURE FOR THE TOOTHACHE.—At a meeting of the London Medical Society, Dr. Blake, a distinguished practitioner, said that he was able to cure the most desperate case of toothache, unless the disease was connected with rheumatism, by the application of the following remedy:—Alum, reduced to an impalpable powder, two drachms; nitrous spirits of ether, seven drachms. Mix and apply to the tooth.

Literary Notices.

THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES Brought Back to its True Principles, or the Art of Thinking in a Foreign Language. By C. Marcel, Knt. Leg. Hon. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

The study of language as at present conducted in schools, and even under private tuition, is very unsatisfactory. After years spent in the most uninteresting drudgery, the student, in the large majority of cases, can neither read, write, nor speak the language with any kind of fluency, and the little that has been learned passes from the mind in a year or two. Mr. Marcel thinks that this state of things admits of remedy, and the principles which he promulgates in this work are worthy of attentive consideration by both teachers and learners. We can, in our limited space, only give a few of the most important of these, which will give an idea of the improvements which he would like to introduce. To the art of reading in a foreign tongue he gives the first attention, and suggesting that the student should familiarize himself with the articles, pronouns, prepositions, adverbs and conjunctions, which form together a class of words every one of which appears on an average 200 times oftener than one of a class formed by the substantives, adjectives, and verbs, and which have, to a great extent, the same meaning wherever found, he insists that the student should at once devote almost his whole attention to reading, and make every effort to get over a great deal of ground in a short time. He says:—

The first books to be used should treat of familiar subjects, and be written in an easy style, in order to avoid encountering at the same time the difficulty of the subject and that of the language.

We insist on this point, because the prevalent notion that none but works written in the most elegant or classical style ought

to be put into the hands of beginners, creates the necessity of resorting to various preparatory exercises, and is in opposition to the principle of gradation dictated by nature: it is one of the chief causes both of the discouragement experienced by learners at their entrance upon the study, and of the unreasonable duration of linguistic instruction.

The reading of the foreign text may be commenced at the outset, without any preparatory studies or exercises, by means of a literal translation. With the interpretation of that text before his eyes, the student, having first perused an English phrase, will then utter it with his eyes directed to its foreign equivalent; that is, he will translate the latter in mentally attaching, as far as it is practicable, the known to the unknown words. For greater facility in passing from one text to the other, these should be placed opposite to each other in the first books which he uses.

The mode of interpretation which we recommend is peculiar in so far as it permits a foreign language to be studied through an English translation, or an English original text which has been translated into that language. These interpretations, by removing uncertainty as regards the true meaning of the foreign text, far surpass in efficiency the usual mode of translating with the help of a dictionary, which continually leads to errors that call for assistance. They dispense with the necessity of either a master or a dictionary. The enormous time consumed by the latter, and the perplexity arising from its various interpretations, discourage beginners, and delay their progress, when they have to look out for nearly all the words of their author. Words, moreover, which are thus translated one by one, present but a vague meaning, and frequently none, to a child as yet little versed in his own language.

It is partly owing to this illogical, repulsive, and unnatural process that must be attributed, for the great majority of young persons, the signal failure of linguistic studies. With the aid of a dictionary they hardly translate, and translate badly, twenty-five or thirty lines a day—about a volume in the course of a year—whereas twenty-five or thirty volumes at least should be read to secure the complete acquisition of the art of reading.

Some people imagine that the use of the dictionary impresses the words on the memory, forgetting that this mode of coming at their meaning is not the fruit of reflection, and does not constitute a discovery, any more than being told it or taking it from a translation: it is a mere reliance on the testimony of others, with the additional uncertainty and confusion arising from various interpretations of the same word. Its inefficiency as a mnemonic auxiliary is proved by experience. The languages learned by drudging at it, are mostly forgotten with amazing rapidity. How could it be otherwise, when the use of thumb and fingers is substituted for the exercise of the intellect? The native words gained without the dictionary are retained with extreme tenacity.

The readiness with which a learner through a translation in juxtaposition, seizes the thought of the author, and the logical sequence of the subject, gives an interest to reading which it cannot have with the dictionary, as the latter, by directing his attention to each word individually, breaks off the connection between the ideas. If the annexed translation enable the learner to get through the text more easily than he can with the dictionary, he will translate more in a given time, so that the same expressions will present themselves the more frequently, according as they are more useful, and, as in the mother tongue, will be remembered in proportion to their usefulness. Progress is always in an inverse ratio to the time devoted to translating the first volumes. One hundred pages, for instance, read at the rate of ten pages a day, will advance a learner more than the same number would, if read at the rate of one page a day.

The mode of proceeding at the commencement should be nearly as follows: To devote exclusively to the translation of the first volumes all the time one has for study in the absence of the teacher, to go several times over the same passages for some weeks, to peruse every day the lesson of the day before, and gradually throw off dependence on the translation opposite. As the work becomes easier, more will be translated in a given time, and the learner will soon be able to dispense with auxiliary aids.

Three months ought to suffice, without any very great labor, to read five or six small volumes, and even to read them twice over. Then, as greater facilities in reading make it a more attractive occupation, the student will read more, and will advance toward perfection with rapid strides.

These ideas are certainly valuable. Average children waste from one to three

minutes on every word which they look up in a dictionary, and as they may not meet the same word again for a month or a year at the slow rate of progress possible, no permanent good is gained. The true secret of success is to make reading as easy instead of as difficult as possible, and to insist on rapid progress.

In order that the student may learn to write in the language, Mr. Marcel recommends *double translation*, which consists in translating the foreign text into the national idiom, and then endeavoring to reproduce that text by translating the version back into the original. This furnishes the means of correction, and can be adapted to all ages and capacities. Writing, however, should take up but a very small portion of the student's time. Our author says:—

I have no hesitation in declaring that, in the beginning, written exercises in the foreign tongue ought to be entirely excluded, as being calculated only to torment young people by painful and useless labor, and to inspire them with dislike to a study which generally draws on them nothing but reprimands and punishments.

The reason for the favor with which translations from the English are viewed by teachers of modern languages, is given as follows by Mr. Marcel:—

To translate into the native idiom presents great obstacles to those most conversant with it; how, in the name of common sense, can it be done in a language with which one is not acquainted?

The cause of this anomaly may be found in the fact that foreigners who teach their own language, being at first little versed in that of their pupils, feel their inability to translate into it, and resort to the opposite practice. Their correction of compositions in their own language gives an appearance of usefulness to their services; but, in reality, they only delay the progress of their pupils, in the first three arts, without teaching them the fourth.

The time which the unfortunate victims of routine spend at this work in the absence of the instructor, leaves them but little leisure for reading; and, on the other hand, the correcting of the tasks in class takes up a considerable portion of the master's time, which would be much better employed in explaining to them the ancient classics, or in enabling them to understand oral expression in living languages.

Our author considers dictation a great waste of time, and also suggests that too much attention should not at first be paid to pronunciation.

Besides, a beginner cannot attend at the same time to the pronunciation and the construction, both being new to him; he necessarily neglects the one while attending to the other. Finally, this practice forms habits contrary to the object most desirable in translating, the power of doing so at sight and without preparation.

When reading aloud is practiced at the commencement of the study, in the presence of an instructor, careful to correct every error of pronunciation, these recur so frequently that very little time remains for translation, which, at the outset, ought to be the only object of consideration.

The practice of learning dialogues and phrases, Mr. Marcel treats with great scorn, and with this extract we conclude our notice of the book.

How can it be supposed that a dialogue, for example, between a lady and her dress-maker, written most likely by a man little conversant with the caprices of fashion, or with female attire, could serve as a type for all conversations between ladies and their dress-makers, despite the changes of fashion and whatever be the season of the year, the dispositions, ages, wants, taste, wealth of the parties, and innumerable other circumstances. The victims of this system, however, are generally spared the trouble of testing the usefulness of these dialogues; they generally forget them long before they have an opportunity to turn them to account.

Notices.

We call the attention of our readers to the varied and interesting contents of this number, which forms the commencement of a new volume.

The song "Magali" is an old Provençal melody.

The frontispiece is a portrait of Lord Dufferin, the future Governor-General of Canada.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE.

E. T., of Carlingford, has sent the following answer to the geographical puzzle in the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY for May. If any one can suggest any improvement we will be glad to hear it.

"I was awakened early one morning by a *shanghai*, and as the air was *chili* wrapped myself in my cloak, made of *thibet* and lined with *sable*, and busied myself *reading* until a *bell* called me to breakfast.

"*Pines* burned brightly on the hearth,

and a *canary* greeted me with a cheerful song.

"Soon a *slave* brought in the breakfast, which consisted of *turkey* and *fish* well seasoned with *salt* and *cayenne*; to these were added *sandwiches* and a plenteous portion of *madeira*.

"As I am naturally fond of *society* I chatted with *Marietta*, and after I had satisfied my appetite, which was at first *keen*, I ate a *philippine* with her. As she was suffering with a head-ache, I bathed her head with *cologne*, but stopped suddenly on discovering that the *slave* was *pekin*. I assured him that he never would obtain *independence* unless he mended his ways, although my disposition towards him was *friendly*; but should his conduct prove satisfactory he might look forward with *good hope* to obtain *liberty*.

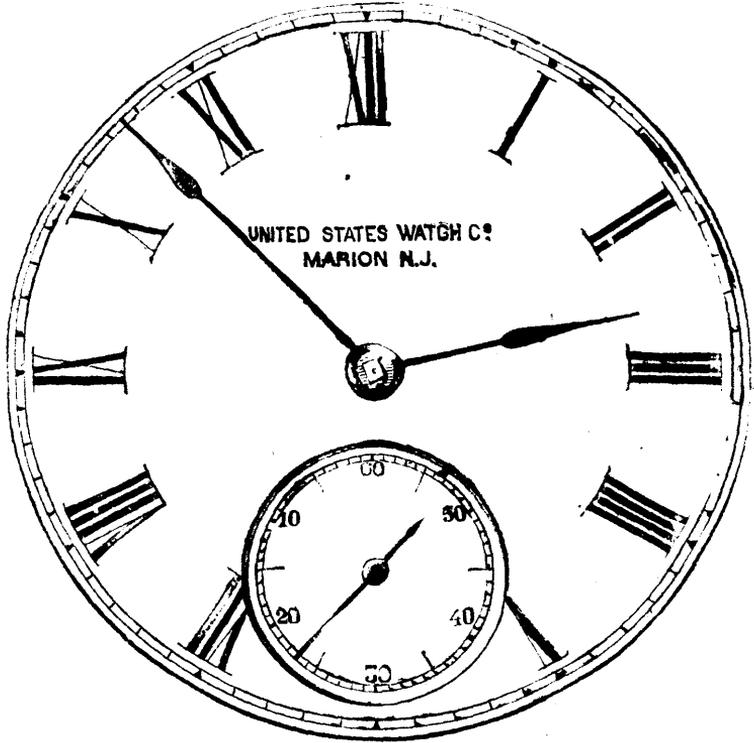
"I then went out and enjoyed a *race* after a *great bear*, and after I returned, finding that the children were making a *racket*, I sent them all to bed, after wishing a good deal of *wrath* upon them."

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(Continued from second page of Cover.)

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