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NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

FEB., 1871.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1871

OF

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MONTREAL, Nov. 1st, 1870.

LADY LISGAR.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

FEBRUARY, 1871.

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ADRIENNE CACHELLE.

BY ALICIA; AUTHORESS OF "THE CRUCIBLE," "RECOLLECTIONS OF A SEWING-MACHINE," ETC.

(*Concluded.*)

CHAPTER XIII.

When Adrienne had ended her task of ministering to the temporal, and, as far as she could, to the spiritual wants of the sick, she once more drew near Claude's bedside, and, seating herself near it, began to read aloud from her well-worn breviary. Some moments she read on until, conscious that the dark eyes of the young Frenchman were fixed upon her, the quick color came to her cheek, and shaking her head with a smile, she said "Ah! Claude, how can I teach thee?"

It was the first time she had called him by the old familiar name, and La Roche's pulses beat high, and the warm blood rushed to his sun-burnt cheek as readily as it had done to that of the fair nun.

"Nay, I will be good; I pray thee to continue, sweet sister." And resolutely he closed his eyes; but ere Adrienne had read a sentence more, he had opened them, and was gazing with hungry eyes on the dear face, so sweet, half-hidden in the falling hood, the blue eyes bent, the long silken lashes almost resting on the fair cheek in which the bright color came and went. In a few moments Adrienne closed the book saying,

"Thou art naughty, brother; thou listenest not with reverence to the teachings of the Holy Church."

"Nay, chide me not, sweet sister; and yet thy chiding is so sweet, I would fain hear it again. But, indeed, I listen to thee—could listen to thee forever."

"Aye, to me," and Adrienne bent her head, and blushed as she spoke; "but dost thou listen rightly to our Church's teaching?"

"By Our Lady I do, when they come from thee, Adrienne!" exclaimed the young man, devoutly crossing himself, "Go on, and see how attentive I will be."

"Nay, no more now; meditate on what I have said."

"Aye, will I not?" said Claude, as he followed with longing eyes the receding form of the nun.

In spite of her efforts to the contrary, it was almost dusk before Adrienne could give more than a passing word to poor Claude, to whom the weary hours passed slowly enough. Often as he turned impatiently on his couch, he would feel as if not one moment longer could he endure the confinement, but just then, perhaps, Adrienne would pass him with a smile, and make him willing to bear anything for her sweet sake.

Towards evening, good Father Pierre came to see him; but he found he could make but little of his savage pupil, and left the bedside with a sigh at the depravity of the human heart, and that of the Indian in particular.

When his visits to the invalids were accomplished, and Adrienne felt secure from further interruption, she once more stole to Claude's side, saying as she seated herself,

"Now tell me, Claude, all that has

happened to thee since we parted in the old Rue de Marguerite in Tours, so long ago—long, long ago; it seems to me," she added with a sigh.

And so as they sat together in the waning light, Claude with his hair thrown back, and his head raised to catch the soft evening air that blew in at the open door, the young man told his story, and tears of sympathy filled Adrienne's eyes as he spoke of his utter loneliness when his mother died, of the still more bitter feeling of desolation when he wandered the streets of Dieppe, hungry and despairing.

"I never thought to see thy face again, sweet Adie," he concluded "but Our Lady be praised, I have looked once more upon it, and know thou didst not quite forget thy old friend."

"No, Claude, I think no day has passed since I bade thee adieu, that I have not prayed for thee, and implored the saints to protect thee from all evil."

"What may not thy prayers have saved me from, sweet sister? Little thou knowest the temptations that oft have lain in my path, nor how thoughts of thee have oft kept me from straying."

Adrienne bowed her head, and tears slowly trickled down between her clasped fingers.

"Nay, weep not, sweet one," said Claude in distress, half rising and gently removing her hands pressed tightly over her face. "Why weepest thou! Should'st thou not rather rejoice to think what thou,—thou, sweet sister, hast kept me from?"

"My tears are those of joy, my brother; but say rather, what the blessed saints have kept thee from; not to me be the praise. But tell me, Claude, did'st thou know me when thou camest hither more than a year agone, and lay in this dreary room so weak and ill?"

"Aye, Adie, I knew thee the first day I saw thee. I felt a strange thrill of happiness when first thy hand touched mine, and as I gazed into thine eyes my thoughts went back to the old home in sunny France, until I knew that the face I looked upon was that of my long lost Adie." His voice trembled with emotion, and it was some moments before he could resume.

"But, Adie, thou hast not told me of thy life. Oh! tell me all, that I may know whether, in these long years, thou hast been happy, nor ever sighed to be free?

"Hush!" said Adrienne, "Thou must not speak so, Claude; nor can I now stay to tell thee all that has befallen me; I must leave thee now; perchance to-morrow I will tell thee." She stooped and gently smoothed back from his forehead the dark, shining hair, smiled him a good night, and left him.

CHAPTER XIV.

Adrienne was unusually busy the following day, and scarce had one moment to bestow on the weary Claude, who, almost suffocated in the close, stifling hospital, dared not so much as throw back the hair falling over his face, for Sister Emelie was busy moving to and fro in the room. But imagine, if you can, the trial to a young strong man to lie inactive all the long, weary day, sighing for the fresh air and bright sunshine.

Surely never did the hours drag themselves so wearily along! Never did time move on such leaden wings! How gladly did Claude see the shadows lengthen, and the light grow dim; the twilight, he hoped, would bring to his side, the one whose loved voice would banish all weariness, and quell all complaints. And he was right. When the stars were gathering one by one in the deep blue sky, Adrienne came, and once again seated herself by his side.

"Well, my patient brother," she said "it grieves me to see thee here thus; I cannot, will not, let thee stay here longer."

"No, I am going to-morrow, Adie, perhaps forever; but now tell me thy tale."

So Adrienne told how when she had first been taken to the sombre convent, she had wept, and implored to be let out, that she might go to Claude; how, by degrees, though slowly, she had grown reconciled, and at last consented to take the veil, because she had no one to take care of her, and knew not where to go if she left the convent, for as she grew older she felt she could not go and be dependent on poor Madame la Roche.

"And so, sister, it was not from choice hou becamest a nun? Tell me, Adie."

"Perhaps if I had had friends—perhaps if I had known—but I pray thee ask me not, it is done now, and I have been very happy?"

"*Have been*, but *art* thou? Nay shrink not, Adie; canst thou not tell me, from whom in the days long ago thou didst withhold no secret?"

"Yes, Claude, I believe I must be happy; it is sweet and blessed to work for our Church."

"Thou wilt not say thou *art* happy. Ah! do I not know thine heart? Do I not know thou lovest me? And but for these cruel bonds thou wouldst leave all and come with me! Oh! it is hard, hard, and I say thou art not bound! How shouldest thou be?—thou tookest not the veil by choice; the Holy Church accepts no such service! Again I say thou art not bound! Oh! come with me; come with me, my Adie! I will love thee, cherish thee, care for thee! Oh! Adie, come!"

The young man had started up, his face glowing, his eyes beaming with love and hope; but suddenly a noise is heard; it is the lifting of the latch. In a moment Claude was prostrate and motionless, save for the tremor that shook his whole frame.

Adrienne arose, struggling to subdue the excitement which so moved her, and striving to hide her burning cheeks. Sister Emelie was the intruder, and as she passed her, she said, quietly laying her hand on Adrienne's shoulder, "I feared thou would'st be worn out, sister. What has kept thee so late?"

"It is yon poor creature; he is so feverish."

"Why thou art trembling, child; it has been too much for thee; haste to thy couch; I will see to thy troublesome patient."

Gladly Adrienne went, but a wakeful night awaited her; she could not sleep, she could not pray. Claude's wild words rang in her ears; his passionate pleadings haunted her. What he had said was true; but could she—dared she—break her vow, and leave the cloister for an earthly love? Would not her soul be forever lost—her past life but rise in condemnation against her? But Claude, Claude—how could she let him leave her? How bear to think she would never see him again? Like the famed Eloise, her soul was wrung between longings for her Abelard and remorse for her broken vow.

As daylight dawned she rose, and hastened to the hospital to relieve Sister Emelie, who, she feared, might have been detained there all night, but she was not there. Silence reigned in the apartment, nor did Adrienne's light footfall break the rest of one of the swarthy sleepers. Quietly she crept to Claude's bedside. It was well for the young Frenchman that Sister Emelie watched him not, for the frank, open face and delicate features, so clearly revealed in the careless posture of sleep, betrayed him all too plainly as no Indian.

Adrienne stood and gazed at the strong manly form and thought of long ago when she knew Claude as a pale, delicate boy, and as she looked she thought so much of the boyish purity and innocence was in that face yet, it was very beautiful to see in one in all the pride and vigor of early manhood; it made the sleeper doubly dear to Adrienne Cachelle.

In quick succession the busy thoughts chased each other through the nun's brain, thoughts of days gone by when her father on his dying bed had told her to cling to Claude de la Roche, to trust him, for young as he was he was one to lean upon; and as Adrienne stood with eyes dim with tears watching the unconscious sleeper, she felt sensible of how Claude had mingled in all her thoughts since she had left him, of how a hope that once again she might see him had been the brightest, ofttimes the only, gleam of sunshine in her weary life; and now he had been given to her once more, should she ever let him leave her?

The long wakeful night had wrought a change in the nun, and she now felt that he who loved her had a claim on her no cloister vows could put aside. Whether it was that Adrienne Cachelle yielded to the temptations of him who goeth about seeking whom he may devour, or whether in following the dictates of her own heart, she obeyed the commands of that "still small voice," which speaks in warning or encouraging tones to all who reject it not, I will leave my readers to determine; but so it was that when Claude awoke, and met the tender gaze of Adrienne's soft eyes, it needed no words to tell him that the

dream that had so filled his soul with joy had become a blessed reality. One moment his eyes drank in hope, and joy, and life from the face of her who was so inexpressibly dear to him, then he simply said,

"Kiss me, Adie."

And Adrienne stooped and kissed him; she did not hesitate—why should she? Were they not all in all to each other now?

CHAPTER XV.

Adrienne hastened from her lover's side as the Chapel bell sent forth its modest peal, and was first at the altar, where, kneeling devoutly before the Virgin, she lifted her heart in gratitude and adoration for the great mercies vouchsafed to her. As she knelt no thought of the past with its sequestered life and vestal vows, no thought of the future with its joys and its trials (for the path of the lovers was by no means smooth), filled Adrienne's mind: naught but one hymn of praise for the joy and the sunshine thus suddenly shining in on the despair and gloom which had too often oppressed her. As she lifted her eyes, she fancied the Holy Mother bent on her a glance of love, and smiled on her rejoicing child. It was enough for Adrienne; she doubted, she hesitated no longer, but bent almost prostrate in enraptured awe at the wondrous condescension of the ever-blessed Virgin, and implored her gracious guidance and protection.

As the Sisters one by one entered the Chapel, Adrienne, as was her wont, withdrew; but when she reached the hospital, Claude's couch was empty. For the instant she felt surprised and disappointed, but a moment's reflection convinced her how much better it was she should know nothing of his departure. If perchance Adrienne felt a passing pang at the part of deceit and duplicity she was acting, the remembrance of Mary's approving smile banished every fear and calmed each rising doubt.

Towards evening as the fair young nun stood at the hospital door, gazing out on the shining river, lying so calm and bright under the paling sky, and perchance half-expecting to see the lithe form of Claude de la Roche springing up the winding path from its rocky shore, an old Indian approached. Stopping before Adrienne, he addressed her and gave to her a bundle he was carrying very carefully, and a roll of bark on which were cut the words "Sister Adrienne."

The Indian, Adrienne knew well; for, being old and infirm, he had more than once been the object of her gentle care, and as he delivered his message his dark eyes shone with delight.

"They were only for Sister Adrienne. The Frenchman think I know you not; but Indian never forget pale-face who has been good to him."

With these expressive words, the old veteran of many a bloody fight, turned slowly and went his way, leaving Adrienne not very doubtful of from whom the messenger had come.

Carefully hiding the package, which she found to be an Indian girl's dress, she unfolded her odd love-letter; the words it contained were brief yet significant: "Come down the winding path when the midnight hour draws nigh."

Trembling with feverish excitement, Adrienne moved about performing her accustomed duties, and at the same time making what preparation was needful for her strange flight.

As it was Adrienne's duty to lock the Convent gates, it was no hard matter to feign to do so, while, in fact, she left the ponderous gates ajar, that she might more noiselessly make her escape. Slowly the hours dragged on, while the anxious nun, fearful lest her very breathing should disturb her sleeping patients, started at the beating of her own heart, or the restless movement of some sufferer.

Now one by one the Convent clock strikes out the midnight hour, while Adrienne changes her nun's robe, worn so long now that it is with a sigh she removes it, and puts on the strange half-dress of an Indian maiden. A blush of shame dyes the girl's cheek as she arrays herself in the gaudy garment; but this is part of the price she is paying for her freedom; she must not hesitate now. Strange were the emotions of the gentle nun as she laid her Sister's robes forever aside, and standing alone in

the solemn midnight, bade adieu forever to the cloister and the cell.

Trembling she steals along the dark passages, which seem to echo her fleeing footsteps, towards the main entrance; noiselessly she opens the door, and glides out into the silent night; now the court is passed, the heavy gates closed behind her, and like a frightened fawn Adrienne sped on.

The night was dark, the air close and heavy, and as Adrienne hastened down the steep, winding path, a vivid flash of lightning illumined her way, and revealed the river lying black and sullen beneath; while the low, rumbling of distant thunder betokened the coming storm. With a cry of terror the fugitive stayed in her flight, and felt as if she knew not whither she should go. The anger of heaven seemed about to descend on her; all safety and all happiness seemed left forever in those Convent walls looming up darkly against the lowering sky. In her agony the girl fell on her knees, and lifted up her hands, as if to avert the punishment she thought was descending on her guilty head.

But hark! what is that? A step up the stony path, and for the moment Adrienne lost consciousness in her terror; the next, she was weeping in Claude's arms, and forgetting all else in the exquisite joy of feeling his strong, loving arms around her, within which it seemed as if no danger or sorrow could ever come to her.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was with feelings far easier to be imagined than described that Claude folded his longed for treasure in his strong arms and felt it to be his very own. All past doubts and fears, hopes raised and hopes deferred (which make the heart so sick!) were alike forgotten, as he strained the coveted object for which all had been endured, to his breast, and felt her soft arms clasped round his neck.

But it was no time to delay even to revel in a lover's joy, so Claude, wrapping Adrienne in a cloak of furs he had brought for her, well-knowing how exposed she would be in the slight Indian dress, led her gently to the river's brink, where lay his canoe, well-laden with provisions for a long journey. It was covered at one end with furs and blankets, and there Adrienne lay, the gently heaving waters rocking her frail cradle, while Claude with quick, strong strokes, sent the tiny bark dancing over the waves like some water-bird. When they were about a mile from shore Claude took Adrienne's Ursuline dress, which she had brought with her, and, enclosing in its folds a large stone he had brought for the purpose, he dropt it into the deep, dark river. Adrienne watched it as it sank, and involuntarily a sigh escaped her.

"What, sighing for the old life already?" said Claude, once more vigorously plying his paddle.

"Nay, Claude, not to return to it; but thou would'st scarce have me give it all up without one pang; could I so soon forget all its blessings, thou mightest think I could as easily discard thee."

"Ah! Adie, what a difference! I am as thine own soul; *but one* fierce wrench can sever body and soul, but even the stroke of death could not part me and thee."

Adrienne was silent, gazing over the canoe's side into the dark waters which parted so quickly to let them pass, but were so long in reuniting that even in the dark night, the canoe's track might be seen far astern.

Heavy clouds still hung in the heavens like some funeral pall, and ever and anon a bright flash of lightning would dart from behind some dense mass, and show to the lovers each other's faces; but no thunder rolled its artillery along the gloomy sky, and Adrienne no longer felt afraid.

However harmless may be the sudden, awful crash, or the distant rumblings of the mighty thunder, there is something so sublime, so awe-inspiring, so terrific in its roar, that we shrink far more from it than from the deadly flash it succeeds.

Scarce a sound broke the midnight stillness, save the soft plash of Claude's paddle in the dark waters. Adrienne lay so still that but for her position her companion could have believed she had sunk into slumber. He was surprised and grieved at her continued silence, and at length, unable to bear it longer, he gently broke it, yet

starting at the sound of his own voice, which, low as it was, seemed re-echoed from the wooded shore. "Adie, hast thou so soon repented?" were the words that startled Adrienne from her reverie, and with a half-drawn sigh, she sank back among her furs.

"Nay, Claude, why should'st thou think I regret leaving all to come with thee? Marvel not at my silence; this is all so new, so strange! You forget how long I have been shut up within convent walls, with scarce a sight of the vast expanse of heaven, or earth's wondrous and varied beauties. To you this is all familiar—floating over the waters in so tiny a bark, that seems too frail to live among tossing waves, roaming free and unfettered at thy own sweet will. Think how strange it is to me, and blame me not if I am silent, Claude."

"True, sweetheart, thou reprovest me; I ask thy pardon, and forgive me, Adie, if ever I forget how different our lives have been. But, love, if it is hard for thee to leave the quiet cloister, it has grieved me also to quit the wild, free life I have loved, the sweet liberty of roaming under God's blue heavens—of lying down to rest with naught but the bright, starry canopy for my curtains and awakening to breathe the fresh morning air, and watch the rosy dawn as it crept over the land. Oh! it was beautiful, Adie; my soul used to revel in it! But how will it be for thee, dearest? Can thy tender limbs endure naught but the hard ground for thy couch? Wilt thou not weary ere we have traversed the many miles of fire and flood we must cross before we can rest; tell me, sweetheart?"

"I can bear much for thee, Claude; nor think the way long, nor the path rough if thou art by my side."

It was the first time Adrienne had told him thus, in words, of her love, and Claude was speechless with the great joy that filled his heart.

Silent the lovers remained, each lost in happy thoughts, yet mingled too with sadness, as what happy thoughts are not? But now the darkness grows denser, and Adrienne looking up sees they are nearing the shore, whose spreading firs threw their deep shadows on the river.

"Now we must land, Adie, and needs be that I hide my canoe, lest it betray us to some band of Iroquois. Nay, shudder not, Adie, I have not lived these three years among the Indians for naught. Only once have I been wounded by those sly villains, and for that slight hurt we will not complain, sweetheart; but for it, we might never have met on earth again—I should not have had thee thus to protect and care for," and as Claude spoke he lifted Adrienne out of the canoe as easily as if she were a child. "Now Adie," he said, when having concealed his canoe and shouldered his provisions and furs, he stood before her, "can'st thou bear to walk a mile or two? Methinks it would be safer; the Jesuit Fathers would not easily give thee up, sweet one, and I will not let them have thee back if my arm can save thee."

"I can walk as many miles as thou seest fit," returned Adrienne a little demurely as she stood by his side; and they walked on quickly, Claude making the rough path as smooth as possible for his companion, now holding back some truant branch, now removing some obstacle in the way, until Adrienne, touched by his gentle kindness, and seeing how heavily laden he was, stopped and looking up at him, said,

"Let me help thee, Claude?"

"Help me, child! Nay, thou art too good; this is but a light burden—oft have I borne a heavier; these shoulders are broad and strong, Adie; so fret not thyself, sweet one; thou hast enough to bear without my laying aught else upon thee. Thou wilt help me best by cheering smiles and loving words."

"Then thou shalt not want them, Claude." And Adrienne slipped her hand into his and supported by his strong arm, felt the way neither long nor weary.

But Claude soon halted, and announced his intention of camping for a rest, even though the sun was rising high in the heavens. After lighting a fire and cooking Adrienne's breakfast, which operation amused her, and provoked the ringing laugh Claude loved to hear, he then spread the furs in a sheltered nook, and said that she must go to sleep now, or she would not be able to continue her journey, so she retired with a little bow, and a "Bon nuit, Monsieur."

Claude, stationing himself at the outskirts of the grove, soon had the satisfaction of hearing Adrienne's soft and regular breathing, assuring him that "tired Nature's sweet restorer," had folded the weary girl in her soft arms.

CHAPTER XVII.

But we cannot follow these two, enduring so much for each other, in all their wanderings; now scaling the steep mountain side, now fording some fast-flowing stream, or making their way through the thick mazes of the forest. Often with weary limbs they toiled on, but never with failing hearts; their great love for each other seemed to bear them above discouragement; the body might be spent, but the heart of each was ever hopeful, trustful, even at times joyous. This undaunted spirit seemed but strengthened in Adrienne as new difficulties or dangers met them, and often now it was she who cheered on her companion's weary feet, and fed anew the hopeful spirit that never wholly forsook him.

To measure the travellers' way by miles and leagues might be to raise a doubt of its accuracy in my readers' minds. Incredible it would seem that one so frail and unaccustomed to fatigue as our fair heroine, could traverse the long, rough way on foot; but what difficulties hath not Love conquered? Is it not as strong as Death itself? Many waters cannot quench it, neither can the floods drown it!

Day after day the two toiled on. Often did Claude thank his patron saint that their flight was in the warm summer days, and not at a season when she whom he loved would have been exposed to cold winds and biting frosts.

Eleven suns had risen and set when the travellers reached the river Kennebec. Here their most toilsome journey ended, and Claude proposed a rest, while he constructed, from the bark everywhere abounding, a canoe, which might carry them to Boston, to which place he had been directed by one of his comrades, and from whence he hoped to sail with his bride for England, that refuge for the persecuted or unfortunate.

For several days, then, Adrienne enjoyed a respite from her fatigues, while she sat by Claude's side, watching his skilful fingers as they framed the light craft, and cheering him by her encouraging words and loving smiles. Soon all was completed, and one bright morning when the wood was melodious with the warbling of a thousand songsters, and the sun was just rising from his couch, robed in crimson and gold, Claude and Adrienne launched their tiny bark on the swift-flowing river, and were soon making quick progress down the stream.

Claude's heart was joyous as the song of the forest bird, for now Adrienne's toils were over, she at least might rest, and for him, what mattered it! what were a hundred miles to his strong arm and willing heart!

Quickly the light canoe sped over the bright waters, as Claude kept time to the strokes of his paddle in a French boating-song. Out on the fresh morning air rang the lively melody, and no less stirring words. Let it wake some sleeping enemy, if it will. What cared Claude! sing he must in the gladness of his heart.

Adrienne looked on and listened, smiling at her lover's flow of spirits, and the energetic movement of his paddle. Thus the voyagers proceeded, skimming the bright waters by day, by night resting in some retired bay, where the canoe might be hidden from sight; until one day the smoke from some scattered huts, proclaimed their approach to an Indian settlement, as they drew near they could see playing round the wigwam doors, the dark-skinned children, while their fathers stretched themselves in the sun, and smoked their long-stemmed pipes.

A strange fear fell on Claude, a sudden foreboding seized him! Whht if, after all, his so nearly won prize was to be snatched from his grasp! What if he and his Adie were to be taken prisoners by this unknown tribe, and he, perchance be doomed to witness the tortures of her he loved far more than his own life! Was it for this they had travelled so many weary miles—evaded the watchful Fathers to be hurried to an ignominious death by savages!

Easily elated, Claude was easily depress-

ed, and in one moment his spirits, before so buoyant, sank lower and lower until it was with difficulty he could hide his emotions from the already anxious Adrienne. But Claude was no coward, and after yielding for a moment to such fears, he banished them, yet still cautiously guiding his canoe, expecting at each turn to encounter a band of Indians. Suddenly an object on the shore attracted his attention; he draws nearer, gazed awhile, then pointing to the high banks he said to Adrienne,

"Look!"

Adrienne looked and saw, arrayed in his long cassock and broad-brimmed hat, his arms folded, his head on his breast, walking slowly to and fro in front of one of the tents, one of their own Jesuit Fathers.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mute with astonishment at the unexpected, and, in present circumstances, unwelcome appearance of one of the Jesuits, Adrienne looked wonderingly at Claude, who somewhat puzzled her by his answering remark, so foreign to the subject.

"Do I look like an Indian, Adie?"

"Thy dress is well enough, but thou art too fair," she returned carelessly; "but, Claude, how comes it that one of the Fathers is here?"

"Where wilt thou go and not find them, Adrienne? From the sunny South to the frozen North they are laboring to advance the Church. May the saints prosper them," he added, devoutly crossing himself. "But we are going to give the good father something better to do than teaching yon squalid dogs. What sayest thou, sweet one; when shall it be?" and Claude bent a look so ardent and pleading on Adrienne as any lover could bestow in this nineteenth century, when, sitting by his fair one in some luxuriant Canadian home, he implores her to end his suspense and become his. For a moment Adrienne looked at Claude, wondering what he could mean; then the full force of his words dawning upon her, she bent her head, while a rosy blush stole over her fair face, dyeing even the brow her small hands could not hide.

"Why, sweet one, thou art not afraid, nor vexed with me?" he added, as she gave him a reproachful glance.

"I will do as you wish," Adrienne said at length; but it was only by loving, grateful looks Claude could thank her—words failed him.

Soon the canoe reached the opposite shore, whither by vigorous strokes Claude had been guiding it.

"Now, little one," he said, as he helped Adrienne out, "we must make ourselves as much like yon savages as we can, so that the good father may not recognize us as countrymen of his own. Canst thou act the part of squaw, sweetheart?"

"I will try," was the only answer he could win from his fair companion, who suddenly relapsed into silence, and, though helping and submitting to assistance in their further disguise, was very coy, and puzzled her plain, bluff lover not a little; but he was not to be depressed by such trifles now, and busily he worked, dyeing his face and hands, and those of his silent companion, with the juice of the butternut.

When all had been done which seemed possible, they set off once more, Adrienne slyly remarking that she felt half afraid of her savage protector.

It was twilight when Claude and Adrienne climbed the steep banks on the summit of which was built the village of Norridgewock, and hand in hand made their way to the hut, which, from its slight superiority to the others, they supposed to be that of the priest. As they approached they heard the worthy man engaged at his devotions, and they would have hesitated to enter but that several Indians appearing warned them it would be safer to be under the protection of the father. Hesitatingly they entered; but it was some moments e'er the good man arose, and then addressing them in the Algonquin language, he reproached them for thus intruding on his privacy, reminding them at any previous hour they would have been welcome; but that, after sundown, no visitors were admitted.

Claude in the same tongue implored forgiveness, explaining that he was a stranger and knew not the father's rules; that he and his squaw, Yatoowami, had been per-

secuted among their own tribe because they professed the white man's faith, and would not marry as the Indians did, but had come a long way that the father might marry them. Then followed some questioning on the part of the priest, which, it must be confessed, did not prove very satisfactory to him, especially with regard to the baptism of the parties, which they both asserted had taken place, but where or by whom could not be understood. Then in their strange bridal dresses Claude and Adrienne were married—pronounced man and wife in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

Then the good father went with them to the river's brink, where lay their canoe, giving them his blessing as they moved off; while the moon, shining down clear and bright, seemed to scatter diamonds in the path of Claude de la Roche and his gentle bride.

Here we will bid adieu to our hero and heroine; and I will briefly tell my readers that safely they reached the Puritan city, and safely gained the shores of Old England, which proved a happy home to Claude and Adrienne de la Roche, and where for many long years they lived, blessed with loving and being loved.

THE END.

MIRAGES.

BY D. LOWREY.

" See yonder height of land,
Where o'er the yellow sand
The laughing waters ripple in the light;
See those green grassy slopes,
O joy! what glorious hopes
Rise in the bosom at the welcome sight!

" Struggling o'er deserts drear,
No cooling brooklet near
Where we may slake our thirst, or bathe our limbs.
With such a land of light,
Breaking upon the sight,
No wonder that each sense with rapture swims."

Thus, in their weary way,
The desert travellers say,
When the false mirage cheats the straining eye.
Hopeful they hurry on
Until the spot is won,
Then on the desert bare they faint and die.

Not they, not they alone
Have seen the fairy zone,
Where amber rays, thro' diamond rain-drops peering,
Have hung the mystic bow,
With seven-fold hues aglow,
That lures the seeker on, yet mocks his nearing.

Sad, sad to struggle on
Till many a year be gone!
Each day filled up with nervous, strong endeavor;
Sowing the seed 'mid fears,
Sowing 'mid blinding tears,
Yet reaping the long-looked-for harvest *never*.

The red fire o'er the plains
Leaps madly—what remains?
A blackened surface, where ripe harvests waved,
The lurid lightning falls
And smites the strong-built walls,
On which Hope's prophet eye beheld engraved

The record of our deeds.
Leaning on broken reeds,
We totter to a certain resting-place,
To find beyond the grave,
If Love have stooped to save,
Or our poor hearts have yearned to Love's embrace,

To find no mirage fleet,
No pleasure incomplete,
But fadeless crowns that dazzle deathless brows;
To find each wept-for one,
From us and earth withdrawn,
Who waits to lead us to our Father's House.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT TWO GERMAN CITIES.

BY E. H. A. F.

MANNHEIM (1859).

We hear so much of Mannheim in these days of the dreadful Franco-Prussian War, that it has occurred to me that a few notes I made about this town, during my residence of four and a half years in Prussia, may be interesting; and in showing the people of this country that there are places on the continent where living is almost as inexpensive as it is here, these remarks may also prove useful. I must, however, add that I left Prussia in 1861, and that my notes were made prior to that time.

Mannheim, in itself, is one of the cleanest towns in Germany, containing many wide and spacious towns, which are all built crossing each other at right angles. It has a very new and fresh appearance also, having been entirely rebuilt since the end of the last century, when, after a fearful bombardment, which destroyed the old town, the French surrendered it to the Austrians. It contains some 27,100 inhabitants, and is, in a commercial sense, a very flourishing town. The fine river Neckar runs through the city, and joins the Rhine not far from here.

The houses are handsome and commodious, being built, like those of most continental houses, in what are called "etages,"—meaning that each story of the dwelling comprises a separate house, containing six or eight rooms (according to the size of the building), with kitchen and offices on each floor; the back and front staircases being, of course, common to all the families, several of which thus live under one roof. The rent of these houses is considered high. A suite of rooms for a small family, of perhaps six or eight members, cannot be had under £40 or £50, and to this we must add £27 or £30 more for the hire of furniture (per annum); but, of course, people can get cheaper apartments by seeking for them. There is quite a colony of English people residing here for the sake of their children; for education may be had very cheap, and of the best quality. There is an excellent English grammar-school for boys, the master of which is a most excellent and efficient person; and day-scholars are, in addition to what is taught in the best English Academies, instructed in French and German for the moderate sum of £12 a year. The German schools are also exceedingly inexpensive; but the advantages are by no means so great. Here follows a list of items, which may be useful to families wishing to visit Europe generally, and Mannheim in particular. Private lessons may be had at the following rates:—

French, 16 lessons for 18s. 4d.; German, 16 lessons from 14 to 17 shillings; Italian 1s. 8d. per lesson; music, 16 lessons for 18s. 4d.; but for more advanced pupils one pays about 1s. 8d. per lesson of an hour—"a Stunde" in German.

There is a market three times a week—tolerably well supplied—at the following prices generally:—

Beef, 4d. per lb.; mutton, 3d.; veal, 3d. Very little fish, however, is to be had, and that is fresh-water fish, such as carp and trout.

Coals from 16d. to 18d. the hundred; but cord-wood is almost universally burnt in stoves of iron or porcelain, and it costs much the same as it does in Canada. Some persons, however, use open English grates, or "Prussian stoves," which burn coals and show a cheerful fire. The winters are generally severe, and the town gets much flooded by the melting of the snow when the spring first sets in; but I found the severest winter much less trying and more bracing than that of Old England; for

when once the frost sets in, which is seldom before Christmas, it then continues uniform, and about April—almost suddenly—we get warm weather. The summer's heat, however, is certainly very enervating, to avoid which people who can afford it, leave Mannheim,* and visit the various spas and baths of Germany and Austria, which abound in number and variety, suiting each and every complaint that flesh is heir to.

FRANKFORT (1870).

On arriving at Frankfort, call first on the English Consul, who will give you all the information about the locality you can desire, and will also introduce you to the best resident families—English and German. This town is recommendable for a good Protestant (English and French) church, a resident clergyman of the Church of England, under the authority of the Bishop of London, an experienced and clever English physician, a dry climate, cold in winter, but most enjoyable for skaters and those who like driving in sleighs, &c., (for there are grand skating *fêtês* here) and also healthy and exhilarating. The splendid River Maine runs through the town, and is generally frozen over, and the scene of a fair during the winter. The walks are very beautiful in summer, when a military band plays in the pretty gardens of the Zoological-Society every evening. There is a good circulating library, where books in every language, and on every subject, can be obtained. Easy intercourse with England and Paris. Letters, &c., to and from London take three days to do the distance. Linen and dress of all kinds cheap and good. One may embark from London and steam to Rotterdam, Calais, or Antwerp, ascend the Rhine to Mayence (Maintz), which is about twenty miles from Frankfort; or, as this is rather tedious, you may do it by rail in a much shorter time. Send, however, heavy baggage by water; it is cheaper. The "Hotel d'Angleterre," the "Romischer Kaiser," and the "Weisse Schwan" are amongst the best and cheapest; while the "Hotel Russie" is the dearest and most luxurious. If the *voyageur* means to reside any time in Frankfort, let him look out for houses with closed shutters, which implies "Apartments to let." An apartment, or "etage" may be obtained, containing six or eight rooms, unfurnished, for about £25 a year, (300 florins German money). But furniture can be had from the Jews, at any price you like to name. Should you mean to reside for a term of years here, the best plan is to purchase what you require in this way, at the half-yearly fairs; and time your journey so as to reach this town about Easter Monday, or about the 20th Sept., when these said fairs are held, lasting for a month each time, and at which everything can be obtained much cheaper and in greater variety than at the shops in the town. Indeed the stores (shops) are supplied chiefly from these self-same fairs, and private persons and families generally lay in a six months' supply from this same source. But to return to "house-hunting." In selecting a house, remember to give the preference to one containing porcelain stoves, as the heat given out by these is much less prejudicial to health than is that of iron stoves. Kitchen crockery and china of all sorts, pots and pans, brooms, earthenware for baking, &c., all to be bought at the fair, and indeed silks, muslins, calico, sheeting, and table linen can all be obtained by the piece cheaper at the booths of the fair than in the shops.

Flannels and blankets, however, had better be brought out from England. Every bed is supplied with a large wadded quilt (called a *Douvée*,) which is most light and comfortable; mattresses and pillows are all excellent and cheap. If you cannot get all you want at the fairs, you can get abundantly supplied from the town of Offenbach, about a league off. Carpeting is scarce and dear, however. Servants' wages vary from £3 to £5 a year; but the latter sum is considered high. German cookery is generally bad, and pies not eatable. But servants are quick and obliging, and easily learn what you like to teach them in this way. People seldom keep more than one maid, as extra help can be obtained cheaply by the hour, and all

* The word *Mannheim* means "man's home" in English.

Germans and their daughters are good and active housewives, and assist in the housework a good deal. In Frankfort, education is proverbially cheap: music at 18s. 6d. for 16 lessons; or, at 11 Gueldens (florins) a month. But it is the better plan to engage masters by the month, and not by the lesson. Languages are taught rather cheaper.

There is a most admirable day-school here, open to all classes. Education good in all its branches. The boys' walks are made subservient to the attainment of useful knowledge as well as amusement, such as botany, geology, entymology, &c., and this is a great advantage of course. There is also an excellent gymnasium here.

Society is very good, with much gaiety during the autumn and winter. The hours however, are early. The people generally walk to and from parties, if they do not keep their own carriage, and wear their bonnets and simple dresses at the places of amusement, never appearing in low-necked dresses, excepting at balls and large entertainments.—a pretty morning costume, and a gold chain and bracelets, being considered quite dress enough for dinner and rout parties. There are splendid concerts and a Philharmonic Society (called "St. Cecilien Verein"), and oratorios are performed in the churches in the best and highest style—tickets for all such amusements costing about 1s.6d. or 3s. Cabs and carriages hire very cheap; but all the cabs stand for hire in the principal streets and outside the gates of the city, and you must go there and hire them; they do not crawl about, "plying for fares" in the crowded streets, as in London. If you hire a carriage for an excursion in the neighborhood, you engage with the coachman for so much a day, and he finds himself and horses. It is the custom to reward him with a "Trink-geld," (or the price of a glass) if he behaves civilly to you, on your dismissing him. Cord-wood, which is brought to your door by the vender, and cut and sawn by him in your presence, costs about £1 to £1 10s. each stove, for the winter months. Charcoal is burnt in the kitchen, to avoid smoking the stove-flues so much. Each room contains a stove; when the wood in them is completely charred, turn a screw, which throws all the heat into the rooms. Best pianos are to be hired for very little money in Frankfort. Shops close at six in the evening. Servants plentiful, and good hard-working girls generally; ladies' maids are excellent hair-dressers, and work beautifully with their needle. Never omit wishing your servants "good-night" and "good-morning," and a "good appetite" when you see them at their meals. They are affectionate people and very primitive, and not particular about their diet. Servants always advertise in the local papers. Washing good and cheap, but mostly done at home. Best tea, 5s. per pound; but very good can be had at 2s. 6d. Sugar, 5d. Wax candles, 1s. 6d. Meat from 5d. to 3d. One pennyworth of bread is enough for each person per day; milk, eggs, butter and *wasser-brod* (a particularly nice kind of bread) very good and cheap. Vegetables excellent and plentiful. Grapes 2d. per pound. Greengages 40 for 1d. Chemists plentiful. Drugs good; poisons not sold without leave from a medical man. Bills of exchange may be had to the value of £20, but you change your English money when you land from the steamer for Prussian coins. Secure apartments beforehand at the hotels, by letter or telegram.

The winters are very cold, clear, bright and frosty; but very healthly and enjoyable. There is a good reading-room and Casino for gentlemen: a small museum, and the celebrated statue of "Ariadne and the Panther." The British Embassy, however, no longer exists in Frankfort now; and the Diet, of course, of late years has been done away with.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY REV. MR. HARVEY, ST. JOHNS, N.F.

LAND AND SETTLERS.

The common idea regarding the Island of Newfoundland is, that it is, as a whole, utterly and irreclaimably barren, and that were it not for the fish that swarm around its shores, and for the cure of which it supplies a desirable site, it would be uninhabited. In the imagination of the few who bestow a thought upon it, the very name is associated with fog and codfish in summer, and icy desolation in winter. Nothing, however, could be farther from the reality than such a picture. The most barren soil is on the south-eastern shore, and here, for fishing purposes, the bulk of the population is concentrated. But even here the soil is little, if at all, inferior to that of vast districts in Wales and the Highlands of Scotland, from which thousands draw a subsistence. Potatoes, turnips, oats, hay, and barley of the finest quality are produced, and, in some spots, even wheat can be ripened. The fish offal mixed with bog, of which there is an unlimited supply, and earth, furnishes a most fertilizing compost, though, when labor is taken into account, it is rather costly. The soil is shallow and rocky, resting on a hard slate rock; but, when duly cultivated, the produce is wonderful. The upland hay-fields, when enriched with a top-dressing of compost, yield from two to three tons of hay to the acre, which will bring an average price of $20 a ton. Magnificent crops of turnips are raised and sell for $1 per barrel in St. John's. Within a short distance of many settlements there are thousands of acres of unreclaimed land that can be purchased from Government at two shillings per acre. Poor settlers are allowed six dollars an acre for each acre they may clear until six are reclaimed, and then they are presented with a title to the whole free of expense. Around St. John's, currants, strawberries, gooseberries, and cherries grow luxuriantly in the garden. Apples do not thrive, the summer being too short to ripen them, or perhaps the soil being unsuitable.

THE SOIL OF THE NORTH-EAST COAST.

The north-east coast is indented by the great bays of Trinity, Bonavista, Notre Dame, and White Bay. These run up from forty to seventy miles into the land, and at their heads there are beautiful tracts of land, the soil deep and fertile, the timber large and of the finest quality. The soil here yields abundant returns to the husbandman, fogs are unknown, and the winters not nearly so cold as those of Canada. Here, as well as on the south-eastern shore, vast herds of cattle and flocks of sheep might be reared with facility, and dairy farms might be established. In fact the land is, in many places, far superior to that which attracts emigrants in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. As yet only a few agricultural settlements are to be found here.

THE WESTERN VALLEYS.

The western portion of the Island, however, is that which is destined one day to become the great agricultural region. At present it is almost unsettled; and yet, in three valleys that have been surveyed here, there are 446,080 acres of land more or less available for settlement. These are the Codroy, the St. George's Bay and Humber River valleys. For the most part these valleys are well-wooded, producing, in many instances, large pines, juniper or tamarack, fine yellow birch and other valuable timber. In the valley of the Humber a large area of country is abundantly provided with all the necessary materials for ship-building. The heat in summer seldom exceeds 70° or 75° Fahr., while the cold in winter is seldom very much below zero. Fogs never penetrate the interior; and are confined, for the most part, to the south-eastern shores. Cold easterly winds are never felt in these fine western plains. Water-power to drive machinery is everywhere obtainable. Thousands of square miles of country in Canada, on the northern shores of Lake Huron and elsewhere, have been laid out in townships

and partially settled that are far inferior, in most respects, to this region of Newfoundland. Limestone is readily obtainable, and marble and gypsum are in many places to be found abundantly. This, too, is a carboniferous region, and will one day be a great coal-exporting country. In a single seam of coal here, Mr. Murray, of the Geological Survey, calculated that there were 54,720,000 chaldrons of coal, much of it within workable depth. Add to this the fine fisheries of St. George's Bay and Bay of Islands. The herring-fishery in the latter is most valuable—the quality being equal to the best Labrador herring. These noble, unpeopled valleys are a thousand miles nearer Britain than Canada, and as yet they are entirely overlooked. They command the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and here a coaling station for steamers might be established. Here, too, on the shore of St. George's Bay, will be the terminus of the railroad destined one day to traverse Newfoundland, and, by connecting the western shores with St. John's, will furnish the shortest sea-route to Europe. It is calculated that swift steamers could make the passage from Valentia, in Ireland, to St. John's in four and a half days; the railroad across the island would be 250 miles in length; a steamer would run from St. George's Bay to Shippegan Harbor, Bay of Chaleur, in 12 or 15 hours, where a branch of the Intercolonial Railway would forward passengers and mails to all parts of the United States and Canada. By this route passengers and mails from London would reach New York in seven days, a short sea-passage would be secured, and all the dangers from fogs, ice and storms along the American coasts would be avoided. The dangers of crossing the Atlantic would be reduced to a minimum, and three or four days would be saved. With such a prospect before her, the sooner Newfoundland enters the Dominion the sooner will her noble capabilities be developed. Were such a railroad constructed, these fine valleys I have described would speedily be peopled, coal mines and marble quarries would be opened, and thousands of families would find a comfortable home in her now solitary plains or her unexplored interior. Of the three valleys I have named, that of Codroy presents the greatest facilities for settlement, being admirably adapted for farming, dairy purposes and cattle-raising. The savannahs of the unknown interior are a vast deer-park, where myriads of reindeer roam undisturbed by the presence of man. The valley of the Humber alone contains 256,000 square acres; the Codroy Valley 48,000 square acres, the whole consisting of a rich loam, capable of the highest degree of cultivation, and fit for the production of any description of crop. There are but sixty families settled here, chiefly from Cape Breton. Codroy is reached most readily from Sydney, Cape Breton, with which place there is a good deal of intercourse.

FAREWELL.

BY W. M., TORONTO.

When the first-born leaves his parents,
  O'er the boiling seas to roam,
How each heart is filled with sadness
  When he quits his native home!
How they breathe fond words at parting,
  And with love their bosoms swell,
And the tears are ever starting
  When they sigh farewell! farewell!

When the sailor leaves his darling,
  On the bounding waves to roll,
How the tears are ever rushing
  From the fountain of his soul!
How the breath of love is sighing
  All the angry waves to quell,
When the last sweet sound is dying
  Of the words farewell! farewell!

When the soldier leaves his mother,
  On the blood-stained field to die,
How their loving lips do quiver
  With the words good-bye! good-bye!
Then a prayer takes flight to heaven,
  And its depths no words can tell,—
O'er the winds of war are driven,
  Those last words—farewell! farewell!

When the dying Christian's leaving
  This dark world of sin and care,
How his darlings all around him,
  Mingle in the whispering prayer!
When his spirit flies to heaven,
  There eternally to dwell,
Midst the prayers that then are given,
  Float the words—farewell! farewell!

BOUND ON THE LINE—A RAILWAY NAVVY'S STORY.

BY G. F. BECK.

One morning, as I was waiting at the D—— Station for the Express, I got into conversation with some railway navvies, who were standing upon the platform waiting to be conveyed to a distant part of the line. One of them related to me the following story, which I give, though correcting his grammar and phraseology:—

"In the summer of 18—, I was working on the —— Railway. A man named Elliott worked upon the same gang. He was a good workman; but, unfortunately, was addicted to drink. At the time I speak of he had been indulging more freely than usual. It was one evening, as we were about to return from our work, that the fearful event happened which it makes me shudder to recall. The rest of the gang had gone on, and were disappearing round the curve. Elliott and I remained behind to pick up a few spikes and a bit of rope, which were lying where we had been working. It was then I noticed, for the first time, something strange in Elliott's manner and actions. He loitered, and would not come away from the spot. I perceived he was suffering under an attack of *delirium tremens.* I endeavored to prevail upon him to accompany me to the station, but without effect. I stayed for some time trying to induce him to go home, and, as I turned my back to him for an instant, he struck me a tremendous blow on the head with a stick which he had in his hand, and I knew no more. When I came to myself, I was lying upon my back. A cord, or rope, bound about my legs and arms, prevented me from moving hand or foot. I felt as if I was lying on a number of bits of timber, placed at a short distance from each other, and one of my hands was resting on a cold, hard substance, like a bar of iron. The terrible truth flashed upon me in an instant. The madman had bound me between the rails! I struggled with the energy of despair to free myself; but the rope defied all my efforts. I thought to sever it with my teeth; but was unable to reach it with my mouth. I tried to shriek; but for some moments I could not utter a sound. At last I shouted as I never did before. There was no response. I was more than a mile from the station, and there was but a single house near enough for it to be possible for the inmates to hear my cry for help. I saw a light in the window, and thought I could see some persons sitting by it; but the door remained closed. They had not heard me. I tried to pray, but could not collect my thoughts. A low, distant rumble now fell upon my ears. I rent the air with shriek after shriek; but still they heard me not. I felt that I was going mad. At last the door of the house opened, and a man came running towards me. He saw my awful position, and endeavored to unfasten the knot which held me; but in vain. He had no knife with which to sever it. The rumble was growing louder and louder every moment. He waited not a second, but rushed back to the house for a knife. Oh! the agony of those moments! The rumble had now increased into a roar. Oh! this was horrible! The agony of suspense was almost worse than death itself. Hope died within me as I saw the great red light of the locomotive issue from the woods ahead of me. The whistle sounded with a prolonged and unearthly scream, for the train was approaching the station, to reach which it must pass the spot I lay on. The man heard it—he was returning to my rescue. He was more than half way to me. Oh! if he would yet be in time! The engine was terribly close when he reached me. What a fearful moment it was when he severed the rope! At last, after a time which seemed ages to me, it was cut through, and he dragged me from the track as the fiery monster almost touched me. I fell back insensible as the train passed by me, shaking the ground with its tremendous weight. I was saved!

"Elliott's body was found some days afterwards in the river, into which he had thrown himself while laboring under the drunkard's madness."

THE BOOKS OF THE CHRONICLES OF THE THREE SISTERS.

BY ROBERT MAY.

INTRODUCTION.

To those who take an interest in such studies, the following abridged translation of a German tale, will probably prove interesting. Mr. Rand's Micmac legend* bears indisputable traces of European origin, and the identity of the two, in many instances almost verbal, prove that origin. The only question, then, remaining, is, How, and when, did the Micmacs come by it? Musæus, the German collector of folk-lore, only added it to his collection in 1786 and died in 1787, and as the Micmacs appear to have been in possession of it for several generations, it is not likely they can have received it from him. The only reasonable conjecture is, that they must have obtained it from some German or Dutch missionary, to whom it was known, and who had related it to the Indians, by way of amusing them or of attracting their attention, before it was rescued from oblivion in Europe by Musæus.

FIRST BOOK.

A very rich count squandered all his property. He lived royally, kept open house, gambled, had horses, hounds, numerous attendants, &c. By these means his treasures melted away. He pawned his towns, sold his plate and jewels, dismissed his servants, shot his dogs, and of all his wealth nothing remained but an old forest castle, a virtuous wife and three beautiful daughters. Here he was abandoned by all. The Countess and daughters undertook the kitchen; but, being somewhat ignorant of cookery, they could only boil potatoes. This frugal fare so displeased papa that he became very ill-tempered and swore roundly, and at length resolved to take his hunting-spear, and seek some game in the forest, wherewith to provide a more palatable meal.

* In New Dominion for July, 1870.

Report said that this forest was "not canny;" that many a traveller had been throttled by evil spirits, or torn to pieces by wild beasts. The Count, who neither believed nor feared any of this, struck boldly into the forest, but found nothing. Tired, he pulled out his store of potatoes, and sat down to dine. Raising his eyes, he saw a savage bear coming towards him. The poor Count was dreadfully frightened. He could not flee; he was not prepared for bear-hunting. He, however, seized his spear to defend himself as well as he could. The monster came on, and suddenly but plainly growled out:—

"Robber, are you plundering my honey-tree? You shall pay for it with your life."

"Alas!" said the Count, "eat me not, Mr. Bear. I do not wish for your honey—I am an honest knight; but if you are hungry, share my fare."

Here he offered the bear all his potatoes in his hat. The bear, however, despised the treat, and growled out:—

"Wretch, for this price you will not ransom your life. Promise me your eldest daughter, Wulfild, to wife instantly! if not, I will eat you!"

In his terror, the Count would have promised the enamoured bear all his daughters, and his wife into the bargain, for necessity knows no law. "She shall be yours," Mr. Bear, said the Count, who now began to recover himself, "but," he added cunningly, "on condition that you ransom your bride according to custom, and come for her yourself."

"Done," said the bear, "give me your hand," and gave him his own rough paw. "In seven days I will ransom my bride with a hundredweight of gold."

"Done," said the Count, and they parted; the bear to his den, and the Count to his castle, which he reached by starlight quite exhausted.

Of course, a bear that can act and speak as sensibly as a man, cannot be a natural bear. The Count perceived this, and thought to cheat his shaggy son-in-law by fortifying his castle. Because, even if an enchanted bear, and gifted with speech, he must be a bear, and have the qualities of a bear; he could not fly, or slip through the keyhole like a ghost. The next day the Count told his wife and daughter of the adventure in the forest. Miss Wulfild fainted when she heard that she was to be married to a bear; her mother wrung her hands, and the sisters shuddered with grief and horror. Papa went out and saw that the fastenings of his castle were all in order, and locked his daughter up in a little room in the watch-tower, where she tore her flaxen hair and cried her lovely blue eyes out.

Six days passed; the seventh day dawned, when there arose a tumult in the woods, as if the "wild hunt" were approaching Bolts, bars, and drawbridge yielded of themselves, a handsome young prince, magnificently dressed, stepped out of a splendid carriage, rushed up the winding staircase to the watch-tower, and in a moment brought down the trembling bride in his arms.

Aroused by the noise, the Count opened his bedroom window, and, as he saw the courtyard filled with knights, horses and carriages, and his daughter in the arms of a stranger, who lifted her into a bridal carriage and drove out at the gate, it went through his heart, and he cried aloud, "Fare thee well, daughter mine, go hence, thou bear-bride." Wulfild heard her father's voice, and waved her kerchief from the carriage in token of farewell.

The terrified parents looked at each other in mute astonishment. Mamma, who would not believe that the abduction was other than the work of the Evil One, seized a bundle of keys and rushed to the tower, but found neither her daughter nor anything belonging to her—nothing but a silver key, which she took possession of; then, looking through the lattice, she saw the whole cavalcade disappear in a cloud of dust at the entrance of the forest.

She put on mourning, strewed ashes on her head and wept for three days, her husband and daughters joining in her woe. On the fourth day, as the Count went out to get some fresh air, he found in the courtyard a handsome ebony box, well-closed and heavy. Guessing the contents, he got the key from the Countess, and found therein a hundredweight of gold, all in good doubloons. He immediately forgot all his sorrow, redeemed all his property and indulged in the same extravagance, as before, until the last doubloon was gone. Then he went into debt until the enraged creditors came and seized everything, leaving him only one old falcon. The countess and her daughters boiled potatoes again, and he wandered through the fields in vexation and weariness, accompanied by his feathered companion.

One day he flew his falcon, and it did not come back, and the Count followed it over the plain. It hovered over the dreaded wood, whither he dared not follow, and he gave it up for lost. Suddenly a mighty eagle rose and pursued the falcon, who no sooner perceived his enemy than he rushed to his master for shelter. The eagle darted down, stuck one of his talons into the Count's shoulder, and crushed the falcon with the other. The Count tried to defend himself; but the eagle broke his spear like a reed, and screamed these words, "Rash fellow, why do you disturb my airy domain? You shall pay for it with your life."

The Count quickly perceived what sort of adventure was before him. He took courage and said, "Patience, Mr. Eagle, patience! What have I done? My falcon is punished, and I give him up to satisfy your appetite."

"No," said the eagle; "to-day I long for man's flesh, and you seem fat."

"Pardon me, Mr. Eagle!" cried the Count. "Demand what you will of me I will give it you, only spare my life!"

"Well," said the bird, "I take you at your word. You have two beautiful daughters, and I want a wife." "Promise me your Adelheid, and you may go. I will redeem her with two ingots of gold, of one hundredweight each. In seven weeks I will fetch my love."

Hereupon he rose on high and disappeared.

Everything is allowable in case of need. When the father saw what a good trade he could drive with his daughters, he soon comforted himself for their loss.

He returned, and carefully kept the adventure to himself, partly to avoid the reproaches of his wife, and partly not to alarm his daughter before the time, and merely pretended to grieve for the loss of his falcon.

Miss Adelheid was the best spinner and weaver in the whole country round, and just then she was bleaching a matchless piece of linen on the lawn. Six weeks and six days were past; the beautiful spinster had no idea of her impending fate, although her father, as time wore on, gave her many a hint by relating strange dreams, and speaking of Wulfild; but the light-hearted Adelheid set them all down to her father's melancholy fancies.

On the appointed day, as she was spreading her linen in the morning dew, she saw a noble band of knights and squires approach. She had not completed her toilet, so she hid herself behind a wild rose-bush, and peeped out to see the cavalcade. The handsomest knight of them all came to the bush and whispered softly, "I see you; I have come for my love! Mount quickly behind me, you beauteous eagle-bride!"

Adelheid was beside herself at this language. The knight pleased her well; but the addition, thou eagle-bride, froze the blood in her veins, her senses left her, and, on awakening, she found herself in the arms of the gentle knight on her way to the forest.

Mamma was preparing breakfast, and, missing Adelheid, sent her youngest daughter to look for her. As she did not return, the mother, suspecting something amiss, went herself, but did not return either. Papa, seeing what had happened, sneaked out to the lawn, and joined his voice to those of his wife and daughter, well knowing it was all in vain. Near the rosebush he espied two gold eggs, each weighing one hundred pounds. Now he could not refrain from telling his adventure.

"Oh! shameful soul-seller!" exclaimed the Countess. "You a father! no, a murderer! You sacrifice your own flesh and blood to Moloch for filthy lucre!"

The Count, otherwise a man of few words, now defended himself stoutly with the danger in which his life was; but the inconsolable mother continued to assail him with the bitterest reproaches. He therefore chose the most infallible means of putting an end to a wordy war: he held his tongue, let the lady storm as long as she pleased, and rolled his eggs to a place of safety. For decency's sake he put on family mourning for three days; thinking all the while, how he should resume his former life.

In a short time the castle was again the abode of pleasure; balls, tournaments, and splendid feasts succeeded each other. Miss Bertha was the centre of attraction, and numberless noble suitors sought to gain the heart and hand of the beautiful heiress. But she picked and chose so long that the eggs, at which the Count filed away diligently, came down to the size of hazel-nuts. The finances fell into disorder, the tournaments ceased, knights and squires disappeared, the castle became a desert, and the exalted family returned to their frugal potato fare. The Count wandered gloomily about the fields wishing for a new adventure, but found none because he was shy of the enchanted forest. One day he followed a covey of partridges so far, that although he did not venture into the forest, he skirted it for some distance, and perceived a large fish-pond, which he had not seen before, and in which countless trout were sporting. This pleased him. He hastened home, netted a net, and was back again next morning. Fortunately, he found a little punt with one oar. He sculled about, threw his net, and, at one haul, got more fish than he could carry, and sculled joyfully towards shore. About a stone's throw from the shore, the punt remained fast, as if it had grounded. The Count strove to shove off, but in vain. The water fell away, the vessel seemed to hang on a rock and to rise above the surface. The inexperienced fisherman felt ill at ease. Although the boat remained firm, the shore seemed to increase its distance, the pond spread out to a sea, the waves rose and roared, till with horror he perceived that

an enormous fish carried the punt upon his back. Terrified, he awaited the result. Suddenly the fish dived, the punt floated again; but in a moment the monster appeared above water, with its terrific jaws wide open, and from the dreadful cavern were heard the words:—

"Bold fisherman, what are you about here? You are murdering my subjects; your life shall pay for the misdeed."

The Count was now so used to such adventures that he knew how to behave.

Finding that the fish might be spoken to, he said, "Mr. Behemoth, grant me, hospitably, a few fish, and I offer you my kitchen and cellar in return."

"We are not such friends as that," said the fish; "don't you know that by right of might, the stronger eats the weaker? You stole my subjects to eat them, and I shall eat you!"

Here the fish opened his jaws as if he were going to swallow both man and boat.

"Oh spare my life," cried the Count, "I am such a morsel!"

"Well," said the fish, "you have a beautiful daughter, promise I shall have her."

"She is at your service," said the Count; "I could not have a better son-in-law. But, wherewith will you ransom your bride?"

"I have neither gold nor silver," said the fish, "but at the bottom of the lake lies a vast treasure of pearls; you have only to ask."

"Well then," said the Count, "three buckets of choice pearls are not too much for a lovely bride."

"They are yours," said the fish, "and mine the bride; in seven months I will fetch my love." He then wagged his tail merrily and drove the punt to shore. The Count took his trout home, and all enjoyed them; but the poor young lady had no notion of the price of the feast.

Time passed on, and the Count had almost forgotten his adventure; but, as the seventh moon increased, the recollection revived, and in order to avoid the catastrophe, he took a turn into the country. On the day of the full moon, a splendid body of horsemen dashed in to the castle-yard; the astonished Countess did not know whether to open the gates or not. However, as a well-known knight was announced, she let him in. He had been a frequent guest in the time of their prosperity; had often flirted with the fair Bertha, but, like the rest, had vanished with their fortune.

The good Countess was ashamed of her poverty, for she had nothing to offer him. But he behaved kindly, and only asked for a drink of cold water, as of yore, for he never drank wine, for which he was dubbed the Water Knight. Pretty Bertha fetched it in a jug; he took it from her, put it to his mouth, where her rosy lips had touched it, and made her a charming obeisance. The Countess was, however, in sad trouble, because she had no refreshment to offer her guest; at last, she remembered a water-melon in the garden. Immediately she went out, plucked the melon, laid it daintily on an earthenware plate and adorned it with vine-leaves and flowers. When she returned from the garden, the castle-yard was empty; knights, squires, horses, carriages, and her daughter Bertha, all were gone.

But in the porch were three sacks of fine linen, which she had not seen at first, and which outwardly felt as if they were full of peas; in her grief she took no further notice of them. She wept aloud till her husband returned in the evening. She could not conceal the events of the day, and expected to be overwhelmed with reproaches for having let a young knight into the castle. The Count comforted her; asked for the sacks of peas and opened them in her presence. Great was her astonishment, when out rolled pearls as big as the largest garden-peas, perfectly round, bored, and of the purest water. She saw that the ravisher had paid every maternal tear with a pearl, and it was a great comfort to her that this son-in-law was no monster, but a stately knight, and the Count did not contradict her.

Now the parents had lost all their beautiful daughters, and possessed immeasureable wealth instead. The Count soon turned a part into gold. The castle was crowded with merchants and Jews. The Count redeemed all his property, but now lived quietly instead of returning to his former extravagance, now that he had no more daughters to get off his hands.

The noble pair lived in great comfort, but the Countess always grieved for her daughters, wore mourning and was never merry. For a long time she hoped to see Bertha, and expected her whenever a stranger was announced. At last the Count could no longer cheer her with vain hopes, and in the confidence of the bedroom, which brings so many a manly secret to light, he disclosed to her that her favorite son-in-law was a horrid fish.

"Alas!" sighed the Countess, "unhappy mother that I am! Did I bear children to become the prey of monsters? What is earthly fortune to a childless mother?"

"Dear wife," replied the Count, "done cannot be undone; it is not my fault that you are childless."

The Countess took these words to heart; she thought the Count was reproaching her with growing old, whilst he was still an active man. She grieved so much, that friend Death would have been a welcome guest, if he had called upon her.

FREDERICK WILLIAM.

BY N. S. DODGE.

In July, 1851, the Crown Prince of Prussia visited England. He was brother of the king. His son, then nineteen years old, accompanied him. The father, a stalwart man, standing six feet two inches, broad-shouldered, of ruddy complexion, stooping somewhat in presence, heavy in carriage, and of unmistakable German bearing, was next the throne of Prussia, the reigning king, Frederick William IV, having no children. The Prince was a man of refinement, scholarly as Hohenzollern princes are, of cultivated taste in the arts, and extravagantly fond of music. Of course, much was made of him. The *fêtes* of that famous year became more brilliant at Buckingham Palace during his stay. The Queen accompanied him to the Great Exhibition; danced with him at the grand ball; accepted him as her escort to the famous assembly at Guildhall; took him to the Ascot races; placed him next herself at the levee in St. James's; and dined, supped, toasted, and lionized him for a whole month in right royal way. People said she had an eye to the main chance. The boy was there. It was pretty certain that the crown of Prussia would come to him at last. He was a fine young fellow, bright, frolicsome, handsome, lifting the trotting sulkies (those great wonders in the American department) to show his strength, and pounding on the piano to exhibit his skill in music, full of fun, without airs, apparently unconscious of his birthright, and a general favorite with everybody he met.

At that time Queen Victoria, then married eleven years, had seven children. The oldest, Victoria, Princess Royal, was turning her eleventh year. She was a forward girl, not promising great beauty, but healthy, full of spirits, well-built like her mother about the neck and shoulders, spirited, not spoiled by indulgence, as none of the Queen's children were, well up in her studies, very independent, to the mortification of her father, whose notions about girls were old-fashioned, and quick-tempered. Like her royal mother, she was fond of horses, and had been taught to both ride and drive. Indeed she was more familiar with the stables than the drawing-room; had her favorite horses, among which was a pair of Pomeranian ponies, presented her by the young prince; attended personally to their grooming and feed; saw that harness and carriages were spotless; and was never so much herself as when, mounting her basket-phæton and receiving the whip and ribbons from her scarlet-liveried "tiger," she drew the reins over the diminutive steeds and guided them bounding through the avenues of Windsor Forest. She was a great favorite with the people. Her childish sayings became proverbs in English homes. Things she did mothers were never tired of telling. More than the Prince of Wales or her other brothers; more than her sisters; more even than her mother in her girlhood, was the Princess Royal a popular favorite.

Four years passed away, and Frederick William made a second visit to the Queen. Time had greatly improved him. When I saw him in Berlin, in '54, he was still extremely youthful in appearance. The sons of that family mature late. But now, in '56, there was a marvellous metamorphosis. The boy had become a man. With the exception of the inherited stoop in his shoulders—round-shouldered, in fact—he was as fine a fellow as could be seen among ten thousand. There were the large chest, muscular arms, brawny thighs, and straight legs of the race. The pale complexion had given place to a healthy brown. The moustache was grown. A heavy tread gave you the idea of manhood. There was no grace of manner. The German princes haven't it. Prince Albert had not, nor had any of that family, nor had our boy's uncle or father. But in its place were heartiness and sincerity. His mind, too, had improved. The universities had done good work with his brain. Like his father, he was both a composer and performer of music. And as for character, Berlin women,

who are no superficial or partial judges of young royalty, pronounced Frederick William to be as free from vice as his young and beautiful sister.

At this visit, too, Frederick William stood nearer the Prussian throne. He was not then, as he has been since '61, Crown Prince of Prussia; but old Frederick William, the king, his uncle, was dying of bad blood and brandy. The Crown Prince, his father, had been made regent; and he himself, therefore, stood virtually at one remove only from the throne. He was beloved by the people. His political opinions were supposed to be liberal. No heir apparent ever more devoutly discharged his duties. He was a good soldier. On horseback he had the kingly bearing of "Vader Fritz." I saw him hold 70,000 men in hand in '54, and do it well. Of course, with virtues and advantages like these, even "the Princess Royal of England might not be too good for him," the Berlin gossips said; and so this time he came a wooing in sober earnest.

Meantime our young Victoria had grown a woman. The Queen's daughters mature early. At fifteen they are older in all that constitutes completeness of person and ripeness of character than maidens of pure English blood at twenty. Our heroine was no exception to the rule. She was coming sixteen. It was the summer of '56. He was twenty-five. And yet neither in age, nor character, nor conversation, nor full maturity of body, nor self-possession did there appear to be disparity between them. Her figure was neither small nor large. She had the fair complexion, well-set head, rounded shoulders, and full bust of her mother. She had, too, unfortunately, the prominent light-blue eyes—expressionless, flush to the face, and fishy—that Thomas Carlyle describes in his "Frederick the Great" as belonging to George the First. But she had a face that lighted up in conversation, a low, soft voice,

> "That sweet thing in woman,"

beautiful hands and feet, a well-stored mind for her years, sharp, ready wit, a temper at times unsteady, but never sulky, and a carriage and bearing that would fit her right royally to be a queen. She had, besides, buoyancy of spirits, kindness of nature, unusual truthfulness of character, and affections that were firm without being clinging or demonstrative. If there be added to these not only thorough religious convictions, but sincere piety, the reader will be able to form a not incorrect opinion of the prospective Queen of Prussia.

The visit of the Prince was, of course, successful. Betrothals were made public in '56, and the marriage, famous for its wedding festivities, when the whole British people as a single family united in celebrating the nuptials of its eldest daughter, became a public festivity in '57. No such holiday has occurred in twenty years. It was a national rejoicing. The departure of the Princess Royal aroused the deepest feelings of genuine loyalty. London turned out its hosts of patriotic men and faithful women, to wave adieus to the favorite of the Royal household. And when the steamer "Victoria and Albert" bore toward Ostend the blushing bride and her happy husband, there was not a heart in England that did not say "God-speed."

The career of Frederick William from that day until now is matter of public history. The king, his uncle, for whom he was named, died in 1860. His father, William IV., succeeded to the throne. At the age of twenty-nine Frederick William became Crown Prince of Prussia. He has been since then the idol of his people. The king—belonging to the old *régime*, conservative by nature, despotic from education, holding fast under pressure of circumstances to long traditions, and wearing his crown, as he himself emphatically pronounced at his coronation, "by no will of the people, but by the grace of God"—has nevertheless given him his confidence. The prince has been equal to every occasion. He bore long before, during the Crimean War, the jeers of England with cool equanimity. No excesses of opinion damaged his reputation during the Schleswig-Holstein embroilment. In the war against Austria he showed himself an able general. The subsequent consolidation of the German provincialities has had no wiser advocate. Bismarck, in his wide-reaching statesmanship, has no better counsellor or firmer friend. The Diet acknowledges his consistency. Young Germany founds its hopes upon his succession to the throne. He has avoided extremes. To no party alliances is he pledged. Cabals, either for the people or the crown, he has avoided. With the Prussian nation, in its rapid strides toward German unity, he is thoroughly identified. And in the present war—the king, his father, tottering on the verge of six and seventy years— he, in the vigor of early middle age, has been in the great contest with France at once the representative of the crown and the exponent of the enthusiasm of the people. For good or for evil, Frederick William, should he live, is, beyond doubt, to be the "Fritz" of Germany during the last half of the nineteenth century.

During the early married life of Frederick William, scandal was busy about his home relations. He was accused of unkindness to his wife, of an irascible temper, of outrageous conduct, of indecency, cruelty, and infidelity. For these reports there is no foundation. They never had

footing in Berlin. Invented for political purposes in England, and answering their end for a day, they have long since ceased to be credited. No better husband lives. The Prussian throne is separated by no wide gap from the people. The king is father of his people; his children part of the nation's family. Social life rises above political. The ethics of the commonality are applied to the crown. It is a family rather than a dynasty, that reigns. And hence, of late years, as a rule, the young princes of every royal family in all Germany have been men of good morals, unexceptionable conduct, and great promise. Frederick William does not fall below them. She who to-day stands on the footstep of the throne of united Germany found in the man she wedded thirteen years ago a faithful, kind, and judicious husband, as he has since proved a wise and loving father to the children she has borne him.

QUACK CHEMISTS.

BY F. W. CLARK.

A few years ago, I read one of Miss Braddon's novels. It produced no very deep impression upon my mind, however; and to-day I can proudly boast that I have forgotten it, plot and all, with the exception of one incident, which I remember because of the scientific wrath it awakened in me. One of the characters in the story is found dead, with a half-emptied wine-glass by his side. Poison is suspected, and the contents of the glass are carried to a certain "distinguished chemist" for analysis; whereupon the aforesaid "distinguished chemist" reports the presence of a very deadly poison, made from the venom of the rattlesnake, which, though much used in India, is but little known to Europeans.

Now, in this statement there are three absurdities. First, the rattlesnake is not known in India; second, its venom is not a stomach poison; and third, such venom is not detectable by any analytical process. In fact, *pure* snake-venom might be carried to any living chemist with but little probability of his recognizing its poisonous character. Yet the chemist in the story is represented not only as having detected the poison after it had been mixed with wine, but also as having ascertained the species of snake yielding it.

I have selected this incident from a popular sensational novel as a fair illustration of the fantastic ideas held by people in general concerning the powers of chemical analysis,—ideas which are held by many persons of high education, and which have rendered possible the most contemptible quackery in the science of chemistry. Miss Braddon can hardly be blamed for her mistake concerning analysis, when nearly all our apothecaries (miscalled chemists), and many of our physicians would fall into the same error.

The truth is, that chemical analysis, in the present state of the science, is exceedingly limited in its application. Certain definite classes of substances can be detected, and their amounts determined under all circumstances; others can be recognized under favorable conditions; while a far larger number, though recognizable when pure, if mixed with other compounds are absolutely undiscoverable by any chemical means. To the latter class belongs a majority of the substances employed in the manufacture of ordinary empiric medicines; and yet there are many professed chemists, of high repute outside of their own profession, who pretend to analyze the nostrums offered for sale by quacks, and who do not hesitate to allow their certificates (always favorable) to be published.

I do not wish, by what I have just said, to throw discredit upon legitimate analytical methods. None but quacks dare claim superhuman powers in scientific attainments; and it is for the highest interests of all true students and observers to expose such intruders upon their domains. Hence it becomes necessary for me, in order to expose the false without creating distrust in the true, to give a brief outline of the principles of analysis.

The ordinary schemes or tables of reference used by analysts, include simply the various metals and their oxides, with a limited number of acids, comprising of course the various compounds formed by the union of these with one another. All the metals, with one or two very rare and practically insignificant exceptions, can be recognized without special difficulty in all cases. The acids, however, are more difficult, since, out of more than a thousand which are known, only about thirty are specially provided for. Some of these, even, cannot be detected if occurring in complex mixtures, although the majority of common acids rarely baffle the chemist. But, besides these metals and acids, there are thousands of compounds known, for which no tests have been discovered. Each of these in the pure state may be recognized by its physical properties, or by ultimate analysis, which is the resolving of it into its component elements; but, if several such substances be mixed together, detection of any one is in the present state of chemistry an impossibility. And most of our remedial agents, especially those of organic origin, consist of just such substances, mixed in varying proportions in the most complex manner.

If you carry a fair sample of any commercial herb or drug to a competent,

experienced druggist, in most cases he will be able to tell you what it is; but if you mix four or five such substances in powder, syrup, or tincture, identification becomes in most cases impossible. Ultimate analysis is useless, since all vegetable substances consist of the same elements combined in different proportions. Opium and thoroughwort, tobacco, coffee, and wormwood, all contain oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon.

To be sure, you may recognize morphine, quinine, strychnine, or any other of some twenty or thirty definite principles by certain specific tests; but these are exceptional cases. Some remedies, again, possess a strong characteristic taste or odor whereby they may be recognized; although a skilful quack will so mix his ingredients as to obscure or modify such taste or odor. A few drops of oil of cloves will overcome almost anything. But suppose you mingle five or six purely bitter remedies of similar odor, what could you learn of the mixture by tongue or nostril? No chemical means of distinguishing the various ingredients in such a mixture is known; and yet no quack chemist will for a moment hesitate to certify that it is free from deleterious substances, or to recommend it as beneficial. For these swindlers not only do not hesitate at chemical falsehoods, but give medical advice also, if paid sufficiently, according to the wishes of their clients.

In many cases, these certificates are given without even an attempt at analysis having been made. For example, a friend of the writer was one day in the office of a noted quack chemist in one of the New England States, when a stranger entered with a new nostrum to be analyzed. The chemist, scarcely glancing at the substance, asked its proprietor what it contained, and received a list of ingredients in reply. Then, depending solely upon the word of the stranger (quacks are proverbially truthful), a *certificate of analysis* was made out, paid for, and the fellow went on his way rejoicing. The guilty chemist in this case has attained to some celebrity, and by the outer world is regarded as a high authority. This sort of thing happens every day; and many of the certificates printed upon the labels of proprietary medicines are of this character, and not worth the paper upon which they were first written.

These certificates, however, vary in form, the absolute lie being probably rare. A favorite style among those quack chemists who fondly imagine themselves possessed of consciences, runs somewhat as follows: "This is to certify that I have *examined* Mr. Smith's, Brown's, Jones's, or Robinson's (as the case may be) elixir, panacea, spirit, oil, or balm of a thousand humbugs (as the case may be), and find in it nothing of a deleterious character." The whole is wound up with a glowing panegyric (the degree of enthusiasm being measured by the amount of the fee received) upon the wonderful properties and virtues of the nostrum in question. Now, the analytical part of this is literally true in most cases. The substance is examined,—the chemist looks at it, smells it, and, if he is very courageous, tastes it; and nothing injurious, in fact nothing whatever, is found. But the certificate is intended to convey the idea of analysis, and therefore is to all intents and purposes a lie. In fact, it is worse than a lie; for to the crime of deception is added the disgrace of cowardice and hypocrisy. The truth is used as a mask for the falsehood.

Many certificates, however, are given, which merely state that the nostrum examined is free from lead, mercury, silver, iron, or other metallic ingredients. These substances being easily detected, there is nothing necessarily false in such a certificate; and the value of the latter then depends wholly upon the character of the chemist giving it. It is to be hoped that they are usually true. But, notwithstanding these exceptional cases, the great majority of quacks' chemical certificates are absolutely worthless.

It is hard to over-estimate the harm done by this scientific swindling. Many of the most widely advertised "remedies" are pernicious, not to say poisonous; and oftentimes serious illness, sometimes death, results from their use.

Undoubtedly the chemical certificates aid in the sale of these mixtures, or the manufacturers would not find it worth while to expend money on them. Hundreds of cautious, thinking people, who would otherwise hesitate before risking a trial of a quack medicine, are convinced by the chemist's signature of the harmlessness of a preparation, and are thereby induced to experiment (no other word is so appropriate) upon their real or fancied disorders. That much harm is thus done, there can be no doubt; but how much it is impossible to determine. When, however, we bear in mind that immense fortunes are accumulated by the makers of quack medicines, it becomes plain that the injury done must be often very great. The physician who is guilty of mal-practice in his profession harms a single patient, while the unscrupulous chemist by each offence may injure thousands. It seems plain, therefore, that there should be some law upon our statute-books to punish quacks in chemistry, at least as severely as mal-practitioners in medicine. That such a law would be difficult of enforcement, no one can deny; but it would at least have the good effect of making those who are now constant violators of professional honesty more cau-

tious in their movements. It would be, perhaps, well to suppress by law, as far as possible, all quackery in medicine upon the same grounds that we suppress other species of swindling. It matters not that a few nostrums may be in themselves harmless; they rarely do good, and many persons, by using them in case of sickness, are induced to dispense with proper medical treatment until it is too late, and death has become inevitable.

At present, thoroughly educated, reliable chemists are loath to undertake "job-work" of any kind, preferring rather to obtain permanent situations as professors, superintendents of chemical works, or managers of assay-offices. They dare not give false certificates, or such as would be available to the vendors of patent medicines; nor will they even run the risk of being confounded professionally with their disreputable (half) brethren.

But it is not only in the analysis of unanalyzable nostrums that chemical quackery is evident; the same lack of conscience is manifest in other kinds of work. The mining-company whose mines are deficient in metal wish a better certificate than truth will allow, and straightway the quack chemist finds for them as much of the precious material as they desire in their ores. The most worthless minerals are found to be rich in everything, and a hundred per cent. of gold from pure quartz is quoted on the prospectus of the mine. But here it must be borne in mind that the most honorable chemist, if slightly careless, is liable to be imposed upon by unscrupulous miners; the latter providing for analysis rich specimens from mines other than their own.

But perhaps the most glaring examples of scientific criminality may be found in the recommendation given by some chemists for dangerous and explosive naphthas and petroleums. Here is a case in point. A dealer carried a sample of a patent oil or burning-fluid to a well-known Massachusetts chemist, desiring a good recommendation, whereby he might secure better sales. The fluid was so inflammable that its vapor would ignite from a lamp placed ten feet from the bottle; and yet the chemist recommended it as an excellent article, much less explosive than other similar products which he had examined.

Possibly the latter part of the assertion may have been true; but the bare recommendation of so dangerous an article was criminal. It would be, perhaps, well for each State to establish a laboratory under the charge of some thorough chemist, provide the latter with good assistants, and authorize him to exert a censorship over the importation, manufacture, or sale of wines, liquors, and kerosenes. If none of these articles were permitted to be sold except under such authority, quack chemists would be suppressed by lack of employment. Moreover, the fees for work done in such a State laboratory would more than pay the expenses of establishing and supporting it.

But, though laws are good things to punish crimes, education is better to prevent them. So in chemistry more general education is needed. There is not a public school in Boston where chemistry forms part of the regular course of study, if we except the Girls' Normal School, in which a little superficial instruction in the science is given. In the English High School, it is included in the extra, optional, fourth year, but only to a very limited extent, and is rarely taken. Yet chemistry is certainly of equal importance with physics or astronomy; and, since it is involved in most arts and manufactures, would be of more value to people in general than physical geography, or "Paley's Evidences." To be sure, it is taught in many schools throughout the State, but almost invariably by incompetent teachers, from obsolete text-books, in a slipshod, "parrot" way, often without experiments. The science is being taught more and more in our colleges and universities, and is beginning to be recognized more fully in the various medical schools. With the greater spread of knowledge will come less abuse of ignorance.

In conclusion, now that I have shown some things that analysis cannot do, it is due to my readers that I should say something of its real capabilities. In the first place, every compound or mixture is susceptible of ultimate analysis. That is, every substance can be resolved into its elements, these identified, and their amounts determined. But rational analysis, which recognizes the characters of definite compounds, is more important, and, as I have said, is limited. Now, by rational analysis, all bodies not of organic origin, such as minerals and ores, chemical preparations, &c., can be analyzed with almost unerring certainty. All ordinary poisons, such as arsenic, corrosive sublimate, strychnine, morphine, or prussic acid, can be detected with so much certainty and perfection of method, that their use for criminal purposes is almost as dangerous to the poisoner as to his victim. Adulterations in wines, liquors, and articles of food, are usually discoverable without great difficulty, although in many cases it may not be possible to decide as to the exact nature of an impurity. Such an adulteration as that of sand in sugar, or starch in cream of tartar, however, may be detected by common sense, unaided by any knowledge of chemistry.

But the results obtained with that marvellous instrument, the spectroscope, add

proof after proof to the adage, that "truth is stranger than fiction." Though common herbs may baffle the analyst, the latter can reach out to the stars, the comets, and the dimmest nebulæ, and wrench from them the secrets of their composition.

Three sciences here unite,—chemistry, physics, and astronomy; and already, in the very infancy of spectroscopic science, problems have been solved which a dozen years ago would have been declared insoluble. What have we not to hope from the spectroscope if its first few years have been so marvellously productive of great results? It has already opened vast fields of speculation, even hinting that our present elements may be compounds. It adds confirmation to the nebular hypothesis, giving vast clews to the history of the universe, and tells us how the early phases of our own solar system are being reproduced in far-off nebulæ. It proves that the most distant planets and fixed stars contain the same elements as our own earth; its facts in this respect trenching as closely upon absolute certainty as the human intellect will allow. Moreover, in ordinary analysis, the former labor of days is performed in a moment with the spectroscope; the only objection to the instrument being its marvellously excessive delicacy.

"MODE DE PARIS."

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM WELLS.

The foolish French, in their insane wrath at every body and every thing that bears a German stamp, have killed the goose that laid the golden egg. They have driven from Paris, and other cities of France, tens of thousands of the most skillful artisans of the world, and just those men and women whose handy fingers have long given to it half its attractions for strangers, and a great portion of its profitable trade with the world. Nearly all the artistic creations of cunning hands were theirs, and without German skill the famous "*articles de Paris*" would scarcely exist.

Go where you would in Paris, through the whole category of the wants of human folly in the line of "Mode de Paris," from the costly bonnet of the lady to the delicately-fitting boot of the gentleman, and a large proportion of those engaged in their production were Germans. Indeed, if you meet a fashionable French boot-maker in any large city in the world, scratch him, and just below the skin, ten chances to one, you will find a Teuton. Men of this race possess a rare patience of elaboration that gives them a signal advantage in the production of delicate and difficult creations, and to this is joined a remarkably inventive skill, and a taste sensitive to the demands of the hour.

These cunning artisans fled for their lives before the fury of the mob, leaving their household gods behind them, and indeed nearly everything they possessed, many of them escaping simply with the clothes on their backs, and, through great privation and hardship, at last found their native soil, to which many of them had become as strange as if they had never breathed its air. But they were welcomed by their countrymen, and means were immediately adopted to give them employment. This was especially the case in Berlin, to which most of them made their way, and the main industrial association of that capital is now actively engaged in placing all kinds of workmen, from designers, engravers, and lithographers in art, through the whole category of handicrafts, till they reach the famous bootmaker of Paris.

The intelligent and wealthy public are assisting this movement by breaking away from the slavish allegiance to the detestable extravagances of French fashion, and resolving hereafter to dress and live more in accordance with the demands of common sense and modesty; while many of the most intelligent ladies of Germany are now seriously addressing their sisters on the matter of indecent extravagance in form and expense of dress, and exhorting them to adopt a style more in conformity with German simplicity and intelligence.

But a still more fatal movement for the "Mode de Paris" is being made by the industrial capitalists of Berlin; they assert that the French nation shall lose its supremacy in their sphere, as it has lost its military prestige and glory. They intend to keep these skillful workmen in Germany, and hereafter to let them rival their French compeers in Paris. Few of them indeed have any desire to return and subject themselves to the prejudice and contumely that they would long meet, and the contingency of being again driven from all their possessions.

Berlin has long produced many of the objects that are sold in the markets of the world as Parisian, because foolish people will have everything with the French stamp. Dealers are now beginning to find this out, and are going directly to the German headquarters for their supplies that they formerly drew from Paris alone. The strangers look round in surprise at the immense manufactories and workshops, and daily exclaim, "You have received these patterns or these goods from Paris!" "On the contrary," replies the smiling merchant, "they are made in our establishments, and we shall be pleased to show you all the processes and make you acquainted with our most skillful workmen." The

foreign buyer declares that Berlin has hitherto been a workshop for Paris, and utters the resolve to obtain his supplies hereafter from their original source. This he can do and have exactly the same wares, minus the Parisian label of "Mode de Paris," and also minus the expense of transport to Paris, the duty, and the Frenchman's profit.

These lessons to dealers are very dangerous ones for the French, for when the former once commence business connections with Berlin and find themselves as well served at a much less figure, they will continue to go where the natural laws of trade attract them. Some branches of manufacture are very successful in Berlin, for which England or France obtain all the credit. Turkish long shawls, cashmeres, and velvet shawls are among these. Buyers now declare that they prefer them to those of Paris and Lyons. The result is that the demand for Berlin goods is on the increase, and while Paris is now suffering hunger and misery, its rival has work and bread for its operatives. The French first drove skillful workmen back to Berlin, and then forced their own business correspondents to go there; and the Berliners now mean to keep them both.

The exiled workmen have also formed an association whose purpose is to transfer to Berlin all the specialities of Parisian industry, and thus keep for themselves the glory and the profit that formerly went to their persecutors. A well-known manufacturer of the luxurious furniture of Paris declares that he can make just as beautiful articles in his new home as in his old, and intends to do so by the aid of his former workmen. Another declares in public assembly that all they need is the support of their own community to prevent altogether the import of French manufactures; while still another calls the attention of the public to the fact that the supremacy of Paris in this line has been largely owing to the circumstance that in Paris are found industrial schools of art and design where learners may receive gratuitous instruction in their proposed calling, and recommends the formation of such institutions.

The industrial importance of Berlin is far greater than most people have hitherto suspected; whole quarters are given up to the manufacture of the most beautiful tissues that grace the markets of the world. Street after street shows no other signs than those of manufacturers of shawls, cloths, and woollen goods; and the ladies of the civilized world are aware that if they desire pretty and tasteful designs, or articles in worsted work, they never think of any other than those that have their origin in Berlin. The establishments where these are made are marvels of size and perfection. Great waggons, loaded like hay-ricks with wool of the most brilliant dyes, are continually unloading supplies at their doors, and from five to six hundred women are employed in some of them in giving it that attractive form which has made it the admiration of the world. Thus the "*Mode de Berlin*" now threatens to conquer that ancient tyrant, the "*Mode de Paris*."—*Christian Advocate.*

CUPID ASTRAY.

A STORY OF ST. VALENTINE.

Bob had no idea that the doctor was behind him as he poked the valentine under the front door. Had he not been too flustered to look round, he would have seen him, and had not the doctor been deep in a medical reverie about Jane Todd's collar-bone, he must have spied the dapper figure as it darted away. But as it was, he fumbled for his key a minute, and then rang the bell, and while doing so, spying something white under the door, he picked it up and tore it open. Tore it open! that letter! with all its lavishment of border and blue seal! that letter over which Bob had sat up till two a.m. rounding his periods and curling the tails of his P's and Q's. Was it for *this* that he bestowed so many slaps on his forehead? O Fate!

Bridget, that faithful servitor, answered the bell, charged with a message which she was bent on delivering with the least possible delay.

"If you please, sir, Morton-Jones's-wife's-sister's a been here, and little Johnny's a-fell through the loft and took up for dead, and they'd like you to come this minute, and two Irishwomen called and a baby, and there's a little boy with a fayver it is in Long Lane, and Miss Usher's sent this note."

"Long Lane must wait," muttered the doctor, as he threw his instrument-case and the letter on the table, and took the note Bridget held out. "Morton Jones, hey? He's that man on the Flats, isn't he?"

"Yis, sir."

"I'll go at once. Hum!" (skimming the dainty notelet in his hand). "'Dear Doctor: So nervous and depressed—my old foe neuralgia upon me again—come as soon as you have leisure, please, and meantime send that prescription which did me such good last year.' Prescription! Yes, of course, she longs to be dosing herself—all females do. 'Yours sincerely, Madeline Usher.' That comes of being alone and fanciful. If she had one earthly thing to do, she'd be a well woman. I'll see she gets nothing to hurt her," and tearing a scrap from his pocketbook, he pencilled some cabalistic signs.

"Here, Bridget. Fetch a sheet of paper, will you?—or, stay, this will answer," and seizing Bob's valentine, the unconscious doctor wrote upon its back as follows:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I send something which I think will suit you better than the prescription you ask for. It isn't *exactly* medicine, but will do you more good than if it were, and be a great deal better for you at this season of the year. Be sure to take a brisk walk after it. You know I always told you more than half your bad feelings come from loneliness and want of occupation. I wish I could make you feel this half as strongly as I do. I'll drop in this evening if possible. Yours faithfully,

"L. RAYMOND."

"Poor girl," he muttered; "she puts me out of patience sometimes, but she's a good creature. Bridget, see that this goes to Miss Usher as soon as Willy comes from school. I'm in a great hurry," and he huddled the papers into an envelope, and was off with a bang of the door, leaving the note in Bridget's custody. The prescription lay upon the floor, where it had fallen unperceived.

Miss Usher, sitting in her parlor by her bright fire, pale, dejected, wrapped in a shawl, was not a little amazed when, two hours later, the missive was put into her hands. Dr. Raymond had written her notes before, half professional, half friendly, but this was something unexampled. Silver doves, a smirking cupid, with one pink wing and one blue one, roses, eglantines and what not round the edges, these flowery lines enclosed:—

"Oh! say not it is wrong to love,
To love, to worship thee:
The sea yearns for the stars above,
The stars look on the sea.
The hot moon woos the scented gale,
The parchèd flower the dew—
Their love, their longing does not fail,
And why should mine for you?

"Like bird all spent with wandering
All weary must I roam,
Until I furl my restless wing
In the dear nest of Home.
But what were home without thy face,
O fairest love of mine?
Then deign that humble home to grace,
And bless your Valentine."

It was really not so bad—considering that but eighteen short summers had passed over Bob's head, and that for some time back his "restless wing" had been "furled" in the large dry-goods shop round the corner, which he hoped some day to adorn as a partner. Whether the doctor would have admired it as addressed to Kitty—"that baby," as he called her—is questionable. But Miss Usher quite glowed as she read. It was so poetical, "so sweet." The little confusion of pronouns in the first verse escaped her notice altogether. She read and re-read, and then turned to the more prosaic second page.

"Not *exactly* medicine"—O that funny man! Much better "suited to this season of the year!" Oh! very much? Dear, dear! What *could* it mean? But there was no doubt about *that*—it could mean only one thing! "Lonely!" Yes, indeed. Dear, delicate little Miss Usher had often felt so, but there seemed no help for it. There was nobody in particular she wished to have live with her, and no one to marry suited to her taste. Dr. Raymond, to be sure—he was so superior—so good; but then she had never thought he would marry again—he was so devoted to his first wife. And thinking how fond she had once been of that wife, and how fond she still was of that little Kitty and Will, and what a lonely life it was, after all, for a man to try to keep house for himself, Miss Usher felt her cheeks flushing, and a glow and stir coming into her heart, which quite made her forget how ill she had fancied herself just before.

That same becoming flush lit her cheeks as she made her toilet for the evening after the "brisk walk" recommended, which had sent her home with an appetite for her simple dinner. What with the little cap of muslin and blue ribbons on her head, and the dainty apron, and the bit of work in her figers, and bright fire, and all, she was a pleasant picture, the doctor thought, when he came in an hour later; and, what is more, he said so.

"Well! This looks cheerful. Women certainly have a knack of making rooms cosy which men never get. Now, I found out at once that it was growing cold as I sat in my office, and I don't think you have felt it at all in this snug little bower of yours. And how are you to-night?"

The doctor was shaking hands all the time he said this. He had that warm, cordial way with him which is so valuable to a physician; but somehow to-night it seemed more marked than usual. Miss Usher withdrew her fingers with a little twitter.

"Take this chair, doctor; it is a comfortable one."

The doctor sank, nothing loth, into the soft depths.

"Well, did you take the prescription?"

"The walk? Oh! yes, and feel much better for it, thank you."

"That's right. I knew you would. And how did you like the other?"

"The other?" with deepening color—"oh! I liked it very well—that is—very much."

"I'm glad to hear it. It was a simple thing, but I thought it would suit you. I scribbled a line to go along with it because

I wanted to ensure your getting out to-day, and now I want a little plain talk with you on the same point. Let me ask, to begin with, don't you think you have lived alone long enough?"

"Perhaps so," replied Miss Usher with maidenly hesitation—"but——"

"You see," interrupting, "if we could make an arrangement by which you could have some young person with you—a bright, lively girl, of Kitty's age, for instance—who would be an interest and companion, and not too much of a charge, it would be the very thing. It's sitting here forlorn and solitary, and having nobody to keep you company or urge you to go out, which is playing the mischief with your nerves and making you fancy yourself an invalid. You are no more sick than I am. You only need rousing. Now, don't you think so yourself? Couldn't you bring your mind to like it?"

Miss Usher fluttered, looked up, turned scarlet, and looked down again.

"It's easy to find the person you want," went on the unconscious doctor. "*I'll* see to that. Only say the word."

"I have been so used to living alone," faltered Miss Usher, "that I'm half afraid to try the experiment. But if I had *you* to help me, doctor——"

"Of course you'll have me," said the hearty physician; "that's my business, you know."

"Business!"

"Oh! well— pleasure, too, of course; but it is business after all. What's a great, strong man fit for if he cannot look after little delicate souls like you; to say nothing of my being your doctor, and you my poor Mary's school-friend? 'Tis an agreement, then? In that case, I'll look about me at once, and begin to make arrangements."

"But," interposed Miss Usher, timidly, "are you sure as to Kitty's and Willy's feelings, doctor?"

"Kitty and Willy!"

"Yes. Because, you know, even if you meant every word of that sweet little letter this morning, it would have to depend a great deal upon that. I *couldn't* do any thing to grieve their dear little hearts."

"My letter! What was my letter?" mused the puzzled doctor. "Do. you happen to have it about you? I want to see if I made any mistake in the quantities."

With deeper blushes, Miss Usher drew it from her pocket. "Here it is," she said. "I think a great deal of it, I assure you."

Doctors, by dint of long practice, acquire great command over the facial muscles. Our doctor was master of his. He surveyed the flowery page with outward composure; but within his soul was rent with a convulsion of wonderment and mirth which was terrible.

"How in the world did I come by that nonsensical farrago?" he asked himself; "and how ever am I to explain to this poor little soul?"

And suddenly it popped into his head, "Why not?" What with the blue ribbons, the flushed cheeks, the pleasant little room, his full knowledge of her sweet temper and lady-like ways, the idea was not unattractive.

"Not a bad thing for any of us," he muttered half aloud.

"What did you say?" inquired Miss Usher.

"I say," responded the doctor, with great presence of mind, "that you have heard enough—*quite* enough of this agitating topic for to-night. You won't sleep a wink if I let you go on. Go to bed at once, please, and to-morrow I'll come again and discuss it thoroughly." And after a gallant leave-taking, he stole out on the professional tiptoe, saying to himself· "I'll sleep over it, at all events."

I need go no farther. When a widower asks himself, "Why not?" and decides to "sleep over it," the case is settled beyond peradventure.

I don't think Miss Usher, now Mrs. Raymond, knows to this day exactly how it was; though the doctor cleared himself some time later of the responsibility of the verses. And I shall never believe to my dying moment that the idea would ever have entered his head had it not been for the accident to Bob's little venture. Poor Bob! That Cupid, with parti-colored wings, failed in his duty as far as he was concerned; but then he turned around and wove a spell for two other people; and perhaps that is as much as one can expect of a Cupid!

A YEAR IN A VENETIAN PALACE.

The last of four years which it was the fortune of this writer to live in the city of Venice was passed under the roof of one of her most beautiful and memorable palaces, namely, the Palazzo Giustiniani.

The Giustiniani were a family of patricians very famous during the times of a Republic that gave so many splendid names to history, and the race was preserved to the honor and service of Saint Mark by one of the most romantic facts of his annals. During a war with the Greek Emperor in the twelfth century every known Giustiniani was slain, and the heroic strain seemed lost forever. But the state that mourned them bethought itself of a half-forgotten monk of their house, who was wasting his life in the Convent of San Nicolò; he was drawn forth from this seclusion, and, the permission of Rome being won, he was married to the daughter of the reigning doge. From them descended the Giustiniani of aftertimes, who still exist; in-

deed, in the year 1865 there came one day a gentleman of the family, and tried to buy from our landlord that part of the palace which we so humbly and insufficiently inhabited. It is said that as the unfrocked friar and his wife declined in life they separated, and, as if in doubt of what had been done for the state through them, retired each into a convent, Giustiniani going back to San Nicolò, and dying at last to the murmur of the Adriatic waves along the Lido's sands.

Next after this Giustiniani, I like best to think of that latest hero of the family, who had the sad fortune to live when the ancient Republic fell at a threat from Napoleon, and who alone of her nobles had the courage to meet with a manly spirit the insolent menaces of the conqueror. The Giustiniani governed Treviso for the Senate; he refused, when Napoleon ordered him from his presence, to quit Treviso without the command of the Senate; he flung back the taunts of bad faith cast upon the Venetians; and when Napoleon changed his tone from that of disdain to one of compliment, and promised that in the general disaster he was preparing for Venice, Giustiniani should be spared, the latter generously replied that he had been a friend of the French only because the Senate was so; as to the immunity offered, all was lost to him in the loss of his country, and he should blush for his wealth if it remained intact amidst the ruin of his countrymen.

The family grew in riches and renown from age to age, and, some four centuries after the marriage of the monk, they reared the three beautiful Gothic palaces, in the noblest site on the Grand Canal, whence on one hand you can look down to the Rialto Bridge, and on the other, far up towards the church of the Salute, and the Basin of Saint Mark. The architects were those Buoni, father and son, who did some of the most beautiful work on the Ducal Palace, and who wrought in an equal inspiration upon these homes of the Giustiniani, building the delicate Gothic arches of the windows, with their slender columns and their graceful balconies, and crowning all with the airy battlements.

Our own palace—as we absurdly grew to call it—was owned and inhabited in a manner characteristic of modern Venice, the proprietorship being about equally divided between our own landlord and a very well known Venetian painter, son of a painter still more famous. He owned part of the storey under us, and both of the storeys above us; he had the advantage of the garden over our landlord; but he had not so grand a gondola-gate as we, and in some other respects I incline to think that our part of the edifice was the finer. It is certain that no mention is made of any such beautiful hall in the property of the painter as is noted in that of our landlord, by the historian of a "Hundred Palaces of Venice." This hall occupied half the space of the whole floor; but it was altogether surrounded by rooms of various shapes and sizes, except upon one side of its length, where it gave through Gothic windows of vari-colored glass, upon a small court below,—a green-mouldy little court, further dampened by a cistern, which had the usual curb of a single carven block of marble. The roof of this stately *sala* was traversed by a long series of painted rafters, which in the halls of nearly all Venetian palaces are left exposed, and painted or carved and gilded. A suite of stately rooms closed the hall from the Grand Canal, and one of these formed our parlor; on the side opposite the Gothic windows was a vast aristocratic kitchen, which, with its rows of shining coppers; its great chimney-place well advanced toward the middle of the floor, and its tall gloomy windows, still affects my imagination as one of the most patrician rooms which I ever saw; at the back of the hall were those chambers of ours overlooking the garden, and another kitchen, less noble than the first, but still sufficiently grandiose to make most New World kitchens seem very meekly minute and unimpressive. Between the two kitchens was another court, with another cistern, from which the painter's family draw water with a bucket on a long rope, which, when let down from the fourth storey, appeared to be dropped from the clouds, and descended with a noise little less alarming than thunder.

The reader will doubtless have imagined, from what I have been saying, that the Palazzo Giustiniani had not all that machinery which we know in our houses here as modern improvements. It had nothing of the kind, and life there was, as in most houses in Italy, a kind of permanent camping out. When I remember the small amount of carpeting, of furniture, and of upholstery we enjoyed, it appears to me pathetic; and yet, I am not sure that it was not the wisest way to live. I know that we had compensation in things not purchasable here for money. If the furniture of the principal bedroom was somewhat scanty, its dimensions were unstinted: the ceiling was fifteen feet high, and was divided into rich and heavy panels, adorned each with a mighty rosette of carved and gilded wood, two feet across. The parlor had not its original decorations in our time, but it had once had so noble a carved ceiling that it was found worth while to take it down and sell it into England; and it still had two grand Venetian mirrors, a vast and very good painting of a miracle of Saint Anthony and imitation-antique tables and armchairs. The last were frolicked all over

with carven nymphs and cupids; but they were of such frail construction that they were not meant to be sat in, much less to be removed from the wall against which they stood; and more than one of our American visitors was dismayed at having these proud articles of furniture go to pieces upon his attempt to use them like mere arm-chairs of ordinary life. Scarcely less impressive and useless than these was a monumental plaster-stove, surmounted by a bust of Æsculapius; when this was broken by accident, we cheaply restored the loss with a bust of Homer (the dealer in the next campo being out of Æsculapiuses) which no one could have told from the bust it replaced; and this and the other artistic glories of the room made us quite forget all possible blemishes and defects. And will the reader mention any house with modern improvements in America which has also windows with pointed arches of marble opening upon balconies that overhang the Grand Canal?

For our apartments, which consisted of six rooms, furnished with every article necessary for Venetian housekeeping, we paid one dollar a day, which, in the innocence of our hearts, we thought rather dear, though we were somewhat consoled by reflecting that this extravagant outlay secured us the finest position on the Grand Canal. Breakfast was prepared in the house, for in that blessed climate all you care for in the morning is a cup of coffee, with a little bread and butter, a muskmelon, and some clusters of white grapes, more or less. Then we had our dinners sent in warm from a cook's who had learned his noble art in France; he furnished a dinner of five courses for three persons at a cost of about eighty cents; and they were dinners so happily conceived and so justly executed, that I cannot accuse myself of an excess of sentiment when I confess that I sigh for them to this day. Then as for our immaterial tea, we always took that at the Caffè Florian in the Piazza of Saint Mark, where we drank a cup of black coffee and ate an ice, while all the world promenaded by, and the Austrian bands made heavenly music.

Those bands no longer play in Venice, and I believe that they are not the only charm which she has lost in exchanging Austrian servitude for Italian freedom; though I should be sorry to think that freedom was not worth all other charms. The poor Venetians used to be very rigorous about the music of their oppressors, and would not come into the Piazza until it had ceased and the Austrian promenaders had disappeared, when they sat down at Florian's and listened to such bands of strolling singers and minstrels as chose to give them a concord of sweet sounds, without foreign admixture. We, in our neutrality, were wont to sit out both entertainments, and then go home well toward midnight, through the sleepy little streets, and over the bridges that spanned the narrow canals, dreaming in the shadows of the palaces.

We moved with half-conscious steps till we came to the silver expanse of the Grand Canal, where, at the ferry, darkled a little brood of black gondolas, into one of which we got, and were rowed noiselessly to the other side, where we took our way toward the land-gate of our palace through the narrow streets of the parish of San Barnabà, and the campo before the ugly façade of the church; or else we were rowed directly to the water-gate, where we got out on the steps worn by the feet of the Giustiniani of old, and wandered upward through the darkness of the stairway, which gave them a far different welcome of servants and lights when they returned from an evening's pleasure in the Piazza. It seemed scarcely just; but then, those Giustiniani were dead, and we were alive, and that was one advantage; and, besides, the loneliness and desolation of the palace had a peculiar charm, and were at any rate cheaper than its former splendor could have been. I am afraid that people who live abroad in the palaces of extinct nobles do not keep this important fact sufficiently in mind; and as the Palazzo Giustiniani is still let in furnished lodgings, and it is quite possible that some of my readers may be going to spend next summer in it, I venture to remind them that if they have to draw somewhat upon their fancy for patrician accommodations there, it will cost them far less in money than it did the original proprietors who contributed to our selfish pleasure by the very thought of their romantic absence and picturesque decay. In fact, the Past is everywhere like the cake of proverb: you cannot enjoy it and have it.

And here I am reminded of another pleasure of modern dwellers in Venetian palaces, which could hardly have been indulged by the patricians of old, and which is hardly imaginable by people of this day, whose front doors open upon dry land: I mean to say the privilege of sea-bathing from one's own threshold. When the tide comes in fresh and strong from the sea the water in the Grand Canal is pure and refreshing; and at these times it is a singular pleasure to leap from one's door-step into the swift current, and spend a half-hour, very informally, among one's neighbors there. If I woke at three or four o'clock, and offered myself the novel spectacle of the Canal at that hour, I saw the heavy-laden barges go by to the Rialto, with now and then also a good-sized coasting schooner making lazily for the lagoons, with its ruddy fire already kindled for

cooking the morning's meal, and looking very enviably cosy. After our own breakfast we began to watch for the gondolas of the tourists of different nations, whom we came to distinguish at a glance. Then the boats of the various artisans went by, the carpenter's, the mason's, the plasterer's, with those that sold fuel, and vegetables, and fruit, and fish, to any household that arrested them. From noon till three or four o'clock the Canal was comparatively deserted; but before twilight it was thronged again by people riding out in their open gondolas to take the air after the day's fervor. After nightfall they ceased, till only at long intervals a solitary lamp, stealing over the dark surface, gave token of the movement of some gondola bent upon an errand that could not fail to seem mysterious or fail to be matter of fact. We never wearied of this oft-repeated variety, nor of our balcony in any way; and when the moon shone in through the lovely arched window and sketched its exquisite outline on the floor, we were as happy as moonshine could make us.

Were we otherwise content? As concerns Venice, it is very hard to say, and I do not know that I shall ever be able to say with certainty. For all the entertainment it afforded us, it was a very lonely life, and we felt the sadness of the city in many fine and not instantly recognizable ways. Englishmen who lived there bade us beware of spending the whole year in Venice, which they declared apt to result in a morbid depression of the spirits. I believe they attributed this to the air of the place, but I think it was more than half owing to her mood, to her old, ghostly, aimless life. She was, indeed, a phantom of the past, haunting our modern world,—serene, inexpressibly beautiful, yet inscrutably, unspeakably sad. History, if you will live where it was created, is a far subtler influence than you suspect; and I would not say how much Venetian history, amidst the monuments of her glory and the witnesses of her fall, had to do in secret and tacit ways with the prevailing sentiment of existence, which I now distinctly recognize to have been a melancholy one. No doubt this sentiment was deepened by every freshly added association with memorable places; and each fact, each great name and career, each strange tradition as it rose out of the past for us and shed its pale lustre upon the present, touched us with a pathos which we could neither trace nor analyze.

I do not know how much the modern Venetians had to do with this impression, but something I have no question. They were then under Austrian rule; and in spite of much that was puerile and theatrical in it, there was something very affecting in their attitude of what may best be described as passive defiance. This alone made them heroic, but it also made them tedious. They rarely talked of anything but politics; and as I have elsewhere said, they were very jealous to have every one declare himself of their opinion. Hemmed in by this jealousy on one side, and by a heavy and rebellious sense of the wrongful presence of the Austrian troops and the Austrian spies on the other, we forever felt dimly constrained by something, we could not say precisely what, and we only knew what, when we went sometimes on a journey into free Italy, and threw off the irksome caution we had maintained both as to patriotic and alien tyrants. This political misery circumscribed our acquaintance very much, and reduced the circle of our friendship to three or four families, who were content to know our sympathies without exacting constant expression of them. So we learned to depend mainly upon passing Americans for our society; we hailed with rapture the arrival of a gondola distinguished by the easy hats of our countrymen and the pretty faces and pretty dresses of our countrywomen. It was in the days of our war; and talking together over its events, we felt a brotherhood with every other American.

The palace-servants were two, the gondolier and a sort of housekeeper,—a handsome, swarthy woman, with beautiful white teeth and liquid black eyes. She was the mother of a pretty little boy, who was going to bring himself up for a priest, and whose chief amusement was saying mimic masses to an imaginary congregation. She was perfectly statuesque and obliging, and we had no right, as lovers of the beautiful or as lodgers, to complain of her, whatever her faults might have been. As to the gondolier, who was a very important personage in our palatial household, he was a handsome, bashful, well-mannered fellow, with a good-natured blue eye and a neatly waxed moustache. He had been ten years a soldier in the Austrian army, and was, from his own account and from all I saw of him, one of the least courageous men in the world; but then no part of the Austrian system tends to make men brave, and I could easily imagine that before it had done with one it might give him good reasons enough to be timid all the rest of his life. Piero had not very much to do, and he spent the greater part of his leisure in a sort of lazy flirtation with the women about the kitchen-fire, or in the gondola, in which he sometimes gave them the air. We always liked him; I should have trusted him in any sort of way, except one that involved danger. It once happened that burglars attempted to enter our rooms, and Piero declared to us that he knew the men; but before the police, he swore that he knew nothing about them. Afterwards he returned private-

ly to his first assertion, and accounted for his conduct by saying that if he had borne witness against the burglars, he was afraid that their friends would jump on his back (*saltarmi addosso*), as he phrased it, in the dark; for by this sort of terrorism the poor and the wicked have long been bound together in Italy.

More interesting to us than all the rest was our own servant, Bettina, who came to us from a village on the mainland. She was very dark, so dark and so Southern in appearance as almost to verge upon the negro type; yet she bore the English-sounding name of Scarbro, and how she ever came by it remains a puzzle to this day, for she was one of the most pure and entire of Italians. I mean this was her maiden name; she was married to a trumpeter in the Austrian service, whose Bohemian name she was unable to pronounce, and consequently never gave us. She was a woman of very few ideas indeed, but perfectly honest and goodhearted. She was pious, in her peasant fashion, and in her walks about the city did not fail to bless the baby before every picture of the Madonna. She provided it with an engraved portrait of that Holy Nail which was venerated in the neighboring church of San Pantaleon; and she apparently aimed to supply it with playthings of a religious and saving character. To Bettina's mind, mankind broadly divided themselves into two races, Italians and Germans, to which latter she held that we Americans in some sort belonged. She believed that America lay a little to the south of Vienna, and in her heart I think she was persuaded that the real national complexion was black, and that the innumerable white Americans she saw at our house were merely a multitude of exceptions. But with all her ignorance, she had no superstitions of a gloomy kind: the only ghost she seemed ever to have heard of was the spectre of an American ship captain which a friend of Piero's had seen at the Lido. She was perfectly kind and obedient, and was deeply attached in an inarticulate way to the baby, which was indeed the pet of the whole palace. This young lady ruled arbitrarily over them all, and was forever being kissed and adored. When Bettina, and Giulia, and all the idle women of the neighborhood assembled on a Saturday afternoon in the narrow alley behind the palace, (where they dressed one another's thick black hair in fine braids soaked in milk, and built it up to last the whole of the next week,) the baby was the cynosure of all hearts and eyes. But her supremacy was yet more distinguished when late at night the household gave itself a feast of snails stewed in oil and garlic in the vast kitchen. There her anxious parents have found her seated in the middle of the table with the bowl of snails before her, and armed with a great spoon, while her vassals sat round, and grinned their fondness and delight in her small tyrannies; and the immense room, dimly lit, with the mystical implements of cookery glimmering from the wall, showed like some witch's cavern, where a particularly small sorceress was presiding over the concoction of an evil potion or the weaving of a powerful spell.

We enjoyed our whole year in Palazzo Giustiniani, though some of the days were too long and some too short, as everywhere. From heat we hardly suffered at all, so perfectly did the vast and lofty rooms answer to the purpose of their builders in this respect. A current of sea air drew through to the painter's garden by day; and by night there was scarcely a mosquito of the myriads that infested some parts of Venice. In winter it was not so well. Then we shuffled about in wadded gowns and boots lined with sheepskin,—the woolly side in, as in the song. The passage of the *sala* was something to be dreaded, and we shivered as fleetly through it as we could, and were all the colder for the deceitful warmth of the colors which the sun cast upon the stone floor from the window opening on the court.

I do not remember any one event of our life more exciting than that attempted burglary of which I have spoken. In a city where the police gave their best attention to political offenders, there were naturally a great many rogues, and the Venetian rogues, if not distinguished for the more heroic crimes, were very skillful in what I may call the *genre* branch of robbing rooms through open windows, and committing all kinds of safe domestic depredations. It was judged best to acquaint Justice (as they call law in Latin countries) with the attempt upon our property, and I found her officers housed in a small room of the Doge's Palace, clerkly men in velvet skull-caps, driving loath quills over the rough official paper of those regions. After an exchange of diplomatic courtesies, the commissary took my statement of the affair down in writing, pertinent to which were my father's name, place, and business, with a full and satisfactory personal history of myself down to the period of the attempted burglary. This, I said, occurred one morning about daylight, when I saw the head of the burglar peering above the window-sill, and the hand of the burglar extended to prey upon my wardrobe.

"Excuse me, Signor Console," interrupted the commissary, "how could you see him?"

"Why, there was nothing in the world to prevent me. The window was open."

"The window was open!" gasped the commissary. "Do you mean that you sleep with your windows open?"

"Most certainly!"

"Pardon!" said the commissary, suspiciously. "Do *all* Americans sleep with their windows open?"

"I may venture to say that they all do, in summer," I answered; "at least, it's the general custom."

Such a thing as this indulgence in fresh air seemed altogether foreign to the commissary's experience; and but for my official dignity, I am sure that I should have been effectually brow-beaten by him. As it was, he threw himself back in his arm-chair and stared at me fixedly for some moments. Then he recovered himself with another "Perdoni!" and, turning to his clerk, said, "Write down that, *according to the American custom*, they were sleeping with their windows open." But I know that the commissary, for all his politeness, considered this habit a relic of the times when we Americans all abode in wigwams; and I suppose it paralyzed his energies in the effort to bring the burglars to justice, for I have never heard anything of them from that day to this.

I must needs try to fix here the remembrance of two or three palaces, of which our fancy took the fondest hold, and to which it yet most fondly clings. It cannot locate them all, and least of all can it place that vast old palace, somewhere near Cannaregio, which faced upon a campo, with lofty windows blinded by rough boards, and empty from top to bottom. It was of the later Renaissance in style, and we imagined it built in the Republic's declining years by some ruinous noble, whose extravagance forbade his posterity to live in it, for it had that peculiarly forlorn air which belongs to a thing decayed without being worn out. We entered its coolness and dampness, and wandered up the wide marble staircase, past the vacant niches of departed statuary, and came on the third floor to a grand portal which was closed against us by a barrier of lumber. But this could not hinder us from looking within, and we were aware that we stood upon the threshold of our ruinous noble's great banqueting-hall, where he used to give his magnificent *feste da ballo*. Lustrissimo was long gone with all his guests; but there in the roof were the amazing frescoes of Tiepolo's school, which had smiled down on them, as now they smiled on us; great piles of architecture, airy tops of palaces, swimming in summer sky, and wantoned over by a joyous populace of divinities of the lovelier sex that had nothing but their loveliness to clothe them and keep them afloat; the whole grandiose and superb beyond the effect of words, and luminous with delicious color. How it all rioted there with its inextinguishable beauty in the solitude and silence, from day to day, from year to year, while men died and systems passed, and nothing remained unchanged but the instincts of youth and love that inspired it! It was music and wine and wit; it was so warm and glowing that it made the sunlight cold; and it seemed ever after a secret of gladness and beauty that the sad old palace was keeping in its heart against the time to which Venice looks forward when her splendor and opulence shall be indestructibly renewed.

There is a ball-room in the Palazzo Pisani, which some of my readers may have passed through on their way to the studio of the charming old Prussian painter, Nerly; the frescoes of this are dim and faded and dusty, and impress you with a sense of irreparable decay, but the noble proportions and the princely air of the place are inalienable while the palace stands. Here might have danced that Contarini who, when his wife's neck-lace of pearls fell upon the floor in the way of her partner, the king of Denmark, advanced and ground it into powder with his foot that the king might not be troubled to avoid treading on it; and here, doubtless, many a gorgeous masquerade had been in the long Venetian carnival; and what passion and intrigue and jealousy, who knows? Now the palace was let in apartments, and was otherwise a barrack, and in the great court, steadfast as any of the marble statues, stood the Austrian sentinel. One of the statues was a figure veiled from head to foot, at the base of which it was hard not to imagine lovers, masked and hooded, and forever hurriedly whispering their secrets in the shadow cast in perpetual moonlight.

Yet another ball-room in yet another palace opens to memory, but this is all bright and fresh with recent decoration. In the blue vaulted roof shine stars of gold; the walls are gay with dainty frescoes; a gallery encircles the whole, and from this drops a light stairway, slim-railed, and guarded at the foot by torch-bearing statues of swarthy Eastern girls; through the glass doors at the other side glimmers the green and red of a garden. It was a place to be young in, to dance in, dream in, make love in; but it was no more a surprise than the whole palace to which it belonged, and which there in that tattered and poverty-stricken old Venice was a vision of untarnished splendor and prosperous fortune. It was richly furnished throughout all its vast extent, adorned with every caprice and delight of art, and appointed with every modern comfort. The foot was hushed by costly carpets, the eye was flattered by a thousand beauties and prettinesses. In the grates the fires were laid and ready to be lighted; the candles stood upon the mantles; the toilet-linen was arranged for instant use,

in the luxurious chambers; but from basement to roof the palace was a solitude; no guest came there, no one dwelt there save the custodian; the eccentric lady of whose possessions it formed a part, abode in a little house behind the palace, and on her doorplate had written her *vanitas vanitatum* in the sarcastic inscription "John Humdrum, Esquire."

I cannot sell you, I could not give you, the imagination and the power of Tintoretto as we felt it, nor the serene beauty, the gracious luxury of Titian, nor the opulence, the worldly magnificence of Paolo Veronese. There hang their mighty works forever, high above the reach of any palaverer; they smile their stately welcome from the altars and palace-walls upon whoever approaches them in the sincerity and love of beauty that produced them; and thither you must go if you would know them. Like fragments of dreams, like the fleeting

"Images of glimmering dawn,"

I am from time to time aware, amid the work-day world, of some happiness from them, some face or form, some drift of a princely robe or ethereal drapery, some august shape of painted architecture, some unnamable delight of color; but to describe them more strictly and explicitly, how should I undertake?

There was the exhaustion following every form of intense pleasure, in their contemplation, such a wear of vision and thought, that I could not call the life we led in looking at them an idle one, even if it had no result in after times; so I will not say that it was to severer occupation our minds turned more and more in our growing desire to return home.

Never had the city seemed so dreamlike and unreal as in this light of farewell, —this tearful glimmer which our love and regret cast upon it. As in a maze, we haunted once more and for the last time the scenes we had known so long, and spent our final, phantasmal evening in the Piazza; looked through the moonlight our mute adieu to islands and lagoons, to church and tower; and then returned to our own palace, and stood long upon the balconies that overhung the Grand Canal.

The next morning the whole palace household bestirred itself to accompany us to the station: the landlord in his best hat and coat, our noble friend in phenomenal linen, Giulia and her little boy, Bettina shedding bitter tears over the baby, and Piero, sad but firm, bending over the oar and driving us swiftly forward. The first turn of the Canal shut the Palazzo Giustiniani from our lingering gaze, a few more curves and windings brought us to the station. The tickets were bought, the baggage was registered; the little oddly assorted company drew itself up in a line, and received with tears our husky adieux. I feared there might be a remote purpose in the hearts of the landlord and his retainer to embrace and kiss me, after the Italian manner, but if there was, by a final inspiration they spared me the ordeal. Piero turned away to his gondola; the two other men moved aside; Bettina gave one long, hungering, devouring hug to the baby; and as we hurried into the waiting-room, we saw her, as upon a stage, standing without the barrier, supported and sobbing in the arms of Giulia.

It was well to be gone, but I cannot say we were glad to be going.—*W. D. Howells, in Atlantic Monthly.*

DROLL RUSSIAN PROVERBS.

Every fox praises his own tail.

Go after two wolves, and you will not even catch one.

A good beginning is half the work.

Trust in God, but do not stumble yourself.

With God, even across the sea; without Him, not even to the threshold.

Money is not God, but it shows great mercy.

The deeper you hide anything the sooner you find it.

If God don't forsake us, the pigs will not take us.

A debt is adorned by payment.

Roguery is the last of trades.

Never take a crooked path while you can see a straight one.

Fear not the threats of the great, but rather the tears of the poor.

Ask a pig to dinner and he will put his feet on the table.

Disease comes in by hundredweights and goes out by ounces.

Every little frog is great in his own bog.

An old friend is worth two new ones.

Be praised not for your ancestors, but for your virtues.

When fish are rare, even a crab is a fish.

A father's blessing cannot be drowned in water nor consumed by fire.

Young Folks.

THE FAIRIES' WORK.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL.

"Mamma," said little Jenny A——, as she drew her stool close to her mother's feet, "did you ever tell a fairy tale?"

"I don't know I'm sure, Jenny," was the smiling reply; "I may have done so—why do you ask?"

"Oh, because it is such a dark, drizzling night, I thought it would be a nice time for another story, and was going to ask to have a fairy tale for a change."

"I think mamma's true stories are much nicer than any fairy tale could be;" remarked Herbert, the elder brother, as he closed his Latin book, and threw himself full length upon the rug in front of the fire.

"Herbert," said his eldest sister "what a capital fender-stool you would make; we needn't go to the expense of one, if you will do duty."

"Yes, indeed, and get roasted myself;" good-naturedly laughed the boy, as he drew aside a bit, "but I suppose that is a polite way of telling me I monopolize too much of the fire; but one who is at school all day enjoys home so much in the evening that he is apt to forget other people sometimes, so don't be too hard upon a fellow, Katey—draw in, there is plenty of room for all, and, mother dear, give us a story—fairy tale or not, anything for a winter's evening."

"Well, Herbert," said his mother, "I think the little ones ought to be considered sometimes; so suppose we indulge Jenny and give her a fairy tale. So now listen:—

"One cold, dark, rainy, dreary night—dreary enough to send all the household fairies to bed very early—two fairies who never go to bed were walking about the earth. Now one of these fairies is always very busy at night—she shuts up the flowers and drops a bright tear upon them—she waves her wand and a soft mist creeps over the fields and plants, and cools and refreshes them, after the hot sun has been beaming upon them all day—she catches up all the bad gases from the air, and hides them away in her growing things so that they won't harm anybody; but I could not stop to tell you all the hard work this old fairy does at night—so noiseless and quiet as she is about it too—and never mischievous as the other fairy I spoke of sometimes is. He, a bright, sharp, little fellow, lives generally away at the North Pole, and is Prime Minister of the Winter King and sits very close to his throne. During several months of every year this fairy is sent on an embassage to these northern climates."

"Does he never visit the south?" interrupted the interested child.

"Mother," laughed Herbert, "now you're caught; he would melt if he flew across the tropics."

"Well, Herbert," laughingly echoed the mother, "we must get out of the difficulty some way; you school boys are too sharp by half. In the far south Jenny, the Winter King has a throne also, and this fairy does as much work there as he does here, but how he travels I cannot tell you; I suppose it is high up on storm-clouds carried along by the wind, for there are some parts of the earth his foot never touches for a certainty, and that is all I know about it But I must go back to my story and tell you what these two fairies did that night. You must know that when this sprite from the Winter King arrives, he spoils a great deal of the work of the other old fairy, he blackens with his ugly fingers many of her pretty flowers and some he pinches quite dead. These naughty tricks she hinders as

long as she can, but the imp has little respect for her, and gets a good footing in the country in spite of her; yet, though she grieves over her losses, she tries to work in harmony with the author of them, and keep things smooth in her kingdom, and so during his visit she hides away lots of her pretty things out of his sight, telling them to go to sleep. Now this night of which I am speaking both fairies met not far from here, and the old fairy sighed to see how dark, and sad, and dreary the place looked. She had been working herself into a heat all day, blowing her bellows to blow back her opponent, but he would not be sent back, and now they met face to face.

"'It is of no use,' he said, 'you blowing those bellows and trying to keep me away. I am too firmly established by this time. You have only made the earth look gloomy and dripping and nasty. I never do that; my touch itself is purity, beauty and whiteness, and it is folly for you to resist me. I will come in spite of you, and you ought to be thankful to have me, for my very breath brings health and freshness.'

"'Ah me!' sighed the old fairy; 'perhaps so, but you spoil all my pretty things.'

"'Well, if I do, I can make others as pretty. Close up those bellows of yours and stand aside for an hour, and see how I'll transform this place, with all these ugly things, into fairyland.'

"'Well try,' was the reply. 'If you don't do mischief, you will make but a poor artist, I'm sure; for I won't lend you my paint-box, and how you are to render effects with only white to work with, I don't know.'

"'We'll see,' was the defiant shout of the little fellow, as he began his work.

"Silently stood the old fairy watching him as he sped from tree to tree and from branch to branch. The beautiful yellow rods of the willow he covered with a transparent coating like glass; the hedges he set in brilliants; the twisted thorns he turned into white coral; the spruce trees he dusted over with a powdering of soft, white flakes, and then hung down from them the loveliest drops of crystal and long brilliant chains; every tree he touched was covered with gleaming things—sparkling, shining and glistening till the old fairy rubbed her eyes, and wondered if she saw aright. One wave of his hand and the soft, melting white carpet beneath them stiffened over with silver sheen, and gleamed and danced as the moon peeped out, as if all the stars in the sky had fallen upon it; then the panes of glass in the home of the household fairies he breathed upon, to let them know he was near, and instantly the glass was covered with pictures of beautiful things in crystals, mimic landscapes, tiny forests and quaint figures, such as no earthly artist could paint.

"'Now,' he shouted, as he finished it all, 'good mother, you could not do this. See how I'll astonish the world when it wakes up in the morning. You laughed in your sleeve at my having no paint-box; but let me tell you I have the ground-work of all colors, and all colors combined in my work. Let but the sun peep out and you will see blue, red, purple and gold dance out from my touches. Nothing you can do can surpass this. Talk of the giants' caves, the stalactites and the salt crystals. Dig out the jets and diamonds from the bowels of the earth. They all pale into nothing here. I helped the Empress Catherine of Russia once to build a palace; but, wonderful as it was, it was not like this. Man's clumsy fingers spoilt it all. Now look up, old woman,' he gleefully shouted, as he gave the old fairy's nose a pinch that made it grow purple, 'tell me what you think of it all! Is it not splendid?'

"'Oh! oh!' she groaned, as she rubbed her stiffened nose. 'It is beautiful, truly, but it is not lasting, and one flower painted by my Master's hand is more beautiful than it all.'

"'Foolish creature?' mocked the little fairy, 'isn't your Master mine. Doesn't He work through me and by me, as well as by you—even the Winter King himself is but His servant. My work is different from yours, but not the less beautiful for that, and, as to any of it being lasting, isn't 'passing away' written upon the whole of it. The most beautiful flower you grow springs from the dust and melts again back into the dust from which it sprung—is it not so?'

"'Ah me! that is too sadly true,' was the

reply; 'but tell me,' and she waved her hand, 'what is the good of all this?'

"'Well done, now, you're getting practical I see,' laughed her tormentor. 'Well, my dear old wiseacre, our Master can tell that better than we can. The causes and effects of many of my own actions I am not philosopher enough to explain. I am but a servant and obey; but I can tell you one thing,' and he laughed merrily, 'the gardeners will bless me for this night's work, or I'm greatly mistaken, for they will have double fruit next year. I've killed such a lot of grubs, so there's some use in that, Mrs. Practical, isn't there?' and with a shrill whistle, which echoed down the chimneys of the household fairies, and made some of them cover up their heads in fright, he jumped on the back of the wind and rode off. There, now, Jenny, is a real fairy tale for you."

"Yes," said Herbert, "a real one, indeed; and the names of the fairies are Mother Nature and Jack Frost; and the work they did that night is called *verglas*, or silver thaw—is it not?"

"Ah! ah!" laughed mamma, "Herbert is too wise for fairy tales now. We can't make him believe in them, I see; but, Jenny, I shall be much surprised if, when you get up in the morning, you do not find that the fairies have been doing all I have been telling about. Now go to bed, darling, and if you hear the sprite shout down the chimney don't be frightened. He can't pinch your nose under the blankets."

Next morning Mrs. A. was awakened by little voices calling at her door, "Mamma! mamma! it was a true story after all!—the fairies have been busy. Get up and see how wonderful it is, and how many Christmas trees God told Jack Frost to make last night, and how he hung them all with diamonds and made them lovely. I understand it all," murmured Jenny, as she nestled into bed for a few minutes' hug; "I thought it all out before I went to sleep last night. God, our dear Father, is the Master, and Mother Nature and Jack Frost, as Herbert said, are the fairies—are they not?—and do everything He tells them."

"Yes, darling, you have found out all my fairy tale," said her mother. "There is a beautiful verse in the Bible, which says, 'Fire and hail, snow and vapors, stormy wind fulfilling His word.'"

MOTH AND RUST:

PRIZE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TALE, PUBLISHED BY HENRY HOYT, BOSTON.

(*Continued.*)

CHAPTER IV.

THE MOTH.

"For the moth shall eat them up like a garment."

When Ralph Morley reached Pittsburg, the earth had been for several days lying over the quiet breasts of James Douglass and his wife. Ralph found the house silent, the shutters bowed, the two maids going noiselessly about their tasks, and his mother and niece seated on either side the hearth, in the warmth and light of the blaze in the grate. The old lady was pale, wrinkled, mild, in her long-worn widow's cap and weeds, with eyes that had wept much in years that were gone, but were now fixed more on heaven than earth, and had the light of hope rather than of possession. The young woman, heart-broken by her life's first loss, startled by the sorrowful garb of mourning which she had never worn before, leaned forward, the flames reflected in her large, bright eyes, and a wealth of waving hair tied back from her face with a ribbon, and falling over her shoulders and arms. Between the two sat, as the servant ushered in Ralph, a short, thick-set man, iron-gray of hair and beard, with a face that would have passed for the portrait of old Father Honest. When Ralph had been duly welcomed, he sat down by his mother. "I wish I could have got here sooner," he said: "your letter was delayed."

"Our friends were very kind; and our loss was sudden," said his mother. And, after various questions and replies, and suitable regrets and remarks,—for Ralph was never behindhand in what was suitable,—the conversation turned upon what was to Ralph the most important point, the property and arrangements of his brother-in-law.

Now, here we must state that the deceased Douglass was a singular man. He had no confidents in his business: none knew what or how much he owned, or where it was. Money for all demands had ever been in readiness; and he was supposed to be rich. There were rumors afloat of certain thousand-dollar bills that had been in his possession; but nothing certain was known of his estate, and, indeed, in these few days no effort had been made to ascertain anything. Death had come very suddenly to James Douglass. He had been seized by disease in the carriage, as he came home

from his wife's funeral; and loss of reason had been the first intimation of danger. Once he had come back to consciousness, with a surprised and earnest look; as if he fully realized his state. He had taken Stella by the hand, and begun, "Daughter! choose Waters for your guardian and sole trustee; and you will find everything in the back part of the lowest"—and here the cold hand of Death was suddenly laid over his lips; and where was the lowest, or what lowest, and what was in the back part, and which back part, were matters of doubt, which he had no time to explain. Despite his oddities, James Douglass was a good man, and "God was with him." God was especially with him in this his last dying speech; for, if he had begun by what was to be found in the back part of the lowest something, and left the monition about Waters to be cut short by death, matters would have been much worse than they were. However, God had shown him what words to set first, and that another moment of time was not left to finish what came last was one of those providences which we call "mysterious;" otherwise, a providence beginning in darkness and ending in light.

When Ralph Morley led the conversation from his brother's eternal state to his brother's worldly estate, John Waters, otherwise Father Honest, remarked that nothing had been done, pending his arrival. Father Honest was to be Stella's guardian; but as Ralph was her uncle, they awaited his coming before taking any steps about settling the property.

"I had expected to act as guardian to my niece myself," said Ralph, stiffly: "it is surely most natural."

Mr. Waters looked at the fire, Stella shook her veil of hair, the mother spoke: "Son James's last word to Stella was to choose Mr. Waters for her guardian."

"That was very singular!" said Ralph, shortly.

"Son James was always singular," said Mrs. Morley; "but Mr. Waters was near, and you far off, and"—

"And Mr. Waters was always father's dearest friend," said Stella, speaking up briskly.

"Yes, ah, yes!" said Ralph; "but if Brother James had known I was ready, and now that I am ready, doubtless"—

"I should not like Stella to act contrary to her father's last wish," said the old lady, mildly.

"You needn't be afraid, grandma," said Miss Stella: "I shall obey it implicitly."

"Well, well," said Ralph, smothering his vexation; "and what property is there, and how invested? and where is the will?"

"We do not know yet," said Father Honest. And it was quite a pity that James Douglass, deceased, had not put fuller confidence in his dearest friend.

During his illness, James Douglass had spoken, incoherently, of a "second left-hand drawer;" and after his death, in that long, lonely period when that stiff figure under white draperies had held its state in the drawing-room, all the second left-hand drawers in the house had been examined, with the result that five one-hundred-dollar bills were discovered; with a memorandum to the effect that the three thousand dollars of property that belonged to Mrs. Morley had in his hands become four thousand, and were to be found in the Grand Central Security Bank. Old Mrs. Morley wiped her eyes when she considered what a faithful steward her son-in-law had been. She might have wiped them two or three times more if she had known she was never to find such a steward again.

Now, the next three or four days were spent by Ralph and Father Honest in searching Pittsburg, in all likely and unlikely places, in person and by advertisement, to discover some traces of a "will," or of the property of the late James Douglass: but no information on these points rewarded their efforts; and all that could be discovered was what everybody knew, namely, that James Douglass owned the house he lived in, and its furnishings, and was free of debt. As he had no creditors, he had apparently no debtors; and, to all appearance, Stella would have to content herself with her house, and nothing more.

Ralph Morley took charge of his mother's property, and said she was to come home and live with him; and for many reasons he said the same of Stella. He gave three reasons: first, that Mr. Waters had no home wherein to receive his ward; second, that her grandmother could not be separated from her; and lastly, that he, Ralph Morley, with affection, natural to an uncle, desired her presence.. But Ralph was what Peter Perkins called "long-headed;" and the reasons which he kept to himself were as many as those he divulged to the public.

Stella did not want to sell her paternal residence. The house was a pretty stone cottage, well-built, under her father's supervision, and seemed as dear to her as part of herself. Most of the furniture was sold; physician's and undertaker's bills, taxes and servant's wages, were paid; the new mourning and the dressmaker's dues were settled for; and Stella, having stored her choicest possessions, and sent a box or two on to Dodson's Mill, found herself with very little money, and only the rent of her house to look to. The house was rented to Mrs. Piper Quick,—a sharp-nosed, sharp-voiced, and generally sharp widow-woman. Stella had always been at

good schools, and her education was well advanced.

"Perhaps," said Father Honest, "you had better go to school a year longer." Stella was now seventeen.

"I could not leave grandma," said Stella. "She has always had mother and me; and, now dear mother is gone, I think she would die if I left her. No one knows her ways and feelings as I do."

"That is true," said Mr. Waters, who naturally had looked more to the advantage of his ward than of her grandmother. "Yet, as you seem to have but small property, a year more at school might put you in a better way of supporting yourself if it becomes needful. Taxes and insurance will eat up a good part of your rent."

"I shall study where I am," said Stella; "but the care of grandma, and not my own education, seems the present duty." And here was the key-note of this girl's character. The present duty was ever in her mind; that she would do steadily and faithfully.

Ralph Morley's interest in being his niece's guardian had so visibly decreased with the apparent decrease of her property, that Father Honest deemed it safe to have a little plain talk with him.

"What board do you intend to charge Stella?" asked Father Honest, blankly.

"Oh, well!" hesitated Ralph: why, we can settle *that* some other time."

"As her guardian, I prefer to have it settled now."

"As her guardian, yes," said Ralph. "If I had been her guardian, I would have made no charge at all; and it would have been for her advantage to have a guardian who had a free home to offer her, rather than one who had none." Ralph was smooth, bowing, and polite.

"And as you are not her guardian," pursued the inexorable Honest, "will you tell me what price per week you mean to charge for Stella's board?"

Ralph named a sum.

"Board, washing, fuel, and lights?" pursued the guardian.

"Yes all of them," said Ralph, warming his left foot.

"The price is as high as here in the city," said Honest.

"I expect to give as good board as could be found in the city," said Ralph, warming his right foot.

"Knowing her narrow means, I am surprised at your asking so much," said Father Honest.

"Business is business; and I never spoil a bargain for relationship's sake," said Ralph, coolly.

Father Honest consulted Stella. "I could get you a place here, among suitable people, where you would have the advantages of teachers, books, and church, and cost you perhaps less than he names; and there will be travelling expenses besides, if you go with him."

Stella's face flushed. "If it were not for grandma, I would not go," she said; "but, as it is for grandma, I go; and, as I shall not need expensive dressing out in the woods, I can get along."

"And you are resolved to go?"

"At present, yes," said Stella; "it is my duty; and we do not know what work God may have for me there."

Thus, in two weeks after he reached Pittsburg, Mr. Ralph Morley set out for Dodson's Mill, carrying captive in his train his mother and his niece. Stella was kindly allowed to pay all her own bills on the journey, even lunch and carriage-fare; but this she had expected.

When our travellers reached Dodson's, spring was fairly inaugurated. The flower-garden was being put in order; and that exemplary woman, Mrs. Morley, had safely finished her house-cleaning. The largest upper room had been arranged for grandma and Stella, with the furniture sent from the Pittsburg home. Mrs. Ralph Morley gave the relatives a friendly greeting. And now the wish of Helen's heart was gratified, and her father had invested in a grandmother; or, as we are inclined to be strictly truthful, we will say, the grandmother had invested in him to the amount of four thousand dollars.

Now, by this time we fear that Ralph has shown himself so ungracious that all interest in his fortunes is lost. As an impartial historian, it becomes our duty to offer to the public those excuses which he made for himself. During these days of disappointment, he had been turning the worst side of his character towards the light of others' eyes. He felt himself deeply aggrieved, and justly angry, that James Douglass had not left more property, and because what he had left had not come into the hands of Ralph Morley. By that perversity so often developed by our fallen nature, because he was angry at not having possessed somebody's confidence, he inconsistently set about showing himself unworthy of it! All the way to Pittsburg, Ralph had been considering how, by the use of the funds of his mother and niece, he might double his business and his gains, and make handsome returns to them. All these good intentions had been frustrated by James Douglass deceased, who seemed to be reaching his arm from the new-made grave where they had laid him, and keeping a strong grasp on the property he was supposed to have left behind him. Ralph wished that, in going into eternity, James had not retained a lien on the transitory things of this mundane sphere. Still, Ralph had too much generosity to retain these vexations and little-

nesses over-long. He brightened as he drew near home. Ralph was fond of his wife and children; and their greetings exorcised the demon of selfishness that had of late seemed to take full possesion of him. When he had distributed the gifts he brought,—not forgetting Stacey,—he became genial; when he found that all the mill-work had been well done, and contracts exactly fulfilled, he beamed irresistibly; when made aware that a most excellent bargain was newly open to him, the injuries offered by the late James faded out of his memory. He forgave all mankind; and though, in that small estate and the Waters guardianship, cap-stone and corner-stone of the castle he had reared on the way to Pittsburg had been struck away, he concluded that there were in the world other materials whereof to construct other castles. Having thus decided, he became so radiant, such an urbane pater-familias, that Stella gave a sigh of relief, dismissed the past, and resolved to like her Uncle Ralph. Home air was beneficial to Ralph. Travelling, which changes the best of men into porcupines, could not be expected to make an angel ot Ralph Morley. We suppose the philanthropists of society go abroad sometimes; if they do, how do they go? One never meets other than misanthropes behind a steam-engine.

In the Morley family that night, when the head of the house came home, was to be found no happier heart than old Stacey's. Her turban had never been so low within the memory of the juveniles, if we except the happy occasion when the long-desired "girl in the family" had arrived in the person of the infant Helen. Years of service with old Mrs. Morley had cultivated strong affection between the colored woman and her mistress, the elder Mrs. Morley; and Stacey thought that work would seem a great deal easier when part of it was done for her best earthly friend.

Stella Douglass was beyond her years in decision of character and in executive ability. She saw plainly her own position. She realized something of her powers; for those powers she felt herself accountable, and could see no reason why, being a girl, she must lead a life of indolence which would expose her to contempt if she were a boy. Had Ralph Morley been a different man, Stella could have gone into his mill, kept his books, aided in his business, and been thoroughly up to the lumber-market. Uncle Ralph not being exactly the partner Stella desired, she looked about her, and selected what is supposed to be the more feminine occupation of teaching the district school. Old Mrs. Morley was an invalid; and Stella could give her all the aid and comfort that were necessary, and be doing something else at the same time. You will readily believe that the immense wages of twelve dollars a month, which this liberal backwoods-district allowed its teacher, was not Stella's sole inducement, when she requested Uncle Ralph to get the school for her. She felt that she owed it to herself and the world to be doing something. Uncle Ralph, while assigning his niece the lower motive of money-making, yet respected her more for that motive. To the magnificent salary of twelve dollars per month was added the delightful privilege of boarding around; this was, of course, in Stella's case commuted, so that she boarded at her uncle's all the time. When Stella received the position of district schoolteacher, Mrs. Ralph Morley rejoiced greatly. She would now send her four children to school, and have no longer the daily torment of teaching them. Mrs. Morley having no natural ability for teaching, the children's progress towards the heights whereon the Temple of Knowledge is represented in ancient Webster's Spelling-Books as standing, had been slow, stony, and thorny indeed. While the mother exulted in seeing her progeny start off on Monday morning, with books and dinner-baskets, the children were no less elated. Mrs. Morley might do well enough for a mother, but she was not the woman for a teacher. The lovely Cousin Stella would doubtless make education as palatable as sugar-plums; and, thus thinking, the four children formed her body-guard along the mile of woody mountain-road that led to the log school-house, with its small windows, big fire-place, much-abused benches, and general rusticity and forlornness. One quarter of the mile being safely traversed, lo! the eldest Perkins, with a band of brothers and sisters, like assorted needles! the Thomas faction, broadly asserting themselves in general fleshiness, red-headedness, and butternut-dyed homespun; the Brown boy and girl, who evidently had small acquaintance with water, except in the vernal and autumnal equinoctials, when it came through a treacherous roof,—appeared before them.

"Don't speak to 'em," says Richard: "they're nobodies."

"My scholars, aren't they?" questioned Stella.

"Yes and I hope you will give it to 'em good; they knocked out my old teeth!" cried Freddy.

"Yes," said Frank: "we tried to get 'em up a Sunday-school and a temperance society; but they're so bad they don't want to be better."

Already the Perkins faction had privately arraigned and condemned their teacher for "partiality;" had, in imagination, seen the Morleys set at the head of all the classes, allowed to look in their books during recitations, and given credit-marks for whis-

pering. They were quite comfortable when Stella deserted the Morleys, and came over to the opposition, bestowing smiles, kind words, and hand-shakes all around. For the first time within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, the school was opened by prayer. After prayers, Stella hung up a brown towel by the door, and sent what Richard in a whisper to Frank denominated the "Dirty Brigade" to the neighboring stream for a wash. This brigade was headed by the Brown brother and sister.

Names were now enrolled, seats assigned, progress inquired into, and classes formed. To the intense relief of the Perkins, position in class was determined by drawing numbers from a box of numbered cards,—a system which the Perkins denominated "downright fair."

Noon now. From the recesses of the old-fashioned, time-browned desks, parcels of dinner were drawn out. Said the new school-mistress, "Let us make a grand place out of doors with rocks and bushes, where we can eat our dinner, and I will tell you a story while we eat."

"Will it be a pious story?" asks Brown, junior, general of the before-mentioned brigade.

"What sort of a story is a pious story?" asks the teacher.

"A story wot makes folks pious, and kills 'em when they gets twelve years old. I know!" Gen. Brown speaks knowingly.

"Is it possible?" cried Stella. "Well, my story is about a fairy and a hobgoblin!"

"Three cheers for goblins!" cries Perkins, ecstatically; and all the brigade, and all the school not in the brigade, respond, "Hoo-roy-a-a-a!"

The booth is built, and the story told. We do not expect to repeat it; and the only hint of its intention we give is the fact, that, pursued by its memory, Gen. Brown next morning scrubbed himself, shook his tattered garments, and combed his hair, as a preparation for going to school. Miss Stella made a few flourishes of red chalk on the black-board. "Whatever pupil studies and behaves best during the day will have his or her name written in this chalk, high up on the black-board, as leader of the school for the next day."

Again, "I should be pleased to have somebody get me a bunch of flowers from the woods, to keep in this brown jug on my desk." At this suggestion, the school developed floral tastes to a wonderful degree. Another move was to wash out all the old ink-bottles accumulated behind the house, and ornament each with a picture, set one on each desk, and fill it with flowers; thus thirty-eight small bouquets responded brightly to the teacher's big bouquet.

Friday evening. Attention! Miss Stella unfolded a square book, not very thick turned over the leaves as she held it up, and, on every second page, a large picture in colors.

"Oh, my eye!" cried Master Perkins.

"Jolly for us!" shrieked Gen. Brown.

"Whoever wants to look at this book and others like it, and see some pictures, will meet me in the mill on Sunday afternoon."

"Any stories?" asked a bare-footed miss.

"Yes, plenty."

"Pious or general?" said a scrubby boy.

"Come and see: that is a secret."

Walking home, says Richard, "Cousin Stella, are you going to start a Sunday-school?"

"Yes," replied Stella.

And Richard taking his own promotion for granted, asked loftily, "Which class had I better have?"

"I want you in my class," said Stella quietly.

Richard, more than amazed, said presently, "Who can you get for teachers, if you don't have me?"

"Grandma and Stacey and myself," said Stella, who had by plain inquiry ascertained that she would have no active aid from her uncle or aunt.

"Why don't you want me for a teacher?" asked Richard, affronted.

"I think no one should be a Sunday-school teacher who is not a Christian," replied Stella. "A teacher should not tell a pupil to go to a Saviour whom they do not care about themselves, but call them to come to one they love and trust."

"Plenty of teachers in all Sunday schools are not pious," said Richard.

"Some teachers in móst," corrected his cousin; "but I do not like the practice, and will not have it so in my Sunday-school. But there is another reason, Richard. There is enmity between you and these boys; and they would not come to the school to be in your class. They call you proud. I wish you to show them they are mistaken, by being an earnest pupil in a class with them. They look to you for an example also; and I want you to set them the example of being attentive in class, and learning your lesson."

The Morley children were fond of their cousin, and, moreover, thought they might as well do with a good grace what they would otherwise be compelled to do; for Ralph Morley was strict about keeping his children up to their duty, and insisted on their accepting of every religious opportunity; they might have accepted more whole-heartedly, had they had their father's example as well as his precept.

By putting Freddy and Helen in Stacey's class, Stella made it seem suitable for the other small children of the neighborhood: grandma took the remaining girls, and

Stella the boys. Testaments and books were re-collected. Stella could sing; and her pupils, like all juveniles, enjoyed that exercise. In a few weeks, the Sunday-school was making very respectable progress, was quite orderly, and tolerably popular at Dodson's; and Ralph, kindly entering it one Sabbath and looking about, went home cheered and satisfied, and taking much credit to himself for having come to Dodson's for the benefit of the neighborhood! That afternoon Sunday-school served as a balm to Ralph Morley when conscience gave him a cut for looking over his accounts and making plans for the week's work on Sunday morning. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true," that in the same room where, in the afternoon, the children gathered to "sing the name of Jesus," and learn of Jesus, Ralph, who called himself a Christian, sat in the morning of the holy day, with his account-book instead of his Bible, and from the depths of his heart offered a sacrifice to Mammon instead of God.

The doing one good work is apt to encourage one to do more. The success with the Sunday-school led Stella on to other efforts and other successes. Her first business had been to secure the confidence of her pupils, and cause them to feel that she was entirely just in her dealings with them. When once sure that his foe Richard would not be unduly set above him, the Perkins was willing to listen to reason. The enmity between the boys was softened by their teacher, but could not be done away so long as the Perkins was envious and Richard was proud. If Stella had any new plan to propose to her school, she took the time just before they repeated the Lord's Prayer at closing. Then, therefore, one evening, she turned a paper-box upside down on her desk, and emptied out a number of rosettes of blue worsted material, with a white button in the centre. Stella had considered the grimy propensities of her pupils, and had chosen her badge with a view to its needing washing.

Said Stella, "I am going to form a temperance society. These badges are for the members. I have a pledge here on a sheet of paper; and whoever wishes to become a member of the society can put his name down. If any one wishes to ask a question, let them do so; but don't all speak at once."

Master Perkins's hand, held aloft, indicated that he desired free speech; and the liberty was decreed him by a nod from Stella.

"Who's goin' to be president?" demanded the Perkins.

"I am!" responded the autocratic Stella.

The Perkins visibly relieved, and Gen. Brown's five digits displayed. Nodded at, the general inquired, "Who's goin' to be wice-president?"

"Peter Perkins, junior," said Stella; and the junior Peter brightened like the morning.

"Who's going to be secretary?" asked Richard, without the formality of holding up his hand.

"Richard Morley for secretary," replied Stella. Richard smiled at the depths of his ink-bottle.

"We shall have meetings, speeches, reports, and, in the fall, a grand dinner celebration," explained the teacher; and after a few remarks on the extent of the pledge and the obligation of keeping it, Stella gave liberty to come to the desk and sign, with their own hands or by proxy, and had soon twenty names under her pledge. Richard set down in a blank-book the organization proceedings; a meeting was appointed in the school-house, for after school on third Friday; badges were pinned on, and Stella's school went home jubilant.

"I say, Cousin Stella," quoth Richard, pulling his cousin's sleeve, "you did a good thing when you made me secretary."

"Yes, you can write very well," said Stella.

"And I'd just as lief Peter Perkins would be vice-president," continued Richard.

"I am glad to hear it," said Stella cordially.

"Because, you see," said Richard, "he can only act when you're away; and you'll never be away, and so he can never act at all; and it's just a name, and nothing more; but he don't know it, and thinks he's got something grand. *I'm* secretary, and *I* can act all the time."

Summer passed. Sunday-school and temperance society flourished. The day-school was remarkably efficient; and Dodson's improved. The improvement was due to Stella, who worked that stony corner of the vineyard with all her might. The improvement was not due to that business-absorbed man, Ralph Morley; but he took all the credit, because he was the worker's uncle! In the household, the warmth of grandma's piety kept up a little flickering show of such feeling in the lives of her son and his wife. But, over her son and his wife, grandma often wept in secret, considering them so much given over to the beggarly elements of this world.

Besides the instruction the children had from Stella, grandma often had Freddy and Helen in her room, to teach them as the little children of the kingdom should be taught; and perhaps, if these two had lived somewhere with grandma for sole guardian, they might have grown up like Samuel in the precincts of the Tabernacle, or Timothy beside Lois and Eunice; but the influence of parents over children is all-powerful; and the good these infants

got from grandma was mostly done away, not by the precepts, but by the subtle influence of parental example.

The autumn came again; and once more the bay horse and the well-filled saddle-bags stopped before Ralph Morley's house, and Luke Rogers the colporteur, opened the gate. No one saw him enter, although it was Saturday morning, and all were at home; for all were busy. Luke was unseen until he passed along the kitchen porch, where, by the open window, Aunt Stacey was busy at the baking-table.

"Aunt Stacey, don't get too much entangled with the affairs of this life!" cried Luke.

Aunt Stacey looked up, her face all broadened by a smile at seeing him.

"Don't aim to," she replied, putting both floury hands up to crush down the turban, which had erected itself over poor saleratus; and, as she patted it, she left a well-powdered fleece sticking out like an areola about her black face. "No, sah, I don't aim to; but I can't always help—oh, dem biscuits's burnin'!"—returning from an excursion to the oven,—"I can't help it allus; but sometimes I git de victory, praise de Lord for it, and it makes me mighty glad. You Freddy, keep dem fingers out of dat plum-sass. Helen's a much bettah girl dan you be, Freddy. Come in, Mr. Rogers, and welcome to you. I'll call missey and old missey, and young missey, all of 'em; and I'll bet dey'll be glad to see you. You Freddy, go out of he-ar while I go, or else your fingers will be in every ting all de time!" With this cheerful flow of talk, Stacey brought the guest into the sitting-room, called the ladies, and sent Freddy to the mill for a man to come and take care of the horse.

Ralph Morley was not particularly glad to hear that Luke had come. The name was a trumpet that waked a sleepy conscience to cry Moth and Rust! Moth and Rust! Moth, Moth, Moth!

Ashamed of himself for not being glad, Ralph thought what a comfort the colporteur's visit might be to his mother, Stella, and old Stacey; of the welcome that he, as the only man professing religion in that vicinity, owed to the servant of God; he trembled a little when he thought how indifferent he had of late become, and how willing he was to be set apart from all the practices of piety. He caught up his hat, and rushed over to see Luke; and shook his hand so warmly, and said he was glad to see him in such a tone, that his mother's heart sung for joy that her son was not so indifferent as he had seemed, and Stella took herself to task for having misjudged her Uncle Ralph.

While Luke was brushing and dressing after his long ride, Ralph congratulated himself on the improvements that had taken place at Dodson's recently; and, as he meditated, he felt as if he had done a great deal to bring them about. When Luke came down stairs ready to walk over to the mill with him, Ralph, without intending to be false, conveyed the impression that he had put his shoulder to the wheel, and labored for the spiritual good of Dodson's himself. "We won't need the young man we spoke of, sir. I got my niece here, a pious girl, and the very one to take hold of this work for me. Used to it, and does it well. She has our district school; and we have done a great work up there, I assure you. The school is a pretty picture for visitors. Hope you'll call." Thus far, the only visitors had been a robin and some blue-birds that flitted in at the windows, and a rabbit that scuttled in at the door and out again. Ralph continued, "We have a Sunday-school now, doing finely, and a temperance society that is really creditable. I sent over all I could find in our house for the Sunday-school; and I intend to buy it a library, and have John Thomas make them a bookcase. Oh, yes, you'll find us improved!"

This Luke was very glad to hear; and as no one is perfect, and pride equally with hope springs eternal in the human breast, Luke began to flatter himself that his sermon on Moth and Rust had been the happy means of bringing Ralph to better things.

The neglect of family prayer was not evident to Luke; for Ralph, glad to have somebody on hand to do what was suitable, gave him the Bible evening and morning, and asked him to conduct worship. Luke chose, that first evening, a portion of the second chapter of the first Epistle of John. "If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father." "What is an advocate, Richard?"

"It's a newspaper," said Richard the reckless, who had not thought it worth his while to pay attention.

"What paper?" inquired Luke.

"The *Advocate and Guardian*," asserted Frank, recalling one he had seen in grandma's room.

"An advocate," said Luke, in tones that won attention, "is a lawyer, one who pleads a case. We poor breakers of God's laws have an Advocate in the court of heaven. Who is that Advocate, Aunt Stacey?"

"De blessed Lord Jesus," said Aunt Stacey.

"Yes. The Lord Jesus is our only Advocate with the Father," said Luke; and the family listened now, and tears stood in grandma's eyes at the thought of him who "ever liveth to intercede."

When Luke next day found that Mr. and Mrs. Morley took no part in the Sunday-school, his opinion of the effect of his sermon lowered a little. He preached again,

however, as well as he knew how; and Ralph's heart was again cut to pieces, and he stood just on the verge of repenting and improving for more than a week; then he fell back, not into the slough of despond, but into the worse slough of indifference, —a slough which lies so far out of the beams of the Sun of Righteousness that it is ever half-frozen, and very chilling to those who walk into it.

Having got into indifference quite up to his neck, Ralph got crosser and stingier than he had been; so much so, that Stacey, setting her turban aloft, remarked to the tea-kettle,—

"Mr. Ralph pretty soon git to be like old Nabob, so stingy dat he up and died just 'cause his wife give King David a little mess of vittles!"

The temperance dinner passed off joyfully, five months of school-keeping ended, and the country school closed for winter; and Uncle Ralph suggested to Stella that she might as well teach her four cousins at home during the winter; so their education proceeded in the house.

There was a thaw at Christmas, not in nature, but in Ralph's pocket. He went to the city, and, coming back, had gifts for every one, and just what each one wanted; so it was quite a delightful occasion.

Sad, during every passing month, was Ralph's diverging from the path of life. Sabbath in a quiet way dedicated to business, the Bible unopened, prayer on Sunday morning a weary form, religious conversation tabooed,—where was his garment of praise, where his heavenly armor? Good friends, they were the prey of Moth and Rust.

On a day early in spring, Stella was in the garret with Stacey, helping her look over some boxes. Stacey shook out an ancient cloth cloak which had belonged to Ralph's father, and held it up against the light. It was full of round holes. Stacey held it long and meditated; then turned to Stella, who was kneeling by an open chest, "Chile! you know who dat old, ragged, moth-eaten cloak look like?"

Stella shook her head.

Said Stacey, "Blessed ting, you don't, den; all I got to say;" and, bending down to fold it up, she murmured to the cloak, "De moth shall eat 'em up like a garment."

(To be continued.)

TRUE STORIES ABOUT DOGS.

I.

A King Charles spaniel belonging to a family in Gloucestershire, England, was very clever and docile. Every evening he would fetch his towel and brush, and stand patiently to be washed, combed, and brushed by his mistress. Generally he was accustomed to take his meals with the family, but if his mistress were going to dine from home, she used to say to him: "Prince, you must go and dine at the rectory, to-day." The dog would set off for the rectory—a long, crooked, and puzzling road—and reach there in time for dinner. There he would wait until he had taken his supper, and return home as he came.

II.

There was once an honest Londoner, who by misfortune became very poor. But in his poverty he never neglected his dog. He would share every crust with him, and often he would go hungry himself and buy a penny bone for his patient friend. At last an accident made the good man perfectly blind. Then his faithful dog took care of him, leading him safely through the crowded London streets. He was always attentive to his master, and when any kind passer-by threw him down a piece of money, he would take it up in his mouth and put it into the blind man's hand. The dog was so clever in finding these pennies when they rolled out of sight or were buried in the mud, that a great many persons threw down a penny just for the fun of seeing him find it. In this manner he really supported his dear old helpless master.

III.

Once a Scotch shepherd was tending his sheep on the Grampian hills. His faithful dog and his little boy, three years old, were with him. The little fellow could not climb the steep hill, so his father left him on the plain, gathering flowers and berries, while he went high up on the rocks to overlook his flocks. Suddenly a very heavy fog came up. The shepherd hastened to seek his child, but the mist was so thick he could not find him. In vain he called and whistled: neither the child nor dog made any answer. The poor man got lost also, and at last, after wandering for hours, he found himself near his own home. The neighbors listened to his story and eagerly went with him in search of the child. Day after day they scoured the country in every direction, but the poor little fellow could not be found. Then the distracted father began to ask questions about the dog. Where was he? Had he been home at all while they were out on their hopeless search? Yes, he had run in the house two or three times a day, just to get his regular allowance of cake, and after taking a little bite he had run away with it in his mouth. This he had been doing for several days, but the poor, heart-broken mother had been in too much trouble to mention it. As soon as the shepherd heard this, he waited for the dog to come. The faithful fellow came at last, slowly and painfully, as if he had hardly strength to walk; but he would not eat more than a little piece of

his cake, and again went off bearing it in his mouth. The father followed him. At last he came to a fall of water a short distance from where the child was lost, and from this place he began to go down a hill that was so steep and full of rocks that the strong man could not get down without great difficulty. Once down, the dog turned and went into a cave hidden in the bushes. With a beating heart, the father hastened to the spot, and, looking in, he saw his little son sitting there eating heartily of the cake, while the dog stood by barking with joy. How the little fellow got down there, no one ever knew; but he was found alive and well. The dog, who had never left him night and day, except to run home to get him a cake, had saved him from starving. We may believe that the noble animal was well fed and nursed that night, and that grateful prayers were sent to heaven from the shepherd's cottage.

TIP AND CINDY.

Tip is our staid family dog, and Cindy a frolicsome little kitten, just the color of ashes, so we named her Cinders, that pretty soon grew into Cindy. When she was left with us, a poor, little, forlorn baby-kitten, she mourned piteously for old mother cat, but seeing Tip, she crept right in between his forepaws, and snuggled close up to him. He received this touching proof of confidence with astonishment, but was too dignified to express much; still we saw he rather liked it, and far from hurting Cindy, would gaze upon her in the most benevolent manner.

They ate off the same dish, and slept on the same cushion. When Tip went out for a walk, Cindy was restless, and she would scamper to the door when she heard his well-known bark for admission, and then when we let him in, would give him a most loving pat on the cheek with her soft little paw.

One cold winter's evening, when the wind roared around the old house, and drove the hail against the windows, we all sat around our warm grate fire telling stories, when the front door bell rang.

"John," said grandpa, "go see who is there; we must not keep any one out such a night as this."

John took the light and went into the hall. Cindy sprang toward him, mewing piteously, and rubbing against his leg.

He heard Tip's well-known bark outside; the stormy wind had prevented his hearing it before. You must know, the door-bell hung down about a foot from the floor. He opened the door, and Tip bounded in with a joyful whine. Cindy greeted him with a loving pat, and they were soon in front of the fire.

Now what was it, in loving little Cindy, who, hearing poor old Tip outside, and associating the ring of the bell with some one's coming to the door, bounded up and hit the bell with her paw, the ringing of which bringing John to the door, her favorite was let in?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE AND RIDDLES.

We have received a few answers to the Puzzle in our January number; but not so many as we expected or desired. Only one of those received is perfectly correct; but it does not appear to have been written by one of our *young* folks.

John E. Crowle, a little boy ten years old, deserves great credit for his neatly-written and nearly correct answer. The other names are W. Walls, M. F. and R. M. F., Mono Louisa, A. L. F., L. L. Ross, and T. White.

The following is the answer:—

Mr. Ellwood,

Your *relative* came to see me the other day when the most extraordinary *conjunction* of curious circumstances took place. But I must recount the facts in order that you may see the *point* of my story. They had brought with them a beautiful *guinea hen*, intended as a present for a neighbor. During the night it escaped into the public *pound*, where had been left some poisoned *barley corns*, with which to kill rats, at which it began to *peck* away as fast as it could. As a matter of course, a *period* was soon put to its existence. They were much alarmed when they found it was gone, and even made no *scruples* to hint that a distinguished and exiled *Pole*, who was staying at my house, knew about it. Of course I was shocked at so *gross* an insult to my friend. It incensed me to that *degree* that I felt it would not be too *rude*, under the circumstances, to order them to leave my house. Why! they might as well have accused me of being in *league* with a rogue! Happily, however, the keeper of the *pound*, who is a leader of the *choir* of this village, found the body, brought it to my house and explained the matter. Your *relative* apologized to me and the *Pole*. We smoked *two pipes* of tobacco apiece, and happiness was once more restored.

Business is good, the *mill* is running again, and every *hand* is again employed.

Yours truly,

Inchbald.

M. F. and R. M. F. also send answers to the riddles. 1, Net; 2, Noah.

WINGS.

Andantino. *rall.*

p

1. Wings! to bear me o - ver Mountain and vale a - way;
2. Wings! like youth's fleet mo - ments, Which swiftly o'er me pass'd;

p

Wings! to bathe my spirit In morning's sunny ray;
Wings! like ear - ly visions, Too bright, too fair to last;

p

Wings! that I may hov - er At morn above the sea;
Wings! that I may re - call The lov'd, the lost, the dead;

f

Wings! thro' life to bear me Thro' death tri - um - phant - ly.
Wings! to bear me af - ter The van - ish'd past that's fled.

p

rall.

p

The Home.

OUR HOUSEKEEPING.

We were teachers, Margaret and I, in the public schools of Chicago, and having age, experience and friends in our favor, felt tolerably secure in the places we had already held three years. I was an orphan and had been for ten years a teacher; Margaret, younger than I, had home and friends, but preferred independence. Thrown together by teaching in adjoining rooms, a friendship had sprung up between us, cemented the last year by boarding at the same place and rooming together.

We thought our home pleasant, but sighed sometimes over the expense. We had so little left when we had paid dry-goods and shoe and dress-makers' bills, bought a few books, and paid for a magazine. Yet it was not economy so much as comfort that made us set up housekeeping. One may eat hash, sour bread, or poor coffee with composure in the sunshine; but when, one rainy Monday morning, we found all three at once on the table our spirits fell. As we walked through the rain to school, struggling under the weight of an umbrella the wind seemed determined to turn, we agreed that Mrs. Brown was getting careless. We must find a new boarding place, and that, to me, who had stayed two years at Mrs. Brown's, and hated changes, was a sorry prospect.

"It will be hard to find a place so near the school," Margaret said, "and so cheap. I wish—I know of course it is impossible—but I wish we could keep house."

"Why not?" The idea struck me forcibly and favorably. "Rent a room, get second-hand furniture—havn't I china and silver and bedding that mother left me, safe at sister's?—and we could live to suit ourselves."

Not to make a long story of it, we did it. We rented a room eight by eleven, took thirty-five dollars of our joint savings and bought therewith bedstead, wash-stand, table with drawer, a tiny stool, and two chairs—all, of course, second-hand, but all nearly new. Matting for the floor completed our purchases. My sister, in forwarding the things for which I asked, sent us butter enough for the season, and my little niece added a handsome tidy.

"That makes three tidies that we have," Margaret said; "four pincushions, a bracket, and two hanging-baskets. Really, this looks like living."

The room was just large enough to get all our things in and leave standing-place for us. One trunk, indeed, had to be put under the bed, and the other offered a convenient seat in case a friend happened in· But when we had put our basket in the window, that the good things it contained might make summer for us through the long winter, hung my only picture, and put our books on corner shelves of stained pine, we felt that our room looked cheery and comfortable. And it was home; that meant so much to us.

So, through the winter we lived, ate what we pleased, grew healthier and happier for the change, and rather liked the little work the getting of our meals made. We lived simply, but well; and we found, when the winter was over, that, despite the expense of our outfit, we had saved money. We had paid for board six dollars, which extras increased to seven in winter. Our board now, including everything, was but three dollars and a half. So in the spring we decided that we might enlarge our borders, and Margaret went house-hunting. A hard time she had of it, I am afraid, but she came to me at last in triumph, that faded a little when I asked for particulars.

"It's a mile from the school-house, that's the worst point. It's an old house, and the room needs repair. Our landlord will furnish paper if we will put it on. The room is large and has capabilities."

The last word decided me. I knew it meant that she had plans. It is to tell you of this home that I write. There may be others placed like us who would be glad to follow in our steps.

The room was eight by twelve with a bed-recess and a little closet that served us as clothes-press, store-room, and pantry. The house was of brick, and our one window was large and deep, facing the south. We chose paper of a soft, delicate buff, that produced on the wall just the bright, sunshiny effect we wished; crimson border and a strip of the same round the board on the top of the window that held our plain muslin curtains. The same carpenter who made us this, made also a rough box, which served as a wood and rubbish box, and a screen for the bed. The latter was a somewhat elaborate affair, the length and height of the bed, and wide enough to allow on the inner side a row of shelves, where our numberless boxes might rest. The outer side we papered like our room,

and placed before the bed, so our one room became two. Matting, crimson and white, on the floor, with a strip of bright carpet before the fire, and a crimson cover on our plain table, and our room began to look cheery and comfortable.

Then the upholstering fever seized us. Our wood-box, three-fourths of a yard of brocatelle glorified into an ottoman, and as it had castors it seldom stood in its proper place by the stove. Our trunks, which fortunately were nearly the same size, we p'aced together, cushioned like the ottoman, and behold a lounge. I purchased next a rocking-chair, but Margaret, more economical, cushioned her common chair till it was nearly as easy as mine. More than one Saturday we spent before our room was finally arranged, but the work was pleasant and the result satisfying.

The house had no blinds—a serious trouble we thought at first; but Margaret soon found a remedy. Outside, just below the window ledge, we fastened a narrow box, just the length of the window, made with lath and twine a trellice, and planted in it morning-glories. In a month they had climbed half over the window—in two they were inside, dropping their many-colored bells everywhere in the morning sunlight, and making abundant shade. With greenhouse plants neither of us had ever had much success. Our ivy refused to wander round our room, drape pictures and brackets, or do any of the pretty things it was advertised to do. Pine cones sprinkled with grass seed and put in moss baskets did not become things of beauty, and neither acorns nor potatoes would sprout when suspended over water. We did succeed in making a lovely hanging basket from a carrot, but that was all. One thing, however, we could and did do; we fastened in our wide window a shallow box and planted therein common flowers—mignonette, portulacca, phlox, verbena, geranium, and heliotrope. Over it hung three baskets—in the centre, vivid nasturtium, on each side wild morning glory. "Nothing but a weed," you say; but there are few vines prettier than this, few that will grow more readily everywhere. How it grew in our baskets, doing gradually all the pretty things our ivies had declined, twining round pictures, sending long tendrils of delicate green, starred with white bells, up on our curtains, forming, finally, a cornice round the room. All through the winter it throve, while our other plants died in our close, warm air.

Then for pictures. It had always been one of our troubles that we could afford so few pictures; but encouraged by our success with cheap and common flowers, we tried the experiment of cheap pictures. First we subscribed for the *Home*, and hung the "Angel of Peace" opposite our bed, to breathe benediction with every glance. From another magazine we took two or three pretty steel plates, and these we framed ourselves in *passe-partout*, at an expense of fifteen cents per picture. From another, an illustrated almanac, we took colored lithographs of spring and autumn, framed them in pretty rustic frames, and they brightened our walls quite to our satisfaction till we had saved enough to purchase a few chromos.

That was not long, for we saved money slowly but surely on our board, and we had a home, felt ourselves for the first time in years thoroughly at home, and found that the pleasure of the sensation did not wear off with its novelty. For our little room we planned and saved. To it we came after our day's work was over, knowing that rest was waiting for us and a quiet supper, far more to our taste than the noise and bustle of a great boarding-house table.

And when winter shut us in, and of evenings our bright little fire glittered in our tiny stove, and our pearl-shaded lamp threw soft light on our bright walls, our little pictures, and brackets, and hanging book-shelves; on the warm furniture, and our glowing window, there were, I think, few rooms prettier or more homelike, and our housekeeping was a success.—*Home Magazine.*

INFANT PROPRIETORSHIP.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

Children ought to have a regular income while they are yet very young, certain bounds within which to spend it, perfect freedom within those bounds, and not too much advice. Children may be treated like winter rye and red-top. If you want an early field or a green lawn in spring, you need not wait till spring comes. You will then sow in uncertainty; for, with all your agricultural knowledge, you can not tell the precise time when snow and rain strike an average and the seed will be safe. You are in danger of sowing too early and losing the seed, or sowing too late and losing time. But trust Nature. Put the little seed into the ground in the fall, and let it judge for itself. It will lie intact all winter in the frozen embrace of the sod; and without a moment's delay or a moment's error, at the exact time it will spring forth into gladness and life.

So that if you wait and watch for the hour when a child shall evince wisdom enough to assume responsibility, you will scarcely hit the mark. You will fall short or go beyond. But give him the responsibility outright. His little soul will be indifferent to it, unconscious of it, unharmed by it, till the fullness of time is come, and

then, without waste or hurry, it lays firm hold of the new power.

It seems a little whimsical to attach any importance to the possession of money by children; but money is the best teacher in the world. It is sure, exacting, unbending, logical. It is the standard not only of material but also of moral values. In one sense, a man's character may be determined by his money. He who is lax in money matters is organically lax. A man's honor never rises one-sixteenth of an inch higher than his principles about debt and credit. Men and women who are careless about payments will do mean things. You may call their carelessness generosity, or high spirit, or any other fine name, but it is always capable of meanness, and it generally puts its capability into practice. This is a quality which parents ought to dig out of a child's heart, or else dig his heart out. It is only by being complete master of money that he can learn its nature and limits; and the complete mastery of a very small sum will teach him everything he needs to know. What he needs to know is, first, intellectually the value of money; and second, morally its uses. The little boy who has charge of his own confectionery department, with five cents a week or one cent a week for capital, is compassing more of prudence, economy, contrivance, combination, than fifty paternal lectures will give him. Yet I have seen girls and boys growing up to be fourteen and fifteen years old with no money except a chance penny, or half a dollar on a holiday. They have every comfort and many luxuries; what do they want of money, which they would only spend foolishly? Then take away some of their luxuries, give them money instead, and let them spend it foolishly, and see what comes of it. As it is, these children have no idea of the value of money, or indeed of anything else. Consequently they are extravagant and destructive. They have nothing but the eye to fix their choice. They don't know the difference between a little mischief and a great deal of mischief. If they break your watch crystal they will feel as much terror as if they had ruined your watch; and, worse than this, having no money to pay for the repair, and so make, or at least offer, honorable reparation, they conceal it from their parents, instinctively trusting their secret to your delicacy. So they are not only failing to prepare for a manly future, but are actually preparing for an unmanly one.

It is very common and very disagreeable to see half-grown girls teasing for gloves, ribbons, slippers, and nick-nacks. The child wants all these things, and does not know how many ways there are for money to go, and how closely her mother must look at a dollar before she decides whic way to start it. But the mother knows, or ought to know, how much she can afford to spend on the girl's dress. Why not give her the money and let her spend it herself? No matter if she does make mistakes. It is far better to make them now, while she has her mother for a court of last resort, than by-and-by, when she is called upon to act for herself, and has large interests at stake. The parents think their daughter is unreasonable in her requirements, but she is not. She has no means of knowing what is reasonable or unreasonable. She has no income, and she cannot know what expense is proportionate. By-and-by, when she marries, she will be the sort of wife that will tease her husband into buying camel's-hair shawls and velvet carpets, which he cannot afford; and he will avenge himself by writing a letter to the newspapers on the extravagance of women. But women are not really half so extravagant as men. They will patiently and unprotestingly practice small economies which men scorn. Men will spend recklessly for their personal comfort, where women will sacrifice personal comfort altogether.

The trouble with the extravagant wife, and with the unreasonable girl from whom she sprang, is the same—the absence of a fixed income, and therefore any standard of expense. Give the young girl a stated sum, and make her responsible for her gloves, handkerchiefs, ribbons, shoes, and, as she matures, of her whole wardrobe. She will very soon develop a surprising carefulness. She will be as wise as her mother about wearing her best cream-colored gloves in the railroad train, and as particular as her mother about folding her ribbons without crumpling, and looking after her laces from the wash. In fact, I am sorry to say, dear madam, that your beautiful daughter, your noble son, may discover a latent meanness in connection with their money which will appall you. The girl who is forward to give gifts, and lavish in expense, when she has to extract it all spasmodically from her father, is no sooner made mistress of an annuity than she becomes what, if she were an old man and not a lovely young girl, we should call miserly, greedy cunning. She declines to give and grudges to pay; and in her small ribbon-y, glove-y way, tries to overreach! Well, if this quality reveals itself under the loving mother's eye, that her loving hand may check the hateful growth; that her loving lips may teach, day after day, the duty and delight of benevolence and generosity and, first of all, uprightness.

But mothers will none of these things. They will not let their girls alone, to spend and save and suffer and grow strong. Untrustworthy race, I know what you do. You are constantly interfering between cause and effect. When your daughters

have spent their allowance, you make them presents. When they have run behind-hand, you anticipate the next payment. When they see something more costly than their means will allow, they tease you for it, and you presently buy it. When they are suffering from a three days' lack of money, you give them a dollar or two out of your own purse. So you destroy the only condition which gives the arrangement value, viz., unchangingness, inevitability. Whenever the law pinches, you step in and thrust it aside. But it is the pinch that enforces the law; and having done everything you ought not to do, and left undone everything that you ought to do, mixing up law and license, pleasure and pain, in irretrievable confusion, you fold your hands and think yourself a devoted mother! And so you are, and your children will, no doubt, one day rise up and call you blessed; but could you not make things easier as you go along?—*Harper's Bazar.*

GARDENING FOR INVALIDS.

Those who are confined to a sick-chamber in situations not commanding a view of the country, or, if in the country, only looking out on a weary waste of snow and leafless trees, often experience an intense longing for green fields and flowers.

A few flower-pots in a window would beguile many a weary hour, while a bouquet would confer positive gladness, and cheat pain and weariness of a portion of their dominion.

It is from a personal knowledge of these facts that we feel sure that flowers may be made to lighten the burden of those confined to the sick-room. Some prejudices must be combated, and certain principles acted upon, and then we feel sure that a large and interesting class of this world's sufferers may derive from window-gardening a refined pleasure; and that, in contrast with their pains and sorrows, it will have to them a double charm—will soothe their waking hours and lessen their privations. The theory that poisonous exhalations arise from plants and flowers during the hours of darkness, is laid to rest with others as absurd.*

Plants, in a growing state, absorb the oxygen gas of the atmosphere, and throw off carbonic-acid gas. These are facts; and as oxygen is needful to life, and carbonic-acid injurious to it, it was supposed that plants in apartments must have a baleful effect upon the atmosphere. But there is another fact equally demonstrable —"that plants feed upon the carbonic-acid of the air, and are, indeed the grand instruments employed in the laboratory of Nature for purifying it from the noxious exhalations of animal life. From the spacious forest, to the blade of grass which forces itself up through the crevices of a street-pavement, every portion of verdure is occupied in disinfecting the air." By means of the rays of the sun, the carbonic-acid gas, when inhaled by the leaves, is decomposed, its carbon strengthens the vitality of the plant, and its oxygen returns to the atmosphere. When night comes, this process ceases. The plants in darkness may emit a little carbonic-acid, but not enough to injure a sick person.

All strong odors are injurious to persons in ill health, and those of some flowers are especially so, and ought not to be allowed to remain in a chamber over-night. But there is a large class of plants which have no perfume, and these can be selected for invalids. So this is one principle to be observed in their window-gardening. Cleanliness is another — pots, saucers, stands and plants should be often washed; all dying leaves and flowers past their prime removed, for some flowers emit unpleasant odors when the meridian of their beauty is past.

Verbenas are especially adapted for cultivation by invalids; though, as they require a cool atmosphere until they begin to bud, they had better be kept in a room free from frost and quite dry. Verbenas are natives of Brazil, and for months remain dry, and delight in a sandy soil—an inch of sand in the top of the pot is none too much for their well being. The reason why so few amateur window-gardeners succeed in making verbenas thrive and blossom in winter, is that they give too much moisture and heat. A room that does not go much above or much below 50 degrees of the thermometer, is the best adapted to keeping verbenas. We have seen good results attained from such treatment, and late in February the plants were covered with buds and blossoms of great beauty. When the plant shows its buds, then water and keep it warm. A recipe given in "Hints on Raising Tomatoes, Peppers, etc.," for stimulating plants, is most excellent for Verbenas.

Heliotropes are very fragrant, but they are such pets of ours, and so easily cultivated, that we should not desire to banish them wholly from an invalid's window, but would stipulate that they should, when in bloom, have other quarters at night. They are most easily raised; a little cutting will soon strike root, and in a few months become a tall, vigorous plant. They are very tender, and it is well to keep them in the cellar until the middle of February,

* Vegetable physiologists are still divided upon the question of the exhalation of noxious gases by plants, especially at night, and our esteemed contributor is somewhat hasty in saying that such a theory is "absurd."—ED.

then bring them up to sunlight and air and stimulating fluid, and in a few weeks they will be "a thing of beauty."

Fuchsias are most desirable for house culture, and with careful treatment they can be forced into early bloom, though they are a summer flower. They require a moist, peaty soil, such as all old bog meadows furnish—rich and black. Water and stimulants should be given with an unsparing hand; a tablespoonful of guano stirred into one gallon of water is a good tonic for them. Red spiders are their terrible foe. Sponging their leaves and branches with lukewarm water will soon destroy them.

The Russian violet, which lifts its lovely blue eyes even under the snows, is an acquisition to every stand of plants; also the new Forget-me-not, which blossoms all winter. Primroses are indispensable, requiring little care, and well repaying that little.

The different varieties of Zonale geraniums, including those with variegated foliage, such as Mrs. Pollock, Mountain of Snow, Cloth of Gold, and Madame Benyon, and also the sweet-scented varieties, such as the Rose-scented, Nutmeg-scented, Lady-Plymouth, and others—are all desirable, if not indispensable. Monthly Carnations and Pinks of the free winter blooming varieties, *Lantana Sellowiana*, *Abutilon vexillaris*, and similar plants, blooming freely in winter, may also be added if room can be made for them.

HOW TO WASH MUSLIN AND LACE.

Muslin or lace should never be rubbed in washing. Take white soap in proportion to the muslins you have to wash, shave it down, and boil it with soft water till it dissolves. When cold, it should be as thick as jelly; mix a part of this jelly with soft tepid water, so as to be strong of the soap; let the muslins lie in this for a night, then add boiling water; move them up and down in the water, repeatedly squeezing them through the hands, so as to wash them, but do not rub them. Having steeped them well in soap and water before, makes rubbing quite unnecessary; tie them loosely up in a pillow-case, and with soft water and the rest of the boiled soap, boil them for a couple of hours. If in the country, they should be laid out on the grass to bleach (without the soap being washed out), and watered when necessary, so as to keep them moist. If in town, where no bleaching on the grass can be procured. put them into a washing tub, and, having poured boiling water over them, leave them in the back court in the air for the rest of the day, and during the night in the water; this has a great effect in whitening them; in either case, after being bleached, rinse them twice through cold water, to clea them completely from the soap, and hang them up to dry before being starched. A piece of lace, or any small article, can be very well bleached by being put outside the window in the sun, in a crystal bottle of water, having been previously washed, and the soap left in it. It is a frequent practice not to boil the starch, but to mix it with boiling water, to hang up the muslins or laces the moment they have been put through the starch, and squeezed out; and when dry, and as hard as a piece of board, then they water them (as it is called), leaving one spot dry and the rest wet, so that to stretch them out for ironing, without tearing them, is almost impossible. This mode of proceeding may account for the melancholy frequency of torn lace, and the dull, heavy appearance of beautiful worked collars, looking as if they had been partially rubbed over with flour and water. To give them that light transparent look which adds so much to their beauty, the treatment must be very different; the starch should be mixed in a little cold soft water, and bruised down with the back of a spoon till quite smooth; more water should be added, till it resembles thin milk, then boiled in a glazed stone pipkin till it becomes clear and thick, so as to form a jelly when cold. The muslins and laces should be put through the starch while it is still warm; squeezed out first in the hand, then gently in a clean smooth cloth, so as to get as much as possible of the starch out without fraying them in any way. The cloth must not be twisted round in the slightest degree, but gently pressed between the hands, putting but a few of the articles in at one time; each article should then be taken separately, held lightly by the two ends with the forefinger and thumb of each hand, and beaten between the palms of both hands for a few minutes; next shaken out and drawn, so that each thread in the muslin is perfectly straight, and the shape of the collar is carefully preserved. If after holding it up between you and the light, you find that in some parts it is not sufficiently clear, then a little drawing up and down on those spots will be necessary, so as to free every thread from the starch. It should then be folded up in a damp cloth, and each article put beside it, as soon as it has gone through the same process, so that the whole may have a slight degree of dampness when ironed. When it is not convenient to do up muslins the moment they are starched, it answers well, after they have been squeezed in the cloth, to fold up each article, and to leave them wrapped up together in a cloth for some hours, or a night, to clear themselves. When this is done they generally require only to be drawn a little, and folded up for

ironing; but where great clearness is to be obtained, the stiffer the starch, and the more they are beaten the better. In getting up fine things well much also depends on the ironing. The ironing blanket should be thick, so that the work on the collars, etc., should have a raised look after being ironed. Where the blanket is thin the hard surface of the table flattens the work and injures the appearance. The ironing blanket should be covered with a piece of thin, smooth, long cloth kept for the purpose, and washed each time it is used. In spreading out the collar, or whatever you are about to iron, see that it lies perfectly even, and that each thread is straight up and down; also that the iron has been carefully cleaned, first rubbed on a piece of old carpet, and then wiped with a cloth; and also that it is not too hot. Singeing is a common fault with the inexperienced, and it is a very bad one; for, even when it is not to such a degree as to burn, which may easily happen with a very thin muslin, still it leaves a yellow shade, which not only destroys the appearance at the time, but is very difficult to get rid of. A little practice in handling the irons will soon accustom one to the degree of heat necessary, and till that is the case an old pocket handkerchief, or some such thing, should be at hand to try each iron upon before you venture to iron anything of consequence. Do not pass your iron frequently over the same place if you wish the muslin to retain the stiffness, and also you should hang the article on a screen before the fire the moment it is ironed; it becomes soft if folded up with the slightest dampness upon it. Lace, which to look well should not be stiff, is improved and cleared by being put through cold water as soon as it has been starched; it should then be sqeezed out, held by each hand, very slightly beaten between the palms of the hands, and gently drawn out. In drawing out the edge the nails must never touch it. It should all be done by the ball of the thumb and the forefinger, and ironed once or twice over to take out the stiffening. When lace is sewed to a muslin collar, and washed with it, as the collar requires to be stiffer than the lace, it will be necessary, after putting it through the starch, and clearing it, by beating and drawing it, to gather the lace together in the hand, and dip it into cold water, so as to take out a good deal of the starch, taking care not to wet the collar; but this is only necessary where the lace is put on with very little fullness, or quite plain. Where it is put on full enough to be set up in small pipes with the French irons, or, rather, curling tongs (as they may be called), it is not necessary to extract any portion of the starch; the lace is the better for being stiff, and, if rather damp when set in these small pipes, they will retain a regular and tidy appearance as long as the collar can be worn. These small French irons are to be got of different sizes, and answer remarkably well for night-cap borders, or frills of any kind. When making use of them you should be near a stove or fire, where they can be frequently heated; for, as they can not be used when very hot, for fear of singeing the lace, they require to be constantly heated, and must be wiped with a cloth each time before being used.

BREAD.

First in the list of accomplishments I class the making of bread—good, sweet, well-baked bread; not a hard, unyielding mass, that almost defies the cutting of the knife and biting of the teeth—the kind one sees on many a table—but that which maketh glad and satisfieth him who eateth of it, and which any housekeeper, with a little care and trouble, will find she will always succeed in having.

For a family of four persons I take three quarts of sifted flour; put it into an earthen bowl or crock (tin makes the bread heavy, and should never be used); make a hole in the middle of the flour, and into this pour one quart of lukewarm milk and water, one pint of the quart being new milk (not skimmed, or it will sour), which has previously been boiled and allowed to cool; with a large spoon gently mix the flour into the milk and water until it is stiff enough to drop slowly from the spoon; beat it well but gently for at least twenty minutes; add about two table-spoonfuls of salt, free from lumps, and beat well again, taking care to leave at least the depth of an inch of flour between the sponge and basin; for your sponge must be completely incased in flour at the sides, and as far as possible at the bottom too: a little practice will soon teach any one the knack of stirring the sponge well, and at the same time not displacing the flour. It is now time to add the yeast, which, if it is "bakers'," should be about a coffee-cupful, but if home-made, not more than three-fourths full. After the yeast goes in beat the sponge very little; a good stirring, to mix it well in, is all that is necessary. Cover it well on top with flour; place a muslin cloth across the top of the basin, a board on that, and set it away to rise. In summer make the sponge about ten o'clock, and in winter about seven in the evening. The next morning your sponge will look lumpy; but stir it well, gradually working in the rest of the flour in the basin. I prefer taking a spoon at first, instead of putting my hands into it at once, and when it becomes too stiff for that, then put your hands to it, working it well over and under, first one side and then another of the spongy mass (adding more

flour if it is inclined to be too sticky), until it seems to have a life of its own, and rebel against such treatment. This working should take you about an hour, and on it more than anything else depends the quality of your bread. Your basin, meanwhile, should be well washed and dried, and in it put the dough, which must rise again, which will take about three hours; try it, however, and if it seems to yield readily to your finger, and springs up again, it is time to put it into the baking-pans. They must be greased at the bottom and sides. Mould the dough into loaves, working it very little—only enough to shape it—and in about twenty minutes put it in the oven, which should be of moderate heat at first, gradually increasing it until it is hot enough to brown it. If the oven is too hot at first it crusts the bread at once and hinder its rising. A medium-sized loaf requires an hour and a half to bake it; and if properly managed, when taken from the oven it will be a beautiful golden brown in color, most tempting to the sight.

RUSTIC PICTURE-FRAMES.

Rustic work for this and other purposes is in great favor now-a-days. With a little care in selection of material, and skill in handling tools, we may frame our engravings and paintings at slight cost. Oakwood, denuded of the bark, presents a beautifully corrugated surface, out of which the knife easily removes the few fibres which adhere, and it is ready for varnishing as soon as it is seasoned, The "season cracks," should they occur, may be filled with dark-brown putty, and will even heighten the general effect.

Take a thin board, of the right size and shape, for the foundation or "mat;" saw out the inner oval or rectangular form to suit the picture. Nail on the edge a rustic frame made of the branches of hard, seasoned wood, and garnish the corners with some pretty device, such, for instance, as a cluster of acorns. Ivy may be trained to grow around these frames with beautiful effect.

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

Children's rights, in spite of the indulgence with which the little ones are regarded, are seldom respected as they should be. It is "Willie, dear, run and get my hat;" "Amy, go up-stairs and see if my window is open;" "Fred, put away that drawing, and help Minnie with her sum;" until children feel that they are continually at the beck of their elders, often with a burning sense of the injustice of it. It is right that they should be obliging, generous, and helpful. It is not right that they should be disturbed and displaced, and sent hither and yonder, without a thought beyond the fact that they are little and cannot help themselves.

I remember staying at a house in which the letters always and delightfully came at breakfast time. One morning a letter came for Grace who had gone to her music lesson. "Why, who can be corresponding with Grace?" says one, opening and reading the child's letter. It never seemed to strike any one present that a dishonorable thing was being done; and poor Grace's letter—her first—was passed around the table for every one to read and laugh over. I saw the little lip quiver and a mist come over the blue eyes when Grace took up her profaned and desecrated envelope. She had been not only deprived of a pleasure: she had been cheated out of a right. One of the most thoroughly delightful things in the world is the opening of one's own letters; and a letter opened and read by one's nearest and dearest is like the plum with its purple bloom rubbed off.

KITCHEN NECESSARIES.

Cleanliness is the principal requisite in the culinary department. It secures comfort and promotes health.

Each utensil employed in the preparation of food should be carefully examined and wiped before being used. Certain articles of diet require particular and distinct utensils; for instance—the fish-kettle, pan, or griddle should not be used for the cooking of beef-steak, &c., for, however carefully cleansed, it will acquire—from frequent use—a degree of taint which cannot be removed; likewise, a preserving kettle should only be used for that purpose.

Avoid, as much as possible, the use of such articles as are lined with metal, which accumulates verdigris; see that your tin vessels are in good repair; also, that the glazing of earthen pots is not peeling off.

Supposing, then, that cleanliness is duly appreciated and maintained in this prime department of your household, let us consider what utensils and management are needful for its completeness.

As domestics are our fellow-beings, and we who stand in the relation of mistresses and directors to them are bound, both as Christians and by the duties of humanity, to care for their well-being, improvement, and comfort, it is not simply necessary that we furnish them with substantial bed-clothing and comfortable sleeping apartments, but it is equally incumbent on us, as, indeed, it will but conduce to our own happiness, to furnish our kitchens in so convenient and liberal a manner that no

mistake may arise from want of proper appliances; so that no derelictions of duty may find plausible excuses in the want of necessaries which should have been provided by the forethought and supervision of the lady; and, also, that a faithful cook may not be hindered by being obliged to substitute unsuitable and inconvenient utensils. We do not mean to advocate extravagance in kitchen furnishing, but simply to recommend as complete a supply of *necessaries* as can be obtained.

The kitchen should be furnished with a nicely contrived and ample dresser; the upper part, when opened, disclosing well-arranged dishes of various sorts and sizes. The drawers should contain dish-cloths and towels, mops, hand-towels, kitchen-table-cloths, dusters, kettle and iron-holders, scrubbing and scouring cloths. Elsewhere should be found skewers, stands for irons, pot-hooks, muffin-rings, small sieves, scissors, meat-knives, and saws, twine, &c., &c. The lower closets should be devoted to the safe-keeping of all kinds of iron-pots, kettles, irons, gridirons, pails, etc., with scouring-sand, stove-blacking, and other materials for cleanliness.

If the ironing-table has a large drawer it may hold the various appurtenances for ironing. Upon some convenient side of the wall should be placed a couple of rows of wooden pins, upon which may be hung the brightly-scoured tins, in which a neat cook so much delights. If it be at all possible, there should also be a closet for the keeping of salt, flour, spice sugar, and coffee-boxes, in constant use; also, for dredging-box, slaw-cutter, large grater, sieves, and other articles.

THE BEAUTIFUL THINGS OF HOME.

A HINT FOR HOME EMBELLISHMENT.

By the Author of "Six Hundred a Year."

For a person of refined tastes to live for years contentedly in a house, without making any effort at beautifying it, would be simply impossible. To such a one, his home would still seem unfurnished, although grand productions of the cabinet-maker might occupy the spaces in his halls and parlors, and every requisition of strict utility be answered. Yet he would constantly miss the pictures from the walls, and all those little groups of ornament and taste from corner shelves and mantel, which, more than he suspected, so materially enhance the attractions and enjoyments of his home.

To the wealthy, it is of no moment how these things are made, or by what combination of ingenious handiwork the effects which they admire are produced. They can wander through splendid collections, and select from costly assortments, while the prices paid will doubtless make glad the heart of some deserving artist, who dwells in a less pretentious mansion, and whose heritage has been genius instead of gold. It is thus, after all, that the good things of this world are more equally distributed than one might suppose.

I write, not for the rich, but for those who, with the same tastes and longings for the beautiful, have slender means for gratifying these humanizing aspirations. If they knew how to produce many of those pretty things for themselves, how soon would their blank walls be covered with evidences of taste and skill, and their parlor niches become treasuries of art, while in many cases these exercises of ingenuity would bring in golden returns to the domestic treasury.

As an instance, in one of the most elegant Broadway establishments I saw the other day a chess-table of beautiful shape and proportions, which might have come, for aught I knew, from the great Exposition itself; for there it was at least worthy of a place. I stopped to admire it, and inquired, very impertinently, perhaps, where it was made. The vendor, who knew my inquisitive disposition, and is moreover an obliging man, deserving success, told me privately that it was ornamented by a young lady who supported herself handsomely by such work. This seemed incredible, for the finish was fully equal to most of the fine imported articles of *papier-maché*, although the price demanded was far below. As I have said, I am very inquisitive, and therefore resolved to follow up the subject for my own gratification, and perhaps for your benefit also, gentle reader, should you be similarly inclined.

Having found the manufactory, and in the most honorable manner possessed myself of the art, I will endeavor to describe the process by which the plain wooden tables which I saw, just as they had come from the maker's hands, were subsequently converted into the beautiful ornaments described.

These tables, screens, &c., were made as lightly as possible, and finished very smoothly; but graceful forms were given to them, the tops being either round or square, with the central stems and feet turned according to a variety of designs. The first thing done was to give them all over a smooth, even coat of black oil paint, laying it on with an ordinary painter's brush, and working it well into the cracks and under portions of the table. When this coating was entirely dry, the chess design was traced in its proper place, leaving a margin for outside ornament. The tracing was easily done by means of a drawing on paper, the other side of which

is then prepared with some white powder,—chalk will answer,—and this being well-rubbed into the paper, the prepared side may be placed downwards, and the pattern transferred in the usual way, by means of a sharp-pointed stick pressing on the outlines of the drawing. After removing the paper, the design will be seen distinctly traced upon the black surface of the table.

The squares are to be alternately black and pearl. The pearl required for this work is the same that is used for other kinds of inlaying, and can be readily obtained wherever pearl articles are manufactured. It is about the thickness of ordinary Bristol-board. If one edge of the pieces is thicker than another, which is usually the case, the inequalities should be shaved off with a penknife; but be careful always to place the pieces upon the table with the rough side down. The sheets of thin pearl are cut as nearly square as possible, and laid upon their intended places; if they are smaller than required for a square, several small pieces may be fitted closely together. When this is done, they are lifted one by one, and fixed, by a little varnish, applied with a camel's hair brush underneath, the pearl being pressed down into the varnish as firmly as possible. They should then remain under pressure until entirely dry.

Next give the whole surface of the top two coats of fine black Japan varnish at intervals of several hours between each, and, when they are quite dry, scrape the black off the pearl, and polish the whole top by rubbing it well with pumice powder and water. This will show whether the surface is perfectly level; if not, successive coats of black, and successive scrapings and rubbings, will be needed, until a uniform level is secured, after which it is finely polished with rotten-stone and water, using a soft rag.

The design of these alternate coatings and scrapings is to raise the black square to a perfect level with the pearl, which being fastened upon the surface, and not inlaid, will of course stand up above it. When a sufficient amount of the black Japan has been applied, this inequality will disappear, and the pearl become entirely embedded in the black surface, while the finishing polish being given to the whole table top will improve both the pearl and the black squares.

For the stem of the table, if the designs for ornamenting it also require pearl, they may be placed here and there in the same way, and the design retraced after it is polished. Impromptu patterns are often more beautiful and graceful than any copied ones, and for those who possess a little ingenuity and skill in such things, it will be found much easier to draw the designs in that way. The painting and gilding require little really artistic knowledge. The flowers, birds, or buildings, if a landscape, having been already outlined as described, they are passed over with a coat of thin white paint, prepared by mixing dry Chinese or zinc white with white varnish or turpentine. This is put on evenly, being careful to keep within the outline, and must be allowed to become entirely dry. As fast as one coat is dry, put on another, and if it does not then appear well covered and opaque, a third coat may be given. This is merely the ground color, and as soon as thoroughly dry and hard, the proper tints are given by applying transparent colors over the white. These colors are the various lakes, siennas, emerald green, Prussian blue, and many other shades produced by combinations. Thus, to tint the bright green leaves, mix on the glass slab, or pallet, yellow lake with Prussian blue, and lay on a coat over the white. If a yellow green is required, the yellow lake should predominate, or if a brownish, autumnal tint is desired, a little burnt sienna given as a second coat or glaze, on the edges or veins, will change the bright green into a reddish brown. For blue flowers use Prussian blue; for crimson, crimson lake; for scarlet, use first a coat of yellow lake, and then one of crimson lake; for purple, mix Prussian blue with crimson lake; for deep yellow, Indian yellow. These colors, being all transparent or semi-transparent, may be painted over the pearl, as well as over the white grounds, but if solid colors are needed, as in certain small clustered flowers, use chrome yellows, vermilion, orange chrome and cobalt.

The shading of all the flowers can be done afterward by another coat, or by touches or glazings of transparent colors, which will give brilliancy, or softness, as may be required. A neutral tint, for shading the white flowers, may be made by mixing crimson lake, Prussian blue, and yellow lake. If pearl is placed in the centre of the flower, the white groundwork should not be allowed to cover the pearl, but only to fill out the proper outlines; then, when the transparent color is applied over the whole surface, the exact size and shape of the pearl will not be observable.

After the flowers have become dry, the veins, stamens, stems, thorns, tendrils, &c., can be pencilled in with Vandyke brown, mixed either with crimson lake or burnt sienna, according to the tint desired. The stamens will generally be nearly white, the anthers being touched with chrome yellow. Sometimes, after the painting has dried, a little additional shading for the edges of certain flowers will be required, and this can be given by a few touches of the neutral tint mixed very thin with varnish.

The gilding is done last of all, and calls for especial care in order that there may be no waste of the foil. The design to be done in gold is first traced with gold size, which is a preparation of common isinglass dissolved in hot water, but not used until cold. It should have a small quantity of yellow chrome mixed with it, so that the pattern when traced may be seen distinctly. Then, with a gilder's tip,—a flat, thin brush of hair,—rubbed first, back and forth across the cheek, in order to produce electricity enough to attract the gold-foil, the latter may be laid upon the whole design. It will adhere readily to the parts which have been touched with sizing, and when entirely dry, the superfluous gold can easily be removed by rubbing gently with a soft rag, and if carefully done, the particles may answer to apply in other places. Sometimes white varnish will be preferred to the sizing; but in that case the gold should not be laid on until it is nearly dry, merely sticky.

The work must now be left to harden thoroughly, say for two or three weeks, and is then finished by varnishing with white copal.

A still more simple method of ornamentation may very appropriately be described here. Its application to this peculiar work is entirely original, and the effects produced are exceedingly tasteful.

The beautiful "Fern Impression work," which has been introduced of late to ornament screens, tidies, toilet sets, sofa pillows, &c., may be advantageously used to decorate the tops of tables, backs of fancy chairs, and many other articles in the house, thereby dispensing entirely with colors and pearl.

Let us first describe the work itself. For a screen or pillow, take a square of white or light colored velvet, fine satin jean, or any other similar material; lay it smoothly upon a flat board, and arrange upon it a variety of ferns and small leaves, in such graceful groups or designs as one's taste may suggest. Then fasten them down in their places by pins, pressed through the ends and stems into the board itself. Have ready a thick mixture of Indian ink and water, or (if the article be liable to frequent washings) indelible ink, and, dipping a large camel's-hair, or an artist's brush of medium size, into the liquid, draw it back and forth across a comb, held over the leaves; this will cause the ink to spatter over the surface, and the intersects between the sprays, as well as the outer margin of the design, will become darkened, and should be allowed to fade gradually outward, the portions immediately around the sprays being made quite dark. When the ferns are removed, the graceful design will be distinctly seen in white, upon a ground of brownish gray, and the central veins should be drawn with a pen or black pencil.

The same principle is applied to our table, by substituting gold bronze powder for ink. The table is first finished with the black Japan, and polished with the pumice-powder and rotten-stone; the ferns are then fastened in their intended places, being laid as flat and close to the table as possible, and pinned, if necessary, at every point. A thin coat of white varnish is then applied to all the parts not covered with the leaves; and, when nearly dry, the bronze powder is dusted over, and will adhere to every sticky part, the design being thus displayed in black, upon a bronze ground. The veins are then produced by gilding, and the whole varnished, as before described.

These were the processes by which the beautiful tables, screens, &c., were produced, and which found a ready sale at that fashionable establishment. The young lady could finish at least twenty of them in advance of the holiday season, and as she realized a profit of fifteen dollars on each, she had a return of three hundred dollars from tables alone. Other small articles, such as portfolios, screens, panels for doors of cabinets, bookcases, &c., were ornamented in the same way; but in such cases, the foundation material was stiff bookbinder's board, instead of wood. For these there was a continued demand, and they produced a profit amounting to a still larger sum; so that from the whole she realized at least seven hundred dollars per annum, without overworking herself or encroaching upon the evening hours.

This style of ornamentation originated with that ingenious people, the Japanese. Years ago, when their islands were apparently sealed up from intercourse with the outer world, occasional specimens of their marvellous handiwork, in paper, pearl, and gilding, were brought to us by tea-traders and sea-captains. Their lacquer-ware with pearl inlaid was long a mystery, even to our most ingenious minds. But more intimate acquaintance with this singular people has revealed the art. American ingenuity and taste have adopted it, and by such successful imitations are making its productions extensively popular. The art is peculiarly appropriate for women, either as one of many domestic recreations, or as a source of income, to be followed quietly in the retirement of home.

Perhaps some one who reads this may be the owner of a superannuated table, an obsolete chair, a screen of the last generation, an old mahogany parlor stand, all now thrown aside, and crowded into garrets and storerooms, as too ancient and unsightly to remain below stairs. These are the crude and now ready foundations on which she may build, and, by a process as

interesting as it is simple, transform such forgotten mementos of past ages into household ornaments as attractive as any she can discover in the warerooms of the most fashionable thoroughfares.

BUY YOUR CAGE BEFORE YOU CATCH YOUR BIRD.

BY MRS. H. W. BEECHER.

A young lady writes that this old adage is often repeated to her, "in connection with grave warnings against early engagements and early marriages," and asks for our opinion and advice.

This old proverb sounds very wise, and if taken literally, may, for ought we know, be correct doctrine; but when used as a warning, in the connection which our friend suggests, we don't more than half believe in it. We are no advocate for very long engagements, or unreasonably early marriages, but we do believe that the happiest marriages are of those between whom love was early plighted, and that close observation will prove that such are the most likely to stand the test of time, and pass through the many rough and hazardous paths of married life, with the most cheerful fortitude. Those who have delayed marriage till their habits have become too firmly established to yield kindly to another's wishes or peculiarities, have not, we think, so sure a prospect of a pleasant and harmonious life. We would sooner trust an early union to carry the wedded pair down to a peaceful old age, not only without losing the love that first united them, but with the firm hope that it would grow brighter and brighter, until that perfect day, when both having passed over the river, shall stand with clearer vision and purified affection, before the throne of God.

When *school days* are over and the young man enters upon his chosen occupation, and the maiden leaves the school-room to return to her mother's care, then we believe that an engagement, formed with pure love for the basis, is a great safeguard. It protects the lover from many temptations by which young men away from home are beset, especially in the city. They have little society, save such transient companions as may cross their path, and who will, perhaps, seek to entice them to find pleasure in low and unrefined, if not in really impure and sinful courses. In the evening, after the day's work is ended, time hangs heavy on their hands, they crave something, they know not what, and are easily entrapped.

Now while a true love will teach a man to turn from such pleasures in disgust, it will also save the maiden any desire to indulge in the flirtations and coqueteries with which gay and fashionable society tempts young and unguarded girls to degrade themselves. An *engagement* does not always prevent this, we are sorry to say, but *pure love* will prove an unfailing protection.

Neither do we believe an engagement should be protracted after the lover has entered upon his business or profession, until he has accumulated sufficient wealth to keep his bird in a golden cage.

Begin real life *together*. That is the true way,—all the sweeter and happier if you begin small. The less style and display there is, the more time each will have to study the home character of the one they have accepted as a companion for life, and the better opportunity to learn easily how to "bear and forbear,"—to tone down such peculiarities as are not conducive to mutual confidence and harmony. In all characters there will be such peculiarities —it is quite right there should be—but by carrying the same gentleness and courtesy into domestic life, which was so easily and naturally given in the days of courtship, yielding a little, "giving up" one to the other, the early wedded become assimilated, and find in their union an ever increasing joy, which a later marriage, when the habits become fixed and unyielding, seldom realizes.

But to begin in a small way, with limited means, subjects one to much drudgery and many deprivations; besides we lose caste. Those who knew us in our father's house, surrounded with comfort and luxury, would scarcely deign to notice us if found in circumstances so at variance with our parents' mode of life.

Such friends are scarcely worth the securing. You have outgrown baby-hood and childhood, and having entered upon man's and woman's estate, surely do not expect to be always cradled in your parents' arms, but if you are of any worth you should cheerfully accept life as you find it. "Its rough ascents, or flowing slopes," if trod together, and in love, will insure genuine happiness, and we often think one stores up quite as much real pleasure while passing through the rough places as when walking among the flowers. We know that the retrospection is often a source of unfailing enjoyment.

Many, we are aware, find great delight in selecting the house that is to be their home, and furnishing it as elaborately and tastefully as their means will permit, perhaps, even beyond a safe limit, and then "*surprising*" the bride by ushering her into this unexpected establishment. The "*surprise*" is doubtless effected, but although the annoyance may be concealed, in nine cases out of ten we venture to say it is keenly felt. When possible, both should

act together in selecting the house, or it may be "rooms," where is to be their home, and the taste and judgment of both be consulted in selecting the furniture, which they expect to have before their eyes daily. In examining and counseling *together* frequently, they modify each other's tastes, and in the end are far better satisfied than if either had done the work alone.

The money for furnishing a house is often provided as a part of the bride's outfit, and of course, if she chooses so to consider the matter, it is "*her right*" to select the furniture, without consulting another's taste or wishes. But the older we grow the more we are satisfied, that "*my rights*" should be erased from the matrimonial dictionary, and "*our rights*" substituted.—*Christian Union.*

LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER'S CORNER.

EASY FANCY-WORK.

TOMATO CUSHIONS.—Cut out two round pieces of red or yellow flannel, merino, or silk, about three and a half inches across, or the size of a teacup, and overstitch them firmly together, leaving a hole. Into this pour through a tunnel bran enough to fill it full, but not crowd it. Then sew up the hole. Put your needle (threaded with green silk) through the middle and catch the cushion firmly through with two or three strong stitches, then mark it off into sections, or equal parts, by putting the silk over the edge and through from the under side and drawing it tight. A few little loops of narrow green ribbon will do for a "finish" in the centre.

THIMBLE-CASES.—Cut out, in paper, the shape of a tiny slipper about three inches long, the sole, and the piece for the toe, and when you have a nice shape, lay the paper upon some morocco or enamel cloth and cut exactly the same. Line each with flannel or silk, and bind them all round with narrow ribbon. Then sew the edges of the toe-piece to the sole, very neatly over and over stitch, and put a bow and loop of ribbon on the heel to hang it up by. Hung in mamma's work-basket, it will make a cunning home for her thimble.

HOW TO FRAME PICTURES.—If you have any magazine-engraving which you wish to frame yourself, let a glazier or man who sets window-glass cut you a glass a little larger than the picture, so as to show a white margin all around. Then purchase a sheet of fancy paper, such as is shiny on one side and white on the other—either black or red is pretty. Then, with a piece of stiff pasteboard or old paper box, the size of your glass, and a bit of tape and some paste, you have all your materials.

Cut strips of your paper about an inch wide. Lay down the pasteboard, place the picture on it, and the glass on the face of the picture. Then bind the edges of all together with your strips of paper, joining them as neatly as you can at the corners, having the paper binding about as wide as your little finger-nail on the picture side.

Then on the back, about two inches from the top and one inch from each side, paste on little loops of tape. A piece of paper or cloth pasted over the bottom of these will make them firm. Lay away your picture till thoroughly dried, then put a cord through the loops and hang it up.

SELECTED RECIPES.

TO PREPARE COLD ROAST BEEF OR MUTTON.—Cut off the meat as thin as possible; dip each slice in flour; cover the bottom of a deep dish with a layer of meat thus prepared; dust over it a little pepper, salt, sage and sweet marjoram—*very little* of each—add another layer of the meat, dipped in flour, and seasoned in the same way. Continue this till the dish is half full, then pour over it what gravy was left, being careful to remove every particle of fat. If not gravy enough, substitute water. Turn in half a teacup of catsup, or a pint can of tomatoes, adding a little clove or allspice. Add water enough to fill it nearly full, fit a plate tightly over it, to keep in the flavor, and bake two hours. Boil some potatoes and mash them, adding a little salt, butter and milk, Make it into a high wall around the edge of a well-heated platter; beat up an egg and brush over the potatoes, and when the meat is done turn it into the platter; slip it again into the oven, to remain long enough to brown the potatoes a fine golden brown. The poorest and toughest parts of uncooked beef may be made deliciously tender if prepared in this manner; but it must be in the oven one hour longer.

TO COOK SALT FISH.—Take a piece of thick, dry salt fish, and after washing and cleansing from bones and skin, soak two hours; then put in a deep pan or dish and nearly cover with milk. Bake half an hour; add a little butter and break the fish into slices in the gravy and send to the table hot. I know of no way in which dry fish is as good as this.

OYSTER SOUP.—Take a shin of veal, put it in a pot with three quarts of water, and a head of celery, pepper, and salt; boil it three hours; then strain it all through a sieve; add a small piece of butter, braided in a tablespoonful of flour; stir it in and give it one boil; have ready, washed out of the liquor, one gallon of oysters; strain

the liquor into the soup, let it boil up, then put in the oysters, with a spoonful of mushroom sauce; give it one boil and send it to the table very hot.

MACCARONI WITH OYSTERS.—Boil the maccaroni in salt-water and drain it through a colander. Then take a deep earthen or tin dish and put in alternate layers of maccaroni and oysters, sprinkling each layer of maccaroni with fine grated or cut cheese and cayenne pepper. Bake in an oven or stove until it becomes brown on the top. One quart of oysters will answer for a large dish. Use plenty of butter, putting it between each layer.

OYSTER OMELET.—Beat four eggs very light; cut out the hard part, or eye, from a dozen oysters; wipe them dry, and cut into small pieces; stir them into the beaten eggs, and fry in hot butter. When the under side is a light brown, sprinkle a very little salt and pepper over the top, and fold one-half of the omelet over the other. Never turn an omelet. It makes it heavy and ruins it.

SAVE YOUR BREAD CRUMBS.—Never throw away a bit of bread, if clean. Keep a shallow tin pan for the special purpose of drying stale bread. When the ovens are not in use, slip in the pan of bread scraps, leaving the oven door open, that they may not scorch. As fast as one instalment is well dried, roll it fine, keeping one side of your bread-board for that special purpose, and then sift it through a moderately coarse sieve. Put the bread crumbs into a bag and suspend it in some cool, dry place, adding to it as fast as you get more dried. Crumbs thus saved are very useful for stuffing, or to roll chops, oysters, or scollops in, for frying, and just as good as cracker crumbs for every purpose.

BIRDS' NEST PUDDING.—Peel six apples, take out the core, leaving the apple whole, fill them with sugar, place them in a pudding-dish, pour over them a batter, prepared as for a batter pudding. Bake an hour in a moderate oven. Eat with sweet sauce.

RICH APPLE PUDDING.—Half a pound each of the following ingredients:—Bread crumbs, suet, apples, currants, and brown sugar; half a spoonful of grated nutmeg, a dozen sweet almonds chopped fine, and a little cinnamon. The apples should be pared, cored, and chopped; the suet shredded and chopped. Mix the ingredients well together, adding the whites of eggs last. Boil for three hours in either a pudding-bag or else a mould well buttered.

SUGAR CAKES.—Three quarters of a pound of granulated sugar, half a pound of flour, six eggs (yolks and whites beaten separately), a very little mace finely powdered, and two table-spoonfuls of rose-water. When dropped on the tins they must be sprinkled with rose-water, and sugar sifted over them.

LOAF CAKE.—Two cups sugar, two of milk, two of flour, one of yeast; make into a sponge over night. In the morning, if light, beat together two cups sugar, one of butter and four eggs; add these to the sponge with enough more flour to make it quite stiff; add spice and fruit to suit the taste; a cup and a half of stoned raisins, well floured, and half a cup of citron cut thin, and in small pieces.

MRS. BREEDLEY'S FRUIT CAKE.—EXCELLENT.—Five eggs, five cups of flour, two and a half cups of sugar, one and a half cups butter, and two cups sour milk, two cups raisins; beat sugar and butter to a cream; add the egg-yolks and whites, beaten separately; then three cups of the flour and the milk; beat well and then add cloves and cinnamon to suit your taste, and the remainder of the flour: and last, one teaspoonful soda dissolved in a very little water. Bake as soon as put together.

Spices, in all receipts, may be increased or diminished to suit the taste. One nutmeg and a teaspoonful of other spices will be a medium allowance; cloves are generally undesirable, except in fruit cake.

CRULLERS.—One cup sugar, one cup sweet milk, three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two teaspoonfuls of cream tarter, sifted with the flour, one teaspoonful of soda; spice to suit taste. Have the lard boiling hot, and fry as soon as made.

RAISED TEA-BISCUIT.—Take two quarts sifted flour, two tablespoonfuls white sugar, two tablespoonfuls butter as shortening, half cup yeast and one pint boiled milk. Make a hole in the flour, into which put the other materials, brushing the flour over the top. Let stand over night. Mix in the morning, and as it rises cut the dough down two or three times. Two and a half hours before wanted, mould into biscuit and set in a warm place to rise.

TO "DO UP" BLACK SILK.—Boil an old kid glove (cut into small shreds) in a pint of water till the water is reduced to half a pint; then sponge your silk with it; fold it down tight, and ten minutes after, iron it on the wrong side while wet. The silk will retain its softness and lustre, and at the same time, have the "body" of new silk.

Literary Notices.

THE MONITIONS OF THE UNSEEN, and Poems of Love and Childhood. By Jean Ingelow. Author's Edition. Boston: Roberts Bros., 1871. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

Jean Ingelow appears in marked contrast to many of the writers of the present day, who use the talent that God has given them for the injury of His cause upon earth, ridiculing true religion and glorifying what is vile. Every word she writes is instinct with purity and beauty. Her poems, though not all on religious subjects, are evidently written by one who recognizes the fact that love to God is the most important element of our life here. Many a heart, over-burdened and weary with apparently fruitless efforts to do the Master's work, will find comfort in the poem, "The Monitions of the Unseen," which gives its name to this volume. It represents a young curate working among the wretched poor in an English town, until bent down under the burden of the woe which he could not assuage,

> "His heart
> Had yearned till it was overstrained, and now
> He—plunged into a narrow slough unblest—
> Had struggled with its deadly waters till
> His own head had gone under, and he took
> Small joy in work he could not look to aid
> Its cleansing."

Yet Hope still held him by "one right tender tie." This was the teaching of the children. Yet, as these died through neglect and misery, his sorrow deepened, and at length came the climax, when one that he had particularly cared for passed away, who would have lived but for "drunken blows and dull forgetfulness of infant need." With heart dead with sorrow, he went passively through the minster service, and when the people had gone, he locked himself into the church.

> "The minster-church was like a great brown cave,
> Fluted and fine with pillars, and all dim
> With glorious gloom; but as the curate turned,
> Suddenly shone the sun,—and roof and walls,
> Also the clustering shafts from end to end,
> Were thickly sown all over, as it were,
> With seedling rainbows. And it went and came
> And went, that sunny beam, and drifted up
> Ethereal bloom to flush the open wings
> And carven cheeks of dimpled cherubim,
> And dropped upon the curate as he passed,
> And covered his white raiment and his hair."

His meditations upon the uselessness of his work will strike a sympathetic chord in the heart of many workers.

> "Must I trim my lamp,
> And ever painfully toil to keep it bright
> When use for it is none? I must; I will—
> Though God withhold my wages, I must work,
> And watch the bringing of my work to nought,—
> Weed in the vineyard through the heat o' the day,
> And, overtasked, behold the weedy place
> Grow ranker yet in spite of me.
> He said,
> Moreover, 'When will this be done?' My life
> Hath not yet reached the noon, and I am tired;
> And oh! it may be that uncomforted
> By foolish hope of doing good, and vain
> Conceit of being useful, I may live
> And it may be my duty to go on
> Working for years and years, for years and years.'

While he was musing, the spirit of the little child over whom he had so lately mourned appeared to him, and, by its touch, brought him into contact with the spiritual world, by which unknowingly he was surrounded.

> "And he lift
> His eyes and all the holy place was full
> Of living things; and some were faint and dim,
> As if they bore an intermittent life,
> Waxing and waning; and they had no form,
> But drifted on like slowly trailed clouds,
> Or moving spots of darkness, with an eye
> Apiece."

These are evil spirits, and at length he becomes aware of two crouching near him on the floor, and condoling with each other over their non-success in the evil work of destroying souls. He hears his own name mentioned with muttered curses, as one who gathered the children while yet too

young for the fiends to clutch, and sheltered them.

"Till the strong angels—pitiless and stern,
But to them loving ever—sweep them in,
By armsful, to the unapproachable fold."

They lament thus over the failure of their efforts to turn him from his work:

"We strew his path with gold: it will not lie;
We brought him all delights: his angel came
And stood between them and his eyes. They spend
Much pains upon him,—keep him poor and low
And unbeloved; and thus he gives his mind
To fell the fateful, the impregnable
Child-fold, and sow on earth the seed of stars."

At hearing this testimony from the unseen world, "He was afraid, yet awful gladness reached his soul."

The child-spirit then beckons him up to the tower, and with a somewhat painful sense of incongruity, we find that it is to hear two turtle doves conversing. They also are talking about the curate and his work, and their words are full of wisdom, though we cannot quite fathom the idea of the author in bringing them into the story.

"The mystic bird replied, 'Brother,' he saith,
'But it is nought: the work is overhard.'
Whose fault is that? God sets not overwork.
He saith the world is sorrowful, and he
Is therefore sorrowful. He cannot set
The crooked straight;—but who demands of him,
O brother, that he should? What! thinks he, then,
His work is God's advantage, and his will
More bent to aid the world than his dread Lord's?
Nay, yet there live amongst us legions fair,
Millions on millions, who could do right well
What he must fail in; and 'twas whispered me,
That chiefly for himself the task is given—
His little daily task."

After this the child led him down to the beggar at the door, who had another lesson to teach him. This was that God has given to some the duty of suffering, that others may minister to their needs.

"My poor shall minister
Out of their poverty, to thee; shall learn
Compassion by thy frailty; and shall oft
Turn back when speeding home from work, to help
Thee, weak and crippled, home. My little ones
Thou shalt importune for their slender mite,
And pray, and move them that they give it up
For love of Me."

Moved by these lessons from the invisible world, the curate sees that he has been wrong in attempting to bear a burden which was never intended for him, and resolves:—

"I will trust in Him
That He can hold His own; and I will take
His will above the work He sendeth me,
To be my chiefest good."

After the "Monitions of the Unseen," the poem entitled "The Mariner's Cave" dwells most favorably in our remembrance. It teaches a beautiful lesson of God's dealings with His people, drawing them even against their will to "look up." Indeed, the whole volume is full of striking thoughts, which we would fain copy for the benefit of those who will not have the pleasure of seeing it; but space fails us, and we need only add that the book is handsomely printed upon tinted paper and embellished with numerous engravings, and a *fac simile* of the writing of the poetess, which adds interest to the frontispiece.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE and Illustrated Catalogue of Seeds for 1871. James Vick, Rochester, New York.

Mr. Vick is a man that puts his mind and heart into his work. That he is an enthusiast in the cultivation of flowers no one can doubt who reads half a dozen lines of the gossip with his customers, with which he opens his annual catalogue. The two beautiful colored plates, giving the new varieties of petunia in all their richness of coloring and magnificence of size, are almost enough to make every one who has a garden devote a large part of it to the culture of that plant; and we can tell them from personal experience that if they do they will not regret it, for the petunia has no equal in covering the ground through the summer and fall with constant brightness and beauty. This catalogue has the advantage over those of previous years in that there is an engraving given of almost every flower mentioned in it. Mr. Vick not only has his own printing office, but he has his own engravers and artists constantly engaged under his supervision in bringing out illustrations that will be true to nature. Every kind of seed is twice tested before being sent out. Careful directions are given with regard to preparing the soil, sowing, transplanting, &c., as

well as valuable hints concerning the kinds of plants suitable for different locations and purposes. Considerable deductions are made on large orders, which renders the formation of clubs in country neighborhoods quite an object. Mr. Vick bears all the risk and expense of shipping, guaranteeing in every case the safe arrival of the seeds in good condition. This beautiful catalogue is sent free to all the customers of 1870, and to all others who order them for ten cents, which is not half the cost.

From the introduction to this Catalogue, we copy the following

HINTS ON SOWING SEEDS.

I would like all my customers to produce plants from each variety of seed they purchase, and healthy, strong plants, bearing flowers in the highest possible state of perfection, not only equalling but excelling the descriptions and drawings I have given. This, however, I do not anticipate. The skillful florist sometimes fails, for he often has to contend against adverse circumstances, and is not always victorious. Many of my customers are of limited experience, some just commencing to love and cultivate flowers, and while a few fail, I often feel surprised and gratified at the very general success. My great desire is to give such information as will make success possible to all, and especially to induce all who fail, to search earnestly for the *cause*. With all the care I take to prevent the possibility of such an occurrence, it is barely possible that a customer may obtain a variety of seeds that, in consequence of some accident or mistake, will not germinate; but when failure is in any way general, rest assured the trouble is at home, and search earnestly for the cause and the cure. In this way only can improvement be made. The purchase of a chest of medicine would not make a physician of the purchaser, nor would the possession of paints and brushes and canvass make the owner an artist; nor does the purchase of a few seeds and a garden trowel constitute the possessor a florist. This requires a love of the work, an inquiring mind that will search carefully and honestly for the cause of every failure, and perseverance that laughs at impossibilities. Those who undertake the work with such a disposition will soon gain an experience that will be invaluable, and render success certain.

The selection of seeds is a very important matter; and on the wisdom of the choice, success may in a great measure depend. I would advise those who have had but little experience to invest their money cautiously—get only a few seeds, and those of the more hardy and popular kinds, such as the Aster, Balsam, Stock, Phlox, Petunia, Ricinus, Dianthus, Zinnia, &c., with a very few of the more tender kinds, just for trial and to gain a little experience. Half-a-dozen flowering plants, well cultiv. ted, will give pleasure, while a hundred neglected or improperly treated will be a constant source of pain.

Always be careful to get seeds suited to your wants. If you wish a climber to cover a fence or trellis, the Morning Glory, the climbing Nasturtium, and similar strong growing vines will answer the purpose and give good satisfaction; while some of the more tender climbers would not be likely to come up if planted in such a situation as this, and if they did happen to grow, would not cover the place designed for them, and disappointment would be the result. If the object is a brilliant, showy bed on the lawn, or in the border, the Petunia, Phlox Drummondii, Verbena, &c., will meet your wishes; while a bed of Mignonette, or any of the smaller or less showy flowers, would be entirely out of place. If flowers of taller growth are desired for a showy bed more in the back-ground, the Zinnia, the French Marigold, the Gladioli, &c., are admirably adapted to the purpose, while some very beautiful, low, modest flowers would be worthless. In the descriptions, we have given the height the plants attain, so as to aid, as far as possible, in a proper selection. This subject is mentioned because I have reason to know that grave errors are sometimes made, and good flowers condemned merely because they are out of their proper place. For instance, I have known customers sow Calceolaria and Cineraria, and other very delicate seeds, in the open ground and in soils where a cabbage would hardly condescend to grow, not knowing that they require the most careful treatment in the house, and sometimes tax the skill even of the professional florist. While I shall faithfully endeavor to do my part well, I desire to give such information as will enable my customers to meet their part of the responsibility.

It is possible to destroy the best seeds, and some kinds may be destroyed without much trouble. Indeed, some of the more delicate will only germinate under the most favorable circumstances. With each kind in the body of the Catalogue, and connected with the description, are very plain directions for sowing, &c., but I wish my readers to understand a little of the philosophy of this subject. This will be of permanent value, and account for many things that heretofore have seemed mysterious.

THE SOIL AND ITS PREPARATION.—The best soil for most flowers, and especially for young plants, and for seed-beds, is a mellow loam, containing so much sand that it will not "bake" after hard showers. If we have not such a soil, we must, of course, use the best we have. A stiff clay soil can be much improved by a little sand, or ashes and manure, and by pretty constant working. It must not, however, be handled when too wet. Always drain the flower garden so that no water will be on or near the surface. Don't try to grow good flowers in a poor soil. Always have a little pile of manure in some outer corner. It is as convenient as money in the purse. Those who keep a cow or horse, will, of course, have manure enough; but those who have no such opportunity can get a load of sods from some meadow or the sides of the road, lay them in a pile to rot, and give them a soaking with soap-suds on washing days. When the leaves fall, get all you can handily and throw them upon the pile, and no one will be able to boast of better flower-food; in fact, this is the very poetry of manure.

SOWING SEED.—This is a very important matter, and one in which the young florist is the most likely to fail. Some old and professional florists make sad work here, for knowledge is not only necessary, but care and attention. One "*forgot*" may ruin a whole sowing of the choicest seeds. Of course, there are some kinds of seeds that are robust and will grow, no matter how they are treated, just as our weeds grow and thrive under ill treatment, but others require kind and proper treatment, just as almost everything desirable does in the animal as well as in the vegetable kingdom. The florist must have flowers that are not natural to our climate —those that flourish in warmer climes and under more genial skies— their dazzling beauty, their delicious fragrance must be secured at almost any cost of time and labor. This is well; but having made up our minds to possess the treasure, we must pay the price—we must study their habits and treat them accordingly. None need feel alarmed at these remarks, or think themselves incompetent to the charge of such treasures without hot-beds, greenhouses and professional gardeners. This is not true. We have known ladies, who, with but little pretensions, equalled the most distinguished florists. There seemed to be magic in their fingers, and everything they touched flourished. I will endeavor to give some hints on the philosophy of vegetation, that I hope will be profitable. It is true that a hot-bed, if properly managed, is of great aid in effecting germination of seeds, and it is well all should know why this is so. And here, I will remark, that I hope every one who has had difficulty in getting their flower seeds to germinate, last season, will have a hot-bed prepared for spring; or, in the absence of this, a cold-frame.

Editorial Notices.

LADY LISGAR.

We present to the readers of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, in the present number, a portrait of Lady Lisgar, which we are sure will be appreciated by them, for since Lord Lisgar (then Sir John Young) arrived in Canada, his amiable and accomplished lady has fully shared with him the respect and esteem of the Canadian people.

Lady Lisgar is the daughter of the late Marchioness of Headfort, by her first husband, Edward Tuite Salton, Esq., and was married to Lord Lisgar before his accession to the Baronetage, on the 8th of April, 1835. Her ladyship suffered a family affliction which must have damped the Christmas festivities at Rideau Hall in the death of her step-father, the Marquis of Headfort, which occurred on the 10th of Dec., in his 84th year. The portrait is after a photograph by Notman, of Montreal.

ERRATA.

Rev. S. T. Rand writes to us of two somewhat important typographical errors occurring in the December NEW DOMINION. In the note on page 31, for "vocative" read *locative*, which is a case in Indian Grammar. On page 35, a simple English name, *Advocate Harbor*, has been transformed into "Acwacape Harbor." An apology is due to Mr. Rand and our readers for these mistakes.

TO PASTORS.

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