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NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

MAY, 1875.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. FIFTEEN CENTS PER COPY.

MONTREAL WITNESS PROSPECTUS FOR 1875.

— In making kindly reference to the troubles through which Mr. Beecher has been passing Mr. Bowen, the proprietor and editor of the New York *Independent*, defends himself from the imputation of entertaining jealousy against either of the parties concerned in the painful quarrel by stating the fact that in the year Mr. Beecher closed his connection with the *Independent*, the income of that paper increased by the sum of $40,000, and in the year after Mr. Tilton had left it the income again increased by the sum of $25,000. Mr. Bowen does not ascribe this success to the departure of these gentlemen; on the contrary, he says that a newspaper is an institution which, when it has once established itself thoroughly, must with ordinarily careful management continue to progress independent of personal changes in its staff. Such has been remarkably the history of the MONTREAL WITNESS during the past three years, during which time the DAILY WITNESS has increased its circulation from 11,033 to 12,900, and the WEEKLY from 7,000 to 17,000, while the total income of the business has increased during these years from $73,668 to $97,985. The expenditure has, however, kept pace with the income.

The WEEKLY WITNESS was commenced twenty-eight years ago at less than half its present size at the rate of $2.50 per annum; almost as much as is now charged for the DAILY. Its progress was sufficient to induce its establishment in a semi-weekly form in the year 1856, and as a daily in the year 1860. Most citizens will remember the small sheet that first bore the name of the DAILY WITNESS, which appeared at the time of the progress of the Prince of Wales through Canada. A paper of the character of the WITNESS, starting as a daily in such an insignificant form, was by most people looked upon as a good joke. Many of our earlier readers doubtless amused themselves by purchasing the news in connection with the pious and moral elections which appeared on the reverse of the sheet. As, however, a lively business had sprung up in the city during the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, then not long ended, in what were called extras—small fly sheets sold at one penny,—a whole newspaper at a half penny stood a good chance of replacing them in public favor. The DAILY WITNESS thus had a fair beginning, and in spite of many prognostications against the probability of its success and the many misgivings of its proprietors, who looked upon it rather in the light of an experiment, and who at first held themselves free to discontinue it after a specified time, its circulation has steadily gone forward year after year and although it has had many rivals in the field of evening journalism it has never suffered from this to any appreciable extent. As it increased in circulation, advertising business naturally followed and demanded increased space, so that we are enabled now to issue at a little over the original price of one half-penny, a daily sheet of first-class proportions, and containing more reading than any other in the city, with an average patronage at the highest rates which are asked in Montreal, and with a circulation which makes the extraordinary claim of being equal to that of all the other daily papers in the city put together.

The WITNESS ascribes its success, under Him to whom it owes and acknowledges its first allegiance, to the entire independence maintained throughout its history of any governing influences or interests save the good of the people of Canada. According to the best judgment of its conductors, it has sought without the bias of any political party or other restrictive constituency to further this end of its existence, without giving a thought to either hopes or fears of an interested sort. In following this course it has most naturally had to face assault after assault on the part of those who felt hurt by its animadversions, or who had deeper reason than they express to feel unfriendly towards it. Such attacks have, however, been far fewer, and have proved, so far, much weaker to injure it than might readily have been imagined under the circumstances, while on the other hand its conductors have been overwhelmed by many manifestations of appreciation and kindly feeling, which have been by their means evoked, and they look to the future with higher hopes than they have ever before indulged. They have learned to count upon the kindness of the readers of the WITNESS, old and young, to an unlimited extent, the past increase being very largely due to their exertions. Of such friends we have, we hope, an ever increasing number, and to such we appeal, not omitting the young people, and even little children, to whose efforts we are largely indebted, and every one of whom can help us. If our readers believe that the WITNESS will do good among their neighbors, or that it will be for them a good investment of the trifle which it costs, we ask them, for the sake of all concerned, to commend it thus far to those whom they know, and if this is done during the coming three months as diligently as has been done at times in the past, we may hope to enter the year 1875 with a further and very large increase to our subscription list.

Our DAILY readers will have observed during this year a considerable increase in the number of special telegrams received by the WITNESS, bringing us European and American news, independent of that supplied by the Associated Press, and the news of other towns and cities in this Dominion. Many items of interest have also been added to the commercial information supplied, and country readers of all editions will be pleased with the farmers' markets telegraphed daily or weekly from the leading market towns of Ontario. Illustrations have been more numerous than in former years, and we hope to add to this kind of embellishment, as the facilities which the city affords for the production of pictures increase. We have but one improvement to announce for the coming year It was our promise that if our friends would send us sufficient advertising patronage to fill the increased space we would again (for the fourth time within a few years) increase th size of the WEEKLY WITNESS, this time by adding a column to the breadth of every page. The advertising business already secured by that addition is not yet sufficient to occupy all the additional space already added on account of it, but as we have reason to hope for a more rapid growth of that business in the future

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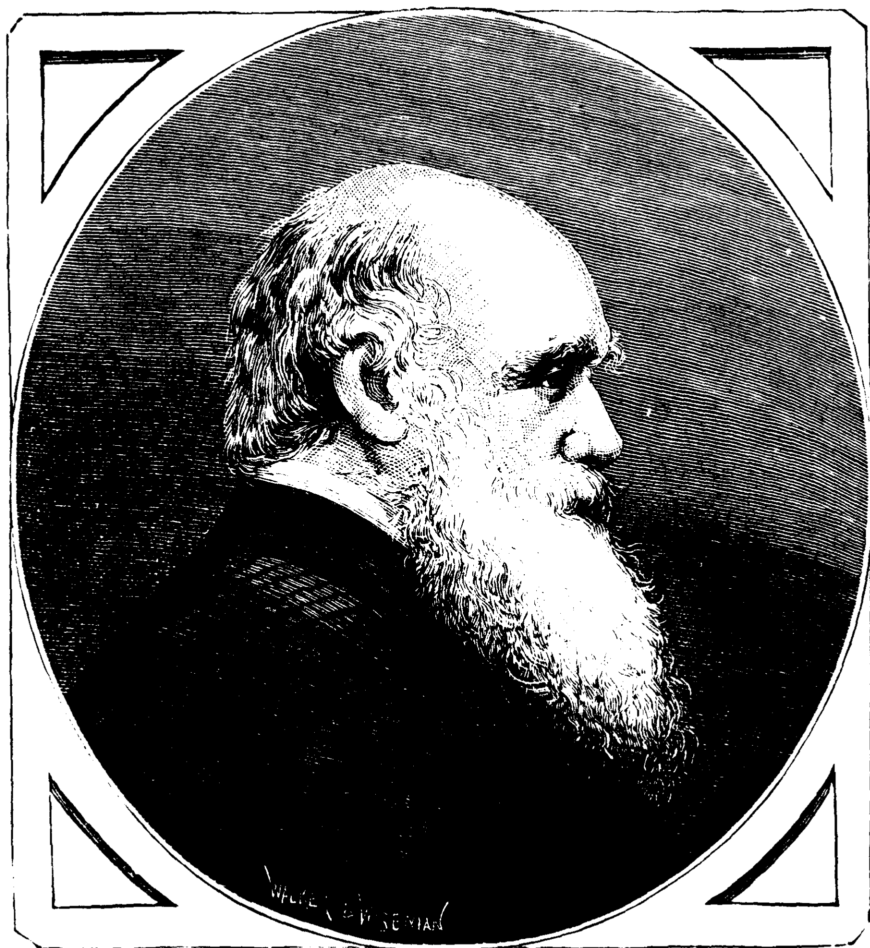

CHARLES R. DARWIN, ESQ., F.R.S.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

MAY, 1875.

A STORY TOLD AT SEA.

BY FESTINA LENTE.

We had been watching the sun set. The children had been chasing one another round and round the deck; when the sun had set, their mothers and aunts had taken them down below; the gentlemen had gone away to smoke, so that my old friend and I were left alone together. For us, the beauty of the sunset was yet to come; the gradual rising and crimsoning of the amber-colored clouds, and the sight, so replete with beauty, of their golden reflection on the waves. The sea was very calm; hardly disturbed by a ripple, only now and then with a gurgle and plash, a wave broke against the vessel. Forward, the steerage passengers were singing hymns; the sound of their voices came to us all the sweeter, that so great a distance separated us. "Glory, glory, glory." We listened again—the hymn was finished, only the laughter of the gentlemen on the quarter-deck broke the silence; then, again, the voices, in glad refrain, "In Heaven we part no more." Then my friend turned his eyes from the glorious horizon and I saw that those words, so rudely sung, had penetrated to his innermost consciousness, and that he loved them as prophetic of a blessed reality. To his lips some story seemed to rush; had I not been there, he would have spoken all to his own solitary heart. I looked my assent that he should begin, and he spoke—spoke on continuously, till the moon arose and the stars feebly twinkled in the sky; spoke until in the dimness of evening I was personally lost to him; and, my identity lost, remained only a shadow, hovering near in silent sympathy.

"I had a friend once," he said—"nay, rather, I *have* a friend—lost to me now in the immensity of space. It is a temporary loss," he said in a wistful tone, and with his eyes again upon the golden halo. "Only a film separates us—lost to my sight—but he himself—his reality—his soul and spirit—my friend indeed—there is no space so great but he would bridge it to come to me.

My friend lived with us from his infancy. He and I were about the same age, but there all likeness between us ended; he was strong and healthy in body, bright and clever in thought and action, while I was feeble in body, and dull and slow in every other particular. Yet very naturally, a deep and earnest love and friendship for each other, grew with our growth, ripened as our years neared manhood, and never once was shaken during absence, trouble or sickness. Conrad, as he desired, was educated for the medical profession. I, with an innate love of art, tried to lose my sense of desolation at his absence, in bending all my dull faculties to small artistic productions. Sometimes I caught a gleam of light on the heather-browed mountain, and on my paper made unwearied attempts

to reproduce it; or the sound of children's laughter, from the fields of yellow buttercups, stayed with me, and I strove to reproduce its sweet merriment. At last the time came that Conrad should return; he had, by dint of excessive study, passed all his examinations with "honors," and had taken his degree of M. D. of London University. My father was very proud and pleased, and told me that with such a diploma, the world lay at Conrad's feet; he might make himself famous in time, if he chose to work on as well as he had begun. But I cared less for the honors he had won than for the fact that a few days more would bring him back to us.

On the first evening of his return, he and I strolled forth into the country for a long and confidential talk. I looked at him with pride, surveyed his vast height and breadth with satisfaction. He turned to me, and smiled to see my intense gaze.

"I look at you," I said, "with mingled feelings of pride and wonder; you have made your every step in life a success; success is written on your brow. The world will be the better for your life, my friend." He laughed a little while and said earnestly.

"I intend my life to be a success. When I gauge myself I feel I can *be* what I like, can make myself what I like, and that no obstacle would be more than a football in my path. Do you know I have two courses open to me; the first was suggested to me by your father some years ago—as an incentive to work, I imagine. I can make myself the position of consulting physician in this town, Belfast; or," he said, looking intently up at the crags on the mountain at whose foot we sauntered, "there is a village in North Connaught where no doctor can find a living—partly on account of the poverty of the people, and partly from fear of their rough manners. Now, my private fortune would relieve me from the first difficulty, and I should enjoy battling with the second. The town is unhealthy, and in sad need of medical assistance. Fevers and epidemic diseases are its bane."

"What of that!" I exclaimed. "Any ordinary man would do for such a wretched place; but you, with your splendid talents, to bury yourself!"

"Do not excite yourself," he said, laughing; "I feel that the decision rests neither with you nor me."

"With whom then?" I said. And he answered, "Elizabeth Merrick."

I turned round upon him then, uneasy and restless. "Elizabeth Merrick!" I said; "she is English."

"Even so, you Irishman. English of the highest type. Patrick, ours is no usual, common love. We feel between us a deep abiding friendship. You shall see her this evening, and you will agree with me that she and I need one another to perfect each the other's life, and that each has power to ennoble the other."

"I have seen her likeness," I said, hesitatingly.

"And you are clever at reading faces," he replied with eagerness; "prove it now; tell me what you think of hers, as if I were not interested in the matter."

"I shivered—why, I knew not—*now*, I know that the vague dislike to this woman which arose and troubled me, had its foundation in jealousy. "Who would I choose to stand before me and the affections of my friend?"

"You will not," he said. "As you like, friend. But now expound to me this mystery: I have been an orphan for twenty years, and yet my father is living."

"You speak in parables," I laughed.

"Nay!" he said, "but in sober earnest. When I told your father of my approaching marriage, he told me that my father still lived, and that to-night he would communicate to me some painful fact concerning him."

"Strange indeed!" I answered.

"I have been thinking of my father ever since," continued Conrad. "Perhaps he joined in Irish rebellions (the O'Briens have always been disturbers of the peace), perhaps he loves a gypsy life and has spent these twenty years in wanderings over foreign lands. I feel," he said, firmly planting his foot upon the mountain side, "that whatever my father is, I am like him; that I have capabilities for a grand life equal to his; for he is great—must be, my friend;

my faith is strong in that. Strange that he has chosen I should live so long apart from him. Some day we shall meet, and I am determined he shall find his son worthy of him."

As he spoke the sound of coming wind rushed up the mountain side. It blew upon us—fresh wind, bearing life on its wings, for it came from the Lough below. Yet had its breath to me an icy chill. "Let us go home," I said, and we silently ascended the mountain side. A sudden message had called my father to Dublin. He had started before we reached home, and O'Brien said to me that the mystery about his father must for a few days remain unsolved. Meantime I must come and see Elizabeth. She was sitting in a dimly lighted room. We three fell gradually into a deep train of thoughtful talk. My friend, full of noble thoughts, gave them forth freely; Elizabeth picked them up, welded them, and reproduced them as her own. When she spoke he listened with a keen attention; once he laid his hand upon my shoulder, and I understood that he would say, "Behold, listen, my jewel is rare; I am too happy in its possession."

We fell into a long unbroken silence. It was broken at last by O'Brien, who suddenly laid before her the two paths which were open to him. He spoke with a deep fervor that thrilled through me. I had not imagined so strong and young a man could care so much for the miseries and wants of the poor. I could see that all his heart was with his scheme for the regeneration of that wretched town, and then he paused.

"Elizabeth," he said, "it lies with you to choose. I can make a position in Dublin, and with it wealth and honor; but in Connaught—ah! sometimes, I think it is an idle scheme -it would take more than my fortune to relieve the poor there. Our life would be one continual struggle with poverty."

"I will think," she said; "such a weighty matter deserves consideration. I think, with Patrick, it is not always right to bury one's talents under a bushel, and there are always the poor and wretched everywhere," she added in a lower tone.

And he said, "Your sympathies are with me, and your judgment has my fullest trust. It shall be as you will."

Then we walked silently home. My father soon returned; he sent for O'Brien. Conrad put his arm through mine, telling me he had no secrets from me, and with that I accompanied him to my father's room. He walked in with a smile on his face, and a perfect confidence in his heart that this painful story he was to hear would have no gloomy influence on his life. My father always took a dark view of things; his disposition was sad and mournful; any cloud of his creating would prove but transistory, Conrad felt convinced.

"Glad to see you back again, sir," he said to my father in his hearty voice

My father shuffled, looked at me enquiringly, as if to know why I had intruded. Conrad hastily said he had wished me to come,—and the subject of my intrusion being disposed of, we sat down, and my father got up and paced the room with hurried steps. He came at length to O'Brien's side, and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"My son," he said, "for you have been such to me for many years, know me for a weak-minded man; I cannot bear to spoil your life, to utter the words which will turn the brightness of your life to bleakest desolation. I should have told you this years ago, but I could not; the possibility that you would marry did not occur to me, and I tried to forget the subject. Yet I have twice ere this, determined to tell you; but each time you came in bright and joyous, and your happiness sealed my lips.'

"Don't be afraid to speak out, sir," said O'Brien. If it is of my parentage (and people have always been silent to me on that subject), I care not if my father were a chimney sweep, so that he did his work well; if, sir, any speculation of his has cost me my fortune (and *that* you always told me was an ample one), I shall not make a trouble of it. I am able and willing to carve my own way to wealth and honor."

"Oh, my poor lad! my poor lad!" ejaculated my father. Then in the silence which followed, he sat with his eyes fixed moodily on the floor. Presently he took a piece

of paper, and wrote a few words on it, and after a little further hesitation handed it to O'Brien; "it is your father's address," he said, in a voice as tender as he could make it.

"Asylum for the Insane, Rue La Blanche, Rouen. My God!"

O'Brien read it out in a voice surprised, not comprehending; but his exclamation at the end showed sudden and full comprehension. I did not look at him, in that moment of unutterable woe,—I who loved him so, would not intrude even my scrutiny. But after a long silence he spoke again.

"My father then is—insane."

"And it is hereditary in your family," said my father, his words conveying the deepest sting of all.

O'Brien hurriedly left the room. I followed him to the hall door. He was breathing heavily like a man in a deep sleep, and there was a desperate calm in the hurry of his movements, which filled me with alarm. He went out, and I followed; he motioned me back with a fierce gesture, but I would not be gainsaid. I am very lame, as you know, and as I followed with my eyes intent on his fast vanishing figure, I stumbled and fell. "Conrad!" I cried, my voice rising to a wail of agony; and yet, believe me, no thought of my own suffering was present in my mind then. He came back with long strides, and lifted me in his strong arms as if I were an infant. He carried me to a neighboring bench, and laid me down.

"Patrick," he said, rather panted, "I am a man—I must think, rest—have quiet. Look up at the brow of the mountain,—the clouds rest there. In such a pure atmosphere I must breathe awhile, or I too—My God Thy burden is too heavy for me!" He turned from me then, for the first time in his life walking with a drooping head. And I stayed there in the old garden, until I saw his eager foot set on the brow of the mountain; then, miserable and sad at heart, I cast myself on my bed—to cry. O'Brien came home before the night had waned; and as I lay listening, eager to catch the slightest sound, I heard him open his writing desk, and then supposed him to be writing between his fits of pacing up and down. Then I fell asleep. His gentle hand awakened me; he was dressed, and had his travelling valise with him.

"Patrick," he said, "I am going to see — my father. Give this yourself to Elizabeth;" he handed me a letter.

"Conrad!" I cried, "Conrad!" My manliness had vanished; invalided as I had been, it had never been very hardy.

"Poor Patrick!" he said slowly; "be comforted, I shall come back to you, my friend—to you and Elizabeth, once and ever true friends."

I turned away from him then, that he might not see me cry. I felt his hand upon my head; once more he said "Poor Patrick!" and then he was gone. I rose and took the letter to Elizabeth. Early though I was, I found her in the garden.

"I have been on the mountain," she said, "to see the sun arise, and it seems to me as though the whole universe were clad in gold and besparkled with drops of dew, the whole creation bright and pure and spotless as these white roses."

She pulled down a cluster from a bush overhanging the gateway, and handed them to me, and the risen sun shone with its slanting light upon her quiet face. Then in silence I held out the letter and I think my face told a story of some deep woe, for she regarded me from her own brightness, with sympathizing eyes, and I hastily left her. I passed that day in the deepest misery, and in the evening, after much irresolution, determined to seek an interview with Elizabeth, to entreat of her to be true to my friend in this sorrow, trusting to my own love for words with which to plead for him should need be. The cottage door, as usual, stood open, and I entered. Sounds of music from the parlor attracted me; it was Elizabeth playing. I went into the room and stood beside her. She had taken refuge in the noble music of the grand "Beethoven," in the exquisite harmonies of his Funeral March. When the last chord had died away, she rose.

"It is in memory of a great hero," she said, with a tremble in her voice. "Did you ever think, Patrick, of the sorrow the 'master' must have felt as he wrote that

Sonata. It is too grand for my words to express,—no exponent of a common, selfish grief that a loved one is no more. It marches on with triumph, solemn and soul-inspiring, glorying that one so noble lived and achieved such works."

"Elizabeth," I began, then broke down, and she too said,

"Poor Patrick!" Then she added, "It was kind of you to come to me to-night; come again as often as you can, till Conrad returns."

I looked full in her face. Was there, then, no need to say the words I had come to say?

"We must learn this lesson from Beethoven," she said, with a firmer voice: "not to sorrow helplessly, but to mingle gladness and triumph with it. Our hero is not dead, but the bitterness of death were light to the suffering which he is enduring. I have a faith in him," she continued, "so strong that I am confident he will return to us, triumphant over his suffering, able to look beyond the bitterness of the present moment, to the grandness of Eternity. And he, and you, and I—we are friends now and forever."

I went away then into the calm night, went away with the revelation in my soul of what a grand influence a noble woman could exercise. It was a month after this evening before my friend came back. He arrived unexpectedly, one night, just as I sat brooding sadly in my room. I sprang up, and he and I with clasped hands stood searching each the other's face. The countenance that I looked upon was very beautiful to me; it bore the impress of a struggle and the lines marking care and the calm of victory. He put his arms round my shoulders and pulled me to a seat.

"Patrick," he said with thoughtful care, "you are weak and ailing again." Then his voice changed. "You have been of great comfort to Elizabeth," said he.

Something very like a sob came up from my throat and stifled my voice.

"Elizabeth and I," he said calmly, "have had a long talk this evening," and then he sprang up and paced the room, speaking what words he could, often in short, unconnected sentences, as if no words could give utterance to his thoughts.

"I have seen the worst, suffered the bitterest sorrow. The subject is fraught with bitterness, Patrick; after to-night our lips shall be sealed upon it. My father—I saw my father. I saw a wretched feeble imbecile, the wreck of a fine man, once of great intellectual power. Smitten in the midst of a useful life, blasted and withered; at times a raving maniac, often a harmless imbecile; at play when first I saw him, tossing back and forth a ball; laughing feebly when his keeper caught it for him, falling often in his eagerness to catch it for himself. Some one there told him I was his son, and for a moment I had a hope that that word would by some long-forgotten train of thought bring back a little of that God-given intelligence. But no, one little curious gaze into my face, a slight expression of pleasure to see a visitor—that was all. Erelong he turned again to the game my coming had interrupted. Hopeless, quite hopeless, hereditary madness and imbecility. Those words rang in my ears, burned their way into my brain, and"—

There was a long pause after this, but my own thoughts filled it up, made it eloquent with the recital of a strong man's suffering, and I drank with him the cup of bitterness to the very dregs.

"I then went to the most renowned physicians that I could hear of,—I was not content to consult one or two. From all the verdict was the same—hopeless as regarded my father, and for me—it required much pertinacity on my part to gain their opinion of my case—the chances are equally balanced.

"But," I exclaimed, "Conrad, such a strong man as you are physically and mentally, and one who has lived such a steady, quiet life—it is impossible."

"Ah, Patrick," he said in a sad tone, "my life can but approach to my father's in true manliness; my intellect is only the reproduction of his own; my tastes in life are similar to his. But, nevertheless, Patrick," he continued with a change of tone, "the chances are equal for my escape. I have taken time for thought; there is no part of this subject which has not had its full share of my profoundest thought."

"And Elizabeth?" I asked.

He was silent for awhile; then he said: "As far as we can see our future is settled, in a way which will bring happiness to both of us. Elizabeth will return to her family in England, when she leaves her cousins here, and will devote her life, as she always intended to do ere she knew me, to helping those of her own sex who are friendless, to making a home in the Babylon of London for those who seek a refuge from want and care. She has money, and will, I am sure, do a noble work; her life will be no wreck. She will write to me, and the true friendship that exists between us will remain strong until death."

"And you?" asked I.

"And I, Patrick. Shall my life be one bemoaning because my personal happiness is endangered? I say endangered, for how can I say lost when to me remain such friends as Elizabeth and yourself? Shall the usefulness of the intervening years be lost, because the wreck of my treasured intellect is to be expected with every year added to my life? No! my life shall be a ruin only when the cloud has descended on me, and then may the merciful God shorten those years of uselessness, and I shall find myself, Patrick—I shall find myself again, my lad, when this mortal shall put on immortality. Meantime there are the sick and poor, and I, at present strong in body and in mind and in will. In time this shock will pass away, and I shall regain my cheerfulness, and my own suffering will help me to understand the sorrows of others, and give me a deeper interest in my work than even science can do."

"Then," said I, "you are going to Connaught."

"Yes; the life of consulting physican had its attractions for Elizabeth's sake; but now, the life would be unendurable."

And after that the subject was closed between us. Elizabeth returned to England; Conrad went to his new home in North Connaught. Time rolled on, and bore healing on its wings,. Sometimes I went to stay awhile with Conrad, and those were always happy times to me. His town was built by the seashore. It was a miserable place, the huts small and dirty, and the doctor had daily to fight against disease and death. At rare intervals he met Elizabeth at my father's house, and those were happy days for us all—the two who loved each other so well that they could contentedly fulfil their life's work apart, and I, who worshipped them both, and fain would have emulated the usefulness of their lives but for my own infirmity. I say most earnestly, there is no sight under heaven nobler then that of a man who has suffered, and who puts that suffering aside, and gains rest in a sublime, unselfish life, and that of a woman whose whole existence is an effort to ennoble those who are around her.

Ten years afterwards an unusally warm summer caused my father to accompany me on my summer trip to Connaught. We found Conrad bright and cheerful,—in especially good spirits because epidemic diseases were becoming rare occurrences, because better houses were being built, because good drainage, and ventilation were becoming general, and because the town was consequently increasing and prospering. My father and Conrad took long rides together, or went on the sea with the fishermen, but I could neither boat nor ride. I spent long days on the sea shore; sometimes I played with the little children, who became very familiar when once they lost the idea that my crutch was intended to "bate them with." Sometimes I talked with the fishermen and women whose whole lives semed spent out of doors. They would all wax eloquent on one theme.—"The Doctor." Never were there people who believed themselves to have suffered more from sicknesses, or who had greater faith in their doctor. I was glad of the picture which they gave of him to me: the cheerful friend who gave them bright thoughts in their illness, hopeful words in times of trouble. Hearing all these things, and being daily witness of the happiness Conrad diffused around him, I began to wonder if it were possible that the awful doom which it was prophesied lay in the future, perchance had faded from his memory; otherwise it hardly seemed credible that he could live such a bright life.

It chanced one afternoon that, after one

of my long talks with a fisherman, I came home to rest. My father and Conrad had gone for a ride along the shore. Yet when I entered the house, I found they had returned. My father looked disturbed and uneasy. Conrad lay on the sofa, looking pale.

"He fell from his horse," said my father— "a kind of fainting fit."

"Don't be alarmed, Patrick," he said. "We were riding too fast—I am getting stout, and lose my breath, and then I get a pain which makes me feel faint. I will be more careful in future."

"Where is the pain?" said my father.

"Here, caused by too rapid action of the heart, I believe," he rejoined.

"Go out of the room, Patrick," said my father, and I obeyed. I went out into the garden—sea pinks and holyhocks, an old crabapple tree and a hawthorn; the garden contained little else. With a miserable feeling of coming sorrow, I walked round and round that quaint old garden. My father joined me there.

"Disease of the heart," he said in his mournful voice; "he has known it some time. Poor lad! poor lad!"

I think I gave a little cry, and a faintness overcame me; my father put his arm round me.

"He may live for many years—he has a better chance of life than you have, my son." Then under his breath he added, "It is better he should die."

Conrad joined us, and my father returned to the house. "I have some things to say to you, Patrick" Conrad said. He held out his arm to me, and with that support I walked down on to the shore. I looked upon the sea, lit up with the setting sunbeams; I looked upon its calm ebb and flow, and up to the blue heavens; and I remembered One who trod the shores of Gennesaret, and who, preparing for His death, said words of comfort to those who loved Him, which should be a consolation to them when He was gone. My friend looked down upon me with a smile upon his lips, and with an expression of loving sympathy and pity for me, words could not describe.

"Patrick," he said, "ten years ago a time of deep sorrow came for me. For ten years I have striven manfully to bear it, and I have been successful. And now lad, I am thirty-two years old, older than my father was when his fate overtook him, and my intellect is clear and unclouded as ever. It might be that I should pass a long life without its loss, but every year brings with it a kind of dread lest that dire event should happen. Your father agrees with me that such an attack as I had to-day is the forerunner of a sudden death. Patrick, if my soul should so suddenly leave its habitation of flesh, try to check the sense of loss. Believe that I am freed from a lifelong misery, and that in a few years we shall meet again. To us Death is no enemy, rather the angel of mercy opening to us the gates of Paradise. Remember it is I that you have loved, and I shall still exist. You have loved my person only because it was the clothing of my soul. Mourn not, then, when it shall be time to bury it away out of sight; it is not I,—no more I than is this stone I throw away into the sea. He threw one away as he spoke; it skimmed the waves and, sinking, made wide circlets.

"And you must go to Elizabeth," he continued; "she will comfort you and help you see this."

And then we strolled on by the waves, and he told me what a constant help and source of cheerfulness and hope, Elizabeth's friendship and frequent letters had been to him; how every letter she wrote contained always some idea worthy of thought. She will be stronger to bear my loss than you, my poor Patrick," he said, "go then to her, where you want comfort, and if any one can help you, it will be she."

My father went home; a few days afterwards. "Patrick," he said to me, "you may stay here as long as you like, as long as Conrad"—he paused, and I gave in a cheerfull tone my opinion that Conrad was better.

"He has come to me, the last two evenings, for relief," said my father gravely. "I would not leave him now, did not my patients appear anxious for my return. Poor lad!"

My father returned to Belfast. The summer months wore on, and September came.

Country people brought produce to our sea-shore town, and they talked of the harvest and of how the wheat stood in sheaves, and gleaners trod the golden fields. But on the shore, the waves broke with noisy roar, telling of coming winter. October then, bringing with it a second summer and evenings of long twilight.

"Let us go in, Patrick," said Conrad, one evening when we had gazed our fill at the crested waves. "What pleasant times we are having together, lad!"

He put his arm round me and half lifted me into the shadowy room, and as he set me down, I clung round his neck with one long embrace. He patted my head tenderly and then sighed.

"Patrick," he said, "I am very tired; I will try and get a little sleep before it is time for the lights to be brought in."

He lay down on the couch and I limped back to the window, and sat there watching the gloom of night descend upon the waters. It grew late. "Conrad," said I, "shall I ring for candles?"

He did not answer and I repeated my question in a louder tone; receiving then no answer, I went to his side and touched his hand.—

Ah me! never again, ah! never again, would he need the light of candles.

The bells rang,—I looked up, and my friend moved silently away. I stayed a little while then, alone, to look at the placid sea, at the heavens all starred and blue, and to reflect upon the story of these noble lives, to wish that there were more of earth's habitants to influence and ennoble each other, by perfect faith and truth of character; to regret that for the many no aim in life presented such attractions as seeking for personal happiness,—that to the few remained the glory of lives of self-abnegation; that to the many death brought dismay and sorrow and dread unconquerable, and that to the few it also brought glad hopes of higher life, of joyful reunion; that he appeared to be the merciful messenger of God sent to bear the soul away from its corruptible habitation.

BIRTHDAY LINES.

BY JOHN READE.

Twelve months ago this summer morn
  I prayed a blessing on thy head;
Another year for thee was born,
  Another year for thee was dead.
The year we greeted fondly then
  Has joined her sisters of the past;
  I count the days from first to last,
Not one can ever come again.

Still all they had of bright and good
  Is ours in memory to keep;
And all of chill and dark and rude
  Be hushed in death's profoundest sleep!
And if sad, gloomy days arise
  In this young year we hail to-day,
  Past suns may shed a joyous ray
Through the thick clouds of future skies.

My earnest prayer from day to day
  Through this, through all the coming years,
Till thou or I am called away
  From all earth's sorrows, hopes and fears,
Shall be around thy path, my friend,
  That God may take thee by the hand
  And guide thee to the Better Land—
There may I meet thee in the end.

JOHN GIBSON, R. A.

John Gibson was born at Gyffin, a small village near to Conway in North Wales. His parents were Welsh, and very poor, and they bore characters of singular uprightness and truth. John Gibson showed talent for drawing from his earliest years, and immense perseverance in teaching himself all he could. It is evident that from boyhood he had power of mind sufficient to enable him to concentrate all its powers on the thing that he was doing. This power of concentration by cultivation naturally increased, and it is said of him that when busy over his work he was totally absorbed in it, even were it but a portion of drapery he was sculpturing. When a boy at school, it was his habit to study the prints in the windows of the Liverpool shops and to go home and copy them from memory,—nor was he easily satisfied with his work, but repeated it again and again, until by comparison with the one from which it was copied, it satisfied his judgment. Being too poor to obtain money for paper and colors in any other way, he used to sell his drawings to his school-mates, on one occasion getting as much as sixpence for a colored copy of "Napoleon crossing the Alps."

His patience and industry found their reward in the notice and kind help of the master of the print shop, who lent him free-hand drawings to copy. His father bound him apprentice to a wood-carver. He liked this work very much until he had mastered its difficulties, and then he longed for something higher to work at. It was about this time that he was taken to see the marble works of Messrs. Francis (Brownlow Hill), and from seeing the beautiful things there, was incited to try to model in clay. He made rapid improvement, taking all his copies from the works belonging to Messrs. Francis. At length he copied a *chef d'œuvre* of the chief workman (a small head of Bacchus) so beautifully, that even Mr. Francis could not discover on comparison which was the original. He was forbidden to make more copies, as it was against the interest of Messrs. Francis for a mere lad to be executing work equal to their best workman's. Gibson was in sad trouble at this, and found his work at wood-carving more distasteful than ever. Messrs. Francis, however, offered the Cabinet-makers £70, to give up Gibson to them. This offer was refused, the Cabinet-makers urging that they had *never had so useful and industrious* an apprentice before. They were obliged, however, to take the offer, as Gibson refused to do another stroke of work at wood-carving. When apprenticed to Messrs. Francis he executed many works of admirable power and great beauty. He was fortunate enough, also, to gain the friendship of an art connoisseur, Mr. Roscoe. The influence of this gentleman may be traced from this time forth, in the bent of Gibson's taste to the pure Grecian art. Every new work was submitted to his judgment, and his criticisms were invaluable, based as they were on a thorough acquaintance with the subject. He also strongly advised Gibson to study anatomy, which he did, under Dr. Vose, who kindly allowed him to attend his lectures free of charge. At this period of his life, he also became acquainted with the highly refined and cultivated family of D'Aguilar. When it is remembered that Gibson was brought up in a lower phase of life the advantage of such refined society upon his character, cannot be too highly estimated. Like all true artists, his mind was bent on going to Rome; this was an idea encouraged by Mr. Roscoe, but combated by other friends, who judged that by staying in England he might make a large fortune. To Gibson this was quite a minor consideration. He was a man of simple

tastes, and abstemious habits, and all throughout his life, careless of making a fortune, thankful to any friend who would take care of his money for him.

In 1817 he came to London, and became acquainted with Flaxman and other artists. Flaxman, who had himself studied in Rome, advised Gibson to do the same.

In this same year, being then 27 years of age, Gibson arrived at Rome. He was introduced to Canova, the eminent Italian sculptor, who treated him with great generosity and kindness. Gibson's character at this period of his history is worthy of admiration. He found that much of his art had to be learned, and that if ever he should succeed in his high aspirations, he must acquire that knowledge without which he would inevitably fall short of the mark. It was discouraging, too, to find many youths of less talent much before him in knowledge and workmanship. He humbly entered himself as pupil of the noble Canova, and by constant industry and perseverance gradually distanced those whose early advantages had been so much superior to his. He learned much, too, from the conversations carried on between Canova and Thorwaldsen and other artists—also from the works of other artists, and the open criticisms given and received while works were in progression.

All this time, Gibson, though his brain teemed with visions he longed to embody, was patiently and laboriously striving to master the difficulties of sculpturing a single figure; and not until Canova told him he might safely venture on higher ground, did he attempt to do so. Even when he had a studio of his own Canova came constantly to advise and help him; bidding him go often to the studios of other sculptors, especially to Thorwaldsen's, and to persevere in copying the Grecian style. This good and great man died at Venice in 1822. In him Gibson lost a true friend,—nor was he the only artist who, in Canova, lost a friend, patron and father.

In 1826, Gibson had the honor to be elected Honorary Member of the Pontifical Academy at Bologna, and in 1829, by the influence of the historical painter, Camuccini, and of Thorwaldsen, he was elected Resident Academician of Merit to the Academy of St. Luke's. In 1833 he was elected Associate of the Royal Academy, and three years later full member. Not only had he the advantages of living in a circle of devotees to art, but he was also blessed for fourteen years with the friendship and society of a very talented brother, Benjamin Gibson. The brothers being much alike in mind were devoted to one another. John called Benjamin his "classical dictionary." He was much afflicted by his death.

In reading the life of John Gibson, one is struck with its placidity and its general happiness. It is the life of one devoted to art, placed in favorable circumstances to pursue it; the life of one possessed of healthy genius, and of a humble perseverance which in time landed him on the summit of his art. Nor should this finale be astonishing. Consider only that from the very opening of his life, from boyhood, he aimed at perfection, at sublimity, in art; that he taught himself to be content with nothing short of it; that he strove manfully to overcome the difficulties which surrounded him After this wonder not that he reached the goal. "Lives of such great men but remind us we may make our lives sublime." Imagine, too, the happiness which must have lightened his life, as he was enabled to work out to perfection his most beautiful ideas!

Jean Paul's words on the impression left on his mind by Greek statues, gave him much pleasure: "I am surrounded by divine beauty, imperishable, which I find, nowhere else. The majesty, the noble calm, the perfect symmetry which surrounds me, makes me forget that I am a poor mortal. I feel as if I were remodelled—yes, perfect in body and soul."

Gibson died in the year 1866 and is buried at Rome. He left his entire fortune, casts and models, to the Royal Academy, for the use of future sculptors and students.

The inscription on his tomb is written by Lord Lytton; it is as follows:—

His native genius stengthened by careful study,
He infused the spirit of Grecian art
Into masterpieces all his own.
His character as a man was in unison with his
attributes as an artist.

Beautiful in its simplicity and truthfulness, noble in its dignity and elevation.

HOW I GAINED MY POPULARITY ON QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

BY B. ATHOL.

"Your mind doesn't seem easy, Alfred. I'm afraid you've left your heart behind down in the village. He looks bad, does'nt he, Baird?"

"And no wonder," retorted Baird, quickly; "most men would after walking five miles through this swamp,—all for the sake of a few paltry trout too. For my part I get tramping enough on common days without putting in Queen's birthdays in this style."

"You, Baird, you're cross," said McKay, in a coaxing tone. "You know the whole five miles is not swamp. I'm ashamed to hear an old companion who has shared so many toils and dangers with me, complain of a little walk through the woods. And such a day! Did you ever see such delicious gray clouds? If the trout won't bite to-day, I will."

With these words, my friend John James McKay crawls cautiously down the bank to take a closer inspection of the quiet almost standing water at our feet. He remains down so long, that even Baird rouses himself to ask me if I think he has gone in. A man of his size ought to make a little noise, I think. But our fears are soon dispersed when John's weatherbeaten countenance, glowing with joyful anticipation, reappears on the edge of the bank and is quickly followed by the rest of his person.

"Yes, boys. If I'm any judge, there's trout there," he gasps, throwing himself on the grass beside us. "I'll have one day's good sport. What a good thing I'm out of town to-day! But you two seem to be very dumpy—I know what troubles Baird; his thoughts are all at Logan's Farm—

"'Would that my form possessed the magic power
To follow where my heavy heart would be'"

Nature has not designed McKay for a vocalist; but we are always satisfied with his attempts.

"Isn't that so, Baird? Don't you fancy you hear the blast of the bugle, and the roll of the drum, and see the rush of red artillery. I'm sorry for you, but you little know what you may be escaping. If you had, like me, the memory of one review to haunt you day and night, you would be very thankful that a combination of circumstances forced you to sit on this bank, in comfort and ease, enjoying yourself more rationally, and I may add in a manner more becoming a man, than dancing attendance on a lot of ladies. That's what I did the year before last; I'm not likely to forget that Queen's birthday. From morning till night everything went wrong. The other man disappointed us, and I had to bear the brunt of their combined displeasure. We were too late at one place, and too early at another. We didn't get a good view, they said; no place suited them. If I had taken them all over Canada they would not have got a good place. Then the horses got frightened at the music, and they all screamed and grew faint, and dived over my back to snatch the reins out of my hands. You may imagine the enjoyment,—heat, dust and bad temper were the order of that day. Every one was glad to get home, but not one so much so as I. I declare when I think of that day I wonder I am here on this log in my right mind. And the worst of it is," continued McKay, "they one and all look on me to this day as the sole cause of their discomfort. The odium of that day's failure clings to me yet. No, thank you, Baird; no more reviews for me. But I'm sorry you're so mumpish to-day, and Alfred is almost as bad. I believe you would both prefer to be down in the village, listening to those wheezy bagpipes rather than a good quiet day's sport."

"I don't know what you mean by 'mumpish'," said Baird, who was commencing to recover from his fatigue. "You see Alfred

and I can't grow wild over a trout stream like you. Besides there may be some truth in what you said about Alfred's heart being left down in the village. You're a great favorite down there, Alfred. How did you manage it?" The question makes me grave. Ah, thereby hangs a tale, or rather a combination of tales,—a serial I may call it.

"I suppose your aunt did it for you," said McKay.

"My aunt!" I replied. "Aunts cannot do everything. If I were to tell you of the self-denial, mortification, slights and persecution, I endured in order to force myself into the arms of this community, as it were, you would wonder that I was sitting here on this log."

"I believe you," said Baird; "Charlie Graham told me the same thing. He went North once to start for himself, but was obliged to come back to the city. He said he would'nt take there. How did you do it, Alfred?"

"I could hardly tell, I did so much. But it just struck me this morning when we passed the hill where they were putting up tents for the gingerbread,—it just struck me that I achieved my most signal success on a Queen's birthday. I'm not sure but public opinion was setting in a little in my favor then at anyrate, but that day's deeds finished it for me. It would take a long time to tell all—"

"Then for pity's sake don't begin now," interrupted McKay in a beseeching tone, "there's a good fellow, you see this is the very hour for the trout, so beautiful and cloudy too; you can tell us everything at luncheon. I'll be only too glad to hear all about it then, but I wouldn't lose these few hours on any account. No fish will bite when there is talking going on."

So I hold my peace, though with some difficulty, for I long to pour the history of my struggles in some sympathizing ear, and receive in return the commendation which I know is my just due. But one word now more than is absolutely necessary would be torture to my friend.

Baird and I silently get out our rods. McKay's is already put together, and from a tin case full of writhing, wriggling worms, which he carries in his pocket, he selects a very fat one, and proceeds to put it on the hook with the air of a man who knows what he is about, remarking in a low tone, "I'll just try these first; if they won t do, I'll cast a fly. I've got one for you, Alfred; it's a new thing from the States, just out. Do you know how to use yours yet, Baird?"

"Hardly," is the dry rejoinder. "The truth is its such a stylish affair, I am afraid of losing it, so I keep it in a little box in my valise as a token of your affection."

Having arranged his bait in the most alluring manner, McKay rises to his feet to commence operations. He leans cautiously over the bank, and then with a grace and ease that would bring tears of envy to the eyes of Izaak Walton, if he were present, throws his line far out and lets it drop silently into the stream. Then with his head a little turned down, to one side, as if listening for a bite, he patiently waits the result. And we follow his movements, though in a more leisurely and less scientific manner, as we are not so eager for the sport, nor will the fish bite for us so readily. Besides, as my thoughts wander back to the village, where I have now an established position, and enjoy all the rights and privileges of a favored citizen, I am not quite sure that I should be sitting on this bank with a rod in my hand. Hitherto I have taken a very active part in the celebration of all holidays, more especially Queen's Birthdays, and the interests of the village lie close to my heart. If anything should go wrong in the day's amusements I feel I shall be responsible. It is true all the inhabitants were anxious that my two friends should prove for themselves the excellence of our trout stream, of which we were justly proud. But then they never deemed we would be foolish enough to give up all the attractions of the Queen's Birthday for a solitary day in the woods. No; I don't feel quite easy, and have known days, too, when I felt more disposed to fish. Baird, also, has let his rod slip out of his hand, and is deeply buried in a book he has brought with him. So one, two, three hours pass away in a silence almost uninterrupted, save for an occasional

rapturous whisper from McKay, who still leans over the water,—he is always too anxious to sit,—when, with an artistic jerk, a beautiful shining trout flashes up out of the water and is thrown panting and quivering at our feet.

"Did you ever see such a beauty? Weighs five pounds, I'll warrant. How are you getting on?" "Oh, you'll do very well before we're through," in an encouraging tone.

At last the pangs of hunger force him to desist for a time. After inspecting and counting over his spoil, he throws himself on the grass with a sigh of self-satisfaction and a glance of mingled pity and disgust at Baird's book.

"I believe I'd rather eat sandwiches than anything else,—that is if the ham is worth anything, and there's plenty of mustard. Your aunt knows how to make them, Alfred. What was that story you were going to tell us?"

"Yes, come on, Alfred," put in Baird. "Tell us how you managed to get into everyone's good graces down there. The landlady of the hotel told me last night that she did not know when she had laid eyes on a nicer chap. Tell us all about it."

"Oh, I have nothing much to tell," I reply, the invariable response, I believe, of people who really have something they are very anxious to talk about. "But I can't help thinking of the difficulties a man from the city has to overcome before he is looked upon even with the eyes of forbearance in a new place."

"But I should think your aunt's being here would have made you an exception."

"Well, it didn't; though, I suppose, if it had not been for her, things would have been much harder for me. But, while they treated me with civility before her, there was no room left for doubt as to their private opinion of me. It was unfortunate, too, that upon my first appearance in public, I should act in such a way as to bring down the general disapprobation of the inhabitants. You see I made my *debut* at church, and it so happened that the deacon who took up the collection on our side was absent that day. Well, when the time came, I saw a man start and go round on the other side of the church. Two or three men on our side rose from their seats, and, after looking at one another in a helpless sort of way, sat down again. Then I felt myself called upon to act. I thought, naturally enough, that it would be a pity to lose the contributions, and it struck me, too, that this was a fine opportunity to let people see my willingness to render myself generally useful. So, scarcely waiting to think, I seized the plate and went round. I got a good deal more than contributions that day, as I found out very soon. The whole village was up, when a sprig like me had the assurance to get up in a strange church and go round holding the plate under the very noses of old men who had been here for years,—had lived here when there was no village. It was high time to show him his place. This was a bad beginning, and so everything kept on. In fact, do what I would, I gave universal dissatisfaction. The cut of my hair, my coat, hat, gloves and cane were, one and all, subjects of disapproval. There was too much style about me, they said, for plain people. I fondly hoped that when they became accquainted with me they would soon change their opinion. But for me to get acquainted was no easy matter. The few young men in the place seemed to have clubbed together to repel my advances. They said I put on too many airs for them; and with few exceptions the elderly men, the heads of families, though more civil to me, regarded me, it was easily seen, with grave suspicion, and evinced no desire to have any further intercourse with me. Their wives and daughters were not so forbidding. The mothers were forced to admit that I was a very pleasant-spoken young man, and very much like other young men. Still they were not quite sure of me. The very fact that I had not been born and brought up among them, seemed enough to make them fear that, under all this pleasant, affable manner, a great deal of baseness might lie concealed. The daughters and I could get along well enough, if we had been let alone. But I never spoke to one without soon perceiving symptoms of active hostility in some fellow who suspected me of trying to affect his interests. So in that

quarter I did myself more harm than good. Besides, the girl herself was always subjected to persecution on my account. All this was because I had come among them for the purpose of making a living. If it had only been for a few weeks' holidays, and I had had plenty of money to spend, they would have received me with open arms, at least the feminine part of the community—the other sex would have been obliged to retire to the back ground, where they might grind their teeth at me in useless rage. I've seen that done more than once. But my case was very different. Instead of coming to spend my money, I had come with the intention of earning a little of theirs. This, and the fact that I was a stranger, had come from a city, was quite reason enough that I should be put down at once. A hopeful commencement, don't you think? And no prospect of a change. It was in vain my aunt made small gatherings at which she condescended to present me to her friends in the most favorable light. Although very gracious on such occasions, they were evidently resolved not to view me from her standpoint. In vain I discarded gloves and cane, and, choosing my oldest hat and shabbiest coat, walked about in dusty boots with an expression of countenance which I intended should lead them to believe that, however poor an opinion they might have of me, I thought still less of myself. In vain I went down on my knees, and, with my own hands, tore up the little bit of carpet off my office floor, which, in the thoughtless prodigality of youth, I had tacked down on the little back den, with a view to make it more inviting. This extravagance (there was about four yards of it) or style, as they called it, on my part, gave great offence; so, being determined to leave nothing undone that might help me to ingratiate myself, I tore it up. Still they were unanimously resolved that I should not be recognized as one of them. And the more I saw this, the more I became resolved that they should. I determined to wear them out and myself in by sheer persistence. I thought it would be a good plan to try to cultivate the acquaintance of the farmers, or rather induce them to cultivate me. So almost every day found me at the market poking fat cattle in the sides, or talking about horses, crops and land, in fact trying to make myself agreeable in a variety of ways. Of course I never pretended to know anything myself, but showed my interest by asking questions. I met with a great deal more encouragement here, and profit too, I may say. All the work I got came from those farmers. They did not find me too stylish. Many is the good day I've had out at some of their places. This caused a slight change of opinion in the village. When it was noticed that I had secured the business of one or two of the richest farmers, and seemed to be on the best of terms with them, they commenced to think a little more of me. There is nothing so successful as success. But the first time anything of this kind was openly expressed, was on the occasion of a fire. I happened to be the first to give the alarm; first on the spot, and almost the last to leave, having worked like a Trojan while it lasted—an opportunity, I admit, better calculated to display my manly prowess and call forth commendation from the crowds, chiefly composed of women, as is the case at all our fires, than handing around, the contribution plate in church. I made some good friends that night; the people who were burned out, and whose goods I helped to save, have never forgotten it to this day. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Shortly after that, even before the memory of my valorous deeds had time to fade from the public mind, we had another fire, at which I gained fresh laurels. But I reached the crowning point of my glory on the Queen's Birthday. I invested in a new flag for that occasion, and had the longest pole I could get planted before my office on which to hang it. Such a day as that is never passed over by us without a good display of loyalty and evergreens. For a week before I was out in the woods almost every day with a few others, who, I suppose owing to the modest way I had of keeping myself in the background, and my willingness to work, allowed me to accompany them, and even explained how everything was to be done. When we were not in the woods, we

were decorating the village. I had a number of devices I was most anxious to display, but my good sense taught me to keep my opinions to myself, and follow the directions of my superiors.

On the morning of the twenty-fourth I rose with the lark, and proceeded, the first thing, to run up my flag, and made it secure for the day. Then, after breakfast, I made my toilet with more than my usual care, for since the occasion of the two fires a little of my former independence of mind had begun to re-assert itself. Besides, it is the fashion here for the men to appear in their new summer suits for the first time on the Queen's birthday, so I knew I would not look conspicuous. Although somewhat fatigued with my labors of the week, I looked forward to enjoying my Queen's birthday as well as any person. But little did I know how I should distinguish myself before night. Little did I dream with what achievements my mind should be coupled in the history of the day.

The hill we passed to-day is the place of public resort with us on such occasions. Town and country, high and low, all meet there on common ground to wander about the tents and drink lemonade, or watch the games going on inside the ring. I had assisted in the marking out of this ring, but had very little idea of what was to take place inside. By the time I reached the hill, that morning, I found it pretty well occupied, chiefly by people from the country. Some of these were my particular friends, and I had two or three hours of their society before it was time to go for my aunt, who, with the more fashionable part of the community, did not appear until the afternoon, when the games had commenced. This promised to be the best part of the day for me. The ladies from the country were in no way distressed with my style or airs, and neither was I with theirs. The honest, unaffected way they partook of lemonade, ginger bread, or any other delicacy I could procure for them at the tents, was certainly a treat to me. I could not help thinking when escorting my aunt up in the afternoon, that for me the day was finished. Instead of that my time had not yet come. About two o'clock in the afternoon the amusements were got fairly under way. The men, who inside the ring vied with one another in feats of athletic skill, were spurred on to fresh exertions by the cheers of the crowd, and the inspiring strains of the bagpipes—the same two men we met going in to-day, they always appear in kilt on the Queen's birthday. When they were blown, two other men, one with a fife and the other a drum, took up the strain and so, between them and an organ-grinder, the musical part of the programme was well sustained, But the two highlanders were the curiosities of the day and drew a crowd of youthful admirers after them to any part of the ground. Everything was so new to me, that I could not help enjoying myself. I had nothing to do but walk around and offer to treat the ladies to cakes, candy and ginger beer, a duty which I believe I fulfilled to the best of my ability, I also distinguished myself by the dexterity I displayed in jumping at and seizing fire-crackers before any damage had been done to their light dresses. But this became monotonous. Whilst looking around in search of some diversion, I saw an arrangement—I don't know the right name of it—which some enterprising individual had set up in the hope of earning an honest penny. It was shaped like a boat, and strung on ropes, and by some means was worked like a swing; while one end was up the other was down. It would seat a good number, and the party, for the consideration of ten cents per head, got so many pulls. Besides, while being wafted through the air, etc. etc., slow but sure, one was soothed by the notes from the organ, which I found out was in company with the boat. From the shrieks of delight I heard, as the occupants found themselves now up in the air, now skimming along the ground, I thought it must be the nicest amusement we had—at least there was the variety of motion. And, forgetting my usual caution, I gleefully proposed that we should make a party large enough to fill it, and have a swing. Some of the young ladies looked as though any change would be agreeable, but their mothers were very much shocked, and either treated my proposal with almost

silent contempt, or laughed at it as a very good joke. That sort of thing would do well enough for country people, but to name it to them! surely I had forgotten myself. I thought I must have, and relapsed into silence. But I did get a ride that afternoon with some girls from the country who were not so refined as to have forgotten how to be natural. And now comes the grand performance of the day.

It was pretty well on in the afternoon, when the fun was growing fast and furious, that my aunt told me I needed only one thing to hand my name down to posterity in the village—that was to win a prize for jumping, racing, or in fact anything that was going on inside of the ring. That was a capital idea. I wondered I had not thought of it before. In a moment I was down at the ring, and had entered myself as a competitor in the Olympic games. There is a good deal of spring in me, you know. I was sure I could jump, at least, and jump I did. I don't wonder you laugh. I jumped in every imaginable way, and over everything I saw, wheelbarrows, hurdles, or whatever else came in my way. Nothing was too formidable for me to try. The bagpipes were in full blast, and my courage rose with every fresh exertion as the inspiriting strains of the 'Birks of Aberfeldy' floated down the hill to me. Of course I was badly lamed and got no prize. But there still remained one more chance to make a name for myself. In the centre of the ring a long pole had been planted, on the top of which the old Union Jack, that has looked down on many a strange scene, rose and fell on the air. This pole had been rubbed with some vile preparation to make it slippery, and the man who reached the top would receive a prize of one dollar and a half. While the other sports were being finished, I took a seat preparatory to a final effort for this prize. I started first on the pole with the assistance of a boy—and after I was up two or three feet, and people saw me, the air resounded with cheers. What, with these encouraging huzzas, and the tooting of the 'Girl I left Behind Me,' (so appropriate) on the pipe, I felt every inch a hero going up that slippery pole. The trouble was I could not leave any one very long behind me. Two or three times, when I was pretty well up, I slipped down again, almost on the head of eager competitors below. I always managed to get high enough to let people see me go down. But any way I got farther up the pole at last, and fairly won the prize. So my popularity in the village became established. I was not myself again for a month. But what matter? I had made a name for myself on that pole—not to speak of the dollar and a half. As the Irishman said, 'It was chape at the price.' Ever since then I've been first on the committee for providing amusement for the Queen's Birthday, and have heard no more about my 'airs.'"

"Well, Alfred, I'm sure I don't know when I've laughed so much. The idea of you on a slippery pole!"

McKay is wiping his eyes when I finish my recital.

"But I do admire your courage; you see you were determined. Determination is everything. Now, I always think I might have acted differently myself after that review. I've always looked as though I'd done something wrong. I never see those people, but I feel like a whipped puppy and perhaps look like one too."

McKay commences his angling again, but being unable to suppress his mirth at the idea of me on a pole, he is obliged to give up. The fish won't bite, and when I remind him that I have to head the torch-light procession at night, he readily packs up his tackle and shoulders his basket for the five miles' walk which he enlivens for us by repeated bursts of laughter. On entering the village we find the hill almost deserted. Down the one long straggling street the people are wending their way, Bringing up the rear we see two broad-shouldered, stalwart highlanders carrying their three-horned pipes and followed by a crowd of wonder-striken boys. They were to conduct the procession at night, and in the meantime to be entertained at the expense of the community with the best the Royal Hotel can offer.

"I'm sure I don't know when I've had such a day. What a delightful thing this is now compared to a review." And McKay bursts into another laugh at "that pole.'

WIND-VOICES.

BY JOHN J. PROCTER.

A voice in the tops of the trees,
Fitful, and changing every hour;
Sometimes it comes like the roar of the seas
When the mad waves leap in their giant power;
Anon it is low and still
As a maiden's voice when her love is told,
And again it swells out sharp and shrill
As the brazen trumpet that cries alarms
To the soldiers' tread and the clang of arms,
And again it roughens, and roars, and is rolled
In a thunder-bass till the great pines throb
Through their rugged boughs, and the maples sob,
And the tamarac quivers in every tress;
Anon it softens to tenderness
Till the bright tears gleam in the eye of the snow,
And again it is hard and chill.
So ever it seems to come and go,
Changing its tone at its own wild will;
But fitful and changeful though it be,
The same words are set to its melody.
Come it in peace, or come it in strife
It has but one watchword—Life.
O dweller upon the mountain crags,
That hearest the sound of the cataracts
From stony spurs to rocky jags
Falling in thunderous, wild impacts,
Froth-lipped and shrieking, while overhead
The blue of the calm, unpitying sky
Is dimmed with the sweat of their agony.
O pine tree! what saith the voice to thee?
"What do'st thou see?" it saith to me,
"That thy branches weep to the frozen ground,
And, whenever I come to thee, they sound
Like a famished orphan's moaning cry?"
"Well may I weep," I make reply,
"And my branches sorrow under their breath,
For wherever I look, I see but death."
"Nay! listen," it says again, "below,
Under the pall of the maiden snow,
Down in the earth where thy rootlets go,
What do'st thou hear, O tree?'

"A sound of waters that ebb and flow,
Of waters that sing in their hidden glee.
And they sing of life that is coming apace,
Of the sweet May-flowers, and anemone,
Of the starlike wort, and the pimpernell,
And the violet's eyes, and the lily's bell,
And all the beauty of spring and its grace."
"Lo! this is what I come to tell.
Hear, O tree, what the Master saith,
'Though the breath be fled and the bones be dry,
Yea! though the world were dead, yet I
Live, and I work in death.' "

O dwellers on verdant hills and dales,
That hear the noise of the children at play,
And the wild bee's hum in your leafy vales,
What do the winds of the winter say?
When the jocund, sheaf-crowned Autumn came,
The hills and the valleys were all aflame
With the flushes of your blushes,
Till the smiling country seemed to be
A piece dropped down from the Western sky
When the huge sun swirled from his path on high
To visit and woo the sea.
But now the voices at play are still,
And the riotous bee is asleep in her cell,
And thy poor arms stretch out, bare and chill,
By hill and vale, and dell.

"My blessing upon the winter wind!
Mild or fierce it is ever kind.
It brings the laugh of the children at home,
And the drowsy hum in the honeycomb;
It gives me news of my leaves that are spread
Thick and warm on the earth in her bed;
It rouses me up from the torpor of death,
Till the veins at my heart throb fast at its breath,
And I gather, I gather, I gather all day
Sweets for the children at their play.
Sweet are my thoughts, and my blood runs sweet
From the flowers that are sleeping at my feet
Up, still up to my topmost crest
Where the full-breasted robin has left his nest,
Soon will my singers be back again,
As sunshine cometh after the rain,
And the glad bird-voices o'er hill and plain
Shall join in the never-ending strain;
The dead shall praise Thee, for Thou dost give
To the living to die, to the dead to live.
Winter and summer, spring and fall
Praise Thee, O Lord, who hast made them all."

LOSS AND GAIN; OR, THE BENSONS.

BY EDITH AUBURN.

CHAPTER IV.

Long after Helen had fallen into the slumber which tired nature demands, Alice lay awake. Everything was so bewilderingly strange around her that she could not yield herself to sleep. The small close room felt suffocating, this warm August night, for Helen had shut the window, lest insects from the luxuriant hop-vines which covered it should creep into the room. The straw-filled mattress, too, which Mary McDuffy had spread upon the floor, conspired with its noisy rattle whenever she moved to banish sleep. In addition, memmory, that for weeks had been knocking for a hearing, and would now be refused no longer, made its voice heard. "I dare not," she thought, "think of Fred, but for the last time I will recall the years when, happy in each other's love, we saw no cloud on our horizon, and in doing so, I will linger over recollections of the home that is ours no longer, and memories of the loved ones who have entered into rest."

Alice's pillow was wet with tears, and her head throbbing violently, when, fortunately for her, her attention was attracted by loud words, singing, and shouting. In an instant she was out of bed and by the window listening. The sound was coming nearer. "Frank," she called, but Frank was already up and on his way to the little attic, whither she followed him. Stationing themselves at the small window which overlooked the road, they saw a number of men coming down, staggering, leaping and shouting. Alice trembled as they approached the house, fearing lest they should enter the garden. But they passed on toward the river, and in a few moments they heard the sound of oars on the water. Greatly relieved, Alice said,

"I am afraid when morning comes, Charlie will find his boat in some other moorings. I suppose those men are returning from a tavern."

"No," replied Frank; "there is no tavern nearer than the village and they would scarcely come round this way from it. But there is a carpenter's shop on the lot back of our garden, that is as bad as any tavern. I have been told that the owner of it, John Racket, is an infidel, whose chief delight is in corrupting the young men of the neighborhood. They congregate in his workshop every Monday evening, to hear him read infidel works, and they generally finish with a spree."

"How dreadful! Can nothing be done to put a stop to it?"

"Mr. Rousse, the clergyman, tried and failed. But, unfortunately, he tried in such a way that Racket laughed at him. He read the names of those attending there aloud in church, ridiculing each one as he did so."

"What a pity that he should adopt such a course!"

"His parishioners corroborate what we heard of his domineering manner. They say that he tells them quite authoritatively what they must and what they must not believe, and that they must do what he tells them, for he will have no opposition in his parish. It is also said that he is quarrelsome, and threatens people with the law for every trifling offence, so that, here our Church is looked upon with a mixture of contempt and fear."

"I do trust that we won't find him quite so bad."

"I trust not, but we had better return to our beds, or we will be very unfit for to-morrow's duties. Before going to sleep I hit on a plan for making the house look

better; I will go into Toronto on Saturday and buy wall paper, and Charlie and I will paper the walls."

When Alice returned to her room, she upbraided herself for having given way to what she termed selfish grief over the irrevocable past. "It was wrong," she thought, "very wrong to do so, for such indulgence only makes me half-hearted for the life before me. Let my motto be—

'Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!'

Why should it be otherwise? The Alice Benson of Lindenwold is no more. The Alice Benson of this, what Charlie has named, 'Aeriel Cottage' is altogether another being. It may be the moulding of my old self to circumstances, or it may be apathy as to what is before me, but certainly I am changed—wholly changed, eager to endure what would once appal me, and prepared to do what seemed impossible."

Chapter V.

"What an exceedingly warm afternoon! The needle is rusting in my fingers,—it is almost impossible for me to sew in this weather," Helen dropped her work upon her lap, and looked languidly out upon the river.

"See," she said, "the very insects are flying about in a lazy way, and dropping into the water from sheer exhaustion; and there is not a fish to be seen,—not even a minnow; they are all resting in the cool depths. Alice, I wish you would put away your work too, and rest."

"I would willingly, only the sewing has to be done, and I want to be able to put it away when Frank and Charlie come home at four. You know they are going to take us out for a boat ride to the swamp."

"A boat ride under such a sun! Why, they would not have strength enough to row us. See, there is not a cloud in the sky, any more than a ripple in the water, I am sure that I could not go, for I have not energy enough to walk down these steps to the boat."

"Fie, sister! Do not give way to such feelings. Think of Frank teaching sixty scholars in a small room, with only two windows and a door for ventilation. And here are we sitting on this lovely bank under the shade of these trees, and plenty of nice cool fruit almost within reach of our hands."

"I know it, Alice, and I have been thinking of it too," replied Helen, taking up her work, and commencing to sew again; "but my old enemy, indolence, is perpetually at my side. I wish I was like you, never yielding to anything but duty. But I am Helen and you are Alice, and I suppose we will be different to the end."

"Different in disposition and some of our tastes," said Alice smiling and yet looking very earnest; "but I hope we are alike in our aim to serve God, and to do whatever He gives us to do cheerfully and promptly."

"I do want to serve Him, and my shortcomings are my burden," replied Helen, a little despondency in her tone.

Alice remained silent, for she was wondering how her light-hearted, merry sister could carry a burden.

The Bensons were but a fortnight in their new home when this conversation took place. The two girls were sitting in their favorite spot under the shade of the fruit trees at the foot of their garden. The ground was high at this place and seemed to overhang the river. Several stone steps terminated the walk from the house, and led to the water's edge. They were sitting close by these steps, where they could look up through the straight path with its sentinels of hollyhocks and tiger-lilies on either side, to the little cottage.

"At last," said Helen rising up, and tossing her work at her sister's feet, "that interminable seam is terminated. I think I shall go up, now, and set the tea-table. It must be nearly five, and the boys won't want to be delayed."

"Is it so late? They expected to be here a little after four."

Before Helen entered the cottage, she stood for a few moments at the door admiring

the pretty effect of some bouquets of flowers and grasses that Alice had arranged on the piano, and on a couple of brackets of home manufacture.

"What taste Alice has!" she said, half aloud. "She imparts beauty and elegance to everything she touches. Who could have thought that the dingy little hole that two weeks ago gave such a shock to my feelings could possibly be transformed into this bright pleasant little home!"

It was indeed changed into a "bright pleasant little home." Frank and Charlie had spent their evenings and Saturdays in papering the rooms with a pretty light paper, painting the wooden ceilings white, and manufacturing out of packing-cases, a lounge and couple of easy-chairs, which the sisters covered with bright chintz. They had also put up some shelves for the books; and framed and hung up some of Helen's water-colors—pretty views on the St. Lawrence. So when the work was all done—the dark carpets put down, and the furniture arranged—Frank said that they had the most tasteful home in the settlement. Charlie had cut away the hop-vines that darkened the windows, to let in as much light as possible, believing that nothing added so much to the beauty and cheerfulness of home as the bright sunshine.

Since their arrival at Shoreville, Helen had had very little time to spend in admiring anything; even her old enemy, indolence, had been kept pretty well in abeyance, for a great part of the work of the new home devolved upon her. Mary McDuffy, who was always eager to come to the cottage to help the young ladies, had taught her to make bread, and many other useful arts which she found necessary to learn.

Alice's time was also fully occupied. She taught music from nine o'clock to three every day of the week, except Tuesdays and Saturdays, and these days she devoted to sewing and mending, as well as visiting in the neighborhood. Already she had found sick to visit, aged ones to cheer and instruct with the words of eternal life, and some families careless and indifferent about religion, who yet received tracts from her and promised to read them. She and Frank had gathered together about a dozen of children, and commenced a Sunday-school in the schoolhouse. So that she could not relieve Helen of any of her duties.

"But," said Helen, "I like this life,—it agrees with me, though sometimes it seems as though I had not breathing time."

Charlie also found plenty of work. He assisted Frank with some of the classes in school, and Frank helped him with his studies, and together the boys worked in the evenings and mornings.

Chapter. VI.

Instead of being home a little after four, as they had promised, it was nearly seven before Frank and Charlie made their appearance. Helen, grown tired of watching and waiting for them, had sat down to the piano to practice some new music. Alice had finished her large basket of mending, and after taking a walk to the roadside gate to see if they were coming, was about to ask Helen to get their hats, and walk down toward the schoolhouse, when she saw them coming up the garden path from the river.

On seeing their sisters the boys asked simultaneously, "Did you think we were lost?" their faces beaming with unusual pleasure.

"We were growing a little anxious."

"And you were going to start out to look for us."

"We were thinking of it."

"It is just as well you did not go; you would not have found us. We have been across the river in the opposite county for the last two hours, with an old friend of papa's," said Frank.

"If tea is ready," interrupted Charlie, "we will take it, for we are as hungry as bears; and then we will go out for our boat-ride. It is too late to go down to the cranberry swamp this evening, but there will be glorious moonlight, and we can row round the island."

"And glorious mosquitoes too," laughed Frank. "I got about fifty bites in half as many minutes, while walking home by the shore."

"We can take a bundle of that 'live-for-ever' with us," said Charlie, pointing to a semi-circular patch of it. "Mary McDuffy says its splendid for mosquito bites."

"Come in to tea now. Helen and I are quite disgusted with you for not keeping your promise, or not being able to give us a reason for not doing so," said Alice, playfully.

"But we can give you a reason, and, like the rest of our good things, it is coming," replied Charlie as they took their seats around the tea-table.

The boys exchanged glances, and laughed.

"What is amusing *you?*" asked Helen, catching some of her brothers' excitement.

"I am going to tell you; but as it is a long story, or long in its consequences, you must have patience. Just as we were coming out of school, after dismissing the rising generation, an old gentleman in a buggy was driving past toward town. He stopped and asked us if we were the young Bensons. He then invited us in for a drive. After driving us across the lock-bridge he bade us good evening, telling us we were young and strong, and the walk home would give us an appetite for tea. Now do you not think a five mile walk a good enough reason for being late?"

"Charlie, you are a great tease,—I am sure there is something else to tell," said Alice.

"Yes, there is," replied Frank. "The gentleman was Dr. Henrick, and he was coming to the schoolhouse to see us. He says that he and Mrs. Henrick are coming soon to see you. He is so kind. He heard from his nephew, William, that I had been studying medicine at McGill, and he wants me to continue it. He says that if I walk into town every Saturday I can grind with him, and this will keep up the interest, as well as prepare me for the next session. He advised me to do all I can, and as God helps the man who helps himself, some way will be opened for me to continue my studies, if not this winter, next."

"How exceedingly kind!" exclaimed Helen. "But you could never walk ten miles into town, and ten back."

"No, I could not; but he says, what is true, that on Saturday I could always chance on a drive in some market waggon one way, if not both."

Alice remained silent, but Frank read her feelings in her expression. Her heart was welling up with gratitude to Him who had made this opening for her brother. Since coming to Shoreville, she had asked herself whether or not they had fled from duty in choosing a home in the back country, where they were all alike shut out from every advantage. This news seemed the answer, and with it came the sweet assurance that He who had led them in the past, was leading them still."

"Now," said Charlie, "that is Frank's half of the news; mine I will reserve until we are seated in the boat."

"Never mind the tea things; we will lock up the house, and everything will be safe until our return," said Frank, as he saw his sisters preparing to clear the table.

In a few moments they were seated in the boat, and were about to push off from the shore, when Charlie suddenly remembered the "live-for-ever." Springing lightly on the bank, he returned in a few moments with a large bunch of it, which he distributed to each, in the hope that they would have less need to apply its fleshy leaf than he had, as he had got about a dozen fresh bites while gathering it.

They were soon in the middle of the stream. The sultriness of the day had passed away, and the air, which had evidently been cleared by a thunder-storm in no very distant place, was cool and clear. The moon had mounted but a short distance above a pretty maple grove, and was beginning to fringe the opposite shore with shivers of light, while the high banks of the river with their rich foliage, or shelving rocks were reflected in the water on either side.

"It is a glorious night!" exclaimed Charlie, after as long a silence as his light-hearted disposition would permit, "but I cannot half enjoy it."

"Why?" asked Alice.

"For the simple reason that I have been waiting ever since we started, for you to ask me for the remainder of the good

news, and you have not alluded to it. I believe that neither you nor Helen have any of the curiosity of your sex. Now we boys could not have stood it so long."

"Our sisters have no feminine weaknesses," said Frank, with mock dignity, and yet with a little sincere pride in his tone.

"I do not deserve your compliments," said Helen, "for I am restlessly anxious to hear Charlie's news, but I knew I had to wait his time."

"Seeing you are, I will relieve you and be as compendious as possible—trying to give it to you in a nutshell. The Benson swamp, about which we have had so many doubts, is in reality ours. Dr. Henrick says that the deed of gift to mamma was made in his office, and that uncle purchased it, and gave it to her because of the cranberry bushes on it. She was full of a project for turning it into a cranberry plantation. He says cranberries are now worth four dollars per bushel, and he has no doubt if we look well after the fruit, and see that it is not stolen, that we can realize a hundred and fifty dollars from it this fall, and that would be about half Frank's expenses at college, this winter."

"This winter!" replied Alice. "How could he go this winter? Who would teach the school?"

"Yes, there is the difficulty," replied Frank. "But Dr. Henrick thinks it could be overcome, and that the trustees would give it to Charlie, if you or Helen would help him with the girls every afternoon."

The sisters laughed heartily at the idea of Charlie having charge of a school. He would have joined them in the laugh, but that he feared his doing so would compromise his dignity, as he had fully decided to undertake the charge, should it be offered to him. Frank caught the infection from his sisters, and laughed so immoderately that he could not control the oars, and had it not been for Charlie's presence of mind in quickly turning, the boat would have stranded, or perhaps upset on a great snag that lay under the surface of the water. This little incident quieted the party, as well as raised Charlie in his own estimation, and, he hoped, in the estimation of his sisters.

"We had a narrow escape," said Charlie, looking back at the great ugly black thing in the water.

"Yes," replied Helen, who had suddenly subsided into a reflective mood; "and it should teach us never to let any one thing become so absorbing as to make us forget everything else."

"Very wise, Helen," said Frank; "but, seriously, when Dr. Henrick was planning for us everything seemed so practicable that I thought we had nothing to do but follow his advice. I never took into consideration a lad of fourteen teaching those great boys and girls, and trying to mould a merry laughing face, that incites to mischief, into pedagogue gravity."

"I will be fifteen in a week," said Charlie, half offended, and keeping his head slightly turned away.

"Charlie, I will help you, and between us we can manage the school," said Helen, reading her brother's feelings.

"No, Helen," replied Alice, "I have some experience in teaching, and will help him—that is if the trustees will give him the school. As far as education is concerned, he is quite fitted; and I do not see why he and I could not teach those sixty scholars almost as well as you, Frank. At first our doing so did strike me as absurd, but it does not now. I could help him every afternoon."

"What about your music pupils?" asked Frank.

"Arrange for them to come from eight o'clock to twelve, and teach every day, which I do not do now."

Charlie now turned his face fully round to his sisters and brother, and fully sustaining his new dignity, helped to discuss their prospects. They soon became so interested that though Frank did not again lose control of the oars, they forgot to use the "live-for-ever;" although, judging from the frequent slappings, the mosquitoes did not forget them.

(To be continued).

TOMMY THE "TOFFEE MAN."

BY M. Q. N. D.

I wonder if you remember Tommy in his youth. That was but a few years ago, though he is an old man now. How sprightly he was, as a clerk in our principal store, with that air of business expressed by the uplifted head, the slight frown of care on his "fair brow," and lips slightly parted in a breathless way! That busiest of busy manners! Above all, *do* you remember his Sunday exhibitions? The suit of black and the silk hat, the blue tie, how it shaded his complexion and matched his eyes, the kids, the cane (the last about a foot long), and the dainty carriage of his very respectable number of inches. Oh! the triumph of that walk from church, the glances of admiration from the young ladies of other congregations which met him, the satisfaction of feeling that he was "a nice young man." Surely all this repaid the economy that display must have cost. It seemed to me that the abbreviation, "Tommy," was not in keeping with his usual style (people *did* smile at this same style sometimes), though his father always said "Thomas" in his most dignified manner when he spoke of him.

Now the boys say, "Toffee Tommy." Well, Tommy married. A natural thing to do, you say. Yes, especially when there is little to do it with. Waiting and saving is all nonsense of course, and I am a heathen not to believe in the pretty theory of marrying young and trusting to (a much imposed on) Providence. "God helps him who helps himself" is an article of my work-a-day creed. When a young man is always thinking of marrying, "a nice little woman," "a pretty girl," or, "that noblest of women," according to the cast of his ideas, why in the name of common sense is he not also trying to improve his circumstances? When they are such that he can save nothing are they worthy the employment of his best working days? I've heard of starting with the bits of things given by friends, "to set them up," and two living on that which just kept one decently, and I've seen folks dragging, merely living, all their lives. Is not an independent home from the start worth a little sacrifice? Do you think I've strayed from Tommy. Oh no, for he was not of my persuasion in this matter. It was hinted that some blunders lost him that pretty place in the store. I can't say. This I know that the honeymoon set in a third rate village grocery, gilding with its mild light, butter, apples, candy, marbles, crockery, sugar, etc. Tommy proposed making a fine business of it, confidently telling his lady friends who patronized, and old acquaintances that he "never did believe before that a woman could be as loving as his wife," expatiating in flowery language on the beauties of his married life as he cut the cheese with precision. Whether it was that her tastes did not agree with the business (though people must eat), the degenerating influence it brought to bear on the appearance of her once exquisite husband, or that she found herself another victim to mistaken "mission," is not known to the public. Certain it is, her loving disposition soon showed symptoms of rapid decline; her care for appearances followed, then Tommy's sweetness.

His first business failure within a year was not likely to improve matters, as it tended neither to raise self-respect or mend bad tempers, and it followed that being "set up" once more by friends in a still smaller way of business, customers were entertained by little domestic dramatic

scenes as "Take that child out of the shop," "Take her out yourself," "*Will* you take that child out of the shop?" "Attend to your own affairs," "How can I with you in the way?" "Get your work out of this;" "Wait till I'm ready, will you?" These are mild specimens. Then imagine if you can our Tommy marketing in dirty linen, worn boots, and the no longer carefully dressed hair covered by an old hat. Think of him smoking an old clay pipe in his door, and running up street after his dirty little girl after having a dispute with Mrs. T. as to who is to find the baby. Yet another change, and behold him after new troubles throwing out the groceries and making a specialty of the children's favorite toffee, using all his energies to keep up varieties in the style and finish of that marketable article. His ambition is to rival the candy shop next door; his amusement, counting his wares and disputing with the sullen Mrs. Tommy. His history is finished because there is no improvement for him now, and therefore I call him an old man. I fear the love part of my story is not a success,—that you will not think Tommy's little romance quite perfect. I'm sorry 'tis so, but assure you it is not my fault, for though I ***never did*** have much faith in the crowding of that small space behind counters, and its hazy prospect for the future, yet I would have made Tommy's history pretty if it had been possible.

"PAPA, PLEASE LET ME IN!"

A timid knock was at my door
And restless feet were on the floor;

A soft sweet voice said, "Papa, please,
And little Jimmie will not tease."

I knew the presence waiting there
The deep blue eyes, the nut brown hair.

Just now, the bolt upon him drawn,
He had been banished all forlorn;

For turning things all upside down
While I was in a study brown.

His little hand touched everything,
His tongue put in such questioning;

That I could not command my thought,
And so I rose and turned him out.

He went wtihout remonstrance cry,
But curled his lip so mournfully,

That courage cooled as I went back,
And somehow I was off the track.

Did I not know that in his eyes
My study was a paradise?

And there he stood beseechingly,
With voice so soft sobbingly;

And so with show of discipline
I rise and let my Jimmie in.

His dear red lips my cheek did press,
About my neck he flung caress.

"I'm sorry, papa; let me stay,
And I'll be good and still all day."

Then down with book upon the floor
He sat and turned the pictures o'er.

And as he mused, he sweetly said,
"I wonder when the folks are dead,

"And go to God, how long they stand,
Before our Father takes their hand

"And says to them, I'm glad you've come,
To my nice, warm and pretty home;

"And is it long they have to wait
Before God opens wide the gate?"

I told my boy the Lord would come,
Himself, to take His people home.

"And will He come for me, papa,
When I must leave you and mamma?

"Oh! if He does, I'll thank Him so,
For He will know the way to go."

Two weeks had passed and little more,
Our Jimmie was at death's dark door;

He murmured sadly in his sleep,
And asked the Lord his "soul to keep."

"I'm knocking, papa, at the door;
Please let me in, I'll plague no more."

Then suddenly, with opened eyes,
That shone with sweet and glad surprise;

"O thank you, Jesus; you have come!
To take your little Jimmie home."

We closed his eyes, his work was done,
Our darling boy was from us gone.

O Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord,
We thank Thee for Thy precious word;

"Suffer the children, let them come,
For I will lead them to my home."

—*New York Evangelist.*

Young Folks.

A RAINY DAY CHAT.

THE GRANDFATHER GRAY SERIES.

BY A. M. AMES.

It had been raining all day—a dreary, dull rain—not one break in the sullen clouds having held out a hope of "clearing up." Johnnie and Mary Gray had returned from school with dripping outside garments and umbrellas, and it was a pair of rather disconsolate-looking young faces that watched from the window of their parents' comfortable sitting-room for their grandfather, whose appearance just then seemed the only boon worth having.

It was the hour when business men and some of the more fortunate class of bread-winners are privileged to seek their homes. Hacks and carriages were continually rolling past, and the street was alive with pedestrians, despite the unfavorable weather. Johnnie and his sister soon became interested in the moving panorama outside, and forgot their impatience in watching the tactics of individuals to keep their umbrellas from becoming entangled with those of their neighbors without slacking their speed. At length the children began to tire of the scene, and ceased to criticise the questionable taste that led some young women to prefer bedraggled finery to a tidy waterproof, or to express their wonder that people jostled each other, and that teamsters beat their poor jaded horses more on this than on any other days. Presently their faces brightened at sight of the portly figure of a man well protected by an ample rubber coat and a sixteen ribbed umbrella, who emerged from the crowd on the opposite side of the street, and with a firm, measured tread, every step emphasized by a click of his stout gold-headed cane, crossed directly over, and mounted the stone steps. Scarcely had he reached the door when it flew open as though by magic, and the sitting room, so quiet before, now presented a scene of considerable animation. Johnnie took his grandfather's umbrella to the kitchen sink, brushed his hat and hung it on the rack, while Mary helped him to remove his outside coat and arranged the arm-chair and footstool for him by the fire.

"So you find the day gloomy and lonesome, do you?" said the old gentleman in response to some remark to that effect, and he looked affectionately round upon his grandchildren as they drew up to the cheerful hearth and seated themselves near him. "Well," he proceeded somewhat thoughtfully, "I believe most persons have a sort of dread of a persistent rainy day like this; but in regard to myself, it is the rainy days that awaken in me the keenest sense of the blessings of home-comforts and friends—the days that wrap me about as with a mantle from the striving, ambitious, jostling world, and carry me back to the time when, emancipated from outdoor labor, I used to enjoy an extended season of reading or study, or busy myself with some fireside employment. How well I remember with what a glad feeling of comfort and security, I used to listen to the music of mother's and Ellen's wheels that the merry rain seemed keeping step to on the shingles overhead. Father was often there too, improving the time in constructing some simple article of furniture, or in repairing some farming utensil and making us glad by his cheerful presence. And now, like a picture within a picture, comes to my mind's eye, dear little Lu fast asleep on the rug, her golden head pillowed on the patient dog, her shiny

curls straying over his shaggy coat while in her arms reposes the kitten that she has wearied herself out in frolicking with. How the firelight from the high piled hearth lights up the tableau with a glory that seems to bring it out into bold relief, while the surroundings are cast into comparative shadow!"

"But rainy days are different with us," said Johnnie, observing his grandfather relapse into a thoughtful mood, "for although Alice is over there asleep on the sofa with her doll on the pillow beside her, and we have a cheerful little fire in the grate, father must stay in the store all the same, rain or shine, and mother has to be in the nursery, or overlooking household affairs, which, with many other calls upon her time and attention, allows her but little time to devote to us except of evenings. We manage very well, only on rainy days, and then we get sadly out of sorts before night."

"And I cannot perceive anything cheerful in the sound of the rain pouring down the spouts into the gutters," added Mary; "I am sure it suggests nothing to me but umbrellas and rubbers, or the depressing alternative of staying indoors. For my part, I wish our house was all in one room; then mother would have to stay with us all the time. Wouldn't we have fine times playing with the baby here on the carpet! Then if father was only at work here too—well, wouldn't it be funny though!" and Mary broke into a gleeful laugh at the scene her fancy painted. Johnnie joined in the merriment, and their grandfather could not repress a smile that expressed a degree of both pity and amusement as he lovingly regarded his grandchildren and thought how little they realized of privation or hardship of any kind. Presently he said:

"Well, children, it is not so much the want of company, after all, as the want of something *to do*, that makes you so 'out of sorts,' as Johnnie expresses it. I find it is the idle that complain most of the weather and the slow march of time, and I know there is a blessing in labor, independent of mere money compensation; but labor, to be either profitable or satisfactory, must be pursued regularly, and with some definite object in view."

Johnnie and Mary looked puzzled and a little incredulous, observing which, their grandfather proceeded:

"I suppose you have not forgotten what I have before told you, that when I was a boy and the country was new, the children had to devote themselves to such employments as were suited to their years in order to help their parents secure a comfortable living and 'keep above board,' as they expressed it; consequently, we had very little leisure in which to pursue projects of a private or less momentous nature, except on the long winter evenings and on rainy days. For that very reason, I suppose, we looked forward to these seasons with more pleasure than dread, for we always had some darling scheme in prospect or in progress in which we were all more or less interested. At one time, I remember, every leisure hour that the weather thus accorded me, was industriously devoted to the construction of a handsled that I confidently expected would outrun every other sled in the neighborhood. Besides the encouragement and assistance that I received from the other members of my own family, in the visions that I indulged of future triumph—visions that seemed more liable to be realized as the sled approached completion—there always figured a little fairy in a blue hood, watching me with a quiet but eager interest as I glided past all competitors down the long hill, which was a wondrous incentive to my exertions. At another time there were boxes to be provided for mother's and Ellen's ever-increasing stock of plants that kept father and myself busy and the rest interested for two or three days like this; but by far the most interesting of all the indoor pursuits of that summer was the patchwork quilt that had occupied every hour for weeks that mother and Ellen could spare from more pressing matters, and which had, more than once during its progress, taxed the ingenuity of the whole family to preserve a harmony of design and color and at the same time make every piece available. If this manner of exercising our talents was not as

instructive, it was quite as absorbing as the study of a dissected map or a geographical puzzle, I assure you.

"Well, the patchwork was at length completed and spread upon the bed and commented upon and admired, and, finally, carefully folded away to await a convenient time for a quilting-bee, which would accomplish the twofold object of speedily converting the now useless patchwork into serviceable shape, and at the same time make the day one of social enjoyment. In anticipation of the event, and about a week previous to it, I was despatched on horseback to the 'Mills,' to procure a supply of articles considered indispensable on an occasion of so much importance, and, that we might enjoy each other's company, Mrs. Deering sent Paul along, too, on a like errand for herself. I think, children, it would astonish almost any boy of your acquaintance to be told some morning that he must go on horseback the distance of twenty miles through the woods to do a little errand for his mother; but to us, who were used to the rough experiences of a forest life, this journey was looked upon as a pleasant recreation. True we were obliged to be on our way long before sunrise in order to return the same day, and the figures we cut were anything but elegant when viewed from a city standpoint; yet, so that our bundles of paper rags mounted behind us, and the two bushels of new barley that was slung across the horses' backs, kept their respective positions and went in safety, we cared neither for appearances, the gloom of the early morning, nor the long ride before us, but jogged along in happy, care-free chat.

"By and by there was a faint glow in the east that extended and brightened every moment till the whole eastern horizon was radiant with warm, rich coloring, and presently the sun rose in full glory above the treetops, awakening all nature with his genial influence: even the kind beasts we rode and faithful Watch, trotting on by our side, seemed more brisk in the warmth and brightness. I suppose that not one city-bred person in a hundred ever witnessed a sunrise like that, and somehow it seems to me just so much lost out of their lives.

"As we proceeded we occasionally rose upon an eminence from which we could get a view of the distant mountains, whose blue tops were half enveloped in a gray mist, like a hanging cloud, and the long line of vapor away to the right, we knew marked the winding course of a river. Anon we dropped into low valleys, through which the narrow road had been partially redeemed from mire-holes by rough causeways of logs, where dense and gloomy thickets extended for miles on either hand, making a safe retreat for wild animals, and we sometimes speculated upon the probability of meeting one, but we saw nothing to alarm us.

"We knew that a middle-aged woman had, early in the spring, put up and opened a sort of public house, about midway between our settlement and the 'Mills,' and that our people found it very convenient to patronize it when going to and fro. We were to stop there to bait and rest our horses; but before coming to any landmark mentioned to us as being in the vicinity of 'Ma'am Buzzell's' we began to notice evidences of the proximity of man. First the newly cut stump of a tree, then the steady strokes of an axe, and finally an open space of some extent dotted over with neatly piled logheaps, and on the far side of the slash we saw a man busy felling a large tree. We had wondered at first, that we had never heard of a new settler, but when we came to recollect that no one had been from our settlement to the 'Mills' for two or three weeks, we concluded this man must have 'pitched' there since any one had been out from our neighborhood. We continued on for a mile or so without observing any further change in the aspect of our surroundings since we had traversed the same ground more than a year before—except, perhaps, that the road had been widened and improved a little—when we suddenly came in sight of a little cabin a few rods from the highway and in front of which a man was shaving shingles and whistling 'Yankee Doodle,' both with all his might. We could not forbear halting at this place, ostensibly to make some enquiries, but really, I am afraid, out of curiosity to get a better view of the stranger

and his queer little hut that had no visible door nor window,—and here I would remark that people, old and young, often get themselves into trouble by trying to penetrate into secrets they have no sort of business with. Our newly discovered shingle-maker was so busy and so noisy withal, that he did not observe our approach until we reined up close by his side, when he sprang from his seat and confronting us with a half scared, half defiant attitude, saluted us with:

" 'Halloo youngsters. Where in creation did you hail from?' 'From the north,' replied Paul, who was next the stranger, 'and we called to ask how far it is to the half-way house where our people stop to bait their horses.'

" 'Well, du tell now!' said the man looking interested and a little incredulous, withal. 'Your folks don't travel much, I reckon, as you are the fust human critters I've seen from that quarter since Jim Slade, up there in the slash yonder, and I made a strike in here nigh on to two weeks ago. Much of a settlement up there?'

" We told him how many families were located in our neighborhood and then repeated our question.

" 'A pretty smart sprinklin' that's a fact,' he went on without paying any attention to our enquiry. 'Mighty quiet set too, I reckon, to stay in there without a soul showing himself for two whole weeks. Shouldn't wonder, now, if I could make a strike up there somewhere, when I get all the shingle timber cleared off this 'ere consarned lot that I bought like a pig in a bag; and when I come to locate on it, I found it wa'n't no more fit for a farm than a Kentucky pine barren, and so I concluded to take my money's worth in shingle timber —consarned hard way to get my money back, though, that's a fact.—Oh, you wanted to know how far it is to the half-way house, that's—Ma'am Buzzell's, I reckon,' he broke off to say when he saw us turning our horses' heads toward the road. 'Well, I believe it's nigh on to two miles, but the road's middlin'—better'n some you've come over, I reckon—but hold on a minute, youngsters,' as we thanked him and were about to resume our journey.

" Thus detaining us he hurriedly disappeared around the corner of the hut, but soon returned carelessly swinging an old boot by one strap and, leaning his tall form against the corner of the shanty, he prefaced a request in this wise:

" 'Well now, boys, I s'pose you wouldn't do a feller a favor no how, would ye?'

" "Certainly,' said I, eager to be on my way; 'we will if we can.'

" 'Well, now, that's accommodatin' like,' said he, brightening up, and, taking a string from his blouse pocket, he tied both straps of the boot together and hung it to my saddle.

" 'You see,' he went on, talking as he worked, 'this consarned boot has been lettin' in water for more'n a week and I couldn't get a chance to send it to the shoemaker's, nohow. Lucky I thought on it just as I did, that's a fact: There, now, all you've got to do when you get to the "Mills," is just to run over the river to the shoemaker's with this, and tell him the shingle-maker up in the woods sent it, and he'll understand all about it. Now, good day, and much obleeged.'

" Thus dismissed, we gladly proceeded on our way, and were not long in reaching 'Ma'am Buzzell's,' whose house was roomy and comfortable, though of logs, and was presided over by a capable English dame of an active business turn and equally expert in gleaning information and in retailing news. She would come to the porch where we sat taking our lunch, and in a low, confidential tone make kindly remarks, then enquire about our people and our journey, what we had seen and whom we had met, and then trot away to attend to the preparation of the meal she seemed to be providing for some guests in an inner room. We saw no one, but occasionally heard the voices of two men as they conversed in low tones together, and two or three times more distinctly as they impatiently ordered the landlady to hurry up their dinner. We finally came to notice that the hostess, under one pretext or another, made frequent journeys to the rear door; and by and by we saw a singular-looking, red-headed youth, somewhat older then ourselves, approach and hold

a hurried consultation with her and then dart suddenly away into the woods.

"The allotted hour for rest and refreshment soon slipped away, and we again set forward, leaving our hostess as busy as when we arrived, and yet the meal she had all along been so industriously preparing for her guests, was only just coming upon the table. We jogged on in silence for some time, each absorbed in his own reflections—rare case with us at any time, and especially so when surrounded by new and strange scenes. Ever since leaving the little hut in the woods, the impression had clung to me that there was something queer about the shingle-maker, both in regard to his own appearance and in the fact of his having purchased a lot of land that had been hitherto avoided as nearly worthless; and now, to still further perplex me, I was pursued with a vague idea that there was some mysterious connection between the new settlers and the odd proceedings at 'Ma'am Buzzell's.' By and by, Paul, whose more acute and active mind had succeeded in bringing his impressions into tangible shape, startled me by suddenly exclaiming:

"'I say, Dick, did you notice that shingle-maker's eyes? Black as jet, weren't they? His beard just cropping out is black, too, while his sorrel-top hair is nothing more nor less than a wig.'

"'That's just it,' I replied, admiringly; 'and I have all along been trying to account for the singularity of his looks and couldn't do it.'

"'And those men at Ma'am Buzzell's were officers, you may bet your life on that,' he proceeded, now fairly excited; 'and all that parade about getting their breakfast or dinner, or whatever it was, wasn't made to take up so much time tor nothing, nor that red-headed chap sent away for nothing either."

"'I believe you are right,' said I. 'and perhaps the disguised shingle-maker is the man they are after, for Ma'am Buzzell appeared very anxious to find out just what he was doing.'

"'I took that into account, and I am sure he is the man," said Paul. This matter thus cleverly elucidated, as we thought, we again felt free to notice surrounding objects and to converse upon whatever they suggested to our minds, little dreaming that we were in any way involved in a transaction of deeper import than any we had imagined.

"When the tide of emigration once sets in toward any place, a year works wonders in its improvement; so, during the remainder of our journey, we were continually meeting with objects of interest in the increased numbers and improved condition of the buildings and their surroundings since we had last seen the place, and the remembrance of our morning's adventures was fast being crowded into the background.

"By and by, log houses disappeared altogether and half finished framed buildings and more extensive clearings met our gaze on all sides. At length, about noon, we came to the top of the hill that overlooked the little cluster of buildings known as the 'Mills,' and to us backwoods boys it was like coming all at once upon the verge of a new world. What bustle and stir! What a roaring of waters over the wide dam! What a busy clash and whiz in the saw and grist mills, and with what a hearty ring the blacksmith's hammers kept time! To make the scene still more animated the school bell pealed out the hour of noon, and joyous shouts greeted our ears as a troop of merry children sprang from the door of the schoolhouse on the other side of the river and scattered to their respective homes. Watch capered and rolled over with delight, and the horses pricked up their ears and, despite their heavy loads, trotted gaily down the hill and across the bridge, where we drew up in front of the mill just in time to meet the miller coming out to go to his dinner; but when we made ourselves known, he carried our grists in with the promise that they should be ready in an hour. We next saw our horses properly cared for, then went to the store and had our orders filled and the various parcels stowed in the bags we had brought for the purpose, and when all was ready to swing across the horses' backs at a moment's notice, we set out to find the shoemaker's shop. Just as we stepped from the

store door, we noticed that two men were dismounting from their horses in front of it, but we were in such haste to complete our business in order that we might have a little time in which to look around before we were obliged to start on our return home, that we did not give them a second thought. We had not proceeded far, however, when we became conscious that persons were behind us, and on looking back we perceived they were the same men we had noticed as we left the store, yet we were not at all surprised at the circumstance, as other people were as likely to have business in this direction as ourselves.

"We had no difficulty in finding the shop, and as the door stood invitingly open, we stepped inside without any ceremony. The sole inmate of the small apartment was a man in his shirtsleeves and with a leather apron before him, who at the moment of our arrival was busily occupied with something in a small kettle suspended over a fire in an open fireplace—for stoves were scarcely known so long ago as that, even in villages. On our entrance, he placed the kettle on the hearth, and came forward to attend to us. We soon made known our errand—whom the boot belonged to—and when it was expected to be repaired. 'He shall have it in good time,' said the man of lasts, at the same time turning it over and examining it critically as though calculating, to a nicety, the amount of repairs needed. While he was making his mental calculation, whatever it was, Paul and I were as intently observing him, for there was certainly a resemblance between this man and some one whom we had before seen, but when or where we could not decide. Not much time was allowed us to consider the subject, for, suddenly turning his back partially towards us, he thrust his hand into the boot, and to our utter amazement, drew forth a neatly tied package. Paul and I looked at each other with wide, enquiring eyes, as neither of us had once dreamed of anything being concealed in a boot so carelessly intrusted to us; but if we were astonished at that little incident, what can be said of our emotions the next instant when two men, the same who followed us from the store, sprang into the room, one seizing the package from the surprised shoemaker, and the other clapping him on the shoulder, exclaiming:

"'I arrest you, sir, and also these two young rascals here, for dealing in counterfeit money.'

"*Counterfeit money!* Twenty exclamation points would convey no idea of the bewilderment and consternation with which we heard that ominous charge. The only counterfeit money I had ever seen, was a badly executed half dollar in my mother's possession, which we children had successively worn on our necks during the troublesome period of teething, and the oft-repeated tale which this display of the coin had called forth of the shooting of a counterfeiter on the very spot where it was afterwards found, now came to my recollection with a vividness that conspired to render my position more desperate than it would otherwise have seemed. I verily believe that every hair on my head rose as high as a not over light straw hat would allow, and so benumbed were my faculties that I was only fully awakened to what was going on, by the advent of a new actor upon the scene. The new comer had arrived in hot haste on horseback, and throwing himself from his foaming steed, had stepped into the shop, unheeded by the excited and exultant officers, whose backs were towards the door, and just in time to hear the first sentence that had reached me with any degree of distinctness since the dread accusation.

"'Why, then, do you not produce your boasted proofs sufficient to convict a regiment?' the shoemaker was saying in a defiant tone, and his black eyes glowed with a dangerous light as, with folded arms, he regarded the officer who still held possession of the package.

"'I will produce it in court,' replied the officer, pompously.

"'*Produce it in court!*' was reiterated in a tragical tone, just behind him, and the dexterous movement of a hand sent the offensive package directly into the fire. The perpetrator of the rash act immediately stepped to the shoemaker and, folding

his arms, he too bent a pair of black eyes provokingly upon the now baffled officers, who vainly blustered and essayed to secure the package from the flames, that, to my secret delight, soon reduced it to ashes.

"Anything happening out of the ordinary course in a small place like the 'Mills' soon excites the curiosity of the inhabitants, and ere the mischievous package had fairly fallen into ashes, the door of the little shop was besieged by men and boys, eager to learn the cause of the unusual excitement. Paul and I paid little heed to the crowd, our whole attention being engrossed by the two men, who did not change their position, but still regarded the blustering officers with looks of triumph. At the very first we had been puzzled with the idea that the shoemaker resembled some one whom we had met before, and now, to add to our confusion, there stood his exact counterpart, save in some little matters of dress. Paul and I were not the only ones struck with the marvellous resemblance between the two men. Our puzzled looks must have attracted the notice of the stranger, for, with a twinkle of fun in his eyes, and in a voice totally different from that in which he had before spoken, he called out to us:

"'Halloo, youngsters! There's a consarned excitement here about nothing, I reckon,' and he smiled at the quick start we gave as the truth flashed upon us that he was no other than the forest shingle-maker, minus his disguise; yet the knowlege did not serve to make us more reconciled to our position, I can assure you.

"Well, as it would not interest you to hear by what means the officers had been led to seek in the backwoods for the lawless men who, by one method or another, had managed to put a large amount of bogus money afloat in some of the adjoining States, I will only say that the shop was searched thoroughly without any proof being discovered of the guilt of the suspected men, and that, after hearing all we could tell them of the suspicious package, Paul and I were allowed to go about our business. You may be sure that we gladly availed ourselves of the privilege and were hurrying from the door as fast as a more than common regard for our dignity would allow, when we were arrested almost on the threshold by a call from some one behind us. On turning round we came face to face with the shingle-maker, who, in as few words as possible, expressed his regret at our annoyance on his account and offered us each a five-dollar bill in compensation for our trouble and delay.

"'Were I a man,' said Paul, 'I would soon teach you that money cannot pay me for the open disgrace I have been under for the last two hours,' and with flashing eyes and compressed lips he walked away. As for myself there was such a choking sensation in my throat that I could not express my indignation otherwise than by a decided shake of my head as I turned and followed my companion down the hill.

"We left the storekeeper, miller and several other villagers still engaged in talking the matter over with the officers and the suspected men, the former declaring it to be their conviction that the destroyed package contained counterfeit money, while the latter were as strenuously asserting that it was only a package of letters sent down for the shoemaker to post. A man at the mill helped us to put our grist on the horses' backs and we were soon on our way; but the sky had become overcast with clouds, and our hearts were far less light than in the morning, consequently our return journey was not an over cheerful one. Many a time since then have I likened life's journey to that journey of a day. The bright anticipations with which we set out, our deviations and entanglements as the day advanced, and our belated, storm-threatened evening, were emblems of but too many life-journeys. Happy are they who reach a bright home at last as we did. There was no one visible at Ma'am Buzzell's except the red-headed youth before mentioned, and he had such a sullen look that we took our own lunch in the shed where we fed our horses, and pushed on again. There was no shingle-maker whistling cheerily in front of the lonely little cabin, nor the sound of an axe in the slash, and Mother Nature was beginning to draw the curtains for her children's repose when we emerged from the

gloomiest part of the forest, where darkness had already closed in. It was near midnight when, weary and dispirited, we reached my father's house to find my parents very anxious, and Mr. Deering also, who had been waiting there some hours for Paul. We recounted our adventures to an attentive and somewhat excited audience that night; then, after partaking of the warm supper which mother had long kept steaming by the fire for us, Mr. Deering and Paul started for home just as the thunder began to mutter over the far hills, and I gladly sought my bed in the loft; but the thoughts of the day's adventures, and the increasing nearness of the thunder, kept me wakeful in spite of my weariness. By and by the rain began to pour upon the shingles, and its soothing influence soon put me to sleep happy in the thought that I should not be obliged to rise very early in the morning."

"Well, grandfather, did you ever find out what was really in the burned package?" enquired Mary.

"And I am all impatience to know who were the two men that created so much excitement, and what became of them," said Johnnie.

"One question at a time, if you please," replied their grandfather, smiling at their eagerness, then proceeded:

"As to the first, I never knew whether or not we were guilty of the charge preferred against us, but we learned subsequently, that the two apprehended men proved to be the notorious twin brothers whose nefarious practices of gaming and passing counterfeit money had for some time worked much mischief in several of the adjoining States. At the time of which I am speaking, they were released for want of sufficient evidence to retain them, but though they had thus far managed to elude the grasp of the law, they were eventually brought to justice. Jim Slade was not apprehended, yet neither he nor the others ever resumed their places and occupations in our vicinity. The inhabitants, both in our neighborhood and at the Mills, strongly surmised that the suspected men had entered upon their several occupations only to blind people to their real calling—the systematic manufacture and disposal of spurious money; and, years after, when the hitherto neglected pile of shingle by the forest wayside had burst from their rotten bands and were themselves fast falling to decay, the little cabin was pulled down and their suspicions verified by the discovery of a set of dies and other tools for making counterfeit money, which had been ingeniously concealed beneath one corner of the rude dwelling.

"The history of the twin brothers is one of great interest, dealing as it does, in scenes of daring and danger, and recounting hair-breadth escapes, which were mainly accomplished by means of the remarkable resemblance that made it easy to personate each other; while the finale—death in a prison to which they had been consigned for a long term of years—should deter any boy from entering upon the lawless course that, in their case, resulted in the ruin of two men fitted, both by personal endowments and education, to shine in the first society, to be the pride of their friends, and an honor to their country."

NOT BREAD ALONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ONLY NED."

Chapter XIII.—(*Continued.*)

ELOISE'S SECRET.

Thursday morning Josie brought a note to Marion that Tom had left for her; Thursday in the twilight found her at the window of the "pokey little bedroom," writing the reply. It was finished, beginning "Dear Tom," and ending decorously, "Your friend, Marion." She sat nibbling her pen and wondering if she had spelled "agreeable" correctly, when Eloise called to her.

Marion found her in her night-dress waiting for her to come to sing her to sleep.

"I go to bed with the lambs, Marion. Father says it will make me strong."

Marion drew the brown head down to her shoulder and sang "Jesus of Nazarath passeth by."

"Marion," interrupted Eloise, loosening herself from Marion's arms and sitting upright, "what do you wish for most of all?"

"A piano of course. How could I wish for anything else?"

"More than *anything*," queried the child studying Marion's face.

"Why, no, not more than *anything*, childie."

"What do you want more than anything? Don't you like to tell?"

"No, I don't like to tell," said Marion, smiling back at her.

"Not your mother?'

"Not my mother," answered Marion gravely.

"Would a piano be next best?" asked Eloise earnestly.

"Yes, indeed."

"Do you think you will ever *have* a piano?"

"Yes," answered Marion slowly, "if it is good for me to have it, I shall."

"It is a good thing, of course. A piano is a grand thing! How can you want it most of all when you don't know whether or not it is good?"

"I do know that it is good—in itself."

"I did not know that you were a philosopher. Is your father too poor to buy one?"

"You don't know what 'poor' is," returned Marion smiling.

"I know that you are not poor. You wear pretty dresses, and your father owns a farm. Still, you have no servants; perhaps you are poor. I think it is nicer to go down to the spring for water than to ring for a servant to bring it, don't you?"

"No; I would rather have servants."

"Perhaps you will some day. Mother says she was a country maiden; she used to iron and work just as you do."

"I want to work all my life," said Marion hastily; "I want to teach music and help—"

"Your husband? That is wifely, mother says. But can't you *possibly* get a piano?"

"No, not possibly."

"Haven't you a rich aunt or uncle?" continued Eloise,

"Not that I know of. Aunt Dependence is father's aunt, but she is a poor old maid and goes around sewing for people. She has done it fifty years. She has promised father her thimble when she dies."

"Perhaps it's a gold one?"

"It has earned gold for her, but she would think it silly to buy me a piano with her little store?"

The child nestled back with a satisfied smile.

"I have been thinking of something today. I want to surprise mother with it by-and-by. She will like to read it some day. Will you write it for me if I will dictate? Can you write and still keep me in your arms?"

"Yes, I can manage, but it will not be handsome."

Eloise slipped down and brought paper and pencil.

"Now a book to rest it on."

She brought an old atlas that Marion had brought to her that day.

"Write: 'Dictated to Marion by Eloise when she was sitting in Marion's lap.'"

Marion wrote it rather crookedly.

Then Eloise went on, the color deepening in her cheeks" and Marion wrote rather crookedly

"It dosen't sound as I *thought* it." Eloise interrupted herself, her eyes filling with dissatisfied tears. "My head was on the window-sill and the bees hummed it, and the birds sang it and the leaves rustled it. I can't find the words they sang it in. Oh, I wish I could! Mother will not know what I mean.

The tears of vexation rolled down her cheeks and dropped on Marion's fingers.

"I know what you mean," comforted Marion. "I'll read it to you; shut your eyes and see how pretty it is."

"Shut my eyes and *see*," repeated Eloise with the dawn of a smile; "but it can't sound just as I heard it," sighed the disconsolate little poet. "It sounded over and over like your voice when I am almost asleep."

"I'll sing it, then."

The brown head found its place again on Marion's bosom. Very low and sweet was Marion's music, with a joyful, loving reverence that suited the words. Eloise listened as her meaning ran along in the music, and was satisfied:

> "In the summer,
> In the summer,
> The birds and the bees
> Sing to me, sing to me,
> The words are like these,—
> Brightness, beauty and love
> All around me and above!
> Till my soul is in a glow,
> And God loves me, I know.
> My thirsty soul is drinking
> All the brightness and the love
> Till my heart is overflowing
> With the love to him outgoing!
> Then I think, and keep thinking,
> And the words are like these—
> I would like to be a zephyr.
> And keep blowing and blowing
> With my heart overflowing,
> Till I would rise above the trees,
> And the hum of birds and bees,
> And sink down before the Love
> Who dropped this brightness *from above*.
> And say to Him, I'm sorry for all my wilful ways
> I'm sorry for the fretfulness of aching nights and days,
> But I'm glad for all the beauty with which he speaks to me,
> And glad His love is in it, and that my eyes can see.

The brown eyes looked up with a smile in them.

"You sing what I mean, Marion. Now

date it, and I'll print a note at the bottom."

"To-morrow?"

"No, now. I can see."

She took the pencil, making feeble strokes.

"It's a secret, so you can't do it for me. Perhaps I am growing up, for I have secrets, too. Now, look the other way."

Marion laid her head back and shut her eyes.

The weak little fingers printed in slanting capitals the words of her note, little thinking that she was doing the thing she had wished she might do—help answer somebody's prayer.

The words ran thus:

"Marion loves me dearly. Father and mother please buy her a piano when I am gone Home. For the sake of your loving little daughter."

She folded the paper with the satisfied smile in her eyes, and slipping from Marion's lap, laid it away in her mother's desk.

"She doesn't often open that part. She keeps two or three letters there, and a thin old gold ring and such things. She will find my note some day."

An hour afterwards Mrs. Raynor came in to find Marion still singing with Eloise asleep in her arms.

"Josie Nelson has come in for you to walk to the post-office with her," said Mrs. Raynor, touching Marion's forehead with her lips. "I love you, Marion."

Marion colored with surprise and pleasure, and hasted away to Josie.

"I want to post a letter to Tom, and mother said I must go myself for the air."

"I have a letter, too," said Marion shyly.

"I wonder which he will be the gladder of?" said Josie jealously. "Don't you steal my brother away, Marion Lindsley."

"No," observed Marion indignantly. "I don't want stolen goods; I only want what is *mine.*"

So the two letters started together, and it was a long time before Marion knew which he was the more glad to read.

Chapter XIV.

AN OFFER DECLINED,

"God never allowed any man to do nothing."

Marion thought that never before this summer did the Saturday nights come so near together.

"Because you do so much," said Eloise in reply to Marion's remark that expressed this thought.

Eloise was sitting in the barrel chair that Nettie had named "Wesie's Throne." An hour ago Marion had brought her a dish of strawberries wreathed in myrtle.

"They are for the little princess," she said, falling on her knees before Eloise as she presented them.

"A princess couldn't have anything prettier," cried Eloise delightedly, "nor a more darling maid of honor."

It was an "honor" to wait upon Eloise, to do any service for God's little child! But Marion did not speak her thought.

Harry Raynor called Marion to see Josie at the front gate, leaving Eloise, with the empty stained dish before her, fingering the myrtle, absorbed in its contemplation. She did not hear the laugh of the children at play; she was working a thought into rhyme. It was a thought her mother had spoken that afternoon. Many, very many, of the child's weary hours were passed in rhyme-making. She moved uneasily,—there was no comfortable place for the aching back. With a half sigh she settled herself, repeating her rhyme in a whisper:

> "I will not murmur or fret,
> I will gladly wait to get
> From His hand the healing
> I ask, before him kneeling,
> For waiting comes at His command,
> The very gift of His own hand?
> I know it is one of His good ways
> To bless with His love my waiting days."

Then, as Nettie ran laughing past, she began to rhyme a description of her. The girls stood at the gate talking most earnestly; it would be so beautiful to grow up and be like them, Eloise thought as she watched them. Of all things, Eloise desired most fervently to "grow up."

"Very good news has come," Josie was saying. "I couldn't tell mother; she was just saying that it is our first Saturday night without Tom!"

"I hate Saturday nights," spoke Marion quickly; "everything seems so far off! Another week is over—and nothing is nearer—"

"Something *is* nearer to me. What do you think? I had a letter from Walnut Grove just now—somebody from there brought it. I am glad mother didn't see him; and they have offered me the school. Some of Miss Helen's doings, I expect. And I *do* want it so! So think how I *might* have it!"

The color in Josie's cheeks was burning tears into her eyes.

"Why can't you?" asked Marion quickly, "I don't see why you can't."

"Why I *could*—but mother would miss me so. I know just what she would say: that Tom is able to do something for the children now, and that if we have got along, we can get along better now. She said today I must save my money for a suit for

myself. She doesn't know how that old machine makes my side ache—and she never can know how my heart is set on teaching. I could come home every Friday night," Josie went on, excitedly; "it is offered to me, I didn't seek it! Sarah isn't strong, but Lou can help, and I would have Saturdays to darn and mend! It seems as if I *might* go, doesn't it?"

"I see no reason at all why you can't. What is the salary?"

"More than I make now, of course; three hundred and fifty."

"I hope you can go, Josie," sympathized Marion. "You have been wanting a school so long."

"It does seem *sent*, doesn't it?" Josie said eagerly, "but I do dread to break it to mother. She will say having me home is worth twice that to her." Josie ended with a long sigh. "I know she will say I will spit blood, like Agnes Lucerne, if I go. My lungs are strong, and Agnes's were always weak. Mother was over at the parsonage to-day; when she came home she said, 'Agnes says teaching is the hardest work in the world; she would never advise any one to try it. Just see, Josie, what it has brought that poor girl to!' I believe I talked for half an hour to prove that it would be good for me. Oh, I wish she hadn't seen Agnes to-day! Agnes would have had consumption any way; her father and mother both died with it."

"She might let you try, any way," suggested Marion.

"I'm afraid she will not. I'm afraid to speak of it."

Lou's voice rang out clear from the back steps:

"Come to hot biscuit! Come to hot biscuit!"

Josie pushed the letter down to the bottom of her pocket. Trudie and Agnes were walking slowly up and down in front of the parsonage. Trudie called to Josie, but Josie would not stop. She would not confess it to herself, but she did not feel pleasantly towards Agnes for the chance words she had spoken that day.

It did not seem possible that that half sheet of crumpled paper meant so much. It meant what she had been looking forward to all her life! It meant the very thing she had asked God for. But if He did mean it for her, no one could take it away. How could she know whether or not He did mean it for her! Perhaps He had sent it only to try her to see what was in her heart! Could it be a good thing if it led her to dishonor her mother's counsel. Would it be honoring her to seek to overpersuade her? Such reasoning was new to Josie. The thing that she could *get*, willingly or unwillingly, from her mother had always been the good thing. But now she wanted only the thing that would honor God in the getting as well as the having.

"The twins don't seem to be well, Josie," remarked her mother anxiously when Josie entered the kitchen. "I think Sady has symptom of measles, and Baby has been disinclined to play ever since noon." Was this one of God's "providences?" What did it mean? Instantly Josie's letter of refusal was begun.

"Are measles bad?" inquired Lou, looking earnestly at her twin.

"Oh, no. It's a good time to have them. I hope it isn't scarlet fever. Josie, I believe I can spare Tom better than you. Agnes' face has haunted me all the afternoon; I can't bear to think of your teaching."

"Don't then!" returned Josie with a short laugh.

"Why, Josie, you can't go away!" declared Lou. "You were *put* here, just as Adam was put in the Garden of Eden."

"Don't talk about it then!" said Josie crossly. "I hate to hear the word 'school' mentioned. It sets the whole house in an uproar. I hope before I die I shall be able to do *one* thing I want to."

Josie's eyes were filled with angry tears; she push ed her plate from her and hastily left the room.

"Whew! *aint* we mad?" was Lou's astonished ejaculation. "Her red head spoke that time. I was as innocent as a Lamb—quoting Scripture, too."

"Josie is troubled about something," said Sarah.

"Don't you tease her, Louisa," remarked her mother sternly.

"Mother, you call me Louisa!" replied the incorrigible Lou, "have I offended you?"

"You will, if you tease Josie."

Supper ended in silence; Josie did not come down stairs till Sarah brought in the milk.

"Why, Sally, you needn't have milked," she said with a thickness in her voice; "I was coming."

"I thought maybe you were tired! Oh, dear, we can't watch for Tom to-night."

Over the way there was somebody thinking with a deeper sigh, "I can't watch for Tom to-night."

Josie wrote the letter of refusal without consulting her mother. The letter from Walnut Grove she dropped into the kitchen stove, looking down into the fire to see it burn.

"There's something for everybody to do," observed the neighbor who was talking with her mother in the back-yard.

"So there is," thought Josie, poking the fragments of her letter. "And I suppose if we keep our eyes open we'll see the right thing. When Elijah saw the cloud, he knew it meant rain, but I don't know what my clouds mean."

When Josie returned from the office she stopped at the parsonage gate to speak to Helen.

"You did just right, Josie," said Helen heartily. "It is good to be so much comfort to your mother that she cannot let you go! Perhaps you will see some time what you stayed at home for."

"Perhaps," replied Josie doubtfully.

"Later, Josie went into Sarah's room for a candle. She lighted it, and seeing a Bible lying open remembered Lou's words at the tea-table that had roused her into rebellion. She turned the leaves and found the words. They had never struck her before; she had read them with no thought in connection with them:

"And the Lord God took the man and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it."

She smiled at Lou's emphasis upon the "put."

"There's dressing and keeping enough to do here," she reflected.

Julia was asleep; Sarah moved uneasily, but she did not speak.

"This light troubles you, Sadie; I didn't think."

"Oh, no," in a stifled voice; "leave it burning, please."

"Why, Sadie, you are not crying!" exclaimed Josie, moving towards the bed. "Are you missing poor old Tom?"

"No, oh, no," with a sob. "I do want to be good, Josie!"

Josie stood a moment perplexed; she could talk easily enough in Sunday-school, but the words would not come when she attempted to comfort her sister. Leaving the candle burning, she went down to her mother.

"Sadie wants you, mother," she said; "she is crying."

"She isn't sick, is she?" cried Mrs. Lathrop in alarm, dropping her mending.

"No, not sick. I'll finish your work."

Josie put on her thimble and threaded the darning-needle, bringing the words out slowly and long.

"I don't *see* why it is harder for me to do good home than anywhere else! I can talk with anybody's sister more easily than my own! I wonder whose fault it is!"

Mrs. Lathrop came downstairs after an hour's talk with Sarah. Her gentle face was unusually flushed, and her eyes were full of tears.

"Josie, I was glad when Sadie was born and now I am glad again."

Josie looked up.

"She says the words you have said in Sunday-school have made her think, and what you said the night you told us about prayer."

Josie could not say a word.

CHAPTER XV.

WALKING ROUND JERICHO.

"Men ought always to pray and not to faint."

Helen stood before the glass in Agnes' chamber arranging the ribbon at her throat.

"I like to see you wear geranium leaves, Helen," said Agnes from her pillowed easy chair. "What were you smiling at?"

"I was thinking of Mary Lyon. Once she stood before the glass tying her bonnet-strings, when she surprised a friend who was watching her by saying: 'I shall be very much disappointed if I don't get to heaven.' I was thinking my thought was as far away from the contemplation of myself as hers was."

Helen did not speak her thought. It was this: "I don't know any way but God's way."

"Don't read any more, Aggie," counselled Helen, turning to her. "Trudie will come up and read to you as soon as we can spare her. I am sorry you cannot come down to-day, but you cannot help growing strong in these rooms if you are not too obstinate. Eloise is not well enough to come in, either. Wouldn't you like to have Con stay with you?"

"Oh, no, let her play in the sun and grow brown and rugged. I don't want her to be a broken flower," sighed Agnes. "I like to be alone."

"What will you do?"

"Learn the hymn in my Silent Comforter. I want a new one to-morrow. But isn't that Buttercup?"

Helen glanced from the window. "Some thing is the matter. Even the plume in Trudie's hat looks wilted." The "something" was told in few words.

"Oh, Helen!" clinging to her as they met in the passage. "My book is refused!"

"Refused! It can't be. Don't be such a goose, child. Let me see the letter."

It was in Trudie's hand; she had held it all the way, seeming to think that the touch of her fingers could soften it.

Helen read it deliberately.

"Trudie, you must be blind. The manuscript is not refused."

A gleam of hope came into the dull eyes.

"What did your mother say?"

"She hasn't seen it. Nobody has. It came last night. I didn't get asleep till daylight."

"O Trudie! Trudie!" fondly and chidingly. "He expresses some doubt as to its acceptance, it is true. A week will decide it. It must have met with some favor, or it would not still be in the balance. Have you any 'knack at hoping?'"

"No, not over a letter like that." She hid her face on Helen's arm.

"There's a place to hope in, Trudie, so we must hope. Even if it be refused, you can revise it and send it elsewhere. A careful revision will be a great improvement."

"Oh," moaned Trudie, "I don't want to write it over."

"You want to do your best."

"I *did* do my best."

"Whose care is it, Trudie?"

"Oh, yes, I know," raising her head with tears glittering in her eyes; "but it hurts me so. I am not patient like you, Helen. I don't know how to wait."

"Only a week! That isn't long."

"And have it refused point-blank then. I can wait for a good thing—I cant wait for an evil thing."

"If you are sure it will be refused, don't wait to know it." Helen could not forbear a smile.

"But it is more than that, Helen; it is everything. I shall think I am not 'called' to write."

"How many times did you write it?"

"Three times!" Trudie announced in a very convincing tone.

"An author—I don't know who it was—wrote one book over thirty-six times."

"Thirty-six!" was the dismal echo.

"This will prove whether you are in earnest or not. If you can't be an earnest worker, I beg of you give it up. If you are discouraged, it is true, you are not 'called.'"

"Helen," Trudie smiled, "you slay me! When you speak in that tone I always feel like picking up the wounded. I'll write it over, if I must. I'll show you that I am in earnest. But I'll be so ashamed if it is refused."

"Oh, that's it. There is no place for pride if you are 'called,' Trudie. Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not! Perhaps you *are* called to honor yourself. I did not think of that. I am not sorry at all," giving her a contradictory caress; "now go and see Agnes."

Trudie obeyed after tearing the letter to bits.

(*To be continued*).

JOSEPH HERON'S RESOLUTION.

Joseph Heron lived in Reedsville. He was a plain, freckled-faced boy, rather small of his age, and with an unfortunate habit of stammering. He was a quiet, bashful boy, but faithful to his widowed mother, and industrious in his school. There was one trial Joseph had, which to him was the greatest, this was school declamation.

He had never forgotten how the boys laughed that afternoon when he "spoke Casabianca."

"The b-boy st-st-ood on the b-b-burning deck,
Whence all b-b-ut him had f-f-f—"

"I think they must have had hard work f-f-leeing," whispered Bob Jones, so loud that Joseph could not but hear, and the blood rushed to his face.

Then Hal Perkins, to whom the remark was made, laughed aloud, and poor Joe stopped discouraged and went to his seat. Since this first time, his teacher had given him private lessons, and he had tried to improve; he had just begun to do better, still nothing seemed so difficult to him as to declaim.

The past winter there had been much religious interest in the church which Joseph and his mother attended, and many of Joe's friends had made a firm resolve to serve the Lord.

One night Joe went home from prayer-meeting and found his mother sewing as usual by the little kerosene lamp in the kitchen. He went in, and drawing a low seat up by her, said:

"Mother, dear, Mr. Jameson told us to-n-night the-the story of Joshua's resolution, 'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord,' and he t-told us we m-might any of us then and there m-make the same resolution for ourselves. And then he s-said to us, 'Choose ye th-this day whom ye will serve.' It seemed t-to me as if the Lord was s-speaking right to m-me, and I thought the people must hear m-my heart beat; b-but it was only a f-few m-minutes, mother; I made up my mind. I chose!"

"Is it possible, my dear boy," said the widow, as the tears fell fast on the unfinished garment in her lap; "have *you* chosen to serve the Lord?"

"Yes, mother, 'as for m-me, I will,' God helping m-me; and what is m-more, to-morrow n-night, when the minister calls on th-those who have resolved, to t-t-testify of the hopes, I m-mean to tell of mine."

"You are not afraid of stammering, Joe?"

"No, m-mother; I feel sure th-the Lord will help m-me."

"But, my love, think how hard it is for you to declaim at school; and think how much harder it will be for you to speak there."

"I'm n-not afraid, mother."

Truly, thought Mrs. Heron, this is the grace of God.

The next evening, at the prayer-meeting, little, pale Mrs. Heron, on the women's side, listened tremblingly for a weak, stammering voice, but the one she loved above all others on earth.

Mr. Jameson said when the meeting was half over: "I repeat the request I made at

the beginning, that those who have lately chosen to serve the Lord, testify."

Joseph Heron rose. Poor Mrs. Heron's heart was in her mouth, and she had hidden her face in her handkerchief. Joseph, pale, resolute, looked about on the assembly an instant; there were the boys who laughed at Casabianca; there was the great preacher, at least he seemed a "son of thunder" to poor Joe, and then the people were all so still, nothing but the ticking of the clock could be heard, all waiting to hear *him*. Just then he caught sight of his mother, in deep black, bent over, her face in her hands. He took courage.

"My friends," he said, in a full, clear voice, "I have made up my mind that as for me I will serve the Lord. It was only last night that I made this resolution, but the day past has been the happiest of my life." Here, poor little Mrs. Heron's handkerchief fell from her eyes. Could this be her Joe! He did not stammer; she even took courage to look.

Joe went on: "I want to ask all my young friends to serve the Lord too. It is a glorious service, and the wages are everlasting life."

Joseph sat down, and others followed; but no one attracted so much attention as he. It seemed as if then and there the Lord had wrought a miracle. Every word had been full, clear, and distinct, uttered without hesitation. Even Joe himself was as surprised as any of them. But after service, as Joe walked home with his mother, his stammering had returned. But when he knelt to pray with her, after reading the Bible, lo, the clear, unhesitating voice came back.

"It is the gift of the Lord, mother," said Joe. "I thought it would be s-so hard to speak or p-pray in meeting, and I prayed to Him to give me strength; and this is th-the way He will do it. I shall n-never be afraid now to witness for Him in the m-meeting. He has n-not given m-me the power in everyth-thing, but just f-for Him. It is wrong, I suppose, mother; but I am troubled about to-morrow. I am afraid all the boys will l-laugh at me and sneer, and ask me if I've t-taken to e-exhorting."

"Yes, Joseph," said his mother; "you are wrong in being afraid. Ask God to help you, and He will; but even if you are 'reproached for His name,' the Bible says, 'happy are ye.' "

So Joseph went to school the next day, braced up for an attack, but ready for conflict; ready, in other words, to take patiently any unkind or cruel things that might be said to him. His mother watched for him rather anxiously at noon. The pine-table was covered with a coarse brown linen cloth, the Indian mush was smoking in the dish, and Mrs. Heron was taking a few stitches in her work, as she sat waiting for her son.

The door was suddenly thrown open, and Joe's face, wreathed in smiles, appeared.

"Well, my boy, come, sit down, dinner is smoking hot. You have not had a *very* hard time to-day, have you?"

"I-I-I don't know wh-what possessed the b-boys, mother. They were n-never so kind in th-their lives; and wh-what do you th-think? Hal Perkins came to m-me, and a-asked my p-pardon for a-all his u-ugliness, a-and h-he says he is g-going to try and be a Christian, too, and w-wants me to help him."

"And it came to pass," said Mrs. Heron, "when Christian came near where the lions were, behold they were chained!"—*Selected.*

CHARLIE'S HENS.

BY ADELAIDE S. HILL.

"For Charlie Lane. In care of James B. Lane." This was what Charlie read on the outside of a large basket which he saw in the woodshed as he ran in from school.

"Open it quick, mother, do. I never had anything come by express before. What is it? What can it be? Who do you suppose sent it to me?"

All these questions were asked by Charlie, as he assisted, or, rather, hindered, his mother in untying the cords which secured the basket. On opening it, what do you suppose Charlie found? Two pure white hens and a rooster.

"Why, mother, these must have come from aunt Julie and uncle Job. You know I was down there last March, when the old brown hen sat on fourteen eggs and hatched only three. I guess these are the ones."

In the meantime Charlie's mother was releasing Mr. Rooster and his two wives from their long confinement. When they had been placed in the basket their legs had been tied, to prevent their fluttering, and in that way injuring one another.

"Now, I shall have to make a pen for them," said Charlie. "Can't I put them in this big box until I get it done?"

"Certainly, my son." So to the box they were carefully conveyed.

In a few days Charlie had completed a nice little home for them.

"It will answer very well for the present," said his father; "and, if you conclude to increase your flock, I will get a carpenter to construct a permanent house for them."

After much deliberation and a great amount of consultation with his mother, Charlie named his hens. One hen was larger than the other and her comb drooped

over to one side. He named her Mistress Tiptop. The smaller one was called Mistress Dotty. The rooster he decided to name Jim Crow—not because he was black, but on account of his prolonged and incessant crowing. Some three months after this Charlie received a present of a pretty gray hen. He was very glad to have this addition to his flock, and forthwith named her Speckle. This poor little biddy was sadly persecuted by the other hens. Mistress Dotty and Tiptop were highly indignant at her presence and refused to make the acquaintance of the intruder. Speckle could hardly eat her food in peace. No sooner did she find a nice bit than these two greedy hens chased her and picked her till she gave it up to them. They would never allow her to remain upon the same roost with them at night. If she attempted to do so, some bitter cold night, they would soon make it so uncomfortable for her that she would be obliged to go away by herself, and keep warm the best she could. Mr. Jim Crow tried to befriend her at first; but soon, influenced no doubt by the bad example of Dotty and Tiptop, he began to persecute her also. And one morning, when Charlie went out to give his hens their breakfast, he found poor Speckle dead. Charlie gave her a fine funeral. His three boy friends came over after school to attend the obsequies. They tied black ribbons round the legs of each of the pets. Each boy took one in his arms. Charlie led the procession, bearing the body of Speckle in a green pasteboard box. At the foot of the garden was a large cherry tree. Here they laid the poor persecuted hen. Over her grave was placed this inscription:

"SPECKLE. Aged 11 mo's.
Killed by Tiptop and Dotty."

It was afterwards noticed by Charlie that these hens never wandered toward the black cherry tree when they were let out of the pen.

The next week Charlie's father gave him two more hens. One was gray, and the other brown. They were named accordingly. These were very tame hens, and would jump upon the dish whenever Charlie fed them, they had no quarrels with the other hens, because Mistress Gray and Brownie knew how to attend to their own affairs. There was considerable rivalry among the hens now to see which would lay the most eggs, and Charlie found two, sometimes three, eggs in the nest every day. About the first of April Mistress Tiptop walked out with eight of the cunningest little chicks you ever saw. How proud she was. "Now that pert Miss Brownie will see that I am smarter than she. My little chicks will soon be able to take care of themselves, and then what a happy mother I will be. I hope they will all look like me." But Tiptop was too proud. One day a gaunt old cat passed through the yard, and, seeing these little downy chicks, thought what a nice breakfast they would make her. So she slyly stole up and seized one of them. Mother Tiptop was in a terrible flutter. Just then Brownie rushed out from the nest where she had been laying an egg, and attacked this thieving cat so fiercely that, to save her eyes, she was obliged to give up her breakfast. After that Brownie and Tiptop were the best of friends; and, although all of Tiptop's chicks were not white, she was proud to see that they resembled Brownie.

Of course you wish to know whether Charlie's hens were profitable. Here is the result at the end of the year, in Charlie's own fashion:

Bought 1 bu. Corn	$1 00
" 1 bu. Oats	60
" 4 qts. Meal	25
Lost by death of Speckle	75
" " 1 chicken	02
Built Hen-Pen	2 00
	$4 62
Sold Mother 20 doz. eggs, at 25 cts	$5 00
" " 10 " " at 35 cts	3 50
" Aunt Susan 7 " " at 30 cts	2 10
" The Minister 2 " " at 20 cts	40
[Mother made me sell to him cheap.]	
1 doz. eggs to set	1 00
Sold Frank Paul two hens and one rooster	2 25
	$15 25

Gain for 1 yr, $10 63.

So you see that Charlie had over ten dollars to spend for Christmas presents, besides the pleasure of taking care of the hens.—*Independent.*

LITTLE WHIMPY.

Whimpy, little Whimpy,
  Cried so much one day,
His grandma couldn't stand it,
  And his mother ran away;
His sister climbed the hay-mow,
  His father went to town,
And cook flew to the neighbor's
  In her shabby kitchen gown.

Whimpy, little Whimpy,
  Stood out in the sun,
And cried until the chickens
  And the ducks began to run;
Old Towser in his kennel
  Growled in an angry tone,
Then burst his chain, and Whimpy
  Was left there, all alone.

Whimpy, little Whimpy,
  Cried and cried and cried,
Soon the sunlight vanished,
  Flowers began to hide;
Birdies stopped their singing,
  Frogs began to croak,
Darkness came! and Whimpy
  Found crying was no joke.

Whimpy, little Whimpy,
  Never'll forget the day
When grandma couldn't stand it,
  And his mother ran away.
He was waiting by the window
  When they all came home to tea,
And a gladder boy than Whimpy
  You never hope to see.

—*M. M. D., in St. Nicholas,*

The Home.

WHERE ARE THE CHILDREN?

BY GRACE EDDY.

Reader, have you forgotten with what interest you listened to mother's stories of what she did when she was a little girl? With the same interest the children of the present generation gather around the hearth in the long winter evenings and clamor for a story. But when it is finished, they exclaim sorrowfully, "Why can't we have such nice times?" Ah, the times are not changed, but the old-fashioned boys and girls have passed away, and in their places we have miniature men and women, old from their cradles.

I can remember when a little girl was content with a china doll, yes,—time was, when a rag baby of home manufacture gave satisfaction. Very different was the Paris lady I saw in the hands of a child not long ago. What accomplishment was there this modern wonder did not possess? What could be added to her toilet? The fortunate owner grew weary of displaying the wardrobe before I had seen half the contents.

"Do you not play with your beautiful doll?" I asked, as she carefully put it away.

"Oh, no, I never play with her; it spoils her clothes,—and besides I am getting too old for dolls."

Bless her little heart, she was not yet nine years old!

"Well, how do you manage to amuse yourself?"

"I go to dancing-school, and read or drive with mamma."

We met her a few days afterward walking in the park with her nurse. "Gracie," I called, "here is my sister Meg,—she has come to see your wonderful city; take her hand and have a good run."

The demure little face brightened, but only for a moment; then she withdrew the hand from Meg's grasp, and said with childlike dignity,

"No, I never run; nurse says it is not ladylike, and I would toss my hair and crush my dress."

Nurse smiled approvingly, and hurried her charge away from our hurtful influence.

"Never mind, Meg, we will invite Grace out to visit us at the farm, and you shall teach her to run and play like a country girl."

"So we will," said Meg, gleefully; "but we won't allow nurse to come with her."

When she arrived the following week she was a decided contrast in her dainty ruffles and pretty hat, to our noisy, frolicsome Meg.

Before they went out to play, I covered the white frock with a gingham apron, braided back the long curls, and tied on a sun hat.

"Now go and play," I said; "and never mind how soiled your clothes get; try and play in earnest."

She obeyed this injunction to the letter, and when she came in in the evening one would hardly have recognized her. The pale cheeks were flushed, perhaps a trifle sunburned, her hands two or three shades browner, and oh how she did enjoy the bread and milk!

The weather was so fine that they were out of doors from morning till night, and in honor of Grace they were allowed the unusual privilege of having lunch under the trees, and boiling potatoes over a gipsy fire.

When the time came for going home Grace begged to stay a few days longer with us.

"I never had such fun in all my life," she said. "I wish papa would buy a farm next door to yours."

"What did Grace do at the farm?" asked her mother, when I next saw her. "She talks of nothing else but her visit there; we cannot induce her to play, although I am sure she has had a fortune spent on her toys."

I was visiting a friend last New Year's day, and among the gentlemen who called appeared a boy about ten years of age.

Presently to my surprise two little ladies entered dressed in the height of fashion, and then I understood that the call was intended for them. When he rose to go he bowed himself out of the room with as much assurance as if he had been three times ten. I wonder what would have tempted his father to have made calls at that age.

Truly wonderful are the children of the nineteenth century.

A word about children's parties and I have done. What an undertaking it is to give one! There is the dancing, the musicians, the supper, the flirting,—everything but the fun. The little girls toss their heads, fan themselves, and adopt the airs and graces of young ladies. The boys likewise copy their elder brothers. It is amusing to watch the farce, and one can hardly help laughing; but is there not something almost painful about the whole affair? All that is innocent and simple gone—only the artificial left.

A writer once said, that after the Fall, the only things that remained in their pristine loveliness were the little children and the flowers. Perhaps had he waited until now to give utterance to the beautiful thought he would have excluded the children.

I wonder if the little ones enjoy themselves as we did when we were invited to a party at four in the afternoon and returned home at eight; when we sat around a table and had a genuine tea, with our elder sisters waiting on us, and our fathers and mothers smiling at our merriment? Then the good old games of "Blind Man's Buff," "Clap in and Clap out," "Pillows and Keys," in which all joined,—what supply their places I should like to know?

Our gala dress consisted of the simple merino we wore to church, brightened by a pretty sash or a coral necklace.

Parents, will you not try to keep the spirits of little children in your sons and daughters? They will be men and women all too soon; let them enjoy childhood as long as they can—the *real happy* childhood which they will love to look back upon, and which prepares them to be earnest, cheerful workers in whatever field they are called to labor.

SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

We are looking over sundry trunks and boxes, the careful and the careless gatherings of three generations. We pick up a little rough paper book with marbled covers from the corner of the old hair trunk where it was long ago thrown by some careless hand. The little tumbled book proves to be a diary—a simple daily note-book, the memoranda of a housekeeper which carried us back into the immediate home-life of seventy years ago.

The diarist had been a fair and stately dame in her day, and it is easy to remove her from the frame where her portrait hangs on the walls of the south parlor, and fancy her seated in the same room before the crackling fire jotting down the memoranda of the day. She is a pretty sight we think, sitting in her straight-backed mahogany arm-chair, with her feet on the polished brass fender and her book resting on a little stand, which also holds the two tall silver candlesticks with their tall tallow candles, for wax candles are saved for gala-nights, when diaries are not in requisition. She must have been nearly forty years of age when she wrote in this little book, but we see her as her portrait shows her, very young-looking in spite of her stateliness, enhanced though it is by the high turban of embroidered muslin edged with soft lace falling over the clusters of fair curls on her temples, and by the black satin gown, short-waisted and scanty, relieved only by delicate lace frills, which shade the beautiful throat and the strong, white, shapely hands. The shadow on her face as she gazes into the fire is not marvellous, for it is winter in her quiet Connecticut home; the post comes but twice a week; her husband is representing his State in

Washington, and her only child is studying in distant Yale.

Perhaps, though, the shadow is not that of pure loneliness. Is there not some perplexity in it? And something also of vexation? Yes, and it is the very vexation of spirit which—in the face of Solomon's venerable testimony to the contrary—we had fancied to be peculiar to our own evil days. Almost the first entry in this quaint little diary is to the effect that "Jim was sulky to-night and gave short answers." A little farther on we find that "Yesterday Jim went away without leave, and stayed all night;" which delinquency, being accompanied by a suspicion of drunkenness, caused the anxious dame to "send for General T—— to come and give Jim a lecture." Lecturing, however, was not then so popular as now, and Jim appears to have profited little by the veteran general's discourse, for on the very next night he repeats his offence. We have reason also to fear that Jim's honesty was not above suspicion, for we read that Betsey, an American woman who acted as assistant housekeeper and companion, "found in Jim's possession a red morocco pocket-book which I had given her, but"—alas for Betsey!—"with the contents all gone."

Other entries to the effect that madam one day lost her key to the wine-cellar, and the next day discovered the bibulous Jim in the said cellar "sucking brandy through a straw inserted in the bunghole of the cask," and that, "furthermore, Jim had confessed to having stolen and sold a coffee-basin for rum," do not tend to raise in our estimation this pattern of an ancient darkey. This time it appears that madam did not need to call in the aid of General T——, for she admits that she herself "lectured Jim severely;" sarcastically adding, "he professed penitence, but that did not hinder him from stealing another basin to-day."

But the refractory Jim, we think, must have been the exception which proved the rule that all servants prior to the late Celtic invasion were models of deportment. Accordingly, we are not surprised to find that Betsey was a handmaiden held in high estimation, and that "old Jack" was a servant whose shortcomings were offset by his general good conduct and affectionate heart. But we find also that there was a certain Sally, who could be tolerated only because of her great culinary skill; and an uncertain Silvy, who appears to have been in mind, if not in fact, the twin-sister of Jim, with a spice of Topsy thrown in.

The trouble in those days was not the prospect of suddenly losing cook or nursemaid, but that there was no getting rid of either. "I wish I could send Jim and Silvy away," writes madam, "but the poor rascals have no place to go to."

We begin to think that madam would have been just as well off if she had not kept so many servants, and to wonder what they could have had to do. Perhaps it was the idle man's playmate that made the trouble. But a little farther reading in the old diary dissipates this illusion. If anybody thinks that our grandmothers must have been cursed with *ennui* because they did not attend three parties a night three times a week, with operas and theatres to fill in the off nights, they are mightily mistaken.

Of sociability there could have been no lack in this rural neighborhood, for beside a ball or two madam records numbers of tea-drinkings and debating clubs, and meetings of the Clio, a literary club, at which assisted at least two future judges of the supreme courts of the States of their adoption, and several other men and women whose names would attract attention even in our clattering days. Visiting, too, of the old fashioned spend-the-day sort had not gone out of date—was indeed so common that madam one evening enters in her journal—whether in sorrow or in thankfulness there is nothing to tell us, but at least as a notable fact—that she had "had no company to-day."

But it was not company that occupied all the hours of so busy a dame as our diarist. Though she had not to remodel her dresses in hot chase after the last novelty of the fashion-weekly, she had to superintend the manufacture of the stuff of which her maids' gowns and her own morning-gowns were made, to say nothing of bed and table-linen, etc. Bridget in our day seems to think that to do a family washing is the labor of a Hercules. Yet seventy years ago before a towel could be washed the soap wherewith to cleanse it must be made at home; and this not by the aid of condensed lye or potash, but with lye drawn by a tedious process of filtering water through barrels or leech-tubs of hard-wood ashes. The "setting" of these tubs was one of the first labors of the spring, and to see that Silvy or Jim poured on the water at regular intervals, and did not continue pouring after the lye had become "too weak to bear up an egg," was a part of Betsey's daily duty for some weeks. Then came the soap boiling in great iron kettles over the fire in the wide fireplace. Apparently, this was not always a certain operation. Science had not yet put her meddling but useful finger into the soap-pot, for madam sadly records that on the twenty-first of May she had superintended the soap boiling, but had not been blessed with "good luck;" and on the third of June we find the suggestive entry, "Finished the soap-boiling to-day." Eleven days—for we must of course count out the two Sundays—eleven days of greasy, odor-

ous soap-boiling! We think that if we had been in madam's slippers we should have allowed Sally, Silvy and the rest to try the virtues of the unaided waters of heaven upon the family washing, and when this ceased to be efficacious should have let the clothes be purified by fire. But upon second thoughts, no; it was too much trouble to make those clothes.

We are not yet through with the preparations for the washing. The ancient housewife could not do without starch for her "ruffs and cuffs and fardingales" and for her lord's eloborate plaited ruffles. Yet she could not buy a box of "Duryea's best refined." The starch, like the soap, must be made at home. "On this day," writes our diarist, "had a bushel of wheat put in soak for starch;" and in another place we find the details of the starch-making process. The wheat was put into a tub and covered with water. As the chaff rose to the top it was skimmed off. Each day the water was carefully turned off, without disturbing the wheat, and fresh water was added, until after several days there was nothing left but a hard and perfectly white mass in the bottom of the tub. This mass was spread upon pewter platters and dried in the sun.

Another sore trouble was the bread-making. The great wheat-fields of the West were not then opened, and we find that the wheat was frequently "smutty;" hence, that "the barrel was bad," which must sorely have tried the soul of the good housewife. Woe be to Silvy if that damsel did not carry herself gingerly on the baking-day, when the long, flat shovel removed from the cavernous brick oven only heavy and sticky lumps of baked dough, in place of the light white loaves which the painstaking housewife had a right to expect!

In the absence of husband and son the care of a large farm fell upon our madam's shoulders, and the details of cost and income are dotted through the little journal. We can imagine the lady, gracious in her stateliness, marshalling old General T—— and Colonel C——, out into her barnyard to get their opinion as to the value of her fat cattle, and the concealed disapproval with which she received their judgment that forty-five dollars was a fair price for the pair, "when," as she quietly remarks, "I considered that fifty dollars was little enough for so fine a pair of fat cattle; and in fact I got my own price for them the next day."

Fifty dollars was a much larger sum then than now. Imagine how many things could be bought for fifty dollars, when butter brought but ten, veal three or four, beef six or seven cents respectively per pound, and a pair of fat young chickens brought but twenty-five cents! There is one article upon whose accession of price we can dwell with pleasure. Madam records discontentedly that it "took two men all day to kill four hogs, *notwithstanding* that she had spent fifty cents for a half gallon of rum for them to drink." Fancy the sort of liquor that could now be bought for a dollar the gallon, and the sort of men that could drink two quarts thereof and live!

It is heretical, of course, to hint a syllable against the open wood-fire which crackled and flickered so beautifully while our madam wrote about her cattle and pigs and Jim and Silvy, but in truth we cannot envy our ancestors the care of those fires. With three yawning, devouring fireplaces constantly to be fed, and an additional one for each of the guest rooms so often occupied during the winter—for this was the visiting season—there was no lack of business for Ralph, a white man, and his colored coadjutors, Jack and Jim. When we look at the still existing kitchen fireplace, nine feet in width and four in depth, we cease to blame Jack for neglecting to mend the barn floor.

Among the occupations of the women one great time-consumer must have been the daily scouring, so much woodwork was left unpainted to be kept as white as a clean sea-beach by applications of soap and sand. Probably a good deal of this hand-and-knee work fell upon the unfortunate Silvy, as well as the polishing of the pewter plates, the brass fenders, andirons, tongs, shovels, door-knobs, knockers and the various brazen ornaments which bedecked the heavy sideboards and tall secretaries.

Seventy years ago, when gas and kerosene were not, and wax candles were an extravagance indulged in only on state occasions, even by the wealthy, the tallow dip was an article of necessity, and "candle dip-day" was as certain of recurrence as Christmas, though perhaps even less welcome than the equally certain annual Fast Day. Fancy an immense kitchen with the before mentioned fire place in the centre of one side. Over the blaze of backlog and forestick, and something like half a cord of "eight-foot wood," are swinging the iron cranes laden with great kettles of melting tallow. On the opposite side of the kitchen two long poles about two feet apart are supported at their extremities upon the seats of chairs. Beside the poles are other great kettles containing melted tallow poured on the top of hot water. Across the poles are the slender candle-rods, from which depend ranks upon ranks of candle-wicks made of tow, for cotton wick is a later invention. Little by little, by endlessly repeating the slow process of dipping into the kettles of melted tallow and hanging them to cool, the wicks take on their proper coating of

tallow. To make the candles as large as possible was the aim, for the more tallow the brighter the light. When done, the ranks of candles, still depending from the rods, were hung in the sunniest spots of a sunny garret to bleach.

But all these employments were as play compared with the home manufacture of dry goods. Ralph, Jack and Jim had no time for such work, so two other men were all winter kept busy in the barn at "crackling flax" and afterward passing it through a coarse hetchel to separate the coarsest or "swingling tow." After this the flax was made up into switches or "heads" like those which we see in pictures, or that which Faust's Marguerite so temptingly wields. These were deposited in barrels in the garret. During the winter the "heads" were brought down by the women to be rehetchelled once and again, removing first the coarser, and then the finer tow. This must have been a fearfully dusty operation. It makes one cough only to think of "the inch depth of flax-dust" which settled upon Betsey's protecting handkerchief while she "hetchelled."

The finest and best of the flax was saved for spinning into thread, for cotton thread there was none, excepting, possibly, a little of very poor quality in small skeins. The small wheel that we see in the far corner of the garret—just like Marguerite's—was used for spinning the fine thread. A larger wheel was used to spin the tow into yarn for the coarse clothing for boys and negroes or for "filling" in the coarser linens. All the boys, and very often the men—wore in summer trousers made of linen cloth, for which the yarn was spun at home by the maids, and was then taken to the weaver's to be made into cloth. Part of the linen yarn was dyed blue, and mingled with white or unbleached yarn, was woven into a chequered stuff for the curtains of servants' beds and for dresses for the maids, and aprons for their mistresses. In view of the fact that all the bed-linen and most of the table-linen was thus made at home, one cannot wonder that a housewife's linen-closet was an object of special care and pride.

If there were at that time any woollen manufactories in the United States, their powers of production must have been very limited, while foreign cloths could only have been worn by the gentlemen, and by them probably not at all times, for a few years later than the date of madam's diary we find that English cloths were sold at the then fearful prices of eighteen and twenty dollars per yard. So sheep must be kept and sheared, and their wool carded, rolled and spun. As linen-spinning was the fancy work of the winter, so wool-spining was that of summer. Back and forth before the loud-humming big wheel briskly stepped the cheerful spinner through the long bright afternoons of summer, busily spinning the yarn that was to be woven into cloths and flannels of different textures. Busily indeed must both mistress and maids have stepped, for not without their labors could be provided the coats and trousers, the undershirts, the petticoats and the woollen sheets, to say nothing of blankets, white or chequered, and the heavy coverlets of blue or green and white yarns woven into curiously intermingling figures, all composed of little squares; and last, but not least, the yarn for countless pairs of long warm stockings for the feet of master and man, mistress and maid. For as a legacy from dying slavery the servants were still unable or unwilling to provide for their own wants, and the housemistress had frequently to knit Jack's stockings with her own fair fingers, as well as to "cut out the stuff for Jim's pantaloons," which she will "try to teach Silvy to sew."

Did we think that we had reached the last purpose for which the homespun woollen yarn was required? We were mistaken, for here is the entry: "To-day dyed the yarn for back-hall carpet. Remember to tell the weaver that I prefer it plaided instead of striped."

Economy of time must, one would think, have been the most necessary of economies to the old-time housewives. With so many things to do, how did they find time to make those marvels of misplaced industry, the patched bed-quilts? Our diarist, rich as her closets were in blankets and linen, left but few bed-quilts to vex the eyes of her descendants, yet we read that "Betsey and I quilted a bed-quilt this afternoon"—their fingers were surely nimble—"and in the evening"—happy change of employment!—"Betsey finished reading aloud from Blair's *Lectures*. To-morrow evening we shall begin the *Spectator*. My husband has sent us by private hand Mr. A. Pope's translation of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, but it has not yet arrived. Strange that a private hand should be slower than the post?"
—*In Lippincott's Magazine.*

LITTLE SEAMSTRESSES.

BY NANNIE A. HEPWORTH.

"I detest sewing," and my neighbor, Mrs. Kerr, sighed over the sacque she was binding. "Yes, I've always disliked it since I was made to sew that everlasting patchwork; and if it was not patchwork, then it was a long seam to be overhanded, while from morning till night I heard, 'Come, child, you must learn how to sew,' My Lulu shall not do a stitch till she is obliged to." Indeed, I thought the mother in a fair way toward keeping her word, for

Miss Lulu had just brought me her Paris doll, a marvel of wonders, as we all know.

"And who made all these pretty things, Lulu?"

"Oh, you see, they were *ordered.* Auntie wanted it complete."

No young lady ever boasted of a more elaborate trousseau than filled the miniature Saratoga trunk, but before I had finished admiring the numberless articles, Miss Lulu grew tired—she had "shown Elsie to so many people"—and was off for the garden.

"That's the way," commented Mrs. Kerr; "she's been crazy for the doll, and now it's an old thing. 'Tis so hard to know what to do with girls!"

I've been thinking over her words; thinking that it is *not* such a very difficult thing to teach the little ones to sew, if we employ the right means, and instead of presenting it as a task, use it as a recreation. Thinking, too, of one mother who stands as a blessed exemplar ever before me. What never-to-be-forgotten doll-days she made for her Annie and Sue, and how easily they learned to ply their needles and wield their little scissors!

Each owned a basket, with thimble, pincushion, and needed implements. The mother shaped paper patterns of the dolls' garments, giving the girls material to cut for themselves. Such beautiful pieces came from her scrap-drawer!—not one bit of dirty silk or tattered lace or old muslin, "*good enough for children.*"

"The very fact that the cloth which I give is *new,*" she would argue, "teaches them to be careful, and they do not slash into it as they would if it were valueless."

It was charming to see the young novices at work. Of course things did not always go smoothly; the hem of the dress was too deep, or a sleeve stitched in upside down, or the belt would not meet—older seamstresses have made the same mistakes—but there was ever a patient pair of hands to show the smaller ones their errors and help them out of their difficulties.

What lessons of wisdom, too, that mother unconsciously mingled with their play!

"Oh, Sue, I've torn Lisette's best scarlet merino dress—what *shall* I do?"

"Pin it over," advises the sympathetic Sue; "nobody will see, you know."

Not so, thought the mother.

"My daughter, when you tear your own dress, what does mother do—hide the rent with a pin?"

"Why, no, I guess not! You always mend it, mamma darling."

"Then I think Lisette's mother must do so, too."

It proved a funny little pucker of a darn, but everybody in the house had to examine it—even papa—and when Annie carried that same doll out, I do believe the tiny breadth which contained the zig-zag mend was spread purposely over her arm, she was so proud of her achievement. She never again suggested hiding rents with a pin, either in dolly's or her own clothes.

Not the least beautiful trait was that which led the mother to purchase extra dolls, which the girls dressed and gave to poorer children, thus developing their generosity as well as inculcating an incentive toward sewing.

They were always contriving something new, shaping the paper pattern first, and then cutting the cloth, often turning to their own garments as guides. The dresses were never finished till a wee pocket was in, and the loops on for hanging the skirt by—"just like ours."

Perhaps the sweetest sight was at bedtime. Two simple bedsteads had been furnished by their hands, even to dainty cases and sheets, and many a housekeeper might have learned how to arrange pillow and spread from those young mothers. What marvels of neatness were the small night-dresses, and how tender Sue's voice grew as she murmured; "Good night, precious dolly."

Oh, I thought, as I heard her crooning over her baby the other day, what blessed lessons of motherhood you gleaned in that long ago. Her John is a poor man, yet no children look neater than hers; and if you drop in upon her, a larger work-basket than of yore stands by her side. She is either turning a little frock till it looks like new, or patching Freddy's pants or rebinding John's coat, and *he* declares she does it on nothing. No! I'll take back what I said—he is not poor.

You may find a neighbor there, too; some one in trouble.

"Oh, Mrs. John, you are so handy. I know you can tell me exactly what this skirt wants; it won't hang right," and she always has time to give the needed aid, and a cheery word.

"Who taught you to do so much with your needle?"

Then the blue eyes grew moist, and the dear mother who years since went to her rest, and said in her last moments, "I can leave my children peacefully, knowing they can take care of themselves," has her reward, as her daughter lovingly whispers her name; while we, who are often puzzled how to guide our little ones, pray that upon us may fall the mantle of her thought and patience.—*Christian Union.*

HINTS TO THE OLD.

BY DR. W. W. HALL.

Years before a person reaches sixty he is spoken of as an old man, but long after he has passed threescore he does not admit that he is "old;" he insists that he feels as well and as strong as he ever did in his life, and, anon, begins to persuade himself that seventy is not a very old age, while at thirty he felt a kind of pity for any one who should speak of his being over forty. It would be better for us partly to acknowledge at threescore that we are among the old, and act accordingly. It can be easily proven by taking a long day's ride, or a hasty run up stairs, two or three steps at a stride. During November eighty-three persons died in New York city who were over seventy years of age, a very much larger per-centage in proportion to numbers than among any other class except infants. The reason is that the old are so feeble and so frail, the delicate machinery is so nearly worn out, that the slightest causes derange, even if they do not destroy. This is proven by the fact that it is announced of most of them, that they died suddenly. This directs attention to the other fact that the cold of winter is perilous to old age; but it would be much less so if a wise attention were given to a proper adaptation to the surroundings attendant upon the changed and changing conditions of the days and times and seasons.

The air of November is more bracing, more life-giving, because purer and drier, than that of the early fall; at the same time there is a searching rawness in the early morning and about sundown which is peculiarly trying to all who are not in vigorous health. Hence a safe rule for the old is never to leave the house in the morning until after a good hot breakfast, allowing time also for a little rest and a good warming after breakfast. Then make it a point to be snug at home, before a cheerful, blazing fire, at least half an hour before sundown.

Exposure to the cold and chilly air without the conditions just named, more than counterbalances the bracing condition of a cooler temperature.

Warmth is the heaven of threescore-and-ten; it gives life to the blood, activity to the circulation, and vigor to the whole frame. Cold chills the skin, closes the pores, shrivels the surface, and drives all the circulating fluids in upon the centres, notably the heart and lungs and brain, congesting, crowding, over-straining their delicate machinery. Thus it is that so often the cords of life are snapped in a moment. The bowl is broken at the cistern and the wheel at the fountain, by pneumonia, heart disease, and apoplexy, with many times not the advantage of a moment's friendly warning.

Warmth, abundant warmth, in the morning from a brightly burning flame in winter, adds largely to the comfort, health, and general well-being of the old, as well as of the infirm, invalids, and children; hence it is poor economy, as well as hazardous, to defer building fires until late in the fall, and it is quite as injurious to put them out too early in the spring.

In every well-regulated household there should be one room for common resort, in which a generous fire should be brightly blazing on the hearth from early morning until bedtime, especially where there are old people and children, from the first of November until the middle of May, at least, north of Virginia. A portion of the time the fire may be allowed to go out during the middle of the day, but it should never fail to be kindled at sunrise and sunset, between the dates named. If there is an exceptionally warm day, still have the fire, but avoid the room if necessary; for the warmth of a blazing fire in the early fall and late spring is known to antagonize certain baleful ingredients in the atmosphere those seasons and hours which are productive, if breathed, of a large class of ailments, such as diarrhœa, dysentery, and fever and ague,

The least observant have been conscious of a feeling of comfort, exhilaration, and life, on entering an apartment on a cold day, where there is a brightly-blazing fire; and as the old, with their waning hopes and wasting strength, so much need whatever may tend to cheer and enliven them those who love them most will do them the greatest service by contributing to their comfort in the directions above alluded to.

A warm room is better than a cold one, although it is made so by the dull, heavy, oppressive, stifling heat of a register or of hot water, or hot-air pipes; but these so signally fail to impart life to the blood and cheeriness to the spirits, that families would save by economizing in several other directions, rather than in the case in hand.

It is better and safer that the old should put on their winter clothing as early as the first of November, and begin to lay it aside by degrees in May.

The old should studiously and habitually watch against any feeling of chilliness for a single moment, as while sitting or standing still in damp weather, in a cold room, or out of doors, which last proved the death of Washington. There is danger, also, in sitting still on horseback or in vehicles until the body is chilled through and through; remaining still in damp clothing, lying between damp sheets, or going to bed in a chilly condition, or with very cold feet, these have been often causes of inflammation of the lungs, because chilliness of the

surface makes itself felt first in the lungs, causing pneumonia, which is always a tedidious disease, often dangerous, and not seldom fatal in a few days.

If the reader will direct his attention to this point he will be surprised to find how many old persons are stated in the papers to have died of pneumonia, the scientific name for inflammation of the lungs. The circulation of the blood in the breathing organs is feeble in the old, and very slight causes increase that feebleness, but it is this circulation which generates the necessary warmth of the body, and if that is impeded by any means pneumonia is a common result.

The observant reader can recall instances in his own experience of an uncomfortable chilliness after a good hearty dinner. The fires of life are kindled in the lungs. The more fully they are supplied with blood the warmer is the body; if they are scantily supplied chilliness follows, with dangerous symptoms in proportion to its degree. When the stomach is full of food a large amount of blood must be sent there to enable it to carry on the process of digestion. If blood is not supplied there is weight at the stomach, and sometimes death results. Hence there is a sleepless instinct on the part of nature to supply an extra amount of blood to the stomach after each meal. This extra quantity is taken from other parts of the body, but if too large an amount is taken from any portion derangement of its healthful operations is an instantaneous result. Hence if an old man, weary and tired at the close of the day, feels very hungry and eats heartily, the necessity of a large supply of blood to the stomach is so imperative that the lungs are robbed and the man dies before the morning of pneumonia, apoplexy, or heart disease. It is, therefore, a great risk for any old person to eat very heartily at any time. It is safer and better to eat four times a day so as never to be very hungry. Indeed, all persons should specially guard against indulging to the full at any time of day, especially if very hungry and very tired, and not over warm.

CHANGE IN HABITS.

The old should be slow to make any change in their daily habits, their calling, or their places of living; for all these, all that is new to them, makes drafts upon their reserves of strength, and they have none to spare. A man in vigorous health can more easily walk along an accustomed road than a new one, especially if he has to find his own way. On the same principle the older we are the more discomposing it is to sleep in a new place, a new house, a new room, or a new bed; hence all, after threescore, should avoid as much as possible being from home for a single night. Some persons have a strong prejudice against moving into a new house from the fact that it has been so frequently observed that men who have built houses for themselves have died soon after taking possession. But it will be noted that almost all such are old people, whose death resulted mainly from such slight causes as unseasoned woodwork, undried plastering, or the chambers being contaminated with the odor of paint or freshly-papered walls. Persons in vigorous health are able to withstand these slight causes of disease, but the circulation of the old is so feeble, the delicate machinery of life is so nearly worn out, that the slightest strain often crushes it, and we pass away.

Many a man has eaten something which he knows has given him discomfort before, but he is "very fond of it," and hopes that in some way or other he may indulge with impunity this time. Others, again, are tempted to eat heartily of a new dish, one which they had never tasted before, and being very savory they have partaken heartily. The old should never make such experiments; it can never be done without danger.

After threescore it is better to have a short sleep during the day, either in the forenoon, after a late dinner, or after supper. It should be taken on a sofa, or lounge, or in an armchair, not in bed, because that invites a regular long sleep, which interferes with the rest of the night, and makes one dull the remainder of the day; while a nap not exceeding twelve or fifteen minutes refreshes the body wonderfully, enlivens the spirits, and promotes social suavity and good nature generally.

The old should get all the sleep and rest they can. They may not be able to sleep the night through and may not feel fully rested; in fact, it seems to them as if they wanted more sleep, but they cannot get it. The next best thing is to rest in bed for an hour or more. This supplements sleep and gives time to nature to recuperate her energies.

After threescore, they will live the longest who sleep and rest the most and do the least, except in a quiet, composed, and uniform way. Hurry, haste, over-efforts of body or mind, extra excitement of the emotions or intellectual faculties, or the affections, are always dangerous to the old.—*Christian Weekly.*

THE BIBLE IN THE FAMILY.

I am one of those who hold that the Bible was made for everybody, and for everybody to use, not alone in the Sunday-school, but also in daily life. It is a book,

not only to read, but a volume to study, to think about, and to meditate upon. It is a guide book for the man as well as for the child, and he who knows best its truths, and follows after their teachings, best understands how to enjoy life. Good men have told us that it is our privilege to read it every day, but I feel that it were far better if we could take some portion of the book as a special study and daily search, and find out its teachings. That such a course would be profitable none can deny who love the book, for it brings the student into constant communion with God.

We acknowledge that it is profitable for a Sunday-school class to study Scripture together,—no one denies it; we also think it good for a church to meditate upon the truths of God's Word, and in proof we find the children gathered in the school, and the people in the church, on each Lord's day, for this purpose. But the idea of a family uniting together in the regular and stated study of the Bible is a new one to a great many. I think it may be done. I think it can be done. I think it ought to be done. And I am quite certain that the only hindrance in the way is the want of a proper spirit.

A friend of mine was called to Chicago on business, and coming back he told me how much he had enjoyed meeting with the Sunday-school men of that city. He was invited to dine with them. Some twenty or thirty were accustomed to meet every day, at a certain restaurant, at a stated hour. They had a private room to themselves, and this enabled them to speak freely, as there were none but their own friends there. The subject of the conversation was the Sunday-school lesson for the next Sunday; what each one had gathered since the day before. My friend said it was wonderful. He had no idea that such a fund of information could be gathered from day to day throughout the whole week, on one short passage of Scripture; yet he found that every day brought new truths and fresh thought to the Sunday-school dinner table.

I advocate the daily study of the Sunday-school lesson, not by the children only, but by the entire membership of the family. I would make it the chief thought in the household for the week, and set each member of my family to work gleaning material to assist in the understanding of the passage. To commence such a work where it has never been attempted will prove a hard task at first; much like trying to move an old wagon whose wheels are rusted at the hub; it moves very hard at first, but if grease is put on the axle it will be found that the rust will be killed, and by a little working it will by and by move along smoothly, and the ugly groanings that we had will not be heard at all.

In studying, as children and adults are accustomed to do, for an hour or so, once in the week, at a meeting for the purpose, it seems to me that the mind is not sufficiently fixed upon the Scripture, but when one can carry these things with him, and think of them while engaged in his daily avocations, it will be found that he will wonder at the light he will gain even in the routine of daily duties. Some men having great business engagements pressing upon them find time in the odd moments of leisure to so fill themselves with their Sunday-school lessons that when Sunday comes they are far better prepared than many who have much time at their command.

To have the Sunday-school lessons the theme of the household meditation for the week adds something to the duties of father and mother, but it will be found; I think, not only a help in making home attractive, but happier, and it will also be a means in God's hands of raising up the children in the exercise of a practical Christian life,—not such as is taught by the worthies of the Church, but such as is commanded by the Word of God. Using the Bible daily, practically, experimentally, and continually, can be a fact not only related of men of old, but as tried and enjoyed in these latter days.

When I was superintending a mission work in New York city, I made it a matter of study as to how it were possible to make our Sunday lessons a subject of thought among the children during the week, and to a certain extent I succeeded. Finding that some of the boys had a talent for drawing, I furnished all that wished with crayons and paper, and Sunday after Sunday I came to my school and found the walls or the room decorated with reference texts and sketches illustrating the lesson of the day. Sometimes there have been ten or twelve of these drawings in colored crayon, often showing great artistic taste in the arrangment and the blending of colors and shadings. One Sunday we had for our lesson the Brazen Serpent (Numbers xxi, 4-9), and when I got to the school room, I found there, just back of the desk, one of the best illustrations of the subject I had seen. Two of the boys had gotten it up together. They took some large sheets of heavy wrapping paper, and uniting them together, they made a sheet perhaps ten by twelve feet in size. One of the boys had gotten some green velvet paper, out of which he cut a trunk of a tree, with two or three branches; around this he wound a serpent of gilt paper. This was pasted on the left of the sheet. The effect was made perfect by a few dashes of paint. The other boy had made a full length drawing of Christ on the cross, on a sheet of white drawing paper; this he pasted on the right of the large sheet. Around both, forming

a half circle above and below each of the figures, they placed these words, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up." (John iii, 14). The effect was good; the lesson was there, before every one, and we all felt it. It was a surprise to all. I knew nothing about it until I saw it there. I had prepared myself to say something on the lesson to the school, but this was better than anything I could say, and my speech was not made that day. I have now quite a collection of these things, that the children have made for this purpose, and I value them as among my treasures.

To write out a lesson is a great help to me in retaining it in my memory. One winter I got up an hour earlier than the rest of the family, and going to my desk before breakfast I was accustomed to write down the thoughts that came to me on reading a few verses. This I did every morning, without consulting anything but the simple text itself, and I found at the end that I had written my own expository thoughts upon the Gospel of St. Mark. I never enjoyed anything better than this exercise, and I think I was more profited by this work, personally, than by any other work that I had undertaken, for I got a fuller and a better idea of the book of St. Mark than I could have gained by studying commentaries or notes of learned writers. I conceive, therefore, that the written opinions of the household upon the subject of the lesson will be valuable, and that they will form by and by a volume of truth that any father and mother will in old age be proud of, and glad to consult. Little children can write their thoughts about a Scripture lesson. I have some such; they may be put in a few words, but their simplicity and force is often such as to astonish their elders.

As the family go on in the study of the Word, they will become interested in the different things spoken of. The trees of Palestine, the flowers of the Bible, the topography of the Holy Land, and specimens of the woods, can be borrowed to show the children; pressed flowers can also be obtained, and maps can be drawn. This will open up, often, pleasant and useful work for an evening's study. Let us take, for instance, the wheat, which is mentioned some forty times in the Bible. We can show the children the straw, with its spikes and spikelets filled with the grain. We can take these little grains out, and if we have the varieties of red and white wheat we can explain the difference between them. With a pestle and mortar a few grains may be ground, and flour made before their eyes. This will naturally call up the old method of grinding at the mill, spoken of in the Bible, and the appliances of modern times. The flour is one of the most useful things we have, and from it we have bread. Bread is represented as food in the Scripture. Jesus is the Bread of life, the food of the soul. The Italians make macaroni of flour. The straw is braided, and from it we have hats and other articles of value. And so we might go on, giving a little family lecture around the table; this will please the little ones, while, perhaps, the older children would be equally well pleased in learning of the styles of cultivating wheat in various countries, the smut and other things that injure its growth; the chinch bug and other insects that prey upon it, as also what is said about it by farmers, and on the Corn Exchange. But you say this is departing from the Bible study; it may appear so, yet you will find, practically, you are stirring the minds of your children, fixing the truths and words of Scripture by means of the habits and industries of daily life, and at the same time you are also fitting them to better meet the obstacles and hindrances that are before them.

Take one other instance. Suppose we have the building of Solomon's Temple as a lesson. There is an endless amount of matter for just such talks. We have a cube of wood, which we put on the table; it is, perhaps, one of the children's building blocks. All its sides are equal; its angles are all right angles. This is just the shape of the Holy of Holies, which was twenty cubits each way (1 Kings vi, 20; 2 Chron. iii, 8). This is perfect in all its parts. God is perfect; there is nothing unequal about him. We can talk of geometrical proportion, and aid those at school in the understanding of cube and square roots. The embroideries on the curtains will interest the girls; but the vail was rent from top to bottom when Christ suffered. The woodwork of cedar, of fir, and olive wood, with the carving, bring up the study of carpentry and cabinet making, and in this we may be called to think of the Son of Joseph, a carpenter of Nazareth.

Here are two outlines, not by any means complete, and the number of such one will find will be constantly new and interesting as the Bible study progresses. It will bring forward for our consideration all the arts, sciences, social habits, religious thought, and other things, and we will find also much that will tell upon our own habits of daily life.

In attempting anything of this nature, each must form plans of their own, and the exercises of one evening must be varied from that which preceded it. This can be done by reading, by building models of card board, by music, and by a hundred or more other ways that will naturally come up before one who has it in mind to keep his home the great centre of attraction for his family.

During the year 1873, the Rev. W. F. Crafts published in the *Sunday School Times*, a series of articles intended to show how the current Sunday-school lesson might be studied in the household. I want to quote from his introductory article in closing, a passage or two, feeling that in it there is summed up all I have tried to say: —

"Uncle Will," who is the head of the family circle, "at our first meeting, told us his reason for beginning (Sunday evening) so early in our work. He said that a father, at his death, left his son a bag of rough bits of rock, with the request that the son would constantly carry them with him. This he did, for years, but at length, weary of the burden, he cast them to the ground, making the bag burst, and there rolled out a *multitude of shining gems*. Carrying them so long, the roughness had been worn away, and the gems were polished into perfect beauty."

"So," said Ella, catching the thought, "we are to take the verses of the Bible, and *carry them in our minds a whole week, amid all its experiences, and think, think, think upon them, until we find them every one a gem."—H. B., in Episcopalian.*

MENTAL GAMES FOR CHILDREN.

BY MISS MARY H. LEONARD.

To many of us who have grown up in large families of children, the quiet games of the long winter evenings, calling out trials of mental skill and quickness, have furnished the means of mental growth as well of great delight; but there are many children without companions at home, who never have this mental stimulus unless it is furnished them in some way at school. One of the never-failing pleasures of my childhood was the well-known game of "Crambo," in which each child writes on one slip of paper a question and on another a word. These are then gathered and distributed. When each player has received a question and a word, a certain length of time is given, in which he is required to answer the question in rhyme, using in the answer the word that was given to him. Those who never considered themselves rhymesters often develop a surprising quickness at it.

A more recent mental game takes the name of "Farmer Trot." This requires a pile of cards, each containing the name of some article. Farmer Trot asks the first player, "Where did you go trading?" The answer may be, "To a milliner's store." The next question, "What did you get there?" is answered by reading the first card of the pile, and may be "A barrel of sawdust." Immediately the player is required to tell some sufficient reason why a barrel of sawdust was in a milliner's store; and also what he is going to do with it: as, "There was sawdust there, because the milliner had been having an addition made to her building; and I shall give it to my father to pack with the ice in his ice-house." If the answer to the second question had chanced to be, "A yard of ribbon," or something that would naturally be found in a milliner's store this player would have become Farmer Trot.

Another of the games calculated to awaken quickness of thought, is the well-known game of "Companion." The leader asks, "What is my thought like," and the various answers may be, "A pine-tree," "A cent," "A rose," etc. The leader then says, "I was thinking of an apple," and requires the players successively to think of some resemblance between an apple and a pine-tree, an apple and a cent. Thus, "An apple is like a pine-tree because it grows." An apple is like a cent, because it is round, or because both are in my pocket." "An apple is like a rose becanse it is sometimes red."

It would perhaps be hardly legitimate to take any of the time of a school session for games like these, but many a teacher in a country school, on a snowy winter's day, is obliged not only to "carry her dinner," but to provide some quiet entertainment indoors for the children.

I think a pleasant profitable school exercise for young children might be made by placing before them some object, as a bell, and asking them to think of the qualities of the bell, and then to tell something that the bell is like, and why. It might be a good preparation for the study of rhetorical figures in later years.

It is possible that some may feel that the bringing of such things into the schoolroom will degrade it to the level of the play-room. I do not think that much time should be allowed for such things. The most important part of the school work is done by regular, faithful, systematic study. But we consider that physical work and physical play are both important in a child's education; and we make abundant provision for mental work, while the idea of mental play is almost wholly ignored.

Finally, is there any real difference between work and play, except that the play not being in the line of ordinary required duty, the child finds it is more of enjoyment because more of freshness? I think that almost every teacher of much experience with children has found that she has sometimes been able greatly to increase the amount of hard, earnest work because she has been able to give it the semblance of play.—*N. Y. Journal of Education.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

CUSTARDS.

Lemon Custards.—One large lemon; one quart of new milk; quarter of a pound of white sugar, and seven eggs. Grate off the rind of the lemon; put it with the sugar in the milk, and boil quarter of an hour; strain, and let it remain till cool; then stir in the eggs, well beaten and strained, leaving out three whites; pour it into cups with half a tea-spoonful of fresh butter, melted, in each cup; set them in water, and bake in a moderate oven; color them when done, by holding a hot salamander over, and serve cold, with sugar sifted on the top.

Raspberry Custards.—One pint of cream; three quarters of a pint of raspberry juice, and half a pound of white sugar. Boil the cream; dissolve the sugar in the raspberry juice; mix it with the boiling cream, stirring it till quite thick, and serve in custard glasses.

Rice Custards.—One ounce and a half of ground rice; three ounces of loaf sugar, and one pint of new milk. Boil the rice in the milk, adding the sugar, and a piece of cinnamon; pour it into custard cups, in which a little fresh butter has been melted, and bake in a slow oven.

Vanilla Custards.—One stick of vanilla; one pint and a half of new milk; half a pint of cream; quarter of a pound of white sugar, and seven yolks and four whites of eggs. Cut the vanilla into slips; boil in the milk and cream quarter of an hour, adding the sugar; strain and let it remain till cool; then stir in the eggs, well beaten; pour it into cups with half a tea-spoonful of fresh butter, melted, in each cup; set them in water; bake in a moderate oven; color them when done by holding a hot salamander over, and serve cold, with sugar sifted on the top.

White Custards.—One pint of cream; three ounces of sugar; the whites of four eggs, and one table-spoonful of orange-flower water. Boil the cream with a blade of mace; let it simmer for about five minutes; then take it off the fire, and add the sugar; beat the whites of the eggs to a complete froth; put them into the cream; set it on the fire again, and let it boil gently, stirring constantly, till it becomes thick; take it off the fire; add the orange-flower water, or a few drops of almond-flavor, and serve in custard glasses.

Note.—Custards are both wholesome and nutritious, especially for delicate stomachs, and for those recovering from sickness, when used in moderation, as they supply the waste of nerve-tissue better than meats or breads. The custard pie is made by baking the custard in an appropriate crust.

Roast Fore-Quarter of Lamb.—To obtain the flavor of lamb in perfection, it should not be long kept; time to cool is all that it requires; and though the meat may be somewhat thready, the juices and flavor will be infinitely superior to that of lamb that has been killed two or three days. Lamb should be very *thoroughly* done, without being dried up, and not the slightest appearance of red gravy should be visible, as in roast mutton: this rule is applicable to all young white meats. Serve with a little gravy made in the dripping-pan, the same as for other roasts, and send to table with it a tureen of mint sauce, and a fresh salad. A cut lemon, a small piece of fresh butter, and a little cayenne, should also be placed on the table, so that when the carver separates the shoulder from the ribs, they may be ready for his use; if, however, he should not be very expert, we would recommend that the cook should divide these joints nicely before coming to table.

Broiled Kidneys.—Ascertain that kidneys are fresh, and cut them open very evenly, lengthwise, down to the root, for should one half be thicker than the other, one would be underdone whilst the other would be dried, but do not separate them; skin them, and pass a skewer under the white part of each half to keep them flat, and boil over a nice clear fire, placing the inside downwards; turn them when done enough on one side, and cook them on the other. Remove the skewers, place the kidneys on a very hot dish, season with pepper and salt, and put a tiny piece of butter in the middle of each. Serve very hot and quickly, and send very hot plates to table. *Time*, 6 to 8 minutes. A prettier dish than the above may be made by serving the kidneys each on a piece of buttered toast cut in any fanciful shape. In this case a little lemon-juice will be found an improvement.

Rice Pudding.—One cup of fresh whole rice; nine cupfuls of new milk, and one cup of sugar. Put into a stone or earthen pan, and bake in a moderate oven three hours. Stir it two or three times during the first hour; do not increase the heat of the oven after the milk begins to simmer; be careful not to scorch or blister; a light cover toward the last will be better. Set to cool undisturbed. It is best eaten cold. Raisins may be added, if desired.

A Simple Cornmeal Pudding.—Stir into a quart of boiling milk, the yolks of two eggs, three heaping spoonfuls of meal and a half a cup of sugar, well beaten together. Cook five minutes, stirring constantly; remove from the fire, and add the whites, beaten to a stiff froth. Pour into a pudding-dish, and bake one hour in a moderate oven. Serve with cream and sugar.

Literary Notices.

TEN YEARS WITH SPIRITUAL MEDIUMS.—An Inquiry concerning the Etiology of Certain Phenomena called Spiritual. By Francis Gerry Fairfield. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

For the last twenty years the so-called spiritual phenomena have excited very great interest among at least three classes of the community. In the first class, we place the mediums; in the second the credulous dupes, who have eagerly believed that the manifestations partly genuine, no doubt, and partly the work of imposture, were really revelations from another world; and in the third the scientific observers, who have earnestly sought to find out the true nature of these phenomena. In this third class we find the author of this book. He has made careful investigations and has accepted only verified testimony as to the facts, preferring that of medical observers, and he attempts to prove that the phenomena called spiritual, are morbid nervous phenomena. As his subject is one of no little interest, we make copious extracts. In his enumeration of cases of nervo-psychic phenomena, as case xix, he gives his own experience as follows:—

Let me here, at the risk of egotism, detail briefly a series of psychological phenomena, pertaining principally to my own dream life, and therefore susceptible of more minute analsyis than those of a third person. I will premise that years of study and deprivation had preceded.

In 1858, while a resident of New Germantown, New Jersey, I was acquainted with Mr. Lake, since a Lutheran clergyman, who lived at German Valley a hamlet lying two leagues to the north. I had never been there. One afternoon, in August, Mr. Lake paid me a visit, and, after dining with me, returned home. That night I dreamed that, while sauntering along the road to German Valley, I came suddenly at a turn, upon a beautiful vista, that impressed itself upon my memory, as dream-vistas often will. Of course I thought no more of it, except as an addition to my stock of the beautiful; and as Mr. Lake and I started for Hartwick Seminary, Otsego County, New York, a few days after, I never returned the visit. Two years later, while on a vacation visit to New Germantown, business called me to German Valley, and, at a turn of the road, I came full upon the vista of my dream. From that point on, I remembered every landmark, and threaded the way to the village as familiarly as though I had, at some date previous, been in the daily habit of doing so.

In August, 1864, I find myself in New York—a stranger in a strange city. I had been in the city twice or thrice before, *in transitu*, in my driftings to and fro, but was totally unacquainted with it except from geographical description, having to that date known more of the dim dream-cities of Germany—its antique university towns—than of the buzzing metropolis. I had been in New York some days, had exhausted the last dollar of my slender resources, and was in danger of starvation. One sultry evening I lounged up Broadway in the direction of my little room in Bleecker street, the rent of which had, fortunately, been paid in advance, having eaten nothing for forty-eight hours, but muttering scraps of rhyme as I went. I remember that sunset loiter as though it had been but yesterday. The first gnawings of hunger had worn off; I was faint and flighty, but less uncomfortable than I had been twenty-four hours previous, in that settled exhaustion had succeeded to the stage of acute craving. I knew the end was at hand, and had some dim intention of hastening it: consequently, destroyed every paper and letter in my possession that could possibly identify me. Having done so, I sat and wrote until long after midnight, toiling away at a ballad—"Broadway," I afterward entitled it—that had been running in my brain all the afternoon. On and on I wrote, until I nodded with weariness; but I went to bed at last, and drifted to sleep, conning driblets of rhyme by the way, and keeping up a semi-delirious drone of verses until I finally lost consciousness.

I had a single flash of dream—one only—then slept as one dead until noon the next day.

In my dream I walk down Broadway,

cross City Hall Square, and stop at a door with No. 19 over it in gilt numerals. I enter, thread dusty flights of stairs for four stories, and pause at last before a door labeled "Editorial Rooms," in dingy gilt letters on a black ground. Pushing open the door, I find myself in the midst of a knot of gentlemen, pass through, and tap at the door of an interior room with the knob of my walking-stick. The door opens and I am face to face with a tall and sad-faced gentleman, of quiet but kindly ways, who asks me to come in. After a conversation of possibly five minutes, consumed in questions on his part and answers on mine, the sad-faced gentleman takes me to an adjoining room and introduces me to a corpulent, falcon-faced gentleman, whom he styles the city editor, and who, in his turn, presents me to one of the knot in the outer room, with instructions to explain my duties for the evening, This done, I thread my way down stairs, and as I pass glance at the City Hall clock. *It is ten minutes past three.* It has passed like a flash—the dream—and I am sound asleep again.

Now, so curiously perverse is human nature that when I started down town in the afternoon—it must have been two o'clock—it did not occur to me to follow out my dream. I lounged down Broadway listlessly, and with mind curiously at rest, crossed City-Hall Square instinctively, passed the Hall of Records, and did not even recall the dream until I was at the door of No. 19—when came recognition. I entered, went up-stairs, recognizing even the dusty banisters, and at the remembered landing stopped in front of the door labeled "Editorial Rooms." It was the same. I pushed it open and entered, finding myself in the midst of a group of gentlemen every one of whom—from rubicund-visaged Dunn to sad-fated Watson—I had met the night before in dream-life. Crossing the room, I tapped at the inner door—one of three—with the top of my walking stick. The door opened, and there stood the sad-faced man—the late Isaac C. Pray. I was then presented to the falcon-faced city-editor—Mr. John Armstrong. There was no more vagueness about the recognition of either than there would have been had either been my own brother, instead of the perfect stranger he actually was. I was then presented to the subordinate—Mr. J. Edmund Burke. It is a curious fact that I was not at all impressed with these coincidences, but accepted them rather as matters of course than as events partaking of the phenomenal; and as I emerged from the building, with instructions to report at Union Square at seven o'clock, I did not glance at the dial with any intention of verifying my dream to the last circumstance, but merely to ascertain how long I had to rest—for I was weary beyond words—before reporting for further orders. *Nevertheless it was exactly ten minutes past three.*

I will adduce only one more case of this type, and one of no great importance in one aspect, but of peculiar significance in another. In October, 1872, I was one of the editors of the *Home Journal.* One night, in a flash of dream, the senior editor Mr. George Perry, called me to his desk for consultation upon a trifling question. As I dreamed it, it was a quarter past two by the clock just over my left shoulder, as I stood talking with him. The next day, at the hour and minute, that consultation occurred, and verified the dream to the minutest detail. Wholly without premeditation—for the dream had not even occurred to me from the hour I sat down at my desk, between ten and eleven in the morning, until it was abruptly recalled by the remark of Mr. Perry, "Fairfield, I'd like to talk with you a minute"—the exact words with which, as I had dreamed it, the conversation was commenced.

Certain peculiarities distinguishing them from ordinary dreaming have always accompanied these flashes of consciousness. 1. They are invariably instantaneous, preceded by nothing, followed by nothing—sudden islands of dream in a sea of sleep!—and consist, however complex in details, of one swift impression. 2. Apart from myself, I see myself doing this or that as a kind of double, whereas, in ordinary dreaming, there is no double consciousness. To be more explicit, in ordinary dreaming I am conscious of myself as taking part in this or that transaction, as pursued by ghouls, or taking a walk down Broadway and meeting an Egyptian pyramid at a particular corner; while in these rarer phenomena I, as a spectator, see myself doing a given act, conscious that the doer is a kind of double of mine—conscious of indentity also, but still not indentical.

In the spring of 1867, after many days of suffering with neuralgia in the right temple, I managed to get detailed from the home-staff for a few weeks, and was sent on a correspondent's commission to Connecticut, which practically enabled me to lounge a few days at the homestead in Stafford. I had left in occupancy of my rooms in town a young man in whom I took a friend's and a student's interest—an example of morbid psychological anatomy, and the victim of attacks of suicidal impulse. I was at home. At a quarter before seven, by the clock in the old east room, as I was pacing to and fro, I was smitten with a sudden spasm of numbness, lasting possibly a second, and succeeded by a rapid flash of vision. I saw the

young man with a vial of dark liquid in his hand, in the act of putting it to his mouth. I saw the room, as if a lightning flash had suddenly lit it up for an instant, and noticed that the sofa had been moved from one corner to another—which was the fact. So possessing was the vision, that I cried, "Stop!" before the absurdity of doing so at that distance occurred to me. Mere fancy, some will say, conjured by worry; but, as exactly as can be ascertained, the young man was, at the instant specified, in the act of putting a vial of laudanum to his lips; and he stated to me afterward that he was deterred from drinking the whole ounce by an uncontrollable force. "It was," said he "as if some invisible person had taken hold of my hand, and forcibly prevented me from drinking; and, somehow, I didn't dare to try it again after that." Now, curiously enough, my premonition that the young man would kill himself before I got back, which had haunted me during the whole journey thus far, passed away with the shock, the vision, and the consequent shout and though I was absent from town nearly three weeks longer, and did not once hear from him, I was not in the least worried. I seemed to know, as if by instinct, that the danger was past, and would not again recur; whereas, until then, I had been oppressed as with a spectre.

In June, 1868, having rooms at a Broadway hotel, I was, after some weeks of overwork, prostrated with a kind of nervous fever, and lay for some days in a state bordering upon delirum. My rooms were so distant from the street that, under ordinary circumstances, its scurry was subdued to a continuous roar. As I came to myself I was conscious of hearing with analytic distinctness the feet of persons on the walk, and of an interwoven and inextricable tangle of separate noises caused by stages and carriages. They were not louder than usual, only more distinct. I could tell when a stage stopped and a passenger alighted or got in, and lay and counted by the hour the footsteps of pedestrians, often following one person among the mass for squares, until he turned into a by-street, or faded into distance. Properly speaking, this phenomenon was not due to the excitation of the auditory nerves, though there was unusual acuteness in that direction, but to distinct impulses transmitted by way of the walls of the building. In a word, vibrations of material media, so minute as under ordinary circumstances to be imponderable, were appreciated by the nervous system, and entered into the impressions of consciousness. In addition to this, within a circle of moderate periphery, say twenty feet in diameter, I saw with superhuman distinctness. For example, I saw and knew persons passing in the hall, possibly ten feet from the bed, with the wall between, but could not distinguish them, except as they flitted across the disk of a circle to which my vision was limited. I say *saw*, when I should say that I knew in a manner that was at once vision and audition; yet I did not once pass into the trance-state, though lying for four days just on its border. I may sap, therefore, that I personally know that clairvoyance is in the nature of a peripheral nerve-aura of greater or less diameter, this aura entering into intimate molecular relation and contact with surrounding objects; and I am justified, I think in regarding the nervous phenomena of this attack as entitled to the consideration of facts experimentally demonstrated.

In the summer of 1862, having occasion for toe services of a dentist, I was subjected to anæsthesia, the agent being sulphuric ether. I recall, as though it had been but yesterday, the strange operation of the drug, and the gradual dying, nerve by nerve, until waves of unconsciousness envelop the sensory centres, and my eyes were like stones in my head. But an island of consciousness—an irregular tract, of the limits of which I was aware—persisted in the very top of the head, or in the gray cerebral envelop (cortex of the brain). This was accompanied by sensory impressions of a peculiar type. I saw Dr. Clark drop the napkin; I saw him hurriedly going through with the operation. I saw him lay down the forceps when he had completed it; and was conscious through it all that the cortex of the brain was uniquely responsible for these sensory impressions—in a word, that I saw with the top of my head, and through the medium of an external sensory atmosphere.

A strange mental aura, accompanied with nervous perturbation, succeeded, and lasted for same days, during which I was as one in a dream. Its leading exponent consisted in the production of strange and unreal poems.

Without venturing upon disquisition at this juncture, I will merely say in concluding this case that I am of cephalic temperament, and inherit a neurotic tendency from my father; also, that the phenomena have occurred only at periods of exceeding nervous disturbance and of reduced physical condition, and have been invariably accompanied by morbid impulses of more or less intensity; that, in a word, they are purely nervous phenomena.

In discussing the physiology of these cases, Mr. Fairfield says:

I have purposely permitted the preceeding memoranda of cases to take a large range, and to exceed the limits apparently prescribed by the subject, by way of illus-

trating the psychic phenomena associated with spiritualism in all the protean aspects in which they are or may be exhibited.

In the majority of these instances I have been able to verify the existence of an hereditary predisposition. So, also, in many cases the psychic phenomena of which are not so pronounced as to be worthy of particular description. Mrs. Isabella B. Hooker, of Hartford, Connecticut, for example, inherits nervous malady from her father. So with the daughter of the late Judge Edmonds—a medium of considerable repute, whose habit of trance-speaking, in languages unknown to her through the ordinary process of study, has been examined *en passent*, and who presents, physically, one of the most pronounced examples I have ever glanced at, of the congeries of symptoms associated with active neurosis of this type. Again, in the case of Robert Dale Owen—by far the most intellectual literary exponent of spiritualism in America—hereditary predisposition plays an important part, as it is evident from keen scrutiny of the career and personal history of the elder Owen.

It frequently happens that an inherited neurotic tendency exhibits itself in a very different form in different members of the same family. In the instance of Mrs. Hooker, for example, occur the ordinary physical exponents of inherited nervous disorder, conjoined to a tendency to vagary and eccentricity, that borders upon aberration of mind; while in her sister, Mrs. Stowe, and in other members of the family, so far as I am able to ascertain, the predisposition expends itself in a well-marked and peculiar mental aura, with psychical and emotional traits *sui generis*. In like manner, in Miss Lamb, the sister of the humorist, the hereditary predisposition manifested itself in periodical attacks of an epileptic nature, while in her gifted brother (Charles Lamb) it was mainly present as an intellectual bias, and contributed its rarest gems to the literature of humor. Indeed, as those eminent alienists, Morel, Moreau de Tours, Dr. Maudsley, and Dr. Anstie, have long since demonstrated, not only are the various neurosis constantly convertible, but hereditary neurosis frequently exhibits itself as an intellectual aura, without pronounced nervous disturbance, though generally coexistent with a moodiness having more or less tendency to periodicity. This observation has been verified so often that it is unnecessary to adduce instances.

In this aspect of the subject, hereditary neurosis of the dormant variety must be regarded as the cause of many of the most wonderful creations in literature and art.

Minute analysis of the biography of Poe discloses the fact that his most remarkable tales and poems exhibit a periodicity of imaginative production: he himself says that poetry with him was a passion, not a profession. So it was with Coleridge, and so it was with that wonderful boy whose literary forgeries so long baffled criticism, and who called his cantos fit the first, fit the second, and so on—all fits—finally a suicidal fit that ended him. Dr. Johnson was the son of an epileptic. Turner's sunsets, with their sun-shot purples and semi-glooms, are the products of a strange man; and William Blake, the strangest of English painters, painted like a man in a trance. Wellington's epilepsy disappeared on the field, his accumulated nervous force finding a conductor active enough to dissipate it as fast as it was generated.

The career of Robespierre, with his sunken temples, and face eternally jerking, is to be regarded, from the scientific standpoint, as the exponent of hereditary nervous disorder, intensified by deprivation at first, and afterward by the circumstances of the Revolution in France. Mohammed's revelations represent a series of epileptic trances; Swedenborg's confess the same etiology; and, generally speaking, as Dr. Maudsley acutely observes, there is no doubt that mankind is indebted for not a little of its originality, and for certain special forms of intellectual activity, to individuals who have sprung from families in which the neurotic tendency is hereditary. The wonderful mastery of morbid psychology exhibited by writers like Scott, Dickens, Poe, Hawthorne, Heyne and Freytag, Baudelaire and Victor Hugo—and of morbid impulse in its various aspects—thus presents itself as a kind of larvated form of nervous perversion, liable always to transformation into the acute, and often coexisting with it.

In America—at least in the New England States and in New York, to which my observations have been principally limited—I have no hesitation in saying that alcohol has played a prominent part in the production of nervous degeneracy; and, with Dr. Anstie, I am inclined to think that of all depressing agencies it has the most decided tendency to impress the nervous centres of a progenitor with a neurotic type that will necessarily be transmitted to his descendants. That it often produces epilepsy within a single generation, is a demonstrable fact, though alcoholic epilepsy is not yet known to the medical text-books. Unscientific preparation and insufficiency of food, conjoined to hard work on the part of the women, and harder work on the part of the men, have also been exceedingly active causes, particularly in the New England States, in perverting the nervous organization; and though Niemeyer's estimate, applicable to Germany, that the ratio of epileptics to general population is one to one hundred,

is probably in excess of the facts in this country, it is nevertheless true that obscure epilepsy is alarmingly common.

Concerning the nerve-aura to which these phenomena are attributed, we have the following lucid explanations:—

The subject of nerve-aura is more difficult to elucidate, because less susceptible of experiment. That it is capable of transmission through conducting media, and of acting at considerable distances through the medium of the atmosphere, is proved by the facts of mesmerism and by large classes of facts collected by medical psychologists; and that it is more or less subject to the volition of the organism whence it proceeds, and partakes of volitional properties is equally indisputable.

As to the nature of this element there is little coincidence of opinion among scientific men. That it is not identical with electricity, though correlated with it, with light, and with other forces, Helmholtz has substantially proved, in demonstrating that the transmission of voluntary impulse from the brain to the muscles is far less rapid than electrical transmission, and is perceptibly quickened in rapidity by heat and lessened by cold. It is susceptible of sensory impression and capable of propagating the impulses of the will; but it is also susceptible of unconscious action, as illustrated in the important case of Mary Carrick. The term *aura*, as it relates to nerve-tissue is, therefore, as in the instance of drugs and medicines, appropriated to an emanating atmosphere having the molecular properties, motor and sensory, of nervous tissue itself, though in lessened intensity.

How sensory impressions are propagated and motor impulses transmitted, is a question upon which, again, there is little coincidence among scientific men. In my own case, in one instance of well-marked clairvoyance, though within small periphery, occasioned by fever, I was distinctly conscious of being enveloped in a peripheral sensory aura, and that my impressions of environing objects originated in this aura; and in testing or questioning clairvoyant physicians and mediums, three out of seven, who had any recollection at all of what they saw or said in the clairvoyant state, confessed that their impressions seemed to come in this manner, the remaining four asserting that though dimly conscious, they saw and said things as in a dream, and could not distinctly recall them.

It is as nearly certain, however, as the only proximately demonstrable by experiment can be, that all sensations or impressions coming by way of the optic, auditory, olfactory, gustatory, and peripheral nerves, are reflex representatives and equivalents in consciousness for molecular vibrations emanating from the bodies of which cognition is taken, and that the impressions received in the clairvoyant state have the same origin; though in the deeper and more interior order of trance, into which it finally develops, reflex excitability of the gray matter of the brain appears to be responsible for the visions so often described. I have no doubt that this existed in Poe's case, and was the principal element in those unearthly imaginings that occur in his weirder and more spiritual tales, though present limits preclude collation of the evidences tending to establish it; and Dr. J. G. Holland recently called my attention to a strange and spectral painting, executed in an interval of unconsciousness, that betrays similar traits of imagination.

But to return. The part that nerve-atmosphere plays in society and in life is important, though little comprehended. How else is it possible to account for the singular ascendency that persons of inferior intellect and ability often gain over persons of exceeding intellectual and moral superiority. Upon what other hypothesis can be explained the strange intimacy that subsisted between the intellectual Hegel and stupid Henry Beer, with his thousands of dollars invested in walking-sticks? The idol of Germany with a fool for his Pylades, to the laughter of all Berlin. True that Heyne, with his acute perception of the sarcastic aspects of the intimacy, refers it to another cause, namely, that, Beer being a fool, the philosopher could talk to him without danger of being comprehended; true that Heyne was tolerably well acquainted with Hegel. But yet his observations on this point, as elsewhere, where it is possible to turn a sarcasm, must be taken *cum grano salis.*

Our likings and our antagonisms, our inexplicable antipathies against some, our inexplicable attraction to others, are not subject to considerations of moral or intellectual altitude. I like this man, with no moral or intellectual reason for liking him. I dislike the other, with as little good reason for disliking him. Indeed, the liking often coexists with moral turpitude and unreliability, and the dislike with moral rectitude. I regard these phenomena, though some refer them to intuition, as simple nervous impressions. In the course of a lounge down Broadway, I walk through the nervous atmospheres of a thousand persons. They impress me dimly. This one repels, that one attracts; but, had I the nervous organization of a Zschokke, I would read the souls of these men and women like so many diaries of their daily lives.

I have observed and been impressed by this atmosphere in the persons of criminals to a greater extent than with any other

class; and this agrees with the remark of Dr. Maudsley, that criminals as a rule are subjects of nervous disorder—how often of the reflex type is proved by the statistical observation that one criminal in a hundred is the victim of pronounced epilepsy. I could not sit within ten feet of an habitual criminal in a Fifth Avenue parlor, without knowing it; and there are men whom I know to be insane, notwithstanding the fact that they are elegantly-dressed Broadway promenaders.

These things are not fancies. On the contrary, in conversation with an insanity expert recently, I was enabled to compare my own observations with those of a master in morbid psychology, and to discern the importance of nerve-aura as a factor in the determination of this class of cases. The question was this: "In those instances in which, so far as impulsive and morbid acts are concerned, the subject of an examination presents no indisputable evidences of insanity, upon what grounds is one person remitted to the hospital, while another is adjudged simply eccentric!" In other words, in the cases of two persons, both apparently inhabitants of the border-land, upon what evidence is it concluded that the one has passed the boundry of sanity and that the other has not? It is impossible to dissect the brain of either, and the mental and physical symptoms are perhaps parallel. Substantially the answer of the expert amounted to this: "I feel that the one subject is insane and that the other is not"—a reply apparently equivalent to saying that he knew insanity by intuition, but really scientific in its terms. In other words, to disentangle a paradox, the decision in these cases is largely due to the nervous aura of the subject. The same act, the same mental eccentricity, may be sane in one man and insane in another.

Again, all organic structures have their special forms of nerve-aura. The evidences that support this hypothesis are so varied and indisputable, that it is now conceded by scientific men. Certain species of serpents, for example, are capable of fascinating birds and animals, as was long since indicated by the observations of Dr. Good, Prof. Silliman, Dr. Barrow, the South American traveller, and M. Vaillant and Mr. Bruce, the African explorers. Negroes can, it is observed, detect the presence of a rattlesnake at the distance of three hundred feet, by the diffusion, says an eminent Carolina observer, of an exceedingly attenuated ether that acts benumbingly on the nervous system. *Vice versa*, Mr. Bruce, from minute personal observations, distinctly states, that the negroes of Sennaar are so armed by nature that they handle scorpions and vipers with perfect impunity; and Lindekranz, a Swedish *savant* of eminence, affirms that the natives of Lapland and Dalarne subdue dogs in the same mysterious manner. "I constantly observed," says the former, explaining the physiology of the process, "that, however active the viper was before he was laid hold of, he seemed to sicken and become torpid, often shutting his eyes, and never turning his fangs toward the arm of the person that held him."

I have constantly observed that epileptics, pending the incubation of the fit, appear to be enveloped in a sensitive and highly-excited nerve-atmosphere, which, sometimes accompanied with sullenness, but not seldom with exceeding sensory exaltation and with preternatural acuteness of perception, heralds the attack, or when transformed into the larvated type by mesmeric passes, eventuates in clairvoyance and trance.

These data support the hypothesis that all nervous organisms emit an ethereal aura susceptible of control by consciousness, of transmission in a given direction at the will of the organism, and of translation into physical phenomena under given conditions. Many of those strange disturbances of the equilibrium of objects within their sphere, observed to occur in nervous maladies, are no doubt due to this element. I have seen persons, subject to nervous paroxysms, upset a glass of water without contact. Under ordinary circumstances, the balance between the bundle of forces represented by a man and those represented by the inorganic bodies that environ him, is more or less stable. On the other hand, in disorders of the epileptic type the auras of various bodies act powerfully as peripheral incitations; the nervous aura of the invalid acting with reciprocal energy upon them.

Dr. Patterson, of Virginia, relates the case of a lady subject to attacks of catalepsy and lying in trance, who, one stormy night, when her physician was not expected, insisted that she saw him away off riding on horseback, through the rain, and tracked him step by step thence to the door, the attendants taking it for granted that she was dreaming until a rap was heard, the door was opened, and he walked in dripping.

These facts, to which medical psychologists can add by the volume, carefully attested and collated, intimate, not only that the solution of the phenomenon known as transfer of state, or as being *en rapport*, lies in the investigation of the nature of nerve-atmosphere, but that the nervo-molecular phenomena incident to the *séances* of Mr. Home are due to the same mysterious agency, acting in mediums of vital temperament and of powerful *physique* with an energy that approximates to the superhuman.

There is nothing so very singular abou

this. Every act of our lives is a transformation of nervous force into motor; and that nervous force may be correlated into light is demonstrated by abundant facts. Phosphorescent animals become so under an impulse of the will, through the agency of the nervous system, evolving light as a transformation of its energy; and in some cases of consumption, witness that distinguished physician, Dr. Brown-Séquard, light appears at the head of the sufferer, and may even radiate from him into the room.

One other extract must suffice:—

The conclusion naturally flowing from these facts, and from many more, the bearing of which it seems to me that Dr. Carpenter, in his theory of unconscious cerebration, and George Henry Lewes, in his theory of instinct, have overlooked, is that the life of nervous tissue is self-determining, and that whenever this tissue is present the fundamental principle of intelligence is also present, It is evident, therefore, that self-directed volition is a primary property of nervous organization.

The reader now sees how it is that the will of a spiritual medium may intelligently yet unconsciously act in the production of the so-called spiritual phenomena; also, how it is that nerve-atmosphere, invisible, imponderable, but entering into intimate molecular relation and contact with surrounding bodies and with surrounding nervous organisms, is susceptible both of sensory impressions and of motor impulses. He sees how it is that, as in the case of Florence Cook, a person in trance may produce a visible phantom, and control its movements, or may even visit a person, living at considerable distance, as an apparition, write a message, and float away or waste away into the invisible. I have among my memoranda no observed instances of this phenomena; but Robert Dale Owen, in his "Footprints on the Boundary of Another World," relates an instance of it in some respects analogous to the case of Captain Densmore, the authenticity of which there is no occasion to doubt. How wonderful our unconscious operations are —far more wonderful than our conscious— facts daily indicate to the observer who studies human life in its deeper psychological aspects; also, how superficial it is to fly to spiritual agencies, or to presumptions like the psychic-force theory, to furnish the explanation of phenomena purely incident to morbid nervous states.

The reader is now satisfied, I think, that the nervous state termed clairvoyance is the centre around which all the phenomena of spiritualism, psychic as well as dynamic, naturally group themselves; also that reflex excitability of the nerve centres constitutes the physiological basis of this state, and that in vital temperaments it develops motor aspects, while in cerebral temperaments it develops the singular sensory phenomena described in the nervo-psychic series; furthermore, that this state is the constant exponent of the epileptic neurosis.

I find no exception to this view of the case in the more than fifty mediums of whom I have collected memoranda; and, without indulging in any unpleasant criticism, I must be permitted to say that the association of either class of facts with the agency of departed spirits is quite unwarranted and gratuitous. Neither the sensory nor the dynamic phenomena of spiritualism presume intelligences or forces not explainable by physiology. I must ask scientific men, however, calmly to investigate the facts incident to these nervous states, and to assimilate them to systematic psychology—a task calling for the limits of a volume.

In concluding this section, permit me to add that my own observations have led me insensibly during the last ten years to the opinion that, in its motor aspects particularly, the nervous conditions necessary to so-called spiritual phenomena coexist generally with a low type of physical organization, and, with very few exceptions, the same criticism applies to mediums of the sensory class; facts sufficing in themselves to disconnect both classes of phenomena from the higher spiritual activities of human nature. But, what the real nature of nerve-aura is, can only be described by the term nerve-aura. It is not electrical, though it may be correlated as electricity; it is not psychic, though it may be correlated into apparently psychic phenomena.

Very likely, however, some clever scientific man will one of these days invent an auroscope, by which it will be possible to test the relative capacities of mediums, and to distinguish between motor and sensory, without putting them to the trouble of *séances;* and in the observations thus far submitted, I have sought to get together the materials and experiments necessary to an exact scientific demonstration of the subject. What is wanted now is, that some scientific professor, or some medical psychologist, having the opportunity to study it in all its attitudes, should experiment and observe carefully as to the action and reaction of nerve-ether with various bodies, until such an instrument can be constructed as to determine its presence by an unerring test. Then, let this auroscope be applied to one of Mr. Home's phantoms or to those of Mrs. Jenny Holmes, of Philadelphia, by way of determining the constitution of the former and the genuineness of the latter; and the demonstration will be as complete from the standpoint of exact physics as it seems to me from the standpoint of physiology.

Review of the Times.

Whatever merits or demerits may attach to the present Dominion Government, it cannot be said that the sessions of Parliament under its guidance are unfruitful. It is only April, yet the work of legislation is over for the year,—and good work has been done,—practical, useful work, that will tell in a hundred ways upon the life of the Canadian people for years to come. It is refreshing to contrast such sessions of Parliament as we have had of late years with the barren and fruitless period when weeks and months were spent in interminable debate on party or constitutional questions. We perhaps dignify them too much to give them the latter name. Generally the squabbles were the purest pieces of faction fighting that ever disgraced the Parliamentary annals of any country. Tactics were often mere "dodging" and "victory at any price" was the watchword on both sides. Happily we have a truce from all this. A Ministry with so decided a majority as the present one can apply itself without hesitation and without distraction to practical business.

We have got, too, far beyond the "parish politics" of former days. Canada now is becoming a word to command respect wherever it is heard. A vast Dominion extending from ocean to ocean, with undreamed of possibilities of expansion and enlargement before it, is something worth legislating about; and it is striking to notice how thoroughly alive to this the rising young men of our country are. They who have been born and educated here, who have felt the full force of our free institutions, and our rapid expansion, while no less loyal to the mother land have yet a most peculiar love for their native Canada, and vast confidence in her future. All that has long characterized the people of the United States in their boundless faith in the possibilities of their land is characterizing the young Canadian statesman of the present day; and it is a healthy sign that it should be so. There is "ample verge and room enough" for a large ambition here. We have legislated this session for the government of territories on the North-West almost as large as the whole of Europe. We have concluded a treaty by which quiet possession of lands is secured to the settlers therein, at the same time that justice is done to the Indian tribes that have hitherto been the only lords of the plains. We have taken steps for the prosecution of that vast railway work which is to bind together all the links in our great chain of Provinces and open up the way for millions of free people to spread themselves over the centre of the continent; and, although the Senate in the exercise of its wisdom, rejected a measure binding Canada to a specific yearly expenditure on the most distant link in this chain, yet the main work and the main object cannot and will not be lost sight of. We have, too, amended our Militia and Defence Acts—taking another step in the path of self-reliance and self-government. The mother country cannot now complain of Canada being a charge on her resources. And another step in the same direction is the establishment of a Supreme Court for the Dominion. This is a measure of the highest importance. It will prevent years of delay in the settlement of disputes. It will secure an appeal to those who have an intimate knowledge of our affairs; and though there may be wanting somewhat of the ripe experience and long practiced judgment that give such weight to the decisions of the law lords of the Privy Council, this will be fully counterbalanced by the superior knowledge of the circumstances and traditions of the various parts of our own country possessed by the judges who will decide these ultimate appeals.

The Insolvency Act is a measure which will have far reaching consequences. In-

solvency in various forms is the great blot upon our commercial life. The numerous failures of the Canadian people in this field of enterprise are not creditable to us. Failure always involves more or less of disgrace—and very often its consequences are felt through a lifetime in a lower tone both of morals and enterprise. Failure is apt to beget failure. It is a bad example, and, like other bad examples, it is sometimes contagious. The law, perhaps, has afforded too great facilities for getting clear of indebtedness. We doubt, indeed, if the present law will not be found to err in that direction, but a measure of some kind cannot be dispensed with; and if the law as passed last session succeeds in accomplishing the objects claimed for it in the Speech from the Throne, viz., the economical administration of insolvent estates, the securing due protection for the creditor, while shielding the honest debtor from harsh treatment,—it will prove of immense value to the business community. An immense amount of legislation has taken place respecting railways, banks, insurance companies, express companies and steamboat companies. It may be doubted whether Parliament is not proceeding too fast in the direction of authorizing the formation of institutions of credit, such as banking and insurance institutions both are. Nothing can be more mischievous to a community than an unsound bank, unless it is an unsound life insurance company. Perhaps, on the whole, the mischievousness of the latter preponderates; its obligations extend over lengthened terms, and are intended for the support of families in future years. The important point for an insurer is, *not what a life company is now, but what it will be twenty or thirty years hence.* It is only, then, in a majority of cases after premiums have been paid for a lengthened period, that the company will be called on to fulfil its engagements. It is survivors of some future day, perhaps long distant, the widow and orphan for the most part, who alone are interested in a life company. It is obvious, therefore, that stability and soundness of a most exceptional character are absolutely essential in a company like this; and nothing can be more undesirable than for a number of ephemeral ones to obtain a footing which will be able to carry on business during the first years of premiums flowing in, but will break down by and by when the full weight of their obligations presses, leaving the survivors of their insurers destitute and disappointed.

The singular outbreak of ecclesiastical intolerance lately witnessed in Lower Canada, by which freedom of discussion is sought to be put down by force, has a counterpart in the action taken in Upper Canada by the High Church party against a dignitary of one of its cathedrals. It is singular that both proceed from the same party in their respective churches—for, undoubtedly, Ultramontanism in the Romish Church and High Churchism in the Church of England have many features in common. Both are the parties of extreme opinion, of tradition, of authority; both are aggressive, violent and intolerant; both are given to employ force rather than argument; both are jealous of open discussion; finally, both have an extreme aversion to the common people reading, thinking, and judging for themselves. The same style of men who in Lower Canada and the Church of Rome seek to prohibit the reading of the *Witness*, with probably a view to the destruction of the paper, in Upper Canada and the English Church bring an Evangelical dignitary to trial before a court at which lawyers are allowed to plead, with a view probably to deprive him of his position. In both cases there is a declining to meet argument by argument. The dignitaries of Rome, with their enormous prestige and influence, with their endless opportunities of teaching under favorable circumstances, are surely very hard put to it when they are afraid of a newspaper. A man who can speak *ex cathedra*, at least once a week, to a people who have been trained for generations to reverence his sayings, must be conscious of terrible weakness when he is afraid that all may be counteracted by a paper published by one whom his Church would call a heretic. This blustering and threatening, this violence of action, are indications of conscious weakness, and they will in the end defeat their

own intent. The people of a city like Montreal are not to be misled by delusions forever. They will see, they must judge, and, seeing and judging, they cannot fail to come to a conclusion on which side truth and right are found. So must it be in Upper Canada. The Dean of the Cathedral of Toronto has made strong representations as to the course of opinion and action in a certain section of the Church. Events only too plainly justify his conclusions. The party against whom he and his friends are protesting would undoubtedly carry over the Church of England to Rome in time. He, therefore, as a minister and dignitary of that Church, is bound to sound the alarm. But he is met, not by argument and refutation, but by law proceedings, by being put on trial for depraving the doctrine of the Church, and that too before a bishop and court largely composed of those who are opposed to his views.

It is supposed, and not without reason, that this procedure has an end in view. The Ritualistic party have long felt sore at the fact that the Cathedral at Toronto was entirely in the hands of clergymen of the Evangelical party. The Dean and all his assistants have long been of a pronounced type of this school. The opposite side chafe at this, and would do almost anything (not absolutely unlawful) to oust the Dean from his position; for with the Dean would go assistant ministers, and all would be replaced by men of the High, or the Ritualistic, school. Fortunately their violent action of putting the Dean on trial, is likely to defeat its object. It has aroused strong feeling and intensified conviction, especially amongst the laity, and made them more determined than ever to uphold and stand by those principles of the Reformation which first made the Church of England a distinct body, and which are a standing protest against the superstition, priestcraft, and intolerance of the Church of Rome.

Passing over to another part of this Continent, we see a manifestation of the same spirit, in even a more violent form still. Protestant missionaries have been laboring in Mexico for some time back. What they have done is lawful. They have committed no breach of the peace. They have gathered small congregations, who have worshipped quietly in buildings. Yet on three several occasions their congregations have been attacked by armed men. The musket and the knife have been freely used, and many have been murdered within the very walls of their sanctuaries. Now, in those cases there can be no possible question of politics. These Protestants were not agitators against the Government. They were simply honest, faithful Mexican citizens (with one or two Americans), worshipping God quietly in their own peaceable way. The outrage was on religious grounds alone, and there is evidence that it was inspired by the authorities of the Romish Church. In this, doubtless, those authorities see nothing particularly blameworthy, any more than the Church in Montreal sees in attempting to put down the *Witness.* The one is a counterpart of the other, with a difference of place and circumstances, but both are carrying out not only the spirit and tradition of Rome, but its policy as announced and defended. And in the English Church, Romish sympathizers alone are infected with the same spirit.

All this is, however, to be overruled. The conflict of light with darkness must go on. The truth may be suppressed and its propagators trampled on and massacred, but it has an inexhaustible vitality. It rises after every fall. The blood of martyrs has been the seed of the Church in past ages, and will be so again, till the day of its final triumph.

As straws show the way of the stream, so odd phrases now and then tell a great deal more than a mere literal interpretation involves; for beyond that, they indicate the underflow of thought on which they float. We are quoting from memory the opening sentence of a discourse we heard delivered in 1840 by Cardinal Wiseman, and it seems as fair as it must be conceded to be appropriate and orthodox, to apply his aphorism to the successor to big hat, tassels and all they involve. Just before this the Bishop of London had preached a sermon in St. Paul's, on "Romish Aggression," as the entitling Roman Catholic bishops from the English dioceses over which they pre-

sided was called, and had used the phrase "The English Church is not dead yet." The Cardinal took these words and used them as those spoken by a physician watching a dying patient of whom the best report he could make was "Not dead yet," emphasizing the last word with exulting unction.

From this expression he argued that the Bishop knew the English Church was on its last legs, and unwittingly let fall words revealing his despair of its life. Dr. Wiseman was somewhat astray in this, and his chuckling, looked at across the Church revival since 1840, is not a little ludicrous. See, however, how such a form of criticism as his turns the tables on Dr. Manning. The new Cardinal, his mind all aflame, as his garments seem—from the tip of his toe to his head being a mass of scarlet—described himself in his first speech as a "Prince of the Church"– whatever that is, and as being "set to lead a forlorn hope." A forlorn hope! That is a pretty fair verbal equation of "not dead yet;" and, but that spirits are so very stupid, we should like to call up that of Dr. Wiseman and have him discourse awhile in his dulcet tones on a phrase which so plainly declares that his successor has for his Church the same misgivings of vitality as he ascribed to the late Bishop of London. "Perhaps, however," to use one of Canon Kingsley's pet phrases, "perhaps they both know better now." But a quiet chuckle over the Cardinal's "forlorn hope," and a prayer that it may prove a hope to sicken his heart, may be allowed to all who don't want the clock of England's greatness in civil and religious liberty and light put back several centuries, as it will be if that hope is not crushed, that "proud Cardinal" not humiliated.

John Bull's old-fashioned dislike of foreigners extends to foreign titles and foreign ways. We have a vivid remembrance of the late Cardinal, how utterly he failed to impress the people with any reverence for his dignity, how mercilessly his theatrical dress was laughed at even by Catholics, how John Bull's back was up at his pretentious "putting on style" by virtue of a foreign title, which never, even in the days of Rome's rule of England, was respected there. Cardinal Manning has made a mistake in taking that wonderful hat. He will look in his scarlet very like a mere Orange Grand Master on the 12th July, and only by it excite in his countrymen a deeper distrust than ever of the Church the pride and worldliness of which this office is a symbol and expression.

From Cardinal to Keneally is but a step,—presumption and vanity link them together; but we merely name the latter to tell the press of Canada, which has followed suit with that of Great Britain in abusing the town of Stoke for electing the "member for Orton," as he is styled, that *this town has just passed a by-law anthorizing the establishment of a Public Library for its citizens*—and without opposition. Now Stoke, say all the papers, is ignorant, is half civilized, is deplorably unintelligent; but Stoke votes taxes voluntarily for a library. No city or town in Canada has done so wise, so intelligent, so civilized an action. Shall we push this to its logical issue and say that Stoke, bad as it is, has more good sense and elevated taste and higher ideas of citizenship than any of our municipalities?

Let some one of our cities vote itself a library and we will overlook its M.P. being a Keneally. But it is past endurance when they commit the sin of Stoke, but do not make its atonement.

A member of the Imperial Parliament having visited the Carlist army reports it in splendid condition, full of fighting zeal and power, short only of money. If it were not Spain where this army is, that money clause would be fatal; but if things could not be done without payment, where would Spain be? As some who read this are Carlist sympathizers let us comfort them by stating that the army consists now of 73,000 men, 4,100 horse and 100 pieces of artillery—a very ugly series of facts for young Alfonso.

The writer we quote from says: "I hope Don Carlos will succeed, because I believe the only remedy for the present distracted state of Spain to be an absolute monarchy based upon religion." This is very puzzling and very libellous of the new king and his friends. Is not Alfonso an absolute monarch? Is his government not based upon religion? that is Ultramontanism,

which is really meant—religion being a mere obsolete phrase, convenient, but utterly dead except for verbal uses. What is the world coming to, that a country is undergoing the horrors of civil war from the contest of two kings—one as he claims *de jure*, the other *de facto*, both specially under the protecting wing of the Pope, both his devoted sons, yet now flying at each other's throats? Surely infallibility needs exercise here if human blood is of value and a country's peace worth a word to insure it.

Cardinal Manning wishes the Pope to be "*the arbiter of nations.*" Let him be so among his own children in Spain; let him "rule his own house well," stop this fearful brawl under his own roof as it were, ere he talks of ruling the families outside his circle.

While that contest continues Ultramontanism stands before Christendom a transparent but pretentious mockery of all that is venerable in religion and honorable in politics. It claims a power among nations which it fails to exercise under the most urgent necessity, the most favorable circumstances. If the Church cannot keep civil war out of its own borders, what more audacious, what more absurd than to be meddling with the politics of non-Catholic States? An authority which Don Carlos and Don Alfonso despise is not the authority for the free States of Europe to honor.

Notice.

CHARLES DARWIN, ESQ., F. R. S.

Mr. Charles Darwin was born at Shrewsbury, England, February 12th, 1809, and is, therefore, now over sixty-six years of age. He is grandson of Dr. Erasmus Darwin, author of the "Botanic Garden." He received his education at Shrewsbury School, Edinburgh University, and Christ's College, Cambridge. In 1831, he offered his services as a naturalist in an expedition to survey South America and go round the world, which was sent out in H. M. S. "Beagle," under the command of Captain Fitzroy. He returned in 1836, and nine years afterwards published the "Voyage of a Naturalist," which greatly increased his fame. He subsequently published several volumes treating upon the zoology, geology and natural history of the countries visited during that voyage, and his "Monograph of the Family *Cirrhipedia*" is considered one of the most remarkable works on zoology of the present century. In 1859 he published his "Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection," which excited universal interest and a good deal of controversy. The theory of this book is that there is a real variability in organisms acting through the medium of the system of reproduction, and that when the progeny thus varied finds itself better adapted for the surrounding conditions than its predecessors, it gains an ascendency in the competition of the multitude of creatures for existence, establishes itself, and exterminates those which it has vanquished. This book was followed by two others, "Fertilization of Orchids," and "Domesticated Animals and Cultivated Plants." In 1871 he published his famous "Descent of Man," in which he infers that "man is descended from a hairy quadruped, furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in its habits." Mr. Darwin has been the recipient of numerous honors from scientific bodies, both at home and abroad. He was married in 1839 to the granddaughter of Josiah Wedgwood. Our engraving is by Walker & Wiseman, from a larger portrait in *The Graphic*, to which we are indebted for the above sketch.

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(*Continued from second page of Cover.*)

and as we have constantly on hand reading matter of interest which we are sorry that our weekly readers should lose, we are determined to begin the New Year with seven columns a page instead of six. The WEEKLY WITNESS will then be nearly double the size it was three years ago. Our friends will probably wonder at this constant increase in the amount given for the same money, but they will learn from it how much is gained to all concerned by the growth of our business. There is no reason to suppose that the WEEKLY has begun to reach the limits of its sphere. Although many of the three months' subscribers will undoubtedly drop off, ts general course should be onward till its circulation is five or ten times what it is now. If the DAILY is to continue increasing as hitherto it must make inroads upon the country parts to a much larger extent than ever, and many who have become acquainted with us through the WEEKLY may find, as time advances, that such a paper does not fulfil the requirements of this age of daily mails and daily telegrams. The DAILY WITNESS seems also to have a mission among the French-speaking people of this Province, as the avidity with which its French column is made use of proves.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

This magazine, which has attained an age greater, we believe, than any other Canadian magazine has ever been able to boast, maintains the even tenor of its way, having now a well established body of readers, and also of writers. Having commenced with the view of giving an opportunity to the literary aspirations of our own people, and to supply the lack of those who feel that Canada should have a literature of its own, it has, without profit to us, in a measure fulfilled that end for many years. It has seen other magazines live and die. It has sought to adapt itself to the varied wants of the families which it enters, not forgetting the social and musical circle, nor the requirements of housekeepers, who have to inform themselves ever anew as to what people should eat, and what people should wear. There has been added, during the past year, a Review of the Times, which expresses itself sharply and vigorously with regard to everything that passes, though, we hope, not in a way to injure the popularity of the Magazine among those who differ, as every one must more or less do, with the opinions so expressed. The NEW DOMINION MONTHLY now affords a small remuneration to its writers, which will be increased whenever its prosperity may warrant. Meantime we commit the Magazine to the favor of all Canadians, who will, we do not fear to say, be acting patriotically, either in supplying its pages, or recommending it to those who do not now receive it. Its circulation is 3,400.

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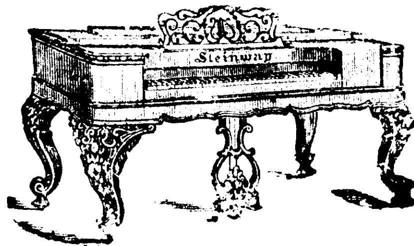

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