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NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

AUG.

1873

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THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

AUGUST, 1873.

JOHN KANACK'S EXPERIENCES.

BY REV. W. W. SMITH, PINE GROVE, ONT.

SETTLING DOWN.

There is always a time in the life of every man when he seriously considers what he is going to do in the world. Now, the Kanacks had always been a busy race, and, of course, I had inherited the fever in the blood. But acting on the assumption that what nature said it must be grace to deny, I thought I would take the advice of my friends as to the line of life I ought to pursue. My father thought I might be an editor. Were not Tom Dalton and Hugh Scobie, not to speak of James Gordon Bennett, Dr. Barker, and Dr. MacGeorge, editors? Only wasn't there a softness in my disposition that would be in the way in giving and receiving hard knocks? But then, were not the hard knocks the disreputable part of journalism? So the argument balanced itself; and remained thus balanced and suspended several years; till, if a decision had been arrived at, it would have been a kind of *ex post facto* law, without a future tense in it at all. My senior maternal uncle thought the trade of a carpenter was good; one might rise to the dignity of a house-builder and contractor; and working with tools was a fine example of man's mastery over creation—for he not only wrought, but made the forces of nature work for him. But on the whole, he rather advised me to be a *blacksmith*. Pat Ryan, the blacksmith, told me to "be no such thing." What between interest on his iron

bills at Juson's, and the long credits the farmers expected, and the bad debts they left in his hands as mementoes of their patronage, his life was "worrited out av him."

Sam Skittles would recommend sheep-letting. The thing was very simple; and the figures would prove themselves. You let a man have 50 sheep, and he gives you back, at the end of three years, 100. So you gain interest, compounded at the end of every three years, of no less than thirty-three and odd *per cent.* every year! "Why," said he, "begin with 500 sheep, and in 40 years a man may own more than four millions of sheep—more than all the sheep in Upper Canada! With an income of—let me see—every good sheep's worth a dollar a year—an income of \$4,000,000 a year. Why it's enough to make a man crazy. *Go into it, my boy!*" I asked him why *he* had not "gone into it?" "Well, I've been trying to make a start; for you see I've no capital. But I've had *bad luck* with my sheep; the wolves took some of the best; and the dogs took some of the second best; and I've been trying to get into a breed that would always bring twins every year—and somehow I can't manage it. Whenever I have a heavy wellbuilt yoe, she's sure to bring a big, thumping lamb; but only one. And if there's a little sickly scallawag of a yoe, she's sure to bring twins; and then the poor miserable things die the first rain-storm."

Now I knew that rain-storms would come, in the next forty years; and that all the wolves weren't dead yet; and that the dogs were increasing, rather than otherwise, both in ill-manners and numbers; and that "bad luck" was only an irreverent name for adverse providences, which we are quite sure would still be sent us, if it were only for the purpose of salutary chastening. So I did not "go into" the sheep business. Still, I watched with increased interest Skittles' movements. He had not really as yet found himself with an overplus of sheep. He wanted always a few to pasture on his own little farm. And those one-horse butcher wagons on half-springs, that go scudding about the country, and twenty or thirty years ago brought the farmers the only money they ever saw (except the wool clip), till "after harvest," would stop at Skittles' gate. And they would go away with a fat sheep, or a couple of fat lambs in. And the very next week, Skittles' wife would have a new dress, or his daughter a new bonnet.

I was going past one morning (his barn was very close to the road), when Skittles was selling a fat sheep to neighbor Tettington. It was harvest, and Tettington wanted mutton for his cradlers, and had none of his own that he wanted to kill. They had apparently agreed about the price—so much for "the pick" of the flock. Tettington had caught one, as they had them crowded into a corner; and then thought he saw a better one. He gave Skittles the first one to hold, while he made another seizure. It was "two plunges for a pearl;" and was unfortunate. The second one was not as good as the first—so Skittles saw, the instant it was seized; so when the sheep made a rush, as they always do when one of their number is laid hold of, he deliberately tumbled down on his back and let his sheep bound off with the rest, making some great exclamations about "that sheep knocking him down." Of course Tettington took the second best sheep, paying the very best price for it.

As might be expected, this plan of always selling off the best sheep, reduced the quality of the flock faster than it did their numbers; and not to speak of his hopeless-

ness of getting a flock large enough to begin his grand speculation on, sheep-breeding seemed likely to come to an end through sheer deterioration in quality. Something must be done. Winter was coming on; and it was poor policy to begin wintering sheep on good hay, of which the pelts only could be counted when spring came. He reversed his summer process therefore, and killed off some twenty-five of the poorest of his flock. The skins were not bad, though small, and they were the only part of the sheep that could be turned into money. The thin half-transparent carcasses were a subject of facetious remark in the neighborhood; for after trying to sell some of the thin mutton, he had finally given away as many as he could.

At this time, a curious genius was carrying on business as a butcher in Gorton. I cannot stop to tell all about him now, but will glance at him again sometime. His name was Derby. Now Derby was at Skendle with his wagon; and had some rather choice beef and mutton to sell. Skittles saw him there, and told him very confidentially that he had a carcass or two of venison that "he would just as soon take beef for, pound for pound," as he didn't care about venison. Derby fell into the snare, and Skittles hurried home to get the venison ready. He stowed away all the sheepskins out of sight, and removed the heads from two of the longest and thinnest sheep, and had them stretched on the clean barn-floor when the inexperienced butcher arrived. They only weighed 25 pounds a piece, and he had only therefore to sacrifice 50 pounds of a good hind-quarter of beef. Nor did he discover the cheat till a hotel-keeper to whom he offered the venison discovered it for him!

All this did not put me greatly in love with sheep-farming. I therefore let that pass.

A long-legged specimen of young Canada, a few miles west of us, advised me to turn money-broker. He said the Mexican and Spanish "sixpences," so common then, when they were well-marked on both sides, could be split, so as to make two. He had often passed them; for if one side were good, it made no matter what the other side was. I had only to put a small

quantity of sulphur on the coin, and put it on a hot coal, and it would readily split. Here was a clear gain of six and a quarter cents. Another good speculation was to collect all the American cents in circulation as "coppers," and take them over to the States, at a clear gain of twenty cents on the dollar. He professed to have both these schemes in active operation, only "he wanted a partner; especially one who could put a few dollars into the business." I quietly dismissed this *sulphur'd picayune*.

It would have been wonderful indeed if John Crow had not given his advice also. He counselled "saw-milling." He certainly was right in assuming that lumber was rising and would continue to rise—"lumber had *riz*, and would *keep riz*." And he was rather in advance of his times in recommending circular saws. Said he, "You don't have no stub-shot; so you can save at least two per cent. of your timber; and save a deal o' labor in hewing them off to prepare the boards for the Mexican market. Your thinner saw-gap 'll give you one more board out o' the log; and then with only a thin slice of a slab, you'll have a couple o' rough-edge boards extra on each side; of course we could make thin slabs with any saw, but we couldn't afford the *time*, 'cept with a circular." So his advice was to "lay out a few thousands in a good mill and a good pinery, and go into it."

Now I knew nothing about a saw-mill. I scarcely knew the use of a "dog," or what a wane-edge meant; and if there was one thing I detested more than another, it was a mill yard, with its acres of logs, boards, slabs and rubbish—and the necessity of being near it. And as for the "few thousands," that of itself would have been a sufficient bar. John was disappointed when I told him I could not and I would not go into the saw-mill. I imagine he thought of the berth of sawyer for himself; and, (with a rigorous boss) he would have made a good one.

A little weaver in Skendle, whose wife, fortunately for him, was twice as big as himself, and therefore able to defend him and take care of him—was very enthusiastic about farming, "Stick to farming, man," he would say; "stick to farming; the no-

blest employment in the world, and the only one fit for a man whose ambition is perfection, and who never loses sight of his ideal." I don't know why it is, but I have always found the greatest gift of speech, the highest-flavored politics, the wildest theories, and the greatest poetic fervor among weavers, that I have ever found anywhere. His plan for himself—for he professed to be ready to follow his own advice—was to get a small farm, and keep a dozen or fifteen cows, and make butter. I asked him if he would learn to milk? "No, no," said he; "that's Meg's work; I never think a man's hands are clean enough to milk. Why, look at mine *now!*" And sure enough, they were as well smutted with blue, as the dark blue cotton warp he was putting into his loom could make them. I failed, however, to see how this fact should interfere next year or the year after, when he had got his dairy farm going, with his doing his proper share of the work. In fact, this was the "hitch" between him and his wife. She would not consent to enter upon a new scheme where all the work would fall on her, strong and ready as she was;—nor was the faculty of using her tongue the least developed of her powers.

I may as well conclude the little weaver's history, by saying that his wife and he at last agreed on a compromise; he should buy a wild lot in a new township, and they would go into mixed farming. He might impose a small dairy *ou her*, but she might also impose a good big wheat-field on *him*. They got to their lot in the fall, and while he should build the house, she would stay at a new neighbor's—the said neighbor, however, being a couple of miles away. He wrought most manfully at his shanty—had all kinds of contrivances for skidding up his logs—(I suppose man-power can do almost anything, if we only consent to lose in time what we gain in power;) and at the end of a fortnight had something before him which bore a slight resemblance to a house, only that it had no roof. "Yes," said he to himself, as he took an admiring cruise all round it, "it's like a house noo! It's something like Will Rae's coat when, blind with drink, he sewed the sleeve into the pocket-hole. 'It's

coating now,' says Will!" And so, half laughing at his own handiwork, he turned in to sleep under his little bark wigwam. He had begun at the foundation—had a good stone under each corner—(stones were plentiful on his lot; and of course, now that door and windows were in, and the walls *daubed*, he must to-morrow think about a roof. He had not quite decided whether it should be a two-sided roof or a four-sided roof, nor what the "pitch" should be. Had the Mansard been in fashion then, he very likely would have decided on that. However, he got to sleep in the midst of his scheming, and woke with eight inches of snow pressing down his bark wigwam. Thoroughly alarmed, he made a hasty retreat to the nearest point where help could be obtained, and with the aid of two neighbors and a yoke of oxen got *basswood troughs* up to answer for a roof, before night. The only trouble was that 'Meg' scolded about the roof being so low that she "couldna gie a skip owre the floor without knockin' her head;" to which her good man replied that if she were as tired as he was, she would not want to skip over the floor! But he always declared that the only safe way to build a Canadian house was to begin at the *roof!*

Now, what struck me as exceedingly strange in all this, was that every one of my advisers counselled me to adopt some occupation different from their own. The doctor advised me to be a minister. He said he had thought of it himself once. His youthful conclusion, however, with regard to himself was, that he wasn't good enough for a minister, and he was *too good* for a lawyer, and that therefore there only remained for him to be a doctor. The minister thought that "secular life presented a *great many* opportunities of usefulness and success." The schoolmaster would never advise any young man of spirit to engage permanently in such a profession as his. Over and above the tyranny of the newly established County Boards (why, he had almost lost his "certificate" by giving them the *ancient* divisions of the Turkish Empire, instead of the *modern!*) there was the absence both of appreciation and progress. "A man couldn't *rise* in his profession."

There must be a streak of philosophy here, which I had not mastered. And I set myself to study it out. I came to the conclusion that every man had a *hobby*. That it was only now and then an exceptionally happy man could be found, who made his daily bread in the line of his ideal—in homely parlance, his *hobby*; and that the difficulties and drawbacks in the way of his ideal had never been proved and tried, and therefore were little thought of; while the "daily toils and tears" of his actual occupation were something terribly real to him,—in short, that every man was a *dreamer*; only it was not quite fair for every man to palm off his dreams rather than his *experience* on a green young fellow who wanted to adopt an honorable and successful way of making his daily bread! The conclusion of the whole matter was that I determined to remain as I was, and blossom out into a full farmer.

I never knew before how much interest centres in a bit of land. Now when I wanted to buy land, I could not pass a field without passing judgment on its value and capabilities. Stumps were no longer an eyesore; for if the land was good, stumps could not make it bad, and were only a temporary damage. Nearness to market, good neighbors, and a hundred other things, all entered into the calculation. Is *land hunger* an instinct of the human race? I believe it is. There is the feeling which only the realization can satisfy, that one is never quite right till one has a home of one's own—a little bit of ground it may be, but still a *bit*, with no landlord, owner, or claimant above us—only the Great Proprietor. To hold under Him is ennobling—to hold under a fellow-man is degrading to our highest self-respect. Besides there is nothing in a man's circumstances that has so steadying an effect on him as to own a piece of land. With land as free as other commodities, the commotions and uneasiness among the masses in Europe would be reduced to a minimum; for, as John Crow used to say, "there's nothing in this 'ere world like a *bone* to stop a dog's mouth."

Scarcely any young man ever fell in love at first sight; always excepting the shepherd-boy who fell in love with a princess;

and of whom it was written after he was gone (for he died of a hopeless passion),

"His love was nobly born and died,
Though all the rest was mean."

But actual antipathies turn, under better acquaintance, to love-likings and preferences;—and the coldest indifference has its summer, and warms up into ever-during love.

* * * * *

I had written this much as a preface to saying that it was often so about a farm; and what does not at all strike us favorably about a place, we afterwards come to like; really it seems too bad to disappoint the reader and keep down my own feelings too when both of us had begun to think about early love-making. So the reader may consider the choice and purchase of the farm postponed till after the choice and winning of its mistress; and yet, I had not intended to say much about this. There are some things in our memories and feelings that are "copy-right," and not to be reproduced everywhere.

There was a little girl in our neighborhood always called in her father's family "Sis." Now, I always hated the name of *Sis*; it seemed so babyish, and altogether so uninviting, not to say repulsive, that it of itself was enough to put all romance out of my head. And then she had a red head; at least if heads were divided into three classes, white, red and black, hers would be red. And as freckles generally accompany red hair—especially short-cut red hair, always uncovered in the sun—her nose was well spotted with brown freckles. She had an eloquent tongue—there was no doubt of that, and could sing like a lark; and the teacher thought she was altogether both the best and brightest girl in the school. But what of all that? Hadn't I been always raving about golden hair and dark eyes (a rather rare combination), and often vowed that nobody should ever add *Kanack* to her name, with my consent, unless her own sweet name was *Mary*? (What *Sis*'s real name was I never took the trouble to enquire.) I did not care for money; I would work for money, and then I would know where it came from. And when some friendly old lady recommended such and such a girl to

me as "a good worker," I would be very apt to reply that "that was a good quality in a horse." In fact, I was likely to be hard to please.

Sis had disappeared from the neighborhood. It was understood that she was living with an aunt somewhere down the country.

Meanwhile love-making and match-making went on as usual about Skendle and its neighborhood. Joe Scott, six feet high, married Susie Colton, an inch or two less than five feet. Melinda Tarn, who was nineteen or twenty fifteen years before (nobody knew her age at the time of her marriage), married young Robert Jones. Bob was a lazy fellow, and she had a little money—but it could not have been much.) John Hoskins ran away with Amy Holwell and was a fool for his pains—not that she was not a nice little girl, but old Holwell would have been glad to be rid of her; for he had six more, older and younger—and John might just as well have walked up openly and asked for her.

The tall men all seemed to fancy little women for wives—with but a few exceptions. The little men all fancied tall girls, without an exception. Those who hesitated longest, made most boast of the qualifications they demanded, and were most censorious over the unfortunate match-making of others, almost invariably made poor matches themselves. Matches that were made up by others never turned out well. And if there was a sweet little girl, whose only ambition seemed to be to make everybody happy around her, she was sure, in the most unlooked-for manner, to make the very happiest match. In fact, I began to see that happiness itself was a kind of boomerang practice—you must not aim at it directly. In the general aims of life, duty, and in matters of love, good sense and a good heart: if these were aimed at happiness was sure to be found in the one case, and beauty, love and peace very apt to be the dower in the other. "A beautiful soul in a beautiful body" is not the heretical platonism it is often called; for no more surely does the outward touch of the sculptor add new graces to the statue, than the inward soul transform and modify the body to itself!

Well, time went on, and Sis Barton came home. She had been four years away. I thought as little of the matter as I would of the return from an absence that never had been noticed, of any other little stumpy red-headed girl, till one day I got a little note, brought by a still younger red-headed young one, asking me to a party at the Barton place. Though I had never been very intimate with the family, of course I went to the party. This chapter would be spun out quite too long to give a full description of the gathering. A Canadian country party has quite a character of its own. There were the six kinds of cakes, and the four kinds of preserves, and the three kinds of pies, and the one beverage—strong tea—on the table; and the supper, or more properly, the “tea,” was not pushed away into some unseemly hour near midnight, but was had as soon as the guests were all comfortably assembled; and then there was the dividing into circles and coteries, in different rooms—the old people in the parlor, the children in the kitchen, and the young people upstairs. The great advantage of having supper *first*, at a “party,” is that people’s tongues get loosed so much the sooner—and we Canadians are apt to be silent at our merry-makings; and the witty Frenchman who observed that “people’s mouths never got full of talk till they got full of *victual*,” spoke for our benefit as well as others. There was “Yankee John,” who when a young woman he was rather “sweet on” was looking for a chair, advised her to “come and sit on his *traousers*”—he would not say “knee.” And there was the young lady who played “I’ll hang my harp on a willow-tree,” on the accordion—melodeons were not yet in country use, and Skendle had but one piano. And there was Jo Barton, a nephew of our host, who would crack jokes and tell funny stories; but his stories were all from the newspapers, and it depended on the point whether you had read them before whether you felt compelled to laugh at them or not. Jo himself felt no such hesitation, for he laughed well and heartily himself at every one of them. And there was the young lady who had visited Montreal, and had seen the world. And here

was Conrad—the neighbors called him “Coon” for short—who wore such a wonderfully oiled queue at each ear—somebody called them “soaplocks.” One thing I learned—*two* things: that Sis’ name was Annie, and that a little stumpy red-headed girl may be very intelligent withal. I certainly went home with a whole heart. Sis Barton was still to me but a “little stumpy, red-headed girl.” A week later, after meeting her again, I thought the name Annie rather pretty; especially if sounded Italian-wise, with a little dwelling of the voice on the double consonant. The next time I saw her, I thought the sun had been very gentle of late in the way of freckles. Next time, I noticed that her eyes were hazel, and very dark hazel too, in fact, to be classed among the dark eyes;—and that her hair—though liable to be called red by ill-natured people—was really the golden hair of the poets—which was “brown in the shade.” And when a month after, our front field was to be fall-plowed, I took care to plow it with the furrow-ends to the road, for the chance of seeing her pass to and from the store at Skendle—which she did twice during the week that the field was in hand.

Why lengthen out the scarcely-varied tale so often told? How aversion became neutrality, neutrality warmed into preference; preference became love, and love devotion; and how, ere long, I felt that a man could wear the name Annie as near his heart as Mary, or any name whatever;—how the clear pearl of her complexion was tinged with a warmer hue (even as the clearest, purest shell is sure to be rose-lipped), when in stammering words (but understood never the less), I told her my love and my hopes; and how at last it was arranged that she should take John Kanack’s homely name, and I should give her John Kanack’s homely heart!

* * * * *

And now of course I wanted to buy a farm. And after numberless negotiations, and errands here and there, got one that was neither too valuable to be beyond my means, nor low-priced and poor to discourage me. There was room for improvement—in other words profit—on it; the buildings being poor, gave me the oppor-

tunity of making them to my liking; the cleared portion was enough to produce a fair crop every year—and to conclude, I got four hundred dollars with Annie. I never before quite understood the philosophy of a "dowry." To seek wealth in a marriage always seemed to me most despicable and wicked; wicked, for it prostituted that high and holy heart-union that should always be sought, to the shrine of Mammon. But a little—just three or four hundred dollars—to save a young man a year or two's struggling at the first start and give a young wife some little comforts about her she could not otherwise have, was quite another thing. Had it been ten times as much, I ran the risk of being unpleasantly reminded whence the means came, and with much less there had been some pinching at our start in life.

A CONTRAST.

BY C. F. H.

"The Word of God is not bound."

Two angels passed over the city at night,
When the lamps burnt low and the stars were
bright.

With glist'ning wings and robes of white;
To the Throne of the Lord they were speeding.

The first did in joyous accents tell
How the work of the Lord it prospered well,
How the saints were strong, and the power of
Hell
Seemed at length o'ercome and vanquished.

"I beheld," he cried, "a brauteous fane,
Where hymns to the praise of the Lamb once
slain

Were sung in a sweet, harmonious strain
By the lips of the white-robed choir.

"On an altar all gorgeous with jewels I gazed,
The light of a hundred tapers blazed;
I am bearing on high the prayers that were
raised
By the throng, devoutly kneeling."

"Alas!" cried the other, in saddest tone,
"A different burden I bear to God's Throne—
The cries and the tears, the despairing groan
Of the needy, whom none will succor.

"The Priest and the Levite have passed them
by—

'They are none of ours,' is their heartless cry;
But God is just who reigneth on high,
And he shall judge between them.

"For none have striven those souls to win,
And their only fane is a temple to sin,
Where the powers of Evil are worshiped within
By those Christ died to ransom.

"Yet these wandering sheep are dear to the
Lord,
And to save their souls brings a richer reward
Than is won by the costliest gifts outpoured
In selfish isolation."

And upward still did the angels soar;
But only a vial of tears each bore,
And the prayers of the selfish ascended no more
To the Throne of Love and Mercy.

—Church Times.

LOVE'S TASK.

BY MARY E. ATKINSON.

A nature gentle, sweet, and strong,
But left alone in shade too long,
And warped a little by others' wrong.

A film of doubt has dimmed her trust,
Her golden hope is touched with rust,
Her flowers of joy with wayside dust.

A faint suspicion unaware
Creeps in between her and the fair
Sweet semblances of things that are.

Life hath to her some evil done.
For even 'neath love's fervent sun
Across her heart a chill will run,

And springs that once poured full and sweet
Refreshment in the summer heat
Are dry and empty at her feet,

Her voice has caught a sharper tone,
A sadder music than its own,
And from her eyes the smile has flown.

"Love not; pass on!" one saith to me,
"A world of hearts lies open free;
Go, seek one easier loved than she."

Nay, for I love; and love doth scorn
To shun the pain of piercing thorn
Which love's red rose hath ever borne.

And love's vicarious suffering
Hath power all sweet things lost to bring,
And give her back life's happy spring.

Love is omnipotent. I stand
Holding its wonder-working wand
Atremble in my eager hand;

Expectant, till the fount shall play,
The chilly shadow melt away
Which falls between her and the day;

Expectant till sweet music flows,
Till fresh dews bathe the drooping rose,
Till like day-dawn her new smile glows,

And say not love hath seemed to fail,
Pouring its warmth without avail:
'Tis king of hearts and must prevail — Selected.

GRAIGSE LEA AND ITS PEOPLE.

CHAPTER XII.

A SISTER'S INFLUENCE.

"A fault doth never with remorse
Our minds so deeply move
As when another's guiltless life
Our error doth reprove." —Branden.

"Where's Alf?" asked Frank Clinton, on New Year's Eve, as he entered the home-like parlor with its cheerful coal fire, softened lights, beautiful pictures, soft mossy carpet, tables covered with books and articles of *bijouterie*, its open piano, and *tout ensemble* of comfort and luxury.

"I do not know; he has not been in since lunch," answered Edith, Frank Clinton's only sister, looking up from her embroidery.

"I thought you were invited to Gordon's, were you not?"

"Yes, but I had a slight headache, and I thought it would be lonely for you and Alf if you should come home and no one here. Papa and mama will represent the family sufficiently."

"Well, there's one thing I know," said Frank, seating himself on the footstool at his sister's feet, and gazing abstractedly into the fire.

"What is it, Frank?" said Edith, laughing, as she laid down her work, and taking his head in her hands turned it up to her own.

"I know this—that there is not another girl that was invited to Gordon's would stay away for the sake of twenty brothers, even if they were angels, let alone two such scapegraces as Alf and I."

"It's a good thing you appreciate your mercies," answered Edith, smiling still; "but know, brother mine, that I had a headache which would have prevented my enjoying myself had I gone,—so you see it was no self-denial after all."

"Yes, I know; and I know too that you would have stayed home all the same, as

you have done many a time before, if you had no headache at all. Is your head better now?"

"Yes, it is quite well, thank you."

Frank again looked into the fire with a dreamy, pained look which his sister half interpreted. Her own thoughts took the same subject, and two or three silent tears crept softly down her cheek and hid themselves among her brother's curls.

"When did Alfred come home last night?" she asked, softly.

"About two o'clock," Frank answered without moving his eyes.

"Do you know what Drummond was saying to me that night he and I came home together after we *broke* with Arnolds and the other fellows?"

"No, what did he tell you? But tell me first why you quarrelled at all."

"I will have to do so to explain the conversation that ensued."

Frank then gave his sister a somewhat detailed account of the disagreement and the conversation that followed. When he had finished, his sister's fervent, "Oh, I am so glad that you came away!" made him smile.

"Are you afraid I might have disgraced myself had I stayed?"

"No, Frank; but I have been afraid more than I can tell you when I saw you so much last autumn and this winter in the company of fellows like Arnolds of what their influence might lead you to. Do you wonder I was, with Alf before my eyes?"

"No, I do not."

"I hope so much you and Mr. Drummond will get on together. He is, from all I have heard, a high-principled, noble fellow."

"I wonder if he is a Christian?" said Frank. "Sometimes I think he is, and then again I think he is not. He is proud and punctilious in all questions of honor, and very ambitious. He is the best mathematician in our class. His principles are

noble, and yet somehow I do not think they are like yours. He is a noble fellow, and when excited and enthusiastic *he talks*; but then, although he talks about God and His works, he rather reminds me of Socrates, or some others of the more enlightened heathen philosophers, than of Christ. Yes, if he is a Christian his Christianity is very different from yours, Edith."

"He may be restrained by the fear of ridicule; but about Alfred, I have frequently myself thought that seeing his danger I was acting wrong in as much as tasting the poison that injured him."

"I have been thinking a great deal these last few days. You know I used to think that there was something contemptible and mean in being a temperance man. I have always heard the term used sneeringly; but that night when I saw Drummond so firmly resist coaxing and taunts for the sake of his principles, I saw nothing mean there. I felt, we *all* felt—even Arnolds did—that he was the manliest there. Had it been, any other I might have found plenty less creditable motives which might have influenced him; but Grahame Drummond is so sociable, so kind, so accommodating in any and everything where principle is not involved, I knew that it was extremely painful to him to do anything to mar the enjoyment of the rest. I knew with his proud Highland blood he could ill brook the jeers of Arnolds, and I felt that he who could thus with his tastes and inclinations refuse even to countenance what he considered wrong must have something of the hero in him; and I have been thinking since that surely I ought to do for affection as much as he would for principle."

"You are right, Frank; I think if Alf did not see us all use wine so freely that he would be ashamed, and if we did not use it at all he would be more careful, at least in our presence, not to use it to excess; and who can tell, under God's blessing, what other good it might do him? I think we ought to try."

"I think if we signed some kind of a pledge it would seem as if we were doing it really, and as if we meant it. Stay, I will draw out a pledge. See, will this do? I think it is the common formula:—

"I hereby promise, before God, to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors,

(Signed), "FRANCIS S. CLINTON."

"Here Edith," and Edith wrote,

"EDITH D. CLINTON."

"God bless you, Frank; I am sure he will yet hear my prayers for Alf. I know how hard it will be for you to keep this, surrounded as you are and will be by companions who would only mock you. Oh Frank! Frank!" she said, while the tears streamed down her cheeks, "if you were only a Christian how happy I should be! There is nothing wanting in you now but that, and that is the most important thing, for 'what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?' I feel as if neither you nor Alfred can be safe with your brilliant social talents to mix in the society of your peers, you will be surrounded by so many temptations, unless you take Christ as your guide. If you would only try you will be so happy."

"I will try, dear Edith. I feel to-night as I have never done before—a longing for something more satisfying than pleasure—nobler than honor, so-called. I want to come, but I know not how. Teach me, Edith."

* * * * *

"Edith, are you well?" You have taken no wine," remarked and asked Alfred Clinton, the following day at the dinner table.

"Yes, I am quite well. I do not wish for any."

"What's this, Frank?—you surely do not mean to pass the decanter on New Year's Day of all. You have not become a convert to Grahame Drummond's temperance notions?"

"Yes I have," said Frank steadily, looking his brother pleasantly in the face.

"Nonsense, Frank; you never would be so ridiculous. Here, drink my health."

"What do you mean, my son?" asked the soft, lady-like voice of his mother.

"Drink your wine and stop fooling," said the stern voice of his father.

"I mean, mother, that if I, by the moderate use of intoxicating liquors of any kind, encourage any other man whose appetites

are stronger or his self-control less to make a brute of himself—lest I should do this I will abstain altogether, that I may not be a stumbling-block in the way of any one.”

“When and how have you received this wonderful enlightenment of your duty?”

“After midnight, the night before last,” Frank answered quietly.

It was a home thrust. Alfred's face colored perceptibly, and the scornful light in a moment faded out of his eye. The father and mother, whom long habit had rendered insensible to the evils of wine-drinking in themselves, could say nothing. The night alluded to had been too fraught with humiliation to all of them. Their eldest son, the heir to his father's title and estate, had been carried home in a wheelbarrow in a state of beastly intoxication.

“Alfred will you come to my boudoir for a little while?” whispered Edith, as she rose from the table. “It is New Year's Day. Let me have you all to myself for a little while.”

An hour or two afterwards Frank sought admission too.

Alfred's head was bowed on the table, but Edith's face smiled through her tears.

“See, dear Frank,” she said as she held up the paper he had written the evening before, and he saw written there in bold, manly characters under Edith's name,

“ALFRED THORNTON CLINTON.”

Ah! a very happy New Year did they spend in that little boudoir.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE STEPMOTHER.

“Then stopped to speak of board and what for life
A wife would cost—if he should take a wife,
Hardly he bargained and so much desired
That we demurred.” —*Crabbe.*

We have incidentally noticed the visit of a young lady from St. Andrews at Mr. Hamilton's. Annie Ross, a gentle, timid lovable girl of seventeen, a great friend of Miss Sutherland's, had been induced to accompany her in a visit to her brother-in-law's in the hope that the change of air and

scene would give strength to body and mind. A hereditary tendency to insanity had made her widowed mother watch her every look and action with an acuteness which only fear mingled with affection could induce. Two brothers were hopeless maniacs, and she was all that was left to care for and watch.

The knowledge of the fearful doom she might inherit had given a pensive, almost melancholy shade, to her countenance. A very pretty, interesting girl the most casual observers pronounced her. In the eyes of those who loved her she was beautiful. The speaking countenance changing in its expressions, continually reflecting the thought that passed through her mind, was a pleasing, interesting study. She was not long in making herself a favorite in Mr. Hamilton's home. Miss Sutherland, wishing to banish the subject completely from her friend's mind, had not alluded to the family trouble to Mr. Hamilton, or to any of their friends. Maude, who scarce knew the pleasures of female friendship, loved the gentle timid girl with all the warmth of her nature, and by every means which love could devise sought to dispel the shadow she saw but could not account for in her friend's face. And she was successful. Annie's bird-like voice warbled sweetly as she tripped through the house; her clear girlish laughter rung merrily through the echoing rooms. Alfred Hamilton found his home more attractive than it had been since his wife's death. His evenings were now mostly passed at home with his daughter and her friend. He found a rare pleasure in joining his rich contralto voice with Miss Ross's clear soprano and his daughter's richer and deeper tones. Maude had noticed with unmingled satisfaction that since the arrival of their guest the decanters were but rarely touched. Gentle and unobtrusive on most points, on that of temperance Miss Ross was free and decided in expressing her opinions and advocating her principles. She argued that society which sanctioned the use of intoxicating liquors was answerable for all the ruin their use entailed. That until it became as disreputable to take a single glass of wine or liquors of any kind, except medicinally, as it was now to drink to excess, there was very little hope

for the drunkard. As long as fair hands and musical voices offered and pressed the poison, the list of drunkards must go on increasing, while the guilt lay at the door of those who had tempted as much as at that of those who had yielded to temptation.

Perhaps it was partly owing to this fact and partly because the spell her presence had cast over him was more powerful than that of his old enchantress, the wine cup, certain it is that the latter seemed to have lost its power. It was not strange that the gentle grace and beauty of Annie Ross should have won the heart of Alfred Hamilton, nor yet was it very strange that his talent and genius, his kindness and appreciation, should have won him her heart in return; but still the world marvelled very much when it was announced among his friends that he, the gifted and intellectual, was to marry an unsophisticated but pretty country girl, and among hers that she was to throw herself away on a man old enough to be her father with a daughter her own age. But in spite of the world's wonder the facts remained, the girl-bride scarce believing that it could be real. She was ere-long installed as nominal head of Mr. Hamilton's establishment, though Maude's experience and tact made her, by mutual consent, the real head. And Maude, how did she regard the change? She could not see her mother's place taken by a stranger without feeling; she could not see herself lose the first place in her father's affections without pain; but whatever she thought she cast no shadow over the happiness of her father and his wife by allowing them to see that she was unhappy. The sensitiveness which felt every slight, every neglect so keenly, was her greatest trial; but though she could not altogether curb it, she learned to repress all its manifestations. She was a good girl, Maude. Love for her father and regard for her friend conquered all selfish considerations.

* * * * *

"Mr. and Mrs. Russel have gone out for a walk. They will be in shortly," the servant answered, in answer to Maude's enquiry for Mrs. Russel.

"Well, I will go up stairs to the nursery and wait their return."

A shout of joy at her entrance showed

plainly that there she was a welcome visitor. An hour, which passed sufficiently swiftly, had nearly elapsed ere Mrs. Russel, a trifle older-looking and less beautiful than we saw her last, entered. She seemed hurried and confused, but gave Maude a warm welcome.

"Oh dear me, I do not know what I shall do! Mr. Russel met Edgar Fairbairn, the celebrated orator; they are to be here in a few minutes, and Mr. Russel will be sure to call for refreshments; there is not a single drop of wine in my sideboard, and even if there was, he prefers whiskey, and these servants—was there ever such a plague?—not one of them is about. What shall I do?"

Maude said it was provoking but could offer no suggestions.

The little lady fluttered out in great distress, then in again. She had just seen them from the attic window turning the corner of ——Square, and they would be here in a few seconds. She would go herself, but there was nobody else to receive them. Mr. Russel would be so mortified if he came and found her gone, and it would be equally bad, if not worse, if he should ask for spirits and none in the house.

Maude, pitying her perplexity, asked who was their wine merchant.

"Mr. Allison. You know his shop on ——St."

Maude said she did. A new idea appeared to strike her hostess. Her face brightened, and her voice assumed the most persuasive accents.

"Oh, Maude, *would* you do me a favor? I know it is too much to ask you, but what am I to do? Would you go over to Mr. Allison's and ask him to send over immediately half a dozen of his best Glenlivet; but no, that would scarcely do either, he might forget, and any way these errand boys take so long on the way, would you take my reticule and ask him to give you a bottle for me. You would not mind, would you, dear? It would be such a favor to me."

Maude felt a little reluctant to undertake the office, though she did not like to refuse. Mrs. Russel's need seemed so pressing, her distress was so evident, that she said she would go.

"Oh you are a dear good girl, and, here, put my thick veil over your face; it will keep you warm and nobody will ever know you through it."

Maude was hurried off ere she had time to regret her offer, and wondering no little at herself, her errand, and how it happened that Mr. Russel, who she was aware used to pride himself on his liquors, should have allowed his sideboard to be empty, she swiftly threaded her way, only dreading that she might be too late at Mr. Allison's.

Quietly she entered without noticing the stares that were bestowed upon her by a party of gentlemen who stood by the door. Mr. Allison himself was at the door, but he sprang in to attend to her. A covert smile flashed in his eyes a moment as she whispered her errand with Mrs. Russel's name attached. She received the bottle with a slight feeling of shame, transferred it to her reticule, and hurried out, unmindful that in doing so she stumbled against two gentlemen who were passing at the time. They were Grahame Drummond and his friend Frank Clifton. Grahame's cheeks involuntarily burned as he recognized Miss Hamilton. His next wish was that his friend had not recognized her, when he noticed where she had come from. Frank did not know her; he remarked how similar in form and gait she was to that Miss Hamilton, but of course it could not be her. Grahame said nothing, and the matter dropped, though he inly wondered much at the *rencontre*. Maude was not long ere she again, entering by the back door, was in Mrs. Russel's presence. Mr. Russel and his friend had not come yet, she said, but she was so very much obliged to her, so very profuse in her expressions of gratitude that Maude wondered.

Feeling intuitively that she had alighted on an unfortunate time for her visit she took her leave, her hostess's urgent invitations to stay notwithstanding.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton had retired. Robert and Hughie were far advanced in their pilgrimage through the land of nod, and Maude was also preparing to retire, when a hasty knock at the front door interrupted her. With a vague feeling of alarm she hastened down stairs, and opening the door, was startled by seeing Mr. Russel at

it. The ghastliness of his face struck her in a moment.

"Has anything happened," she gasped. "Mrs. Russel, is she well?"

"Yes, we are all well. Excuse me, Miss Hamilton, for disturbing you at this untimely hour, but I wish to speak to you a minute."

Maude silently opened the parlor door and followed Mr. Russel in. Refusing with a gesture the chair she proffered him, he stood leaning against the marble mantel-piece, his large Spanish cloak wrapped moodily around him. He seemed for a moment or two struggling with very painful emotions. Mastering them he spoke, and the boldness of his voice startled Maude, already unstrung by his unexpected visit.

"Miss Hamilton, it is a very painful thing for a man to open the cupboard and let a stranger see the skeleton that haunts his house, but a friend's eyes are pitiful.

"Sometime ago I was under the necessity of forbidding my servants to bring intoxicating liquors of any kind into my house at my wife's request on pain of instant dismissal. This evening I returned home with some friends whom I had invited to sup with me. I had previously given my wife notice of my intention. Going up to our room to acquaint her with the arrival of our guests I found her lying on the bed in a state of helpless intoxication. I need not describe my feelings to you; that they were sufficiently painful you may imagine.

"Concluding that some of the servants had been perhaps bribed to procure the liquor for her, I questioned them; but they denied all knowledge of the matter. I could not understand in what manner or from whom she had procured it. Some of the children having mentioned that you had been down, I eagerly grasped at the idea, and came along as soon as I could get rid of my visitors to see if you could give me any information. It has almost unmanned me. She has been for six months now without tasting any, and I was so happy—and now again."

Miss Hamilton shortly explained the circumstances we have narrated, expressing her sincere regret that she had even innocently been the means of bringing sorrow

to his family. Having ascertained where she had procured the liquor, Mr. Russel shortly took his leave, evidently too deeply pained, too much absorbed by his own troubles, to care for any further conversation.

* * * * *

I will but lightly touch on the next scene in my story; but for its truthfulness I would gladly have spared both my readers and myself the pains of it.

At a time when regard for his wife's state should have rendered him doubly careful, Alfred Hamilton yielded once more to the demon which, having once acquired a hold on any weak human soul, clings to it with a tenacity rarely relaxed, or if relaxed only waiting for an opportunity to take a more deadly hold.

Unable to resist a shock of any kind, especially at such a time, Mrs. Hamilton was utterly prostrated by this. The mother's eyes never opened consciously on the little infant that was taken from her to the graveyard. For weeks her life was despaired off; when at length youth overcame the physical prostration, mind and memory were alike gone. The family doom found another victim—gentle Annie Hamilton was a maniac.

Poor Maude! Well was it for her that her mother's Bible had become precious to her in those dark days, when she saw her father yielding more than ever he had done to intemperance, thinking to forget sorrow, remorse and despair!

(To be continued.)

UNKIND WORDS.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble your mind
That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain:
But we vex our own with look and tone
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me a kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease!
How many go forth at morning
Who never come home at night!
And hearts have broken for harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah, lips with the curve impatient!
Ah, brow with the shade of scorn!
'Twere a cruel fate, were the night too late
To undo work of the morn.

AT THE GATE.

GOOD WORDS.

Outside the open gate a spirit stood.
One called, "Come in." Then he: "Ah, if I could!
For there within 'tis light and glorious,
But here all cold and darkness dwell with us."
"Then," said the other, "come. The gate is
[wide."
But he: "I wait two angels who must guide.
I cannot come unto Thee without these;
Repentance first, and Faith Thy face that sees,
I weep and call: they do not hear my voice;
I never shall within the gate rejoice."
"O heart unwise! " the Voice did answer him,
"I reign o'er all the hosts of Seraphim.
Are not these Angels also in My Hand?
If they come not to thee 'tis my command.
The darkness chills thee, tumult vexes thee,
Are angels more than I? Come in to Me."
Then in the dark and restlessness and woe
That spirit rose and through the gate did go,
Trembling because no angel walked before,
Yet by the Voice drawn onward evermore.
So came he weeping where the glory shone.
And fell down, crying, "Lord, I come alone."
"And it was thee I called," the Voice replied,
"Be welcome." Then Love rose, a mighty tide
That swept all else away. Speech found no place
But Silence, rapt, gazed up unto that Face.
Nor saw two Angels from the radiance glide,
And take their place forever at his side.

G. E. MEREDITH.

NOTES OF A HASTY TRIP.

FROM THE LETTERS OF C. C.

WEDNESDAY, June 12th, 1872.—Visited the show rooms of Joseph Rodgers & Sons, cutlery manufacturers; objects of interest were among other things a knife and fork more than five feet long, twelve pairs of scissors in complete order weighing less than a grain, a knife with 1870 blades, some fine plated ware, &c.

The city of Sheffield I do not think much of; it is always smoky and the weather rainy; the streets are narrow and tortuous beyond description, and the hotel accommodation execrable; it has nevertheless some nice localities, houses and people. We left for Birmingham at twelve o'clock, where we arrived after a very rapid drive of about two hours, passing through three long tunnels and some beautiful scenery and farming and mining country. Also, Alsopp's celebrated breweries at Burton, covering many acres of ground. Weather showery; miles 3,219.

THURSDAY, June 13, 1872.—K. and I went to Messrs. Elkington & Coy.'s celebrated plated ware manufactory and show rooms and were well rewarded, seeing among many other works, the process of dish and cover making, engraving, electro-plating inside and outside, polishing, smelting, fusing, the batteries, acids, &c.; the metal used is either gold and silver: or German silver; this latter looks quite black when being moulded. The show rooms, which are very handsome, require to be seen to be appreciated. We afterwards inspected another place equally deserving of notice. viz.: Joseph Gillott's Steel Pen Manufactory, where 400 hands, mostly female, are employed, and 97 gross of pens made daily; each pen goes through about 22 processes, which with holders, handles and boxes make upwards of 60 hands an ordinary box of pens has to go through from the rolling of the steel, its cutting, bending,

engraving, slitting, filing, cleaning, coloring, &c., to the polishing of the pen handles and cutting open of the colored boxes.

We left by the six o'clock train for London, passed through some fine country not so thickly peopled as I expected, also through several tunnels; saw the troughs made to allow the engine to scoop up water while in motion, and reached London at 9.20 p. m., the greatest pleasure I experienced during the ride being the smell of new mown hay, several fields of which we passed on the way. We put up at the Arundel. Weather fine; miles 3,332.

Struck by the peculiar look and dinginess of the streets and buildings generally of London; the Thames is larger than I expected; saw Nelson's monument; crossed the Thames by Blackfriars Bridge; walked along the other side and returned by Waterloo Bridge, whence I obtained a good view of St. Pauls, Westminster Abbey, and the Houses of Parliament.

SATURDAY, June 15th, 1872.—Rose at half-past eight o'clock and repaired to the Houses of Parliament, into which we readily obtained admission. I was impressed with the vast amount of carving and gilding, especially outside and in the Royal Gallery, Princes' chamber and House of Lords. The wigged lawyers here do not require black pants in Court. The crypt of St. Stephens is very elaborately gilt and is underneath the Houses of Parliament. The equestrian statue of Richard Cœur de Lion is very striking. While looking round I hung my hat on Earl Granville's peg in the lobby of the House of Lords. Leaving the Parliament Buildings, we entered an underground railway station, and booked for Victoria street to reach the British Bank. After a remarkably quick passage for the distance, we emerged on Victoria street, walked for a few minutes

and found ourselves at the Parliament Buildings again. This was gaining experience, as we soon found that London and Westminster are not one and the same place, Temple Bar dividing them. We therefore looked for the other Victoria street and going the other way accomplished our business, got on top of a bus, and moved towards Hyde Park; then promenaded round Grosvenor Square, not admiring the somewhat common-looking residences of the nobility as much as their wigged, powdered, and highly-dressed lackeys. We then walked to Apsley House, and asked a policeman if it was open for inspection; he told us to ask the Duke of Wellington. Our eyes were opened; we suddenly recollected that the Waterloo hero had a son, and retired. Our next visit was to the fashionable drive in the Park, where were large numbers of chairs placed round the course for the convenience of visitors; somewhat fatigued, yet wishing to see the nobility and their equipages, we sat down where we could obtain a good view, mentally thanking a thoughtful Corporation, and wishing Montreal had such. After watching the splendid sight of England's nobility moving round in triple file, closely packed with their equipages and emblazoned crests and coats-of-arms for a very few minutes, a small, stupid-looking man with a big bag requested a fee for the use of the chairs; we gained some more experience, paid our fee, and removed ourselves; then watched the juveniles catch minnows in the Serpentine, and came across the most magnificent monument I ever expect to see, viz: the Nation's Memorial to the Prince Consort. To attempt to describe it is impossible—its shining and glittering gold, jewels and marble statuary, pinnacles, &c.; the cost is £12,000 sterling.

SUNDAY, June 16th, 1872.—Rose at 7.45 a.m.; had breakfast and went to hear Mr. Spurgeon; found he was out of town, but visited the Sunday-school, which is held morning and afternoon; morning average attendance 500 to 400; afternoon 1,100, and a young women's bible class of 400 more. There are five rooms besides the great Hall, the infant class numbering in the afternoon about 200, being separated from the Hall by glass partitions which are opened during the singing, here of a somewhat lively char-

acter; the other rooms open and close separately. The library numbers 900 volumes; no picture papers are distributed, but the senior scholars, to the number of 200, have a sort of prayer-meeting on Sunday evening. We were shewn through the church by the doorkeeper; it is large, has two galleries, will seat 5,600; the singing is led by a precentor, who stands beside the minister. We next attended an earnest prayerful meeting in the basement of the church, and then went to Dr. Newman Hall's church, Surrey Chapel, a round building, outside which a gentleman was preaching to a crowd, principally to the effect that the good even found n worldly things contained in and emanated from the Bible, the Book of books. In the Chapel, Dr. Cuyler of New York preached a sermon of 50 minutes from Col. iii. 1.

MONDAY, June 17, 1872.—Rose at eight o'clock, and inspected the lawyers' quarters near Temple Bar, viz: Temple Court, Eating Room, Halls, Libraries, Law Offices, &c., including the famous Round Church, the tower of which was built before 1185, where we saw some tombs and figures of the ancient Crusaders; we then walked to the Guildhall, the principal seat of city legislation, the hall is very fine looking, and contains monuments perpetuating the fame of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham; his son William Pitt; Nelson, Wellington and Beekford, also so called colossal figures of Gog and Magog, supposed to represent an ancient Briton and a Saxon.

On the same day (17th June, 1872), after leaving the Guildhall, we passed through the Royal Exchange, a massive, well-finished building; but, unlike the Exchanges in other cities, it has a hollow open square within for the transaction of business, surrounded by a covered way or gallery; the building is governed by the Gresham Committee, so called after the originator, a silk or linen merchant.

The next place that engaged our attention was the Mansion House, the residence of the Lord Mayor. We were shown through the reception hall, a fine hall surrounded by pillars and marble statues, and ninety feet high and long by about half the width; also used as a dining hall on great occasions; the reception and drawing rooms,

and into the Court of Common Pleas, where shortly after we got there, the crier called out, "The Right Honorable the Lord Mayor;" other criers called "hush" and "silence," and the Lord Mayor, in his robes of office and gold chain and buckle, a pleasant-looking man, entered and sat in the official chair to hear a celebrated robbery case we cared nothing about.

TUESDAY, June 18th, 1872.—Mr. K. obtained a note from Messrs —, tea merchants, which gained us admission to the Bank of England, where we saw 43,000 notes, the number returned the day previous, and amounting to £1,000,000, being destroyed, and the process of making notes, weighing, sorting and tying up gold, &c.; 1,300 hands are employed in the Bank. I noticed something peculiar about the door or iron gates we passed through; our guide did not open them, but pulled a bell; we heard the ring, but saw no connection between door-lock and anything else, yet in a minute it opened and we passed.

WEDNESDAY, June 19th, 1872.—Inspected St. Paul's Cathedral, wound the clock, crawled into the ball, looked at the bells, spiral staircase, &c.; walked round the whispering gallery and outer galleries; looked from a round hole at the ball down into the Cathedral on the dwarfs below, whom the fall of a penny would kill; and the guide having left us, I discovered a secret passage and went in; K. followed and closed the door. We groped about in the darkness, with our clothes rubbing the sides, and after a time found we could go all round the building between the inner and outer walls, and we also found an opening on to the lower roof of the building, and a passage along the edge of the roof, along which we walked until afraid of discovery by people on the streets, when we returned and went to the crypt, where we saw the funeral car of Wellington made out of captured cannon; his tomb and the tombs of Nelson, Collingwood, Sir Christopher Wren and others, and emerging, heard a choral service in the Cathedral choir. In the afternoon returned to examine the statuary, and afterwards saw the large Smithfield meat market and entered the celebrated St. Bartholomew's Hospital, founded about A.D. 1180, seized with the

monasteries by Henry VIII. and afterwards rebuilt and enlarged by its governors and various citizens. It will now accommodate 660 male and female patients; has two ministers and several doctors in attendance, and finds employment for numbers of medical students, about 90 of whom board in one wing of it. The building forms a hollow square, with a fountain and gardens in the centre, and a beautiful and costly chapel in one corner, whose ornamental marble work and painted windows are particularly handsome. It is the only church in the parish which only has three houses besides the hospital in it.

THURSDAY, June 20th, 1872.—In the morning made arrangements to move to Williamson's Hotel, and spent the afternoon at the International Exhibition. Saw sealing-wax made, and admired particularly the paintings and statuary and products of India; but the building is immense, and requires several days to see it properly. In the evening I went to the rooms of Y. M. C. A.; the meeting was opened a quarter of an hour late; after two hymns and two prayers, the Rev. Mr. Bowden made an address of thirty-five minutes, in which he strongly advocated a certain set time for reading the Bible and prayer, and that fifteen minutes in the morning was equal to forty-five at night, because then there is more peace and quietness in the mind. Prayer gave a clear and tender conscience, just as the eyelid washed the eye and kept it clear, and as the eye was made purposely tender to prevent anything resting on its surface and obscuring the sight, so should the conscience be kept clear and tender to prevent its being blunted by sin. The Rev. gentleman having finished the address, closed the meeting with prayer and the benediction.

FRIDAY, June 21st, 1872.—Spent the day at the British Museum; but this, like the other great sights of London, cannot well be described in detail. I principally liked the collections of Assyrian, Egyptian and Roman remains. I do not think Canada is fairly represented, especially among the mineral collections. Some of the very ancient MSS. and the Library and king's and great men's signatures attracted considerable attention. Everything is most

carefully and expensively mounted and well looked after.

LONDON, E.C., June 22nd, 1872.—A party of us took the steamer going up the Thames, *en route* for Kew Gardens and Hampton Court. We were enlivened by music from a harp and fiddle. Passed over the celebrated Putney and Mortlake race-course, and under Hammersmith and all the other bridges; some of the grand stands still remained along the banks of the river. I was, however, rather disappointed in the appearance of the river and country, the tide being out in one case and the old brick houses hiding the view and being in no wise ornamental themselves. A two hours' sail brought us to Kew, where we had dinner. The gardens are really worth seeing, there are so many foreign trees growing all over—Cedar of Lebanon, maples and others. The hot-houses are well filled with tropical plants, flowers and shrubs, and would afford a botanist occupation for weeks. A most conspicuous object is a flag-staff of pine from British Columbia, the tallest and finest in Europe; it is 169 feet high and weighs about four and a half tons. The flower beds are very tastefully laid out in styles not known in Canada.

Leaving Kew Gardens, we walked to Richmond, whence a train carried us to the entrance of Bushey Park, through which we walked on a magnificent avenue a mile long and lined on either side by very large chestnut and lime trees; it is the finest avenue I ever saw, and took us direct to Hampton Court, where we remained the rest of the day, roaming through halls, kings and queens' bedchambers full of antique furniture and fine old paintings, looking at the flower gardens, Queen Anne's bower, &c. After looking at the grape vine 106 years old with its 1,250 bunches of grapes and walking into the centre of the maze, with one or two mistakes we returned to London *via* Clapham, —the greatest railway centre in the world, about 1,000 trains passing daily. Weather very fine.

SUNDAY, June 23rd, 1872.—We rose (K. and I) at a quarter past six o'clock and attended service in Bloomsbury Chapel, about two miles off, at 7 a.m., expressly for young people — Dr. Brock's, one of the

Queen's chaplains, last annual midsummer sermon to the young. The church was literally packed full, and some hundreds unable to get within hearing distance, held a meeting in the street, where were policemen stationed to prevent vehicles from passing at a rate faster than a walk. The sermon was a plain, practical piece of advice founded on the Bible and personal experience, showing the need of firmness and endurance in the faith, and the speaker closed with the remark that though this was his twentieth and last annual midsummer sermon, yet had he ever found the Christian's burden light, and hoped he might hereafter shake by the hand each one present; the sermon lasted twenty-five minutes and was listened to with rapt attention.

After breakfast Messrs. A., G. H. K., and I attended Mr. Spurgeon's Chapel where we obtained good seats. Service opened with prayer, the singing of Psalm cxxviii, tune "Gospel," and the reading of the third chapter of Joshua, on which Mr. Spurgeon made some remarks, *inter alia*, that the old dispensation was reverence towards the severity of God, and the new dispensation, a drawing nigh to the glory of God. The truest way to become great is to become great through Divine favor. Though we cannot do all that we would wish, let each man carry such a stone as his shoulders can bear (referring to the stones left in Jordan). We should endeavor to follow God's commands and not our own whims or certain denominational rules.

Hymn, followed by an earnest and powerful prayer; hymn. Text, Joshua iii, 4, "For ye have not passed this way heretofore." The Israelites were entering on a new course and getting new orders, so it is with us through life, so soon as we go in a new direction we will receive new orders, and therefore should not allow a change of trials to trouble us. He glorifies God most whose faith never staggers, but who goes forward from strength to strength; yet is it true that we would rather bear the ills we have than change to anything strange. I have seen this principle so imbued in some people that they have been afraid of new truth, of higher truths, and afraid of

spiritual improvements as being beyond them and dangerous. This fear troubles us when called to new service, and we are afraid to go lest we should not have strength enough, although we feel competent enough for the place we are in. This is all of the flesh, and as forebodings of sickness and death often come over us because we have not gone that way before, although we have the testimony of 10,000 saints who have gone before us singing, so do we feel the approach of poverty, of which I am about to speak. In the *first* place, a few words by way of consolation. Take the present narrative of the Israelites; before them was the Jordan, then walled cities, then other walled cities equally strong, armies and giants. Their case might give rise to a thousand natural fears, but they had faith and went *on*, and God gave them all. Are you in such a case? Have you demands greater than ever before? then remember, whether your ways of Providence be new or old, they are not your choice, and God cannot make mistakes but directs the path. It must be right for us to be where we are; we are right if God has brought us there—"All things work together for good to them that love God," and He will do the best possible good for His people. Your present pathway is new to you, but not to your God. Past, present and future are human words; *now* is God's word. Your present new troubles were known to Him 1,000 years ago. Rest, then, in confidence that your new road is old to God, and note that at His right hand sits One who has trodden your way. Everywhere in life are the marks of Him who went over the whole road. Do not imagine your griefs peculiar; others have suffered the same, and this thought should comfort us. Which of us would, like a pack horse, want to go the same old track every day. Besides when the Lord brings a new burden we will not have the troubles of to-day to trouble us to-morrow, and all change of God's children is in the right direction.

Secondly, for direction and guidance in a new place. Be most concerned to hear the word of the Lord and to obey. Our worst temptation is to fancy that we are to be our own providers, "Trust in the Lord and

do good, and verily thou wilt be fed." If Jehovah leads the way we are safe in trouble. Don't think so much of friends when in trouble, as of God's protection. "Fear not, I am with you, oh! be not afraid," etc. The worst trouble in our troubles is the fear that we may not be able to keep the grace we have, when in fact we should let grace keep us—not omitting to sanctify ourselves and ask for grace that He will purge out the old leaven.

Thirdly, to excite expectation. We should look up in prayer and we will see the living God. The men of this world never see the living God, and I am afraid this is the case with many who never have any change or trials. In troubles coming we will get stores of faith for future trials. Be glad, therefore, if the Lord is strangely exercising you. He is preparing you for higher and greater things; and, lastly—all this will magnify Jesus in the eyes of God's children and to the most tried Jesus is the most precious. Let us *onward*, then, in Faith, etc. It was a beautiful sermon of about 40 minutes—crowded church.

MONDAY, June 24th, 1872.—We rose at three o'clock in order to secure the best possible treat at Billingsgate, but finding ourselves rather early, walked round until the people came. I was disappointed at finding that nearly all the vendors are men; I expected to see women resembling those at St. Ann's Market; their language also was remarkably free from the vulgar or profane, but no one could be disappointed about the rest of the sight; the noise was something quite awful; the place was crowded, one-half the people almost were auctioneers, and in all directions were frantically calling out bids and the kind of fish to anybody or nobody, while men in disgustingly dirty coats and carrying boxes of fish on their heads from which trickled dirty water, walked every way and against everybody, and me in particular,—I suppose because I had on a respectable coat. We listened to the bawling, looked at the crowds and were tramped on, shoved about and dirtied until half-past six, when we returned to wash and breakfast, after which we got on top of a bus and drove to Bethnal Green where the Prince and Princess of Wales were to open a Museum at 1 o'clock; the

streets all along the route were gorgeously decorated in a cheap manner, and were arched with flags nearly the whole way; the streets were thronged with people, of whom we had a good view, the bus having great difficulty in making its way through. We secured a good place at the gates of the Museum, and after witnessing the activity of the police, and the combativeness of several women, who in this country fight more than the men, their Royal Highnesses passed by with considerable pomp and retinue, and we turned our steps to Westminster Abbey, where we spent the afternoon at Choral service and looking through the building, including the Chapel underneath, founded by Sebert, king of the Saxons, in A. D. 616, and used by the House of Commons for about 300 years. In the evening we, in company with G. H., spent our time at Madame Tussaud's wax figure establishment; I liked the figures very much; looked most at the Earl of Shaftesbury and was most surprised at Voltaire's appearance, as I expected to have seen a stout person like Napoleon, instead of which there was a particularly dry and wrinkled old man with a very sharp chin, not at all prepossessing. Two of the Bur-

mese ambassadors were there and alarmed a couple of young ladies who had mistaken them as wax figures, by rolling their eyes at them. I did not mistake any wax figures for live ones, but I did stand gazing at what I thought a good likeness of a Yankee until he interrupted my meditations by moving away. The rooms are very nicely furnished, and visitors are entertained by three musicians who play execrably.

TUESDAY, June 25th, 1872.—In the morning we went to see the Tower of London. I was principally struck by the quaint dress of the guides, or officials, and a room containing 7,000 stand of arms (Snider Rifle) as things of which I had not read, though the tower throughout is very interesting and instructive. The moat is very much larger than I expected, but is now always dry. Leaving the tower we walked to some of the principal docks of London, and obtained tickets of admission and a guide to one of the immense wine vaults covering 300 acres, where 8,000 casks of wine were stored, besides innumerable piles of something resembling cobwebs, all over the walls like stalactites.

(To be continued.)

BRITISH CANADA IN THE LAST CENTURY.

BY JOHN READE.

In the Toronto *Globe* of June 14th, 1872, there was given an interesting account of "a stray leaf of American history" in the form of "a little embrowned folio sheet," the New York *Morning Post* of Friday, November the 7th, 1783. Such historical relics are as valuable as they are rare, more especially when they are the intellectual product of one's own country, by birth or adoption. I have before me two such relics—both Canadian—a complete volume of the *Quebec Gazette* for the year 1783; a copy of the *Montreal Gazette*, from Feb. 18th to May 27th, 1799; and also a facsimile of the first number of the *Quebec Gazette*, issued June 21st, 1764, and the centenary number of the same journal, which contains copious extracts from the early volumes and other matter of exceeding value and interest. From these materials I will attempt to give a brief sketch of the condition, social and political, of the pioneers, in British energy and enterprise, of the ancient Province of Quebec, the nucleus of the present Dominion of Canada. Of this energy and enterprise we have no despicable evidence in the first offspring of the Canadian newspaper press, started in the sixth year after the conquest, one year after the Treaty of Peace and the cession of Canada to Great Britain. The *Quebec Gazette*, indeed, has the advantage, as far as the antiquity of its foundation is concerned, of the leading London newspapers. The *London Times*, under its present name, was not established till the year 1788, ten years after the establishment of the *Montreal Gazette* and twenty-four years after the *Gazette* of Quebec; even as the *Daily Universal Register*, the first Canadian paper, has the precedence of it by twenty-one years, and had the start of the oldest existing London journal, the *Morning Post*, by eight years. The *Montreal Gazette* is older than the *Morning Advertiser*

by sixteen years. The *Royal Gazette* of Nova Scotia is older than the *London Globe*. The St. John (N.B.) *Courrier* is sixteen years older than the *London Standard*, which was founded in the same year (1827) as *La Minerve* of Montreal. The *Montreal Herald* (1811) and the *Brockville Recorder* (1820) are, also, prior in date of foundation to the *London Standard*. The *Quebec Mercury* (1805) and *Le Canadien* (1806) are, respectively, three and four years younger than the *London Globe*. Most of our leading Canadian newspapers, English, French and German, are older than the *London Daily News*, founded in 1846, the *Daily Telegraph* (1855), or the *Pall Mall Gazette* (1865). I mention these facts because the opportunity occurs to me, and because they redound very strongly to the credit of Canadian newspaper enterprise.

Now to my task proper. The first number of the *Quebec Gazette*, judged by the facsimile before me, was a very unpretending production. It consists of four folio pages, two columns to each page, with the exception of the "Printer's Address to the Public," which takes up the full width of the page, and is written in French and English, the matter in both languages being the same, with the exception of a Masonic advertisement, which is in English only. In the address, accuracy, freedom and impartiality are promised in the conduct of the paper. The design of the publishers includes "a view of foreign affairs and political transactions from which a judgment may be formed of the interests and connections of the several powers of Europe;" and care is to be taken "to collect the transactions and occurrences of our mother-country, and to introduce every remarkable event, uncommon debates, extraordinary performance and interesting turn of affairs that shall be thought to

merit the notice of the reader as matter of entertainment, or that can be of service to the publick as inhabitants of an English colony." Attention is also to be given to the affairs of the American colonies and West India Islands; and, in the absence of foreign intelligence, the reader is to be presented with "such originals, in prose and verse, as will please the fancy and instruct the judgment. And," the address continues, "here we beg leave to observe that we shall have nothing so much at heart as the support of virtue and morality and the noble cause of liberty. The refined amusements of literature and the pleasing veins of well-pointed wit shall also be considered as necessary to the collection; interspersed with other chosen pieces and curious essays extracted from the most celebrated authors; so that, blending philosophy with politics, history, &c., the youth of both sexes will be improved and persons of all ranks agreeably and usefully entertained."

As an inducement to advertisers, it is held out that the circulation of the *Gazette* will extend, not only through the British colonies, but also through the West India Islands and the trading ports of Great Britain and Ireland. The address very sensibly concludes with the following remarks, which, however, cast a shade over the rather tedious prolegomena: "Our intention to please the whole, without offence to any individual, will be better evinced by our practice than by writing volumes on this subject. This one thing we beg may be believed, that party prejudice or private scandal will never find a place in this paper."

With this large promise began the first Canadian newspaper on the 21st of June, 1764.

The news in the first number is all foreign. There are despatches from Riga, St. Petersburg, Rome, Hermanstadt, Dantzic, Vienna, Florence and Utrecht, the dates ranging from the 8th of March to the 11th of April. There are also items of news from New York, bearing date the 3rd, and from Philadelphia the 7th of May. News-collecting was then a slow process, by land as well as by sea.

Of the despatches the following is of

historical importance: "London, March 10th. It is said that a scheme of taxation of our American colonies has for some time been in agitation, that it had been previously debated in the Parliament whether they had power to lay a tax on colonies which had no representative in Parliament and determined in the affirmative," etc. The occasional insertion of a dash instead of a name, or the wary mention of a "certain great leader" or "a certain great personage" tell a simple tale of the jealousy with which the press was then regarded both in England and on the continent. The prosecution of Smollet, Cave, Wilkes and others were still fresh in the minds of printers and writers.

Another despatch informs the readers of the *Gazette* of an *arrêt* lately issued for the banishment of the Jesuits from France, and another of a deputation of journeymen silk weavers who waited on the King at St. James with a petition setting forth their grievances from the clandestine importation of French silk, to which His Majesty graciously replied, promising to have the matter properly laid before Parliament.

An extract from a letter from Virginia gives an account of some Indian outrages, and there is some other intelligence of a similar nature. The other news is of a like temporary interest.

I have already mentioned a masonic advertisement; I now give it in full:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

That on *Sunday*, the 24th, being the Festival of *St. John* (sic), such strange BRETHREN who may have a desire of joining the Merchants Lodge, No. 1, *Quebec*, may obtain Liberty, by applying to *Miles Prenties*, at the Sun in *St. John Street*, who has Tickets, Price *Five Shillings*, for that Day. Cui bono?"

One thing is evident, that a printing establishment of 1764 had to be supplied with abundance of italics and capitals to meet the exigencies of the typographic fashion of the time.

Of the two remaining advertisements, one is an order of the Collector of Customs for the prevention of composition for duties and the other gives a list of "an assortment of goods," "just imported from London, and to be sold at the lowest prices by

John Baird, in the upper part of Mr. Henry Morin's house at the entry to the Cul de Sac"—an assortment which is very comprehensive, ranging from leather breeches to trying-pans. From this and subsequent trade advertisements we are able to gather some not unimportant information as to the manner of living of the citizens of Quebec in those days. Before making use of these, however, it may be well to give a condensed account of the general state of Canada at the time of the conquest and during the interval between that event and the year when the *Quebec Gazette* made its appearance.

From the arrival of Jacques Cartier in 1534-5 till the foundation of Quebec by Champlain in 1607, the history of Canada is a record of explorations; of very various success, of wars with the savages, and of bitter contentions between rival companies. Champlain made good use of the high powers with which he was invested, although his career, like that of all great men, was not free from disastrous blunders. To his mistaken policy is due the long contest carried on with such sanguinary results between the French colonists and the Five Nation Indians. The settlements which he planted were, nevertheless, the embryo of that important colony which was won for England by General Wolfe in 1759. His government, as the reader is aware, was interrupted by an English invasion and the capitulation of his garrison-capital. This was in 1629; but three years after, England renounced all claims to La Nouvelle France, which name at that time included a larger territory than that of the Dominion of to-day. Champlain did not long revive the restoration, but he continued to the end of his life to work actively for the good of his adopted country. He was a hero in the best sense of the term, and Canadians of whatever origin may well be proud to reckon him among their country's most distinguished men. It may not be inappropriate, in this place, to call attention to the fact that his more than interesting accounts of his voyages to Canada have been published within the last two years by Messrs. Desbarats & Co., of Montreal. From these volumes and their long corollary, the *Relations des Jesuites*, a very

accurate picture may be gained of the condition of Canada during a long and changeful period of French domination. It is hardly to the credit of Canadian literary enterprise that the presentation to the world in a popular form of the latter of these remarkable productions should have been left to a stranger—yet to that stranger, Mr. Parkman, of Boston, every Canadian owes a debt of gratitude. I have mentioned the *Relations* in connection with Champlain because it was by his suggestion that the Jesuit fathers made New France the scene of their earnest and arduous labors. Their headquarters were at Quebec as those of the Sulpicians were at Montreal. It was, however, before the cession of the Island of Montreal to the latter order, and under the auspices of a Jesuit Superior, that Ville Marie, subsequently called Montreal from the "mountain" in its background, was founded in 1642, during the administration of the Chevalier Montmagny. The Seminary of the Sulpicians was not founded until 1677.

Notwithstanding missionary zeal and self-sacrificing effort on the part of the clergy, and ability and energy on the part of the governors, for long years after Champlain's death Canada was a scene of disorder, of bloodshed, of religious dissension, of disease, of hopelessness. The many—those who were destined to remain and be the fathers of the colony—suffered; a few speculators, if they were fortunate enough to escape the arrows of the Indians, made capital out of the general distress and returned home to enjoy it.

On the arrival of Monseigneur Laval in 1659, the population of Canada was not more than 3,000 souls. The career of this prelate was as much political as ecclesiastical. He exerted considerable influence on the French Government, and his suggestions of changes in men or measures were generally heard with practical attention. During the first six years of his residence, a revolution was effected in the whole system of government. A sort of parliament was established at Quebec; regular courts of law were opened through the Province, and a crude kind of municipal Government introduced. The parliament was a very different institution from what we

now understand by the term. It was not at all popular--consisting, in fact, of a viceroy, who remained in France, and a governor and council in Canada, the King retaining the prerogative of taxation. The *coutume de Paris* became the law of the land, and continued in force till the time of the conquest, and with some modifications till 1791 throughout the whole of Canada, and till 1854 in the present Province of Quebec. Under this system the *Seigneurie*, or *noblesse*, had almost unlimited powers, and the farmers, or *habitants*, were over-burthened with taxation and oppressed by multifarious tyranny. The feudal system was, however, a natural accompaniment of French colonization at that period, and had, in fact, prevailed in Canada from the beginning.

Frontenac's wise and beneficent rule laid the corner-stone of whatever civil or religious liberty was destined to be accorded to Canada under its ancient regime. Various dissensions prevented him from doing as much good as he intended, and his administration ended in apparent failure by his recall in 1672. Among the works which "followed" him was Fort Frontenac (now the City of Kingston), which he founded in 1672. On his return in 1689 he found the Fort blown up and the place abandoned. He built it again in 1693, and in 1696 it was the headquarters of his little army when he was preparing for the last time to march against the indestructible Iroquois. Frontenac died at Quebec in 1698, one year after the Treaty of Ryswick, much regretted by the people whom he had so consistently befriended and so bravely protected.

It does not come within the scope of my object to speak of the many explorations and settlements, the result of successful French adventure, which belong to this middle age of Canada. Notwithstanding all the *eclat* which belongs to these and to the military expeditions to which slight allusion has been made, the colony cannot be said to have prospered during the 17th century. It was an age of rapine on all sides, French, British and Indian; an age of causeless provocation and fierce reprisal; an age when booty (*butin*) came to mean property, and women were called creatures (*créatures*). Such a period is inconsistent

with the happiness of civilization, of law, of order, though it may be the carnival of the savage, of the freebooter or the fortune-hunter. It is relieved undoubtedly by acts of heroism, of self-denial, of fidelity; but these virtues often characterize barbarians as well as Christians, and their occasional exhibition tell us nothing of the general state of society. The Government was capricious and generally oppressive. Nothing worthy of the name of civil or religious liberty existed. The mass of the population was as rude and ignorant as the savages with whom they contended, and were raised but little above the condition of serfs. Trade, properly so-called, there was none. Unrighteous monopoly, revenue farming and multiform exaction were the chief orders of the day. Churches were built and seats of education were founded, but all the efforts of priest and teacher were unable to check the general corruption among the higher, or the degradation and degeneracy of the humbler classes.

The greatest name in French-Canadian annals after Champlain and De Frontenac, is Philip de Rigaud, Marquis de Vaudreuil, whose titular and family designations are still locally preserved in the Province of Quebec. He introduced the parochial system, instituted a census, and enlarged and strengthened the chief towns. Under his administration, which ended in 1725, Canada had a considerable share of prosperity and made no little progress in trade, agriculture and the general development of its resources. Education under his encouragement and aid was more generally diffused than at any former period, although its blessings were far from being prized as they ought to have been.

The long administration of the Marquis de Beauharnois brings us near the time of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, which left Colonial England and Colonial France *in statu quo*, with the exception of the losses sustained on both sides in men and money. But the contest was still continued among the colonists themselves, and settled peace for Canada there was none till the old order had changed and the British flag floated over the Citadel of Quebec.

(To be continued).

NILE LETTERS.

"DAHABEEH 'TITINIA,' ON THE NILE,
"JAN. 29TH, 1873.

"Dear W.,—On Tuesday, Jan. 21st, I got through my business at Cairo and back to the boat by ten o'clock, and in less than two minutes we had cast off our mooring. There being no wind, the men 'tracked,—that is, towed us along the bank, which presented many difficulties. As we passed other boats above us, all ready to leave also, we were saluted by waving of handkerchiefs and lifting of hats. We made very little progress that day, though aided after three o'clock by a very gentle breeze. We then made up to another boat which had left before us. The breeze freshened a little, but we stopped at Bedreshayn at 8.30 in order to visit the Pyramids of Sakkara next morning, so the boat referred to and another that started with us went ahead, and we have not seen them since.

"Thursday, Jan. 23.—It was near eight o'clock when we mounted our donkeys for the proposed excursion. Passing the Arab village of Bedreshayn, near the river, we rode for an hour and a half through cultivated fields, and then along an embanked road, till we came to the Desert. Here, above the reach of the generous river, are several Pyramids, two of them of large size. Indeed there is a continuous line of Pyramids from those nearest Cairo, along the margin of the Libyan Desert, and parallel to the Nile. We did not enter the one at Sakkara, but proceeded a quarter of a mile farther into the Desert, passing many mummy pits and numberless heaps of rubbish which had been turned over in search of 'antiquities.' Then we descended an incline cut into the rock twenty or thirty yards, and passing through a door, opened for us, we found ourselves in a large chamber from which there were passages to right and left. We took the right, and with the help of candles we saw on each side large rectangular chambers cut into the rock,

the floors being about six feet below the level of the passage. In each of these chambers is an enormous granite sarcophagus which once contained the mummy of a sacred bull. The contents of the whole 36 have been removed. It seems that all of these excavations have not been explored owing to a fear that the rock above may fall in. The remains of a temple are seen about 150 yards away from the entrance to this excavation. I should have said that the temperature is much higher inside than out. The temple has numerous inscriptions as clearly defined as if they had been cut on the day I saw them. We returned to our boat, passing on our way—indeed both ways—through Mitraheuny, the site of ancient Memphis, of which the only trace is a mound of rubbish and a much mutilated colossal statue lying ignominiously face down in a puddle.

"Friday, 24th—At 7. 45 a. m. we began to 'track,' but a breeze soon sprang up which enabled us to do something more than stem the current. We passed Beinsonoff in the afternoon, but we leave it, as we probably shall many other places, until our return. We must avail ourselves of the wind when we can, and get as far south as we can go before the weather becomes too hot. The Desert, or the hills which limit it, is for the most part visible on both sides of the Nile. In fact the Nile makes Egypt. There is no Egypt where there is no Nile. Egypt does not average more than eight miles in breadth from Cairo to Nubia. We see much to interest us as we pass along. The villages are composed of square hovels of sunburnt bricks plastered with mud. You would scarcely imagine them to be human habitations. Women and children are coming down to the river for water, which they carry in large earthen vessels on their heads. Flocks of wild pigeons, ducks, dudgeese, white storks, huge cranes, and other birds are feeding, or lazily resting motionless on sand banks.

We have felt no weariness yet. The days pass quickly. On Sunday afternoon, as our men were 'tracking,' a handsome steam-boat came up to us, and a gentleman asked if we would like to be towed a few miles. Of course we would. We went on board the steamer. The party were Mr. Fowler and Mr. Bramwell (brother to the Judge), Dr. Letheby, and a young man, I suppose their secretary—all very able as well as very agreeable men. We dined with them, and afterwards they visited us on our boat. I presume that they were on a tour of inspection of the Viceroy's sugar-houses. The episode was agreeable to us. At Feshu we stopped to visit a sugar-house, the manager of which we had seen in Cairo. Two other gentlemen were with him, and they were delighted with a call from anybody.

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 "THEBES, Feb. 11, 1873.

"We did not arrive at Thebes with flying colors, but ingloriously dragged by our crew, and at five o'clock yesterday afternoon we drew up at the point at which we are now lying. After dinner I went ashore to enquire for letters at the house of Mustapha Agha—British Vice-Consul. Last evening Mustapha Agha come down and sat half an hour or more with us. He brought with him Sheikh Yusef, who taught Lady Duff Gordon Arabic: a very handsome fellow he is, and, we are told, clever. He speaks very little English.

"I begin to notice a peculiar effect of the Egyptian climate—a steady shrinking of all my garments. Even those which I put on to-day for the first time, and which were loose enough when tried on at Haldane's cause me some apprehension as to how I may be left by the time I get back here from the second cataract. The dragoman says he has a new Turkish dress. I hope I may not have to apply to him for it.

"Had Thebes a hundred gates? No; it had not a wall round it. A hundred means a considerable—indeed a large number—and the gates are now supposed to have been those of the temples; but Thebes must have been a wonderful city. Let me not, however, anticipate. I had better say

nothing of that which I have not seen. Nor should you anticipate any elaborate description of any ruins I may see—a much better one could be got from any of the guide books. If there be any favorable wind at all to-morrow morning, I suppose we shall leave for Assouan. It begins to be very hot in the day time, and we must get to the southern extremity of our journey as quickly as possible, At Siout we purchased a few earthenware articles of little value, but of some interest in indicating the customs of the people of Egypt to-day. On Thursday last we waited some hours under the walls of an old "Coptic convent," and took advantage of the opportunity to visit it. A square enclosure, surrounded by high mud walls, contains a kind of chapel, where are performed the funeral services of the deceased Copts of the neighboring town of Ekhmin. Several very rude pictures of St. George and the Dragon and of the Virgin and Child were hung on the walls; the screen, as at the Coptic convent at Cairo, is inlaid with ivory. A number of dark recesses and irregular little passages disfigure the building, which has no merit that I can see. One half of the enclosed space was occupied by a few dirty men, women and children—very dirty indeed, some dogs that barked and howled dreadfully, and a quantity of poultry, for which mud coops were scattered about. A more unkept place it is impossible to conceive. I do not suppose that any of the residents had ever heard of, much less seen, a broom. There was one intelligent-looking man who was pointed out to me as the priest—or 'clergyman' as our dragoman calls all ministers of religion. The Copts are even dirtier than the Arabs, and that is saying a great deal."

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 "DAHABEEH 'TITANIA,' ON THE NILE,
 FEB. 9TH, 1873.

"It will be three weeks on the 11th since we sailed from Cairo, and each day has seemed more charming and happier than the last. We spent nearly all our time on deck, and find plenty to interest us. The beautiful palm grows on both banks, and the rich vegetation is exquisitely green. We see the young wheat, beans, carrots, lentils

lupins; and as we approach the villages, the minarets rise gracefully above the mud houses. Sometimes we have bold rock scenery. On the west bank are the Libyan hills; on the east, those of Arabia. Other boats pass and repass us. One of these, containing some Americans, left Sioot on Monday. We remained till the following day to visit the tombs and bazaars, while our sailors baked their cakes, or washed, and our dragoman did a little marketing. On the Thursday evening we overtook our American friends, and found that, three hours before, the wind had snapped their main spar. We might have taken them to Thebes, but the party was too large for our boat, and we were obliged to leave them. I hope some Americans who were being towed by a steamer would soon come up with them and bring them on. To-day we had for dinner gravy soup, pigeon-pie, roast leg of mutton, and turkey. Our waiter pointed to the last and said—'good turkey;' then he added a few words in Arabic, following up his description by 'not man turkey!' We could not understand, so he explained further—'not man turkey. *Girl* turkey,' meaning that it was a young hen. I cannot stop here. The flies will devour me. We are not so much annoyed on deck.

"FEB. 11.—On Saturday, when we first went on deck, our dragoman wished us a happy Christmas. The day and two succeeding ones are celebrated by the Mahomedans in commemoration of Abraham's sacrifice. Every family that can afford it kills a sheep to-day and eats of it boiled. Those who cannot afford the expense are supplied by their richer neighbors. Mohamed el Adli seemed glad that there were some points of belief common to Moslems and Christians. Abou Zeyd (the waiter) says: 'This nice day in Cairo. No work for three days.' After breakfast we have music from the crew—3 tambourines, 2 small double kettle-drums (really four of them), and a darabukkeh: which is an earthen vessel closed at the wider end by a skin, and serving as another kind of drum. Passing a village we saw near the bank, but at some distance from us, a funeral procession. Not less than a hundred women must have followed the body. Their howlings and

wailings we of course heard distinctly at our side of the river. The men, you are aware, go before and at each side of the body. The vegetation continues very uniform. The wheat, half a yard high or more, looks beautiful. The barley is in full ear, but not nearly ripe yet. We have now come within the limits of the Dhoum palm, and Abou Zeyd brings us in a cluster of the fruit. It is about the size of a potato, but more fruit-like. There were about sixty on this bunch, which of course was very heavy, and was only one of the number which the tree bore.

"What an amount of labor is expended in preserving Egypt by irrigation! Occasionally we see water raised from the river by buckets, or rather by earthen vessels bound to a revolving wheel; but the more common mode is by the 'shadoof.' An opening is made into the bank to admit the water. A little above the level of the water a man stands whose constant work it is to raise the water in a bucket to the next stage, which is at the height of his waist. In this he is assisted by an arrangement such as you have seen at wells in country places in Canada, namely, a pole acting as a lever. The short end is weighted by a huge lump of mud kept together by straw. These 'shadoofs' are often not more than a hundred yards apart. There are three distinct levels, which are, of course, worked by as many men. The work is laborious, and in no case that I have seen have the men had any other garment than a cloth tied round their middle. I believe they are relieved every two hours. No isolated houses are seen on the farms, and there are no fences. The houses, if such wretched huts can be so called, are all clustered in villages. I suppose that in most there is no other opening than the doorway. Another peculiarity of the country is the vast number of pigeon-houses. Indeed, in many places the inhabitants seem only there to take care of the pigeons. We notice that a good many of these pigeon-houses, as we get near Thebes, are built in the form of the *propylæa* of the ancient temples.

"Travelling on the Nile seems to be almost confined to English and Americans; perhaps two of the latter to one of the former.

I have not seen the flag of any other nation, excepting perhaps one Greek. A Frenchman occasionally comes up here, but there are not many of them. The large number of Americans who travel must greatly increase the influence of the United States throughout the world. I will leave instructions here to forward letters for me to Assonan, at the first cataract. Beyond that we shall not receive any. No wonder mistakes occur. I overhauled all the letters to pick out my own. No one here can read English, though some can speak it a little. The British Vice-Consul, Mustapha Agas, gets assistance from travellers.

"FEB. 14—Thebes was the last place at which we posted letters. We hoped to be at Esuê in six days, but this will now be impossible, as we have had four days of adverse winds. Then the post is carried in so uncertain a manner it is a wonder that letters ever reach their destination. From Cairo to Rhoda there is a railway. Beyond, the letters are carried by men-runners, who are relieved every three miles. Before leaving Thebes I went to visit the ladies of the Consul's harem. The visit was not very interesting as we could not converse. In the evening, at six, the Consul, who can speak a little English, came with Sheykh Yuseff (who is the Mohamedan 'clergyment' and judge) and dined with us on board our dahabéeh. They conducted themselves very well, and used knives and forks like the rest of us. Our dahabéeh was one of six boats which left Cairo at about the same time, and so far we are the first. Our dragoman says this is the fastest boat on the river. If so, I fear this is the first truth the poor man has spoken to us. We never think of believing anything he says. He just tells us what suits the time or occasion. The weather has been warm during the last few days—84 degrees in the saloon.

"ESUE, FEB. 15—Two dahabéeh bearing the American flag were leaving Esuê as we arrived there to-day, and we saluted each other. As we had to remain till the morning for bread-baking, washing, &c., we had time to go into the centre of the town, and see the portico of the ancient Temple. It has been excavated to the floor, 25 feet below the level of the rubbish which surrounded it. This portico is about 100 feet by 20; the

height about 40 feet. It contains 24 columns, very massive. The walls are covered with inscriptions, as are also the roof and the columns. The sculptures are perfectly sharp and clearly defined, except on the lower part of the columns, which have been injured by the rising of the Nile and other causes. The effect is very imposing. We have seen nothing like a street either in Esuê, Thebes, or Sioot. The passage through the rude mud houses are only very narrow lanes which turn off every few yards, so that you might easily be lost. We never go out without two men, not because we fear any one might molest us, for Stephens says when he was here 30 years ago, a woman and child might travel with perfect security from Cairo to Assonan. The dirt and rags that present themselves on every side are distressing. One wishes one could give the little children a bath in the river. As we were walking our dragoman was stopped by the Governor of Esuê. They saluted in the usual fashion, by kissing several times, and then shook hands with us.

"We are always glad to return to our comfortable quarters on board our boat. On our return we found a number of boys waiting to ask for 'backsheesh,' as is always the case when we stop. Sometimes we throw them oranges, cakes, or a few coins; but the greatest fun is to throw a black bottle into the river. Half a dozen young urchins are in the water in an instant. They are splendid swimmers. The bottle is taken home with great glee and put up as an ornament in their mud huts. This day the perseverance of the boys has been beyond anything. They swam round and round the boat, calling out 'backsheesh' and resting themselves by lying on their backs.

"ASSONAN, FEB. 18.—We are here just below the first cataract, and waiting the pleasure of the Reis of the cataract to take us up, which he will do somewhat in the fashion that boats used to be dragged up the rapids of the St. Lawrence. A steamboat is here which leaves to-morrow at six o'clock for Cairo, and we are trying to avail ourselves of it for a letter or two. One of its passengers, an American, sat next to me on the 'Russia' at my last voyage from

New York. We met him casually this morning when we were leaving a granite quarry where lies unfinished a huge obelisk of I know not how many thousand years ago. Curiously enough, a number of the 'Russia's' passengers have arrived here to-day.

"According to Murray, we are now 578 miles from Cairo. The Reis of the cataracts says we cannot go up until 'the lords' come down. I believe he means Lord Harrowby and Lord Sandon, who I know are above us. They could not come down to-day because of the wind. We are now on the boundary of Nubia. There is still much of interest on the Nile, but I suppose we have penetrated ancient Egypt. It is well that its degrading superstitions have passed away. But where are the descendants of the men who conceived and constructed these stately temples? How transient is

human glory! These costly tombs were built or excavated not only to perpetuate the memory of the founders, but to retain their embalmed bodies so long as time should last. The bodies—where are they? Not a few have been used with their cases as fuel; others are gazed at by wondering crowds in museums all over the world. Not one now would be allowed to remain in the resting-place intended for it. Even the records on the everlasting granite, though still as distinct in many cases as when they were first engraved, are now to a great extent unintelligible. The Governor of Assonan called on us this afternoon—a handsome Nubian of six feet or more. He took his pipe and his coffee, and then left, to my no small relief, for I could not converse with him, and part of the time our dragoman was otherwise engaged."

(To be continued.)

WHAT HAPPENED TO NELLY.

I knew a little girl—
You? Oh, no,—
Who came to live on earth,
Just to grow;
Just to grow up big
Like Mamma,
Big as grown-up ladies
Always are;
Not to stay a baby
As she came—
Yet each morning found her
Quite the same.

Quite the same, they said,
Not a change
Since she went to bed—
Ah, how strange!
Baby Nell at night,
Baby Nell at morn,
Everything the same,
Not a dimple gone.
They saw her every hour,
So you'll own,
If a change had come,
They'd have known.

Yet the clothes grew small—
Bibs and frocks;
Couldn't wear her shoes,
Nor her socks.
Then as years went on,
Seven, maybe,
Not a soul could call
Nell a baby,
Still Mamma declared,
Every minute
She had been the same—
What was in it?

She saw her all the time,
So you'll own,
If a change had happened
She'd have known,

Baby Nell herself,
Though uncommon wise,
Ne'er had seen an inch
Added to her size.
Even Pomp, the dog,
Never barked to say
"Nell is not the same
Now as yesterday."

Yet, as I have said,
Clothes kept growing small,
Tight at first, and then
Wouldn't do at all.
Even Nelly's toys,
Skipping-rope and hoop,
Once quite big enough,
Now would make her stoop.
Why, her very crib
Seemed to shrink away,
Till it cramped the child
Any way she lay.

So, from day to day,
Not a person knew,
Looking straight at Nell,
That she ever grew.
Little baby Nell,
On the nurse's knee,
Baby Nell at school
Learning A B C.
How did it happen?
When did she change?
No one had noticed—
Wasn't it strange!

Show me when a bud
Changes to a rose,
Then I'll tell you truly
When a baby grows.

—Scribner's Monthly.

A VISIT TO BUSH HILL, THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE SIR SAMUEL CUNARD.

In the month of March, 1859, I was preparing to leave England after an agreeable visit there of three months. The period of my stay had been spent chiefly in the country, but I needed to spend a few days in London before proceeding to Liverpool to take the mail steamer for Halifax. On the day following my arrival in the great Metropolis, I went to the office of the Cunard Mail Steamship Company in Old Broad street to engage my passage in the packet advertised to sail on the following Saturday. On entering the spacious office I addressed myself to the clerk nearest to the door, when, on hearing my name mentioned, a tall, gentlemanly person, who introduced himself to me as Mr. Ford, requested me to follow him to the opposite end of the room, saying that Sir Samuel Cunard had left word with him that should a person bearing my name call at the office, he was desirous of seeing and speaking with him. Following him as requested, Mr. Ford opened the door of the inner office, and announcing my name, left me in the presence of Sir Samuel, who at once recognized me, and rising, extended his hand, giving me a warm welcome to England, and especially to London. Sir Samuel, during his residence in Halifax, his native city I believe, had been acquainted with my family, and had showed us in his quiet way many acts of kindness. In the centre of the office was a large handsome desk, forming three sides of an open square occupied with drawers, the surface presenting an ample and convenient area for papers and books. Had I never seen Sir Samuel I should at once have recognized him from the recollection I had of his admirable likeness, taken I think by Gouch, before which I had often sat in the hospitable dining-room at Oakland, on the North West Avon, near Halifax, the beautiful residence of Sir Samuel's younger son, Mr. William Cunard. Before taking my

seat I congratulated Sir Samuel on the well-merited honor he had then lately received at the hands of his sovereign, the rank of Baronet having been conferred upon him but a few weeks before. He replied that if others thought no more proudly of it than he did himself, none he hoped would be spoiled by the elevation. I observed that to have deserved it as he had deserved it was better than the fame it brought. He thanked me for the friendly remark. After hearing from me an account of my passage to England in December, and of my subsequent adventures, he expressed the wish that I would spend a week with him at Bush Hill, where his youngest daughter was living with him.

After telling him I had called to engage my passage for the following Saturday, he still pressed me to spend at least one or two days with him. My engagements leaving me but one night to spare, I arranged to meet him at the railway station at five o'clock that evening. Having settled for my passage on terms proposed by Sir Samuel himself—terms as I fancy more profitable to myself than to at least one partner in the Steamship Company—I hastened to attend to matters requiring the intervening hours.

I sometimes recall the nervous sensations I experienced on working my way to the station of the Great Northern Railway to catch the first evening train. Mounting an omnibus already overloaded, I called to the driver, urging him to greater speed, as I was fearful of losing the train. The man looked at me with amazement, pointing his whip at the same time towards the dense crowd that filled the broad area in every part. Creeping and crawling brought us at last to the open gateway of the station. Soon arrived at the platform, I saw my friend hailing me towards a first-class carriage, in which we soon found ourselves luxuriously seated, and the sole occupants.

On the journey he took much pleasure in directing my attention to places and objects of interest. Twelve miles were soon accomplished, Sir Samuel's carriage meeting us at the station to convey us about three miles further. On the way we passed through Edmonton, the scene of John Gilpin's world-renowned exploit. With boyish glee my friend pointed in this direction and in that, to spots immortalized by Cowper's muse. On our left was the Bell Inn, at which we looked as he cited the well-known lines,

"At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wond'ring much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the house—
They all at once did cry;
The dinner waits, and we are tir'd;
Said Gilpin, so am I."

Arrived at the Wash,—the Wash of Edmonton so gay,—my fellow-traveller smiled, and said, "We cannot throw the Wash about on both sides of the way, as the famed equestrian did, but the bridge over it affords a passage quite as agreeable." Alighting at Sir Samuel's beautiful residence we went in, and after an introduction to Miss Cunard, I readily accepted Sir Samuel's proposal to take a stroll over his grounds before dinner. We visited the poultry, the swine, the cows, and I think a small herd of black cattle. Strolling beside the New River, filled to the brim with water brought from the River Lea in Hertfordshire, and destined for London supply, Sir Samuel told me that a share in the New River stock, worth originally fifty pounds, now realized nearly that number of thousands.

A grandly conspicuous object now arrested my attention. It was a mighty cedar which had been brought from its home on Mount Lebanon. On the side toward the river, the giant boughs were spread in vaster proportions than elsewhere. Never did I feel such reverence for a tree. The history of three thousand years seemed to linger about its limbs. That history spoke of Hiram and Solomon, and of the grand old Tyrians and Hebrews that had lived and wrought on its native soil. I seemed to see those mighty monarchs surrounded

by their subjects, treating for the erection of a house of cedar wherein the Majesty of Heaven should vouchsafe to dwell. Gladly could I have lingered in the expressive silence that reigned about the spot, the approaching darkness but adding a fitting veil wherewith to enshroud the closing days of Israel's great King and of the Temple's desolation. Appropriate to the tree, standing here alone in Gentile soil, and to the Mount Zion, seemed Heber's touching words,

Rest of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widow'd queen; forgotten Zion, mourn!

Returning to the house we found a numerous party of friends who had arrived in our absence, and who, like myself, had come on a visit to Bush Hill. On my right at dinner sat a lady whom I soon found to be the mother of the authoress of "The Changed Cross," a sweet poem circulated and read and loved in all English-speaking lands. I was not long in perceiving that the parent and the child possessed the same loving devotion to the Saviour. In the course of conversation, I learned that the daughter's heavy cross had been an afflicting deafness, occasioned by illness experienced in early life. Surrounded by all that health and friends could do for her, admired alike for her personal beauty and her talents, she was sitting one evening in her chamber, lamenting her hard lot, more distressing she thought than that endured by any in the circle of her acquaintance and friends. Like Tantalus, a full stream of blessing was at her lips, which vanished as she tried to drink. Impressed with these feelings she retired to rest, and in her dreams a heavenly messenger appeared to her, beckoning her to follow him to the next room, wherein she saw displayed crosses of every size and beautiful seeming, from which she was directed to make choice of any one that should seem to her more desirable than her own. Each in succession was tried and rejected, till coming unexpectedly on her own she thought it less brilliant than many others, but as she brought it closer, it grew brighter and still brighter, a heavenly halo seeming to surround it, when taking it to her heart, and looking up to Heaven, she told her Saviour

she was now reconciled to bear it, until He Himself in His own best time and way should be pleased to call her to lay it down.

But my friend's narrative did not end here. She informed me that she had been left a widow with two children, the daughter referred to, and a son who had entered the army, and who went with his regiment to the Crimean war. While absent from home, the risks and dangers to which he was exposed, caused the mother to think anxiously about her child's soul and its eternal interests. By each mail she wrote to him, pressing on his attention a care and concern for what must come after death. None of his replies to her touched upon this subject. Still the anxious parent persevered. On his return from abroad he was met by his mother at the railway station, and as soon as they found themselves alone, with his arms about her neck and with tearful eyes, he said, "Mother, I owe you two lives—the life of my body and the life of my soul. I followed your counsels, I sought God and found Him, and am at peace with Him, through His dear Son." "Think, sir," she said to me, "what must have been my feelings when he uttered these words! I wished the earth to open and swallow me up. I had been anxious for my child's soul and not for my own, yet God had granted me all I had prayed for. My child was restored to me. His body and soul were saved, whilst I, his mother, was not at peace with God. Oh, sir," she continued, "I had no rest day or night. My son became my teacher. He is now married to a lady of rank and fortune. Two afternoons each week he spends among the poorest and lowest people in our neighborhood, reading the Bible and praying with them, relieving their wants, and leading them to the Saviour we have all three found. If you will visit us, you shall see my children, and they will tell you much that I have left untold." My friend gave me

her address, but to visit her was beyond my power.

The next morning brought the household together for family worship. Sixteen domestic servants attended. All that met my eye and ear increased the pleasure of my visit. The beautiful scenes without, Art and Devotion within, made my visit to Bush Hill most enjoyable, and when Sir Samuel told me that General Williams was to be his guest that week, and would accompany him to the Royal Presence to do homage for the title he had received, and that if I would remain I should form one of the party, I confess to the reader I felt it hard to forego the proffered favor.

Devotions and breakfast over, the party prepared to leave,—at least some of them, whilst others remained. Returning with Sir Samuel to the station, I observed numbers of women and children going in our direction with small vessels in their hands. I asked the meaning of it. It seemed they kept eight cows at Bush Hill, and not requiring all the produce, Miss Cunard saw her poorer neighbors daily supplied from her full dairy. Soon we reached London. A volume of poems given me by my kind friend I still retain and highly value, and before starting for Liverpool I mailed a small volume to my host at Bush Hill in grateful remembrance of my happy visit.

Fourteen years have passed away since then, and Sir Samuel Cunard has passed away too. With advancing years he felt a desire to be near his work, and exchanged his residence at Bush Hill for one nearer to Old Broad street. His family wrote me an account of the closing scene. To a friend expressing sorrow for his approaching departure he said, "I am but going to the next room."

Sir Samuel has gone, leaving a name that is an honor to his friends, to naval science, and to the civilized world,—SAMUEL CUNARD, the father of the Cunard line, who does not know him?—I.

A CANADIAN SURGEON'S ADVENTURE AT SEDAN.

BY W. H. W.

"I had just been sent to the military hospital at Sedan immediately after the surrender of Napoleon," he began, "and a busy time we had of it, owing to the vast number of wounded with which it was crowded. One evening, after a hard day's work, I took a stroll upon the ramparts to enjoy the cool breeze, and to get an idea of the topography of the place, which my engrossing hospital duties had previously prevented. A deep wide ditch, with a stone wall 20 or 30 feet high on one side, and a sloping bank on the other, surrounded the upper town in which we were quartered; and as I walked along I saw the evidence of a sharp conflict in the broken and scattered arms and other *debris* of battle. One thing particularly caught my eye, and that was a splendidly mounted officer's sword, which I thought I would like to get by way of a *souvenir* of Sedan. I could not of course get down the steep side of the ditch, so I made a long detour and clambered down the sloping bank on the opposite side. I had no difficulty in obtaining the sword, which was a very fine one, indeed, with a richly arabesqued blade, and picked it up as well as another of inferior character, which was lying near it.

"I was walking carelessly along, with a sword in each hand, when the sharp, ringing, "Halt!" of a Prussian sentry brought me instantly to a full stop. A sudden flash and the heavy thud of a bullet in the bank beside me revealed my danger; the sentry had evidently taken me for a French spy. I saw him rest his needle gun upon his thigh, open the chamber, remove the cartridge case, and put in another. I could hear the sharp click as he closed the vent and raised the rifle to his shoulder. I could almost look down the bore from which the leaden death might any moment be hurled. I saw the white of the Prussian's eye as he took his deadly aim. It did not take more

than the fraction of a minute, but it seemed an eternity. I knew a Prussian marksman seldom missed his object twice. A tumult of emotion rushed through my brain. I thought of home, of mother, of you, girls,—if you would ever know what had become of me. It seemed as though all my life passed in swift panorama like a lightning flash before me.

"Meantime I was not idle. I grasped one badge of the Ambulance Corps upon my arm—a red cross on a white ground. I tore it off and waved it about my head. I cried out, that I was surgeon and no spy. But alas! I knew no German, and the stolid sentry knew no English. Our hospital was above and beyond the rampart. So I shouted aloud in the hope that the surgeons in attendance might hear and come to my rescue. I heard an answering shout. 'Thank God! I am saved!' I cried. But, Oh misery! I saw approaching over the rampart only the spiked helmet of another Prussian sentry, who hearing the shot ran to see its cause. Yet his coming saved my life. The one who stood with his finger on the trigger did not fire, but only covered me with his rifle. A brief consultation ensued; he concluded to take me alive. He made signs for me to march along the trench, still keeping his gun in range of my head. At the end of his beat he passed me on to sentry No. 2, and in this rather uncomfortable manner, continually covered by the rifle, I walked along the ditch.

"In one place a pool of water had formed in the path. In order to avoid it, I began to ascend the sloping bank, but the sharp click of the needle gun, and the guttural exclamation of the sentry, overcame my fastidiousness, and I trudged right through the slush.

"In this way I was passed on to the guard-house, where of course the mistake was explained and apology made. But

this did not quiet my unstrung nerves. For nights I could not sleep without starting up with an intense realization of the muzzle of that deadly rifle glaring at me like the eye of some horrible Polyphemus. Nor were my fears groundless. On the very night of my escape a Prussian colonel was shot dead by one of the German sentries."

"But did you get the swords?" asked a hitherto break-up listener."

"No, girls, I did not. I was shortly ordered elsewhere; but, before leaving, I went to look at the scene of my adventure, and there, in the dried mud, were the impressions of my feet, where I was brought to the halt, and beside them were the two swords as they fell from my hands. But I had somehow lost all curiosity to obtain them."

FOUND SLEEPING.

"LEST COMING SUDDENLY, HE FIND YOU SLEEPING."

BY REV. A. A. E. TAYLOR.

I was sleeping,
When suddenly the Master came!
All day long I had been keeping
Holiday with my idle heart,
Blessed in a thankful restfulness,
The week had done its weary part,
And the message for the Holy Day
Was writ, and laid aside with prayer,
And, strange enough,
This was the text, resolved with care:
"Behold! I stand and knock!"

Ah! little did I deem it meant myself,
And at my door the shock
Of stranger feet and unfamiliar raps should fall!
And so, in the sweet, calm eventide,
When Nature folded all her hands,
Lifting her myriad eyes to Heaven—a bride
Long tarrying for the bridegroom's brow,
"The whole creation groans together until now"—
I laid me down to rest, with all
My Maker's trusty handiwork—and slept,
Waiting to waken at the Sabbath's call.

There was no dream, no dread through all the night,
He gave me no presentiment
That His footsteps were nigh, or that He might
Salute me ere the night were spent.
And so it was that I was sleeping
When the Master came!

He came when the soft dawn came creeping
Silently up the East,
And just as gently stepped.
At first a thrill, whose pain increased,
Broke the slumber;
And straight a growing number
Of pangs, fast ripening to agonies,
Racked this wretched frame,
And emptied out my soul in sighs!
Then, as for hours small respite came
While man's strength fled,
This feeble pulse faltered,
As one who beats a requiem for the dead,
Ah! now the look of life was altered,
For it was the Master's knock, they said.

Yet soon upon my misty sight
Rose the entrancing light
Of His royal face.
There was no wrath in it, nor terror,
Only grace, exceeding grace?
And this He seemed to say:
"Behold I stand and knock,
But come not in, to-day.
Another day I will come in.
Return to live more earnestly,
Return to speak more faithfully,
To those who die, yet live,
To those who live, yet die.
The story of the cross still give,
And of the crown and victory;
And be you ever ready,
Lest, coming suddenly,
I find thee sleeping."

The quiet tones did scarcely cease
When came relief, and a strange, sweet peace,
And I knew that He was gone;
And to give my life a longer lease,
The threatened limit to earth's work withdrawn.
Now, therefore, Master, help me wake—
Help me to toil
For perilled souls and for Thy sake,
And quicken me to watch and pray.
Thus day by day
To stand as in the vestibule
Of that grand shrine where Thou dost rule
The sanctified;
Where breaketh
No sea, where lurks no sin, no death,
Where no heart acheth.

And ever while I draw this fleeting breath
I'll cry, as softly cried
Thy Church, personified
Of yore as the repentant bride;
"I sleep, but my heart waketh."

So, coming suddenly, while keeping
Watch for His sake,
He will not find me sleeping,
But awake!

Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati.

—Selected.

Young Folks.

FOR FUN.

BY M.

That Charley Wray was a thorough plague there was no denying, and his one excuse was "for fun." "But, Charley," his mother would say, "what is 'fun' to you is not always so to others. You may think it very pleasant to pull your sister's hair each time you pass her, but remember even if you do not actually hurt her, yet it is disagreeable."

"Oh girls are such babies they never can stand a bit of *fun*; you should see our fellows at school—the 'tweaks' they get every now and then."

"Perhaps so; still, Charley, it is a bad thing to care so very much for fun. A little is all very well, but remember the old saying of being 'merry and wise.'"

"That's all very well for old people, but boys cannot get on without fun of some kind."

"Fun again. Oh, Charley, I fear you will receive some sharp lesson to cure your undue love of it." Mrs. Wray sighed but said no more; she was fearful of wearying her wayward boy if she gave much more of "mother's advice," but she grieved over his fault none the less.

Perhaps some of my young readers may consider that I have used a very strong word when I said *fault*,—indeed I am not sure but some older ones would do the same, and reason somewhat after the following:—

What nonsense to call the natural love for fun and frolic which every boy possesses a fault! Why these strait-laced people will soon call it a fault to eat one's dinner!

Yes, dear sir, or madam, a fault if you abuse the use of the perfect digestive

organs which God has given you by an over-indulgence at table, either as regards quantity or quality; even so with the boy who cares more for *fun* than the feelings of his companions.

But to return to Charley,—his mother feared a sharp lesson, and it came, though not for some time. I shall not stop to tell of his numberless pranks, and for two very good reasons—one is, I cannot remember the half of them; and the other, that some of you might be tempted to follow them; and really, so far as my experience goes, I think boys are quite capable of originating and carrying out any piece of mischief without assistance from others. One thing only, and then we will hasten on to the day which Charley ever after considered as marked with a black cross—and that is he was not a wicked boy; his *fun* was pure fun and no more. Never would he willingly injure even the tiniest creature on God's earth. Butterflies were safe to show their gorgeous wings in his presence; he would admire but never even attempt to destroy. Indeed Charley's love for every breathing creature was great,—only his love of fun was greater.

I ought to have told you that Mrs Wray was far from wealthy; her husband had at one time rather a fair share of this world's goods, but the sickness which ended in death was a long one, swallowing up the savings of years, and when at length the green sod lay smooth over the remains of William Wray, M. D., there was very little left to support the widow and her three children—Alice, Charley and Baby May.

But God always cares for those who

trust in Him, and Mrs Wray soon found that friends would help her if she tried to help herself. This she willingly did, and her own exertions added to a few outstanding debts of her husband's (collected by an unknown friend), enabled her to live comfortably, though there was nothing to spare. What wonder, then, that by the time Dr. Wray had lain seven years in the village churchyard, the furniture began to look shabby.

"Charley, do you think you and I could manage to recover the sofa?"

"Oh yes, mother, I am sure we could; just let us try," and in a moment the sofa was drawn out, and Charley, armed with a huge pair of scissors, stood ready for action.

"Patience, my son, we wont commence to-day; but Alice and May are to spend to-morrow at Mrs Edgar's; we will do it then."

"Oh splendid! and mother dear, don't let them know; you'll see they will be surprised at our new sofa."

Next day was an important one to Charley. How anxiously he watched the clouds in case of rain coming on, and so preventing his sisters from paying their visit!

"When do you go to Mrs Edgar's?" was asked so often that at length Mamma said with a quiet little smile which Charley understood, "You will have your sisters think you wish them away." This quieted our troublesome young friend, and he really did manage to keep his impatience within bounds and not ask again when they were going, but the door had hardly closed on their retreating forms, when with a boyish shout of glee he bounded into his mother's room with a "Come along, mother; they're really gone at last, so now let us set to work."

"Wait, dear, till I finish this letter;" but there was no "wait" in that volatile boy that bright summer's morn, and Mrs Wray put away her writing materials saying laughingly, "Ah, Charley, you are a sad plague; I wonder when that letter will ever be finished; it has already been left twice."

"Oh, never mind about a trumpery old letter when there is such grand work waiting for us,—besides, you know to-day will give you lots to write about; so come like a darling mammy."

"Charley, do be quiet; you crumple all my collar!"—for a pair of stout arms had been thrown around Mrs Wray's neck, and a loving kiss pressed upon lips which returned the caress while pretending to reprove.

Right earnestly and merrily worked the two amateur upholsterers, and the work bid fair to be completed in time, when Charley in the excess of his delight came down with a bounce upon the sofa, breaking one of the already weakened springs.

"Oh dear, oh dear! Whatever shall we do?"

"Take all the bottom out, I suppose, and put in a new spring; but that must not be done here; we must do it in the kitchen."

"I'm very sorry, mother, *sure*; but you see I did not think of anything but the 'fun' of a good bounce."

"Fun again, Charley; trust me, my son, you will pay dearly for it yet,—but there is no use wasting time talking over what is past; help me to carry the pieces into the kitchen, and do be careful this time."

No need for caution; no man of seventy would have been more careful, for he feared another mishap, knowing now by experience that old sofas were "awful tender."

A few moments had been supposed sufficient to remedy the broken spring; but though that might perhaps have sufficed for finished workmen, Charley and his mother required much more. Then there were a few little unforeseen interruptions, and at length the hour for the sisters' return drew nigh and no sofa finished.

"Never mind, Charley, I will place the chintz so as to hide all deficiencies; and if your sisters do enter the sitting-room, they can see what our work will look like when complete." Mrs Wray said so because of Charley's look of disappointment, and how bitterly she regretted the innocent deception afterwards!

"Hooray! that's grand," and away he flew, followed more slowly by his mother.

A few moments served to lay the chintz over the place where the seat would soon be, and a judicious touch here and there from mother's deft fingers, and a wise disposal of the sofa cushions, rendered the delusion complete. No one entering the room would ever have supposed other than

that the old sofa had been completely re-covered.

"Now, Charley, if your sisters should happen in they can see what our work will be, but I shall be just as well pleased if they go direct to their room,—and perhaps we can really finish before they see it."

"All right," was the reply, as Mrs Wray left the room to prepare the evening's meal, leaving Charley alone. The first few moments were spent admiring the *new* sofa and thinking how pretty it looked. Then he wondered if the chairs could not also have something done to them so as to improve their appearance—a coat of varnish so they might look like the Edgars'!—and then the thoughts went swiftly off to an evening he had once spent there, and the "jolly fun" he had had; and foremost in recollection stood out the old game of "king and queen," and Charley gave a low whistle of delight as he thought how nicely he could "trick" his sisters. There they were now coming up the garden walk; he would bring them in and have some *fun*.

In case any of my young readers should not know this old game, I will describe it—though I think very few have not taken part in it at one time or other. Choose the two oldest of your company to be the king and queen of any place you may fancy, but remember the stranger the title, the better.—Then take three or four more as attendants, sending all the others into another room.

Now commence your preparations. First, dress your king, queen and attendants in the most showy things you can obtain; for instance a feather duster stuck into a turbar fashioned out of a wool tidy, makes a splendid headdress for King Kafoozalum of the Cannibal Islands; whilst a paper fan, spread out and placed in the folds of a colored neck tie and placed on one side or at the back of the head, improves greatly the appearance of the noble queen, his consort.

Various other additions to dress may be improvised, the object of course being a *great show*—for only see how well grandpa's red silk handkerchief does duty for an apron or shawl, or sister Lizzie's opera cloak for a skirt, a walking stick decorated

with colored paper for a sceptre (nay, even a toasting fork, when tastefully disguised); one of Bridget's patty pans makes an excellent brooch or waist buckle, and a showy tea tray, tied around the arm, a most perfect shield.

(To be continued.)

PHILIPPA.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VEIL UPLIFTED.

"Household names, that used to flutter
Through your laughter unawares,—
God's Divine Name ye can utter
With less trembling, in your prayers."
—Elizabeth B. Browning.

Philippa sat down again with the book in her hand. Her mood had changed suddenly at the sight of the text, which she instantly guessed to be the original of her well-remembered device.

"I need not go yet," she said, "unless I weary you, Mother."

"I am never wearied of the Master's work," answered the low voice.

Lady Sergeaux opened the door of the cell.

"Lena and Oliver," she called, "you can return to the convent, and come hither for me again ere the dusk falleth. I shall abide a season with this holy Mother."

"But your Ladyship will ere that be faint for hunger," objected Lena.

"No,—I will take care of that," replied the Grey Lady, ere Philippa could answer.

Lena louted, and departed with Oliver, and her mistress again closed the door of the cell. The Grey Lady set bread before her, and honey, with a cup of milk, bidding her eat.

"Thank you, Mother, but I am not hungry yet," said Philippa.

"You ought to be. You had better eat." was the quiet answer.

And quiet as the voice was, it had a tone of authority which Philippa involuntarily and unconsciously obeyed. And while she ate, her hostess in her turn became the questioner.

"Are you a knight's wife?"

"I am the wife of Sir Richard Sergeaux, a knight of Cornwall," said Philippa. "My lord is away in Gascony, in the train of the Earl of Arundell, who accompanies the Duke of Lancaster, at present Governor of those parts. While he is absent, I hope to be able to make my salvation in retreat, and to quiet my conscience."

The Grey Lady made no reply. Philippa almost expected her to ask if her conscience were quiet, or how much of her salvation she had made. Guy of Ashridge, she thought, would have preached a sermon on

that text. But no answer came from the veiled figure, only her head drooped upon her hand as if she were tired.

"Now I am wearying you," said Philippa reproachfully. "I ought to have gone when I first thought thereof."

"No," said the Grey Lady.

Her voice, if possible, was even softer than before, but Philippa could not avoid detecting in it a cadence of pain so intense that she began to wonder if she were ill, or what portion of her speech could possibly have caused it.

"Are you ill, Mother," she asked compassionately.

The eremitess lifted her head; and her voice was again calm.

"I thank you,—no. Let us not speak of ourselves, but of God."

"Mother, I wish to ask you something," said Philippa rather doubtfully, for she did not wish to pain her again, yet she deemed her coming question necessary.

"Ask what you will, Lady de Sergeaux."

There was no sad cadence now in the gentle voice.

"I desire to know—for so only can you really help me—if you know yourself what it is to be unloved."

Once more Philippa saw the grey veil tremble.

"I know it—well." But the words were uttered scarcely above a whisper.

"I meant to ask you that at first, and we came upon another subject. But I am satisfied if you know it. And now tell me, how may any be content under such a trial? How may a weary, thirsting heart, come to drink of that water which he that drinketh shall thirst no more? Mother all my life I have been drinking of many wells, but I never yet came to this Well. "Ancor soyf j'ay:" tell me how I must labor, where I must go, to find that Well whereof the drinker.

'Janays soyf n'aura
A l'èternité?'

"Who taught you those lines?" asked the eremitess quickly.

"I found them in the device of a jewel," replied Philippa.

"Strange!" said the recluse; but she did not explain why she thought it so. "Lady, the Living Water is the gift of God; or rather, it is God. And the heart of man was never meant to be satisfied with anything beneath God."

"But the heart of woman, at least," said Philippa, "for I am not a man—is often satisfied with things beneath God."

"It often rests in them," said the Grey Lady; "but I doubt whether it is satisfied. That is a strong word. Are you?"

"I am most unsatisfied," answered Philippa; "otherwise I had not come to you. I want rest."

"And yet Christ hath been saying all your life, to you, as to others,—'Come unto Me, all ye that travail and are weary laden, and I will give you rest.'"

"He never gave it me."

"Because you never came for it."

"I wonder if He can give it," said Philippa, sighing.

"Trust me that He can. I never knew it till I came to Him."

"But are you at rest? You scarcely looked so just now."

"At rest," said the Grey Lady, "except when a breeze of earth stirs the soul which should be soaring above earth—when the dreams of earth come like a thick curtain between that soul and the hope of that Heaven—as it was just now."

"Then you are not exempt from that?"

"In coming to Christ for rest, we do not leave our human hearts and our human infirmities behind us—assuredly not,"

"Then do you think it wrong to desire to be loved?"

"Not wrong to desire Christ's love."

"But to desire the love of some human being, or of any human being?"

The eremitess paused an instant before she answered.

"I should condemn myself if I said so," she replied in a low tone, the sad cadence returning to her voice. "I must leave that with God. He hath undertaken to purge me from sin, and He knows what is sin. If that be so, He will purge me from it. I have put myself in His hands, to be dealt with as pleaseth Him; and my Physician will give me the medicines which He seeth me to need. Let me counsel you to do the same."

"Yet what pleaseth Him might not please me."

"It would be strange if it did."

"Why?" said Philippa.

"Because it is your nature to love sin, and it is His nature to love holiness. And what we love, we become. He that loveth sin must needs be a sinner."

"I do not think I love sin," rejoined Philippa, rather offended.

"That is because you cannot see yourself."

Just what Guy of Ashridge had told her; but not more palatable now than it had been then.

"What is sin?" asked the Grey Lady.

Philippa was ready with a list—of sins which she felt certain she had not committed.

"Give me leave to add one," said the eremitess. "Pride is sin; nay, it is the abominable sin which God hateth. And is there no pride in you, Lady de Sergeaux? You tell me you cannot forgive your own father. Now I know nothing of you, nor of him; but if you could see yourself as you stand in God's sight—whatever it be that

he hath done—you would know yourself to be as black a sinner as he. Where, then, is your superiority? You have as much need to be forgiven."

"But I have *not*!" cried Philippa. in no dulcet tones, her annoyance getting the better of her civility. "I never was a murderer! I never turned coldly away from one that love me—for none ever did love me. I never crushed a loving, faithful heart down into the dust. I never brought a child up like a stranger. I never—stay, I will go no further into the catalogue. But I know I am not such a sinner as he—nay, I am not to be compared to him."

"And have you," asked the Grey Lady, very gently, "turned no cold ear to the loving voice of Christ? Have you not kept far away from the heavenly Father? Have you not grieved that Holy Spirit of God? May it not be said to you, as our Lord said to the Jews of old time,—'Ye will not come to Me, that ye might have life?'"

It was only what Guy of Ashridge had said before. But this time there seemed to be a power with the words which had not gone with his. Philippa was silent. She had no answer to make.

"You are right," she said after a long pause. "I have done all this; but I never saw it before. Mother, the next time you are at the holy mass, will you pray for me?"

"Why wait till then?" was the rejoinder. "Let us tell Him so now."

And, surprised as she was at the proposal, Philippa knelt down.

"Thank you, and the holy saints bless you," she said, as she rose. "Now I must go," and I hear Lena's voice without. But ere I depart, may I ask you one thing?"

"Anything."

"What could I possibly have said that pained you? For that something did pain you I am sure. I am sorry for it, whatever it may have been."

The soft voice resumed its troubled tone. "It was only," said the Grey Lady, "that you uttered a name which has not been named in mine hearing for twenty-seven years: you told me where, and doing what, was one of whom and of whose doing I had thought never to hear any more. One of whom I try never to think, save when I am praying for him, or in the night when I am alone with God, and can ask Him to pardon me if I sin."

"But whom did I name?" said Philippa, in astonished tone. "Have I spoken of any but my husband? Do you know him?"

"I have never heard of him before to-day nor of you."

"I think I did mention the Duke of Lancaster."

A shake of the head negated this suggestion.

"Well, I named none else," pursued

Philippa, "saving the Earl of Arundel; and you cannot know him."

Even then she felt an intense repugnance to saying, "My father." But, much to her surprise, the Grey Lady slowly bowed her head,

"And in what manner," began Philippa, "can you know—"

But before she uttered another word, a suspicion which almost terrified her began to steal over her. She hrew herself on her knees at the feet of the Grey Lady, and grasped her arm tightly.

"All the holy saints have mercy upon us!—are you Isabel La Despenser?"

It seemed an hour to Philippa ere the answer came. And it came in a tone so low and quivering that she only just heard it.

"I was."

And then a great cry of mingled joy and anguish rang through the lonely cell.

"Mother! mine own mother! I am Philippa Fitzalan!"

There was no cry from Isabel. She only held out her arms; and in an embrace as close and tender as that with which they had parted, the long-separated mother and daughter met.

(To be continued.)

ELEANOR'S FAULT.

What! your task nearly finished, and yet for some real or imaginary obstacle, you carelessly toss it aside! "It does not signify?" Then you had no right to commence it at all. Everything you do here should have some definite purpose. Suppose you have made a mistake; it is not irreparable. Go back to the very beginning, if necessary. Will your next task be faithfully performed, more easily accomplished, for your careless indifference in regard to this? No; fulfil the present duty to the utmost of your ability, and though another might have been able to accomplish the same thing more thoroughly, God does not ask it of you. To the best of your own individual ability is all that He requires any duty done.

I remember when a child I had a lamentable habit of leaving nearly everything I undertook in a partially finished state. My mother saw this, and with all a mother's patience tried to help me to overcome the habit; but as her endeavors were without my earnest assistance, she, of course, failed.

At length, wearied with correcting me so often, and without the least apparent success, my mother resorted to means which proved effectual, and for which I shall ever bless her.

I had then, as now, great taste for fancy work, and was always anxious to copy every pretty cushion, tidy, mat, or bit of embroidery which I saw and admired. My

mother was ever ready to indulge me in this disposition, giving me the necessary materials, and only asking in return that I would complete what I attempted. This I seldom did. I would commence with great zeal, and really work at times perseveringly over the most difficult parts; then perhaps, after the puzzle was solved, I became wearied and laid the work aside to finish sometime, after I had done something else. To correct this fault my mother sometimes denied me the means of purchasing the materials; but this touched only one point in my life, as this lack of application was traceable in everything I did.

Mother ceased to speak to me upon the subject, and, as I thought at the time, had concluded to give up the task of reforming me; and I felt at liberty to do very much as I chose. For six months this state of affairs continued. At the end of that time, and on my thirteenth birthday, mother took me by the hand and led me to her room. I think I shall never forget her dear face as it appeared then—so grave, so firm.

"Eleanor," she said, with more sternness than she had ever before addressed me, "for two months I have, in some things, left you most entirely to the dictates of your own will. You have read, worked and practiced when you chose and in a manner to please yourself. I resolved to give you a trial for some length of time, and the result frightens me—I think it will astonish yourself. What, my child, will become of you if you go through life as you have done in these past few months? In the time mentioned you have laid aside unfinished *twenty* books; ten of them having been left with dog's-eared leaves in the first half. Twelve pieces of music have been played over once or twice, and then rejected in turn for new ones."

"Oh, mother!" I interrupted, "you are very much displeased with me!"

"Yes, Eleanor, very much displeased; ask your own conscience if I am unjustly so. But I have not yet finished. Open that lower drawer in my bureau."

I did so, and, to my utter astonishment, I might say horror, it was half filled with unfinished work. Each piece bore a label with the date when begun and laid aside. Some were nearly finished, others just commenced.

"Eleanor," my mother continued, in that drawer are over *thirty* pieces of work which you have undertaken in half a year. The cost of materials is nearly as many dollars. Did you expect this all to go for naught? You know, my child," she added gently, "we are told that we may redeem the time."

"Only forgive me, dear mother," I begged, "and I will try to do better," being

for the first time really appreciative of my great fault.

"The sin has not been against me, my child, but against Him who has said, 'Be thou faithful over a few things? I will make thee ruler over many things.'

"You seem penitent now, but I shall require a severe proof that this sorrow is not vain. I make it a positive request that you begin not another book until those are all carefully read through; not another piece of music until those are thoroughly learned; and each and every article in that drawer must be finished before you can undertake the smallest piece of work beside. Nor must you neglect the least present duty to accomplish all this."

To realize all that was implied in such a penalty to one of my temperament would be impossible for any one who has not been through a similar ordeal. I knew my mother was in earnest, but I set about the task resolutely. Oh, the struggles with self and the warfare with the old besetting sin that I experienced!

Often did I feel tempted to give up in despair. To finish so much seemed almost impossible at times. Yet I worked away, often soiling the delicate fabrics with the tears that would fall in spite of resolution. In just one year from the day my mother set the task, the last stitch was put into the last article; the music had been all learned, and the books read. But was this all? Oh, no, no! a never-to-be-forgotten lesson had been learned; the fault had been cured; permanently, I trust.

One little tear-stained cushion I have always kept. It is many years old now, but it is eloquent. It will always speak to me as long as I shall live—not only of the victory won over self, but of the dear parent who taught me that rich rewards only follow perseverance in well-doing.—*Phrenological Journal*.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS OF EPHEBUS; A LEGEND.

The Seven Sleepers were natives of Ephesus. The Emperor Decius, who persecuted the Christians, having come to Ephesus, ordered the erection of temples in the city, that all might come and sacrifice before him; and he commanded that the Christians should be sought out, and given their choice either to worship the idols, or to die. So great was the consternation in the city that the friend denounced his friend, the father his son, and the son his father. Now, there were in Ephesus seven Christians—Maximian, Malchus, Marcian, Dionysius, John, Serapion, and Constantine by name. These refused to sacrifice to the idols, and remained in their houses, praying and fasting. They were accused before Decius, and they confessed

themselves to be Christians. However, the emperor gave them a little time to consider what line they would adopt. They took advantage of this reprieve to dispense their goods among the poor, and then they retired to Mount Celion, where they determined to conceal themselves. One of their number, Malchus, in the disguise of a physician, went to the town to obtain victuals. Decius, who had been absent from Ephesus for a little while, returned, and gave orders for the seven to be sought. Malchus, having escaped from the town, fled full of fear to his comrades, and told them of the emperor's fury. They were much alarmed; and Malchus handed them the leaves he had bought, bidding them eat, that, fortified by the food, they might have courage in the time of trial. They ate; and then, as they sat weeping and speaking to one another, by the will of God they fell asleep. The Pagans sought everywhere, but could not find them, and Decius was greatly irritated at their escape. He had their parents brought before him, and threatened them with death if they did not reveal the place of concealment; but they could only answer that the seven young men had distributed their goods to the poor, and that they were quite ignorant as to their whereabouts. Decius, thinking it possible that they might be hiding in a cavern, blocked up the mouth with stones, that they might perish with hunger. Three hundred and sixty years passed, and in the thirtieth year of the reign of Theodosius there broke forth a heresy denying the resurrection of the dead. . . . Now, it happened that an Ephesian was building a stable on the side of Mount Celion, and, finding a pile of stones handy, he took them for his edifice, and thus opened the mouth of the cave. Then the Seven Sleepers awoke, and it was to them as if they had slept but a single night. They began to ask Malchus what decision Decius had given concerning them. "He is going to hunt us down, so as to force us to sacrifice to the idols," was his reply. "God knows," replied Marius, "we shall never do that." Then, exhorting his companions, he urged Malchus to go back to the town to buy some more bread, and at the same time to obtain fresh information. Malchus took five coins and left the cavern. On seeing the stones he was filled with astonishment. However, he went on towards the city; but what was his bewilderment to see over it a cross! He went to another gate, and there he beheld the same sacred sign, and so he observed it over each gate of the city. He believed that he was suffering from the effects of a dream. Then he entered Ephesus, rubbing his eyes, and he walked to a baker's shop. He heard people using our Lord's name, and he was the more perplexed. Yesterday, no one dared pronounce

the name of Jesus, and now it is on every one's lips. "Wonderful! I can scarcely believe myself to be in Ephesus." He asked a passer-by the name of the city, and, on being told it was Ephesus, he was thunderstruck. Now he entered a baker's shop, and laid down his money. The baker, examining the coin, enquired whether he had found a treasure, and began to whisper to some others in the shop. The youth, thinking that he was discovered, and that they were about to conduct him to the emperor, implored them to let him alone, offering to leave loaves and money if he might only be suffered to escape. But the shopman, seizing him, said, "Whoever you are, you have found a treasure. Show us where it is, that we may share it with you, and then we will hide you." Malchus was too frightened to answer. So they put a rope round his neck, and drew him through the streets into the market-place. The news soon spread that the young man had discovered a great treasure, and there was presently a vast crowd about him. He stoutly protested his innocence; no one recognised him; and his eyes, ranging over the faces which surrounded him, could not see one which he had known or which was in the slightest degree familiar to him. St. Martin, the bishop, and Antipater, the governor, having heard of the excitement, ordered the young man to be brought before them, along with the bakers. The bishop and the governor asked him where he had found the treasure; and he replied that he had found none, but that the few coins were from his own purse. He was next asked whence he came. He replied that he was a native of Ephesus, "if this be Ephesus." "Send for your relations, your parents, if they live here," ordered the governor. "They live here, certainly," replied the youth; and he mentioned their names. No such names were known in the town. Then the governor exclaimed, "How dare you say that this money belonged to your parents when it dates back three hundred and sixty-seven years, and is as old as the beginning of the reign of Decius, and it is utterly unlike our modern coinage? Do you think to impose on the old men and sages of Ephesus? Believe me I shall make you suffer the severities of the law, unless you show where you made the discovery?" "I implore you," cried Malchus, "in the name of God answer me a few questions, and then I will answer yours. Where is the Emperor Decius gone to?" The bishop answered, "My son, there is no emperor of that name; he who was thus called died long ago." Malchus replied, "All I hear perplexes me more and more. Follow me, and I will show you my comrades who fled with me into a cave of Mount Celion only yesterday, to escape the cruelty of Decius. I will lead you to

ANNE OF BRITTANY.

BY MRS. S. H. L. HUNTER.

them." The bishop turned to the governor. "The hand of God is here," he said. Then they followed, and a great crowd after them. And Malchus entered first into the cavern to his companions, and the bishop after him. . . . And there they saw the martyrs seated in the cave, with their faces fresh and blooming as roses; so all fell down and glorified God. The bishop and the governor sent notice to Theodosius, and he hurried to Ephesus. All the inhabitants met him and conducted him to the cavern. As soon as the saints beheld the emperor their faces shone like the sun, and the emperor gave thanks to God, and embraced them, and said, "I see you as though I saw the Saviour restoring Lazarus." Maximian replied, "Believe us! for the faith's sake God has resuscitated us before the great resurrection day, in order that you may believe firmly in the resurrection of the dead. For as the child is in its mother's womb living and not suffering, so have we lived, without suffering, fast asleep." After having thus spoken, they bowed their heads, and their souls returned to their Maker. The emperor, rising, bent over them and embraced them, weeping. He gave orders for golden reliquaries to be made; but that night they appeared to him in a dream, and said that hitherto they had slept in the earth, and that in the earth they desired to sleep on till God should raise them again.

A curious story is told by William, of Malmesbury, about these sleepers. He tells how, at a royal banquet, King Edward the Confessor, instead of eating and drinking, was musing on divine things, and sat long immersed in thought. Suddenly, to the astonishment of all present, he burst out laughing. After dinner, when he retired to divest himself of his robes, three of his nobles—Earl Harold, who was afterwards king, and an abbot, and a bishop—followed him, and asked the reason of his rare mirth. "I saw," said the pious monarch, "things most wonderful to behold; therefore did I not laugh without reason." They entreated him to explain; and, after musing a while, he informed them that the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, who had been slumbering two hundred years in a cavern of Mount Celion, lying always on their right sides, had of a sudden turned themselves over on their left sides; that by "heavenly favour" he had seen them thus turn themselves, and, at the sight, had been constrained to laugh. On hearing this, Harold sent a deputation to Ephesus, who were admitted to the cavern, and found it even as the king had seen it in his vision. "And this," we read, "was a warning of the miseries which were to befall Christendom through the inroads of the Saracens, Turks, and Tartars. For, whenever sorrow threatened, the sleepers turn on their sides."—*Baring-Gould.*

Anne of Brittany, so well known from the many tales and romances of which she has been the heroine, and whose real life was so eventful, was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Brittany. That province was the last of the old dukedoms which had not yielded up its entire independence to France, and the French Government had watched anxiously for a time when they could take possession of that likewise. Now it seemed close at hand. The Duke was old, and worn out with trouble and anxiety, and no one to succeed him but this little girl, who, even at six years old, had won the hearts of all visitors at her father's court, by her sprightliness and winning manners. A short time before her father's death, when she was nearly twelve, he summoned all the chief men of the duchy, and made them swear allegiance to Anne, as Duchess of Brittany, after his death—being anxious, if possible, to secure her rights. But no sooner was he dead than the French king claimed the guardianship of Anne, and sent an army into Brittany. Some of the nobles would have yielded, but those of the Bretons who were faithful knew that it would be giving up their country to France, and rallied to Anne's support. "*La petite Brette*," as she was often called, was very handsome, with rich chestnut hair, dark, piercing eyes, and a princely appearance, such as well became the heiress of the old dukedom, and her own attractions would have won her many suitors, even without the inheritance so coveted. To choose amongst them was a difficult matter, for the selection of one would make enemies of the others. Her heart could not be consulted at all; some one must be chosen who could defend her and the duchy. Many of the nobles urged a marriage with Alain d'Albret, a grim old warrior, old enough for her grandfather, fierce in his bearing, and of ferocious temper; but to that she could not consent.

Difficulties beset her on every side. She wished to take refuge in Nantes, and summoned her two guardians to attend her but, alas! they were already there and Alain with them. What should she do now? To Nantes she must go to find out how matters stood, yet the peril was great. Dunois, a gallant Frenchman, kinsman of the Duke of Orleans, who had been a suitor of Anne's, and some thought a favored one, was with her, and on his bravery and fidelity, and that of his troops, she chiefly relied—so on she went, attended only by them and ten Breton guards, and accompanied by her little sister and her chancellor. When she arrived at Nantes they refused to open the great gates to her, unless she came without her escort. But alone with them, she knew

well what would follow—a speedy marriage with old Alain, who was waiting to claim his bride.

On her refusal to enter alone, troops were sent out by her guardians to capture the little duchess; but she, calling out loudly, "*A moi Dunois!*" lightly perched herself *en croupe* behind the chancellor. Dunois with his men spurred to meet her assailants; but they, unwilling to engage in actual fight against their lady, retreated. Once more they offered to let her in alone, by a small gate. Not she! "I will go into my good town, by the great gates, as Duchess and Princess of Brittany," said she, "or not at all." As they did not consent, after a delay of some days, she left for the loyal city of Rennes. One of her guardians, Rieux, started in pursuit. As he approached, Anne turned her horse, and riding to meet him, told him he was a disloyal knight and traitor, and ordered him to retire. So much daunted was he by the girl's spirit that he obeyed at once, and afterwards repenting of his course returned to her service. Meantime, in her perplexity, she determined to marry Maximilian, King of the Romans; and as he was unable then to get to Brittany himself, he sent the Prince of Orange, in his stead, to wed her by proxy.

The marriage was celebrated at Rennes, but so secretly that it was long before it was known. On hearing of it, d'Albret, determined to be revenged, betrayed Nantes to the French, who now renewed the war with greater advantage than ever. Anne applied to Maximilian for aid, but his own subjects were in revolt, and he could give her nothing but the empty title of Queen of the Romans, which she now assumed. She asked help, claiming the old friendship of England, but none was granted.

Suddenly a new suitor, despite Anne's marriage by proxy, appeared in the field. The young king of France had now undertaken the government of it himself, and one of his first resolutions was to marry Anne. It was in vain represented to him that for years his faith had been plighted to Maximilian's daughter, and that she had resided as his betrothed at the French court; that Anne and Maximilian had been married by proxy, and that she considered herself bound by that. In his eyes, all obstacles that stood between himself and the possession of Brittany, were nothing, and that, he saw, could not be obtained and kept, were she wedded to another. He won over Anne's nearest friends to favor his suit. Dunois, on whose friendship she ever relied, and even the Duke of Orleans, urged her acceptance of King Charles of France, as the only means of safety. But their task was more difficult than they expected. Anne regarded the obstacles, which Charles had trampled upon, as insurmountable.

She was now in her fifteenth year, and her mind, which was naturally strong, had been strengthened by education, and by her early experience in the trials of life. She was proud, too, and would rather be the independent Duchess of Brittany than Queen of France, especially when that title was forced on her by the oppressor of her country. He was young, and a more suitable match for her in that respect, than any of her suitors, but there it ended. He was far inferior in appearance and education, of which he had little or none, whilst she was accomplished, and even learned for those times, understanding both Latin and Greek. She would yield to no persuasions, until, finding a French army about to besiege her in her capital, she saw there was no choice but between marrying Charles and being a prisoner. Then she consented.

My tale would be too long, were I to tell you of what afterwards befel her, and how, in after years, when her husband died, his cousin, the Duke of Orleans, ascended the French throne, and married the widow, for whose hand he had sued when she was young. Her heart always clung to her native land, and never did the Bretons find her forgetful of their interest where she could aid them, and long was her memory revered amongst them.—*Little Corporal.*

HYMN FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

M. BETHAM EDWARDS.

God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbors best.

God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith—that never waxeth dim,
In all his wondrous ways.

—*Good Words.*

The Home.

PATSEY NAUGHTY.

BY CELIA HURLEIGH.

"Wisht I knew what to do," said Patsey, flattening her nose against the window pane.

Mrs. Swift, Patsey's foster-mother, was taking her after-dinner nap; and Mary Ann, the hired girl, having despatched the dishes and put everything to rights in her usual energetic fashion, had gone up-stairs, shutting the door sharply in Patsey's face, when she tried to follow, with the admonition: "Don't you come botherin'. I've had enough of you for one while."

The truth is, Patsey was in disgrace. She had gone from one piece of mischief to another, till Mrs. Swift had declared that she was certainly possessed, and poor Mary Ann's patience was quite exhausted.

Patsey was of an enquiring turn of mind, fond of trying experiments; and only that morning she had made the discovery that the bits of charred coal that she picked out of the ashes would mark. So, seated on the dye-tub and hidden by the clothes-horse, she had drawn pictures of houses and horses, cats and soldiers, on the clean clothes which Mary Ann had ironed and hung up to air.

She had no idea that she was doing anything wrong, poor baby; and was only discovered when she called out triumphantly, "Ma'y'an, jes' you come here and see how booful I make your table-clos."

Mary Ann, alas! didn't see the beauty. The fat little hand was rudely deprived of its beloved "coal that would mark," and all future charcoal sketches were peremptorily forbidden.

Hardly had the tears occasioned by this mishap dried out of the dimples, when a cupboard door left open and a bowl just within reach of the inquisitive fingers tempted to another misdemeanor. Patsey could only reach it by standing on tip-toe; and, losing her balance, down came the bowl and its contents (which happened to be dry beans) on the devoted head of the little predator.

"Now you've done it!" said Mary Ann, as the bowl struck the floor with a crash and the beans flew in all directions. "I hope your Ma'll make you pick up every

one of them beans, if for nothing else, to keep you out of mischief till I finish this ironin'. I declare, with you 'round, a body needs eyes in the back of their head."

Again Patsey's blue eyes overflowed. She "didn't mean to," and she "thought 'twas jes' 'lasses in the bowl." But in a few minutes she was busy picking up the beans, and as placidly contented as if nothing had happened.

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

Hardly was the last bean disposed of when Patsey's attention was arrested by Mrs. Swift's sewing—a cap, that she was making and had left in her chair while she went to make a pudding for dinner.

"Guess I'll sew on this cap," said Patsey, gravely taking up the half-plaited border and trying to make the great brass thimble stay on one of those mischievous little fingers. "How nice it do sew!" and she thrust the needle through and through, drawing the smoothly-laid plaits into a shapeless bunch.

"Patsey Swift!" cried her foster-mother, suddenly discovering her. "What on earth are you up to now? If you aren't the beater. It won't do to take one's eyes off you for a single minute. Here's my forenoon's work all to be done over. I shall just tie your hands up in a bag, and see if that will keep them out of mischief."

"P'ease don't," said Patsey, looking scared. "I won't never sew no more." Ten minutes after she had got hold of Mary Ann's knitting, and the needles had "all comed out"; and Mrs. Swift had boxed her ears.

That was her last performance before dinner; and ever since she had been laboring under a sense of disgrace and the added dreariness of nothing to do. The two combined weighed heavily on the spirits of the poor little atom, whose naughtiness, after all, was merely healthy activity undirected. She was trying her utmost to be good; but thrown so entirely upon her own resources, there was great danger that she would fall a victim to the first temptation.

She heard Mary Ann stepping about upstairs. The clock ticked drowsily, and "Ma Swift" was snoring her way placidly through the second hour of her nap. Even

the kittens had crept away into their box under the stairs and refused to be playful. In fact, they were rapidly leaving off their kittenish ways, preparatory to setting up for demure young cats. They no longer frisked about the room; but sat with tails wrapped coily about their feet and eyes half closed, musing upon the dignity and responsibility of coming cathood. Patsy's advances were met with chilling indifference; and, if she was unusually persistent, they withdrew with dignity to their private apartment and took refuge in sleep.

But all this time, while we have been talking about Patsy, Patsy's self has been standing on a chair, and Patsy's nose, as above mentioned, has been flattening itself against the window-pane.

There wasn't much to be seen outside. The rain came straight down, just as it had done all day. The door-yard was soaked with water, the path leading to the gate was full of puddles, and the current-bushes along the fence were as wet as wet could be. A group of hens were huddled together under the apple-tree, looking spiritless and forlorn; while their lord and master, the red tail rooster, stood first on one foot and then on the other, with crest drooping and all his fine feathers hanging about him wet and draggled.

"Guess he'd like some new fadders," said Patsy, talking softly to herself, "an' keep them old spilt ones for rainy days, Oh! dear, I'se so tired. I wish Ma'y'an would come downstairs, or Ma Swift would wake up, or somefin'!"

Here a dab of putty in the middle of a broken pane caught Patsy's eye, and at once the busy fingers were at work. "Guess Ma'y'an 'll want that button to sew on somefin'," was her sage reflection, as she picked off the putty and laid it on the window-sill. Then, with grave industry, she proceeded to pick out the glass, bit by bit, dropping the pieces outside, and listening to hear them strike the stones. When she had dropped the last one, she tried to look out and see them; but the window was in the way. Then she tried to put her head through the empty square, and at last succeeded.

This was delightful. The rain from the eaves dripped down upon her head and trickled through the tangle of yellow curls over her face. The hens looked at her and gave a little cackle of surprise, while the rooster changed from one foot to the other, craned his neck, and said, as plainly as a rooster could: "Really, miss, this seems a very irregular proceeding. Does your mother know you're out?"

Patsy nodded at him, and, as her hair came streaming over her face, laughed good-naturedly and began a conversation.

"Jes' see, old roos'er! My fadders all wet too—"

"What on earth!" exclaimed an indignant voice on the inside of the window. "In the name of wonder, what will you do next?"

Patsy tried to take in her head, but stuck fast; and, thoroughly scared, set up a wail that reached Ma Swift in dreamland, and brought her speedily to the scene of action. Not without some scraping of the ears and one or two scratches was the foolish little head got out of the trap it had put itself into.

"And now, Patsy," said Mrs. Swift, "I am going to punish you. You have acted like possessed all day long."

"P'ease don't. I won't do so no more," pleaded Patsy, the tears streaming down the flushed and sadly troubled little face. "P'ease don't. I'll be dood."

"Come right here to me," said Mrs. Swift, sternly. "I am going to tie these naughty hands fast together, so that they won't get into any more mischief for one while; and then you go and sit on that dye-tub, and don't you stir off it till I tell you."

So the busy little hands were tied together, and Patsy, sobbing as if her heart would break, went and sat down on the dye-tub. Ordinarily it was her favorite seat; but to have to sit there, and to have her hands tied together, too, was almost more than she could bear.

"Heyday!" said good natured John Swift, coming in from the barn, where he had been threshing. "What's the matter with the little girl? Hair all tangled up! Rainy weather in-doors, as well as out, eh? And I declare, if she hasn't got her hands tied together, too."

Then came the history of the day's doings—that long, long day of naughtiness and sorrowful experiences.

"Sorry, sorry," said Pa Swift. "Let me look at these naughty hands." So, while Patsy sobbed, he gravely untied and examined them—first one, then the other, outside and in.

"I see what is the matter with them," said John. "They haven't been marked. I must put my mark on them; and before Patsy, whose eyes grew wide with terror, could guess what was coming, he had put a kiss square in the centre of each rosy palm. "There, now, they'll be good, I'm sure; for Patsy won't let Pa's kisses be rubbed off by anything naughty."

And so the sore little heart was healed, and Patsy climbed into the strong arms, and watched the flames dancing round the tea-kettle with ineffable content. The hearth was swept clean and the coals glowed redly under the forestick. The murmur of voices sounded far off and the flames were fading into a rosy glow, when Patsy found herself suddenly whisked away to the back of the room and hustled into bed.

"I don't like you, Ma'y'an, not one hit," was her indignant protest at this proceeding. "I jes' wish I could put you to-bed and make you stay there a hundred weeks."

Before John went away to work, next morning, he brought from "up-stairs" a volume of old almanacs and a slate and pencil.

"Here's a picture-book for you, Patsey; and a slate for you to mark on. You're going to be good to-day, aren't you?"

"Course," said Patsey, hugging her treasures tight and standing on tip-toe to be kissed. What a mine of wealth were those almanacs, with their pictures—round, square and oblong. Patsey's Bible Mary Ann called them; and certainly they had wrought a reformation. They seemed never to lose their interest. Pouring over the pages, with their mysterious signs of the zodiac and pictures of the seasons, the sharp-set inquisitiveness found the food it needed. Under the benign influence of the old almanacs Patsey ceased to be naughty—she had something to do.—*N. Y. Independent.*

CONCERNING REST.

One half the women of to-day do not know what it is to be rested. Whether the housekeeper, with her many cares, or the shop-girl in her ceaseless routine, or the enslaved follower of fashion who has double duty to perform to the church and to the world—two masters being hard to serve—they tell you nearly the same story; and you find them everywhere, these women with pale faces and eyes that look hollow, and shoulders becoming bent before their time, and when finally the doctor, after vain attempts to make drugs supply the place of nature, says: "Rest is all that will avail anything," the case is well nigh hopeless, unless, indeed, the patient can learn how to obtain the great panacea; for indeed it is a lesson to be learned, and one not so easily or so thoroughly learned but what an occasional review is often beneficial. There is a false idea abroad that *rest* is a something to be done like a piece of work that will last for some time, a commodity of which enough can be laid up in store-house for future use, a few week's vacation in the summer and no more of it needed for the coming year. I go to my friend who is a teacher, and I say to her, "Come now, you are not as well as at the first of the term, your nerves are unstrung, you need to be freshened; let us go on the horse-cars out into the country and laze away the afternoon, or down to the sea and sun ourselves on the beach, and you'll forget the coming examination that hangs

over you like a cloud, and that horrid Pat Donnelly, who almost bothers the life out of you, and we'll have a good time and be in blissful ignorance of everything but the blue sky and the blue ocean."

But she shakes her head in a doleful manner, and says, "I can't."

"Can't; why not?"

"Oh, I must stay home and sew. Saturday is all the day I have to sew in."

"Well, Saturday is all the day you have for recreation, too, isn't it? and don't you think six days of work entitles you to one day of rest? You know you teach Sabbath-school on Sunday."

"Oh, yes, I need it badly enough; but then I am going into the country by-and-by, and that will have to do for this year; besides I went on a picnic some time ago."

"Which was all very well for that time," interposed I, "but you need another refreshing; besides if you wait till vacation you'll be so tired you won't begin to be rested till it is time to come back again."

"Well, it's no use," continues she; "here's all this sewing to get myself ready."

"Why don't you hire it done?"

"Can't afford it; there is so much trimming it costs as much to hire it made as to buy the goods."

"Well, what do you have so much trimming for? make it plain and then you can afford it; that's the way I do. I don't have half as much money as you, but I have a great deal better time."

So I leave her puzzling her brain over the ruffles (too good a brain, by-the-way, to be so spent) and go to another friend of mine, a wife and a housekeeper, as happily and as comfortably situated as most women. I find her engaged in the commendable occupation of making bread. I see that she looks rather haggard, as though she had been up the night before, and with secret hopes of getting her out of doors I suggest rather meekly—for I am not as confident of success as I was before—"that it is a glorious day, one of June's best, and that it is her delight to be out in just such days, and I'll gather up such as the house affords into a basket and off we'll go to the woods and take the children." But my little ruse of whisking her off before she knows it is a failure.

"Not so fast," she says; "firstly, the baking isn't half done."

"Why I'm sure here's bread enough for a small army," looking at the brown loaves that have just issued from the oven. "Oh, yes, but there's the pie and cake, and by the time they are made it will be too late, and I shall be too tired."

"Well, never mind the pie and cake, you've plenty of other good things."

"Not mind the pie? why John couldn't make out his dinner without pie."

"But John isn't coming home this noon;

besides if he were, if he's a sensible man, as I think he is, he'd a great deal rather go without his pie once in a while for the sake of your having a restful time out of doors."

"Yes, but men don't understand such things."

"I don't see what there is to understand except that instead of a profit and loss it's a profit to both of you."

"But" continues she, giving an emphatic pat at the dough she is kneading, "although he would have no objection to my going he could'n't exactly see, perhaps, why I might'n't have done both, and so had his pie too—besides the oven is hot now and I must bake for to-morrow."

"Yes," I plead with increasing zeal, seeing I am about to lose the case; "but it may rain to-morrow and you can bake then, and isn't it just as important to seize this beautiful day to use it for your own health and happiness, as to seize a hot oven which you can make to order at any time?"

"Well," she concludes, with a finishing pat on the shapely dough, "that's all very nice, and I'd like to go, for I feel poorly to-day, being up last night with one of the children, but for all that I mustn't leave the baking."

So I consider the question settled and take my departure, having lost my cause, or rather *her* cause, and all for a piece of pie. So long as women will consider their health the last in any question, and plan for, and sacrifice for, and make circumstances bend to, and move heaven and earth for the carrying out of every project before their health, so long they will be as they are; for how much of it the Johns of this world are to blame, I can not say. I suppose my friend knew *her* John at least better than I.

I believe I was saying there was a false idea about resting enough in a few weeks of the summer to last the year. However full of delight and peace the lazy hours in the country, however freighted with rest and strength the long days by the sea, we cannot hoard and carry away enough of the precious store. Every twenty-four hours is a circle of its own in which to tear down and build up, and whatever is spent between one sunrise and another must be made good from food, recreation and rest, and whoever commences the morning already tired is spending too much somewhere, and will find that a system of paying Nature's past debts by drawing on the future, will make him a bankrupt. But we do not need to wait till in the fullness of time we can join the throng at watering places. To any one, unless shut up between four brick walls, if there belong a green spot somewhere around the house, if he can sit at least under one vine and fig tree of his own, there is at hand a perren-

nial spring if he but knows how to drink of it.

We have some broad back steps which lead from the kitchen into the garden, and for more than half the day they are flooded with sunshine. They do not command a view of terraced walks, nor wide-spreading grounds; but there is a row of apple and cherry trees, supplying nectar and ambrosia to the robin-red-breasts that feast and swing on the branches, and pour forth such melody as makes my heart glad. Then there are the chickens, not so brilliant to be sure, but vastly entertaining. It's as good as a sedative to watch the careful manner in which they walk around, standing occasionally to stretch their necks and perch their heads on one side, eyeing you in that suspicious manner peculiar to hens, till settling their minds that you are not an enemy, the composed way in which they wallow themselves in the sand is exceedingly soothing to one's spirits. It's a great relief, too, if you have been troubling your brain with metaphysics, to fall to wondering by what rule or tactics, or natural law the old white rooster can stand so long and reflectively on one leg. You are very sure you couldn't. This is my parlor, my study, my work-room, my art gallery. I alternate between this and the cherry tree, where I sew or read, shell peas or write letters, and entertain my friends—such of them I mean as I love the best—and whenever the affairs of life press hard and its sorrows are heavy, I take my broad hat and my blanket and myself out to the sun, or the flickering cherry shade, and erelong the weight on heart and brain rolls off like Christian's pack; the past slips away and there is more trust for the future, and faith, that has been trailing her wings in the dust, spreads them again, and soars up through the light to its Giver, my spirit becomes braver and readier to meet whatever comes.

Perhaps you say, "I cannot stop to rest; I have no time; I will by-and-by but now I must do my work."

"Ah! but are you sure of your by-and-by—the one this side of eternity I mean? Are you not doing the very thing now that may lose it for you, or, if entered upon, will it not, instead of being spent in rest, as you fondly hope, be spent rather in vain regrets for the strength so unwisely and hopelessly lost? Moreover, what is this work that you must be always doing? If to do good is your ruling motive, have you not learned that it is what you are, as well as what you do that blesses the world? and though the toil of your hands is worth much, a beautiful spirit of good cheer surrounding you is worth more, and you are not becoming the best you might be if you have no time to entertain this spirit of rest and strength which can not live with weariness."—*R. E. Hall, in "Herald of Health."*

RUSTIC DECORATIONS.

With very simple materials and a little ingenuity, very pretty rustic decorations can be made, with the outlay of a few cents and a few hours' work. I found hidden away, in a dark corner under the eaves, two old broken wooden bowls of about eighteen inches diameter. I drew them out with delight, for in them I saw a thing of beauty. So they were brought down stairs, and from the wood-pile maple sticks were selected for standards. Two sticks, five inches in diameter, did duty for the centre pieces, and they were firmly nailed to the middle of the bowls. Then six little sticks, an inch and a half in diameter, were picked out for the legs. Tim chose those that were slightly crooked, and he cut off a slice from three sides of the standard, sliced a similar piece from each of three of the sticks, and fastened them with shingle nails to it. An old-fashioned tripod table or light stand was thus represented, with the bowl for the top. This was filled in with rich loam from the compost heap kept in one corner of the barnyard, and planted with an edging of moneywort and *tradescantia zebrina*, whose richly striped leaves contrast perfectly with the rich green foliage and bright yellow flowers of the moneywort. Into the centre a thrifty feverfew was transplanted, and about it striped grass, lobelia and l'eglante, a holly-leaved geranium, were placed. Then the other tripod was similarly edged, but into the centre a perfectly-shaped marksman fuchsia, in the fullest bloom, was transplanted, and about it, Buchanan's hybrid petunias were planted.

Now the bowls were filled, but the out-sides of them and the sticks must be beautified. The flowers were planted first, as they must be shaded two or three days so as to become accustomed to their new home. A variety of adornments was suggested, but finally we settled upon the white and grey lichens, so plentifully scattered at the foot of the pine trees in these regions. They appear stiff and unmanageable; yet if dampened can be easily handled. It takes a large quantity of them to make rustic decorations, but their effect is very lovely. Tim brought a cart-body full of them, and we left them out in a pouring rain to be properly wet. Then with common carpet tacks, good, strong, copper-thread wire, and a hammer, we commenced operations. The nails were driven at intervals of two inches all around the inner edge of the bowls, and half an inch apart, close under them, where they were joined to the maple sticks. Tim did the nailing, while I selected the largest and handsomest pieces of moss to ornament the bowl. They were held on while the thread wire was twisted around the nails at the top, and

then carried down to the nails underneath, and thus backwards and forwards; the wire was made to confine the white and grey lichens until the wooden bowl was entirely concealed, and the whole appeared like a rustic vase. The wire was wound around and around the sticks which formed the standards and legs, holding the lichens firmly in place. Every four or five inches a tack was driven in, and the wire twisted firmly around it, holding it more closely together.

Both tripods were thus covered, and the work was all done in three hours, and at about twenty cent's expense. The effect is perfect. No marble or iron vase can possibly equal them in beauty, grace and elegance. Their form is lovely, and already the trailing vines have grown a foot down the sides, and the feverfew is clothed in snowy whiteness. They were made the first week in June; by the last of August they will be most beautiful.

Tim has been so uplifted with the praises his work has received that he has tried his hand at covering nail casks with the lichens, first sawing them in twain. These are supported on rough bark standards, fancifully arranged, and I have planted them with *tropæolums*, which are as gorgeous in coloring as tropical birds.

Beds have been cut in the turf opposite the dining room piazza. A half-moon, which is filled with dazzlingly brilliant scarlet verbenas; then a space of six feet of turf, on which stands the last-named decoration; next, a large oval, in which are planted variegated plants, edged with a bordering of dwarf asters; again a strip of turf, on which the *Tropæolum* basket stands, and a circle, filled with stocks, asters, and zinnias, completes our new floral arrangements, which will in a few weeks be one blaze of glory.

Simple in construction, within the limits of the smallest of purses, they will give us abundant pleasure for the whole season, and will delight the passer-by. Why are not all door-yards thus adorned? Old stumps of trees can be decorated with baskets of lichen, or strips of iron can be bent and riveted into the shape of a large circular basket, and screwed fast to the top of the stump. This can be lined with green moss, or even sods can be substituted if the moss is not obtainable; then fill it up with rich soil. In this, permanent vines could be planted, which would endure the winter, and not require a yearly renewing. Honeysuckles of the Japanese varieties so much cultivated now, would grow perfectly in such a basket, and many native species of vines and plants could be made to bloom in them.

An old umbrella with its cover torn off will make a very pretty rustic trellis. Such skeletons are found in almost every house-

hold, and can be transformed into a lovely shape. Cut the handle to a point, and fasten it firmly into the ground and press down the tips of it so that it will stand firmly and not be shaken about by every wind. There are various trailing things that would creep up such a delicate trellis with great delight. The canary bird flower, thunbergia, maurandya, barclayiana, petunia, sweet peas, balloon vine, and akebia quinata, a novelty from Japan, will answer the purpose, and transform the bare sticks into perfect floral beauty. The old fashioned whalebone umbrellas answer our purpose the best, as the steel ones would become heated by the sun and injure the plants, but if painted green this trouble would be obviated.

Could one imagine that out of such rubbish as broken wooden bowls, maple sticks, bits of iron and worn out umbrellas, such lovely effects could be obtained? Try it, fair friends, and learn for yourselves.—“*Daisy Eyebright*,” in *Cultivator*.

TELLING CHILDREN LIES.

Perhaps more complacent readers could be found for this article if a slight transposition were given to the above words, making the subject read, “Children Telling Lies.” But since, in many cases, the children are sinned against in this matter long before they sin, the above straight forward, plain Anglo-Saxon is a better way of putting it, than a more round-about euphemistic phrasing. Lying is said to be the besetting sin of childhood. And little wonder if the little ones be sadly overtaken with that fault, considering the early and frequent examples set before them by too many parents. People who live very respectable and upright lives in other respects, will tell a two-year-old child a plump out-and-out falsehood, without confusion of face, and even smile in real amusement at the effect of their deception. Doubtless many do it in sheer thoughtlessness, not fully knowing the harm they are doing. But people ought not to be so heedless when it is a shameful crime against the trustful innocence of childhood, which, apart from the lie, is no light sin. “Anything to keep children quiet,” seems to be a maxim as well accepted as “All’s fair in love and war.” To stop a fit of peevishness, or keep a little one out of mischief, innumerable “fibs” are told, doubtless enough to keep the “father of lies” in a daily chuckle of fiendish delight at this gratuitous schooling in his own evil way, and at such careless sowing of corrupt seed, for a sorrowful reaping some day.

“Doggie in that churn,” said a foolish aunt to a wee toddler, who was investigating the structure of lid and dasher, doubtless very curious things to its little comprehension. The amazed look of wondering incredulity on the child’s face was not amusing to any thoughtful, sympathetic lover of children. “Come in this minute, big dog’ll bite you,” is a not uncommon formula, effective for a time in bringing children in-doors, until they find out that the ferocious cur is never forthcoming. Sometimes an imaginary bear is invoked to “come and eat this bad child up.” “Come with mamma, and go by-by,” said a gentle mother, not long since in the hearing of the writer. She wished to remove the child from the room to the kitchen without a “scene,” and so she tried the strong lure of a promised visit out-doors. I shall not soon forget the searching, questioning look the child gave its mother’s face before it permitted itself to be taken, silent, half-bewildered by doubt, from the room. The child was learning the terrible lesson of distrust, and the still worse one of deceit.

But time would fail to note all the multifarious modes of telling children lies. The conscience of the guilty ones must supply what is omitted. The foregoing are among the milder examples. There are other forms, full of the unknown and terrible, by which not a few weak—they would not like to be called wicked—parents seek to controvert obstreperous children. They make use of monstrous myths, concerning impossible, far away places, where vaguely awful and improbable things will befall them: or they tell fearful tales of utterly incredible personages who will consign them to doleful imprisonment, preparatory to eating them up.

Such a vicious schooling prepares the way for a cold, callous unbelief in the sacred mysteries of the Bible. Children are richly endowed with beautiful trust and faith. They are born believers, and the first rude, heartless shock to their perfect faith must be unspeakably sad and bewildering, and may lead to soul-disasters irreparable. Let us remember the words of Him who said: “Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in Me, it were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.”—*Selected*.

HOW TO EXPEND MONEY.

Among the many improvements in education which we are promised, and which are even now in process of being introduced, there is one which we would venture to

advocate, but about the classification of which we do not feel quite certain. It would certainly come somewhere under the head of one or other of the "economies," of which we hear so much; but whether it would be political, social or domestic, we leave it for those learned in such matters to determine. Not to put too fine a point upon it, the art which we wish to see introduced among women, and universally practised by them, is the art of paying their bills when they are due, and of so ordering their expenditure that they are not perpetually running into debt, and resorting to all kinds of expedients to tide over the time till next pay-day.

There is a great art in the proportioning of one's income. It is easy for one to say, in the contemplation of any particular piece of expenditure, "With my income I can afford it." But the difficulty arises in thinking of the combined items of outlay; and the question is not really "With my income, can I afford this?" but "With all my other expenditures, how much shall I have left which I can justifiably lay out in this manner?"

When the income is fluctuating we acknowledge that there may be some difficulty in allotting the right proportions which are year by year to be given to certain things; but where the income is fixed, as it is in the case of the allowances for personal expenditure of most ladies, no such difficulty ought to arise. A woman of any foresight will say to herself, "I have so much, and this year I shall spend it in the following way." There are certain items of expenditure in dress which must be almost the same from year to year—so much for boots, for gloves, for renewing the stock of clothing. But for articles which are not bought every year some special portion ought to be laid aside out of the allowance. If velvet jackets, costly dresses, and so on, are not received as presents, or if the allowance is not large enough to permit of their being bought without inconvenience, we have no hesitation in saying either that they ought not to be bought at all, or that a diminution ought to be made in the number of other articles bought, so that these expensive things can be paid for out of the year's allowance without encroaching on future income, and without disregarding the just claims for payment of persons who are entitled to it.

There are many women who have no notion of the foresight required to lay out their income so as not to get into difficulties. They go on the principle of saying, "With my income, I can afford this or that," without making any calculation of totals. The practice of running up bills gives a fatal facility of getting into debt.

Wheneverything is paid for as it is bought, and when the dressmaker's and shoemaker's accounts are settled as soon as the dresses, &c., are brought home, there is little chance that the income will be exceeded. But when bills are incurred it is difficult to remember that they must be paid, and ready money slips away very easily in the purchase of those pretty things which are so tempting and which cannot be got on credit.

"The shifts and turns, the expedients and inventions multifiform" to which women resort in search of means to make twenty-five dollars do the work of fifty are very singular, and, we grieve to say it, are sometimes more creditable to the ingenuity than to the straightforwardness of the persons in difficulty. One very common plan is to let bills run on for years, and to threaten with a loss of custom the dressmaker, &c., who begs for payment. We have known of ladies who expressed much surprise and annoyance that they should be asked for payment of their accounts in less than two years' time from the incurring of the debt. Again, there are some who will send a few dollars on account, ordering at the same time more than the value of what they pay for, and then they are surprised that the sum of the bill is not lessened. They give themselves the idea that they have paid, and are more content therewith than their creditors. Then some will say, "I have not money to buy this dress at present, but I must have it, and therefore get it for me, and put it down to my account." They wear the dress, and apparently feel they have paid for it. All women, of course, are not such as those of whom we have now been speaking, else it would be impossible for many kinds of businesses to be carried on at all. But a great many more women mismanage their affairs in these ways than would be supposed, except by persons to whom glimpses behind the scenes are occasionally afforded.

The improvement which we therefore propose in the education of girls is their training in the expenditure of their allowances. Judicious mothers have much in their power in this matter, and the training of a girl to conscientious and prudent laying out of money would be productive of good effects in the after life of the woman. As a rule, girls understand far too little of how to manage money. They are too much in the habit of spending thoughtlessly and looking to others to make up their deficiencies. So long as the girls are young the parents do this; but when women continue in grown-up years the habits of their childhood, they fall into mistakes which are unpleasant for themselves and lead to worse difficulties than they could ever have anticipated.—*Demorest's Monthly*.

BY MUTUAL CONSENT.

"These arrangements," explained Mr. Boffin to Mr. Wegg, "is made by mutual consent between Mrs. Boffin and me. Mrs. Boffin, as I've mentioned, is a highflier at fashion; at present I'm not. I don't go higher than comfort. So Mrs. Boffin, keeps up her part of the room in her way, I keep up my part of the room in mine. If I get by degrees to be a highflier at fashion, then Mrs. Boffin will by degrees come for'arder. If Mrs. Boffin should ever be less of a dab at fashion than she is at the present time, then Mrs. Boffin's carpet would go back'arder." Without taking it upon ourselves to recommend that our houses generally shall be modelled after the pattern of the wonderful room in which the mistress sat radiant in velvet and jewels, her sofa on a square of flowery carpet, and her artistic tastes gratified by stuffed birds and wax fruit, while the master in smock frock took his ease in a wooden chair, on the sanded floor, a cold veal pie within easy reach, we cannot but think that those two simple souls had somehow got at the secret of home pleasure and happiness. We scold and fret at the young people who find evenings at home stupid and slow; we look with grave and dignified disapproval at the husband who kisses his wife after supper, and excuses himself for an hour or two with the plea of "A meeting to attend, my dear;" and words are inadequate to express our opinion of the matron who is never to be found in her own house.

Theoretically we eagerly subscribe to the belief that "there's no place like home;" practically we often stultify ourselves by making home so far from agreeable that the beautiful song is true to our experience in an opposite way from the one the poet meant. The great trouble in three homes out of five is that they are inelastic: there is no room left in their economy for individual freedom. The same unbending rule is made to apply to a half dozen people no two of whom are precisely alike, and who may be so differently constituted that what to one is no trouble is to another a tyranny.

For instance, in a fit of virtue such as comes to most mortals now and then, the heads of a house ordain that breakfast shall be an hour earlier than usual. All right, if they would consent to take it themselves and leave the rest to do as they please. But early rising, with all due respect to it, is of the Pharisees, Pharisical, and its votaries seldom fail to sound a trumpet before them, which not only proclaims their own merits but effectually puts an end to sleep on the part of others. There is no earthly reason patent to the unprejudiced mind why a table must needs be kept standing with the *débris* of a meal upon it, a mute but eloquent reminder to the last

comer that he is late; or why a coffee-pot may not be set conveniently back upon a range, a saucepan left boiling for the egg that is cooked just in three little minutes, and toast or muffins kept warm at an expenditure of time and patience quite infinitesimal. Could one, disinclined to rise at the breakfast hour, feeling the need of "a little more sleep, a little more slumber," be perfectly sure that he was not keeping the dining-room in confusion, that the work was going on, and that pleasant smiles would welcome him by and by to a cozy little side-table, how much more comfortable would be that last hour of repose. There are saintly beings who darken blinds and steal round softly in the morning that tired people may enjoy just this sort of rest; but they are, alas! rare.

Early rising, however, is only one thing out of hundreds. "By mutual consent of me and Mrs. Boffin" these happy creatures dressed to suit themselves. Had Mr. Boffin preferred his hair cut in the horribly abbreviated style of the present summer, suggestive of a fear on the part of our young gentlemen that the ghosts of the Modocs are coming hither on a scalping expedition, no doubt "Hennerietty" would have acquiesced without a sigh. Had Mrs. B. assumed the most preposterous superlatives of what the modistes call style, her husband would have regarded it as the proper thing in one who was in his opinion a highflier at fashion. Either way there was what alone makes home life ideally complete, liberty in non-essentials.

It is on trifles, after all, that the joy of home living depends. At bottom a family may be entirely devoted to each other's interests, the husband may toil and the wife may save with unflinching zeal and fidelity, and both may love their children and be willing to lay down their lives for them. Yet they may make each other wretched, and render their children's lives a burden, by failure in little courtesies, by lack of little recognitions, by caring more for things that perish than for the essence that is immortal.

The philosophy of the Boffins is the true alchemy for unsatisfactory homes. We must come "for'arder" and go "back'arder" by mutual consent in the arrangements of our interiors and our ways and means generally; that, shaping our lives by the grand old Gospel rule of unselfishness, we may come to the "sweetness and light" of the best culture.—*Hearth and Home.*

SELF-RELIANCE IN CHILDREN.

So soon as the child begins to exhibit the signs of growing intellect a chief aim of the parents and instructors should be to render

it as independent as possible. Some of my readers may smile at the notion of independent children, but to be made independent is one of the greatest blessings which can be conferred on any human being. I say "to be made," advisedly, because from natural indolence we are all helpless, unless either forced or instructed to be otherwise. At as early a period as possible children should be taught to assist themselves in feeding and dressing, and in practicing neatness and order. When they get a little older they should be taught the art of delicate attention to personal cleanliness—an art with which astonishingly few in every rank are acquainted—and how to keep their drawers and play-cupboards in order. They will thus insensibly become independent themselves and helpful to others, and will find the greatest delight in rendering any good offices within their power, moreover, if their elders have never been afraid to give them trouble. A gradually increasing stock of money should be early placed at their disposal, which they should be carefully taught to use with discretion, until at last they can be entrusted with a fixed sum from which to provide their wardrobe, objects of mercy, and pleasures. We should thus be spared the unseemly spectacle of a grown woman without a shilling at her own disposal, or the sagacity to use it if possessed.

A MAN'S TEMPTATION.

John Osgood let down the bars, for the tired oxen with which he had been plowing all day to go through them, and seek on the cool hillsides their night's pasturage. They turned their heads and looked at him with their great mournful eyes, as if expecting a word, for they were used to the sound of his voice, the slow, patient creatures, and they liked it, as such dumb beasts always do the voice of a kind master. But to-night he had no word for them. He put up the bars again when they had gone through, and leaned heavily against them.

A May sunset was flushing earth and sky. The new springing grass looked fresh and green. A light, feathery leafage was on the trees, and a few of them, pear and cherry trees, had put out white blossoms. The western sky was piled high with crimson clouds, with, close to the horizon, a bar of fiery gold. A reflected brightness flushed the East with a soft, roseate hue which spread up to the zenith. All was still, as the new birth of a new world. A sense of wonderful beauty and mystery thrilled John Osgood's uneducated perceptions. He had no words for such a scene, no clearly defined thoughts about it, even; but it moistened his eyes, and

quicken his pulses, and seemed to flood his life with a rush of dreams and longings.

How beautiful the world was! There were some men, he had heard, who painted such scenes as these—others who wrote poetry about them—others who set them to music, like the song of birds, or the soft wash of waves. What was his part of all this? Was that all life held for him? There must be some other use, some other meaning, if he could only grasp it. If he had no part or lot in all this beauty, why did it move him so?

Just then he heard the sound of horses' feet, and looked in the direction whence it came. Angeline Wilmarth was sweeping down the hill with a gay gallant beside her. How like a part of the sunset beauty she looked with its rose upon her cheek, its radiance in her eyes and hair. Her long, blue habit falling low, and swinging to the motion of her cream-colored horse, her white feather streaming back on the wind, her little hands with the dainty gauntlets on them—so much youth, and grace and beauty, And the "city chap," as John Osgood called him, by her side, did not mar the picture. A handsome, cavalierish looking man, there was no denying, that he showed well beside Angie; but what was he here so much for? They swept by, Angie's low, silvery laugh tinkling a response to something her companion was saying; and a little cloud of dust which the hoofs of the horses beat up behind them filled John's eyes, and choked his throat, and added bitterness to his mood.

He glanced down at his hard, horny hands, his coarse, toil-stained clothes. How well he would look at Angeline Wilmarth's side! And yet he had loved her in a vague sort of a way, whose meaning he had just began to find out, ever since he could remember. Life would not have much savor, he thought, without her. And yet, she would be no fit farmer's wife, and that was just what he was—a farmer. Then the question came again which had haunted him before—could he be nothing else? Did fate doom him, did God ask him always to go in and out on these old ways—to plow and plant, and make hay, and reap grain, all summer, and go back and forth between the homestead and the wood lot all winter? If his father and mother were getting old, if he was all they had—did that settle the matter? Some one could be hired to do as well for them, and he—he believed he had enough in him to go away and make a career which Angeline Wilmarth would not scorn to share.

The crimson had died out of the West, the rose hue out of the East. A low wind had risen and blew mournfully and slowly across the fields. John Osgood's mood

changed with the race of the night. The exaltation forsook him, and something hard, stern, sullen, alien as it seemed to his generous, hearty nature, entered in and took possession of him. He went home, slowly, with heavy footsteps.

"Tired, Johnny?" his mother said cheerily, as he came into the kitchen. Somehow, the words vexed him. She had said them often enough before, but they had never struck him just in this way till now. Johnny! If she would only remember that he was twenty-two years old!

"Yes, I'm tired, he answered doggedly. "Well, draw right up to the table. I've got a nice hot cup o' tea all ready for ye. That'll rest ye, and brighten ye up a little."

John Osgood threw down his hat impatiently. "Tea! What notions of life women had! He looked at his mother as he had never looked at her before.

"Mother," said he, with a bitterness he hated himself for afterwards, "I wonder if you ever had a trouble that a good cup of tea wouldn't cure? Things don't go any deeper than that with some folks."

His mother's eyes clouded, but she answered him very gently. She felt that tonight for some reason he was not responsible for himself.

"I've had troubles that went deep enough, John. Five children that have played round my knees sleep yonder, behind the old meeting-house—and to bear, and nurse, and then lose—there's none knows what that is but just mothers with mothers' hearts. Yes, I've had troubles that creature comforts wouldn't help much; and yet I don't despise this world's good things. You haven't any graves, where you feel as if your heart was shut in and smothered, and for bein' tired and mopin' I do think there's virtue in a cup of tea."

Her patience and gentleness touched him. He drew up his chair to the table, where his father was already sitting, and answered her in a softer tone.

"I s'pose you're right, mother; but I'm not just myself to-night."

Then he ate his supper in silence, and after it was over sat for a few moments thinking, still silently. At last he took courage and opened the subject of which his mind was full.

"Father, James McCormick is wanting a place. Don't you think, with you to oversee him, he could do the work on the farm this summer?"

Mrs. Osgood did not speak, but the cup she was wiping fell to the floor with a crash. For a full minute it was the only sound which broke the stillness. At last the old man answered;

"I don't know John—may be he could. I never liked to have any strangers work-

ing on the old place in my time. I did it all myself till you were old enough to help me, and everything has prospered under your hands, John. Still, may be James McCormick could. Did you think of leavin', John?"

"I don't feel satisfied, father, to be a farmer in this small way. I want to do something more with my life. You could hire a man to do all I do for twenty dollars a month, and I want to see what I'm worth somewhere else."

Then there was another long silence. The mother finished washing up her dishes, and came and sat down between her son and her husband, her face very white, and her hands shaking a little. After a while the old man reached out and took one of the trembling hands into his own.

"We mustn't blame John, mother," he said, trying to speak cheerfully. "What he feels isn't unnatural. Other young men say the same. Very few of them are contented now-a-days to live their father's lives over again. Only it's come sudden. Don't think we blame you, boy. It's all fair and right—only sudden."

John got up and went up stairs. His mother's pale silence, his father's attempt at cheerfulness, seemed more than he could bear. He went away to his own room and sat down by the window. Over across the fields a light burned steadily. He knew it was the lamp in Angeline Wilmarth's parlor. Was she worth all this that he was making these old people suffer? Would she ever love him as they did? Was he sure that she would love him at all? But in this untried life, this great world, where so many failed, how did he know that he should succeed? What was he going to do? How vague all his purposes were—just a dream born of a soft spring night and Angie Wilmarth's fair face! And for it he was going to overturn the whole fabric of his life. No, he would not be so mad. This summer, at least, all should go on as before. He would take time to consider. By autumn he should know better what he could do, and whether he could bear to leave that old father and mother—five of whose treasures the church-yard held, and whose all he was—quite alone. He began to think that this very fact that he was their all laid on him an obligation that was not to be evaded—that no success purchased at such selfish expenditure would be worth having. At any rate he would wait. And so sleep came to him, and calmness, which seemed to give him back his old self again.

"Will you see James McCormick to-day?" his father asked, at breakfast, with an anxiety he strove to conceal. John smiled cheerfully.

"Not to-day, father; not at present. My plan was sudden as you said—too sudden to be wise. I have given it up, for a time,

at least. I will carry on the place a while longer."

The old man's face cleared, but he did not speak—only John Osgood's mother got up and silently kissed him. No young lips could have been more fond—could any be more dear?

Two weeks after that news came to him of Angeline Wilmarth's betrothal to her cousin—the city-bred young man whom he had seen riding beside her in the May twilight. This was an unexpected blow, something which, knowing the man was her cousin, he had never feared. The news sank into his heart with a dull, dumb pain. She never would have cared for him, then—never had. It was well he had not gone away and left those two who did love him to mourn. After all, perhaps this existence of plowing and planting was all he was good for. Fate had placed him rightly—gauged his capacities better than he could have done himself. So he settled back into the old grooves with a grim resignation which was not yet content. Still he felt himself at odds with the life which did not offer what he wanted.

When autumn came and it was time for him, if at all, to make the change he had planned in spring, he was surprised to find that the inclination to make it was gone. Some healing ministry, call it of nature or of grace, God knows, had been at work in his soul; and, unconsciously to himself, through the long summer days and swift, short summer nights, he had been learning the sweetness of duty pure and simple—duty done for its own sake. He had begun to ask himself, not what he wished, but what he ought, to do; and he felt that in the very fact of his being to those who loved him their all on earth, God had called him to certain duties on which he would never again feel tempted to turn his back. Reconciled at last to the appointment of Heaven, he was at peace also with his own soul; and a new light came into his eyes, a new vigor and manliness into his life.

He could think of Angeline Wilmarth in these days without pain. There would always be in his heart for her the tenderness a good man feels toward a woman once beloved; but whether she was his or another's, he could reckon her loss or gain among the "all things" he was content to leave with Heaven.

He had heard in the summer that she was to be married at Christmas, but he seldom saw her. He had never spoken with her for more than a passing good-day since her engagement.

One afternoon in November he brought home from the village post office a bundle of papers, his Boston daily among them. Sitting by the fire and turning them over, his eye was caught by the heading in large letters—"Another Case of Defalcation."

He began to read the article, with a kind of careless half interest people in the country feel in the excitements of the city which can not touch them personally; but suddenly he started up, clutching the paper tight and straining his eyes over it as if he doubted his own vision. The name of the defaulting and runaway bank-teller was that of Angie Wilmarth's cousin and betrothed lover. Thank Heaven that no mean selfishness stained his soul in that hour. He was honestly and heartily touched at the thought of Angie's sorrow. Poor girl! If there were only anything he could do to aid or comfort her. He took his hat and went out, with some vague purpose of offering his help, which the fall winds scattered, as they blew across his brow. Of course there was nothing he could do—he could not even speak to her on such a subject. Her grief would be too sacred—and he, had he not been used this many a month to the idea that he was nothing to her any more?

Still he went on, in a purposeless sort of way, toward her house; went on, until he saw a slender figure coming as if to meet him, under the leafless elm boughs, over the dead and rustling leaves which lay thick upon the foot-path. Like one in a dream he moved forward. He had meant to pass her with just a good-evening, but when she put out her hand to him, and he looked into her fair, still face, the words came before he knew it to his lips—

"I have seen it all in the paper, Angie, and I am so sorry."

"Yes," she said gently, "it will ruin him."

"And you? I thought most of you. You were to have been married so soon."

"Not to him," she said hurriedly, "not to him. That was done with two months ago. I had never loved him. It was vanity that made me consent to marry him. He was handsome and gallant, and he promised me all the good things of this life. But I found, after a while, that none of them would pay me for myself; and I told him the truth."

Something in her hurried, earnest tones, or the swift color that stained her cheek, or her shy, half-veiled eyes, or all together gave John Osgood courage, and he said, holding her hand still—

"It was because I had none of the good things of this life to promise you, Angie, that I dared not tell you how dearly I loved you and always should. You seem too bright and fair to settle down here, as the wife of a Ryefield farmer."

"But if I liked that best?" she said, softly, and her hand stayed in his.

And so John Osgood won his heart's desire.

There are some souls I like to think of, dear children of the Heavenly Father, who

learn easily the lessons He sets them; who do not need ever much chastening. Ready to take the lowest seat at feast or synagogues there is a Divine and approving tenderness in the voice which says, "Friend, come up higher."—*Morning Star*.

DEFECTIVE DRAINAGE.

BY MOREAU MORRIS, M. D., NEW YORK.

In pursuing the study of the causes of typhoid fever, the fact that in the *decomposition* of animal and vegetable matter is found the chief factor of this fatal malady cannot but lead to the question,—are not many other diseases traceable to the same source for their causes?

Throughout country towns and villages, where the drinking water is obtained from wells and springs, sufficient care is not usually exercised in guarding against their impregnation with excremental matter, sewage, dirty refuse or waste water, barn-yard soakage, rotting vegetables, decaying wood, or even dead animals. Neither are the dwellings carefully protected from the effects of decomposition within them or their immediate surroundings. Foul air from cellars containing the various winter's stores, such as vegetables, fruits, meats, etc., which from their nature are constantly undergoing decomposition, old neglected drains, which have become obstructed or partially obliterated, the practice of throwing out the slop or vegetable waste somewhere near the kitchen, the location of the pigsty conveniently near, and the well perhaps so situated as to receive the percolated deposits of both the privy and barn-yard, are all sources of great danger to health and life.

An adjacent "rich and fertile soil in which decomposable substances are retained near the surface by any cause, whether a clay subsoil, or a ledge of rock, or a protracted drought, is a soil favorable to the production of Typhoid Fever." The same conditions apply with equal force to Cerebro-Spinal Meningitis, and perhaps other febrile diseases whose cause seems yet in obscurity.

With an inherited predisposition chiefly, and perhaps, without in a continuous exposure to the cold, sour, soil moisture of undrained lands, there can be no doubt that consumption finds its most prolific excitant.

A debilitated system, a badly nourished infant, an overworked adult, or the declining health and vigor of age, all are peculiarly susceptible to these influences.

Impoverished, partly devitalized blood is peculiarly susceptible to the subtle effects of the products of decomposition. These become direct poisons, and produce their

effects in the various forms of febrile disease.

With what excessive care, then, should all sources of impurity, either of air, water, or food be watched and avoided? And with redoubled care should those having hereditary predisposition to disease watch and guard against all these health-destroying conditions.

Decomposition, although nature's handmaid in the ever-changing elementary reconstruction of material substances, is always presenting dangerous factors to health, and yet by a wise provision, nature usually so indicates their presence by conditions more or less offensive to the senses, that her warnings may be heeded and their evil effects avoided.

As *air, water, food and sunlight* are the sources of healthful life, so when contaminated, or deficient in their just and due proportions, are health and life jeopardized. Therefore purity and abundance should always be our chief solicitude.

The air should not be contaminated with poison or miasm from defective drains, decomposing waste, either animal or vegetable.

The water we drink should be guarded from all impurities, such as are percolated from filthy sources, as cesspools, privies, barnyards, pigsties, or the waste of manufactories.

The food we eat should be fresh, good, wholesome, well cooked, easily digested, and taken in due proportions. Not the least important is free exposure to sunlight. Its effects are both chemical and mechanical. It purifies the air of rooms or close places; it imparts vigor and strength to struggling life; it gives cheerfulness to the desponding, and restores health to the invalid. Neither animal nor vegetable life can be maintained healthful without it.

Drainage in its various applications is one of the chief means of remedy for these various conditions. Not only of lands adjacent to dwellings, but the proper drainage of the immediate dwellings is of the utmost importance.

The following extract from a paper on "Drainage for Health," by Hon. H. F. French, aptly illustrates the usual conditions found in old farm-house cellars:

"In it have been stored all the potatoes, turnips, cabbages, onions, and other vegetables for family use. The milk and cream, the pork and beef, and cider and vinegar, have all met with various accidents, and from time to time have had their juices in various stages of decay absorbed by the soil of the cellar bottom. The cats, so neat and peculiar in their habits, have slept there to fight the rats and mice, who have had their little homes behind the walls for half a century, and the sink spouts have for the same term poured into the soil close by,

their fragrant fluids. The water rushes upward and sideway into the cellar, forming with the savory ingredients, at which we have delicately hinted, a sort of broth, quite thin and watery at first, but growing thicker as the water slowly subsides, and leaves its grosser parts pervading the surface of the earth, walls and partitions, and the floors above, fully saturated. All this time the air rushes in at the openings of the cellar and presses constantly upward, often lifting the carpets from the floors, and is breathed day and night by all who dwell in the house. Does it require learned doctors or boards of health to inform any rational person that these conditions are unfavorable to health?"

We should say not, and yet one can scarcely visit a country farm-house throughout the land and not find much the same conditions now in existence. Here are found all the conditions of *decomposition* in full force, undrained, without sunlight, without a change of air. Enter one such and grope your way with a lighted candle, the dimness warns you of the absence of the life-sustaining element, oxygen, and while your surface is chilled with the cold damp of death, your feet slip from the boards into the muck of decomposing vegetable filth.—*Sanatarian*.

TOMATOES.

This vegetable is universally popular whether it is served raw, or in the various ways in which it can be cooked. Yet greater quantities are probably eaten raw than in any other way; and the manner of dressing them is greatly varied. Some persons use only vinegar and salt; others vinegar, salt and oil; while others prefer sugar and cream, as for strawberries. We prefer them with a salad dressing, prepared with raw eggs, mustard, oil and vinegar, salt and pepper, or with a mayonnaise dressing, such as is used for lobster and chicken salad. Tomatoes should always have their skins removed by pouring boiling water over them, and after being cut in thin slices should be placed upon the ice to make them crispy cold. If eaten in a tepid state their fresh flavor is much injured. The salad dressing should also be served in a separate dish, and served as pudding sauce or gravy. Tomatoes, to be eaten raw, should be of the finest qualities grown, such as the Trophy and Arlington, as their superiority is more readily discerned than when cooked. It is difficult to spoil tomatoes, even if badly cooked, provided that bad butter is not added to them; but one can change the modes of cooking them so as to provide a pleasing variety.

STEWED TOMATOES.—Select very ripe tomatoes, skin and slice them, rejecting the hard parts. Put in a porcelain sauce-pan, with a little salt and pepper, and simmer for one hour and a half. Add a piece of butter, or two tablespoonfuls of beef, mutton, veal or chicken gravy. Toast a slice of bread, cut it into inch bits, and put in the dish in which the tomato will be served, turn the contents of the sauce-pan over it.

Another Way.—Take one dozen good sized tomatoes, skin and slice them; put in a sauce-pan and boil for one hour; season with pepper and salt, then strain through a sieve, put back into the pan and add two well beaten eggs. Stir rapidly for five minutes, then turn out and serve. This is very delicious as an accompaniment to roast beef or mutton.

BAKED STUFFED TOMATOES.—Select very large seized Trophy tomatoes and cut out a space at the stem end, taking care not to break the outer skin, fill up this cavity with a stuffing of bread rubbed through a colander, butter, salt, pepper and a little sugar; put back the stem end, which should have been cut out in a circular form, carefully, so that it will fit in closely; place the tomatoes in a baking pan and bake for one hour.

If well managed they can be made to retain their shape.

TO BROIL TOMATOES.—Broiled tomatoes make a delicious dish; select those that are not over-ripe, and cut them in halves crosswise; dip the cut side into beaten egg and then into wheat flour, and place them upon a gridiron, whose bars have been greased previously. When they have become well browned, turn them over, and cook the skin side until thoroughly done. Then put butter, salt and pepper upon the egg side and serve upon a platter.

BAKED TOMATOES.—Select thoroughly ripened fruit, cut them in halves; sprinkle over the cut half with bread crumbs, sugar, salt, pepper and butter. Place them in a baking pan cut side upwards and bake in an oven for two hours. Serve on a platter, garnished with curled parsley.

TOMATO SOUP WITHOUT MEAT.—Take one dozen good sized, very ripe tomatoes, skin and chop fine; put into a soup kettle, boil for ten or fifteen minutes, add a bit of saleratus as large as a pea, stir till it stops foaming; turn in one pint of fresh, sweet milk and three Boston crackers rolled fine; season with salt and pepper and a good piece of butter; boil for fifteen minutes.

This soup can be made upon short notice, and is really a toothsome dish, somewhat resembling lobster soup.—*Cultivator*.

HOW TO USE BROKEN VICTUALS.

BY PIERRE BLOT.

The best piece of beef to boil is from the round; it is more economical than either the chuck, neck, or flank pieces.

Warm water is turned over the meat, so as to wash it well; then it is tightly tied with twine (skewers do not answer the purpose) and put in the soup-kettle, with salt, at the first boiling of the water. A little over a quart of water is allowed for a pound of meat. It is then boiled gently for five hours. Some time after the meat is in, the scum that gathers on the surface is carefully skimmed off, and the liquor is seasoned the same as broth. When done the meat is placed on a dish, and the twine removed. The meat is served surrounded with a purée of vegetables—any kind to suit the taste.

It may also be served with fried potatoes, or with a piquante or tomato sauce.

A round piece or rib piece is cooked in the same manner. The larger the piece the better for boiling as well as roasting. If the piece be small, all the juice and part of the flavor escapes.

The liquid in which the meat has been boiled is an excellent broth for soup, sauce, or gravy. If it should not be found rich enough, it may be used the next day instead of water to make broth.

In order to enable small families to buy large pieces without wasting any, or without being obliged to make several meals off the same piece, we will explain how to prepare cold beef—we mean what is left from the dinner—from a roasted as well as a boiled piece, and for either breakfast, lunch, or dinner.

In Salad.—After trimming the fat and removing the bones, the cold meat is cut in square slices of about two inches in size and one-sixth of an inch thick. It should be cut as much as possible across the grain of the meat. The slices are arranged on the dish in the following or any other way, according to taste or fancy: a slice is placed in the middle of the dish, then other slices are placed around it, forming either a round or an oval figure, according to the shape of the dish, one overlapping another, and so on until the dish is entirely covered. The meat is then covered with parsley chopped fine, the following sauce is then spread over the whole, and an excellent dish is ready to serve.

Sauce.—Beat well together in a bowl two or three table-spoonfuls (more or less, according to the quantity of meat) of oil, about half as much of vinegar, salt, pepper, and mustard to suit the taste, and use.

Stewed.—The bottom of an earthen dish that stands fire is buttered inside, a layer of

the slices of cold beef is placed in it; then parsley and pickled cucumbers are chopped together, and some of them are spread over the slices, with salt and pepper. The process is repeated two, three, or four times, according to the quantity of beef. A little broth and butter are added, the dish is set on a rather slow fire for about half an hour, and it is ready to be served. It may also be dusted with bread-crumbs, and put in the oven for ten minutes when ready as above, adding a little more broth in case it gets dry.

Hash.—Instead of slicing the meat, chop it, and knead it with baked potatoes, raw eggs, chopped parsley, salt and pepper. A pinch of grated nutmeg may be added, if liked. Work it then into small balls about an inch in diameter, roll these in bread-crumbs, fry them slightly with a little butter, and serve with a piquante sauce. If liked, raw onions may be chopped very fine and mixed with the rest.

With Onions.—The slices of cold beef are put in an earthen dish. Sliced onions are fried with butter until of a golden color; then they are dusted with flour, and stirred for a minute or two in the frying-pan; enough water is added to a little more than cover the bottom of the pan; it is simmered until the onions are thoroughly cooked, when they are mashed through a colander, spread over the slices of beef, with salt, pepper, vinegar, and mustard mixed together, put in the oven to warm thoroughly and served.

With Potatoes, etc.—Proportions: to a pound of beef add two ounces of salt pork, cut in dice; four middling-sized potatoes, each cut in four pieces; salt and pepper; also the following seasonings, tied in a linen rag: a bay leaf, two cloves, three sprigs of parsley, and one of thyme. Place the whole in a sauce-pan, with cold water enough to half cover it, set it on the fire, and let it simmer gently until the potatoes are cooked. Then add the beef, sliced or cut in dice, give one boil, take off the rag of seasonings, and it is ready.

Broiled.—When the meat is trimmed as above, cut it in slices about half an inch thick, rub both sides slightly with butter, salt and pepper both sides also, and broil. It is done in less than a minute's time, the meat being already cooked. Place it on a warm dish, spread butter, chopped parsley, and a few drops of vinegar all over it, and serve quickly. When broiled as above the slices of meat may be served on a purée of pease, beans, Limas, lentils, or potatoes.

Piquante Sauce.—When the flour is cooked add about a pint of water or broth, a table-spoonful of chopped onions or shallots, half a gill of vinegar, three stalks of parsley chopped, salt, pepper, a tea-spoonful of

chopped pickled cucumber, and the following, tied in a linen rag—a bay leaf, a clove, and a stalk of thyme. Boil gently until the whole is well cooked. If this reduces it too much, add a little warm water or broth. Mustard may also be added, if liked, but only when off the fire. Slices of cold beef may merely be warmed in piquante sauce, and served. The pungency of the onion or shallot, as well as that of garlics, evaporates in cooking. Many deprive themselves of a most excellent and healthful condiment through mere prejudice. If a sauce tastes of onion it is because the onions have not been cooked enough. Such a sauce as the above is very inferior without onions or shallots, as are many others of which we shall speak in future. The pungent taste of the above spices can not be retained in cooking them, even if it were attempted; it is volatile, and the more or longer it is heated, the more it evaporates.

What is left of *stewed beef* is merely warmed over. If found rather dry, a little broth or piquante sauce, or both, may be added, according to taste.

Fat.—Many buy inferior meat on account of the waste of the fat that is always found in good meat. When the fat is wasted it is the fault of the cook, who does not know how to use it. Some cooks know how to use it, but will not take the trouble to melt it when the mistress allows as much lard and butter as is asked for. The fat skimmed off the broth or boiled meat, and that coming from the trimming of raw or cold beef, is much superior to lard to fry with. Lard flies all over; beef fat never does when properly melted. To melt beef fat or suet, cut it in small pieces, and set on a rather slow fire, in an iron pan. As soon as it begins to melt, skim the melted part off with a ladle, and turn it into a stone jar, which you cover when cold. Put it away in a cool, dry, and dark place. We contend that a careful cook never needs lard for frying purposes, but always has more fat than is necessary out of boiling or roasting pieces.—*Harper's Bazar*.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

BY C. T.

“How shall I train these dear children for a good and happy life hereafter?” This is a question that often arises in a mother's heart.

Many years ago, when my children were young, it was my privilege to hear a sermon from the words spoken by the Princess to the mother of Moses: “Take this

child and nurse it for me, and I will pay thee thy wages.” These words, and the thoughts drawn from them by the preacher, were a daily encouragement to me. Every mother may feel that God speaks thus to her, and that if we nurse these precious children He has given us, for Him, He will surely pay us the best wages a mother can desire—the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing them grow up to love and serve Him; He will put grace in their hearts in this life, and give them glory hereafter.

Begin early to teach them to pray morning and evening, and do not doubt that very little children can love the Saviour, and come to Him with childlike trust: tell them how He loved little children, when on earth, and took them in his arms, and put his hands on them and blessed them.

Often take the little ones alone and pray with them, especially when they have grieved and disobeyed you. It is the most effectual way to subdue and soften their hearts; it shows them that you really feel how naughty they have been. Do not punish them in anger; this only arouses anger and resentment in them, but if they see there is justice in their punishment, they will love you the more for it.

Keep fast hold of their hearts, so that to please you will be a powerful motive in all they do, and let their love be very precious to you. Be patient in listening to their little grievances, enter into their plays, and cheerfully put aside books and work to attend to them.

Prize the days and months when your children are around you in the nursery, being moulded, like clay, by your example and gentle words. These happy days pass away all too soon; you will find them grown up before you realize it, and opportunities to make good impressions, or establish good habits, lost, never to return.

While they are young and impressible, give them “line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little,” and never be discouraged, for God will help you; you are doing a noble work, and your wages are sure.

The writer remembers the happy days when her little children were about her, and the joys and discouragements of that period. She can testify that when God promises, He does not disappoint, and she hopes these words may help and encourage young mothers, who are bearing the heat and burden of the day. In all their efforts, they need the sympathy and co-operation of their husbands. With it their task is easy and light, but wanting that, let them not falter, but take their cares to Him, who is so ready to answer with blessings.—*Mother at Home*,

SELECTED RECIPES.

CAULIFLOWERS.—When cleaned and washed drop them in boiling water, into which you have put salt and a tea-spoonful of flour, or a slice of bread; boil till tender; take off, drain, and dish them; serve with a sauce spread over, and made with melted butter, salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, chopped parsley, and vinegar.

Another way is to make a white sauce, and when they are cooked and dished as above, turn the white sauce over, and serve warm. They may also be served in the same way with a milk, cream, or tomato sauce, or with brown butter.

Cauliflowers au Gratin.—Boil them as directed above, and then dish them on a crockery dish; spread a white sauce all over, dust with grated cheese (Swiss cheese is the best), after which you spread melted butter all over, and then dust with bread-crumbs; put the dish in a quick oven for about ten minutes, and serve. As they must be served in the crockery dish, the latter may be placed inside of another dish to serve.

Fried.—Boil the cauliflowers till about half done. Mix two table-spoonfuls of flour with two yolks of eggs, then add water enough to make a rather thin paste; add salt to taste; the two whites are beaten till stiff, and then mixed with the yolks, flour, and water. Dip each branch of the cauliflowers in the mixture, and fry them in hot fat. When done, take them off with a skimmer, turn into a colander, dust salt all over, and serve warm.

Stewed.—Clean and blanch the cauliflowers for about three minutes; take them off and put them in a pan with two table-spoonfuls of fat, and a few slices of salt pork at the bottom; set the pan on a slow fire, simmer for five minutes, add two or three table-spoonfuls of broth and one of gravy, stir now and then, simmer till done, then dish the cauliflowers, add to the sauce salt and pepper to taste, turn it over the cauliflowers through a strainer, and serve.

DISHES FOR INVALIDS.

Rice Gruel.—Wash and thoroughly rub two table-spoonfuls of rice. Pour upon it a pint of cold water and let it boil for about two hours, filling it up with water so that the quantity may not diminish. Season it with salt. In cases of dysentery it is very useful, and then black pepper must be plentifully added to it.

Cream Soup.—Cut some thin slices of bread and toast or dry them out thoroughly.

Put them into a bowl, pour about three table-spoonfuls of rich cream over them, and add to it a pint of boiling water. Season with salt. This forms a very delicate and nourishing dish for invalids.

Oatmeal Gruel.—Put four table-spoonfuls of the best coarsely ground oatmeal into a pint of boiling water. Put it over the fire and let it boil gently, stirring it continually until it becomes as thick as you wish it. Strain it and add a small portion of nutmeg or whatever you prefer to flavor it with.

Moss Jelly.—Steep some Irish moss in cold water for a few minutes, to extract the bitter taste, and then drain off the water. To half an ounce of moss add a quart of fresh water and a stick of cinnamon. Boil it until it becomes a thick jelly. Strain it and season to your taste. For invalids this is a useful receipt.

To make a blanc-mange with the Irish moss, use milk for boiling instead of water.

The Best Sort of Beef Tea.—Take one pound of beef, take off all the skin and fat and put it in a pint and a half of cold water. Let it boil five minutes, then take the beef out and cut in small pieces. Put it again in the same liquor and let it boil ten minutes longer, with a pinch of salt (and a few cloves if you please). Then pour it into a fine cloth and press all the juice from it.

WHEATLETS.—I know of no form of Graham bread sweeter than this. The sweetness comes from scalding the flour. Pour upon a quart of Graham flour enough boiling water to make a stiff dough when stirred into it. Knead dry flour into this until you can roll it out about an inch thick. Cut it into biscuits of any shape you please (but not very large), and bake them upon the clean rack in your oven, which is so hot it needs no greasing to keep the wheatlets from sticking. If you do not succeed with these the first time, try until you do, for no exact recipe can be given. "Use judgment," and cultivate it.

To Cook Turnips.—Pare, wash clean; if large, split in quarters, and put into boiling water, and boil till very tender. Lay them, when done, between plates—wooden trenchers, if you have them—and press out all the water; if too old to press free from lumps, pass through a coarse hair-sieve by rubbing with a wooden spoon. When free from lumps, put them into a clean saucepan, and set over the fire three or four minutes, till quite dry, stirring all the time. Then put in salt and pepper to suit the taste; add a table-spoonful of butter,

and half a cupful of cream; simmer five minutes, and serve.

MAYONNAISE SALAD DRESSING.—Beat up well the yolks of two fresh, raw eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, and Cayenne to taste; mix with this, by slow degrees, four tablespoonfuls of oil, till it is about the consistence of cream, and then stir in gradually two tablespoonfuls of Chili or tarragon vinegar. This excellent sauce is frequently used for meat or fish salads; like all salad-sauces, it requires great care in mixing.

POTATO SALAD.—Potato salad is for all seasons, and accessible to poor and rich. It is simply made of cold boiled potatoes, sliced, and seasoned with oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, or any nice salad-sauce. Beet-root, or any other cold vegetable, may also be added as an improvement; and for ornament, any of the herbs of the season.

SPICED PLUMS.—Procure a pound of firm plums, place them in a suitable kettle and add to them half a pound of sugar half a pint of good vinegar, half an ounce of cloves (ground), and half an ounce of ground cinnamon. Simmer them over a slow fire for two hours.

SAVOY CABBAGE.—Cut the leaves the right size, taking out the large stems. Wipe the leaves if they are soiled, but do not wash them. Pack them in a jar, sprinkling some salt over them occasionally. Boil your vinegar and pour it over the cabbage, standing the jar in a bucket of hot water. Let it remain thus till the water cools. The jar should be covered immediately after the vinegar is poured into it, so as to keep in the season, and that will cook the cabbage sufficiently.

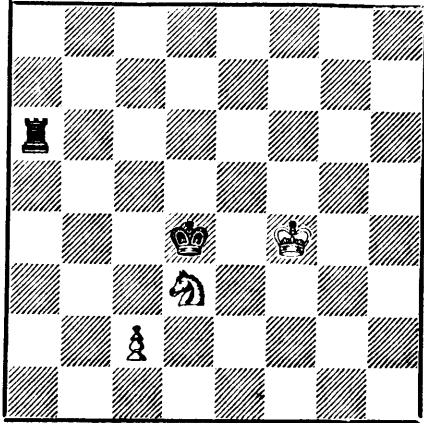
TOMATO CATSUP.—Skin a gallon of tomatoes; to this quantity take one tablespoonful of allspice, three tablespoonfuls of mustard, four tablespoonfuls each of salt and pepper and eight pods of red pepper. The ingredients must be made fine and then simmer slowly in a pewter or tin vessel for three or four hours. They must then be strained through a wire sieve and be bottled close. Use enough vinegar to have half a gallon of catsup when made. It may be used after two weeks, but it improves by age. Your sieve should not be too fine.

PUFFS.—Roll out puff-paste nearly one quarter of an inch thick, and with a small saucer, or tin cutter of that size, cut it into round pieces; place upon one side raspberry or strawberry jam, or any sort of preserved fruit, or stewed apples; wet the edges, fold over the other side, and press

it round with the finger and thumb; or cut the paste into the form of a diamond, then lay on the fruit, and fold over the paste in such a manner as to give it a triangular shape.

CHESS.

Problem No. 4.
Black.



White.

White to play and mate in three moves.

White.—K. at K. B. 4th. R. at Q. R. 6th.

Kt. at Q. 3rd. P. at Q. B. 2nd.

Black.—K. at Q. 5th.

VARIATIONS IN THE OPENING OF GAMES.

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

White.

Black.

1. P. to K. 4th.

1. P. to K. 4th.

2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd.

2. P. to Q. 3rd.

This second move is frequently adopted, and preferred by many to Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. Staunton's "Chess Praxis" says "it may be adopted without entailing any other disadvantage than that of a somewhat cramped opening." White has two good methods of continuing the attack; in the first place—

3. P. to Q. 4th.

3. P. takes P.

4. Q. takes P.

4. Q. B. to Q. 2nd.

5. Q. B. to K. 3rd.

5. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd.

6. Q. to Q. 2nd.

6. K. B. to K. 2nd.

7. K. B. to Q. B. 4th.

7. K. Kt. to B. 3rd.

8. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd.

8. Castles.

9. Castles (K. R.)

The game is about equal.

Variation of the above from White's fourth move.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. <i>Kt.</i> takes <i>P.</i> | 4. <i>K. Kt.</i> to <i>B.</i> 3rd. |
| 5. <i>Q.</i> <i>Kt.</i> to <i>B.</i> 3rd. | 5. <i>B.</i> to <i>K.</i> 2nd. |
| 6. <i>K. B.</i> to <i>Q.</i> <i>B.</i> 4th. | 6. <i>P.</i> to <i>Q.</i> <i>B.</i> 4th. |
| 7. <i>K. Kt.</i> to <i>B.</i> 3rd. | 7. Castles. |
| 8. Castles. | 8. <i>Q.</i> <i>Kt.</i> to <i>B.</i> 3rd. |

Again the game seems even.

Variation from Black's third move.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. <i>P.</i> to <i>K.</i> 4th. | 1. <i>P.</i> to <i>K.</i> 4th. |
| 2. <i>K. Kt.</i> to <i>B.</i> 3rd. | 2. <i>P.</i> to <i>Q.</i> 3rd. |
| 3. <i>P.</i> to <i>Q.</i> 4th. | 3. <i>Q.</i> <i>B.</i> to <i>K. Kt.</i> 5th. |
| 4. <i>P.</i> takes <i>K. P.</i> | 4. <i>B.</i> takes <i>Kt.</i> |
| 5. <i>Q.</i> takes <i>B.</i> (best) | 5. <i>P.</i> takes <i>P.</i> |
| 6. <i>K. B.</i> to <i>Q.</i> <i>B.</i> 4th. | 6. <i>Q.</i> to <i>K. B.</i> 3rd. |
| 7. <i>Q.</i> to <i>Q.</i> <i>Kt.</i> 3rd. | or <i>Kt.</i> to <i>K. B.</i> 3rd. |

and White has the superiority.

Variation from White's third move.

- | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| 1. <i>P.</i> to <i>K.</i> 4th. | 1. <i>P.</i> to <i>K.</i> 4th. |
| 2. <i>K. Kt.</i> to <i>B.</i> 3rd. | 2. <i>P.</i> to <i>Q.</i> 3rd. |
| 3. <i>K. B.</i> to <i>Q.</i> <i>B.</i> 4th. | 3. <i>B.</i> to <i>K.</i> 2nd (best) |
| 4. <i>Q.</i> <i>Kt.</i> to <i>B.</i> 3rd. | 4. <i>K. Kt.</i> to <i>B.</i> 3rd. |
| 5. <i>P.</i> to <i>Q.</i> 4th. | 5. <i>P.</i> takes <i>P.</i> |
| 6. <i>Q.</i> takes <i>P.</i> | |

and Black can apparently equalize the game.

Second variation from Black's third move.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. <i>P.</i> to <i>K.</i> 4th. | 1. <i>P.</i> to <i>K.</i> 4th. |
| 2. <i>K. Kt.</i> to <i>B.</i> 3rd. | 2. <i>P.</i> to <i>Q.</i> 3rd. |
| 3. <i>K. B.</i> to <i>Q.</i> <i>B.</i> 4th. | 3. <i>P.</i> to <i>Q.</i> <i>B.</i> 3rd. |
| 4. <i>P.</i> to <i>Q.</i> 4th. | 4. <i>P.</i> takes <i>P.</i> |
| 5. <i>Q.</i> takes <i>P.</i> | |

White has the better opening; instead of the fourth move as last given, Black might have played, instead—4. *P.* to *Q.* 4th—but it seems doubtful whether he would afterwards be able to equalize the positions.

Third variation from Black's third move.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. <i>P.</i> to <i>K.</i> 4th. | 1. <i>P.</i> to <i>K.</i> 4th. |
| 2. <i>K. Kt.</i> to <i>B.</i> 3rd. | 2. <i>P.</i> to <i>Q.</i> 3rd. |
| 3. <i>P.</i> to <i>Q.</i> 4th. | 3. <i>P.</i> to <i>K. B.</i> 4th. |

This last move of Black's was recommended by the celebrated player Philodor, in one of his earlier treatises; subsequently he expressed doubts of its soundness; now-a-days, being considered hazardous, it is very seldom adopted. The best play for White is, not to take the *B. P.* (which would allow Black to get the better game in a few moves by *P.* to *K.* 5th, &c.), but to proceed as follows:—

- | | |
|----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 4. <i>P.</i> takes <i>K. P.</i> | 4. <i>B. P.</i> takes <i>P.</i> |
| 5. <i>Kt.</i> to <i>Kt.</i> 5th. | 5. <i>P.</i> to <i>Q.</i> 4th. |
| 6. <i>P.</i> to <i>K.</i> 6th. | 6. <i>K. Kt.</i> to <i>R.</i> 3rd. |

To prevent 7. *Kt.* to *K. B.* 7th. If Black play, instead of as above—6. *K. B.* to *Q.* *B.* 4th—White may take the *K. P.* with his *Kt.* and, if the *Kt.* be captured, regain his piece by checking with the Queen at *R.* 5th. And then taking the Bishop, having the better game.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 7. <i>Q.</i> <i>Kt.</i> to <i>B.</i> 3rd. | 7. <i>P.</i> to <i>Q.</i> <i>B.</i> 3rd. |
| 8. <i>K. Kt.</i> takes <i>K. P.</i> | 8. <i>P.</i> takes <i>Kt.</i> |
| 9. <i>Q.</i> to <i>R.</i> 5th ch. | 9. <i>P.</i> to <i>K. Kt.</i> 3rd. |
| 10. <i>Q.</i> to <i>K.</i> 5th. | |

White has a winning position; but the advantage must be followed up with the greatest exactitude, otherwise Black can speedily gain a strong attack. If, instead of *Q.* *Kt.* to *B.* 3rd, as last given for White's 7th move, he should play:—

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---|
| 7. <i>P.</i> to <i>K. B.</i> 3rd. | 7. <i>K. B.</i> to <i>Q.</i> <i>B.</i> 4th. |
| 8. <i>P.</i> takes <i>P.</i> | 8. Castles. |

and Black has the advantage.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. <i>B.</i> to <i>K.</i> 4th. | 1. <i>K.</i> takes <i>B.</i> |
| 2. <i>Q.</i> to <i>K.</i> 6th. Mate. | |

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correct Solution of Problem No. 2. Received from T. W., Montreal.

Literary Notices.

WORK: A Story of Experience.—By Louisa M. Alcott, Author of "Little Women," &c. Boston: Roberts Bros.

The delicate humor which was so marked a feature of Miss Alcott's previous books is almost entirely missing in this her latest production. The attempts at it in the description of the Wilkins' family, and in other places, are feeble and apparently forced. The story is intended to be one of serious earnest, and describes the toils and struggles of a young girl who is trying to find her right place in the world—the place, that is to say, where she can work to the best advantage for her good and the good of humanity. There are many experiences recorded in the book, and it would be a valuable work for the young were it not for the painful emptiness of its religious teaching. The religion of the instincts of the soul which turns to God as flowers to the sun—the religion which needs no Intercessor between God and man, no propitiation for sin—is not the religion for sin-sick humanity, however beautifully Miss Alcott may write about it. The effect of such belief may be judged by one of the final utterances of the heroine, whose "natural religion" has been developed by the author to her idea of perfection:—

"What's your opinion of missionaries," asked Uncle Enos, after a spell of meditation."

"If I had any money to leave them, I should bequeath it to those who help the heathen here at home, and should let the innocent Feejee Islanders worship their idols a little longer in benighted peace," answered Christie, in her usual decided way.

Perhaps a visit to the *innocent* Feejee Islanders, so timed as to enjoy the sight of a little innocent feast on ship-wrecked mariners, would slightly alter the views of the author. It is a great pity that a book

which is certain to be so widely read gives religious teaching of this character.

As a specimen of the work, we give the chapter which describes

CHRISTIE'S FIRST PLACE.

Christie found Mrs. Flint a dreary woman, with "boarders" written all over her sour face, and faded figure. Butcher's bills and house rent seemed to fill her eyes with sleepless anxiety; thriftless cooks and saucy housemaids to sharpen the tones of her shrill voice; and an incapable husband to burden her shoulders like a modern "Old man of the Sea."

A little room far up in the tall house was at the girl's disposal for a reasonable sum, and she took possession, feeling very rich with the hundred dollars Uncle Enos gave her, and delightfully independent, with no milkpans to scald; no heavy lover to elude, no humdrum district school to imprison her day after day.

For a week she enjoyed her liberty heartily, then set about finding something to do. Her wish was to be a governess, that being the usual refuge for respectable girls who have a living to get. But Christie soon found her want of accomplishments a barrier to success in that line, for the mammas thought less of the solid than of the ornamental branches, and wished their little darlings to learn French before English, music before grammar, and drawing before writing.

So, after several disappointments, Christie decided that her education was too old-fashioned for the city, and gave up the idea of teaching. Sewing she resolved not to try till everything else failed; and, after a few more attempts to get writing to do, she said to herself, in a fit of humility and good sense: "I'll begin at the beginning, and work my way up. I'll put my pride in my pocket, and go out to service. Housework I like, and can do well, thanks to Aunt Betsey. I never thought it degradation to do it for her, so why should I mind doing it for others if they pay for it? It isn't what I want, but it's better than idleness, so I'll try it!"

Full of this wise resolution, she took to haunting that purgatory of the poor, an intelligence office. Mrs. Flint gave her a

recommendation, and she hopefully took her place among the ranks of buxom German, incapable Irish, and "smart" American women; for in those days foreign help had not driven farmers' daughters out of the field, and made domestic comfort a lost art.

"A desirable place in a small, genteel family," was at last offered her, and she posted away to secure it, having reached a state of desperation and resolved to go as a first-class cook rather than sit with her hands before her any longer.

A well-appointed house, good wages, and light duties seemed things to be grateful for, and Christie decided that going out to service was not the hardest fate in life, as she stood at the door of a handsome house in a sunny square waiting to be inspected.

Mrs. Stuart, having just returned from Italy, affected the artistic, and the new applicant found her with a Roman scarf about her head, a rosary like a string of small cannon balls at her side, and azure draperies which became her as well as they did the sea-green furniture of her marine boudoir, where unwary walkers tripped over coral and shells, grew sea-sick looking at pictures of tempestuous billows engulfing every sort of craft, from a man-of-war to a hencoop with a ghostly young lady clinging to it with one hand, and had their appetites effectually taken away by a choice collection of water-bugs and snakes in a glass globe, that looked like a jar of mixed pickles in a state of agitation.

Madame was intent on a water-color copy of Turner's "Rain, Wind, and Hail," that pleasing work which was sold upside-down and no one found it out. Motioning Christie to a seat she finished some delicate sloppy process before speaking. In that little pause Christie examined her, and the impression then received was afterward confirmed.

Mrs. Stuart possessed some beauty and chose to think herself a queen of society. She assumed majestic manners in public and could not entirely divest herself of them in private, which often produced comic effects. Zenobia troubled about fish-sauce, or Aspasia indignant at the price of eggs, will give some idea of this lady when she condescended to the cares of house-keeping.

Presently she looked up and inspected the girl as if a new servant were no more than a new bonnet, a necessary article to be ordered home for examination. Christie presented her recommendation, made her modest little speech and awaited her doom.

Mrs. Stuart read, listened, and then demanded with queenly brevity:

"Your name?"

"Christie Devon."

"Too long; I should prefer to call you Jane, as I am accustomed to the name."

"As you please, ma'am."

"Your age?"

"Twenty-one."

"You are an American?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Mrs. Stuart gazed into space a moment, then delivered the following address with impressive solemnity:

"I wish a capable, intelligent, honest, neat, well-conducted person who knows her place and keeps it. The work is light, as there are but two in the family. I am very particular and so is Mr. Stuart. I pay two dollars and a half, allow one afternoon out, one service on Sunday, and no followers. My table-girl must understand her duties thoroughly, be extremely neat, and always wear white aprons."

"I think I can suit you, ma'am, when I have learned the ways of the house," meekly replied Christie.

Mrs. Stuart looked graciously satisfied and returned the paper with a gesture that Victoria might have used in restoring a granted petition, though her next words rather marred the effect of the regal act, "My cook is black."

"I have no objection to color, ma'am."

An expression of relief dawned upon Mrs. Stuart's countenance, for the black cook had been an insurmountable obstacle to all the Irish ladies who had applied. Thoughtfully tapping her Roman nose with the handle of her brush Madame took another survey of the new applicant, and seeing that she looked neat, intelligent, and respectful, gave a sigh of thankfulness and engaged her on the spot.

Much elated Christie rushed home, selected a bag of necessary articles, bundled the rest of her possessions into an empty closet (lent her rent-free owing to a profusion of cockroaches), paid up her board, and at two o'clock introduced herself to Hepsey Johnson, her fellow servant.

Hepsey was a tall, gaunt woman, bearing the tragedy of her race written in her face, with its melancholy eyes, subdued expression, and the pathetic patience of a wronged dumb animal. She received Christie with an air of resignation, and speedily bewildered her with an account of the duties she would be expected to perform.

A long and careful drill enabled Christie to set the table with but a few mistakes, and to retain a tolerably clear recollection of the order of performances. She had just assumed her badge of servitude, as she called the white apron, when the bell rang violently and Hepsey, who was hurrying away to "dish up," said:

"It's de marster. You has to answer de bell, honey, and he likes it done bery spry."

Christie ran and admitted an impetuous,

stout gentleman, who appeared to be incensed against the elements, for he burst in as if blown, shook himself like a Newfoundland dog, and said all in one breath:

"You're the new girl, are you? Well, take my umbrella and pull off my rubbers."

"Sir?"

Mr. Stuart was struggling with his gloves, and, quite unconscious of the astonishment of his new maid, impatiently repeated his request.

"Take this wet thing away, and pull off my overshoes. Don't you see it's raining like the very deuce!"

Christie folded her lips together in a peculiar manner as she knelt down and removed a pair of muddy overshoes, took the dripping umbrella, and was walking away with her agreeable burden when Mr. Stuart gave her another shock by calling over the banister:

"I'm going out again; so clean those rubbers, and see that the boots I sent down this morning are in order."

"Yes, sir," answered Christie meekly, and immediately afterward startled Hepsy by casting overshoes and umbrella upon the kitchen floor, and indignantly demanding:

"Am I expected to be a boot-jack to that man?"

"I 'spects you is, honey."

"Am I also expected to clean his boots?"

"Yes, chile. Katy did, and de work ain't hard when you gits used to it."

"It isn't the work; it's the degradation; and I won't submit to it."

Christie looked fiercely determined; but Hepsy shook her head, saying quickly as she went on garnishing a dish:

"Dere's more 'gradin' works dan dat, chile, and dem dat's bin 'bliged to do um finds dis sort bery easy. You's paid for it, honey; and if you does it willin, it won't hurt you more dan washin' de marster's dishes, or sweepin' his rooms."

"There ought to be a boy to do this sort of thing. *Do* you think it's right to ask it of me?" cried Christie, feeling that being a servant was not as pleasant a task as she had thought it.

"Dunno, chile. I'se shure I'd never ask it of any woman if I was a man, 'less I was sick or ole. But folks don't seem to 'member dat we've got feelin's, and de best way is not to mind dese ere little troubles. You jes leave de boots to me; blackin' can't do dese ole hands no hurt, and dis ain't no deggydation to me now; I's a free woman."

"Why, Hepsy, were you ever a slave?" asked the girl, forgetting her own small injury at this suggestion of the greatest of all wrongs.

"All my life, till I run away five year ago. My ole folks, and eight brudders and sisters, is down dere in de pit now, waitin' for the Lord to set 'em free. And He's

gwine to do it soon, *soon!*" As she uttered the last words, a sudden light chased the tragic shadow from Hepsy's face, and the solemn fervor of her voice thrilled Christie's heart. All her anger died out in a great pity, and she put her hand on the woman's shoulder, saying earnestly:

"I hope so; and I wish I could help to bring that happy day at once."

For the first time Hepsy smiled, as she said gratefully: "De Lord bress you for dat wish, chile." Then, dropping suddenly into her old, quiet way, she added, turning to her work:

"Now you tote up de dinner, and I'll be handy by to 'fresh your mind 'bout how de dishes goes, for missis is bery 'tickler, and don't like no 'stakes in tendin'."

Thanks to her own neat-handed ways and Hepsy's prompting through the slide, Christie got on very well; managed her salver dexterously, only upset one glass, clashed one dish cover, and forgot to sugar the pie before putting it on the table—an omission which was majestically pointed out, and graciously pardoned as a first offence.

By seven o'clock the ceremony was fairly over, and Christie dropped into a chair, quite tired out with frequent pacings to and fro. In the kitchen she found the table spread for one, and Hepsy busy with the boots.

"Aren't you coming to your dinner, Mrs. Johnston?" she asked, not pleased with the arrangement.

"When you's done, honey; dere's no hurry 'bout me. Katy liked dat way best, and I'se used ter waitin'."

"But I don't like that way, and I won't have it. I suppose Katy thought her white skin gave her a right to be disrespectful to a woman old enough to be her mother just because she was black. I don't; and while I'm here, there must be no difference made. If we can work together, we can eat together; and because you have been a slave is all the more reason I should be good to you now."

If Hepsy had been surprised by the new girl's protest against being made a boot-jack of, she was still more surprised at this sudden kindness, for she had set Christie down in her own mind as "one ob dem toppin' smart ones dat don't stay long nowheres." She changed her opinion now, and sat watching the girl with a new expression on her face, as Christie took boot and brush from her, and fell to work energetically, saying as she scrubbed:

"I'm ashamed of complaining about such a little thing as this, and don't mean to feel degraded by it, though I should by letting you do it for me. I never lived out before: that's the reason I made a fuss. There's a polish for you, and I'm in a good humor again; so Mr. Stuart may call for

his boots whenever he likes, and we'll go to dinner like fashionable people, as we are."

There was something so irresistible in the girl's hearty manner, that Hepsy submitted at once with a visible satisfaction, which gave a relish to Christie's dinner, though it was eaten at a kitchen table, with a bare-armed cook sitting opposite, and three rows of burnished dish-covers reflecting the dreadful spectacle.

After this, Christie got on excellently, for she did her best, and found both pleasure and profit in her new employment. It gave her real satisfaction to keep the handsome rooms in order, to polish plate, and spread bountiful meals. There was an atmosphere of ease and comfort about her which contrasted agreeably with the shabbiness of Mrs. Flint's boarding-house, and the bare simplicity of the old home. Like most young people, Christie loved luxury, and was sensible enough to see and value the comforts of her situation, and to wonder why more girls placed as she was did not choose a life like this rather than the confinements of a sewing-room, or the fatigue and publicity of a shop.

She did not learn to love her mistress, because Mrs. Stuart evidently considered herself as one belonging to a superior race of beings, and had no desire to establish any of the friendly relations that may become so helpful and pleasant to both mistress and maid. She made a royal progress through her dominion every morning, issued orders, found fault liberally, bestowed praise sparingly, and took no more personal interest in her servants than if they were clocks, to be wound up once a day, and sent away the moment they got out of repair.

Mr. Stuart was absent from morning till night, and all Christie ever knew about him was that he was a kind-hearted, hot-tempered, and very conceited man; fond of his wife, proud of the society they managed to draw about them, and bent on making his way in the world at any cost.

If masters and mistresses knew how skillfully they are studied, criticised, and imitated by their servants, they would take more heed to their ways, and set better examples, perhaps. Mrs. Stuart never dreamed that her quiet, respectful Jane kept a sharp eye on all her movements, smiled covertly at her affectations, envied her accomplishments, and practised certain little elegancies that struck her fancy.

Mr. Stuart would have become apoplectic with indignation if he had known that this too intelligent table-girl often contrasted her master with his guests, and dared to think him wanting in good breeding when he boasted of his money, flattered a great man, or laid plans to lure some lion into

his house, When he lost his temper, she always wanted to laugh, he bounced and bumbled about so like an angry blue-bottle fly; and when he got himself up elaborately for a party, this disrespectful hussy confided to Hepsy her opinion that "master was a fat dandy, with nothing to be vain of but his clothes,"—a sacrilegious remark which would have caused her to be summarily ejected from the house if it had reached the august ears of master or mistress.

"My father was a gentleman; and I shall never forget it, though I do go out to service. I've got no rich friends to help me up, but, sooner or later, I mean to find a place among cultivated people; and while I'm working and waiting, I can be fitting myself to fill that place like a gentlewoman, as I am."

With this ambition in her mind, Christie took notes of all that went on in the polite world, of which she got frequent glimpses while "living out." Mrs. Stuart received one evening of each week, and on these occasions Christie, with an extra frill on her white apron, served the company, and enjoyed herself more than they did, if the truth had been known.

While helping the ladies with their wraps, she observed what they wore, how they carried themselves, and what a vast amount of prinking they did, not to mention the flood of gossip they talked while shaking out their flounces and settling their top knots.

Later in the evening when she passed cups and glasses, this demure-looking damsel heard much fine discourse, saw many famous beings, and improved her mind with surreptitious studies of the rich and great when on parade. But her best time was after supper, when, through the crack of the door of the little room where she was supposed to be clearing away the relics of the feast, she looked and listened at her ease; laughed at the wits, stared at the lions, heard the music, was impressed by the wisdom, and much edified by the gentility of the whole affair.

After a time, however, Christie got rather tired of it, for there was an elegant sameness about these evenings that became intensely wearisome to the uninitiated, but she fancied that as each had his part to play he managed to do it with spirit. Night after night the wag told his stories, the poet read his poems, the singers warbled, the pretty women simpered and dressed, the heavy scientific was duly discussed by the elect precious, and Mrs. Stuart, in amazing costumes, sailed to and fro in her most swan-like manner; while my lord stirred up the lions he had captured, till they roared their best, great and small.

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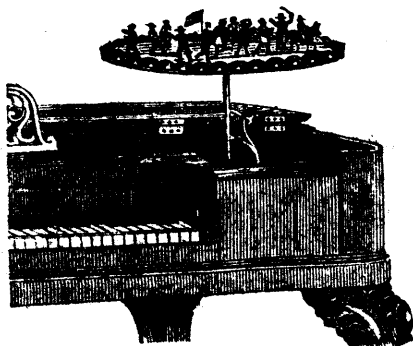
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