

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available / Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.

- Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires: Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed / Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression

- Includes supplementary materials / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

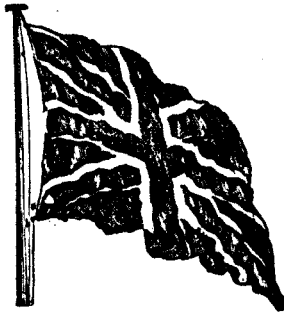
- Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été numérisées.

VOL. 2.

NO. 4.

THE
NEW DOMINION
MONTHLY.

July, 1868.



MONTREAL:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
126 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

C. W. WILLIAMS & CO.,

SEWING-MACHINE

MANUFACTURERS,

Would respectfully invite the public to examine the numerous kinds of Sewing-Machines built by them, among which are—

WILLIAMS' FAMILY DOUBLE-THREAD, in a variety of styles ;

SINGER FAMILY LOCK-STITCH, in several styles ;

SINGER'S No. 2, for Tailoring and Shoe-work ;

HOWE LETTER B, for Family and Light Manufacturing ;

HOWE LETTER C, for Tailoring and Leather-work ;

HOWE CYLINDER, for Leather-work ;

A NEW WAX-THREAD MACHINE, which possesses many advantages over all others.

They warrant all Machines built by them to be

EQUAL IN EVERY RESPECT, AND IN MANY SUPERIOR,

to those of any other maker. They have testimonials from every large Firm in Montreal, testifying to their superiority. Their facilities for manufacturing are so complete that they are able to offer their Machines at from

\$5 TO \$15 LESS THAN ANY OTHER DEALER,

AND BETTER TERMS TO AGENTS THAN CAN BE OFFERED BY ANY OTHER MANUFACTURERS.

SPECIAL DISCOUNT MADE TO THE CLERGY OF THIS DOMINION.

Send for Circulars and Photographs, or call at their NEW STORE,

**No. 347 Notre Dame street,
MONTREAL.**



GLENFIELD STARCH

IS THE ONLY KIND USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY
AND HER MAJESTY'S LAUNDRESS SAYS IT IS THE FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED.

IT WAS AWARDED THE PRIZE MEDAL FOR ITS SUPERIORITY
AND BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT IS MANUFACTURED FOR H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

When you ASK for
GLENFIELD STARCH,
SEE that YOU GET IT
AS INFERIOR KINDS ARE OFTEN SUBSTITUTED
FOR THE SAKE OF THE EXTRA PROFIT.

GLENFIELD STARCH

EXCLUSIVELY USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY.



BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT.

STARCH PURVEYORS
TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS



THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

The best proofs of the great superiority of this STARCH are the numerous distinguished marks of approval which have been accorded to it from all quarters: amongst which may be mentioned the following, viz.:—

IT IS EXCLUSIVELY USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY,
AND

HER MAJESTY'S LAUNDRESS says it is the **FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED.**
HONOURABLE MENTION was awarded it at the **Great Exhibition in London, in 1851.**
A PRIZE MEDAL was awarded for it at the **New York Exhibition in 1853;** and
A PRIZE MEDAL was also awarded for it at the **International Exhibition in London, 1862.**
HER MAJESTY'S LACE DRESSER says that it is the best she has tried; and
HUNDREDS OF GROCERS, &c., say that it pleases their Customers better than any other; and perhaps the most striking proof of all is, that the demand for

THE GLENFIELD STARCH

HAS CONTINUED TO INCREASE RAPIDLY.

The Manufacturers have every confidence in asserting, that if those Ladies and Laundresses who do not regularly use this STARCH would disregard the advice of interested Dealers, who are allowed extra profits on inferior articles, and give it a fair trial, they would then feel satisfied with the very superior finish which it imparts to Laces, Linens, Muslins, &c., the great saving of trouble in its application, and the entire absence of disappointment with the results; and would, for the future, like

THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRESS, USE NO OTHER.

To be had of all respectable Grocers, Druggists, Oilmen, &c., and Wholesale of the Manufacturers.

ROBERT WOTHERSPOON, & CO.,

STARCH PURVEYORS TO

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

AND MANUFACTURERS OF

WOTHERSPOON'S VICTORIA LOZENGES,

WHICH WERE AWARDED

A PRIZE MEDAL FOR PURITY AND EXCELLENCE OF QUALITY
at the INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION of 1862.

GLASGOW; AND LONDON, E.C.

Agents, { Messrs. J. BUCHANAN & CO., Montreal.
Messrs. J. B. CAMPBELL & CO., Halifax.

J. D. LAWLOR, SEWING-MACHINE MANUFACTURER.

I MANUFACTURE

SEWING-MACHINES,

FOR ALL KINDS OF WORK, FROM THE FINEST TO THE HEAVIEST,

And I keep constantly on hand various styles of the following celebrated Machines:—The Singer, Howe, Atina, Florence, Wheeler & Wilson, Button-hole, and Wax-thread Machines.

Persons about to purchase will please observe that I build no Chain-stitch Machines. The Machines I manufacture make the Lock-stitch alike on both sides, which will not rip nor ravel.

PRICES: FROM \$25 AND UPWARDS.

I warrant all Machines made by me superior in every respect to those of any other maker in the Dominion, while my prices are less.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

The undersigned is desirous of securing the services of active persons in all parts of the Dominion, to act as local or travelling Agents for the sale of his celebrated Sewing-Machines. A very liberal salary and expenses will be paid, or commission allowed. Country Merchants, Post-masters, Clergymen, Farmers, and the business public generally, are particularly invited to give this matter their attention, as I can offer unparalleled inducements, and at the same time the cheapest as well as the best Sewing-Machines now before the public.

I desire to place my Sewing-Machines, not only in the mansions of the wealthy, but in the "humble cottages" of the poorer classes (who most need machines), and the prices are such as will come within the reach of all. Consequently, I court the assistance of all parties who would lessen the labor of women, or increase their own happiness, by introducing a really meritorious "labor-saver." If costly Machines are wanted, I furnish them. But good faith and the advancement of my patrons' interests require me to say, that so far as respects the practical uses of a Sewing-Machine, it is only necessary that purchasers should exercise their preference as to the style they want or have the means to purchase.

SEND FOR PRICE LISTS, CIRCULARS, AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF MACHINES.

PEGGING MACHINES AND BOOT AND SHOE MACHINERY REPAIRED AT
FACTORY, 48 NAZARETH STREET.

ALL KINDS OF SEWING-MACHINES REPAIRED AND IMPROVED AT

**865 Notre Dame street,
MONTREAL**

**And 22 John street,
QUEBEC.**

All Machines warranted, and kept in repair one year WITHOUT CHARGE.

Orders will receive prompt attention immediately upon reception. No charge made for packing or shipping Machines. Drafts, made payable to J. D. Lawlor or order, can always be sent with safety, and without fear of loss. Address, in all cases,

**J. D. LAWLOR,
MONTREAL.**

MONTREAL BUSINESS COLLEGE,

Corner of Notre Dame street and Place d'Armes.

A Link in the Bryant and Stratton International Chain.

THE BUSINESS AND COMMERCIAL COURSE INCLUDES
BOOK-KEEPING, DOUBLE AND SINGLE ENTRY, COMMERCIAL
AND MENTAL ARITHMETIC, PRACTICAL PENMAN-
SHIP, BUSINESS PRACTICE AND CORRESPONDENCE,

ALSO

TELEGRAPHING AND PHONOGRAPHY.

A Scholarship issued by the Montreal Branch entitles the holder to Tuition for an unlimited period of time, and the privilege of reviewing any part of the Course in any of the Colleges connected with the Chain.

The attendance of students is gradually and steadily increasing, and many who have been in attendance are now occupying positions of trust and responsibility in Montreal and other places. Every effort is made to assist those who are deserving and competent to procure situations.

The original copies of the following and other testimonials may be seen on application at the College:

From James Mavor & Co., Montreal Marble Works, Corner of St. Catherine and St. Alexander streets.

MONTREAL, 18th March, 1888.

MR. J. TASKER,

Principal,

Montreal Business College.

We have much pleasure in expressing our approval of the system of instruction and training for business pursuits adopted and carried out at your College. We have lately received into our employment a young man as Book-keeper, one of your graduates, he having had no previous instructions of the kind, to our knowledge, and we have found him in every respect fully competent for the situation.

We remain,

Yours truly,

JAMES MAVOR & CO.,

Per ROBT. REID.

From Murray & Co., Wholesale and Retail Stationers, corner of Notre Dame and St. John streets.

STATIONERS' HALL, MONTREAL, March 28, 1888.

MR. J. TASKER,

Principal,

Montreal Business College.

DEAR SIR,—We have great pleasure in informing you that the young man you recommended to us as Book-keeper has given us entire satisfaction. He has undoubtedly received a thorough training in the principles of Book-keeping; and his general correctness and steadiness testify to the advantages of your system of study.

We are, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

MURRAY & CO.

Circulars containing full information in reference to terms, course of study, &c., may be obtained on application, either personally or by letter, to

J. TASKER, PRINCIPAL.

TOURISTS AND TRAVELERS

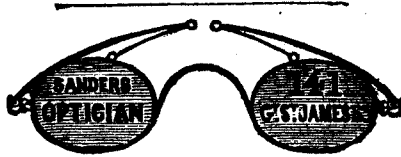
Will find the largest and best assortment in Canada, of

HIGH-POWER BINOCULAR

OPERA GLASSES, TOURISTS' GLASSES,
FIELD GLASSES, TELESCOPES,
MARINE GLASSES, MICROSCOPES, &c.,



Having Achromatic Lenses, and possessing the highest magnifying power, with clearness of definition, without the usual strain on the eyes.



— ALSO —

The Celebrated Brazilian Pebble

SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES,

IN GOLD, SILVER, STEEL, AND TORTOISE-SHELL FRAMES.

AT

HENRY SANDERS',
OPTICIAN,

NO. 141 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET,

OPPOSITE THE OTTAWA HOTEL,

MONTREAL.

Magic and Dissolving-View LANTERNS.

PRICE LISTS ON APPLICATION.

MATHEMATICAL DRAWING INSTRUMENTS, THEODOLITES,
LEVELS, CIRCUMFERENTERS, SCALES, TAPES,
CHAINS, T-SQUARES, RULES,

Electrical, Galvanic, Magnetic, and Telegraphic Instruments, Maker of Induction Coils, and every kind of Galvanic Battery known, including Smee's, Daniell's, Bunsen's, and Grove's, for Electro-Platers and Gliders, Covered Copper Wire, Binding Screws, Porous, Stone, and Glass Cells, and General Philosophical-Instrument Maker.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY,

A Magazine of Original and Selected Literature.

JULY, 1868.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
The Crucible.....	<i>Original.</i> 193	The Rationale of Recreation.....	235
Castles in the Air. Poetry.....	<i>Original.</i> 205	MUSIC.	
The Seal-fishery of Newfoundland. <i>Original.</i>	205	Five o'clock in the Morning.....	239
She said Nay. Poetry.....	<i>Original.</i> 208	YOUNG FOLKS.	
Chronicles of a Canadian Family..	<i>Original.</i> 210	Early Recollections.....	<i>Original.</i> 241
Song.....	<i>Original.</i> 214	Little Lu.....	<i>Original.</i> 245
Admiral Blake.....	<i>Original.</i> 215	DOMESTIC ECONOMY.	
Alas, But Thou. Poetry.....	<i>Original.</i> 219	My Tea Biscuits.....	249
Mysle Howleson.....	<i>Original.</i> 219	Flowers for Windows.....	249
The Adventures of Donald Mc-		Selected Recipes.....	249
Dougal.....	<i>Original.</i> 223	EDITORIAL AND CORRESPONDENCE.	
The Forest. Poetry.....	<i>Original.</i> 226	The Temple of Minatchi (Illustrated).....	250
Salem Witchcraft.....	227	Montreal in the Olden Time.....	<i>Original.</i> 253

TERMS.

SUBSCRIPTION.—One Dollar per annum in advance; and to Clubs of Eight, one copy gratis.

POSTAGE ON THE "MONTHLY."—Mailed to any part of Canada, one cent each number, payable by receiver. In large quantities sent to one address, the rate is one cent for every 4 ounces (or fraction thereof) in weight.

When mailed to the United States, the Canadian postage must be *pre-paid* as above. To Britain (*pre-paid*) the rate is two cents per number.

When postage has to be pre-paid, it is to be added to the subscription.

SPECIMEN NUMBERS sent upon application.

All communications and orders to be addressed to the Publishers,

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

No. 126 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET,

MONTREAL.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Parties writing us to change the address of their magazines must, in all cases, give the name of the Post-office from which they wish them transferred, as well as that of the new one. Failure to do so renders it impossible for us to comply with their request.

The New Dominion Monthly.

VOL. II,

JULY, 1888.

No. 4.

Original.

THE CRUCIBLE.

BY ALICIA.

(Copyright reserved.)

CHAPTER VIII.—*(Continued.)*

Edna and Bessie had not proceeded far, when the latter exclaimed :

“ Oh, there is Captain Ainslie coming up the rocks to meet us. Ain't you glad, Edna ? I think he is so kind and nice ; don't you ? ”

“ Yes,” replied Edna, absently.

She was watching the tall, lithe figure, as he came springing up the crags.

When Edna and Mrs. Maitland had first arrived in France, they had met Captain Ainslie, and in all their travels throughout the continent, he seemed to be Edna's very shadow. In every place at which they stopped, the first person seen was sure to be the gallant Captain. He had six months' leave from his regiment in England, and was amusing himself in travelling about wherever fancy led him, and of late, that seemed wherever Edna Clifford was. He was a handsome man, of about five-and-thirty, dark-olive complexion, black hair and moustache, and a pleasant smile which displayed to advantage his shiny, white teeth. His manners were polished—even fascinating—and he possessed that rare gift, excellent conversational powers. Often was Edna beguiled to forget for a time her sorrow while listening to his interesting account of his travels, or his college days. Is it any wonder that she enjoyed his society and was pleased with his constant attentions ? It was no doubt a feeling of indignant pride and flattered vanity, mingled perhaps with a spirit of defiance, that made her mention the Captain's name so often in her letters to Winnifred Leighton, for she had never spoken of him when writing home. Of late she had

thought that perhaps she had given him too much encouragement, for Edna Clifford was no flirt, and during the last few weeks of their stay in Chamouni, she had avoided him as much as possible. Yet she could not but greet him cordially as he came up to her, and making a low bow, said,

“ You must excuse me doffing my hat, if this extinguisher can bear the name ” (touching a white linen Havelock, which completely shaded the face and fell down the neck behind), “ but really it is a very difficult matter to arrange the affair again properly, without at least, the aid of a mirror ; and I am not in the habit of carrying a pocket looking-glass,” he said, smiling. “ I went down to your domicile to look for you, but as Mrs. Maitland told me you had rambled off in this direction, I thought I might come and look for you ; but you have evaded me so often lately, Miss Clifford.” he added, lowering his voice, “ that I had little hope of being able to find you. Have I in any way offended you ? You once allowed me the pleasure of being your almost constant companion in your walks, but of late I have hardly been able to see you, though I have called often at your cottage, I trust you will pardon me, if in any way I have annoyed you. I assure you it was unintentional,” he said, looking at her with his dark eyes as if he would read her very thoughts.

“ I have nothing to pardon, Captain Ainslie,” said Edna, perhaps with a shade of haughtiness in her tone. “ Would you be kind enough to get me that sprig of gentian ? ” she added, glad of any excuse to divert his earnest gaze.

"With the greatest pleasure." He procured it, and, handing it to her, said, "Is it not a beautiful color?"

"Yes, indeed; almost like the sky," answered Edna, gazing up at the bright azure above her.

"More like very beautiful blue eyes," remarked her companion. "Perhaps it is the reflection from those eyes that make the little flower so lovely, at least it is in my estimation."

"I think it looked prettier where it was," said Edna, impatiently, throwing the flower away. Captain Ainslie stooped, and picking it up, said,

"Whenever I look at it I will think of deep-blue eyes; but I would have valued it more, Miss Clifford, if it had been given to me instead of thrown at me. Miss Clifford, are you a good climber?"

"Not very; but I have had a good deal of practice, and am getting on pretty well now."

"Have you seen the Cascade des Pelerines yet?"

"No," replied Edna; "I have read that it is very beautiful, and I hope to see it before I leave Chamouni."

"Will you come and see it to-morrow? It will well repay your trouble, and you might grant me the favor of escorting you. I shall not remain very much longer in this part of the world, unless indeed," he added in a low voice, "by your special permission and request."

He gave his fair friend no time to reply, but proceeded,

"This Cascade is one of the most beautiful scenes in Switzerland; it is exquisite, and if it is a day like this, it will look more lovely still with its many rainbows. It descends from a great distance from precipice to precipice, till it is stopped by a hollow rock, when it rebounds to the height of sixty feet, and then falls with a thundering noise into its natural channel below. Oh, it is grand! I am sure you would enjoy seeing it."

"The scenery here is so sublime," said Edna. "What new aspirations and emo-

tions it awakens! One feels as if one were living in another world; all is so new, so strangely grand. I am afraid our prosaic Canada will seem tame, and yet it is home, sweet home, and I will be glad to see it once more. No place can ever be like Canada to me."

"Montgomery's words are true," said Captain Ainslie:—

"The wandering mariner whose eye explores,
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores—

In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance trembles to that pole."

"But is not any place made home to us, if those we love are there? Of course I believe in love of country, but will home be home in the sense in which you mean, if separated from those dear to us?"

"No; of course, everything depends upon that. Sometimes, in that sense, I think we may almost feel as if we had no home," replied Edna.

"I trust you will never feel that want. I am sure you need never do so," he said, looking full into her eyes, for he was helping her down a rugged place, and had a full view of her face; it was very sad, but she turned her head away as she said,

"I have no occasion, Captain Ainslie, for wherever my father and brother are, must ever be home to me, and I have many kind friends."

The Captain made no reply, but walked on, lightly tapping the grass with his cane, and humming in a low voice,

"Dear as the mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me."

Edna distinctly heard every word, but she made no remark, and they walked on for some distance without speaking. At length, Bessie, who had been running in front, came up to them, and broke the silence by saying,

"You have been so busy talking to Edna, you have never seen my strawberries, Captain Ainslie; ain't they beautiful?" and she held up her basket.

"Yes, indeed; where did you get them?" "Little Klaus, who lives up there,"

pointing to the heights behind them, "picked them for me, and I am taking them home for mamma. You will come in and have some; won't you, Captain?" she added, for they had reached the house.

"If Miss Edna will allow me," he replied, glancing up at her as she stood on the steps of the long flight of stairs leading to the piazza.

"Will you give us the pleasure of your company, Captain Ainslie?" she said smiling, and running up before him, she threw open the window of their sitting-room, with, "Mrs. Maitland, here's a visitor for you, and a little fairy bringing refreshments."

Delicious cream was soon procured, for it is a luxury easily attainable in Switzerland, and the four sat down to the simple meal, fragrant as the nectar and ambrosia of the gods in the golden palace of Jupiter on cloud-capped Olympus. Soon after it was over, the Captain took his departure, promising to call at nine in the morning for Edna, if she would consent to go on the proposed excursion, to which, after some persuasion, she agreed.

When they were alone, Mrs. Maitland said,

"I have letters for you, my dear, from home,"

"Oh, have you?" exclaimed Edna, joyfully, hastening forward to receive the welcome budget. She went into her own room, and opened the packet. There was a letter from Selina, and one from Charlie. She seized the latter, and opened it; she saw it was an unusually long epistle, so settling herself in a low chair near the window, she began to peruse it.

We will give it to our readers, for we trust they are sufficiently interested in our friend Charlie to be glad to hear from him, although we have seen him since the writing of this extensive epistle. It ran as follows:—

"MY OWN DEAR NEDDY.—I feel so jolly this morning, that I am going to write you a long letter, and tell you all the news. As regards myself, all is going on first-rate. I took my degree yesterday as Bachelor of Arts. My dear

Neddy, who'd have thought it? To tell the truth, I hardly know how I did get it, but I do know that I had an awful lot of grinding and cramming to do, and it is a miracle that I have not had an attack of brain-fever. We had a conversation, or rather a jam, at the College the other night, on which occasion I cut quite a swell in white necktie, and a flaming rosette on my button-hole. I made myself excessively agreeable, especially to Miss Jessie Wyndgate (who, let me tell you, is a regular brick, and a really pretty girl in the bargain). Upon my word, and in confidence, I do believe I'm smitten. I've really been suffering from palpitation for some days past. And now I'm off to New Brunswick; start on Wednesday. Just fancy, father has got a cousin, or some branch of the estimable Clifford family out there, and I'm off to try my fortune in furrin parts—furrin, at least, to me. I don't know when I'll be back, and I'm sorry to leave, for all is not right at home. The governor looks glum ever since Leighton went away, and though Austin does his best—and very well, I believe—still he does not take the burden off the old gentleman's shoulders like Ernest did. In sober earnest, Edna, father has altered very much lately, and looks very old and care-worn. I know he'd have liked me to go into the office, and I would if Leighton was there; but I could not stand it now. Austin is too dull, it would give me the mumps, or the dumps, or something equally serious in two days. Upon my word, I wish you'd come home, Edna, for old snap-dragon is worse than ever, and has taken it into her head to go out almost every day to her ladyship up on the hill, so the governor is left a great deal alone, and I really feel quite anxious about him. Don't forget (if you have not yet visited Italy), to bring me a piece of the Pope's toe-nail, which interesting "vestige of creation" you may bite off if you like. Isn't it a doctrine of the Popes, that they existed before the flood—were contemporaries of old father Adam, in fact—and escaped drowning by floating on a branch of the Tree of Knowledge? By the way, you may make inquiries as to the fact from his Holiness. Just tell him your brother is a young man desirous of increasing his knowledge of ancient and natural history, and wished to have from his own lips the truth of the matter. But my—what a long letter I have written. I'm exhausted, and must conclude,

"Ever your affectionate brother,

"CHARLIE.

"P.S.—I heard the other day that Leighton had typhoid fever, but I don't know whether it is true or not, so don't be uneasy—that is, if you care enough for him.

"C. L. C."

Poor, careless Charlie, he little knew the agony his thoughtless words inflicted on his sister. Under every sentence she writhed, for she felt as if each was an accusation, each a reproach to her.

"I am the cause of all," she exclaimed, groaning in her misery. "If it had not been for me, Charlie would never have left. Ernest would still be a help to my poor father, who is weary and worn with this weight of anxiety, and Ernest is ill—perhaps dying. Oh, miserable girl that I am, what will become of me? I am so weary, so weary, I would that I were dead! How often I used to read these words with Ernest, and wonder how any one could feel so miserable. Ah! little did I know what was before me! Oh, Ernest. Ernest!" she cried, wringing her hands, "why did you leave me? Why did you force me to send you from me?"

At length, she grew calmer, and, taking Selina's letter from the table, said bitterly,

"It was your fault."

She opened it, when an enclosed one dropped on the ground. She picked it up, and could hardly refrain from screaming, for it was directed, "Miss E. Clifford," in Ernest's well known hand.

CHAPTER IX.

"I am weary of this weary world—I'm weary of its grief,
My sickening spirit turns away, and vainly seeks relief,
My wounded soul can find no joy, no healing balm to stay
The dread and fearful gush of grief, that on my spirits weigh;
One voice is wanting to my ear, one deep, low, silvery voice,
To breathe its tones of music out, and bid my heart rejoice,
One glance forth from that flashing eye to chase away my night.
One glance of love!—oh! would it not o'erwhelm me with its light,
To hear love's own sweet language fall from his dear lips on me?
Peace! peace! my fondly picturing heart, it is but mockery.
My fancy roves and meets a waste, a wilderness of fears,
So dark, so drear, that Death's dark vale would be to me more sweet;
And all the terrors of the tomb I would not fear to meet.
But the blest hope of that bright world, unsullied by decay,
Buoy my sad soul above its gloom, above its earthly strife,
And bids me plume my fainting wings for realms of endless life."

"Is there any anguish like that of losing love by a fault?—any pain like that slow bitterness which comes upon the heart when the certainty of its actual loss becomes fully perceptible to it? Reason said it must be so; imagination anticipated it; fear shrank from it; but love itself stood tremulous and unbelieving, till that certainty fell upon it and crushed it; and then it lay still beneath the weight, stunned and motionless, but yet alive, and living forever, though living only to suffer." Something of this, poor Edna felt, as with fast flowing tears, she read Ernest's note, which ran as follows:—

"MY OWN PRECIOUS EDNA,—I am afraid my darling will think me unkind and neglectful, and that she has already deemed me so, I could not but think from her manner last evening; but, oh my darling, she who is dearer to me than my own life, should never judge me hastily. She ought to know too well, by this time, how dear she is to me, and that I would not willingly grieve her in the slightest degree. Again, to-day, am I compelled, but against my will, to break another engagement made with you, and if you will listen patiently, I will tell you why. You cannot but have noticed Lionel Wyndgate's conduct, and how he is bringing ruin on himself, and doing, oh, so much injury, Edna, to his father's ministry. I have been resolved for some time to try to turn him back to the right way, and it has been to take him from the billiard-room and the gambling-table that I have broken several engagements with you, my dearest, with whom, you know, I am only truly happy. To-day, while driving up for you, I met Lionel going to Lewis' Restaurant to see a famous billiard-player from New York perform. I implored him not to go, and he said he would not if I would take him to see the Regatta at D—. What could I do, Edna dearest? I am sure my own little birdie will forgive me when she knows all. Her kind heart will feel for poor young Wyndgate. I am writing this while Wyndgate is driving along, and I will run in with it to your little retreat, and place it on the table, if I don't see my darling. I want you, my precious one, to give me your advice as regards poor young Wyndgate. Will you come out for a row to-night, and we will talk it all over, and have such a nice happy evening that it will make up for to-day's disappointment, which, my Edna, cannot be greater to you than it is to me. Trusting and believing my own darling will forgive me, now she knows all (which, I need hardly say she will keep strictly private for Lionel's sake),

"I remain, ever yours, until death,
"ERNEST."

It would be useless to attempt to describe Edna's feelings after perusing this note. She thought she was miserable before, but misery seemed no word for the utter wretchedness and despair which she now felt. Before she had some excuse, or fancied she had, for her cruel conduct; but now there could be nothing but self-accusations, remorse, and regret. Mrs. Maitland called her to dinner, and again to tea, but Edna refused to come. At length, Bessie having gone to bed, being wearied with her long walk, Mrs. Maitland came to Edna's room, and gently knocking, but receiving no answer, entered. Her young friend was sitting with the letters on her lap, her head in her hands, and was rocking herself backwards and forwards, moaning and weeping. As she did not look up, Mrs. Maitland sat down beside her, and said soothingly,

"My poor, poor child, what is the matter—bad news from home?"

"Oh, Mrs. Maitland, Mrs. Maitland, I am so miserable. Oh, I wish I could die! but I am not fit to die, I should be but lost!"

"Do tell me," said Mrs. Maitland, in a tone of distress. "Do tell me what causes you such great grief."

There could no longer be concealment, and Edna told her friend all, while Mrs. Maitland soothed her as best she could, listening with wondering sorrow to the confession of pride—now mourned over—and repelling haughtiness—now so deeply regretted. The story did not take long to tell, and when it was ended, the two sat for some time in silence. Mrs. Maitland at length spoke:

"It would be useless now, my poor dear child, to speak to you of how wrong you have been. Your sufferings teach you that too well, and I wish, my dearest, to comfort you. I can only point you, my dear, to Him who comforteth us in all our tribulations—who has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows—as I said the other evening. The grief will be to you the greatest blessing, my child, if it leads you to Him, who alone can wipe away your tears, and fill the aching void in your heart."

"But it would be different," groaned Edna, "if it had not been my own sin which occasioned this. I have brought the burden upon myself, and I must bear it."

"No, my dear," replied her friend, "you are to cast it upon the Lord. He has said in His holy Word, 'Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.'"

"But I have rejected His offer—I have refused to come when He called. I have sinned wilfully—knowingly."

"Nevertheless, if we confess our sin, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all iniquity. Where there is the greatest sin, there is the greatest need of a Saviour. He is able and willing to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him, and He invites you—implores you—'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

Edna's tears fell fast, as she said,

"Oh, I am so weary! How I long to rest! That is the verse Miss Ponsonby said to me. I have heard it often before, but it seems as if one did not feel the truth of these beautiful words until one needs them—until they in some way apply to our own case. Say them again."

Mrs. Maitland repeated the verse, and then, in a sweet, impressive manner, the lines:—

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto me, and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.'
I came to Jesus as I was
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in Him my resting place,
And He has made me glad."

The sweet words seemed to calm poor Edna. How does the very name of Jesus soothe and comfort the weary soul!

"Oh, what would I not give to feel that rest—to come unto Jesus, and lay my weary head upon his breast!" said Edna. "I have heard the words of that hymn somewhere, but I cannot remember where. How beautiful they are!"

"Seek, and ye shall find; ask, and it shall be given unto you.' Your dear mother was very fond of the hymn, a verse of which I have repeated to you."

"Mrs. Maitland," said Edna, "you knew my mother well; will you tell me about her and my father?"

"Not now," replied her friend. "You are not in a fit state to hear it."

"Oh! do, please," said Edna, imploringly, looking up at Mrs. Maitland with her sad eyes. "Perhaps it would make me forget my sorrow."

"Well, I will, if it will comfort you at all, my poor child; but I think that it would be far better for you to go to bed."

"Oh, I cannot, I cannot bear to think of lying down, and thinking over these letters!"

She shuddered, and looked so wretched that her friend yielded to her request.

"Well, dear, lay your head on my lap—that way," she said, arranging it, "and I will tell you all I know and can remember of your father and mother. I am the eldest of eight children, and was about twelve years old when your mother entered our family. There were then five little ones younger than myself. Your mother was an orphan—the only child of the good Vicar of the little town in Devonshire where my father resided. She had no relatives, and on her father's death my mother insisted upon her coming to live with us. To this she would not consent, unless she might be governess to the children, to which my mother at length agreed; but she was always like one of ourselves, and never left us until her marriage with your father. She was just twenty when she came, and she lived in our family eighteen years. She was not like you in disposition or temper, and rather fairer in complexion; but you often remind me of her. You have her eyes and mouth. She was a delicate, fragile creature, very sensitive, with a fine intellect, and vivid imagination. She felt her father's loss very much, and for a long time after she came to us she was very sad and quiet. About a year after her arrival among us, my father emigrated to America, and settled in the west of Canada, at B——, which was then but a small town. The change seemed to do your mother good,

and her health and spirits revived. Though eight years older than myself, she made a companion of me, and if she had been my own sister I could not have loved her better. Soon after our arrival at B——, we became acquainted with your father, then a law student. People talk of love at first sight, and certainly, I think, that from the very first time Charles Clifford saw your mother he loved her. He came constantly to the house, and at length, on being called to the bar, he proposed, and your mother accepted him. My parents were pleased with the match, though my mother grieved to lose one who was as a daughter to her. Charles was very handsome. I used to think then, that they were like what I fancied Adam and Eve must have been. In looking at your father now you can have little idea of what he was then. I never saw any man change so much. He was very proud and quick tempered, and I could tell by your mother's sad, anxious face, that he often wounded her sensitive spirit by his thoughtless, unkind words, and sometimes my mother would say that she feared for Edna's happiness; yet she loved him devotedly (she used to say afterwards, idolatrously), and I believe never was man more passionately attached to any woman than your father was to your mother. As soon as he had even a slight practice, he insisted on getting married, and so preparations were made for the wedding, to be in two months; when one day, as I was sitting in my room learning my lessons (I was at that time attending school at B——), your mother entered. Never, as long as I live, can I forget her face, with its intense look of suffering.

"Mary," she said, coming up to me, and kneeling beside me she hid her face on my knee, 'oh, Mary, I think my heart is breaking. Charles has left me—left me for ever—left me in anger! Mary, you must tell them all about it, Mary, I cannot.'

"I commenced to cry bitterly, but she never shed a tear. I have often wondered since how it was that, she who would weep so bitterly on even hearing of the sorrows

of others, could be so calm under her own. I suppose her grief was too deep for tears.

"'Oh, Mary, Mary! press my head between your hands tightly,' she said. 'My brain seems on fire.'

"She remained in this position for some time, never speaking, while I wept, and called her by every endearing name. At length she said,

"'But now, Mary, dear, leave me, and tell your mother.'

"I think I see her yet as she knelt on the floor, her pale, sad face upturned to mine, as, taking my hand when I had risen, she murmured,

"'Oh, never speak of him to me, and ask them all not to, please,' she said imploringly.

"I promised and left her. That night she was taken violently ill, and we sent for a doctor, who pronounced her illness brain-fever. She lingered between life and death for many weeks, but at length rallied, and at last took her place again among us, but a mere shadow of her former self. What had been the cause of the quarrel with your father she never told us, and of course we never inquired.

"During her illness we had heard that Mr. Clifford was paying a great deal of attention to a Miss Somers, the daughter of a wealthy banker in B——, a gay, dashing girl, as unlike your mother as any one could possibly be. In time we heard of his engagement and approaching marriage, but of course we said nothing of it to Edna. One day, soon after her recovery, we were all sitting at breakfast, Edna at my father's right hand—her usual place at meals—when she suddenly grew deadly pale, and, rising, left the apartment. I followed her, but she had locked herself into her room, and my calls for admittance gained no response. I returned to the breakfast table, and found my father and mother looking very grave. My father handed me the paper which Edna had been reading, and pointed among the notices of marriages to that of Charles Clifford and Harriet Raymond and Somers.

"'Poor Edna,' said my mother, compassionately.

"'That fellow Clifford ought to be thrashed,' replied my father, petulantly.

"When we went up-stairs again, Edna was in the school-room with the children. She performed her daily round of duties just as usual, but for many a month she hardly ever smiled. She grew more gentle and loveable day by day. She was being tried in the furnace of affliction, and truly brightly did she reflect the image of her Master. Her very presence seemed a reproof to sin, and a recommendation to holiness. Much of her time was spent in visiting the poor, and she would come home from her errands of mercy with such a sweet, peaceful look on her face, that I almost envied her her contentment. I owe much, under God, to your mother, Edna. It was her consistent Christian walk, and patience, and resignation under trial that first awakened in me a desire to possess like precious faith. To my mother with the cares of a large family, she was invaluable, and she would often exclaim,

"'I am sure I don't know how I should manage without Edna.'

"At nineteen I married, and went to Barnside. I was thus separated from my family, and from Edna, who corresponded regularly with me; but never after that day, either in our letters or conversations, was Charles' name mentioned. I had been married about six years, when I heard of Mrs. Clifford's death, and four years afterwards Edna wrote to tell me of her intended marriage with your father. All the joyful anticipations of youth were over. Her spirit had been crushed by years of suffering, but her heart was full of quiet happiness. I longed to be present at her wedding, but I was very ill at the time, and unable to leave home. From the day of her marriage, your mother was almost a constant invalid, but she wrote me such letters, telling me of the great happiness she enjoyed, and how kind and tender your father was, that I rejoiced on her account. She said it made her willing to suffer to

have such loving care and tender attention lavished upon her. At length you were born, and sixteen months afterwards your brother Charles; but your mother only lived to see her little son a week old, when she left him a helpless infant, to the care of a broken-hearted father. No words can describe the anguish your father endured. He felt that he had killed his wife—her that was dearer to him than his own life—that the years of suffering she had endured had undermined a constitution never strong, and worn down a frame fragile at the best. Though on her dying bed she told him that the three years of her married life had been so full of bliss, that they made up for all the time of separation and sorrow; yet he felt how different it might have been, had he not given the reins to his pride and passion. Yes, Edna," said Mrs. Maitland, "pride caused all this suffering—pride killed your mother. It seems as if God's grace and suffering—yes, deep suffering—will alone conquer pride. You cannot wonder now at your father feeling as he does about you, dear Edna. You can understand now why your conduct should cause him so much suffering, His first marriage was a most unhappy one—allied to a woman vain, giddy, self-willed, and passionate. You can imagine the miserable daily strife between them. Mutual recrimination the order of the day, and an utter want of love between them; of that love which overlooks faults—which excuses failings; that charity which forbearth long and is kind. Surely the twelve years of married life with this woman must have been years of untold misery. My dear Edna, God grant you may never suffer as your father did, when in a moment of passion and wounded pride he bound himself to a woman he disliked and despised. I hope and trust that the sad story of your mother's blighted life will be a lesson to you, never to be forgotten. But, my dear I will leave you, for it is eleven o'clock, and fully time you took some rest. Oh, Edna, my dear, dear child—doubly dear to me for your mother's sake—the child of many prayers!

—come to that Saviour, who was your mother's support under affliction and her exceeding great reward. Come to Him, and you will find Him, as she did, a very present help in time of trouble—a precious Saviour; and the knowledge of Him will bring you very much happiness, such happiness as no earthly joy can afford. Good night, my love, and may His richest blessings for time and eternity be yours."

"Good night," replied Edna, lifting her pale face to be kissed. "Thank you very much for your kindness. I love you, dear Mrs. Maitland, for your own sake, my dear kind friend; but I will love you more than ever, now I know what a friend you were of my sainted mother."

Mrs. Maitland tenderly kissed the upturned face raised to hers, and quitted the room, her heart full of sorrow for the poor young creature she had left bowed down with grief.

"God bless her," she murmured, "she is in great trouble."

She went to her own room, but to sleep was impossible, so she sat down to write to one of her sisters.

CHAPTER X.

"Come unto Me—to Me," He said, "and I Will give you rest!" He spake Of giving rest, and on the bitter cross He gave the promised rest. O Christ, the King! We also wander on the desert hills, Though haunted, still returning sweet At morn and eve; we will not come to thee Till Thou hast nailed us to some bitter cross, And made us look on Thine; and driven at last To call on Thee with trembling and with tears. Thou lookest down in love, upbraiding not, And promisest the Kingdom!

B. M.

When Mrs. Maitland left the room, Edna re-seated herself, and leaning her face on her hands, she sat buried in deep thought. Her mind was dwelling less on her own trouble, than on the sad story of her mother's life that her friend had told her. She and Mrs. Maitland had been sitting in the moonlight; now the moon had disappeared behind the high range of mountains by which they were enclosed, and darkness was stealing over hill and plain; but Edna still sat on, unmindful of the deepening of the

shadows. She was at length aroused by a sharp crackling noise, accompanied by a dull, roaring sound. Opening her eyes, she started up with a scream of terror, for the room was lit up— not with the pale moonbeams, but with the red, lurid light of fire. One glance at the window was enough to show that escape by it was impossible. The whole staircase and piazza was a mass of flames, which were rising higher and higher, till they reached the low, overhanging eaves, like some wild, fiendish creature grasping with claw-like fingers at an object above it, ever rising and reaching beyond. Edna's first thought was of Mrs. Maitland, and a sickening feeling of horror stole over her, as she remembered how, but a few days before, her friend had told her of the strange effect fire had upon her—since once when a child, and during a severe illness, she was nearly burnt to death—and the thought of what her fate might be, helpless and perhaps unconscious, filled Edna's mind with dread.

Securing what few articles she could find in her haste, and wrapping a large shawl about her, she fled with eager haste to her friend's chamber. What was her dismay to find her lying senseless on the floor, and poor Bessie, screaming with fright, kneeling beside her. Hastily dressing the child as best she could, Edna flung the shawl around her. But what was now to be done? To leave Mrs. Maitland would be to leave her to a fearful death, for the flames were fast spreading; so she lifted her, and bidding the affrighted child to follow, made her way to the inner stairway. Here all was confusion—children crying, women screaming. The landlord and James were rushing up the stairs, the former shouting frantically in French. He raised his hands in horror when he saw Edna, exclaiming,

“Voilà les demoiselles!”

The two men hastening forward, caught up Mrs. Maitland gently, while Edna being thus relieved of her burden, seized Bessie, who was almost fainting from terror, in her arms, and followed them.

At the foot of the stairs, what was her surprise and delight to recognize among the crowd the face of Captain Ainslie, who hurrying forward, and taking Bessie from Edna, said,

“My dear Miss Clifford, how alarmed you must be! Take my arm; you must at once be sent to the hotel. My rooms are at your disposal.”

They made their way through the piles of furniture which lay scattered about, following the men with their insensible burden, and at length reached the open air, which so far restored Mrs. Maitland that she opened her eyes, and gazed wildly around; but seeing the burning cottage before her, she shuddered, and closed them again.

Every effort was made to quench the spreading flames, but Edna feared there was little hope of saving any of their clothes. Having laid Mrs. Maitland on a quilt stretched on the grass, the kind landlord hastened away to try and rescue some of his goods; and Captain Ainslie having secured a man to assist him in carrying Mrs. Maitland to the hotel, which was not far distant, the party moved on again.

It was a strange scene. The whole valley was lit up with the red light, and every mountain reflected it, for the cottage being built of wood, now dry with the hot summer sun, burnt and blazed furiously. Crowds of the peasants had collected, and displaying a variety of picturesque costumes, added not a little to the weird character of the scene. Captain Ainslie still insisted on carrying Bessie, and the party moved slowly along. The night was wild, for the wind had arisen, and was sweeping down the mountain heights with awful violence, hurling pieces of burnt wood and cinders in every direction.

They at length reached the hotel, and Captain Ainslie, after seeing his friends safely ensconced in his own rooms, and Mrs. Maitland restored to consciousness, hurried back to the scene of desolation to enquire whether any of Mrs. Maitland's or Edna's trunks had been saved. The cottage was almost entirely consumed by this time, and

the people were gradually dispersing. Helping the poor family thus turned out of house and home to remove themselves and what few articles they had saved to their neighbors' houses, Captain Ainslie learnt that nothing of Edna's had been saved, her room having been enwrapt in flames soon after she left it; but that a trunk of Mrs. Maitland's had been rescued by their unwearied landlord, who had made the utmost efforts, even endangering his own life, to save from destruction his lodgers' luggage, though with little success. The Captain rewarded him handsomely, for which the poor man was truly thankful, the loss having been great to him; everything contained in the east end of the house having been destroyed. They supposed the fire had been occasioned by some ashes falling from the pipe of a man who had been smoking in the evening; these had been blown into a blaze by the wind which rose about midnight, and the dry wood of the piazza had been easily ignited.

Meantime, Edna having comfortably settled Bessie on the sofa, wrapped warmly in her shawl, the child, weary with fatigue and fright, fell asleep; while Mrs. Maitland had also dozed off. Edna, feeling that sleep would be impossible for her, settled herself in an easy chair, and began musing over what had occurred during the day, into which the events of months—almost years—seemed crowded; yet over all her sadness a quiet peace had settled, and she felt truly thankful to God for His goodness in delivering them from danger and perhaps death. She thought over all Mrs. Maitland had told her, and her concluding words, when a new idea struck her, and she drew from her pocket a small Bible, which in her flight from her room she had seized from off the table. It had been her mother's, and much as Edna had valued it on that account before it seemed more precious than ever now that she knew so much of her mother's life. She opened it at random, and when her eye met the chapter, it fell on the words: "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

It seemed to have been a passage much read, for the book opened readily at the place; the verse was marked, and on the white margin which surrounded it, Edna saw written what she had never noticed before—the hymn, part of which Mrs. Maitland had repeated to her that evening. It was written in a very sharp, distinct hand, and the words, "I come to Jesus," were marked underneath with ink.

"Oh, my precious mother," exclaimed Edna, "what would I not give to hear from your own lips the sweet story that Jesus loves me, and that He will give me rest! yet you left me this, is it not, as it were, a message from you, my mother in heaven? Oh! that I could receive it—oh, that I could come to Jesus!"

It was the language of prayer, and the feeblest, most imperfect petition, if it ascends from an humble, earnest heart, is never unheard or unanswered. Over poor Edna's heart came that sweet peace which alone can proceed from the Comforter of those that mourn, and she fell asleep with her mother's Bible clasped tightly to her heart.

When Mrs. Maitland awoke the following morning, she lay some time contemplating the scene before her. The room was very pretty, and almost elegantly furnished. There were many signs, too, of the tastes of the owner, but who this owner was Mrs. Maitland had no idea. Collections of insects, stones, and dried flowers were lying about, and there were a number of books on the table. The morning sun poured his enlivening beams into the room, for it was quite late in the day, Captain Ainslie having given orders that they should not be disturbed. The hotel was already bustling with busy life, yet the scene before her was quiet and calm. From the window directly facing her bed, Mrs. Maitland had a full view of the glorious monarch of the Alps, looking, indeed, like some noble sovereign reigning in unrivalled majesty and kingly dignity over all below him. Within the room all was peace. Bessie was lying with one little arm thrown over the low

back of the sofa (which Edna had turned to the wall, fearing the child might fall), her face expressive of untroubled repose.

"Poor little lamb," her mother mentally exclaimed, "I trust the exposure last night will have done her no harm."

Her eyes turned from her beloved child, and rested upon Edna. She was still sitting in the chair, the Bible clasped closely to her heart, her head leaning to one side, and such a sweet smile playing about her mouth that her friend gazed at her almost with surprise,

"How like her mother she is! Surely the dear girl must have tasted of the sweet consolations that precious Word affords—surely that peace depicted on her face, can proceed alone from the heart being stayed in God."

Edna moved slightly, and then opened her eyes, they met Mrs. Maitland's loving glance, and she smiled; then rising, and coming to the bedside, she said,

"Dear Mrs. Maitland, how do you feel? I fear you were very much alarmed last night."

"I had been sitting intent on my writing, and when I looked up, and saw the window lit up with the flaming light, I was terrified. I rushed towards the bed to snatch up my darling child, and make my escape; but all power failed me, and I completely lost consciousness. What happened afterwards I know not. I can remember nothing except opening my eyes on that fearful mass of flames towering above me, and I remember but little of what occurred afterwards, until I was in this room. I have a faint recollection, however, of hearing Captain Ainslie's voice—was he with you?"

"Yes," indeed," replied Edna; "what do we not owe to him? I had been sitting after you left me, musing over what you had told me, and was only aroused by the sound of the crackling timber. When I rose it was too late to make my escape by the window. The whole piazza was on fire, and the flames were spreading very rapidly. Seizing a few articles that were lying about, I flew to your room, and found poor Bessie

in great distress, and you lying unconscious on the floor. I dressed Bessie, and raising you as best I could, bore you to the stairway, at the back of our sitting room. Here I was met by our kind landlord and James coming to our rescue. They took you away in their arms, while Bessie and I followed. In the lower room, crowded with people and various articles of furniture belonging to our poor host and hostess, we found Jane, who was in a great state of alarm, and Captain Ainslie, who, being up late, had seen the fire, and hastened to our aid. He took Bessie from me, and carried her all the way here. On reaching the open air, he procured two men to convey you here, and insisted on us taking possession of his rooms. The one which we now occupy is his. Is he not kind?"

"Indeed, he is," replied Mrs. Maitland. "How good God is in raising up friends for us in a foreign land, and rescuing us from danger. Surely, my Edna, we ought to praise Him with thankful hearts for His great mercy vouchsafed unto us; and you, my dear Edna, I am sure you must be weary and worn."

"Not so much as I expected. I have had quite a nice little nap, and feel much refreshed."

"Edna," said her friend suddenly, "were any of our trunks saved?"

"I have not yet heard," replied Edna. "I don't think there is the slightest probability that any of mine would be. Our kind host hastened back to the house after consigning you to Captain Ainslie's care, to see what could be done, but the fire was then making such rapid progress towards the centre of the building, that I fear there is little hope even of yours being rescued; however, I will go and see, and try and get some refreshment for you."

She left the room, and passing through the one that adjoined it, gained the hall. Here she was met by the Captain, who had been waiting for some time for Edna to make her appearance. He came forward with anxious enquiries regarding her health and that of Mrs. Maitland and Bessie. She

assured him that she was quite well, and her friend feeling much better after her rest; as for Miss Bessie, she was not yet awake.

"I am afraid you got no sleep, Miss Clifford; your eyes look heavy, though indeed, I think it is a wonder you are not ill."

"I had quite a nice nap in your comfortable chair," said Edna, smiling.

"How glad I am if anything of mine can conduce to your comfort or add to your happiness," he said. "My camp-chair in all its wanderings never had such an honor before. But, Miss Clifford, you must need some refreshment. Allow me to conduct you to the *salle a manger*," he added, smiling, "and let us see if we cannot find anything to tempt your appetite, for it seems to need something enticing. I never saw a young lady who, apparently, was so capable of existing on airy nothings."

"I can assure you you are mistaken," replied Edna, with such a merry laugh that her companion was delighted. "I can do full justice to roast beef and plum pudding, and I am sure they are substantial enough. My sister used to tell me, before I left home, that my appetite was most voracious."

Perhaps it was the association of ideas that sobered Edna, for she suddenly relapsed into silence, and it was not until they had reached the lower hall that she spoke, and said,

"I wish I could procure some refreshment for Mrs. Maitland; she is not coming down."

"I will have some sent up directly," replied Captain Ainslie. "Excuse me a moment."

And hurrying after a retreating waiter, he gave orders that breakfast for two should be immediately sent up to number 10, then returning, he conducted Edna to the dining hall. From the window they could see the smoking ruins of the pretty little cottage, standing but a few hours before in all its picturesque beauty, embosomed in trees. It was situated on the banks of the roaring,

thundering Arve (which courses through the whole of the Chamouni valley), and with the glorious Mount Blanc towering above it. No spot could have been more lovely—but, alas! all was now desolation, devastation, ruin. The sight recalled Edna's thoughts to the previous evening, and she inquired of the Captain if any of their luggage had been saved. He informed her that two large trunks of Mrs. Maitland's and a dressing-case had been rescued by the landlord. Edna now recollected having left her dressing-case in her friend's room that morning, and remembered with thankfulness that all her money and jewelry (among which were some articles formerly belonging to her mother) were in it, and she exclaimed,

"Oh, how glad I am! I valued that dressing-case more than anything else. How thankful I am!"

Captain Ainslie looked at her almost with astonishment. She was usually so cold—so undemonstrative—that this burst of feeling surprised him. He began to feel that he knew little of the character of the usually quiet, haughty girl, in whom he felt so deep an interest.

When breakfast was over, Edna expressed a wish to rejoin her friend; so conducting her up-stairs, he left her at the outer room door, saying,

"I am almost selfish enough to be glad of the accident which led you to seek refuge in my hotel. I can now have the privilege of attending you, at least occasionally."

"But, Captain Ainslie," said Edna, "will you be kind enough to engage other rooms for us? I forgot to do so, and I suppose, for the present, we must remain here."

"Will you not do me the honor of occupying mine during your stay at Chamouni? They are the best in the hotel, and you surely cannot refuse me this favor."

"You are very good," said Edna, extending her hand; "but it seems imposing on kindness."

"You do me the kindness," he replied; and, bowing low, he left her.

(To be Continued.)

Original.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

BY W. H. WITHROW, RICE LAKE, ONT.

Did you see the snowy castle
 Shining far off in the air?
 Did you mark its massy bulwarks
 And its gleaming turrets fair?

Deep and broad seemed its foundations,
 Stable as the solid rock,
 Braving in their stern defiance
 Tempest roar and battle shock.

And its huge and strong escarpment
 Rose sheer up into the sky,
 And above it sunset's banners
 Streamed and waved right royally.

Hark! throughout that lordly castle,
 Trumpets peal and light'nings glare,
 And the thunder's loud defiance
 Shakes the wide domains of air.

Now the castle sways and totters,
 A vast breach is in its walls,
 All its turrets sink and crumble,
 And its lofty rampart falls.

So I've seen a gorgeous castle,
 Built of hopes and visions bright,
 Sink and disappear for ever,
 Like a phantom of the night.

O the gay and glorious castles!
 How we build them up again.
 But to see them melt and vanish,
 As the clouds dissolve in rain.

O my soul! look thou up higher,
 Where the many mansions be,
 To that bright and glorious palace
 That thy Lord hath built for thee.

Gates of pearl and walls of jasper,
 Streets of gold—and there doth roll
 The river making glad for ever,
 That bright palace of the soul.

Be it thine when earth shall vanish.
 And its palaces dissolve,
 There to dwell in joy for ever,
 While eternal years revolve.

*Original.*THE SEAL-FISHERY OF NEWFOUND-
LAND.BY REV. P. TOCQUE, A. M., HOPETOWN, BAY OF
CHALEURS.

The first thing that occurs in Newfoundland to break the winter's torpor is the bustle and activity attending the outfitting of vessels for the seal-fishery. In its prosecution are combined a spirit of commercial enterprise, a daring hardihood and intrepidity almost without parallel. The seal-fishery of Newfoundland has assumed a degree of importance far surpassing the most sanguine expectations of those who first embarked in the enterprise, and is now become one of the greatest sources of wealth to the country. The interest of every individual, from the richest to the poorest, is interwoven with it—from yon bustling and enterprising merchant that, with spy-glass in hand, paces his wharf, sweeping ever and anon the distant horizon for the first view of his returning ship, to the little broom-girl that creeps along the street. The return of the "seal-hunter" reminds one of Southey's beautiful poems, "Madoc" and "Roderic, the Last of the Goths." "The Return to Wales" is thus described:

"Fair blew the wind, the vessel drives along,
 Her streamers fluttering at their length,—her
 sails
 All full; she drives along, and round her prow
 Scatters the ocean spray. What feelings then
 Filled every bosom when the mariners,
 After the peril of that weary way,
 Behold their own dear country. Here stands
 one,
 Stretching his sight towards the distant shore;
 And as to well-known forms, his busy joy
 Shapes the dim outline, eagerly he points
 The fancied headland, and the cape and bay,
 Till his eyes ache o'erstraining. This man
 shakes
 His comrade's hand, and bids him welcome.
 home,
 And blesses God; and then he weeps aloud.
 Here stands another who, in secret prayer,
 Calls on the Virgin and his patron saint,
 Renewing his old vows, and gifts, and alms,
 And pilgrimage, so he may find all well."

In the commencement the seal-fishery was prosecuted in large boats which sailed about the middle of April, and, as its importance began to be developed, schooners of from thirty to fifty tons were employed in it. These sailed on the 17th of March. The vessels now engaged are from sixty to one hun-

dred and eighty tons, and are manned by from twenty-five to forty men each, according to the size. They sail from St. John's on the 1st of March, and from Conception Bay and the northern ports from the 5th to the 10th. The length of time spent on this voyage is from three to eight weeks. The owner supplies the vessel with provisions and every other necessary. One half of the product of the voyage is equally divided among the crew; the half other goes to the owner. In St. John's the crew have to pay two or three pounds each for their berths, and at Conception Bay and the northern ports from twenty to thirty shillings. A hired master receives from fourpence to sixpence per seal, and sometimes five pounds a month besides. A man's share is allowed to the master, which, however, is paid to the owner of the vessel. What is called the seal is the skin with the fat or blubber attached, the carcass being thrown away. Some years back these pelts were sold for so much a-piece, the price varying according to the size and quality. They are now sold by weight. The young are sold at from twenty to thirty shillings, and the old at from eighteen to twenty-eight shillings per cwt. The price, however, is regulated by the value of oil in the British market. A young seal will weigh from thirty to sixty pounds, and an old seal from eighty to two hundred pounds. In the month of March the field-ice passes along the northern and eastern shores of Newfoundland, and sometimes for weeks nothing is to be seen but the crystal surface of the icy ocean, presenting a brilliant but yet a desolate aspect. This floating ice brings with it an immense number of seals. Naturalists describe no less than fifteen species of this animal. The kinds most plentiful on the coast of Newfoundland are these:

1. The half-moon or harp-seals (*phoca grœntandica*). About the last of the month of February these seals whelp, and in the northern seas deposit millions of their young on the glassy surface of the frozen deep. At this period they are covered with a coat of white fur, slightly tinged with yellow. I have seen these beautiful "white-coats" lying six and eight on a piece of ice, resembling so many lambs enjoying the solar rays. They grow very rapidly, and in about three weeks after their birth begin to cast their white

coat. They are now easily captured, being killed by a slight stroke across the nose with a bat, gaff, or boat-hook. At this time they are in prime condition, the fat being in greatest quantity and containing purer oil than at any other time. It appears to be necessary to their existence that they should pass a considerable time in repose on the ice; and during this state of helplessness we see the goodness of Providence in providing these amphibious creatures with a thick coat of fur, as a defence from the intense cold of the ice and of the northern blasts. Sometimes, however, numbers of them are found frozen in the ice. These "cats" are highly prized by the seal-hunters, as the skin when dressed makes excellent caps for them to wear while engaged in this perilous voyage. When one year old these seals are called "bedlamers." The female is without the dark spots on the back which form the harp or half-moon, and the male does not show this mark until two years old. The voice of the seal resembles that of the dog, and when a vessel is in the midst of myriads of these creatures, their barking and howling sounds like that of so many dogs, literally driving away sleep during the night. The general appearance of the seal is not unlike that of the dog, whence some have called it the sea-dog, or sea-wolf, etc. These seals seldom bring forth more than one, and never more than two, at a litter. They are said to live to a great age. Hugh Molin, of Bonavista, informed me that he saw a seal which had been caught in a net. It was reduced to a mere skeleton; its teeth were all gone, and its color was a light grey. This he attributed to extreme old age. Buffon, the great French Naturalist, says:—"The time that intervenes between their birth and their full growth being many years, they of course must live very long. I am of opinion that these animals live upwards of a century, for we know that cetaceous animals in general live longer than quadrupeds; and as the seal fills up the chasm between the one and the other, it must participate of the nature of the former, and consequently live much longer than the latter." The Newfoundland seals probably visit the Irish coast. Mr. Evans, of Darley Abbey, near Derby, gives an account of a number of seals he killed on the west coast of Ireland in 1856, among them the old harp; and Sir Wil-

Iam Logan gives an account of the skeleton of this kind of seal having been found embedded in the clay around Montreal, forty feet deep.

2. The hooded seals (*phoca cristata*) are so called from a piece of loose skin on the head which can be inflated at pleasure. When menaced or attacked, his hood is drawn over the face and eyes as a defence. The female is not provided with a hood. An old dog-hood is a very formidable animal. The male and female are generally found together, and if the female happens to be killed first, the male becomes furious. Sometimes fifteen or twenty men have been engaged upwards of two hours in despatching one of them. I have known half-a-dozen handspikes to be worn out in endeavoring to kill one of these dog-hoods. They frequently attack their assailants, and snap off the handles of the gaffs as if they were cabbage-stalks. When they inflate their hoods it seems almost impossible to kill them. Shot does not penetrate the hood, and unless the animal can be hit somewhere about the side of the head, it is almost a hopeless case to attempt to kill him. They are very large, some of their pelts which I have measured being from fourteen to eighteen feet in length. The young hoods are called "blue backs." Their fat is not so thick nor so pure as that of the harps, but their skins are of greater value. They also breed further to the north than the harps, and are generally found in great numbers on the outer edge of the ice. They are said not to be so plentiful and to cast their young a few weeks later than the harps.

3. The harbor-seal (*phoca vitulina*) frequents the harbors of Newfoundland, summer and winter. Numbers are taken during the winter in seal nets.

4. The square flipper, which is perhaps the great seal of Greenland (*phoca barbata*), is now seldom seen. Although in Greenland it does not attain to so large a size as the hooded-seal, in Newfoundland it is a great deal larger.

5. The walrus (*trichechus rosmarus*), sometimes called sea-horse, sea-cow, and the morse, is now seldom met with, though formerly it was frequently caught on the coast. This animal is said to resemble the seal in its body and limbs, though different in the form

of its head, which is armed with two tusks upwards of a foot long, being in this respect much like an elephant. The under jaw is not provided with any cutting or canine teeth, and is compressed to afford room for these tusks to project downwards from the upper jaw. It is a very large animal, sometimes measuring twenty feet long, and weighing from five hundred to one thousand pounds.

The number of seals taken yearly on the coast of Newfoundland is from 400,000 to 600,000, producing, commercially, no less a sum than from £200,000 to £300,000 sterling. The number of vessels employed is from 300 to 400, manned by between 10,000 and 12,000 men. During the last three years, three or four small steamers were employed in the seal-fishery, which returned well filled. Last year (1867) Messrs. Ridley & Sons' steamer, at Harbor Grace, brought in from the ice 17,000 seals the first trip, and 5,000 the second trip, making a total of 22,000 seals, which will produce 275 tuns of oil imperial, at the usual calculation of 80 seals to a tun, valued at £30 per ton, amounts to £8,250 sterling. On the 21st of March the equinox commences, and the seal-fishery, being carried on during this season of storms, is thus rendered particularly dangerous. It is a voyage of hopes and fears, trials and disappointments; and the prosecution of it causes more anxiety, excitement, and solicitude than any other business in the island. Sometimes the seals are sought after at a distance of from two to four miles from the vessel, over huge, rugged masses of ice; and during this toilsome journey the men have to jump from one pan of ice to another, across horrid chasms where yawns the dark blue wave as if ready to engulf them. Sometimes *slob*, or ice ground up by the action of the waves and covered with snow, is mistaken for hard ice, and the poor sealers leaping upon it are at once buried in the ocean. Not unfrequently, when the seal-hunters are at a distance from the vessel in search of their prey, a freezing snow-drift, or a thick fog, comes on, when no object around can be descried, and the distant ship is lost. The bewildered sealers gather together. They try one course, then another, but in vain; no vessel appears. The lights shown from the vessel cannot be seen; the guns fired and the horns blown cannot be heard. Night comes

on, and the wretched sealers perish on the frozen ocean through fatigue, and cold, and hunger. Scarcely a fishing season passes but the widow's wail and the orphan's cry tell of the dreary, the dreadful death of the seal-hunter. Sometimes vessels are crushed between large masses of ice called "rollers," when all on board are consigned to one common destruction.

"Ill fares the bark, with trembling wretches charged,

That, lost amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
While night o'erwhelms th' sea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them
round ?

Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,
The roar of winds and waves, the crash of ice,
Now ceasing—now renew'd with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main."

The islands of ice, or icebergs, are dreadful engines of destruction. Many of these iron-bound ships come in contact with them, and sometimes vessel and crew perish together.

But the seal-fishery is not only a dangerous and hazardous enterprise—it is not only, notwithstanding its large aggregate commercial advantages, connected with numerous and fearful physical calamities, but it is likewise, in too many cases, a hot-bed for spiritual evils, where morality is laid prostrate, and nothing seems to be regarded but gain. The love of gain seems to have taken possession of the heart of the seal-hunter, and to be so strengthened by that uncertainty which belongs to the pursuit, as to issue in a sort of gambling excitement. This feeling often predominates over every other, and produces an abandonment of all thoughts but one. The seal-fishery, also, has a tendency to harden the heart and render it insensible to the finer feelings of human nature. It is a constant scene of bloodshed and slaughter. Here you behold a heap of seals which have only received a slight dart from the gaff, writhing, and crimsoning the ice with their blood, rolling from side to side in dying agonies. There you see another lot, the last spark of life not yet extinguished, being stripped of their fat and skin, their startings and heavings making the unpractised hand shrink with horror from touching them. In the prosecution of this voyage the sanctity of the Sabbath is, by many, totally disregarded and violated. There

are, however, some honorable exceptions. Many captains of sealing vessels regularly keep divine service on board every Sunday during the voyage, and, independently of the blessing of God accompanying the performance of this sacred duty, they capture more seals than most of their neighbors who disregard the holy day. Captain G—— informed me that on two occasions, during two successive voyages, on the Saturday evening he had his vessel moored to a large pan of ice, in order to devote the Sabbath to its usual sacred exercises. On the Sunday morning a vessel came in alongside and commenced taking seals, collecting several hundred during the day. That this would be exceedingly trying to the feelings of the men who honored the Lord's day none who have ever visited the seal-fishery can doubt; but although surrounded by such a powerful temptation, the crew of Captain G——'s vessel made no attempt to touch a seal. During the night the ice had closed them in tight, so that not a drop of water could be seen in any direction, and there appeared no prospect of moving the following morning, a state of things which might probably continue for several days and even weeks. But when Monday morning came these gloomy fears were dissipated. Before eight o'clock a lake of water opened up right under the bows. Sail was crowded on the vessel, and in the course of a few hours they were in the midst of myriads of seals, where they completed their cargo in a few days, amounting to upwards of 5,000 seals, while the other vessel, the crew of which had desecrated the Sabbath, remained jammed up for several days, and took but few seals afterwards. I know of several similar instances of success connected with the observance of the Sabbath.

Original.

SHE SAID, "NAY."

BY S. P. R., MONTREAL.

I.

Down dropped the sun behind the distant hill;
While o'er the rippled sky far flowed a
luminous tide,
Of crimson and pale gold, that seemed to fill
The amber air with light, and flushed the
mountain's side,
And rolled its full, rich flood o'er field and
forest wide.

II.

Then to the gentle maiden at my side,
 Low-voiced I spoke, "As evening with its rosy
 ray,
 "So let our lives with love be glorified,"
 But, with dark eyes downcast, and face half
 turned away,
 And loose-clasped hands, demure the maiden
 answered, "Nay."

III.

The even-song of brooding birds uprose;
 Praiseful it thrilled and throbb'd thro' the
 wide-gathering glooms,
 Then languished drowsily to a restful close.
 The soft breeze gently swayed the lilac's
 odorous plumes,
 And drifted on the grass the snowy apple-
 blooms.

IV.

"The fragrant whisper of the blossoming trees,"
 I said, "the tuneful ecstasy of the nestling
 birds,
 "The inarticulate murmur of the breeze,
 "Are all o'erburdened with a joy too deep for
 words;
 "For love's resplendent zone the happy world
 engirds."

V.

"The power of love all beauteous things confess.
 "Yield thee, O maiden fair! to love's imperial
 sway."
 But, with impatient hand, a loosened tress
 Of her luxuriant hair, she lightly swept away
 From her flushed brow, and with a half-drawn
 sigh, said, "Nay."

VI.

In the paling west, on the dark horizon's rim,
 The thin-curved crescent moon shone clear-
 defined and bright.
 The evening star came out, and twilight dim
 Faded in heaven away. Thro' measureless
 depths of night,
 Uncounted stars shot down their twinkling,
 arrowy light.

VII.

"Oh, thoughtful maiden, hear! For ever roll
 "Thro' heaven the incessant stars, on their
 relentless way;
 "Soon we attain the inevitable goal;
 "Together let us pass life's little fleeting
 day."

Her voice was faint and tremulous, but she
 answered, "Nay."

VIII.

Confused and stunned, my ears rang with a
 roar,
 Muffled and dull, a moan as of complaining
 shells,
 That murmur ever of their native shore.
 While heard, and yet not heard, in fitful sobs
 and swells,
 Borne on the rising wind, came the far chime
 of bells.

IX.

Stunned and confused, I stood a little space;
 Then broke the uneasy silence, speaking hope-
 lessly,
 Recalling all the sweet forgotten days,
 "We have been friends, alas!—but now no
 more with thee—
 "No more"—and then my faltering voice
 choked utterly.

X.

But by a sudden impulse overborne,
 She said, impetuously, "You are a friend,
 always
 "Trusty and tender, and my heart is torn
 "With cruel pain, dear friend, that I unchanged
 must say
 "To all your wasted love and passion of plead-
 ing, Nay."

XI.

Then with a burst of tears my hand she wrung,
 And turned, and thro' the darkness homeward
 fled away.
 I dared not follow; but till the red lamp flung
 Its broad glare from her opening door I
 watch'd her way,
 Well knowing her firm heart, thro' tears still
 answered, "Nay."

XII.

Darker and darker fell the deepening night,
 As gathering clouds with black wings swept
 the starry sky;
 While deeper, deeper darkness quenched the
 light
 Of hope, that long had cheered my life, now
 utterly
 Faded and gone, like sparks that in deep
 waters die.

Original.
**CHRONICLES OF A CANADIAN
 FAMILY.**

BY J. R. RAMSAY, AUTHOR OF "THE CANADIAN
 LYRE."

PART SECOND.

Let us now turn our attention to the uncle of the unfortunate man whose history has just been given.

The career of Benjamin Von Holdt is not only romantic in itself, but interesting as being the supposed cause which led his relative to ruin. At the time of his brothers' sudden departure from the Mohawk Valley to Canada, Benjamin, as has been stated, was away hunting.

Having, after four or five weeks' absence, succeeded in obtaining sufficient game, he with the friends who had accompanied him, returned to the settlements. When about four miles away, he resolved to leave his share of game with his friends, and proceed alone in order to obtain help from home. Becoming weary, he rested on a mossy stone on the hill side overlooking the home of one who had long been his secret idol. Her name was Marie McPherson, daughter of a neighbor—a Revolutionist. The scene around him was a beautiful one. all the glory of the dreamy Indian summer was on the hills, reminding one of the burning bush seen by the seer of old. All the abrupt outlines of the far off mountains wore, in the eventide, the velvety softness of rose-leaves. High over all were floating the fleecy golden clouds,

"Even in their very motion there was rest."

Yet a feeling of sadness and longing came and took possession of him against his will. As yet he knew nothing of the evil which had come to his home. While musing, his thoughts turned of their own accord to linger about a loveliness more excellent to him even than this moving glory of earth and sky. No sooner had they done so than their object—who will say she was not the mesmeric messenger of his musings?—approached by a path from behind the hills, and stood gazing on the soft suffusion of the

scene. The expression on her face resembled that of an angel when looking on something exceedingly lovely, her eyes reminded the fancy of

"The light that never was on sea or land."

On her arm she held a basket full of blackberries. She did not blush on finding herself watched by her admiring friend; though her dress was torn by the briars. Placing the basket of fruit upon a stone shelf, she went up near to him, and asked if he knew that a band of Pequod Indians was prowling about.

"No," he replied; "in what direction?"

"Three or four miles up the river."

"I met your brothers while hunting to-day; but they said nothing about the Indians. The Pequods are friends of the Revolutionists; and as I am supposed to be a Loyalist, your brothers kept peace on that account. I would have warned them even if I did not love their sister Marie."

He did not look at her as he said this; and it was as well, for, however welcome such words are when spoken to one who has listened for them long, they could not but be accompanied by pain to her now. Her brothers had that same day forbidden her walking any more with Ben. He did not know of this, but continued coming nearer.

"Marie, before I leave for Canada, tell me that I may return, or take you too," he said. "I would willingly stay, and save you such a long, dreary journey. I care less for the king's cause, or his crown either, than for you. I only go because of my parents."

"You had better not go, Ben."

"I cannot think it right to stay, though my heart wants to do so if you will not go, Marie."

"Well, give me a little while to think," she replied. "I am weary, and must be at home before dark. Good-bye."

"Let me help you," he said, lifting the berries from the shelf. "You are tired."

"No, Ben. I have reasons for not letting you help me now; though I would like you to come home with me," she added, looking

up at him tenderly, "some other time."

"When, and where?" he asked.

"This time to-morrow, and here, if you will."

So saying, she went down the old path, among the hazel-bushes, homeward.

After she had gone a few steps, she turned and said something which he did not hear, for at the same instant a raven flew croaking by. He did not like the omen, for he took the dreary bird's interruption as such. There was also something constrained in Marie's manner which hurt him. She had never been so unconfidential before. He was naturally impulsive, and the interview did not soothe his spirit's restlessness, and he had almost persuaded himself to go away without seeing her again (how often a seeming slight, or little misunderstanding between kindred hearts causes the regret of a lifetime!) and was raising his hand to make some rash vow, when his attention was attracted by an unusual light in the direction of his home. Hastening on, he saw from a jutting crag the smouldering remains of the home he had so lately left in happiness. Crossing the intervening meadows, he saw that the fire was the work of the Indians. The barns were yet burning, the butchered cattle scarcely cold, the tame pigeons were wheeling above the smoke, looking in vain for their cots, and the good old dog was dead at his chain.

With a sinking heart, he left the lonely scene, and returned to the McPherson's, scarcely knowing what to do, or where to go. No sooner had he regained the hillside where he had that same evening parted from the "Forest Light," as the Indians called Marie, when his heart stood still as he saw Marie's home, too, burning. Though bewildered by this new trouble, he had time to perceive a few Indians moving stealthily away towards the forest, with Marie, a captive in their midst.

There was no time for hesitation now. As a mother requires no time to meditate when her child is in danger, so a man never hesitates when death is menacing—

"His bosom friend, dearer than all,"

He knew it was possible to trust her with her captors for a few days at least. Having been familiar with the Indians from a child, he had acquired a knowledge of woodcraft almost equal to their own. His plan was to start immediately for their encampment by the shortest route, and by cunning work on their superstitious fears. The night was not very dark, but his way was through dense growths of underwood, and great windfalls of timber, mossy with years, and piled up by the storms of ages. We will not attempt to describe his emotions. The plunging torrent of disappointed passion is too deep and strong for the plummet of words to fathom. It is a shallow soul that can be described, even when calm.

On the second day, near noon, he reached the encampment where they had lodged for the last three "leaf-moons," as they call summer. When on the way there, he busied himself to contrive some scheme for Marie's escape. After thinking of various plans in vain, at length he concluded to try the following. He peeled a piece of birch bark from a tree, and wrote thereon these words:

"DEAR MARIE,—Keep up your heart. I will help you to escape from the Indians. It will be easy to get away if you tell them that this is a message from the 'Great Spirit.' Say to them that Washington is the Manitou's chief medicine man; that he commands them to release all captives, and that they must go to him at Valley Forge. If they do not, the beaver will die, the men of war grow weak with hunger, and the Great Spirit will open his hand to their enemies."

This he placed where it could be seen in the largest wigwam; and hid himself to await their coming.

At nightfall the Indians arrived. Some began immediately to light fires and cook, for they seldom build a fire when on the trail, fearing to attract some foe. They led Marie a little aside from the fire, and fastened her, in a sitting position, by her arms to a tree.

As soon as they discovered the birch message, just as he had hoped, they took it to Marie. She read it silently, then told them

what it contained. She was glad to perceive that the words did not make them angry. After having eaten and drunk the remainder of their "fire-water," they disposed themselves to rest in a circle, with their feet to the fire, Marie being inside of the circle. When all were still, Ben cautiously approached on his hands and knees, till within a few yards of the wigwam near where they were sleeping. He broke a small twig to attract her attention, holding his rifle ready for use, standing behind a pine-tree at the time. When she saw him he placed his finger on his lips in token of silence. An Indian instantly rose up, looked all around, placed the embers together, then resumed his rest. He had taken the noise of the twig for the crack of some foe's rifle in his dream.

After waiting till all seemed secure in sleep, Ben stealthily drew near, and threw his knife to Marie. It fell just beyond her hand, and stuck point down in the ground. By the help of a stick, she worked it back and forth, till at last it fell within her reach. She looked carefully around. All were slumbering. She looked at Ben, pointing to the fire at the same time. He understood, that it would soon be extinguished; and so it happened, for, at that instant, a pine knot, being burned through, fell into the ashes, and all was nearly dark.

After severing the moosewood thongs from her arms, she stepped out of the circle as silently as possible, treading on the tufts of ferns, that she might not rustle the dry leaves, and joined her deliverer. All that night they had fearful travelling. Though tired, they dared not rest. They did not venture to speak even, except by whispers. The sullen ta-hoo of the moody owls startled their listening nerves. At dawn they came to an open space by a rivulet. Down this stream they waded for about a hundred yards, in order to mislead the Indians and their dog from the scent of the trail, in case of pursuit; and then came on shore just where a large elm tree had been blown down. It was thickly overgrown with ferns,

sarsaparilla, and wild raspberry bushes. Scarcely had they walked out of the water by the side of this large log, before the sudden barking of a dog drove the blood out of their hearts with fear. At the same time the animal came rushing up to their place of concealment. Fortunately, the dog was the one that had travelled with Marie two or three days before: it knew her at once, and ceased barking. Listening intently, through the throbbing of their hearts, they heard the stealthy steps of an Indian approaching their hiding-place. Ben urged Marie to crawl close to the log, while he did the same, with his rifle ready for use. The Indian stepped up on the low end of the log, and stood looking in all directions for, what seemed to them, a long time. Appearing convinced that his dog had been deceived, he slowly retraced his steps.

After a painful journey of forty miles, they arrived safely at a neighbor's house, where Marie's mother had come in search of her; for her mother was away from home when it was destroyed. It was hard to tell whether there was more joy or astonishment depicted on her old face when she beheld her daughter enter the house once more. Marie's brothers were away at the time of the Indian raid, engaged in the struggle for independence. Feeling uneasy for the fate of his parents and brothers, Ben resolved, as soon as he obtained some rest, to find them. Before leaving for that purpose, next evening, he found an opportunity to renew the conversation so unsatisfactorily broken off a few evenings before on the hill-side with Marie.

"I did not intend to trouble you again with the question which you did not answer when last we parted, you remember it, Marie. Answer it now. I wish you had decided then, for now you may think it your duty to let gratitude take the place of finer feelings."

"It would have been better had I told you then," she replied. "It is harder to speak now than it would have been then. You must know, even before this last great

kindness in saving me, that you were more to me than all" —

"Do not talk so, Marie," he interrupted, "if you intend to force me away alone, it will be easier for me to go without hearing those words which I have waited far too long to hear."

"Do not blame me, Ben. It is not my fault."

"By that word 'fault,' which you have just used, I understand that you intend to refuse."

"Not me; it is not my doing. My heart has been breaking to speak, but I knew you would not come again if I told you. I could not put all my peace away. That is why I did not tell you my brothers have sworn to shoot you if I meet you any more. Think, oh! think how hard it is for me to mention this, after all we have been to each other—after all you have done for me."

"I do not regard your brothers," he replied. "We can be happy away from here."

"But my mother, Ben; I must not forsake my mother."

"Then promise me, that when I return, you will give me this," he said, taking her hand. "No one can cherish it more tenderly, or love the giver more dearly."

"But there is another reason," she answered, "which forces me to withhold my heart from the happiness which it aches to own. Dear friend," she continued, "prepare your spirit for the pain you will feel when informed that my brothers made me believe you were untrue to me; then they persecuted my life by threatening yours, till they—do not despise me, Ben—till they made me promise to marry another. It was to save you."

He did not answer immediately. His eyes were turned to the hazy horizon, full of a far-off-expression, as if he believed the sun itself was but the spray from adversity's wave.

"Do not look so strangely," she said. "It was to save you. I did not think it would wound you. Oh, forgive me! Look kindly once more."

"I cannot look what I cannot feel, Marie," he replied, with a changed voice, as he arose and walked slowly down the hill into the coming night, as a strong man walks after a hard day's work, unwilling to give up.

She watched him disappear down the dark path behind the stony hills, as she stood in the gathering gloom alone. Could this be the same sky—so far, and dim, and cold now—where the warm sun so lately

"Laughed in his blue fields?"

She bowed her beautiful head, but the waves of woe would not roll away.

When he left Marie so unceremoniously, his object was to join his brothers in Canada. He had not gone more than fifty miles through the forest alone, when he was met by a portion of that bloodthirsty band, known in history as "Butler's Rangers." This outcast crew he was induced to join, partly because it was unsafe to refuse; and because the excitement would help to keep his thoughts from brooding on his recent disasters. Without doubt, too, he had some hope of meeting Marie or her brothers, which would be as satisfactory to him.

Butler's Rangers consisted of about three hundred drunken Indians from the "Six Nations," and as many reprobate half-bred whites, who were worse than the Indians—tenfold. Their principal object was plunder; but, for the gratification of some individual spite, they fell upon and utterly destroyed the inhabitants of the Valley of Wyoming. We would be glad to draw the curtain of oblivion over the terrible carnage enacted during the destruction of that beautiful place; but history knows that no more unholy holocaust was ever offered up on the red shrine of War than when that valley was changed into the shameless shambles of polluted criminality, and no more merciless fiend than Butler ever stained the crimson catalogue of crime, from Cain to Booth. As soon as the outrage of those outlaws was known to the British officers, they, in concert with Tecumseh, chief of the Six Nation Indians, in Canada, issued orders

and sent a force to take Butler and his gang into custody. After some delay, Butler was found, and forced to relinquish arms, though he resisted as bravely as brutish dispositions can.

Among the captives found in Butler's possession were the two McPhersons, Marie's brothers, and the young man whom they were going to force her to marry. Benjamin Holdt immediately formed a plan to out-general them. Accordingly, he made his story known to an officer, a friend of his brother in Canada. Through this officer he obtained permission to offer the McPhersons and their friend in exchange for Marie. This the McPhersons meanly consented to do, seeing no other chance of escape. With a strong escort he marched them off towards the place where they had left their sister. After days of delay, they finally drew near their former home. He left the prisoners in charge of a guard, and went forward to the house where they had been staying. There they told him that Marie's mother had died a few days before; and, likely, Marie was out at the grave. Going in the direction described, he met her returning. Though her voice trembled, she managed to let him know, more by looks than language, that she was glad he had come back. She told Ben about her mother's death, and asked if he knew where her brothers were. He answered:

"They are here. They have given their consent to our happiness, Marie; you cannot refuse now."

He did not mention the condition of her brothers' consent, knowing it would pain her. It was selfishness, as well as kindness, in him to conceal the condition of their agreement from her, because he rejoiced to see the light returning into her eyes. He also saw by her look of more than joy when they met, that she would not willingly let him depart alone. She seemed to feel his thoughts, and, with a quiet glance, left him to go and greet her brothers. With a woman's tact, she took them to their mother's grave, and there urged them to be friends before parting. This they consented

to do, as awkwardly as men generally act when under the influence of a woman's tears.

The family in whose care her mother had ended her days belonged to the Society of Friends. They had long meditated a removal, and were now induced to join the party with Benjamin, and go to Canada.

After the usual amount of peril and toil attending a journey of such difficulty and distance at that time, they reached their Canadian friends, and there they helped

"To make themselves a nation and a name."

In conclusion, we have only to remark that these chronicles would become too personal if followed further. The offspring of the happy union of Marie and Benjamin occupy influential positions under Government. They are not all anti-annexationists, but it is from them and theirs that the Fenians will meet with the utmost opposition, if ever they are so foolish as to attempt another raid into the New Dominion.

Original.

S O N G .

BY JOHN READE.

I.

Oh, if thou wert the moon, love,
And I the sea,
My heart would beat in tune, love—
Sweet love, with thee.

II.

Ever at thy approach, love,
My hopes would rise,
As though they fain would touch, love,
Thee in the skies.

III.

But thou art not the moon, love,
Nor I the sea,
Yet beats my heart in tune, love—
Sweet love, with thee.

IV.

And still at thy approach, love,
Fond hopes arise;
Oh! have I dared too much, love,
With lips and eyes?

V.

Alas! the sky is high, love,
And low the sea;
As far apart am I, love—
Sweet love, from thee.

Original.

ADMIRAL BLAKE.

BY JOHN MATHEWS, TORONTO.

"Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep,
Her march is on the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep."
—*Campbell.*

Burning words are these; but, since the time of Blake, they may be taken with a slight allowance for poetical license, as expressing a sober truth. No spot in the pathless ocean but has been cut by the ships of Britain; few are the latitudes in which they have not achieved some deed which remains a memorial of their fame, and many are the waves under which the remains of what were once the tenements of noble souls lie awaiting the moment when the sea shall give up its dead.

Robert Blake, the founder of the maritime supremacy of Britain, was born in Bridgewater, Somersetshire, in the month of August 1598. His family belonged to the class styled "middling-sized gentry," but his father had turned to merchandise long before the birth of our hero.

In his youth, Blake was "a grave youngster." He attended Bridgewater Grammar School until he had reached the age of sixteen, when he was transferred to Oxford University, where he spent nine years.

In his twenty-seventh year, Blake was recalled to his home. His father had died, and henceforth Robert had to supply his place. He seems to have done so most creditably. During his absence from home he had become a Puritan, and the genius of Puritanism was well adapted to fitting men for parental duties.

Blake's lot was cast in troubled times. Charles I., from 1629 to 1640, never convoked Parliament: a fact sufficient to prove that he sought to destroy it, and render himself absolute. He bade fair to succeed in his design, when, happily for us, he attempted to force Episcopacy on Scotland, and thus

induced that invasion which forced him to convoke first the Short, and ultimately the Long Parliament.

Into the history of these Parliaments we need not enter. A king who had ruled alone for eleven years, was not likely to agree with an Assembly which contained many theoretical Republicans, who deliberately tried to reduce his rank to that of a Doge; and at last, when he erected his standard at Nottingham, all England saw that the quarrel could be settled only by the sword.

Blake was a member of both these Assemblies; like all his sect he supported the Parliament, and like most Puritans was a Republican, but a Republican of a very different stamp from the Republicans and Democrats of the present day. The Republicans of the English Revolution, would now be called "bloated aristocrats." They would have laughed down the "Vox populi vox Dei" doctrine—hooted universal suffrage, and as to interfering with the framework of society, the idea never crossed their minds. Modern Democracy took its rise with the Declaration of Independence and the French Revolution of 1798, before which time no country can be indicated, in which the suffrage was at once *Universal and Equal*. Right or wrong, Blake and his contemporaries were a different race of revolutionists from those of our day, and it is due to them to proclaim the fact.

Throughout the Civil War, Blake distinguished himself highly. At Bristol, he defended the posts committed to his charge, after the town had surrendered, a breach of the laws of war which caused Prince Rupert, the King's nephew, to talk of hanging him. Lyme he defended successfully against Prince Maurice; Taunton he seized, and held against the Cavaliers throughout one of the most desperate sieges of the war. For this defence he received the thanks of the House, and a present of £500. In 1645, he was again besieged in Taunton, but during this siege the King was defeated at Naseby, and the war virtually ended.

Blake now returned to his peaceful duties. He seems neither to have tried, nor desisted, to obtain political influence. To the execution of the King he was decidedly opposed, and said that "he would as freely venture his life to save the King as ever he had done

to serve the Parliament." He was moderate and practical in all things, opposed to the King when he considered him to enjoy too much power, opposed to his death when defeated and in prison; content to serve the State, if called on or to stay at home when not wanted; and accordingly there is nothing to note of him from the conclusion of the Civil War until the 18th of April, 1649, when he took command of the fleet and commenced that career which has caused us to forget that he was aught save *Admiral Blake*.

When Blake took command of the fleet, Rupert, with a few vessels, whose crews had adhered to the King, was "privateering in the English seas." Blake drove him out of his head-quarters at Kinsale, and chased him to Portugal. The King of Portugal seemed inclined to defend Rupert, and Blake soon "brought him to his bearings" by seizing his Brazil fleet, and Rupert was then left to his vengeance. Blake destroyed some of his fleet at Carthagena on the coast of Spain, chased the remainder to the West Indies, and finally, forced Rupert to take shelter in France, where he sold the remnant of his fleet and abandoned the naval profession.

Blake, on returning to England, received the thanks of Parliament, and was made Warden of the Cinque Ports. He had now gone through his apprenticeship to the sea, and stands forth as a finished sailor.

His next service was reducing the Channel Islands, in which numbers of the Royalists had sought refuge, and thus he blotted out the last shadow of resistance to the Parliament. During this time he seems to have endeavoured earnestly to ameliorate the condition of the sailors, by getting them paid at the seaports instead of London, and trying to secure good provisions instead of the foul and corrupt stuff then usually furnished by contractors. He thus got hold of the affections of his men, of which he had abundant need, for the Dutch War having broken out in 1652, he had to meet foes worthy of his steel in Van Tromp and De Ruyter.

The first meeting of the admirals was off Rye. War had not yet been declared, so Blake, having prepared for the worst, moved out to meet Van Tromp and have an explanatory word with him. Van Tromp sent a broadside rattling into the *James*, Blake's

flagship, which smashed the cabin windows and disturbed the admiral and his officers who were at table. Blake looked up and exclaimed, "Well, it is not very civil of Van Tromp to take my flagship for a brothel and break my windows!" Another broadside followed as he spoke, so rushing on deck he gave the word to fire. A fierce action ensued: his flagship suffered terribly, but Blake having been reinforced by eight vessels under Captain Bourne, Van Tromp disappeared after dusk, leaving two vessels with Blake, and did not re-appear in the morning; facts which prove decidedly that the advantage lay with Blake, although his fleet, even after it had been reinforced, did not amount to over two-thirds of that of the enemy.

A declaration of war followed, and in June Blake was despatched to break up the Dutch herring fleet. In this he succeeded, and met Van Tromp who was at the head of 100 sail. Another battle would have ensued, had not a storm separated the fleets. Van Tromp returned home to be mobbed for his misfortunes.

De Ruyter was now appointed to the command of the Dutch fleet, and on the 28th of September, 1652, met Blake off the coast of Kent. The fleets were nearly equal, but party spirit had forced its way into the Dutch fleet. On meeting, the fleets tacked and exchanged murderous broadsides. After an hour's cannonading, the Dutch, having been roughly handled, began to draw off. Two of their ships had been sunk, and two captured by boarding. Blake returned home to be received with enthusiasm; the Dutch admiral to be mobbed.

Van Tromp now again became popular in Holland, and was re-appointed to command their fleet. In November, with one hundred men-of-war, he fell on Blake at Goodwin Sands, when the latter, having been obliged to divide his fleet, had only thirty-seven sail with which to meet him. Blake was of course defeated, and Van Tromp was so elated at his victory, that he fixed a broom to his flagship's masthead, to signify that he would sweep the sea of English ships.

Great exertions were made in England in order to enable this disgrace to be wiped out; and in February, 1653, Blake went to sea at the head of sixty sail. He met Van Tromp

off Cape La Hogue, and a doggedly fierce fight ensued. Van Tromp lost eight vessels by fire and capture, and the following day was again attacked, when he lost five more. On the next day Blake chased him to the shelter of the French coast, and at last on the following morning it was found that Van Tromp had escaped into the Dutch harbors. The Dutch loss was enormous. London was in raptures of delight, and a day of thanksgiving was appointed for this famous "Battle of Portland."

Blake, having refitted, again put to sea, and insulted the Dutch fleet in the Texel. While on this cruise, Cromwell, on the 20th of April, 1653, dismissed the "Rump" Parliament, on which Blake remarked to the sailors, "'Tis not our business to mind state affairs, but to keep foreigners from fooling us;" and continued to fight for his country as before.

In June, the Dutch again appeared, and this time with one hundred and twenty sail, and four admirals. On the 2nd, the fleets met and fought as usual, until separated by night. The following morning the battle was renewed. Van Tromp was desperate. His flagship having been boarded, he threw a lighted match into the magazine, and blew decks and boarders into the air. This led to the belief that he had been killed, and in consequence his fleet gave way, having lost eight ships destroyed, eleven captured, and many hundred men. The English lost about three hundred men, and our ships were battered into naval curiosities.

After this action, Blake was forced, by ill-health, to go ashore. During his absence the final battle of the war was fought. It lasted three days, and Van Tromp met his death in it. A peace was now concluded, by which everything claimed by England was yielded to her.

Blake now returned home to Bridgewater, where we find him "purging the churches of England of ignorant, scandalous, and inefficient pastors!" A strange task, truly, for an admiral, but there is reason to believe that our Admiral was equal to the duty.

Towards the end of 1654, Blake was dispatched to the Mediterranean, where since the Crusades no English fleet had ever been seen; but now no enemy was found able to resist him. At Leghorn and Rome he de-

manded, and obtained, compensation for English vessels sold there by Rupert and Maurice. At Algiers, he forced the Dey to make peace and restrain his piratical subjects from injuring English commerce. At Tunis he made the same demands, but was refused, and desired by the Dey to do his worst. Blake left to refit, but re-appearing on the 1st of April, 1655, he cannonaded the forts until he had torn them in pieces, and then, manning his boats, burnt every corsair ship in the harbor. He next sailed to Tripoli, where the Dey, having heard from Tunis, was wiser, and yielded to his demands. After a visit to the Adriatic, where the Venetians received him with honor, he returned to Tunis, and found the Dey in a less haughty mood. At Malta, the Knights of St. John yielded the prizes which he asked, little thinking that in a century and a half the Union Jack would float over the towers of Valetta, and see Malta the head-quarters of an English fleet.

War with Spain having now broken out, Blake ran westward in search of the silver fleet, but finding there was then no prospect of meeting it, he went home to refit his exhausted squadron. His constitution was now rapidly giving way before the heavy labors and peculiar diseases of sea life. Writing from the Mediterranean he said: "I shall not trouble your highness with any complaints of myself, of the indisposition of my body, or troubles of my mind; my many infirmities will one day I doubt not sufficiently plead for me or against me, so that I may be free of so great a burden, consoling myself in the meantime in the Lord, and in the firm purpose of my heart with all faithfulness and sincerity to discharge the trust reposed in me." Noble and touching words. The admiral felt the approach of death, but when informed that his services could not be dispensed with, he returned to the fleet, and in February, 1656, sailed on his last cruise, and at Torbay saw the white cliffs and green slopes of Old England for the last time.

Having settled a quarrel with Portugal, he proceeded to Cadiz, in hopes of intercepting the plate fleet coming from America. Water and provisions, however, ran short, and he was forced to move to Portugal to procure them, but left Captain Stayner with seven

ships to remain on the look-out. Stayner watched, and at last his watchful eyes encountered the silver fleet.

The rapture of that moment must have been worth half a lifetime. There they were, four splendid Spanish galleons, and two India-built merchantmen, laden with gold, silver, precious stones, indigo, cochineal, varinas, hides, tobacco, and all the varied products of that land of wealth, Spanish America.

The Spaniards came on in happy ignorance of their danger, but as soon as they discovered it, fled like pigeons before a hawk, and tried to run their ships on shore as the only means of saving their treasures. Two vessels only escaped, two were sunk, and two taken, having on board a treasure amounting to two millions of pieces of eight, which, when sent home, required thirty-eight wagons to convey it to the Tower.

After this our admiral again returned to Cadiz, and carried on a weary winter's blockade. The spring of 1657 came, when, hearing that another silver fleet had crossed the Atlantic and taken shelter in one of the Canary isles, he started for these islands immediately, and on the 20th of April, met the silver fleet under the shade of the Peak of Teneriffe.

The Spaniards were ready. In Santa Cruz bay they waited his attack. Their position seemed invulnerable. The harbor, shaped like a horse-shoe, was defended by a regular castle, connected with seven forts around the inner part of the bay. The galleons were posted with their broadsides outwards at the narrow entrance, while the smaller vessels were nearer the shore. To assail them was literally like going into the lion's jaw.

Blake, rising from his sick bed, surveyed the scene, and was rather animated than daunted by the prospect. He appointed Stayner to attack the galleons, and reserved to himself the assault on the castle and batteries. The wind was beautifully favourable, blowing directly into the bay. On went Stayner, running the gauntlet of castles, batteries, and galleons, and directing his course to the ships which he meant to take. Blake followed, and turning towards the fortifications, silenced the castles and shut up the batteries one by one. At noon he managed

to assist Stayner, and at two the victory remained with the English. Two Spanish ships had been sunk, and every other of their vessels was on fire. Now the difficulty was to get out of the bay, and clear of the fortresses' fire. A change of wind, however, ensued, and thus they escaped in a manner esteemed distinctly providential. They left the Spanish fleet utterly destroyed, and came away with a loss of fifty killed and one hundred and fifty wounded.

Blake now returned to Spain, and thence ran over to Morocco to negotiate with the pirates, and force them to free their captives. He succeeded completely, and then turned his prow homewards "that he might yield up his breath in his native country, which he had so much adorned by his valor." But it was not so to be: Death had marked him for its own. He, however, lived to receive some of his well-earned honors. The thanks of Parliament, a splendid jewel, and a letter from Cromwell, reached him while afloat. He crossed the Bay of Biscay, getting worse every hour, and as his ship entered Plymouth Sound his high, pure, and noble soul, exchanged things temporal for things eternal. It was in the autumn of 1657, when he was just entering his sixtieth year.

Such was Admiral Blake, perhaps the only character of the English Revolution whom all delight to honor. Entering on a sailor's life when *fifty years of age*, he nevertheless became a seaman, and pursued a career of glory utterly unexampled. Sincerely attached to religion, he was perfectly free from fanaticism, disinterested, generous, liberal; ambitious only of true glory, dreadful only to his avowed enemies, he forms one of the most perfect characters of the age." Such is the panegyric pronounced on him by the Royalist, Hume, who adds that "the tears of his countrymen were the honorable panegyric on his memory."

His remains received the honor of a public funeral, and were interred in Westminster Abbey; but, to the eternal disgrace of the Royalists, the body of the man who had made the British navy the terror and admiration of the world, was at the Restoration torn from its tomb, and, it is said by some, "cast into a pit." But to Blake this is of no consequence. Insults to his body have not suc-

ceeded in invalidating the fact, that to him his country owes a debt of gratitude greater than is due to any other statesman or warrior in her annals; inasmuch as it was Blake who established for her the Empire of the Sea, which has rendered Britain the envy, the wonder, and the model of the world.

Original.

ALAS, BUT THOU.

BY W. ARTHUR CALNEK, ANNAPOLIS, N.S.

We meet at last—though long and weary years,
With all their legacies of joys and tears

Have severed us—and now

I gaze upon the scenes my boyhood knew,
Unchang'd in beauty to my raptur'd view—

Alas! but thou—

The trees my home once shaded and still shade,
Are now, as then, in garb the same arrayed;

As then the flowers bloom now;

The ivy loves as well the old house wall;
No change doth mem'ry to my thoughts recall—

Alas! but thou—

The hills unchang'd, unchangeable and grand,
With pristine forest crown'd, the same still stand;

And on their rugged brow,

I see no sentence written by decay;
As then they seem'd so seem they all to-day—

Alas! but thou—

The river—by whose side the school-boy played
An idle truant, and his steps delayed,

To watch his shallop plow

Its plastic waters—still its course maintains,
Unmark'd by change, along the blooming plains—

Alas! but thou—

The ancient school-house where the "cross roads" meet,

As then it stood doth still my fond eye greet,

Beneath the old oak's bough,

Beside the ever babbling rivulet;

And its old play-ground claims my homage yet—

Alas! but thou—

The church in which I heard the words of prayer,

Still lifts its spire high upwards in mid air:

And worshippers still bow

The knee—perchance the heart—as in the day
I left it last; no change fortells decay—

Alas! but thou—

The wild flowers blooming in the mead afar,
The twinkling of the gentle evening star,

As then continue now;

The morning melodies of many birds

The same, the same the voice of lowing herds—

Alas! but thou—

The orchard's bloom, the fields of waving corn,
That grace the mountain slopes, the vale adorn,

With precious gifts endow

Tired labor's toil to-day as yesterday;

And am'rous breezes bid them e'er be gay—

Alas! but thou—

The path that led from my youth's home to thine—

Where years ago I took thy hand in mine,

And thou mad'st solemn vow

To give me all thy young heart's love,—remains
Unchanged as the surrounding hills and plains—

Alas! but thou—

The zephyrs bland are gath'ring from the flowers
The scented breathings of the passing hours,

And kiss my grateful brow,

As, ere we parted, they were wont to do;

And with their presence still my way pursue—

Alas! but thou—

Alas! that one who in my absence long

Was chiefly in my thoughts and in my song,

Lov'd dearly then and now,

When I am named, should in aversion turn,

Nor let one ray of pledg'd affection burn—

Alas! O thou!

Original.

MYSIE HOWIESON, THE UNDAUNTED.

BY DELTA.

The subject of this sketch may be taken as a specimen of a class at one time not uncommon in Scotland, but now becoming more rare. In their youth—say sixty or seventy years ago—the parish and other schools were neither so good nor so famous as now. Especially in the rural districts, the merest rudiments of learning—considered sufficient—were all the pupils obtained; and many of those belonging to this and former generations who left their impress on the world, were in a great measure self-taught.

Among eminent literary men of this class whose names will in all likelihood never die nor be forgotten may be mentioned that of John Brown, of Haddington, an eminent preacher in his day, Professor of Theology in what was then the Secession but now the United Presbyterian Church, and the author of one of the best commentaries on the Bible that has ever been produced, and by which he is best known throughout the entire Christian world. This worthy man, when a mere boy herding sheep and cattle far from any seat of learning, and with no help but that of any old books he could lay his hands on, became so proficient in the Greek language that he could read and translate it correctly. An anecdote of his enthusiasm as a scholar at this period of his life, well authenticated but not generally known, may be related of him here :

"Anxious to obtain a Greek New Testament, he had, with much solicitude and care, saved as much money as would procure one. He was living some ten miles from St. Andrews, a university city on the east coast of Scotland, the nearest place where he could get it, and getting out of bed very early one morning, he reached the city just as the shops were being opened, and into one of these walked the little, duddy, country shepherd-boy, and proffering his money, asked for the book. The Bibliopole was dumfounded, and when told it was for his own use thought the boy crazed. At this moment one of the Professors chanced to enter, and questioning the urchin, at last offered to make him a present of it if he would translate a portion of it which he selected. This John did at once, and marched off with his money in his pocket, and what to him was of far more value, the much-coveted book, which, we are informed, he prized above all his other books during his long life, and left it to his sons after him, by some of whose descendants it is still kept as a most valuable heirloom."

Although many more cases might be cited of a similar kind, we will only refer to another—that of Scotia's Poet, Robert Burns, also in a great measure self-taught, but whose history is so widely known that we may save ourselves the trouble of doing more than merely mentioning the same.

Besides such widely-known names, how-

ever, there have lived many very worthy folks of both sexes whose influence on the thoughts, feelings, opinions, habits, and morals of the people has been great, strong, and permanent, although only affecting the humbler and less known spheres in which they acted their parts in the great drama of life; and of such was our heroine, Mysie Howieson.

The story of her life is very commonplace, and presents no feature of the sensational or startling type, but throughout her long life she was distinguished by such force of character and determination of purpose, that she might have been truly said to possess a masculine mind, whose light could not be hidden under a bushel, and thus she was forced on the observation of all those who make the lights and shades of human character their study, and who came in contact with her. She and a younger sister were left orphans when very young, and were thus early thrown on the icy charity of a cold world, tempered, however, in their case, as in that of very many others, by the watchful care of "the orphan's shield." Her sister being not only younger but of a much more docile and yielding disposition, naturally found her place under Mysie's wing, and kept there while she lived, her chief care being to do only as Mysie advised her, and nothing without her advice. As soon as Mysie was able to look about, and think, and judge for herself, her little cares began to increase, and among the most important of these was to master the three R's—as Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic have of late years been designated; and this, by dint of sheer perseverance, she did, not only for herself, but she also drummed what she did learn into her sister to such a degree that before they were far into their teens they both could make a wonderfully good use of these acquirements in the ordinary affairs of life, and this she accomplished with very little if any extraneous assistance. Our friend had always a laudable ambition to rise above her position in life, which was of a very humble kind in her youth; her relations, although very worthy folks, being all amongst those whose "annals"—if ever they had any—were those "of the poor." So among her next cares was that of saving up a little money by every means, so that she might be ready, at some future time,

to embrace any opportunity that might present itself to gratify the ambition referred to, even though it should only lead to a short step in the right direction.

In course of time such an opportunity occurred; and our friend, after considering all the pros and cons of the step, which to her was a very serious one, involving as it did the outlay of all the hard-earned savings of both sisters, at length resolved to venture on the undertaking; this was the purchase of the stock of a very small shop in the neighboring town, and both sisters having rigidly adhered to the good old Scottish "saw," or proverb, "a penny hain'd (kept, not spent) is a penny gain'd," Mysie found she had in store money enough not only to pay for the little stock, which consisted chiefly of crockery-ware, but a small surplus besides with which to add to it when once fairly installed and started. She at once applied herself to master all the particulars of the business, such as the names—technical and vulgar—of all the articles in her varied stock; where best to buy and how best to sell them, and which were in greatest demand; and she soon found that the little trade was such that it would yield as much profit as would maintain both her sister and herself in moderate comfort by dint of care and economy. Her ambition, however, would not admit of her stopping at this stage; and so, after a while, she added to her stock toys, pins, thread, and such other small wares as she thought would sell in the locality, which succeeded so well, to her intense gratification and delight, that she was justified in occasionally indulging, not only in a wheaten loaf, but also in a cup of tea, to both of which and such like luxuries—as they were esteemed in those days—she had been till now an almost entire stranger.

There are not a few provident people in every part of the world who, in life, "begin wi' a herrin' and end wi' a chuckie," (Anglice, "begin with a herring and end with a chicken"); but, unfortunately, many more reverse the plan, and beginning with the chuckie they end with the herrin'. To the former prudent class Mysie decidedly and most emphatically belonged, so much so, that we doubt if she ever tasted a chicken in her life, or if she did it certainly must have been on

some very rare occasion. However, she had now got so far on the road to the chicken, that her desire seems to have been quickened to get at least a smell if she could not get a taste of it; and that not for the sake of the chicken but that she might be able to gratify the philanthropy of her nature, by doing all the good she could to all within her reach, which till now had been somewhat circumscribed; for, although her example and advice told with no little effect for good on all around her, she had it not in her power to enjoy the further luxury of giving or lending her little mite in many cases which came under her observation, where she knew it would have been of incalculable service.

Accordingly she pondered the question how she might still further improve her time, and fill up the many little gaps that daily occurred, for whether the adage "Time is money" existed, or was known in that form at that time to Mysie or not, the truism was thoroughly understood and exemplified by her all through life, and the result of her deliberation was to leave the bulk of the shop work to her sister, while she devoted herself to learn all she could of the arts of millinery and dressmaking. Knowing, as she did, only as much of plain sewing as sufficed for a neat seam, to darn a stocking, or to patch a hole, ninety-nine out of a hundred persons in her case would as soon have thought of mastering the most abstruse of the sciences as of making such an attempt as she had now resolved on. But not so with our friend; she ignored "I can't"; her innate energy was stirred, and she so stuck to her purpose that in a comparatively short time she *did* overcome all the difficulties she had to encounter; and at length she felt quite justified in having a neatly-printed ticket put into the shop window, to inform the public that "within" resided "Marion Howieson, Milliner and Dressmaker."

Mysie never allowed her ambition to run away with her; and so now in her new occupation she did not presume to do more than cater for the humble people in her immediate vicinity: her patronesses consisting chiefly of domestic servants, and the wives and daughters of the class generally denominated—but very improperly—working men, not that *they* do not deserve the appellation, but that thou-

sands of others who work harder than they, if not with hands, at least with brains, and often with both, are equally entitled to but denied the honor of that name.

Thus she did not require to be "posted up" in the latest Paris or London fashions. Her simple customers were not ill to please, and were entirely innocent of that fastidiousness which we hear so often now-a-days imputed to the same class in the matter of dress, when it is said by those who are better judges than we pretend to be that it is a puzzle to say who are properly *ladies*—looking alone to the dresses worn—and who are *not*; and Mysie, being most scrupulously honest both in her work, which was always neatly and well done, and in her charges, which were considered very moderate, very soon had her hands so full of work, that she not only employed all her own time and as much of her sister's as could be spared from the duties of the shop, but she was obliged to employ one girl pupil after another, until she had always four, regularly learning the business at her hands, and helping her through with her accumulating work.

Up to this point we have taken no notice of time, but we must now observe that it had made such progress that the sisters had both now seen upwards of forty summers, and some may think that a woman of such energy ought to have reached this point of her career sooner. But although time *flew*, Mysie may be said to have *walked*; she never did anything—especially if it was of importance—in a hurry, or without ample deliberation. "Slow but sure," was her motto, and like a true Scot as she was, she never lifted one foot until she found the other was on firm ground, and thus all through life "she held on the even tenor of her way."

The character of our friend as depicted in this sketch would be altogether incomplete and inconsistent—a riddle in fact—apart from the influence of Christianity, which, although not plainly referred to, we hope has been noted before this. She knew her Bible well, and was a genuine Christian; but as religion neither alters the conformation of the human brain, nor destroys the idiosyncrasy of those influenced by it; effecting changes only in the thoughts, feelings, and desires, and through these, the habits of the individual,

and bringing all these, in a greater or less degree, into accordance with its precepts, so we find all that was characteristic in Mysie's nature, not destroyed, but developed and moulded by Christianity into much that was noble, praiseworthy, and good. She attended church very regularly, and was much respected by her fellow-worshippers; was zealous in the good cause, and never wearied in her endeavours to lead others into the good old path. She had a great fund of mother wit, and had a terse, pointed, quaint way of saying things which you could not afterwards easily forget, and we may be excused for relating one instance of this.

On one occasion the writer, when a mere stripling, met her at the church door after the service was over. A young minister had preached, and she asked how he liked the sermon, and as even boys in Scotland consider themselves quite entitled to criticise at least a *sermon*, the reply was at once forthcoming:—"Just so and so, there was very little in it." To which she retorted "wi' an angry glour" (look), "my laddie, you maun lairn to be contented wi' tatties and saut sometimes, and no' expec' roast beef every day." (My boy, you must learn to be contented with potatoes and salt sometimes, and not expect roast beef every day.)

Twenty years had again gone past, during all of which period the two sisters carried on their nice little business, and lived in comparative comfort; they also contrived to save some little money against the probability of their being overtaken by the weakness and decrepitude of old age, when the young sister fell ill, and after much suffering died. Mysie, shortly afterwards, disposed of her business and retired to a small house she had previously bought, where she spent the remainder of her days supported by a few small rents and the interest of her little money which came regularly in to her. She was always very careful of her means; her money all worked for, was judiciously expended not a penny would disappear if a halfpenny would do where she *herself* was concerned while she was liberal in her support of every good cause and to the deserving poor, according to her ability; and her furniture and clothing were always scrupulously whole clean, and tidy.

She was constantly indoctrinating all her neighbors with lessons of thrift, cleanliness and carefulness, so that many a "Mrs. McClarty" was made tidy and cleanly; many a "Donald McDrouthy" made sober; and many a "stupid" made thrifty through her means, until a sort of moral oasis radiated from her as a centre in the desert of wretchedness and vice which stretched beyond her humble but telling influence.

At her death, at the age of eighty-four, it was found that she had disposed of her little means in a "will," or "testament," correctly written and signed by herself some years before, which would have done no discredit to a notary, in which the poor of the congregation, to which she was warmly attached during the greater part of her life, were left the lion's share—namely, the interest of two hundred pounds sterling, annually divided amongst them; so that for ages to come, in all probability, "the blessing of them that are ready to perish will come upon her memory." Oh! for more such genuine benefactors of the human race! who, denying themselves, "do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

Original.

THE ADVENTURES OF DONALD MCDUGALL.

BY J. A. H.

PART SECOND.

Those who have read the March number of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* will perhaps remember that Donald McDougal, on his arrival in Canada, was so much disgusted with the appearance and inhabitants of this colony that he resolved to start for Scotland in the same ship he came out in. But, unfortunately for Donald's plan—though fortunately for our story—he fell in with an old friend and kindred spirit on his way to the boat the next morning.

Walking quietly along the street, a well-known voice sounded in his ears,—

"Heh, Donald lad! Wha would hae thought to see you here! Hoq's a' wi' ye?"

"Brawly," answered Donald, noways taken aback, when looking up he recognised Jock Anderson, who had lived a short distance from Donald's early home. "A, Jock," he added, "whare came ye fra?"

"No far," returned Jock. "But whare would ye gang tae, noo?"

"Gang! I dinna just ken. Leezie and me, like great fules, hae left a' tae come, and I'm afraid little gude 'll come o' it; sae, I'ae just thinking tae gae back."

"Back!" returned his friend; "not a foot ye'll gang back."

"What for no?" said Donald.

"Come awa wi' me," answered Jock, "an I'll tell ye why ye'll no gae back. We'll hae a glass o' gude Jamaky rum and a crack."

"Weel," said Donald, "I'll gang wi' ye, and I'll no say that I'll refuse the speerits, though I think it's no richt tae be dramming so early in the morning."

"Tut, man, ne'er fash your head about that. Come awa, come awa," returned Jock.

It must be confessed that in spite of all Donald's objections he was not very unwilling to follow his crony for such an object and such a prospect, and as may be supposed, he went near no ship that day. They had to talk of "auld lang syne," and drink to the memory of the days when, as bare-legged laddies, "they twa had paidlet in the burn."

Hour after hour slipped away unnoticed, until near midnight Donald got up to return to Leezie, assuring Jock that

"We are na fou—we're na that fou,
But just a drapple in our e'e."

Jock wished to guide him home, but this Donald would not allow.

"I ken the road as well as you do yoursel," he replied to Jock's offer, and bidding his friend "Gude nicht," he started alone.

For a short distance he got on well enough by measuring the breadth of the narrow streets then as now characteristic of the "City of Champlain," and on more than one occasion proving their consistency. At last, slap Donald came against a tall sign-post with a concussion that knocked him into the street, flat on his back. Sitting up in a short time, he exclaimed, as he dolefully rubbed his injured head,

"Is that you, Leezie? What gars you gie a body sic a rap?"

The post, however, made no reply, and Donald, thinking himself safe where he could hold on to the ground, lay down again and went asleep; and there Lizzie found him and had him taken home and put to bed. When

he awoke next morning, all thoughts of leaving a country where such good Jamaica rum was to be got had vanished. Having resolved to remain in Canada, the next thing was to find something to do. He had recourse to Jock Anderson, through whose influence he was engaged by a gentleman to take charge of a farm some distance from Quebec. This of course raised Donald to a high degree of importance in his own eyes, and on the head of it Jock and he had another spree, which ended something like the former.

I will pass over the early part of Donald's journey, which was by water, only mentioning that on the boat Donald insisted on singing "Cockalinee" at the top of his voice, much to the amusement of the passengers and annoyance of Lizzie.

One incident, however, of the latter part of his journey has been too often told by Donald himself to be omitted in this truthful history. On leaving the boat Donald was accommodated with a crazy old French cart, and as crazy an old French horse, to convey him and his goods and gear to their destination, which, however, they were fated never to reach.

For the first mile or two Donald trudged manfully along beside the cart, whistling to the horse, and going over and over again a few French phrases he had picked up, which no French horse could possibly understand, Donald's wife all this time riding on the top of the cart. But Donald soon got tired of this arrangement; so, after taking a pull at Jock's stone jar, he got into the cart, and went fast asleep with his head on the "parritch-pot," while Lizzie got out to drive the horse. They proceeded quietly enough in this manner till they passed the last little French house, the rest of the way being bush. Here some one was to have met them to guide them to their destination. They missed him, however, and the road at the same time, and Lizzie soon found herself helplessly lost, but knowing the rage Donald would be in she did not wake him, but tried to regain the road herself; but unfortunately while doing so the cart-wheel went over a higher rock than usual, and cart, horse, Donald, and all their gear, went rolling to the bottom of a gully, leaving Mrs. McDougal, struck dumb with amazement, standing on the bank. She gazed down the ravine with anxiety depicted on every feature, think-

ing that she should see Donald no more. At last she had courage to call out,

"Donald! Donald!"

But no Donald answered.

"Donald's kilt," she said to herself. "Donald's sure kilt," she repeated, as she reached the bottom and saw but little to hope for from a glance at the *debris*.

The old cart had struck against a tree, and was broken into a hundred pieces. The old horse lay twisted in a hole, gasping his last. Their goods lay scattered around in every direction, but no Donald was to be seen amongst them. Lizzie at first was puzzled, but brightened up as she heard something between a groan and a grunt, and looking more carefully she spied Donald's fat legs sticking out of a hole. She seized hold of them and pulled with all her might, and at last succeeded in rescuing him. But poor Donald's head had got wedged into the three-legged pot, and both their exertions were not sufficient to extricate him, and he was in great danger of being suffocated. Donald, exhausted by his attempts, let himself fall into Lizzie's arms, but she not being prepared to receive him, fell over too, and they both rolled to the ground. The iron pot struck against a stone and split in two, and at once set Donald free. After staggering to his feet, our hero's first thought was about the stone jar, which he found unbroken. Silently he uncorked and raised it to his lips, and took what he would call himself a "drapple," but which must have been over a quart. He then commenced to give poor Lizzie a great scolding, still continuing to take frequent pulls at the stone jar, the last of which completely overpowered him, and he sank on the ground, dead — drunk!

Fancy, if you can, the case of Mrs. McDougal, alone in an unknown country and in the middle of the bush—hopelessly lost, and with a drunken husband to take care of her! Surely her path in life was doomed to have more than the usual number of thorns. Surely she had to feel more than the usual number of life's crosses. But even here she did not despair. With a brave woman's heart she set herself to overcome her difficulties. At first she attempted to lift Donald up and carry him; but this was too much even for her strength, so, carefully putting him against

a tree, and covering him with some quilts, she left him and went to look for assistance. She retraced her steps, guided by the tracks of the horse, till she reached the last little cabin they had passed. Here she greatly astonished the *habitant* and his family. However, she managed to make them understand who she was and what she wanted. By their help she succeeded in finding her guide and in getting another horse and cart, and in a short time the things that were not too badly broken were collected, Donald again hoisted to the top, and in due time they arrived safe at their destination.

Donald's history for the next few years was not very eventful, but all his neighbors, though they certainly were not many, had some story to tell of Donald,—his mistakes or his shrewd answers. One would tell of having met him one Sunday coming from church pretty late in the afternoon, and knowing that the church had been out for some time, asked him what had kept him so long.

"O," returned Donald, "the pair body of a minister got Dan'l into the lion's den and could nae get him out again!"

Another would tell of Donald at an election. A dinner was given in honor of a distinguished statesman now dead. Donald had by some chance got admitted to it, and greatly amused everybody by standing up to propose one of his toasts.

"Here's to you, Dunbar," said he, addressing the member of parliament, "here's to you, and if I didna think ye would make a gude man, not a drap o' this would gang down my thro'at."

It was at this election that Donald was reproached for voting on property that did not entirely belong to him. One of the opposite party called out as he was quietly passing a number of them,

"What right had you to vote, Donald? You have no land; you only have what you live on for life?"

Donald slyly said, without stopping or turning his head,

"I wud like to ken how much longer ony o' ye will hae your lan'?"

These anecdotes and many others were circulated about Donald, and he became a marked character and was generally liked, and consequently he was a welcome visitor at nearly

every house in the neighborhood. To return their kindness, as well as to show off his own importance, he, finding himself the possessor of an extra dollar or two, resolved to give a dinner and invite the whole country. Consequently, Donald travelled all round, accompanied by his stone jar, which had been replenished many a time since he got it from Jock Anderson, and invited his guests, offering them a drink at the same time.

"Come awa down," said Donald, "and take a bite and drap wi' Leezie and me. But maybe ye will be nane the waur o' a drap noo."

As may be easily supposed neither Donald's invitation nor his offer were refused, and when the day came he had the satisfaction of seeing his house nearly full. There was old Dominie Simson, a near relation of the celebrated Dominie Sampson, and who resembled him enough to have been his brother—learned, yet unpolished, with an intellect that was powerful and yet unmanageable—quick of thought, yet slow of speech—awkward and ungainly in his appearance, the learned Dominie was at once the referee and butt of the settlement. Next there was Colin McClaken, a Highland worthy who could drink more whiskey than Donald himself. Then there was Tim Malone, a jolly Irishman who could stand even as long as the Highlandman. These, with their wives and many others besides, assembled at Donald's house on the day appointed. Our hero assumed the air of a duke at the very least, and appointed each one their proper place at the table, which was loaded with dainties by Mrs. McDougal. There was first a sheep's head, beautifully singed; then there was kail to an unlimited extent; oat-bread and short-bread. But the crowning dish of all was the immense haggis—Scotland's pride and

"Great chieftain o' the puddin' race,
Above them a' ye take your place;
Weel are ye worthy of a grace
As lang's my arm."

And certainly it got it, for Donald, not to give offence to any, asked grace himself, which was in honest Lowland Scotch. Then he asked the Dominie, who gave one in Latin; and lastly Colin, who said his in Gaelic, and who added by way of explanation that he always asked his grace in Gaelic, as then it did not need to be translated, thereby inferring that that ancient tongue was not only spoken in

Paradise by Adam and Eve, but that it was also the most familiar language in Heaven. Tim, to make all complete, simply crossed himself, and all these preparations being over, the work commenced; and without being any more explicit, it will be enough to say that each did ample justice to Mrs. McDougal's cooking.

After the substantial had pretty well disappeared, Donald gave Lizzie many a wink to take the women into another room and leave the men to finish their part alone. All these were disregarded, however, Lizzie thinking that she would be some restraint on her husband, and he seemed to think so too, and called out,

"Leezie, had na you and the laydies better retire?"

This polite hint could not be passed over, and Lizzie and the "laydies" left their good men to themselves; and then the fun grew fast and furious. Donald sang his only song, "Cockalinee," with terrible emphasis. Colin sang "Over the Waters to Charlie." The Dominie commenced a psalm, but this Donald put a stop to, and he contented himself with making a speech, which unfortunately has not been preserved. What else was done, how the party ended, and how the different worthies got home, is unknown to this day, and will probably ever remain a secret.

Just as I was going to mail this to the editors of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY*, I received the following letter from my old friend, and as it will better describe his character and humor than anything I could say, I enclose it:—

—, March 15th, 1868.

"DEAR JAMIE,—I hae read the magazine ye sent me, an' I am muckle obleeged for it. I ken the callant that writes it. He and I are weel acquaint. I kent his father and gran'father afore him. He's a guy clever chiel', and I like weel to read the *Witness* when Jean gies it tae me. I lik'd weel to see the piece ca'ed Donald McDougal, though Leezie said it was a' lees frae end tae end, and that it was tae make fun o' me. I tell't her that it could nae mean me, for that puir gardiner came o'er in '24 an' I came o'er in '20, sae ye ken it could nae be me. Hows'ever, I would nae care a bawbee to see a good joke crackt aboon auld Donald, and I would tell the *Witness* man sae himsel.

"From your auld freend,

"DONALD MCDUGAL."

Original.

THE FOREST.

BY W. ADAMS, CLUTHA.

How calm and still is the forest grand,
With its beautiful bowers sublime,
Where solitude waves its solemn wand
Through the fitting years of time.

There the lofty pine and the maple tree
Spread forth their boughs triumphantly.

On mountain and plain, by river and lake,
In silent grandeur the forest reigns,
With its draperied domes and countless gates,
Where the breezes sigh in murmuring strains,
Awakening the gloom of the caverns deep
Where the forest spirits in silence sleep.

There has not come the hand of the spoiler
To break the silence that ever dwells;
There was ne'er heard the song of the toiler,
Nor the silver chimes of the vesper bells;
But the mighty voice of the rushing river
Falls like a dirge as it rolls forever.

The cedars tall, with dark plumed forms
That graceful sway o'er flashing rills,
And lordly oaks that have stood the storms
When ages pass'd with their changeful thrills,
While, tangled thick, around them twine
The haunting ivy and trailing vine.

Thro' its mystic depths and soft, feathery bowers
The south wind moves with gentle hand,
Brushing the leaves and the tiny flowers
That bloom in that weird and shadowy land,
Fair, fragile blossoms of beautiful hues,
Unkissed by the sun and the nightly dews.

There sport the deer in their gambols free
'Neath the sombre hemlocks' solemn shades,
Where the brown thrush carols his evening glee
As the purple blush of the twilight fades,
Re-echoing sad, like a faint requiem
'Mid those pillar'd halls and cloisters dim.

Solemn and grand in its ancient pride,
Looking up to Heaven so still and calm
In the glorious flush of the summer tide
When it breaths o'er the earth its breath of
balm,—

When the sun's last beams their refulgence
throw,

And bathe the old woods in a golden glow. ■

SALEM WITCHCRAFT.

BY REV. ROWLAND H. ALLEN, SALEM, MASS.,
IN "CONGREGATIONAL QUARTERLY."

There is no spot in America of such sombre interest as "Gallows Hill." Its naked outline haunts the western border of the city like a spectre of the dreadful past. Our eye cannot run up that rocky slope without recalling to our heart the saddest event of Colonial history. There, looming against the summer sky of 1692, nineteen innocent persons were hanged by the neck till they were dead. The Salem Witchcraft was not a myth; its solid witness stands to-day; reciting, as it has from the first, the wild story of those real executions.

But although Americans, and especially the Puritans, have not been allowed to forget that tragical result, they have not been well reminded of the causes which led to it, and the circumstances which might palliate our fathers' crime. The subject has been so painful, that it has not been adequately studied. Men used to speak of it in timid whispers, if they spoke of it at all. The original actors could hardly be induced to mention it. Deep pathos is the voice of such eloquent silence. Scarcely one oral tradition concerning the Salem Witchcraft has come down to us. Those poor penitents banished it from conversation, and would pass and repass its local relics without a word.

But distance has diminished the horrors of that period; and although we can never recur to them without grief, we can do it now without feeling personally humiliated. The hour for fearless re-investigation has arrived.

Salem Village was the country seat of Salem Town. It was about five miles distant, on the fertile plains now occupied by Danvers Centre. It afforded farm land to many wealthy settlers, such as Governor Endicott, Governor Bellingham, and Townsend Bishop, who still retained each his "house in town." But as the forests were cleared away and roads were opened across the fields, and the engrossments and profits of agriculture increased, a neighborhood of resident farmers was formed which gradually became a permanent and independent community. In 1671, about forty years after the first grants of land were made by the General Court, they organized a new church, separating from the First Church of Salem. The church, now under the pastoral care of Rev. C. B. Rice, has re-

mained true to its original faith. Its ancient records have been one of our main sources of the information concerning the witchcraft proceedings.

Among these sturdy land-owners, pending the settlement of boundary lines, many contests had arisen. These lines in the original grants had been carelessly defined, but with British vigor each pioneer insisted upon his personal rights. In some cases trees were felled in the day-time by one claimant which would be dragged off and stored for fuel in the night-time by his rival. Personal violence sometimes ensued, as well as costly suits, which they could ill afford to meet. "The farmers" and the "Topsfield men" thus became embroiled in bitter feuds. These tended to sour their spirits, and were the seeds, it is thought, of the bitter animosities of the witchcraft delusion. Parish troubles had also distracted the new community. Their first minister, Rev. J. Baley, throughout the eight years of his labor, had encountered a determined opposition. The second minister, Rev. Geo. Burroughs, was opposed by the friends of the first (*antiquus mos!*), and, after a three years' struggle, he fled to a mission-field on the shores of Casco Bay. He was a modest and devoted man, small of stature, but of such remarkable physical strength that certain prodigious feats which he performed were subsequently the ground of the accusation of witchcraft. They were regarded as proof that he had a diabolical confederate, and he was summoned back from Maine to be put to death. The whole treatment of Mr. Burroughs showed plainly that the most petty superstitions and resentments entered into the great delusion of the day. Deodat Lawson succeeded him. His pastorate was brief; but at the very crisis of the spreading frenzy he returned, to preach to his former people a sermon so full of lurid picturings of the power of Satan, and stern denunciations of those in league with him, that the whole populace rushed from the church "exceedingly mad against" the accused.

Rev. Samuel Parris became the pastor in 1688. The name of this man will always be most prominently associated with the witchcraft disasters. He seems to have been the *pontifex maximus*. But it is not for us to judge his heart. It is by no means clear that Mr. Upham is correct in referring his activity, through all this terrible drama, to avaricious cunning, and a reckless determination to carry his own point in transactions with the parish then pending. Many things look suspicious, it is true, but there

is not one that is absolutely decisive. He was a designing man, no doubt, a great manager, ambitious, and crafty. He was also credulous and fanatical. He was a victim of superstition. But so was also the age in which he lived. If our author has done anything to lighten the load of censure heaped upon the actors in these events, it is mainly by establishing his position that the whole world was tinctured with the very infatuation which swept them on to utmost ruin. In similar circumstances arrest, conviction, and death would have followed the charge of witchcraft as swiftly and certainly in any other village of Christendom as in Salem. The reasoning would have been the same everywhere—briefly this: "Witchcraft, according to divine and human law, is a capital offence; the accused are guilty of it, therefore let them be executed."

But what was witchcraft, as then defined? It was the most accursed iniquity—nothing less than a *personal compact with the devil* for malignant ends. It was not merely necromancy or magic, the use of charms or amulets, or all the arts of sorcery; not correspondence by these means with supernatural beings simply, without regard to their character. This might be innocent. It was a formal confederacy with the Evil One. "It was believed that human beings could enter into alliance with the Prince of the power of the air; become his confederates, join in a league with him, and wicked spirits subordinate to him, in undermining the Gospel and overthrowing the Church, and conspire and co-operate in rebellion against God. This of course was regarded as the most flagrant of crimes, and constituted the real character of the sin denominated 'witchcraft.'"

"In consideration of such allegiance and service, Satan on his part agreed to exercise his supernatural powers in their favor, and to communicate to them those powers in a greater or less degree, as they proved efficient and devoted supporters of his cause. Thus a witch was considered a person who had transferred allegiance and worship from God to the Devil."

Such a compact, when once established, was supposed to confer great additional power on the devil, as well as on his new subject. The opinion was prevalent that he could not act effectually upon men without the voluntary intervention and co-operation of other human beings. But almost unlimited potency was ascribed to the confederacy thus formed. A witch empowered by him could afflict, distress, and

tear whomsoever she would. "She could throw them into convulsions, cause them to pine away, choke, bruise, pierce, and craze them, and even subject them to death itself. She could be present and active, in her shade or apparition, at any place near or far from that where her body actually was. She had also the power of "second sight," and was able to communicate knowledge of the invisible world, like "mediums" of the present day. She could read inmost thoughts, suggest temptations to the absent, bring up the spirits of the departed, and ply the living with infernal arts of every kind. Persons thus exercised by her malignant energies were said to be "bewitched."

Had this system of beliefs a ground-work in actual facts? As our ancestors understood it, there was no instance of the crime mentioned in history, sacred or profane. The Witch of Endor was not a real witch, but, according to their view, a conjuror simply. The Chaldeans, magicians, and soothsayers belong to an entirely different class. They might have intercourse with spirits good as well as bad, and for objects innocent as well as guilty. But this crime was essential diabolism. Now, was it ever practised? Suffice it to say, that throughout the seventeenth century the whole Christian world believed that it was. Our author brings together many proofs of the fact that this was a universal conviction.

Prosecutions for witchcraft had been common in every other civilized country. More than two hundred had been convicted and hung on the charge in England alone. In Scotland thousands were burned at the stake. Still larger numbers had been executed in other nations in Europe. Several were put to death in Great Britain but a few years before the proceedings commenced in Salem. Quite a number there were tried by the water ordeal, and drowned at the very time the executions were occurring here; and some years after America had recovered from her fatal mistake, a considerable number were sentenced and put to death in Europe. And these foreign trials were conducted with as heartless perversity as our own. Cruelty and superstition ranged over the earth hand in hand.

Concerning this delusion one unusual fact is to be remarked; not only the vulgar and ignorant were involved in it, but also the most gifted spirits of the age—rare men of learning, piety, and rank. Sir Matthew Hale, the most admired jurist of his time, presided at the trial of two witches in 1664, and pronounced upon them the sentence of death. It is thought that his venerated

example had more to do in determining the course of the Salem prosecutions than any other authority. Sir Thomas Browne, a physician and scholar of unrivalled celebrity, was present at this trial, and in an elaborate speech before the court threw the whole weight of his great and good name against the accused and in favor of witchcraft. A printed report of this decisive trial was used as the main text-book at the Court in Salem.

Richard Baxter, our own beloved guide to the "Saint's Everlasting Rest," says in his "Dying Thoughts": "I have many convincing proofs of witches, the contracts they have made with devils, and the power they have received from them." Don Vilalpando, Advocate Royal in Spain, issued a work of four volumes on "Demonology and Natural Magic." It was republished by order of Philip III. under sanction of the Holy Inquisition. It established and defined the doctrines of witchcraft held by the Catholics everywhere. There was no particular of the proceedings at Salem which would not find ample support in its details.

Towards the close of the century several eminent and sagacious men probed the prevalent error, and by earnest publications endeavored to drive it from the popular belief. But their arguments were not heard until after the catastrophe was passed. Such reformers, however, were very few. Witchcraft had the credence of Sir Edward Coke. It was countenanced by Lord Bacon himself. It was maintained in an imposing convocation of bishops. It was preached by the clergy everywhere. More, Calamy, Glanvil, and Perkins, honored ministers, wrote in support of its reality. The educated classes of America were no exceptions to this army of errorists. Nurtured in European institutions, of course they entertained European views. Jurists, physicians, magistrates, and clergymen, and the populace almost without dissent, believed in the theory and the practice of witchcraft, through and through! What was to protect a devoted village, when all the fury of this heaven-wide cloud should burst upon it?

Prior to 1692 there had been executions for witchcraft in America. Margaret Jones was sentenced by the saintly John Winthrop, and hung in Boston in 1648. Ann Hibbins was sentenced by the revered John Endicott, and hung in 1655. The gentle William Penn presided at a trial in Philadelphia which convicted two Swedish women of the same offence. They escaped

death, but not on account of leniency on the part of their judge. Two residents of Springfield were condemned in 1652. They likewise evaded the penalty. Elizabeth Morse, of Rowley, would have been executed in 1680 but for the reprieve of the Governor.

A case, however, occurred in Boston in 1688 which is supposed to have had especial bearing upon the Salem trials. A poor crazy Irishwoman named Glover was charged with bewitching the children of a Mr. Goodwin in whose family she worked. The "Goodwin children" became celebrated for their marvellous antics. Cotton Mather took one of them into his own family, and endeavored faithfully to exorcise her. She must have been a wonderful adept in the histrionic art. For days she played upon the good man's credulity with the shrewdest adroitness. She would gayly read off books written by Quakers and Catholics, whom the Dr. earnestly opposed, but she could not decipher a syllable of the Assembly's Catechism. She was very much in love with the Prayer-Book, but she could not read a word of the Holy Bible. She would whistle and sing and yell at family prayers. She would riot in contortions and pains of every description, now choked by an invisible noose, now baked in an invisible oven, now chilled in invisible water, while her face would blacken or her skin would perspire with heat, or her shivering body would be covered with goose-flesh. All these, it was asserted, were occasioned by the Irishwoman. She at length was hung, and Mr. Mather prepared a sermon upon the mysterious developments. It created a profound impression. It was published in a pamphlet, and distributed. It easily filled the country with the belief that this child was indeed "bewitched"—the victim of diabolical power.

Such accounts were considered ominous. They were thought to be proofs that Satan with his confederate fiends was about to make an onslaught upon the New World. Baffled in the other hemisphere, he would make his last stronghold in this. Here was to be fought his most desperate battle for final supremacy. The fearful struggle was at hand.

Such was the state of feeling, and the posture of affairs, when the outbreak occurred at Salem Village. Theories of law and medicine and theology, the world over, recognized the reality of witchcraft. The popular belief in it was intense enough to sustain almost any imposition bearing its name. The community likewise had local traits

which were peculiarly foreboding, when considered in connection with such a superstition. They had the vigor of pioneers and the unfaltering resolution of freemen. They had been accustomed to strife. They had been hardened by what they felt to be wrongs. Above all, they had the moral force of the Puritans. This had brought them across the ocean. This had armed them against the savage. This had carried them through many a conflict. They believed that a new struggle was at hand, more momentous than any in which they had engaged. They believed in God, He was the object of heart-felt homage. His cause was theirs. His cause was imperilled, and to its rescue they rallied.

During the witchcraft delusion they felt that they were confronting, face to face, the Prince of the power of the air. With this one idea a stern, self-sacrificing people threw themselves into the pitiless contest. They determined to do battle to the end—to give no quarter till their detested foe was driven from the land.

We do well, as students of history, to pause for a moment, and admire the uncompromising consistency of those brave men. We have charges of cruelty and fanaticism to bring against them. But there was heroism, yes, devotion, in their hearts. We see them grievously misled, but we need not be blind to the virtues they still possessed. We cannot follow through the distressing details without exclaiming against their excesses and condemning their obstinate blindness. We cannot apologize for their wanton disregard of counter evidence and the dictates of common humanity. We cannot disabuse our minds of the belief that some of the prominent actors wilfully plotted to keep up the excitement, and took advantage of this fatal frenzy for objects of personal spite; but, with no desire to extenuate the follies or deny the sins of our forefathers, in reference to the mass of those who were implicated in it, we must still give it the name of "the witchcraft delusion."

Mr. Parris had in his household at Salem Village several slaves. Two of them were "John Indian" and his wife Tituba. These two were natives of South America, and, saturated with the wild superstitions of the race from which they sprang, they are supposed to have infused pagan elements into the existing fanaticism, even if they did not originate the entire convulsion. A circle of young girls, with whom they had mysterious conference, had been accustomed to meet at the parsonage during the winter of

1691-92. This circle was formed for the purpose of practising the arts of palmistry and magic. They resembled as nearly as possible "the circle" of modern spiritualists. They were, however, such children that wise warning or sound correction would have broken up their illicit proceedings, and averted all the horrors of the Salem Witchcraft. In addition to the Indian slaves, the names of eleven are given as belonging to the circle. They are referred to continually throughout the prosecutions as the "afflicted children." Elizabeth Parris was the daughter of the minister. Although only nine years of age, she conducted a leading part in the early stages of the affair. Before it had progressed very far, she was judiciously sent away from home. Abigail Williams, her cousin, eleven years of age, lived in Mr. Parris's family, and from the beginning to the end was one of the most audacious accusers. Ann Putnam, twelve years of age, the daughter of the parish clerk, must have been a child of astonishing precocity. Her prominence was so odious throughout, that the tomb in which she was placed, at an early death, has been shunned ever since, and the dying have often requested not to be laid by her side. Mary Walcott was the daughter of a near neighbor, and the "way through" from her father's house to the parsonage plat can still be detected. Mercy Lewis, seventeen years of age, was a servant-girl. Her unfaltering purpose and skilful management throughout made her responsible for much of the distress which came upon the whole community. Others are less conspicuous than these, but the whole circle seemed to move with entire unanimity in acts of reckless presumption and appalling malignity.

A few females more elderly than these were in the habit of occasionally attending their meetings, and became finally active in the accusations. Before the winter had passed, the circle had grown quite expert in the arts they were practising, and at times they would display their attainments to the great amazement of spectators. They would creep into holes, drop unconscious upon the floor, make antics and unnatural gestures, writhe in dreadful contortions, and utter piercing outcries. At first no mention was made of their tormentors. But gradually the attention of the families with which they met was fully awakened, and ere long the whole neighborhood was filled with the story of their unaccountable behavior. Their condition became worse and worse. They excited the deepest sympathy. Dr. Gregg, the village physician, was called.

Baffled by the unknown symptoms, he gravely gave the opinion that they were "under an evil hand," that they were "bewitched." This professional decision spread like wildfire. The whole country around became alarmed. This was the all-engrossing topic. Multitudes came to witness the terrible convulsions of the "afflicted children." A love of notoriety, perhaps, was thus awakened in them. Possibly it was thereafter their controlling motive. Soon they extended their operations to public places. Their loud outcries and awful fits disturbed prayer-meetings and Sabbath services. Instead of being rebuked and punished, they were still regarded by almost every one with pity and solemn awe. A few expressed disapprobation of their insolent behavior, and absented themselves from church. They were marked, it appears, for subsequent vengeance. In due time Mr. Parris summoned the neighboring ministers to his house, to spend a day in fasting and prayer, in view of these strange dispensations. The children performed before their eyes. They were amazed and completely confounded. They hastened to confirm the opinion of Dr. Gregg. They declared their firm belief that the Evil One had confederates in the community bewitching these poor girls. This second professional decision banished every doubt. "Society at once was dissolved into a wild and excited crowd. Men and women left their fields, their houses, their employments, to witness the awful unveiling of the demonic power, and to behold the workings of Satan himself upon the victims of his wrath."

Prompted by the principle that the devil could operate upon human affairs only through the instrumentality of human beings in league with himself, the question in all minds and on every tongue at once became, "Who are those among us in league with him afflicting these girls?" For some time the girls held back their charges; the excitement deepened, and the importunity increased. "Who is it that bewitches you?" was the demand now pressed from all sides. At length, timing the announcement with extreme delicacy, and selecting their first victims with consummate skill, one after another cried out, "Good," "Osburn," "Tituba." Sarah Good was a poor, houseless beggar, broken down with ill-fortune, and the object already of many suspicions. Sarah Osburn had lost her good estate by an unhappy second marriage. Her mind was shattered. For a long time she had been bed-ridden. Gossip about her was rife

in the community. Tituba was the Indian-woman mentioned before.

On the 29th of February, 1692, warrants were duly issued against these three persons. The complainants were four of the most respectable men in the village. It was no child's play with them. When the examinations came off, a vast crowd assembled to witness them. It was necessary to adjourn from the village tavern to the meeting-house. John Hathorne and Jonathan Corwin, two of the most reputable magistrates of the Commonwealth conducted the examinations. With great gravity and a solemn prayer they entered upon their task. Sarah Good was first put upon the stand. The minutes on file in the office of the clerk of courts in Salem are copiously copied by Mr. Upham. They furnish a valuable feature of his book. The trials proceeded in this way. The prisoner is placed on a platform in front of the excited assembly. The "afflicted children" are all present. The magistrate plies his questions as follows:—

"Sarah Good, what evil spirit have you familiarity with?"

"None."

"Have you made no contracts with the devil?"

"No."

"Why do you hurt these children?"

"I do not hurt them."

At certain junctures the girls fell down, "dreadfully tortured and tormented," not being able to look at the accused without a spasm. If, however, they are brought to her, and made to touch her, the diabolical fluid would immediately flow back into the witch, and they are relieved at once. Such acting would have an overwhelming effect upon the court and all assembled, and the proceedings would go forward as though conviction was a foregone conclusion, and the evidence of the afflicted children absolute proof.

Tituba, the slave-woman, though denying at first the charge of witchcraft, afterwards acknowledged it. She had obeyed the "black man with a book"; but she had renounced her compact with him. She described her infernal operations, and, by her strange and awful fancies, added much to the terrors of the occasion. It is supposed that her behavior was pre-arranged. As soon as she confessed, the afflicted children were calmed. These three were all committed to jail for trial.

Among the evidences of witchcraft, one was the "witch-mark." The devil was supposed to affix this to the bodies of his con-

federates, and afterwards that spot would become discolored or callous. The law provides that it shall be searched for. Some such deal or darkened spot could be found on almost any person.

Another class of testimony was called "spectre evidence." It is supposed that the witches could go to those whom they wished to afflict in the likeness of any animal—a dog, a hog, a cat, a rat, a toad; or any birds, particularly yellow-birds. They could likewise go in their own apparition, however far away their actual body was. This power was likewise recognized in the books of law. With such evidence admitted, the defence of an *alibi* was entirely void, and no charge could be disproved which the imagination could invent.

A witch could also act upon her victims at a distance, by means of "puppets." These were little bundles of cloth in any form or amorphous. Whatever was done to the puppet would be suffered by the party bewitched; for example, a pin stuck in it would pierce the flesh of the person. A bottle of old rusty pins is preserved in the court-house of Salem, said to have been taken from puppets, and also from the bodies of the afflicted children.

But, to resume, the excitement was not quelled by these commitments. Tituba had mentioned four others as engaged with her in their Satanic occupations. Two were already in chains. Who were the other two? The girls continued to be tortured. Ere long "they cried out upon" another; this was Martha Corey, a pious good-wife, whose only fault was her disapproval of the proceedings of the girls. She also was committed, the accusers at her examination executing some of their rarest feats. The success they achieved in this case emboldened them. Their next victim was a lady without a superior in social esteem and religious character, Rebecca Nurse, a venerated mother in Israel. Several times during the examination the magistrates seemed about to give way to the moral effect of her conscious innocence; it was only by the most tumultuous convulsions that the accusers could keep them firm. She was at length committed.

All caution seemed now to be abandoned. A mere infant, four years old, was next imprisoned for the crime. The devil had effected a lodgment in Salem Village; this was the overwhelming thought in every mind. At this juncture Deodat Lawson arrived in town, and preached his ever-memorable sermon.

He took for his text Zachariah iii. 2. He

pictured the grim warfare of Satan; he called upon God's people to rally against him. The effect of his discourse was immense; awe, anger, consternation, and frantic zeal, all were augmented in the hearts of his hearers.

It was truly a masterly effect; its imagery was sublime and terrific. The summons to confront unflinchingly this hellish foe was in the highest style of impassioned eloquence. At once it was printed and distributed throughout the land. Rev. Mr. Parris also took occasion to preach upon the all-engrossing theme.

Charges were renewed against prominent persons. A special council came down from the General Court to examine them. This was an interference that was irregular and reprehensible; it added much to the startling character of the proceedings. The witnesses, in their evidence, had ascribed most blasphemous actions to the accused. They had represented an infernal sacrament, with the devil for ministrant, these poor creatures for deaconesses, and their own blood for the wine. It is strange that their youthful imaginations were capable of inventing such awful falsehoods. As the testimony came out all present were horrified; it tended to deepen their resolve to punish the fiendish crime. Three were committed April 2, and four April 19; and of these four was Giles Corey, a venerable man, bending beneath the weight of more than fourscore years; another of them, Mary Warren, a member of the "circle." This was a new trick; it is supposed that she suffered herself to be accused in order to avert suspicion from the rest. Her full and graphic confession of the sins of witchcraft easily cleared her from its punishment, and strengthened the belief in its reality. She acted her part with dexterous address.

In descriptions of the diabolical sacrament, a "black man" had been spoken of. Who was this? High and dreadful disclosures were awaited for response. They seemed to be at hand, when the Rev. Geo. Burroughs was declared a witch—this term "witch," was then applied indiscriminately to males and females. He was laboring in his humble field in Maine; but they arrested him rudely, and committed him for trial. Nothing could have prompted this selection but real malice, mingled, it may be, with an old parish grudge, and a desire on the part of the accusers to show the fearful power which they could wield.

The prisons now were almost full of those who had "signed the book" of the Devil, putting themselves in league with him.—

In the town of Andover a good man's wife fell sick. He became convinced, by the physician attending, that she was "bewitched." He drove down to Salem Village to ascertain from the afflicted children who was her tormentor. Two of them returned with him to Andover. "Never did a place receive such fatal visitors. The Grecian horse did not bring greater consternation to Ancient Ilium. Immediately after their arrival they succeeded in getting more than fifty of the inhabitants into prison, several of whom were hanged!" Panic spread everywhere. The idea prevailed that the only way to prevent an accusation was to become an accuser. The confessing witches were thus greatly multiplied, and the power of the delusion mightily strengthened. Fear was on every face and distress in every heart.

Many quit the country altogether. Business was at a stand-still. The conviction settled upon the people that an infernal confederacy had got foothold in the land, and was carrying it over to the power of the Evil One.

The time for the final trials drew near; it was decided to intrust them to a special court of Oyer and Terminer. This was made up of seven judges, with a deputy-governor, William Stoughton, for chief justice; most of its members were citizens of Boston. It was composed of impartial men, although, like their fellow-citizens, they were bond slaves to the delusion.

The court was opened at Salem in the first week of June. Its scenes were but repetitions of the preliminary examinations. The character of the evidence was the same, and the futility of all defence, with the existing laws, was quite as apparent.

Bridget Bishop was the only one tried at the first session. She was a respectable lady, who occupied the very house in town where our honored author afterwards resided. She was convicted, and within a week the dreadful sentence was executed on Gallows, or Witch Hill.

In the last week in June the court met again; five were tried and convicted at this session. They were all hanged July 19th. One of these was Rebecca Nurse; her distinguished virtues and saint-like bearing staggered the jurors, as they had the magistrates before. In spite of the monstrous testimony of the accusers, the clamors of the outside crowd, and the bias of the court itself, they brought in a verdict of "Not guilty." The wresting of judgment at this point seems amazing to us. Immediately, all the children and others

afflicted, within and without the court, set up a hideous outcry, and wallowed in horrible antics. One judge expressed himself dissatisfied, then another; then the chief justice, who, though a man of rectitude, always seemed to be bent on convictions, suggested that one petty item of testimony had not been duly considered, and sent the jury out again; they returned with a verdict of "Guilty." Surely justice had fled from that court.

There is a tradition that the body of this poor woman was sought out, under the secrecy of night, and borne in tender arms across the fields to the burial-plot next her own home. Her sunken grave still is pointed out, and the oaken house in which she lived still stands.

On the 5th of August six were tried and condemned. These were all executed on the 19th, excepting one. Rev. George Burroughs, John Proctor, and George Jacobs, Sr., were among this ill-fated band.

It was well known that a confession of witchcraft, and a formal renunciation of it, would clear the accused from its fatal consequences; those only who denied their guilt were obdurate culprits, others, relenting, were released. The men, therefore, who steadily refused to take that lie upon their lips earned the name of martyrs—noble martyrs to the very spirit of truth. Witch Hill is the Smithfield of America. A petition, signed by a great majority of the neighbors of Proctor, was presented at court, in his behalf; it is evidence to show that the severities of the prosecutions are chargeable, not so much upon the community of Salem as upon the general government. He never would have been condemned had their will borne sway. Mr. Proctor himself addressed a letter from his prison-cell to five of the most prominent clergymen in the State, imploring their intervention for a new trial, and a change of magistrates. These clergymen, though too active at the outset, were known to be opposed to the excesses of the prosecutions. Increase Mather was supposed, in heart, to disapprove them altogether. Samuel Williard, of the Old South Church in Boston, "one of the most revered and beloved ministers in the land," was so notable in his opposition to them, that the "afflicted children" actually began to "cry out upon" him. They were speedily hushed by the incredulous court. "Indeed," says Mr. Upham, "the truth is that the judges, magistrates, and Legislature were as much to blame in this whole business as the ministers, and much more slow to come to their

senses and make amends for their wrongdoing."

During September, fifteen were tried and convicted; eight of these were executed on September 22nd. Rev. Mr. Noyes, of the First Church of Salem, turned to the strangled bodies, and is represented to have said, "What a sad thing it is to see eight firebrands of hell hanging there!" It was the last time that his eyes were pained by such a sight.

Three days before, old Giles Corey had suffered a fate that shocked the hearts of all good men. He had refused to plead his indictment, and so had prevented a trial; his object was to preserve his property, which he had deeded to his children, from the forfeiture of an attainder. Whenever summoned to trial, he would stand mute as a statue, bidding defiance to a tribunal which wrested judgment to destruction. The resort of the law in such a case was to press the prisoner by weights, until he pleaded "Guilty," or "Not guilty"; and in a field close by they pressed that heroic man to death. This horrible event was one of the last acts in the tragedy. We would that the curtain of oblivion at this point might fall, and hide the whole black past from our view. But the hand of remorseless history drags it aside. We must recognize it as a veritable transaction in the annals in our Puritan State.

Mr. Upham makes much of the artful adroitness with which the order of incidents was arranged, and the supplies of excitement were furnished at the critical moments throughout. He thinks that some power behind the scenes, perhaps in Ann Putman's family, perhaps Mr. Parris himself, managed the dreadful drama from the beginning. There would be reasons for such a suspicion did it not involve a personal depravity so inhuman as to be almost incredible. There seems indeed to be a sequence of events, calculated every way to intensify the frenzy.

But at length the tide was to turn; Reason was to resume her sway. The girls, over-estimating their power, struck too high; they could not make the people believe that Rev. Mr. Williard was guilty. Then a member of Increase Mather's family was accused; the wife of Sir William Phips, the Governor of the State, was "cried out upon." Finally, the wife of Rev. Mr. Hale of Beverly was charged with the crime. This last act seemed to break the spell. She was a lady of such eminent graces that it could not be that she was a witch. Mr. Hale had been a leading prosecutor before;

but he knew that his wife was innocent, and he turned at once his powerful influence against the current. The accusers had perjured themselves. This conviction spread suddenly through the community. They had been duped. It was all a mistake. Oh, what a mistake! And the wild storm quelled. In a moment that mortal delirium was checked. The whole delusion vanished.

Governor Phips saw that a stop must be put to the prosecutions. The special court was dissolved. The Superior Court, which met in January, 1693, convicted only three out of fifty indicted. These three escaped execution. Other trials resulted uniformly in acquittal. In May the Governor, by proclamation, discharged all who were imprisoned for witchcraft. Such a jail-delivery was never known in New England. The number then released was about one hundred and fifty. Two had died in prison. Twenty, including Giles Corey, had been executed. Many had escaped from confinement. In all there must have been nearly three hundred arrested and committed for this imaginary crime.

The calamitous effects of the delusion were long and painfully felt. Those pure and precious lives could not be recalled to earth. From many a household domestic happiness had forever fled. For the whole colony the retrospect indeed was fearful. Gentle women had been torn from their families to suffer the rigors of a public trial, if not judicial death. Laboring men had been arrested in their needful toils. The industry of the youthful State had been severely crippled. A whole summer had been lost to the husbandmen. Their fields had been left unploughed, and they had no harvest to reap. The excitement of the hour consumed every other interest. It left them destitute at the end. Confidence in the safeguards of the community had also been disturbed. The protecting hand of the General Court had not defended the innocent. The calm voice of science had become an accuser. The white ermine of justice had been stained by needless blood. The altars of our holy religion had afforded no asylum to the distressed. Lawgivers, physicians, magistrates, and ministers, instead of repelling the woful superstition, had united to strengthen it. It was not well for the various causes they maintained. There was hardly one social good which was not injured by the shock it then received. But amid all that is sorrowful in this dark scene there are two facts which stand out in pleasant light.

One is the genuine penitence of those misguided men. It is beautiful to us. Most of the girls turned out ill. Several of them became profligates. Only one, Ann Putnam, made a confession. Chief Justice Stoughton clung proudly to the position that his decisions were right throughout. Some few of the clergymen contended to the end of life that these were veritable "wonders of the invisible world," Mr. Parris was never known to repent the part he performed. He was soon forced to leave his charge on account of the prejudice then engendered. He died in obscurity. But with these exceptions, the rest of the prosecutors made most honorable acknowledgments of the injuries they had done. Their expression of feeling was not immediate. Great sorrow sealed their lips. Words, they feared, would kindle the rage rather than soothe the grief of those who had suffered such remediless wrongs. But their action at length was unequivocal.

In 1696 a proclamation for a public fast was issued, especially in view of "the late tragedy," that "God would humble us therefor and pardon all the errors of his servants and people." It was couched in affecting terms. Nearly fifty years after, the General Court adopted a measure, appointing a committee to inquire into the condition of those families which might have suffered by the calamity of 1692, and expressing a strong desire to compensate them either by money or a township of land. The two churches which had been most implicated reversed the sentences which had excommunicated those convicted of witchcraft, and behaved with marked kindness toward the surviving friends. The clergymen of Essex County, with but one or two exceptions, signed a petition, begging that the infamy of a criminal trial might not rest on the accused, or appear on the court records. The twelve jurors, whose verdicts had been the doom of so many guiltless persons, united in a declaration, subscribed by them all, expressing their grief for what they had done. This remarkable paper exhibits the utmost tenderness of conscience, and asks forgiveness of God and men in terms of such heartfelt contrition that it disarms our indignation altogether.

But the conduct of Judge Sewall claims our special admiration in this respect. Through his whole life after that fatal court he observed annually, in private, a day of humiliation and prayer, in view of his participation in it; and, on the day of the general fast, he rose in his own pew in the Old South in Boston, and, before the whole

congregation, proceeded to the pulpit, and handed the pastor a written confession of the error into which he had been led, and an earnest request that his brethren would unite with him in devout supplications that it might not bring down the displeasure of God upon his country, his family, or himself. He remained standing during the public reading of the paper. Such an example of noble penitence throws a bright gleam over all that melancholy past.

The other fact, which may mingle pleasure even with the study of this sad event, shows the good design of God in permitting it to occur—*by that very fury the superstition itself was for ever exploded.* Perhaps no gentler means would have accomplished the end. It may be that such appalling enormities were needful to drive the deeply-lodged error from human beliefs. We of the present day treat it too often lightly, or with ridicule and reproaches. In the seventeenth century it was invested with an awful solemnity. The greatest and best of every land were subject to the strange infatuation. It is not for us to denounce them. All delusion has not yet departed from the earth. There are false and fatal systems of belief at work among men to-day. God grant that they may not require so terrible a refutation as did this. But arguments alone cannot destroy them. Error is seldom overthrown by mere reasoning. It yields only to the logic of events. No power of learning or wit could have rooted the witchcraft superstitions out of the minds of men. Nothing short of a demonstration of their deformities, follies and horrors, such as here was held up to the view of the world, could have given their death-blow. This was the final cause of Salem Witchcraft, and makes it one of the great landmarks in the history of the world.

THE RATIONALE OF RECREATION.

Perhaps it may be true, as many a paterfamilias is saying, that holiday travel is, in the present day, pushed to an extreme. But there is the best and profoundest reason for a custom which has so thoroughly incorporated itself with modern civilization. There is in human nature a necessity for change, and the more intense is the life we live, the stronger and more imperious does that necessity become. The habits of a vegetable are only possible to those who vegetate, and a certain stolidity of mind and feebleness of character almost always characterize the vegetating portion of the race. It is the wonderful intellectual activity of the age which produces its restlessness. A highly

developed nervous system is usually connected with a somewhat restless temperament; but the tendency of intellectual activity is to give an undue development to the nervous organization at the expense of the muscular tissues. In comparison with our great grandfathers, we are highly nervous, restless, and what they would have called "mercurial." The stress of nineteenth-century civilization is on the brain and the nerves; and one of the sad forms in which this fact becomes visible to the eye is the melancholy vastness of such establishments as those at Colney Hatch and Hanwell. Of course the very stress under which so many break down develops the power and capacity of vastly larger numbers than succumb to it; and if in the present day there is some diminution in the muscular development of the race, there is a more than corresponding increase in its nervous development and in all that depends thereon. Physical beauty, in so far as it depends on splendid muscular organizations, may not be as general among us as it was among the Greeks; but magnificent nervous organizations, with all the power of work which they confer, are more numerous among Englishmen and Americans to-day than they have ever been among any people whom the world has seen before. Our national temperament is in process of rapid development and change. The typical John Bull is fast becoming a merely legendary personage; his vegetative life and stationary habits and local prejudices are all disappearing beneath the stimulating influences of railways and telegraphs and great cities. But this change of national temperament brings with it, and in part results from, an entire change of national habits and customs. English life in the eighteenth century was that of a nation who took the world easily,—in the nineteenth century it is that of a people who feel that "art is long and time is fleeting," and that life must be made the most of. From being what philosophers call extensive and running into physical developments, it has become intensive and takes intellectual forms. Our great grandfathers ate and drank, laughed and grew fat; we plan and study, labor and fret, and are nervous and thin. They took life as it came: we are more anxious to mould it to our purpose, and make it what we think it ought to be. They were content with news when it had already become history; we want to watch the history of this generation in the very process of making. They lived a life which was self-contained and satisfied; we are greedy of information, anxious for conquest, determined to acquire. Their times are typified by the pillion and the pack-horse; ours by the telegraph and the train. The same figure aptly typifies the relative wear and tear of the two modes of life. Theirs ambled along with an almost restful

movement; ours rushes along at high pressure, with fearful wear and noise. Their work was almost play compared with ours; business of all kinds was steadier and quieter, politics were less exacting and exhausting, literature was rather a pursuit than a profession, and even divinity was duller. It may be that our pleasures are more refined than theirs were, but they are of a more exciting character; we take them in a busier and more bustling way, and tire of them sooner. Hence our greater need of change of scene and surrounding. Travel was only a luxury to them, but it has become a necessity to us. It is not merely fashion that sends us all from home, for the fashion itself has originated in an intellectual and physical need. The condition of animal life is movement. Little children are perpetually active, and the form of their activity is perpetually changing. There seems to be in the physical organization a disgust of sameness, and this disgust extends through the whole of our sensational experience. The lungs always breathing the same air, the stomach always taking the same food, the ears always hearing the same sounds, even the eyes always resting on the round of familiar objects, become disgusted, lose their tone or strength, and cry out for change. Disuse is well known to be fatal to our active powers, but a mill-horse round, which puts the stress of use always on the same part of them, is only less injurious than disuse. Yet the tendency of life is to fall into routine. It is always easier to go on using the powers that are in action than to rouse into activity those that have been overlooked. To change our course needs effort, to keep on in the old one needs none. The common prescription of "change of air" really means change of scene, of surroundings, and, consequently, of habit. The bodily machine has fallen into a rut, and is "cabineted, cribbed, confined, bound in" to a course of life which has the sole but sufficient condemnation of an oppressive sameness. Change of place and scene helps us to lift it out of the rut, as we could never do if we stayed at home. The first thing we do when we get away for "change of air" is to change our habits. The late man gets up early, and the early man lies in bed late. The man who has hustled from his meals, giving his digestion no time to act, sits quietly over them, and gives his stomach a chance; the young lady who has lounged or worked at home, afraid of the air, puts away her in-door occupations, and lives in the wind and the sunshine. The student puts away his books, the merchant forgets his counting-house, and the diligent housewife lays aside her household cares. The hours of sleeping and eating are altered, even the food is somewhat different, and all around there is the gentle stimulus of general newness and change. It is just this break in the continuity of sameness,

this lifting of the animal machine out of the rut, which does us good. We come back from change of air recruited and refreshed, but the natural law which has blessed us for our obedience to it, is just that law by which a change of attitude relieves an aching limb, and by which change of work is as good as play. The old coachman used to tell us that a long unbroken level was more fatiguing to the horses than a road which was diversified by hill and valley—the change from level to uphill or downhill bringing new muscles into play, and preventing the whole stress of the journey from falling on the same parts of the animal organization. But herein is a parable of human life. The dead level needs to be diversified. A weariness of perpetually recurring sensations, a disgust of sameness, a restlessness beneath the continued stress of active use belongs to our physical organization—is the instinct of the body's wholeness, and, therefore, the law of its health.

There is, therefore, not only a profound necessity for holidays, but a reason equally good why we cannot take our holidays at home. We not only require rest, but change; and not only change of attitude or work, but change from our surroundings and in the impressions we are receiving from them. This is not only the law of the body's wholeness, but of the mind's health. The brain, like the stomach, is disgusted if it always has the same work to do or the same material to work on. The nerves, like the muscles, weary of sameness, and must have the stress of labor shifted and the continuity of impression broken. But the law of association ties us in this also to the mill-horse round. In the same scenes the same thoughts come back, and among the same circumstances we are always recurring to the same cares. A man of business cannot throw business off him till he has left his counting-house. A student cannot sit in his library and forget his books. A doctor cannot ignore his patients, nor a preacher his congregation, while he is surrounded by everything that reminds him of them. To forget life's ordinary activities, we must turn our backs upon its ordinary scenes. There is no life in which there is not some fret, or worry, or anxiety, or care; in most lives there is much of them, and it is fret which wears us, care which kills us. Even the most favored lives are surrounded by circumstances which call for effort—and effort soon becomes fatigue. A kind of necessity is upon us, even at home, much more in our spheres of duty or activity, and all continuous necessity is a strain. But we get rid of all this as soon as we get away from the associations which bring it. There is a joyful sense of lightness when we have got clear away, which never comes while we are amid our responsibilities. A feeling of irresponsibility, of happy emancipation from effort and constraint, of deli-

verance from anxiety and care, of happy and exultant liberty, is the really glorious and refreshing thing in holiday travel. We get our child-likeness back again for a while. We liberate the mind from pressure, and it regains its elasticity with a bound. No wonder that we break out into extravagant costumes, strange freaks, and mad enterprises. They are but the rebound of an elastic nature from the repression and constraint of civilized life. We come back to our duties none the worse, but much the better, for having indulged in them; and though, as we return to the old associations, the cares and responsibilities return to meet us, and the old burden waits to be taken up again, we take the burden upon strengthened shoulders, and meet the stress of circumstances with freshened minds. The body's wholeness and the mind's elasticity have both been restored, and we are recreated and renewed.

It follows from all this that the true idea of a holiday is that it shall be recreative. The philosophy of holidays is the philosophy of recreation. But the whole subject of recreation is only now beginning to be understood. A lingering asceticism of sentiment—a relic of the superstition which looked upon the body as the source of sin, and peopled the Theban desert with self-mortifying anchorites—still affects our modes of thought, though the dogma itself has perished from our intellectual convictions. We do not proscribe amusements, as some generations have done; nor do we go heartily into them, as Paganism did and the Latin races do: but we indulge in them and apologize for them. We take some of our most pleasant and most needful recreations with a half suspicion that they are only half right. There is, consequently, an entire want of *abandon* in them, for which some of us make up by extreme *abandon* when we are off for the holidays. We are dreadfully afraid of making ourselves ridiculous before one another, but we take it out with interest by making ourselves extremely ridiculous in the eyes of foreigners. But nothing shows the popular misunderstanding of the whole subject of recreation so thoroughly as this fear of being ridiculous. Public opinion often exhibits the extreme ignorance of human nature, but in nothing is it more entirely childish than in its ideas on amusement and recreation. It persistently merges the man in his profession, keeps him perpetually on the pedestal of his status, and will on no account allow him to descend from it. It judges the fitness of his amusements by the nature of his duties, expects everlasting gravity from those whose calling is a grave one, and perpetual lightheartedness from those whose vocation is to amuse. For a preacher to romp with his boys would shock half the ladies of his congregation; for a man of busi-

ness to join in amateur theatricals would make his banker watchful over his account, and his brother merchants suspicious of his solvency; for a lawyer to be a poet, for a dean to be a satirist, would expose them to suspicion. Yet a moment's thought would show to the least penetrating of persons that no true recreation can be found in the line of a man's calling. It is that disgust of sameness which makes us need change of scene and drives us off for the holidays, which justifies and necessitates recreation of every kind. Change is the first condition of relaxation. A man might just as well sleep in his full evening dress as seek his amusement in the same direction as his work. Work and play, like day and night, are opposites, and the widest unlikeness between them is the truest completeness of each. Of course there must be no moral incongruity between any parts of a true man's life, but physically and intellectually there cannot be too wide a difference between his labor and his recreation. They should surround him with different associations, call up different feelings, exercise different faculties, appeal to different parts of his nature: should be, in fact, the antithesis of each other. The man of sedentary occupation should take active recreation, the man of laborious work needs restful play. The student requires unintellectual amusement, the tradesman may find his recreation in books. The man whose calling needs the preservation of an official dignity requires as recreation something in which even personal dignity may be laid aside and forgotten, some innocent but not dignified amusement in which he descends to the level of others, and is no longer the priest or the pedagogue, the justice or the physician, but simply the man. The public may always remember his status, he needs to remember himself. The world foolishly tells him to keep upon his stilts; he needs to come down from them to know "the blessedness of being little," and to get out of his vocation and out of himself. That is true recreation, and fulfils its function.

This seems to be the "rationale" of recreation. Recreation is something more than amusement, for amusement merely occupies or diverts, while recreation, as the word itself indicates, renews and recreates. But this renewal and recreation proceed on the principle of antithesis. Life is a balance of opposites, health is their equipoise, and the overbalance of either is disease or death. Arctic explorers tell of the dreadful persecution of perpetual daylight in the six months' polar day, and of the terrible depression produced by the perpetual darkness in the six months' night. But the beautiful alternation of these opposites in the habitable parts of the globe, the perpetual swing of this exquisitely balanced antithesis, is the fundamental condition of our healthy activity. Nature does

not leave us to balance work and rest, but does all she can to strike the balance for us. Yet even the rest of sleep is something more than the cessation of activity: every muscle in the body has its correlative, and it is by the use of the one that the other is rested. All muscular action consists of contractile movement, and a muscle can be only elongated by the pull caused by the contraction of its correlative. We rest by employing other muscles than those on which the stress of action has lain. When I close my eyes from very weariness, the muscles which have kept them open lose their contractility, the opposite muscles come into play, and by contraction pull down my eyelids and elongate the muscles, which in their turn will contract to-morrow and open my eyelids to the daylight. This principle of rest by alternation of activity runs through the greater part of our experience. Play is change of work, not change which merely gives the same organs or faculties something else to do, but change which brings other and correlative organs or opposite faculties into action. Mere rest is not true recreation. An unused power or faculty will not fitly counterbalance an overworked one. To keep one eye shut would never compensate for overuse of the other; yet it is just that overuse of some one power or faculty which is the evil we all need to redress. We are created men, and it is only by art that we are made into tradesmen or statesmen, literary men or handicraftsmen, professional men or workmen. Our vocation is a limitation put upon us by necessity, a narrowing of our life into a special channel, a straitening of our energies into one line of special faculty, and its unavoidable result is a one-sided development of our powers. But in its highest and truest form, recreation is the prevention of this one-sidedness. A really noble recreation is a perfecting discipline. It redresses the injured balance of our nature, cultivating that side of it which our vocation neglects, developing those powers our necessary business represses, and out of the man of study or of business, out of the statesman or the tradesman, reproducing and recreating the Man. It is therefore compensatory in its influence, and restorative in its effects; it is antithetical to our occupation, restoring the harmony of a well-balanced mind and the soundness of a well-developed body, and preserving or recreating the active wholeness, the physical and mental health, of the whole man. It is thus a part of culture, and might well be considered to be a part of religion too.

Life is a burden; but it is imposed by God. What you make of it, it will be to you—whether a millstone about your neck, or a diadem upon your brow. Take it up bravely, bear it joyfully, and lay it down triumphantly.

" FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING."

A BALLAD.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY CLARIBEL.

Moderato con espress.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed at the beginning of the left hand staff.

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are: "The dew lay glit - t'ring o'er the grass, A mist lay o - ver the".

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "brook, At the ear - liest beam of the gold - en sun The". A dynamic marking of *cres.* (crescendo) is placed above the piano accompaniment in the second staff.

swal-low her nest for - sook; The snow - y bloom of the haw -

p

This system contains the first line of the song. The vocal line is on a single treble clef staff. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: a right-hand treble clef staff and a left-hand bass clef staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed between the piano staves.

thorn tree Lay thick-ly the ground a - dorn - ing, The birds were

This system contains the second line of the song. The vocal line continues on the treble clef staff. The piano accompaniment continues on the two staves below. The accompaniment maintains a consistent rhythmic pattern, supporting the vocal melody. The lyrics are: "thorn tree Lay thick-ly the ground a - dorn - ing, The birds were".

sing-ing in ev - ry bush, At five o'-clock in the morn - ing, The

This system contains the third line of the song. The vocal line continues on the treble clef staff. The piano accompaniment continues on the two staves below. The accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic accompaniment. The lyrics are: "sing-ing in ev - ry bush, At five o'-clock in the morn - ing, The".

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics 'birds were sing-ing in ev - 'ry bush, A. five o'clock in the morn-ing.' are written below the notes. The second and third staves are a piano accompaniment, with the second staff in treble clef and the third in bass clef. The piano part includes dynamic markings 'mf' and 'dim.'.

And Bessie the milkmaid merrily sang,
 The meadows were fresh and fair,
 And the breeze of morning kissed her brow,
 And played with her nut-brown hair.
 But oft she turned and looked around
 As if the silence scorning,
 'Twas time for the mower to whet his scythe
 At five o'clock in the morning.

And over the meadows the mowers came,
 And merry their voices rang,
 And one among them wended his way
 To where the milkmaid sang;
 And as he lingered by her side,
 Despite his comrades' warning,
 The old, old story was told again
 At five o'clock in the morning.

Young Folks.

Original.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

BY NELL GWYNNE.

(Continued.)

"Mostaw Melvawton," who bore a striking resemblance to Miss Carrie, who was said to be passionately attached to him, would go strolling about from week's end to week's end, in a sky-blue smoking cap, embroidered in gold color, with slippers to match, a cigar in his mouth, and a fresh-looking novel or magazine in his hand. It was whispered about among the girls that George and Melverton frequently had bitter quarrels about Melverton's good-for-nothing ways. George, who appeared to have all the energy in the family, was a lawyer, and

had an office down town; he always walked very fast, and appeared to have a great deal to do.

Melverton had a chum named Harry Mountjoy, a young medical student, who had the reputation of being clever, and who was as handsome and apparently quite as idle as the other. These two frequently went fishing and shooting and cricketing together, and we often encountered them on these expeditions, with their fishing-rods, or guns, or in pink shirts and blue caps, and carrying their cricket-bats, as the case might be. They would sometimes chat and laugh merrily enough with the girls, but avoided them as a general thing, which, I am sorry to say, they sometimes found no easy matter, one half the girls in school being, or fancying themselves to be, in love with

either one or the other of them ; and such popping, around corners, and peeping through the cracks in the fence, and dodging and manœuvring as there was going on when they were about, to attract their attention, never was seen.

We were sitting as usual one day, at lunch time, under the trees in the playground, listening to Imogene Cambridge holding forth from one of her dirty novels—skipping the long words, and miscalling the short ones—when Harry Mountjoy and Melverton climbed over the lawn-fence, and came across the playground towards us, trailing their guns after them ; stopping when they came up to us to light their cigars, which Harry Mountjoy did over the muzzle of his gun, which he held directly on a line with his chin.

“ Oh, Harry,” said Flora Teasdle, with a shudder, “ it frightens me to see you do that. You will surely shoot yourself sometime.”

On which Melverton, turning quickly about, said,

“ See here, Mountjoy, let the young people mind what the old people say, and so forth. If you are going to shoot yourself, choose another occasion ; for I am blest if I am going to carry you home this hot day.”

This sally raised a laugh, in which they both joined.

“ Who will dig the grave ?” sang out Melverton, as they were moving off.

“ I the'd Mith Teathdle
With my crothay needle,
I'll dig the grave,”

sang Harry Mountjoy back again, and the two went off laughing and puffing their cigars.

But we never saw poor Harry Mountjoy again, but went the very next week to the churchyard to see his grave, which was not like any other grave I had ever seen, but was flat, and had apparently been filled in with gravel, and had a beautiful white marble cross over it—he having been shot dead a few hours after they left us, in the very way Flora Teasdle had predicted, while lighting his cigar over the muzzle of his gun !

Melverton came home like one distracted, and threw himself on his face on the hall-floor, exclaiming,

“ Oh, Mountjoy, Mountjoy ! poor Mountjoy !” over and over again.

Mrs. Melverton and Miss Carrie tried to get him to tell what had happened, but he did not seem to know what was said to him, and kept on repeating,

“ Oh, Mountjoy ! poor Mountjoy !”

But they were not long in finding it out, for by this time the whole town rang with it ; poor Harry Mountjoy having been carried home in a farmer's cart. We did not see Melverton again until the morning of Harry Mountjoy's funeral, when we met him walking through the street, leaning on his brother George's arm, which was the first time I had ever seen them together ; but they were often, indeed almost always together after this, at least for a couple of months — Melverton going daily to his brother's office, where, I believe, he did writing.

Flora Teasdle, though rather contracted in her views of life, was at least a well-meaning little girl, and being very much impressed by Harry Mountjoy's death, began to talk seriously of the way we were all going on ; saying it was a great sin to throw away time as we were doing, and proposed that she and I should cut Imogene Cambridge and her clique, and commence to study our lessons, which we had hitherto been shirking pretty much as the rest did. We accordingly began in good earnest, committing pages and pages of Mangnell's Questions, Watt's Scripture History, and Smith's Astronomy to memory.

We had been going on this way for about a month, when it occurred to me that, to perfect our education, we ought to know something of grammar and geography and arithmetic, an idea that Flora Teasdle at once concurred with ; and without more ado we cut the scripture history and astronomy for an old leather-covered Murray's Grammar, that had belonged to one of Flora Teasdle's brothers, and Stuart's Geography, which, if I remember rightly, was a pretty

dry book. Morse's was the one used in school, when there was a geography used at all, which was very seldom; but Flora said it was used in the common schools, and it would never do for us to be seen carrying Morse's Geography through the street; people might take us for common school children. We did two sums religiously every morning, which afforded us great satisfaction, though we copied them both out of a key that was lying about the school-room. We might have tired of this after a while, but Mrs. Melverton began to hold us up as an example for the rest of the school, which pleased our vanity; and as we began to understand our lessons, we studied them for their own sake, and with a little guidance and assistance, neither of which we ever got, might have made some progress.

Maple Grove, which was the name of Mrs. Melverton's premises, was situated at the back of the town, as it had originally been intended for a first-class establishment. It had been built on an extensive scale. There were two large wings at the back of the house totally unoccupied, with great cellars underneath, where there were cisterns full of water. We received orders not to go near these cisterns, though we often did. At the front of the house was the lawn, where there were a great many maples growing, which were in all probability what the place took its name from, and which was surrounded by a high, close fence. The lawn was forbidden ground to us, though we sometimes took the liberty of peeping through the cracks in the fence. In the yard were stables and sundry offices, all presenting a sad appearance of dilapidation, which was, however, only in keeping with everything else about Maple Grove, the whole place having an air of neglect and desertion about it. The back of the establishment was what had once been a kitchen garden; but the balmy days of early peas and choice cauliflowers were evidently among the things that were, it being now wholly covered with long, coarse, wiry grass. In this garden Flora and I, in our zealous fit of industry, took up our

quarters at noon, unknown to the other girls. Watching our opportunity, we would pop through a crazy little wicket that led into the yard, and running down over the long grass, ensconce ourselves comfortably underneath an old apple tree at the foot of the garden. Here we studied to our hearts' content, and did our embroidery and read various little story books that had been given to Flora by a maiden aunt. I do not remember what these were about, or even the names of them; but there were a great many pretty little pictures in them of little girls in picturesque gipsy bonnets, walking in bowery lanes with baskets of flowers on their arms, or climbing over old, mossy stiles, with leafy branches hanging overhead, and vines and flowers growing all about, such as Flora said her mamma had often seen in England, or, again, crossing little brooks on stepping-stones, with water-lilies floating about their feet

It was in this sequestered spot I got the greatest fright it has ever been my lot to experience in the course of my existence. We were sitting reading off the same page one very warm day, when, growing weary, I let go my side of the book, and drawing a long breath, leaned my head back against the fence,

"Dear me," I said dreamily, as my eyes wandered from the blue sky above, flecked here and there with little white, fleecy clouds, over the rows of bare-looking windows at the back of the house, and then over the deserted-looking pile in the yard about which there was not a sign of life: "Dear me, what a great solitary-looking place this is! One would think there was not a person in the world but us two souls."

Even as I spoke, the stable door shook slightly, and straightway from it emerged an old man, with a flowing white beard, and very much stooped with age, who walked quickly straight towards us.

"Gracious me, Flora," I said, "look at this dreadful-looking old man."

And horrible to tell, scarcely were the words out of my mouth, when I perceived that he carried in one hand a human head,

with blood-shot, glaring eyes, and dripping with gore; and in the other an axe besmeared with blood. Speechless and transfixed with horror, we clutched hold of each other convulsively. He was coming nearer and nearer. We could hear his short, quick breathing. I felt as cold as ice, with a creeping sensation all over my head, as if my hair were rising up. He was almost beside us, and I relaxed my hold on Flora, and felt her fingers loosening from about my arm. It was a sheep's head, and the old man was an Irishman named Murphy, that we sometimes saw sawing wood in the yard. He did not look up until he got quite close to us, and started on coming on us so unexpectedly.

"Good marnin, ladies; good marnin," said he, with a grin.

He looked hideous enough, supposing it was a sheep's head, and we did know who he was.

"Why, Murphy," I said, "you frightened us almost to death."

"Ouw yiz, Miss; ouw yiz," said Murphy, who was an exceedingly stupid old man, and always answered anything he did not clearly understand by saying, "Ouw yiz."

"I was sawin' a bit o' wood for Mr. Banks beyant; he kilt a sheep this marnin, and gin me the head to bring home to the ould 'oman, an' I kim across the fields to get an axe out of the missus' stable," said Murphy, in an explanatory way.

"Good marnin, ladies; good marnin," said he again, as he disappeared through a hole in the fence that he had probably made for his own accommodation, as it brought him a short cut home.

We did not get over our fright for the rest of the day, and henceforward gave up our lonely haunt in the back garden.

In the meantime, Melverton had got back to his smoking cap and slippers, and his novel and cigar, and might be seen lounging idly about at almost any time. He appeared to be in disgrace with every one in the house but Miss Carrie, who sometimes strolled about under the trees on the lawn with him, leaning on his arm. They

would have their little miffs, too, sometimes, about Melverton's smoking, which made Miss Carrie sick; and which he did continually, and he would sometimes, like a mischievous fellow, hold her in his arms, and puff smoke from his cigar in her face, until he made her so ill that he would have to carry her into the house, which he appeared to think great fun. Flora and I were reading a book, which for some reason we were anxious to get through, and came to school very early one morning, so that we would have a long time to read before school was called. Walking leisurely along by the lawn fence, our attention was attracted by hearing voices inside, as if two or three persons were quarrelling, and on coming to an aperture in the fence made by a board being broken off, what was our astonishment and dismay to see George and Melverton struggling fiercely together. Melverton had his gun in his hand, which his brother was trying to wrest from him, but did not succeed in doing. Melverton jerked it out of his grasp with such violence that he almost fell backwards, and turning in a paroxysm of rage, recklessly dashed it at him, it striking him on the shoulder, and going off with a loud report, which seemed to sober them both for the moment. We then saw Miss Carrie coming down the doorsteps in a white wrapper, and looking very much distressed. We could not hear what she said, but she was talking earnestly as she approached them, and taking Melverton's hand, placed it in his brother's, and forced them to shake hands, which they did with a very bad grace. Afraid of being caught witnessing such a scene, we took ourselves off as quickly as possible, and resolved not to say anything about it. But it got out nevertheless, and we heard about it several times during the day with many variations; one of which was that Melverton had attempted to shoot George, and was only prevented from doing so by Miss Carrie going between them; but we kept our own counsel, and when we heard that day that Melverton had gone out to the lakes with a camping party, we put that

and that together to our own satisfaction.

It was again bruited about in about a week that Melverton was at home, and ill of a fever, a fact that only became too apparent in a couple of days, for his loud ravings might be distinctly heard in the school-room, and a dreary thing it was to listen to all day long, talking wildly and incoherently in a strange, hoarse voice, not at all his own. I think this lasted for four or five days, when Miss Faucette, who was one of the boarders, of whom there were several, and who had taken charge of the school for the last few days, came in just after school had been called for the afternoon, and desired us to go home. She said,

"I do not think he can last much longer, poor fellow, and it is best for you to go at once."

Awe-stricken, we crept out on tip-toe, talking in whispers as we took our hats and satchels from their respective pegs in the porch; but the whispered echoes of our departing footsteps had not died away when the dread messenger appeared, silencing poor Melverton's voice forever.

We had two weeks' holiday, and when we came back again there were saucers of quicklime about on the desks and on the shelves where we left our books. Poor Miss Carrie was the first one we saw in the school-room, looking colder, and paler, and more beautiful than ever in her trailing black dress, with crape trimmings and jet ornaments.

To be continued.

Original.

LITTLE LU.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL, QUEBEC.

Adam Evans was commonly called a cross, crusty old bachelor, and justly indeed he might be, for his boast was that he cared for nobody, and nobody cared for him. Long living by himself, and for himself, had put him into what a popular writer calls a "contracting chamber," and this had gradually been narrowing and tightening till he was greatly in danger of being

crushed to death in it, when a small incident which disturbed the even tenor of his way cut a link in his chain of selfishness, loosened the enclosure, and set him free. Adam Evans boarded out, walked from his boarding-house in the morning to his office, and from his office in the afternoon back to his boarding-house, dined alone, then read his papers, strolled out for a walk of an evening, or entertained an acquaintance now and then who dropped in with chit-chat about stocks, ship arrivals, etc., and on Sundays he went to church, for he was a respectable man, Adam Evans—very. Sunday afternoons he dozed through; Sunday evenings he dined out. One week of his life was every week of his life—unvaried by any softening home influences, any expensive charities, or any of the thought and affection for others which makes the bachelor life of some men one constant whirl of busy acts of unselfish devotion. No wonder he grew crusty.

The 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of May had come and gone, and people had changed houses and cleaned houses till the Health-Inspector must have pronounced the city a perfect sanatorium. Mr. Evans' boarding-house was no exception to the rule. There the cleaning process had gone on, and the putting things into places and out of places till Adam Evans had been most terribly put out of temper by the whole, and on the morning of the 4th had left the house in a towering rage, vowing that he should look out for a place where they never cleaned house at all. Poor man! the morning had been an unlucky one for him. He had scolded the little housemaid so when setting breakfast that in very nervousness she upset a vase of flowers she had proudly put there a few moments before to make the table look handsome, as she said, and the water had spilt over a new pair of his dog-skin gloves. Now, bran new dog-skin gloves were a weakness of Adam's, and so he angrily tossed the flowers out of the window, and ordered Sally to bring no more rubbish of that sort to his room for he hated flowers, and finished his breakfast in silence.

Sulkily going down stairs, mourning over the loss of the new dog-skins as he drew on the old ones, he stumbled over the scrubbing-woman's pail of water, and splashed all his brightly-polished boots. What reserve of good temper he had left from the breakfast-table now evaporated quickly, and Adam Evans, as I said before, left the house in a towering passion, vowing he would change his quarters. On through the street he trudged, the fresh morning air insensibly cooling his heated system, until he reached a small shop, in front of which a barber's pole had been fixed. As he was about to lift the latch, he observed that the pole was gone, and, instead of "shaving and hair-cutting done here," the words "stamping and embroidery, and all kinds of sewing" over the door in their place. Hastily drawing back, he saw a small face smilingly looking at him from an open window one side of the door, and a sweet little voice said,

"Please, sir, the barber's moved across the street, just over there, and we've moved here."

A rather ungracious "Thank you," and a *sotto voce* of "why can't people stay where they are," was the reply he gave as he followed the direction the small finger pointed out.

Shaving operations over, with the mollifying effects of the barber's soft-soap upon him, Mr. Evans reached the street again to see the same pair of bright-blue eyes and golden curls over the way. As he walked down to town, with his stick under his arm to show he disdained its use, memory went with him, carrying a photograph of a pair of bright-blue eyes and sweet little face smiling upon him all the time. Now, Adam Evans disliked children as he did flowers. They were useless, troublesome things, full of thorns—children and flowers alike, and he tried to forget that he ever was a child himself, though memory, with her great book, would persist in turning back a leaf and showing him the picture of a little brown head pillowed upon a mother's breast, when, with a "pshaw" and a lin-

gering sigh, he would turn over the page and dismiss it forthwith. Now, memory had opened that page in her book so often that she had left a crease there, and again and again of late it unconsciously opened of itself, and to-day she strangely mingled the pictures—those soft, blue eyes and golden curls and the boy's brown head together, and it required three or four very emphatic "pshaws" of Adam Evans' before he could close his eyes upon the sight. Next day, and the next, and for many days after did he meet the gaze of those blue eyes. He thought—nay, he was sure—the little face peeped up the street to see if he were coming, and when he drew in sight smiled upon him till the dark door of the barber's shop suddenly quenched their light, and, shaving over, he came out to catch beaming nods of recognition again, and carry them down to lighten up the gloom of his office and dance with their vision of brightness around his counting-house.

One morning, Sally, the housemaid, stood transfixed at the window, broom in hand, till at last she called out,

"Missis, come here! Look at Mr. Evans. Wonders 'll never cease! Why, if he ain't got his pen-knife out, and a-cutting off a bunch of the early roses in the door-yard! Him that three weeks ago said he hated flowers, and threw my beautiful nosegay out of the window and called it rubbish. I never see'd him touch a flower in my life before."

No, nor anybody else. But there he was, sure enough; and after carefully scraping off all the thorns, he tied them together with the shyness of a young lover, and walked off. What he would have done with them had he seen Sally peeping from behind the curtains at him is hard to say; as it was, ignorance was bliss, and he walked off, carrying them uncomfortably, first in one hand then in the other, as if unused to such things, till he reached the window of the blue eyes and smiling face, and then he triumphantly laid them upon the sill, saying,

"There, little one; do you like flowers?"

"Oh, yes indeed; and such beauties!" and the rose-color deepened in her cheek and rivalled the bloom of the buds as she turned a face beaming with pleasure upon him.

"Why are you always sitting here in the mornings? Why don't you run about and play?" said her questioner, giving utterance to his long pent-up curiosity about her; "I never see you about the door, little one."

"Ah," said the child, with a sigh, the rose-bud bloom of pleasure fading back again into the lily-white of pain; "ah, I can't, you see. Look here," and she lifted a pair of crutches, "I am lame. I sit in the sun all day. In the mornings it is here; in the evenings at the back of the house, when I see a bit of the green fields and waving trees beyond. I used to like that best, but now I like the mornings best since I know you."

"Do you?" said her hearer, gravely, as if not knowing what to say.

"Oh, yes, I do. Have you got any little girls at home?"

"No, indeed," was the startled reply, "I've got nobody."

"Haven't you got anybody? Poor, dear gentleman; I'm so sorry for you," and the little head nodded forward, and the blue eyes looked at him, dim and watery, and Adam Evans gave an aroused start, as if things were going too far, and with a short "good-bye," walked off, and the sunbeam which danced about his office that day kept mocking him with the words, "Got nobody; I'm so sorry for you," and the most impatient of "pshaws," and persevering of tramps up and down the counting-room, would not drive it away.

Sorry for *him!* that poor, lame child that couldn't walk, sorry for him—rich Adam Evans, whose name on 'Change stood so high! and he seemed lost in thought at what she could be sorry for, till that provoking memory, ever ready with her book, turned to her open page, and seemed to ring in his ears as she pointed to the curly brown head,

"Ah, yes, Adam Evans, you were richer in your wealth of love then, than now with all your gold. Your money is dross, and that child may well be sorry for you. Self has driven all love from your heart, and she, poor and lame as she is, is richer than you."

Self had not quite filled up all his heart,—the chamber was expanding or memory, or conscience,—call it what you will—could not have ventured to say so much as that to him.

Day by day passed. Spring had ripened into summer, and summer was deepening into autumn, and few days did Adam not stop with a word or greeting for his little lame friend. She had asked his name and told hers in return,—

"Lucy—'Little Lu' they called her," she said; "and now, as he had 'got nobody,' she'd be his little Lu too, if he liked," and the blue eyes seemed to glance, with one of those confiding looks of childish sympathy, down into the depths of his heart, and to stay there, for his little Lu she became from that moment.

One lovely autumn day Adam lingered longer than usual with the child. She had been sick, and he had missed her from her post, and dark and dreary had yesterday seemed to him. No sunbeams danced in the office, and he had felt lonely and dull without them. And so he lingered, and she prattled on, telling him to-morrow would be her birth-day, the strong man finding it harder and harder to untwine the little coil which the love of a feeble child had made round his heart. That evening found Adam Evans inside of a toy-shop. Very funny he felt there—very like a bull in a china-shop. Round and round he looked, not knowing what he wanted. A pleasant young woman behind the counter pointed at a row of gorgeously-dressed dolls; but Adam shook his head. Those expressionless faces would be sadly out of place near *her*. Drums, trumpets, balls, and lots of other things were shown in succession, with like results, till at last his eye caught sight of a large "Noah's Ark."

"That's it; that's the thing I want!" he exclaimed, as delightedly as if it were for himself; and the hugh affair, teeming with representations of antediluvian creatures, was packed up, handed to him, and reached its destination that night.

Next morning Adam walked to his office a very thoughtful man. His dog-skin gloves, highly-polished boots, or well-preserved general appearance had nothing to do with it. Neither had the rise and fall of stocks, nor the latest ship arrival. These general subjects of cogitation left the impress of self-satisfaction upon him; but to-day he walked along with a knitted brow and an occasional sigh, forgetting even his favorite "pshaw," plainly showing he was not pleased with himself or his surroundings. What could have so disturbed him? One little question. As a chip of wood, floating down a stream, gathers with it the straws and seeds it meets in its progress, till, washed by a wave, it lands upon the shore, carrying life and vegetation perchance to some barren spot, so good words, cast upon the stream of human life, oft carry seeds which ripen and turn a lonely wilderness into a garden of fruitfulness and verdure. A grain of such seed had been cast by the feeble hand of little Lu, and had fallen upon the smooth stream of Adam Evans' life, ruffling and disturbing it till it sank at last to take root and bear fruit a hundred fold. He had been watching the child's delight over her wonderful new toy. He had gone into the house to see the procession of Noah and his family marching round the table towards the ark, and heard her shouts of glee over the only good toy she had ever possessed, till all at once a thoughtful mood had seemed to creep over the child, and suddenly throwing her arms round his neck and looking into his face, she said,

"Are you in the ark?"

"My dear, what do you mean?" he asked.

"Mother says," replied the little one, "that when God shut Noah and his family in the ark, He shut the unbelieving world

out. They wouldn't come in, you know; and now Jesus Christ is our Ark of Refuge, as He died for us, and if we believe in Him we never can be shut out of Heaven. I love Jesus, and I'm in the ark," she added, with one of her characteristic nods. "Are you?"

These, then, were the words that disturbed him, and which, like the faint sounds of a distant bell, were to chime and ring their changes upon the heart of Adam Evans till that tireless organ should echo forth the music of a response, and "I am—I'm also in the ark," be wafted on in joyful sounds till angels chorused it above. How long it was before this result had taken place we cannot say. The Word says, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the spirit." Certain it was, that before a year had passed, Adam Evans had got out of his contracting chamber and was a changed man.

Next 1st of May saw Mr. Evans housecleaning on his own account, and not very naughty over it either. "Wonders will never cease," as Sally said, and when some one called him "crusty," she replied,

"Yes; he is crusty, like one of Missis' good meat-pies,—crusty till you open it and find all the richness in the inside."

Nevertheless, he carefully put his dog-skin gloves out of Sally's reach, and wisely avoided all scrubbing buckets.

An orphan niece had come from England, and, assisted by Lu's mother and Sally, kept his house,—and little Lu, she kept his heart, not that Adam Evans had not learnt the secret of keeping his heart with all diligence, but he delighted to look upon his little Lu as the instrument and blessing in all these changes; and it was remarkable that, as the word "pshaw" faded out of his vocabulary, "My little Lu" became stereotyped in its place, and whenever caught in unselfish acts of benevolence—now not uncommon—he disclaimed all praise, saying,

"Its only little Lou—my little Lou."

Domestic Economy.



MY TEA BISCUITS.

I have for biscuit and various kinds of cake baking, twelve tin cups, bottomless, and made so flaring that the top is just one-quarter larger than the bottom, the latter being two inches in diameter, and the depth of the cups two and a half inches. These cups are soldered in three rows, as close together as the tops will permit, to a sheet of tin, thus making three rows of four cups each. With care, these will last a long time, and are far more convenient and less trouble than using separate cups. My battery of cake cups cost me fifty cents, and have done service going on five years.

For our favorite tea-biscuit, I use the best flour to be had—for the dozen, one pound. Into this I put a dessert-spoonful of salt, three tablespoonfuls of Morris' *Azumea*—but as that is not to be had by all housewives, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, or one of pure refined saleratus will do nearly as well. Then work thoroughly into the flour with the hand two ounces of either butter or nice, clean, fat drippings. It is vulgar, I know, using lard or fried meat fat for tea-cakes or biscuits; but I know it is better and cheaper than butter, and it always shortens my cakes. "Wet up" with sour milk a little warmed, and knead into a pretty stiff dough. Roll about three-quarters of an inch thick, cut out with something that will fit the size of the cups, place them separately in the cells, and bake in a moderately hot oven about twenty-five minutes, or until the upper surface is a light, pretty brown.

About three eggs beaten to a froth, and added to the material, adds essentially to the quality of the biscuit. I generally use them, but when hens decline to lay at lower rates than fifty cents per dozen, the eggs are omitted, and our tea-biscuits pass out of sight very cleverly without them.—*Madeline, in Am. Farmer.*

FLOWERS FOR WINDOWS.

A mode of having plants and flowers, and for spring and summer the best of all, is to have boxes neatly made of wood to fit on

the outside of the window, and then filled with flowering plants, thus making a kind of miniature garden, and at the same time forming an excellent screen. Shades may be dispensed with, as the plants are sufficiently close to prevent persons seeing into the room, but at the same time not preventing those inside from observing through the foliage and flowers everything taking place outside. These boxes can be made quite plain or ornamental, and afterward painted a light green. Stocks, scarlet geraniums, and mignonette succeed well, grown in boxes of this description. The outer edges, next the street, should be planted with the pretty blue lobelia, verbenas, and other trailing plants, which, falling over the sides of the boxes, add much to their effect. The ends of the boxes may be planted with morning glories (*Convolvulus major*) and canary-bird flower (*Tropaeolum peregrinum*), to be trained on wires up and around the windows.

Boxes of this kind have a great advantage over pots, as they do not dry out so readily, and they can be made much more secure. The edging of the box can be readily made of willow or rattan. Besides the plants mentioned above, almost any of our annual and bedding-plants may be grown; water them as often as may be needed, taking care to avoid over-watering.—*American Agriculturist.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

TO PRESERVE RHUBARB—Take pie-plant, or rhubarb, strip off the skin, cut into inch pieces, then put one pound of sugar to five pounds of rhubarb, stew until soft, then strain out the juice by pressing through a cloth, spread the rhubarb on plates, boil or simmer down the juice quite thick, turn it over that on the plates, dry it in an oven or by the stove, put into a jar and pound it down hard, covering tight, and it will keep for years; and, flavored with essence of lemon, it will make a far more delicious pie than when green—of course more sugar must be added when used.

TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES.—To two

pounds of fine large strawberries, add two pounds of powdered sugar, and put them in a preserving kettle, over a slow fire, till the sugar is melted; then boil them precisely twenty minutes, as fast as possible; have ready a number of small jars, and put the fruit in boiling hot. Cork and seal the jars immediately, and keep them through the summer in a cold, dry cellar. The jars must be heated before the hot fruit is poured in, otherwise they will break.

STRAWBERRY JELLY.—Express the juice from the fruit through a cloth, strain it clear, weigh, and stir to it an equal proportion of the finest sugar dried and reduced to powder: when this is dissolved, place the preserving-pan over a very clear fire, and stir the jelly often until it boils; clear it carefully from scum, and boil it quickly from fifteen to twenty-five minutes. This recipe is for a moderate quantity of preserve; a very small portion will require much less time.

RASPBERRY JAM.—Weigh the fruit, and add three-quarters of the weight of sugar; put the former into a preserving-pan, boil, and break it; stir constantly, and let it boil quickly; when the juice has boiled an hour add the sugar and simmer half an hour. In this way the jam is superior in color and flavor to that which is made by putting the sugar in first.

ANOTHER WAY.—Take a pound of sugar for every pound of fruit, add a little water, bring it to the boil, then add the fruit, and boil gently half an hour. This recipe will do just as well for most other kinds of fruit.

CURRANT JELLY.—Pick fine red currants from the stems, bruise them, and strain the juice through a jelly bag; wring it gently to get all the liquid; put a pound of white sugar to every pound of juice; stir it until it is all dissolved; set it over a gentle fire; let it become hot, and boil for fifteen minutes; then try it by taking a teaspoonful into a saucer; when cold, if it is not quite firm enough, boil it for a few minutes longer.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—Take raspberries fresh pulled, but not too ripe, and to every quart of berries put a pint of vinegar; let it stand twenty-four hours, and strain the liquid off without bruising the fruit; pour it on the same quantity of fresh berries, and let it remain twenty-four hours more. Then strain it off, and to every pint of liquor add a pound and a half of loaf-sugar, and boil in a preserving-pan. When it is cold take off the scum, and bottle for use.

TRANSPARENT PUDDING.—Beat eight eggs very well; put them into a stew-pan, with half a pound of sugar, pounded fine, the same quantity of butter, and some nutmeg, grated. Set it on the fire, and stir it till it thickens. Then set it in a basin to cool; put a rich puff-paste round the edge of the dish; pour in your pudding, and bake it in a moderate oven. It will eat light and clear.

FRUIT ICE CREAM.—Make rich boiled custard, and mash into it the soft ripe fruit, or the grated or cooked hard fruit, or grated pine-apples. Rub all through a sieve, sweeten it very sweet, and freeze it. Quince, apple, pear, peach, strawberry, and raspberry are all good for this purpose.

Editorial and Correspondence.

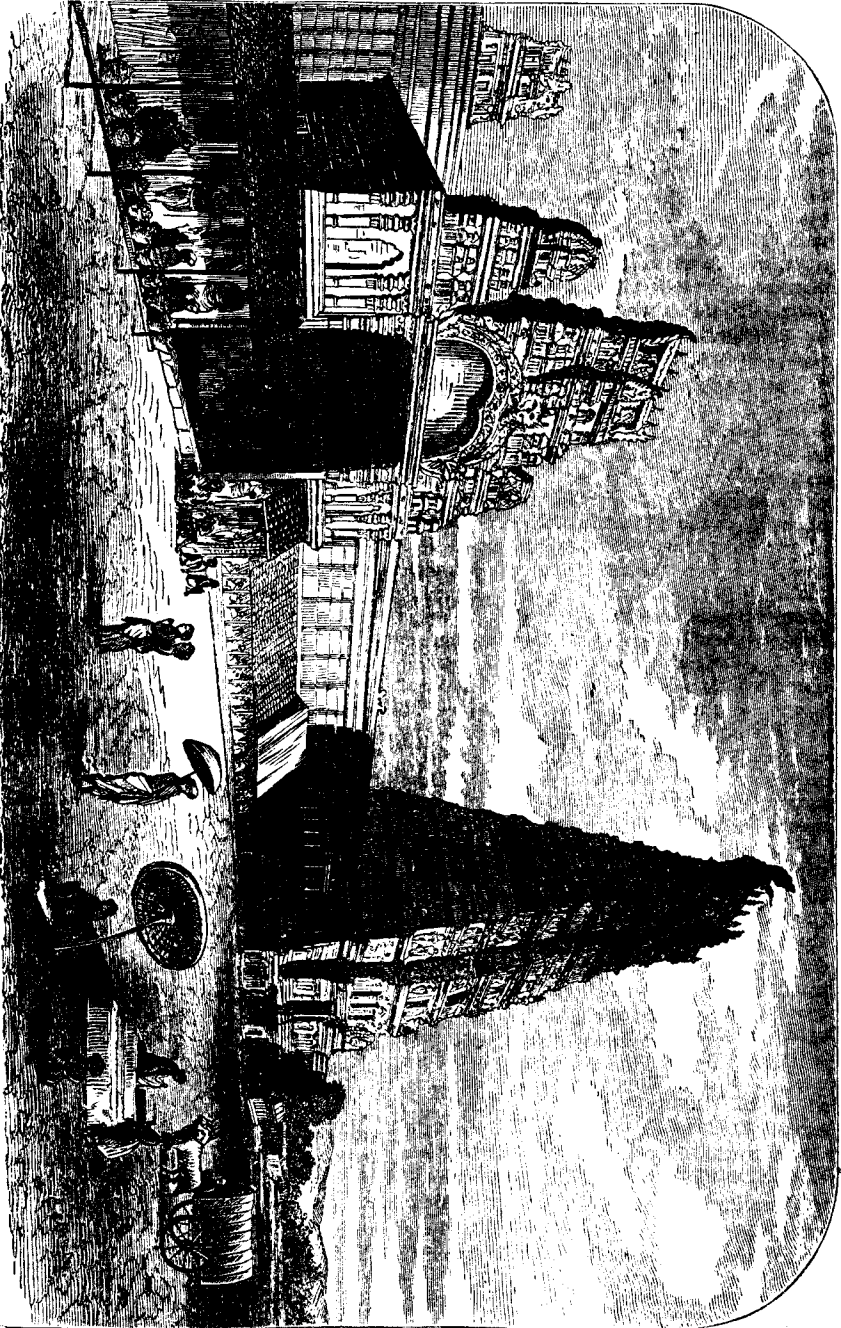


The following contributions are accepted with thanks:—

- “Early Scenes in Canadian Life.”
- “The Great North-West.”
- “Our Sonny Boy.”
- “To the Bottom of a Copper Mine.”
- “The Big Chute.”
- “Mind Pictures.”

THE TEMPLE OF MINATCHI AND
CHOKALINGAM, AT MADURA,
SOUTHERN INDIA.

The Temple of Minatchi and Chokalingam, in Madura, is one of the most celebrated temples of Southern India. The engraving represents two gateways on the



TEMPLE AT MADURA.

eastern side of this temple. That on the left is the principal entrance. It is called the "Ashtu Lachsmi Mandabam," from eight images of Lachsmi, the goddess of prosperity, which stand on each side of the passage-way into the temple.

Ranged along under the wall are small slopes, where brass and copper utensils, and a variety of other articles, are exposed for sale. Two men, apparently of some low caste, who are not permitted to enter the temple, stand at a distance in front of the gate, and in view of the shrine of the goddess to whom they are paying their devotions. The cart with oxen, on the right of the picture, is such as is used by the missionaries in their tours among the people.

The temple is situated in the centre of the city of Madura, and is a parallelogram in form, the walls on the north and south sides being about 280 yards in length, and those on the east and west about 240 yards. The exterior wall is of granite, with a parapet of brick, and is 37 feet in height. The area of the temple is considerably lower than the ground on the outside, which is owing probably to its antiquity, the outside having risen by accumulations during a series of ages, while the interior retains its original level. The gateways on each side of the outer wall are surmounted by pyramidal towers, of granite and brick, and from 150 to 160 feet in height. Three of these are covered, from bottom to top, with figures of gods and goddesses, and other fabulous beings, while the fourth is remarkable for the entire absence of images. Other towers of similar construction, but of less height, surmount other gateways in the interior of the temple. Within the walls, and forming the temple proper, are nearly 50 buildings, employed for various purposes in the temple service. Most of these are entirely of granite, and some of great size. The granite roof of one of these buildings is supported on a thousand pillars, and many others are of great extent, furnishing shelter for a multitude of worshippers. One building, of exquisite workmanship, is now being erected within the temple, and in front of the shrine, the estimated cost of which is 700,000 rupees, or 350,000 dollars in gold.

The early history of this temple is lost in the mists of antiquity. According to the legends, a merchant, in the reign of Kula Sekhara Pandian, some centuries before the Christian era, was travelling from Malaya-lim, and lost his way in the forest which then covered the country. He passed the night near an ancient temple of Minatchi Amman and Choka Nathan, built by Indra

while he was banished from his throne, asking of the gods, on account of his murder of a Bramin, and doing penance for his crime in the wilds of this southern forest. Here the god appeared in splendor to the benighted merchant, and entrusted him with a message to the king, directing him to found a city on the spot. The king complied, and built a magnificent temple, palace, &c., and the gods, in token of their pleasure, poured a shower of nectar upon the new city, from which it derived its name of Madura (Sweetness).

The city and temple, with the exception of the shrines of the god and goddess, were destroyed in the great flood of Manu, and were rebuilt by Vamsa Sekhara Pandian, about the second or third century of the Christian era. The temple was again almost entirely destroyed during the first Mohammedan conquest of the kingdom, about the middle of the 14th century. Subsequently some repairs were made, and portions of the temple erected by Viswanatha Naick, the founder of the Carnatic dynasty. It owes, however, most of its present magnificence to Tirumal Naick, who reigned from A.D. 1622 to 1662.

The service of the temple is performed by 736 persons, of whom 250 are Bramins, and 40 are dancing-women. The expenses are defrayed from the proceeds of endowments, made by Tirumal Naick and others, who devoted to this object 152 villages, with an annual income of 223,500 rupees. The ordinary annual expense of the temple worship is estimated at 51,500 rupees. The remainder of the annual revenue has been kept in the hands of the government, and appropriated to the repairs of the temple, and to various public works.

In the daily temple worship, the images are bathed, anointed, and dressed; prayers are chanted by the priests, while the dancing-women sing the praises of the idols, and dance before them.

Besides the daily worship, there are festivals, lasting from ten to twelve days each, in every month of the year, some of which are celebrated with great splendor, and draw together a crowd of worshippers from all parts of the country, numbering sometimes not less than 100,000 people. At one of these, the marriage ceremonies of the god and goddess are performed with much pomp. At another, the idols, covered with diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones, are carried on elephants, amid the shouts of the people, with noisy music and dancing, and the glare of torch-lights, to a tank two miles from the temple, where they take a

sail, while illuminations and fireworks give an air of enchantment to the whole scene. At still another festival, the images are drawn around the principal streets of the city on a huge car, under a canopy of rich-colored cloths, and resplendent with gold and silver. The gorgeous splendor of the car, the shouts of those who draw it, and the obscene songs, sung in praise of the gods, fascinate the people, and bind them strongly to their ancient worship.

These festivals form so striking a contrast to the simplicity and purity of the Christian worship that they furnish a great obstacle to the progress of the gospel, and it is not strange that the people are not ready at once to exchange their own licentious religion for the holy religion of Christ. Mere human effort would be unavailing in such a contest as that in which the missionary is engaged. But even in Madura, where Satan's seat is, the preaching of the gospel, with the aid of the Holy Spirit, has not been unfruitful. In spite of the efforts of the priests, the festivals are losing their attractions, and the crowds which attend them are diminishing from year to year. Light is spreading among the people, and the more intelligent and better educated natives openly express their disgust with idolatry. Mission schools have done much to diffuse light; and government schools, even though the Bible is excluded from them, have no little influence in turning the people from their superstitions; while the preaching of the gospel from village to village, and the distribution of Scriptures and tracts, keep the truth of Christianity constantly before their minds.

Up to 1835, Madura was a purely heathen district. No Protestant missionaries had ever resided there, and the religion of Christ was unknown, except in the hideous caricature exhibited by heathenized Romanism. Now there are, under the care of the Madura mission, over 6,000 native Christians, of whom about 1,200 are members of the Church. Thirty-one native churches are planted in different parts of the district, while a body of faithful native helpers—pastors, catechists, and teachers—are diligently laboring for the propagation of the gospel among their own countrymen.—*Missionary Herald.*

Original.

MONTREAL IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BUSINESS REMINISCENCES.

The business of Montreal, was chiefly

with the French-Canadians forty years ago; but Upper Canada was fast increasing in population and production, and, instead of being looked upon by merchants as a mere sink of money, was beginning to be regarded as a source of profit. Often have I heard repeated a saying of James Dunlop, one of the early merchants of Montreal, to the effect that he would on no account send a package of goods beyond Lachine. But so completely had that feeling been superseded that, as early as 1826, and even before, it was the custom for Montreal wholesale houses to send a partner or salesman round the whole of Upper Canada every winter to visit their customers, see how they were getting on, and try to increase their number. There was little or no winter business done in the wholesale line in Quebec or Montreal then, nor for long after. Importers closed their stocks in the fall, or if any goods lay over, packed them away on shelves or in cases—balanced their books—sent off one member of the establishment to Britain to buy, and another, as already stated, to visit customers. Those who remained at home had short hours and easy times till the arrival of the spring vessels, which caused all to gather together again, and work day and night for the few weeks of the spring trade.

The task of travelling round Upper Canada in winter was in one sense easier forty years ago than it is now, and in another more difficult—it was easier because only "the front" was settled, and to go up the Canadian side of the St. Lawrence and round the Canadian side of Lake Ontario, included all the towns and villages of any importance, with the exception perhaps of Perth, Amherstberg, and Sandwich. It was more difficult because the whole distance had to be travelled by stage, and when there was no sleighing this was very disagreeable. The stages went day and night, and where the roads were rough, which was nearly everywhere, nothing but lumberers' waggons would stand them. On uncomfortable seats in these open waggons did the passengers jog on, often at the rate of three or sometimes only two miles an hour—jolted over "corduroy" or hard-frozen mud, or if a thaw came, splashed with the same mud, and obliged to get out every now and then when the stage stuck fast in it. Travelling all

night in this way, with a cold wind blowing, or sleet or snow falling—overcome all the time, with sleep and nodding like to fall out at every jolt, was a punishment of no ordinary severity, and yet not only men but women had to endure it when compelled to travel. On these journeys it was customary for the passengers to drink at almost every stopping place, and probably to treat the driver, the latter functionary being in some cases already intoxicated. I remember a driver of Royal Munroe's, stage-proprietor, of Belleville, who, on arriving at the gate of his hotel-yard, which was a double one, drove his team right against the post between the two gates, one of his leaders being on each side of it, and there he whipped them unmercifully and vainly to make them "git up," till Royal himself had to come out and see about it. Another driver, or perhaps the same one, when going through the Indian woods—a long stretch of uncleared land between Napanee and Shannonville—acted so outrageously that the passengers had to complain of their lives being in danger to the postmaster of the latter village, who was a magistrate, but who could afford them neither assistance nor relief. So great was the danger of this journey that a member of parliament for an Eastern county, a plain quiet, elderly gentleman named, I think, Shaver, who was going up to attend the session at Little York, let himself drop over the stern of the stage, preferring to remain on that dreary road to going on with a furiously-intoxicated driver. Of course the stage-owner had to send back for the M.P.P., and apologise to the passengers for the condition of his driver, which he did by saying he had once before turned him off for the very same fault! The passengers in this case would have taken the reins out of the driver's hands, but a militia or a volunteer officer named, if I remember right, Dempsey, who was on board, and was nearly as drunk as the driver himself, drew a pistol and threatened to shoot any one that touched the reins—at the same time urging the driver to increase his break-neck speed over that horrible road. This incident happened shortly after the breaking out of the rebellion in 1837, when the country was in a sad state with alarms, disturbances, and especially intemperance.

It was not, however, often that such occurrences took place. The greater part of the drivers were sober and attentive so far as I saw, and I had an opportunity of seeing them every winter through the whole length of Canada for several years. There were also some inns—though not many—along the road noted for good management and good fare, which it was quite a pleasure to reach after a long, hard drive. Of these pleasant inns, which old travellers will remember, I may mention a few. One was at Coteau de Lac, kept by a blacksmith. Another was at Williamsburgh, now Morrisburgh,—a magnificent house, kept by Mr. Campbell, who subsequently kept the first house in Toronto. Another was Franklin's, ten miles east of Kingston. A fourth was Freligh's, somewhere on this side of Belleville; and a fifth, perhaps the snuggest of the whole, was Grover's, in Clarke or Pickering. The inns in towns and villages were generally rendered exceedingly disagreeable by the number of persons drinking in them, of a dissipated or "fast" character, and the untidy manner in which they were kept. The inn at which the stage stopped in Port Hope, at one time, appeared one of the worst I had seen. The stage on that occasion was full, and when the light from the front door shone upon it, I found the passenger next me—whom I had before greatly suspected from the style of his conversation—had the indelible stamp of the State's prison and the gallows on his remarkable countenance. I only got one glimpse of it, for he dodged away at once; but that glimpse revealed a big face apparently blanched by confinement in a dark cell to the dead, whitish-yellow of a tallow-candle; and certainly a more brutal, vicious, criminal-looking visage was never imagined even by Dorè. What increased my discomfort at his companionship was that I had been kindly asked to take charge of a bank-parcel to be delivered in York, and how to keep it secure in such company—for my prison-cell-faced companion had accomplices with him—was the question. The practice, by the way, of asking any respectable traveller to carry a bank-parcel, which was common with the bankers and bank-agents of those days, was fraught with discomfort. These parcels contained bank-notes to an unknown

amount, and the carpet-bags, trunks, or valises in which they were stowed were necessarily left in the stage or on the stoop when the passengers took their meals. In some rare cases bags were left behind or went astray, and were found, after days or weeks, lying carelessly about some bar-room or other. It may be reckoned to the account of a new country, however, and as a striking testimony of the general good character of the people, that in no case that I have heard of was there any ultimate loss. The Express Companies have long since happily relieved private travellers from the nuisance of bank parcels, a change which is advantageous to both parties.

The ordinary credit given to country merchants in Upper Canada, in the days of which I am writing, was twelve months—namely, six months without interest and six months with—the interest being fixed by law at 6 per cent., and to charge or receive more would invalidate the whole debt. The necessary profit to cover this long transaction, had, of course, to be put upon the goods; and, after all, it was not so great as the ordinary profit upon four three-months' transactions with French-Canadian traders. The western merchant after paying, or promising to pay, thirty or forty per cent. profit to the importer, doubled the prices of his goods to his customers, to whom he had in turn to give a year's credit; and he considered farmers who paid all up in a year first-rate, as the Montreal merchant did the country merchant who settled-up annually. By far the greater part of customers of both left a balance—and generally a constantly increasing one from one year to another. Nor could it be otherwise. All, or nearly all, that the new settler possessed had to go in payment for his lot, or for provisions. He had to give the land a year's credit for his crops, and of course he left his debt to the storekeeper to accumulate as long as possible, in the expectation of paying it when he got over his first difficulties. Then again the storekeeper had to erect his store and ashery, and, if enterprising, a saw-mill, grist-mill, and fulling mill, all of which, though they greatly benefited the country, cost money (or rather the goods he bought in Montreal were used in paying for their erection); and he had besides,

as we have seen, to give a year's credit or more to his customers. It was no wonder, therefore, that he could not settle up within the year with his Montreal friends. When banks were established, the country merchant went into the bank for all he could get, giving the indorsations of his most respectable neighbors which were lent without any distinct idea of responsibility; and if anything went wrong with the merchant the indorsers often desired to repudiate the debt, and perhaps put their property out of their hands to avoid paying it, or at all events gave a preference to all their own creditors before the holders of the paper they had indorsed for others. The system of raising as much as possible out of the banks, enabled country merchants either to diminish the debt they owed in Montreal or to buy and build more property. And upon their real estate, which continually hung like a millstone about their necks, they were usually forced at last to give mortgages either to their Montreal suppliers or to the bank, or both. When interest accumulated on these mortgages the property had to be sold, but there were, generally speaking, no buyers, and the mortgagee had to buy in the property and either lease it for a mere trifle or let it run to waste. Montreal merchants used to acquire property all over the country in this way, which they could neither sell nor lease, but on which they had to pay taxes besides paying some person to perform the nominal duty of looking after it. In this way, to take property for a debt, came to be regarded as almost worse than getting nothing at all; and in many of the villages of Upper Canada one might see conspicuous houses, built by some merchant who had gone under, which had fallen into a shocking state of dilapidation. On inquiring why such a house was unoccupied, the answer would be that it belonged to some one in Montreal and nobody was looking after it. Many lots of wild land were so acquired by Montreal merchants who failed, or died, or left the country; and in these cases all traces of the ownership frequently got lost, unless some person in the vicinity wished to purchase such a lot, who in that case might take the trouble of going to Montreal to hunt up the representatives of

the person in whose name it stood. The great extinguisher of such uncertain ownerships, however, was the sale for taxes, which took place after a certain number of years, if the taxes were unpaid. And after a certain number of years more, if the previous owner did not come forward and pay the purchaser all his expenditure and ten per cent. additional, the latter became the absolute proprietor. It was only, however, by an act which passed two years ago, I believe, that many of these titles were finally confirmed.

There was a singular custom in Upper Canada in those old times, namely, of going on "the limits." The old English law of imprisonment for debt existed in full force in Canada, and very many, unless they crossed the frontier in time, were liable to have it enforced against them; but if they could find security for the limits they were allowed their freedom within certain bounds. If they crossed those bounds a single pace on a week-day, their securities became liable for the debt, but on Sundays they were free to go where they chose if they came back in time. Thus it was that in every District town the posts which marked the limits were pointed out to visitors; and a number of idle, aimless individuals lounging listlessly about, with no business and no object in view, were pointed out as debtors on the limits. These relics of a past age, have been long superseded by wiser legislation, which leaves the responsibility of giving credit upon the party who does so, without any remedy against the debtor except seizing any property of his (not exempted) that can be found—a remedy which is equally expensive and hopeless. Still later, the insolvent law, by transferring almost instantly all a debtor's property to an assignee to be equally divided among his creditors, gives the latter a small chance of getting something.

Let me not be misunderstood as speaking of all merchants. There always were and are a considerable proportion of thoroughly honest and upright merchants, and a goodly proportion of prosperous ones, but the other classes were numerous also.

In Lower Canada there were no limits, but to gaol the poor debtor must go, and lie till

he paid the debt, or his creditor relented. A resident of Lower Canada could not indeed be imprisoned for a common debt, unless the creditor could swear that he was about to leave the Province with intent to defraud him; but as it was quite safe to swear that Upper Canada merchants or lumbermen were about to leave the Province, they were frequently incarcerated.

There was, however, a merciful provision in the French law to the effect that the creditor who imprisoned a debtor must send, every Monday morning, one dollar for his support during the week. He could not pay for more weeks than one, and for that he must pay on Monday morning—after all the softening and charitable influences of the Sabbath services—or his man walked out. It may be supposed that, through negligence or compassion, many debtors were released under this humane rule. Two or three merchants, however, were noted for keeping debtors in gaol a long time, but none of them did any good, even in the commercial sense of the term.

It was very pleasant to deal with the French-Canadian merchants of those days, many of whom had a very primitive but very accurate method of keeping accounts. They bought goods nominally on three months credit, but just paid as soon as they could—receiving no discount if they paid for them sooner, which was often the case, and paying no interest if they exceeded the time. When they had carefully examined a parcel of goods bought, and found the invoice or "bill" correct, they put the goods on their shelves and the bill on a fyle. They sold only for cash, and on Saturday they used the money drawn through the week, as far as it would go, in settling the lowest bills upon the fyle. Every supplier in this way had his fair turn, and all were paid as fast as the retailer could sell. If asked to pay interest, these unsophisticated merchants were offended, not seeing what they were to get for it. They willingly paid for goods which had gone on their shelves and been sold probably at a fair profit, but if they paid for interest, they could not put it on the shelf nor sell it again. It must be added that when they understood about notes, and renewals, interest, discount, and shaves, many of them became much less reliable.

FOR GOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS,

Large or small, you will not be disappointed at

J. C. PARKS'

PHOTOGRAPHIC ROOMS,

No. 1 Bleury street,

MONTREAL.

FIELD,

MARINE,

AND

OPERA-GLASSES,

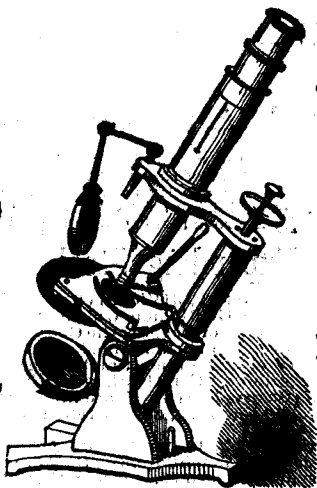
STEREOSCOPES

AND

VIEWS,

SURVEYING

INSTRUMENTS.



MICROSCOPES,

TELESCOPES,

THERMOMETERS,

BAROMETERS,

MAGIC LANTERNS

AND

SLIDES.

C. HEARN, Optician,

242 AND 244 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL,

Has on hand the largest and best assorted Stock of Optical Goods in the Dominion. He would invite particular attention to his superior Stock of SPECTACLES and EYE-GLASSES of every description.

REPAIRS EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

CANADA TRUSS FACTORY.

F. GROSS, SURGICAL MACHINIST,

AND

Elastic Spring Truss Maker,

INVENTOR AND MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF

INSTRUMENTS for PHYSICAL DEFORMITIES,

WORKER IN

BRASS, STEEL AND IRON,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

36 VICTORIA SQUARE, Montreal.

F. GROSS'S ARTIFICIAL LEGS,

Distinguished in their superiority for combining in the highest degree Scientific and Anatomical principles with the articulation of the natural limb, and possessing great strength, with lightness and durability. They are perfectly adapted to all forms of amputation. Every limb is made first-class, of the best material, and fully warranted. They are recommended by the leading Surgeons, and universally approved and recommended.

F. Gross's Chest-Expanding Steel Shoulder Braces.

Manufactured at the Canada Truss Factory, 36 Victoria Square, Montreal. This is an entirely new and superior article for Ladies and Gentlemen who have acquired a habit of stooping. This Brace is certain to answer the purpose of keeping the Chest expanded and the body upright; the two Steels on the back running over the shoulder-blades, giving a gentle and even pressure, they will prove conducive to health and gracefulness; and being strong and well made, will last a long time and always feel comfortable. For Gentlemen, this Chest-Expander will enable them to do away with the common Suspenders (which are injurious to health) by simply cutting holes in the leather of the Belt around the waist, and thereby keeping up the pants.

CAUTION TO PARENTS.—Parents, look to your children! Gross's newly-invented Steel Shoulder-Braces are almost indispensable for children, as they are liable to contract the habit of stooping and shrugging their shoulders at school, causing them to grow narrow-chested, and laying the foundation for consumption and lung-diseases. Parents should bear this in mind, and wearing our Braces will counteract this bad habit.

I beg to call particular attention to the London Belt Truss. This Truss—for the cure and relief of every species of Hernia admitting of a reduction within its natural limits, will be found to afford to those laboring under this common bodily infirmity instantaneous relief, and is so simple a contrivance that it may be worn with ease in any posture of the body; during sleep, or when taking violent exercise, and, when properly fixed on, is not perceptible. The pressure obtained is gentle and continuous, and may be increased or diminished at pleasure.

F. Gross can produce a great number of certificates from doctors and others to show that in all cases this Truss has given great satisfaction, and been applied with complete success.

ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

BERLIN WOOL,

FLEECY, FINGERING, AND LADY BETTY, IN ALL
SHADES, BERLIN WOOL PATTERNS, CANVASS,
CROCHET COTTON, KNITTING COTTON,
AND MATERIALS FOR VARIOUS KINDS OF FANCY WORK.

BASKETS.

MARKET BASKETS,
WASTE-PAPER BASKETS,
NURSERY BASKETS,
WORK BASKETS,
FANCY BASKETS,

TOYS AND GAMES,

In great variety.

GLASS SHADES,

ROUND AND OVAL.

-ALSO-

PAPER-HANGINGS, LADIES' DRESS BUTTONS, COMBS AND BRUSHES,
PORTEMONNAIES, LEATHER SATCHELS, AND A GENERAL
ASSORTMENT OF FANCY GOODS.

F. B. WRIGHT,

No. 386 Notre Dame street,
MONTREAL,
OPPOSITE C. ALEXANDER & SON'S.

THE TWIN RECORDS OF CREATION;

Or GEOLOGY AND GENESIS: Their Perfect Harmony and Wonderful Concord.

By **GEORGE VICTOR Le VAUX, F.C.T.**

With numerous Illustrations.

EXTRACTS FROM ENGLISH REVIEWS.

"We can recommend Mr. Le Vaux as an able and interesting guide to a popular appreciation of Geological Science."—*Spectator*.

"Mr. Le Vaux's knowledge of Science prevents him from misleading in any of the great matters of fact. His reverence for Scripture is clear; and his style of conveying himself to his readers' minds cannot make his book other than a pleasant companion."—*Eclectic and Congregational Review*.

"Mr. Le Vaux very feasilily reconciles the Two Records."—*Builder*.

"Mr. Le Vaux is an enthusiast in Geology, and has produced a most instructive and readable book. We welcome his volume as aiding in a most important discussion, and commend it to those interested in the subject."—*Evangelical Review*.

"The remarkable peculiarity of this author is that he combines an unbounded admiration of Science with an unbounded admiration of the Written Record. The two impulses are balanced to a nicety; and the consequence is, that difficulties which, to minds less evenly poised, would be serious, find immediate solutions of the happiest kinds."—*London Review*.

"A nicely printed little volume, with admirable Illustrations and much interesting matter, written in anything but a dry manner."—*Naturalists' Note-Book*.

"A valuable contribution to the evidences of Revelation, and disposes very conclusively of the arguments of those who would set God's Works against His Word. No real difficulty is shirked—no sophistry is left unexposed."—*Rock*.

The Illustrations of this work, including the gigantic monsters of the Adamite worlds, were drawn by a special Artist, from the fossil remains at the British Museum and elsewhere.

LONDON:

LOCKWOOD & CO., 7 STATIONERS' HALL COURT, E. C.

In preparation, by same author:

"**THE PRECEPTOR'S MANUAL;**" OR A GUIDE TO EDUCATION,
DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

WORTHY OF NOTICE.

The circulation of a few of the leading daily journals of New York City is given below:

"POST".....	7,000
"COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER".....	5,000
"EXPRESS".....	5,000
"EVENING MAIL".....	5,000

The present average circulation of the DAILY WITNESS is

7,400 per Day,

being larger than any of the above named Dailies of the Empire City of the United States.

The Daily Witness has a larger aggregate circulation than any other Daily in the Province of Quebec. For city circulation, it heads the list of the Dominion Press, exceeding, by some thousands, the *Globe*, the *Leader*, and the *Telegraph*, of Toronto. The latter paper claims to have a larger city circulation than either of its older contemporaries in Toronto, the greater portion of the circulation of the *Globe* and the *Leader* being sent to country districts; but the entire issue of the *Telegraph* is only about 3,000.

The advertising tariff of the New York papers per line for each insertion is as follows:—*Post*, 12c.; *Advertiser*, 10c.; *Express*, 12c.; *Mail*, 10c. That of the DAILY WITNESS is only

7 Cents per Line

for first or new insertion, and 3½c. per line for each subsequent insertion, giving the benefit of a larger circulation at a much lower rate.

SECOND CIRCULAR TO ADVERTISERS.

THE

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY

MONTREAL, CANADA: JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS.

In our first Circular, issued in November, we said :

"This Magazine, the first number of which was issued in October last, has at present date a circulation of 3,000 copies, and by the end of the first year the publishers hope to have a subscription list of 8,000 to 10,000."

The March number—the 6th—required an edition of 7,500. The April number will require at least 8,000; and we now hope to see an issue much beyond 10,000 by October.

In commencing "*The New Dominion Monthly*," the desire of the proprietors has been to make it the national magazine of the Confederated Provinces of British North America, and it is the only magazine of a general literary character in the Dominion, with its population of 4,000,000.

We confidently commend this new publication to the favor of advertising firms throughout Canada, the United States, and Great Britain, and solicit your patronage for it; at the same time inviting attention to the following note from a firm of considerable experience in advertising,

"MESSRS. JOHN DOUGALL & SON:—Gentlemen: We have very much pleasure in informing you that we have received more business applications in connection with our advertisements in "*The New Dominion Monthly*" than from any other advertising source; in fact, more than from all our other advertisements put together. Yours, very truly, C. W. WILLIAMS & Co."

Until further notice, the following will be the rates of advertising:—

Fly-leaves, per page, - - - - -	\$10.00 per month.
" " half page, - - - - -	6.00 "
" " four lines, double column, - - - - -	1.00 "
" " additional lines, - - - - -	.12½ "
Printed leaves bound in, - - - - -	1.00 per 1,000.

For pages of cover, and first page of fly-leaves after reading-matter, special rates are charged.

To advertisers for three months, a discount of 12½ per cent. will be made; for six months, 20 per cent.; and for 12 months, 33½ per cent. on the above rates.

British advertisers will please calculate five dollars to the pound sterling; and advertisers in the United States will remit in gold or its value.

Parties at a distance who may doubt the above statements with regard to figures, would do well to inform themselves of their correctness, through their friends here, or through advertising agents, to whom every facility for verifying our circulation will be afforded.

No advertisement can be inserted of bad or doubtful character.

All communications or remittances to be addressed (post-paid) to

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL, CANADA.

Montreal, March, 1884.

DR. COLBY'S Anti-Costive and Tonic Pills,

Are a safe and reliable remedy in all diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. They are no Quack Medicine, puffed-up by high-sounding testimonials from imaginary people, but are the result of forty years' experience of a first-class physician, and their extraordinary success is due to the fact that they answer exactly their name. The formula from which they are prepared is based on sound, scientific principles, and has received the unqualified approbation of the medical profession. They do not profess to be a cure for all; but for all diseases arising from any derangements of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, they furnish an effectual remedy. We have in our possession over one hundred testimonials from physicians who have used them in their practice and highly approve of them, among which are the following:—

The undersigned physicians cheerfully certify to the high professional standing of Dr. Colby, of Stanstead, one of the oldest and best physicians, and to the excellent qualities of his "ANTI-COSTIVE AND TONIC PILLS," which we have used in our practice, and highly approve,

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| J. H. Gibson, M. D., Dunham, C. E. | C. E. Cotton, M. D., Cowansville. |
| Charles Brown, M. D., Cowansville. | S. S. Foster, M. D., Brome |
| J. C. Butler, M. D., Waterloo. | John Erskine, M. D., Waterloo. |
| Norman Cleveland, M. D., Barnston. | N. Jenks, M. D., Barnston. |
| C. W. Cowles, M. D., Stanstead. | John Meigs, M. D., Stanstead. |
| Joseph Breadon, M. D., Surgeon, R. N. | Benjamin Damon, M. D., Coaticook. |
| Lemuel Richmond, M. D., Derby Line. | |

S. J. FOSS & CO., Sherbrooke, P. Q., sole proprietors. HENRY, SIMPSON & CO., Montreal Wholesale Agents.

JACOB'S RHEUMATIC LIQUID.

For the immediate relief and permanent cure of Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Frost-Bites, Lamé Back, Side, Limbs, or Stomach, Cramp, Numbness of Limbs, Swelling of Joints, Sudden Colds, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, etc.

JACOB'S RHEUMATIC LIQUID

Has been before the public for upwards of twenty years, and such are its merits that it is now justly considered as an indispensable article in every family where it is known.

It has never been forced on public attention by flaming advertisements of remarkable cures that never had any existence; but, by its own peculiar value as an unfailing remedy, it has worked its way into public favor.

Having a wonderful effect when taken internally, in quickening the circulation of the blood, it is invaluable to persons predisposed to Paralysis, or subject to attacks of Heart-Disease. In cases of Dyspepsia, where food distresses, it affords prompt relief, and continued for a short time, sets everything right.

The name of the medicine is blown in each bottle of the genuine; and the purposes for which it is intended, as well as the mode of using, attached.

HENRY, SIMPSON & CO., Montreal, Wholesale Agents. S. J. FOSS & CO., Sherbrooke, P. Q., sole proprietor

HUNT'S EMPIRE HAIR GLOSS.

This pleasant, agreeable, and scientific preparation is an indispensable article for the toilet. It cleanses the scalp, renders the hair of a darker appearance, is easily applied, and will not stain the finest linen. Those using the Empire Hair Gloss will find that it renders the hardest and coarsest hair, soft, glossy, fine, and beautiful, disposing it to stay in any position in which it is placed. It prevents the hair from falling out, invigorates and strengthens it, and often produces a new growth of hair where it has already disappeared, by invigorating and restoring the skin, nerves, muscles, blood-vessels, and roots of the hair. PRICE 25 CENTS.

S. J. FOSS & CO., Proprietors and Sole Manufacturers, Sherbrooke, Province of Quebec. HENRY, SIMPSON & Co., Montreal; LYMAN, ELLIOT & Co., Toronto, Wholesale Agents.