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THE
NEW DOMINION MONTHLY
FOR 1873.

PART I.—JANUARY TO JUNE.



Montreal:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
218 AND 220 ST. JAMES STREET.

1873.

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JAN

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Repa

W. H. DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

PROSPECTUSES FOR 1873.

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The progress of the WITNESS during the year, now closing has been good. The DAILY, showing 500 less in circulation than last year, owing to the close of the war, circulates, nevertheless, 10,500 copies, being many more than all the other English dailies in Montreal put together. It proves its strong position by the daily publication of figures—a thing done by no other paper. The diminution is more apparent than real. During the war excitement two or three copies of the paper would find their way into one house where only one does now. The paper has probably a larger constituency than ever. The former Semi-Weekly has become a Tri-Weekly, and has increased in circulation from 3,000 to 3,600. The Weekly, also enlarged on the first of January by about 50 per cent., has advanced from 7,000 circulation to 9,000, being a total circulation of all editions of the WITNESS of about 23,000.

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HON. OLIVER MOWAT.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

JANUARY, 1873.

RIVERSIDE AND ITS INMATES.

BY ELIZABETH DYSART.

"Your daughters, Howard, are they alike!"

"As unlike as day and night."

"Which is most like their mother!"

"Letty, the youngest, is very like my lost Eleanor." A shade crossed his handsome face as he spoke, and he rose and walked to the window.

It was well, perhaps, he did not see the expression on the face behind him. "So," she thought, "the old love is not dead yet." He came back to the sofa, and as if answering her thought, said,

"I can never love another as I loved her. I would not deceive you, Isabel; I cannot give you the place in my heart that she held," and he looked down at her with a troubled look.

"I do not expect it, Howard," she said, with a smile. "Could I trust you as I do if you could so easily forget?"

"Spoken like the noble woman you are! Rest assured, Isabel, among the living you have no rivals. I hope you will love Helen; I think you will. You will find in her a companion. Young as she is, she has a more matured mind than many a woman twice her age. She is a very dear daughter to me, and for the last five years has been more my companion than any one else."

"I shall love her for your sake, Howard; and I do not despair of winning her love."

A few moments later, while Howard Norton was walking down the broad gravelled walk, with the words, "I shall love her for your sake," making sweet

music in his heart, his betrothed wife stood at the window, watching him and thinking.

Isabel Staunton was a very fine-looking woman, and she knew it. You saw that in every movement of her queenly figure, every glance of her black eyes. Her mother died when she was only two years old, and when her father married again, which he did two years afterward, she was adopted by her mother's brother. His wife was a cold, proud woman of the world, and she had labored hard to make Isabel what she was herself. Possessed of strong passions and a firm will, with judicious training she might have made a grand noble woman; but she was not.

Her girlhood had been spent in a round of fashionable gayeties; and now at twenty-eight she had promised to become the wife of Dr. Norton—a widower of forty-five or thereabout.

She stood at the window thinking; and her thoughts ran something like this:

"To be sure, I have no special regard for him; but he is of good family, well educated, handsome and wealthy. What more could I ask? Besides, it is very evident he loves me. I can't afford to do it." Conscience had made its voice heard, and whispered to her that it was a sin in the sight of Heaven to marry without love. At first she listened, and faltered in her purpose. But pride conquered, and she stifled the voice of the inward monitor.

She turned away, carelessly humming a tune, as her aunt entered the room.

"Well, my dear, is it all settled?"

"All settled, Auntie."

"When may we prepare for a wedding?"

"As soon as you like; it does not matter to me. He is anxious it should take place very soon."

"Do his daughters know about it?"

"The eldest does; the other, I should fancy not. I shall cross swords with lady Helen, I know."

"Have you ever seen her?"

"Yes, I met her at Mrs. Douglass' last winter. A cool, haughty-looking girl, with gray eyes that look you right through."

"Is she at all pretty?"

"I saw no beauty, except her magnificent chestnut hair. I never saw a finer head of hair, my own not excepted."

"Why do you think you will have trouble with her?"

"She has an unbounded influence over her father that must be broken, at all hazards. I must and will be first in his regards."

Mrs. Lawrence left the room saying, "I think you are quite right, my dear."

It was a very pleasant room, that library at Riverside. Indeed, every part of the roomy old house might be called pleasant; and, hitherto, a very happy family had lived in it. Five years ago the idolized wife and mother had died; and since then, they had been more to each other even than before. Harry and Helen were twins, just past their nineteenth birthday; and Letty, a winsome creature of sixteen, was the family pet.

Harry was in college now, but would be at home for holidays in a month, and that time had been fixed upon for the wedding to take place that was to make such a change in the household.

Just now, the only occupants of the library were Helen and Letty Norton. Helen sat in a great easy chair, one hand shading her face, while the other rested lovingly on the head of her sister, who had drawn a footstool to her feet, and, her head in Helen's lap, looked dreamily into the bright fire.

Helen was wondering if their life would henceforth be what it had been, and dread-

ing the task before her. She thought, "It might as well be now as any other time. It cannot be kept from her much longer." She had not told her of their father's intended marriage, wishing to spare her the pain as long as possible.

She drew back the golden curls from the "blue-veined brow," and bending over her, said, "Letty, did you ever think papa might marry again?"

"No indeed! he never will. What made you think of such a thing?" One swift look into the face above her, and she sprung to her feet.

"Nellie! is he?" she almost shrieked.

Helen drew her close to her side, and for a long time there was perfect silence. Even Letty's sobs were smothered. At last she whispered, "Who is she?"

"Miss Staunton. Do you remember George Staunton, who was here for a day, with Henry, once? Well, she is a sister, or rather a half-sister, of his."

"Have you ever seen her?"

"Yes, once, last winter; but I scarcely noticed her."

"Is she as beautiful as our mamma was, Nellie?"

Helen looked down into the face so like her mother's, as she answered quickly,

"Oh no. I believe she is called very handsome, but not at all like dear mamma."

Next came the question both had thought, but which Helen had not dared to ask, even to herself,

"Will papa love her as he did mamma? Will he, Nellie?"

"I don't know, dear," and Helen's head sank wearily on her hand again.

"Oh! Nellie, we shall never be happy again."

"I hope we shall, Letty. We must try to be, for papa's sake. We ought not to be selfish, you know; and if it will make him happier, we ought to be willing. He has been a very kind father to us; he has never done anything he thought would make us unhappy."

"But to go and forget poor mamma."

"He has not forgotten mamma, Letty; I am sure he has not." A well-known step in the hall sent Letty in haste to her room, where she flung herself on the bed to have, as she said, a good cry, all to herself. She

was hardly quiet again when Helen came up, two hours afterward.

"Letty, dear, Miss Staunton is in town; would you like to see her?"

"No, no! Don't bring her within sight of me. I couldn't treat her decently. O! Nellie, I don't believe I can ever forgive papa."

"Don't talk so, Letty," said Helen softly. "I know it will be a hard struggle for your loving heart; but you must and will conquer. It was hard for me too; but now I can look at the probability of meeting her here—at least, with no hardness toward her."

"I know, you were always so good; but I can't. It's no use trying."

"Hush, my darling. You little know what you say. I was not always good. I am not good now. Whatever seems good in me is the gift of grace. You know too, Letty, where to look for strength for this new trial."

"Yes, but O Nellie!"—and the prolonged moan was anguish itself.

"Letty, you don't know how it grieves me to see you so."

"I won't then, for your sake, my own, own sister," and she clung passionately to her.

"Not for my sake, but because it is not right."

Two weeks later Harry came home, and was astonished to find merry, laughing Letty "in the dumps." It was all nonsense, he told her, to make such a fuss. She would be getting married herself some day, and then she wouldn't want them all to look so doleful; until at last he succeeded in bringing back the smiles to her face, if not complete sunshine to her heart.

"And now, Helen," said he, when they were at last alone, "I want a good long talk with you over this new arrangement. On you, I foresee, the heaviest shadow will fall. I distrust this woman."

"I don't," interrupted Helen. "From papa's representations, I am sure I shall like her; I shall try at least."

"Does he talk much about her?"

"Yes, to me a good deal. Letty will never stay to listen. I am sure, if she would, she would like her too."

"Helen Norton! can that be you, talking

like that about a woman who takes our mother's place? I expected Letty's outburst, and your calm, quiet face when I came; but I confess I did not expect this. I had prepared myself for a tornado when I saw you alone."

Helen smiled as she replied, "I have learned a new lesson since I saw you, dear Harry."

"From whom, pray?" and he turned sharply around."

"From Him who is meek and lowly in heart."

Harry looked at her till the tears began to gather in his eyes, then turned and walked away, saying to himself, "I never would have believed it of our Helen."

The wedding was over, the bridal tour accomplished, and a party gathered at Riverside to welcome them home. This was entirely at Helen's suggestion. Harry, who had seen them married, declared it wasn't worth while, and Letty stoutly opposed it; but, as usual, Helen had her way, and it was done.

"Staunton, can you tell me who that lady is, standing alone, dressed in white, cheeks and all?"

"That is Miss Norton," said Staunton quietly.

"I must have an introduction," and he left them.

"George, did you say that was Miss Norton?" The speaker was a quiet, scholarly-looking man, with deep blue eyes, that had a thoughtful, far-away look in them.

"Yes, Dudley, that is Miss Norton, and I have been studying her face."

"I admire your taste, I have not seen a face so attractive in a long time. What a breadth of brow! What a firm mouth; and those gray eyes could look to the bottom of your soul."

"For a description of a woman, commend me to you, Dudley Bernard. I was not thinking of her beauty. I was trying, through the face, to gain an insight to the character. She has trials before her, as you and I very well know. How will she meet them?"

"Meet them as a Christian should, or I mistake the peaceful look of those clear eyes."

George Staunton secretly resolved to put

himself between her and all of those trials he possibly could. He knew his sister thoroughly; knew the sort of influence she would be likely to exert over her husband; knew, too, how she would treat the daughters if they in any way crossed her path, and calculated what the result would be. As he watched Helen now, talking earnestly with her father, and noted how pure she looked, he thought, "I do hope that woman will not succeed in staining the purity of such a mind." George Staunton had just finished his collegiate course and graduated with honor. Dudley Bernard was a minister, settled over a congregation a few miles away, and was a cousin of the Stauntons.

"Helen, my love," said Mrs. Norton, during the evening, "I suppose you invited George Staunton here."

"Certainly. I supposed I ought, as he was your brother; and besides, he is Harry's friend, you know."

"As to Harry, of course I have nothing to say; but I thought I would tell you that you need not invite him here again, on my account. George and I have not always been the best of friends," she added, with a little laugh.

Helen looked at her in amazement.

"I thought there were only you two," she said.

"And you were correct; but you know, my dear, we were not brought up together." They both relapsed into silence.—Helen to think, "How strange that she could speak so of her brother!" and Mrs. Norton to say to herself, "It is plain he has said nothing about me. I have the ground first."

Harry invited Staunton to spend a week with them, and the invitation was warmly seconded by Dr. Norton. He always welcomed his children's friends to Riverside. Mrs. Norton treated him with a civility that was very cool indeed, and Helen felt a constraint upon her, in spite of herself, owing to Mrs. Norton's remarks.

"Papa," she said, one morning, "can you spare the horses for an hour after breakfast? Mr. Staunton and I want a ride."

"Of course, Helen. If I want to drive into the country, I still have one left, you know."

Mrs. Norton had been standing just outside the door, and came in now saying,

"Howard, can you give me a drive this morning?"

"As well as not, Isabel. Where shall we go?"

"Oh, almost anywhere. This air is perfectly delightful. And drive that lovely little span of grays, won't you?" And she laid her hand coaxingly on his arm.

"I am sorry I cannot; but George and Helen are going to ride. I can drive the black before the single carriage. Will not that suit you?"

"It's of no consequence," she said in a disappointed tone. "I can go some other time I suppose."

All his persuasion failed to induce her to go without the grays, however. Helen went for the ride, but the enjoyment of it was spoiled.

Just before they reached home, Staunton said, "I am going away to-morrow, as you know, Miss Norton, and I want to settle a little matter before I go. If I should study in your father's office, as I have some idea of doing, are you willing I should be a visitor at your house sometimes? Answer me, please, without regard to what any one else may think."

"Personally, I should like you to come."

"Then you don't dislike me?"

"Not at all."

"Then take me for your friend until I prove myself unworthy your friendship, will you?" The sense of justice was very strong in Helen Norton, and she thought,

"I have no right to blame him when I know nothing of their disagreement," so she said frankly,

"I agree to your terms, Mr. Staunton."

"Then remember, if ever you want a friend, George Staunton is always at your service. You may need one sooner than you think. Don't hesitate to call on me. One thing more, Miss Helen; if you hear things against me, give me a chance to prove them false, if they are so. If you begin to distrust me, tell me so, honestly, will you not?"

She hesitated for an instant, but said, "I promise," as they rode into the yard.

A clear, beautiful, September day. Outside, all was composure itself; but in the dining-room at Riverside a storm was

evidently brewing. George Staunton was pacing impatiently up and down, casting an occasional glance at Mrs. Norton, who had just risen from the dinner table, and stood, one hand resting on the back of a chair, and her black eyes fixed on him with a threatening look.

"George Staunton, are you a consummate fool?" she asked.

"I don't think so," he answered, carelessly. "I never knew a Staunton who was a fool, although I have known some who were very near being knaves."

"You base, ungrateful wretch!" She checked herself suddenly, remembering that she had better not rouse a Staunton too much.

"But you are not obliged to take a profession," she resumed, after a moment's pause. "Thanks to your precious mother's machinations, you are well provided for, and need never do anything."

He stopped in his tramp, and with clenched fists, said, "One word more against my mother, madam, and you force me to forget that you are a woman. You know very well that the arrangement about the property was entirely between my father and your uncle. You know, too, that when you were of age, you consented to it, giving up all claim to our father's property, and becoming your uncle's sole heir."

"And I know too," she said, bitterly, "that my uncle failed and lost everything."

"That was not my fault; nor his, for I believe he was an honorable man. I should never have seen you want for the luxuries to which you were accustomed, Bell; but when you married, I told Dr. Norton the whole affair, and he refused to have a cent of our father's property, saying it was a fair transaction, and he had enough to keep you."

"He's a perfect goose, with what he calls his notions of honor," she said angrily.

"But, about this other business: are you quite determined to study in Norton's office?"

"Quite. If I had known your antipathy to having me so near you, I might possibly have chosen some other physician to apply to. But Dr. Norton's reputation as a skillful surgeon, together with his well-known

character as an honorable gentleman, induced me to come to him; and now it is too late to alter my arrangements."

"I don't see why you couldn't have told me sooner."

"I did not suppose you could have any objection."

"Well, I don't care so very much. I only hope you will keep yourself out of my way," and she swept out of the room, leaving him alone.

He left immediately, shutting the hall door not too gently, and tramped off down street.

Mrs. Norton went into the sitting-room where Helen was, and threw herself into a seat exclaiming, "A pretty stew they have cooked up now." Helen looked up questioningly.

"Your father has agreed to take George into his office to study medicine. He'll be bringing him here to board next, I shouldn't wonder. If your father wasn't the softest fool of a man that ever was, he never would have done it."

Helen's temper leaped up like lightning, and drawing herself to her full height, she said,

"I never knew my father to do but one very foolish thing, and that was his second marriage."

"You are an intolerably saucy girl," she said, just as Dr. Norton came in.

"What's all this?" he asked, looking from one to the other. Isabel was sobbing, and Helen stood erect, two bright red spots on her cheeks, that her father knew denoted unusual anger.

"She has been insolent," came in smothered tones from the depths of Mrs. Norton's handkerchief. He turned to Helen.

"I'll tell you, papa," she said proudly. "She called you a soft fool; and I said the most foolish thing you ever did, was to marry her."

"Helen, my child," he said gently, "I am afraid you are yielding to anger."

Tears gathered in her eyes.

"Oh! papa," she said, "I am so sorry if I have offended you. Do please forgive me."

"Ask forgiveness, my dear, of the Father above," and he drew her closely to him and kissed her. Escaping from his arm,

she went up to her own room, and locked herself in.

An hour after, she might have been seen walking with bowed head and slow footsteps towards the parsonage, where the Rev. Mr. Carroll lived. She paused for a moment on the threshold to admire the picture within. Mrs. Carroll, a sweet-looking young woman, was sewing, and rocking with her foot the cradle that held her wee baby girl. She smiled a welcome as she saw Helen, and drew a chair to her side for her; but Helen first stooped to kiss the sleeping baby, and then seated herself on a stool at Mrs. Carroll's feet, and laid her head wearily against the arm of her chair. Very gently did Mrs. Carroll smooth the tossed tresses, letting the touch of her fingers linger on her forehead, but she said nothing.

They were fast friends, these two; and she knew something was troubling Helen, and that it was best to let her take her own time for telling her.

"Mrs. Carroll," she said, at length, "do you think it is possible for such a wayward, passionate creature as I ever to become meek and gentle?"

"Surely I do. Do you not remember who says 'I will put My spirit upon you;' and is not His the spirit of meekness and gentleness?"

"I know, Mrs. Carroll; but it seems to me that no one else is so much tempted to impatience and temper as I am."

"Helen, do you think that 'tempted in all points like as we are,' is without meaning? And you remember the rest of the verse, 'yet without sin.'"

"Yes, I know," she said, wearily. "If only I could say the 'yet without sin,' I would never mind the temptations. But I want to tell you what I did;" and she recounted the scene of the afternoon, in no way excusing herself.

"And to think," she said, "that after having endured the trial of seeing a stranger take my mother's place, I should fail for such a little thing. I am completely discouraged."

"Go again to the Fountain, my dear Helen; there is no other remedy."

"Well, Mrs. Carroll, do you think I ought to apologize to her?"

"I can scarcely tell. It might be that kindness and consideration for the future would be the best apology. Do as your conscience dictates, and don't forget to pray for light."

As Helen walked home, two young ladies stood inside a store watching her.

"What a haughty girl that Helen Norton is!" said one. "But I shouldn't wonder if that step-mother of hers took down her pride."

"I think Mrs. Norton is a very handsome woman," said her companion.

"Yes, she is very handsome, but she has a horrible temper. My sister knew her, and she says she pities the daughters. But I don't pity Helen a bit."

"Oh! I do. I remember their mother so well. She was such a gentle, loving little lady. And I always admired Helen greatly. That air of self-control she wears is very attractive to me."

"Do you know, I heard Mr. Bernard, the minister at Brentwood, say he thought her remarkably fine-looking. I told him I didn't admire his taste."

Dr. Norton was reading in the sitting-room, and his wife sat in an opposite window, doing what Harry called, "that everlasting crochet work."

"There comes Helen," she said. "I suppose she has been over to see that odious Mrs. Carroll. I don't see, Howard, why you let her go on so; making an intimate of a dry, poky minister's wife."

"I have always allowed Helen to choose her own associates, having a care that they were not such as would exert a wrong influence. I greatly admire Mrs. Carroll's lady-like, Christian deportment."

"Yes, there it is! You have always allowed her to do as she pleased, and it isn't the best thing for a girl. How can you ever expect her to shine in society if she gets those puritanical notions?"

"I care less to have her shine in society than to have her a true, noble woman."

He went back to his book, and she crocheted, and thought.

Next morning, at breakfast, she said, "Howard, I want to go over to Aunt Lawrence's to-day. This beautiful weather tempts me."

"Fortunately I have business in that di-

rection. I shall be gone all day, and you can spend the day there, and I will call for you on my return."

"Very well. That will just suit me."

"Aunt Maria," she said, when they found themselves alone, "what do you think Howard has done now? Nothing less than to take George into his office as a student."

"Well, where's the harm in that?"

"Why, do you not see that he will be almost sure to fancy Helen; and then a marriage is the next thing; and I *will not* have that."

"I cannot see why you should oppose it. She would be off your hands then."

"Not nearly as soon as she would otherwise. There must be a four or five years' engagement; for, of course, he wouldn't marry till he had taken his degree. Then another thing; you know George has a much larger property than Howard has; and I don't choose to see her queen it in a style that I can't afford—and on my father's property, too."

"Well, I suppose that is natural; but really, Isabel, I cannot see how you are going to help it. Can you get him away—get him to give up the notion, I mean; or the Doctor to refuse to have him?"

"Not the least hope. I raised a row over it yesterday, but they are both as stubborn as donkeys, and I could make no impression."

"Then send her away for a year or two. She would be sure to marry off. Those cool, iceberg-like girls are always favorites."

"That's a capital idea. I'll send her to school. I wonder I had not thought of it before."

"To school! You're a bright manager! To a girls' school where she wouldn't be allowed to see a gentleman! She'd be likely to marry off there, now, wouldn't she!"

"I don't care. She would be out of his way; and I have made up my mind to prevent that thing from taking place, at all hazards."

"Even if it break two hearts?"

Isabel laughed a low, mocking laugh.

"I'm not at all afraid of the damages to the hearts. Hearts don't break so easily;

and if they did——," she walked to the window and left the sentence unfinished.

On the way home, Dr. Norton was cautiously approached on the matter of sending Helen away. She represented to him that she needed to be sent among a French-speaking people, to complete her French. "And then, you know," she added, "Letty must go somewhere to school, and it would be so much better for her to have Helen with her."

She saw that he was favorably impressed, and skilfully advised him to say nothing about it to the girls, until he had thought it over well. She proposed a convent; but he vetoed that at once. She said to herself that she cared very little if they did make a nun of her; but gave up the idea at his opposition.

A week later, the two girls were in the library, where we first saw them; Helen in the great arm-chair, and Letty at her feet with her head in her lap.

"O! Nellie," she said, "must we leave this dear old home and go to that hateful Montreal?"

"I suppose we must, dear. Papa thinks it best; and I think myself it will be a great advantage to us both."

"But, Nellie, I am sure to disgrace you. I couldn't help doing some awful thing."

You mustn't do some awful thing," said Helen, laughing. "I shall keep a strict guard over you, little girl."

"It won't be of any use, I'm convinced of that. But, Nellie, I don't know that I shall be sorry to go, after all. *She* would make it intolerable for us here."

"Hush, Letty, dear. I think she has been as kind as we have."

"No, she hasn't! She has been real hateful to you all the time."

"Don't speak so. It is not right. We must do our duty, and I guess she will do hers."

The door was thrown open, and Mrs. Norton walked in, followed by Dudley Bernard.

Helen's face lighted up, for she liked him very much. She reached him her hand, without rising. Letty was very reluctantly rising, when he said,

"Don't disturb yourself, please, Miss Letty. You look very comfortable."

"I am comfortable, Mr. Bernard, and if you will excuse me I will keep my place."

Mrs. Norton knew exactly how to keep the conversation running in the proper grooves, when she chose to try; and she tried to the extent of her ability that evening. She contrived to make Dudley and Helen do most of the talking, just joining in often enough not to seem uninterested.

The Doctor was out until late; but when he came in and saw the pleasant faces gathered around the little fire in the grate, he felt very happy at the evident good feeling between his wife and daughters.

Mr. Bernard talked freely with Helen, and acknowledged to himself that she had a superior mind; but his eyes often strayed towards the face lying so quietly in her lap; and he thought, "How beautiful that child is!" Sometimes she joined in the conversation; but nearly the whole evening she studied the figures made by the coals in the grate, as they blackened and died.

"What makes my little girl so quiet tonight?" said her father, laying his hand on the curly head.

"I'm thinking, Papa;" and she looked up with a smile.

"You so seldom take time to do that, I am inclined to indulge you in it now. How does the parish prosper, Dudley?"

"Not as I could wish, Doctor. People seem to think everything else of more importance than church matters."

"Yes, that is too much the case everywhere. Will the new church be completed this year?"

"I think so; but there will be a heavy debt on it; that troubles me somewhat."

"Don't worry yourself about the debt. The committee is responsible for it, I suppose?"

"Yes, of course; but they seem to expect me to do a great share of the raising of the funds. They all have their own business to attend to, and seem to think I can do it as well as not."

"I should give them to understand that I had business to attend to as well as they."

"Wouldn't do. There would soon be a fuss."

"I think you preachers have an awfully hard life of it," said Letty, suddenly.

"Not so hard as you suppose, Miss Letty.

When a man truly loves his work, the rough places are easily passed over."

"But one must see some good resulting from his work, I should think, or he would be discouraged," said Helen.

"It is more pleasant, I grant, to see the fruit of your labor at once; but in this world, where we cannot see the end from the beginning, we must be content to do duty, leaving results with God."

"I know that is a grand and noble spirit to have; but I think it is hard to get just to that point."

"Perhaps so, when one has hot blood. But God gives the spirit of patient waiting for the asking, you know."

"Do you know, Mr. Bernard, sometimes I am sinful enough to think things are all wrong in this world; and that, if only we were permitted, we could fix our circumstances so much better."

"I know such thoughts will come, especially when we are only entering on life's untried paths; but I don't doubt, Miss Helen, that each of us is placed just where it is best for us."

"You have very fine theories, Dudley," said Mrs. Norton; "I wonder how they would serve you if ever real trouble came."

"I do not think it requires more grace, more strength, if you will, to bear a great snock, such as lookers-on would call a real trouble, than it does to bear the little trials of everyday life."

"Do you really think, Mr. Bernard, that it is as much a triumph of grace that enables one to bear petty trials as to bear the heavy shock?"

Helen spoke eagerly.

"I think it is more, Miss Norton. You know that it requires constant watching and never-ceasing prayer to overcome the daily trials and temptations. What do you think, Doctor?"

"I quite agree with you; but I can never forget that the bearing the little trials brings its own reward. Never a temptation resisted, but we are stronger to meet the next one. I think nothing but trial well endured, and temptation met and conquered, will make us what God intended we should be."

"Yes, never a ray of sunshine cast across the pathway of a fellow traveller, or

a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple, loses its reward. Those things tell in the formation of our own character, and at the same time, meet the approval of our Heavenly Father."

"Well," said Letty, suddenly starting up, "I can't ever do those little things. My good works, if ever I do any, must be done all in a heap while the fit's on. I never could settle down to do all the little things just right, as Helen does. I mean to do

some immensely noble thing, some time, that will astonish you all, and let that balance the account."

"It won't do, Miss Letty. The little things will be required of you as well as of any one else,"

"I think too much stress is laid upon little things, by some people," said Mrs Norton. "We are only human, after all."

Dr. Norton looked very grave, and the subject was dropped.

(To be continued.)

THE HUMAN HEART.

BY H.

Each heart has a depth that it cannot sound,
A bound that it may not know—
It has feelings varied as flowers of earth,
And affections which warmly glow.

It knows its seasons of hopes and fears,
Its joys and its grievous cares—
Its mingled emotions of evil and good,
Its calms and its secret prayers.

Some are noble and true, aspiring high,
Gaining strength from a Higher Power—
While others are fixed upon things of earth,
And but live for the passing hour.

And many there are which, strong and brave,
Heed neither scorn nor slight—
But others, more sensitive, shrink away
From a cold world's chilling blight.

Ah! restless, irresolute human heart,
That is "wavering, tossed like the sea,"
Is thy peace to be gained from an earthly source?
Where dost thou for comfort flee?

"Come unto me," saith the Lord thy God,
"A new heart I will thee give,
Resist temptation and power of sin,
And grace will be thine to live."

 FAITH AND FAITHFUL.

 BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL.

 CHAPTER III.

But now we must return to Elsie—Elsie, whose cares and troubles were pressing upon her heavily. As the three months drew to a close she could not help the oft anxiously recurring questions—Will he give me up? Will he give me up? What shall I do if he does? She had seen Henry Greaves but twice, and then not to be recognized by him during the whole time. Once she had seen him in the horse cars; he passed with head bent down and brows knitted as if with anxious thought, and she felt pained to see the change from the once bright, cheerful Harry she first knew. Yet she was sure she would rather have met him so, than to have seen him gay and laughing. Another time she was in a shop buying some stationery; glancing towards the window she saw him stop before an engraving of faith—an uplifted cross with a young girl standing gazing up at it. Her first impulse was to rush out and speak to him; then she checked herself and he passed on. Insensibly, however, she felt comforted, associating herself with the picture in Harry's mind; and in the strength of that feeling she went for a long while. But times of depression would come, as they do to the most exalted of Christians, when they dread to peep into the future, and unbelief clouds the horizon with a dark curtain, and much cast down she would be ready to sink beneath her troubles and cry out, "Save, Lord, or I perish." Poverty was pressing her so sore,—the sorer because concealed—even Mrs. Davy did not know how hard a struggle Elsie often had to make both ends meet, and how much self-denial she practised that the pressure might not bear upon her sister, and that she might be able to keep her in the country as long as possible.

One day as she was getting ready for town, Dolly remarked how pale she looked, and tenderly said, "Elsie, don't go to town to-day, the walk is too much for you; wait till Thursday and drive in with Mrs. Burley when she goes with the butter."

"I can't, dear Dolly; I must not wait. I have some photographs to take home, and I want to try for other work as well; I think I could get some texts to illuminate. I saw some for sale the other day. I must seek better paying employment, we need it so. The autumn is coming on, and you want warm flannels and clothes and many things, and I have no money to get them. I am going also to the company's office, to see if they have made any settlement. Oh Dolly! Dolly! life is a hard struggle," and throwing her arm round the neck of the surprised child she burst into a fit of hysterical crying.

"Don't Elsie," soothingly urged the child; "what has come over you? I never saw you so; sit down and I will get you some water."

The drink brought by Dolly seemed somewhat to refresh and restore the unnerved spirits of her sister, who smilingly said: "There now, darling, I am better; forgive me,—I do not know what made me so foolish. Our Father cares for sparrows and will certainly care for us."

"Certainly," echoed Dolly. "You know the very hairs of our heads are all numbered; but really, Elsie, you are more fit to lie down than to go out to-day. I can do very well without flannels and things; indeed I don't want them; don't go."

"Yes I must dear, I must see those office people; don't untie my bonnet; I am all right now; the bracing air will revive me; don't fret about me,—I shall take the horse cars if I feel the least tired; there now, darling, will that comfort you? Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Dolly. "Will you try to remember, Elsie, the words of the hymn: 'Behind a frowning Providence, He hides a smiling face.'?"

"I will, my comfort, I will," was Elsie's reply as she closed the gate and ran off. Gradually as she walked on, Dolly's parting words and the fresh morning air did revive her and brace her up, and gradually the sweet dove of peace returned to her bosom, and as promise after promise, like the brilliant links of a chain, flashed into her mind, the color returned to her cheeks and the light to her eye, and she seemed to float along, leaving all trouble as forgotten things, far behind.

Elsie had reached a turn of road opening into the more populous part of the suburb, when suddenly a dashing pair of carriage horses turned the corner, swerved violently on one side and striking against the young girl threw her to the ground, from which she was lifted insensible. When she recovered consciousness she found herself upon a bed in a large handsomely-furnished room, with an elderly lady bending anxiously over her.

"How do you feel, my dear young lady? not seriously hurt, I hope?"

"Ah," wearily sighed Elsie, "I don't know! Where am I? I am all full of pain; what has happened? Oh, I remember—the horses. Dolly! Dolly!" she plaintively continued, "the frowning Providence grows darker, I shall never see the smiling face;" and as she spoke she lifted her hand to brush off a wave of hair which had got loose from its fastening; the effort caused a cry of pain. "My arm, my right arm is broken," she exclaimed in answer to the questioning look of her companion. "Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do?" and she buried her face in the pillow and sobbed aloud. "Forgive me," she continued as soon as she had grown calm enough to speak again, "I am childish to-day; I could not help it,—my poor right arm is so useful I can ill spare it. It helps to support a young sister who has been a great invalid, and the thought of what she is now to do is overpowering; but no doubt this new trial is also for the best. I shall one day see it so, though not now. You must

please send me to the hospital; I can't go home to be nursed."

"Indeed, dear," replied the lady, whom Elsie now noticed had a sweet motherly face, and who seemed greatly distressed, "Indeed we shall do no such thing; you shall stay here and be nursed and taken care of, and your sister, as long as you need it; it is the least reparation I can help my husband to make for being the unfortunate cause of your accident; he has gone for the doctor, and as soon as they come, and we find out the state of your injuries, which I trust are not more serious than the broken arm, General Greaves himself shall fetch your sister and any one else you wish."

"Who did you say?" excitedly asked Elsie, lifting her head from the pillow. "General Greaves! oh, this is too much; why am I here? send me home, send me home;" and with a faint moan she sunk back into unconsciousness.

"Harry," said Mrs. Greaves as hearing a step in the passage she moved with a perplexed air to the door, "there has been a sad accident to-day. Your father in trying the new horses, knocked down a lovely young lady and has broken her arm and otherwise injured her, I fear, for she goes from one fainting fit to another; he has gone for the doctor, Emily is out, and I am alone; will you lift her up for me while I try to make her swallow some wine?"

"Certainly, mother, I shall do my best. I often help to lift the sick men in the hospital; but they are not ladies, and I may be clumsy. How was it father was so unfortunate? Poor girl!" and as he spoke he unclasped his sword belt, laid it with his cap upon the table, and followed the old lady into the room. Suddenly his eye seemed to take in the outstretched form and pale, almost rigid, face lying there, for he sprang forward, and throwing himself by the side of the bed groaned out: "Oh mother! mother! this is Elsie—Elsie Evans—my own affianced wife; tell me is she dying? is she dead?"

"My poor dear boy," said the mother with quivering lip, "she is neither dead nor dying; help me to lift her up and bring her to; all the reparation in your father's power is due, you know. There now," as she

tenderly lifted the girl's head and laid it upon his shoulder, "rest her there, Harry; it is a fit place, poor suffering one. How sweet she looks! I understand now the shock I gave her in telling her where she was," and the old lady kissed the white cheek of the still unconscious girl.

Just then General Greaves and the doctor entered the room. "How is she?" continued the former; "much hurt do you think? Harry, my boy, you here! you can make but a poor nurse, I fancy! Better ring for some of the maids to help."

"No, sir," said his son sternly, turning his agitated face with something of its old spirit upon his father. "No, sir, no servant here: this is my place, and no earthly power shall take me from it. The lady whom you have injured, perhaps killed, is one whom you ought to have known before; she is Elsie Evans, my own gentle, patient Elsie, my affianced wife, a thousand times too good for me," and with a heart-felt moan which touched all present, the young man covered his face with his hand, vainly trying to hide the not womanly tears he could not check.

"Harry," said his scarcely less agitated father, "it was an accident, my boy; the horses took fright,—forgive me. I have suffered enough in the last hour on account of that poor girl to knock the pride out of any one, God knows. Don't reproach me; Doctor Skill shall do his best, and if necessary, half-a-dozen other doctors, and with God's blessing she is yours. I can do no more."

"Amen," tenderly responded the mother.

That afternoon saw General Greaves himself driving out to Beach Road for Dolly, to whom he tenderly broke the news of her sister's accident, and his share in the affair, and before the two had reached Greaves Park, the General had become Dolly's captive, and in his own mind pronounced her the most charming little woman he had ever seen, and wondered why Harry had not waited a few years for such a sprightly engaging little creature as she was; he supposed, however, Harry knew best. And so Harry did.

* * * * *

"Mary," said General Greaves to his

wife as he paused from a game of draughts he was playing with Dolly a few days after her sister's accident, "do you remember my old friend Charlton Evans? I hadn't seen him for years, and was wondering what had become of him, when I heard to-day at the Company's office that he was killed upon their railroad. An application had been made by some relatives for damages, and as I am one of the honorary directors it came before me in that way. Poor fellow!"

"He was my dear papa," said Dolly, with tearful eyes and grieving voice; "he was killed nearly two years ago."

"Your father!" said the astonished General as he sprung from his chair. "Is it possible? I knew he had children, but never saw them, and the name never struck me before; we were college friends. Heavens! little did he think, little did I think, that I should be the one to hurt a hair of the head of any one belonging to him; my poor friend Charlton, if he could see me now, how could I meet him?"

"It was not your fault," lovingly apologized Dolly; "it was an accident, and neither Elsie nor Harry blame you in the least."

"Yes, but the three months of suffering that preceded the affair was not an accident," said the self-reproaching old man; "and probably I might have made the suffering a life-long one in my pride had not the hand of an overruling Providence stopped me short,—and now to think that it was Charlton's child too! I must see your sister, my dear," and General Greaves hurriedly left the room.

The railroad company were not long in making a settlement and rendering their tardy justice, when the claim was backed by the powerful influence of General Greaves. The whole sum, however, was invested at once as a marriage portion for Dolly, when she should need it, the General refusing to let Elsie touch a farthing of it; and when six months after, Elsie, blooming and beautiful again, and completely restored to health, was given to Harry as his wife, it was General Greaves himself who not only acted as her father in giving her away, but settled a marriage portion upon her as well.

"Dolly!" said Elsie as she folded her arms round her to bid her good-bye before stepping into the carriage that was to take her off upon her bridal trip, "do you remember the verse you said to me the morning I was hurt? 'Behind a frowning Providence, He hides a smiling face'? I have so realized it; out of every trial good has come. God has crowned us with loving kindness and tender mercies; and now, dearest, pray that as He honored us in the fires, He may keep us faithful in the still more trying time of prosperity."

"Elsie," called out Harry from the steps, "here is Mrs. Burley come to say good-bye to you; be quick, dear, or we shall lose the train." One great hug in the fat arms of

Mrs. Burley, and the carriage door closed and they were off.

"Well, General," said the warm-hearted woman as she gave that gentleman's hand one of her heavy shakes, "you are a lucky man, for you have got two daughters by this wedding instead of one, and I don't know which is the best."

"Yes, Mrs. Burley," was the General's reply, as he put his arm round the light form of Dolly, "my daughter Mrs. Greaves is a good and lovely woman, and I am proud of her; but my little girl here, Dolly, is my darling, bless her."

And so Dolly remained with her new parents, and found work to do, and became as great a blessing to them as she had formerly been to faithful Mrs. Burley.

A S T O R M .

BY J. G. MANLY, JR.

This is indeed a storm! the clouds have loosed
 Their openings to discharge so fast a flood,
 And drops so huge, that thoughts of that dread day
 When earth was overwhelmed in waters deep,
 And all the sons of men in trembling sought
 The distant hill-tops for salvation, fill me.
 Hark! is that thunder? Saw'st thou not the flash!
 See now the heavens seem in one broad blaze,
 And yonder hills, amid which peal the sky's,
 Artillery, seem pulsating with dread!
 The trees away to and fro, as if the wind
 With one great blast had made them drunk with air;
 And now one topples (mighty monarch he
 Of sylvan age!) the lightning's forked ray
 Has gashed him fearfully. At such a fall
 His brethren round appear aghast, and seem,
 Altho' it is the wind, to shriek and moan

An abrupt requiem Another falls,
 And consternation in the forest reigns.
 Beyond, along the barren heath, the rays
 Of lightning seem to dance audaciously,
 And set the scanty shrubbery ablaze.
 They flash along the river like the eye
 Of strong men over wine, as dangerous,
 And with such brilliancy, that the noon-day sun
 Scarcely sustains so glorious a light
 When at his highest. This indeed is grand;
 The soul sits humbled in the midst of it;
 Yet it is but a glimpse and echo soft
 Of the Eternal's greatness, which will overwhelm
 The universe in one fierce sea of fire,
 Dissolve the moon, pour out the sun's warm light,
 Strike ruin thro' the company of stars,
 And upturn groaning Nature from its roots.

GRAIGSE LEA AND ITS PEOPLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

"A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow,
And every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wasted the traveller to the beauteous West—
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul
To whose white robes the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of Heaven."

—*Wilson.*

"Maude, will you draw back the curtains and raise the window. I should like to watch the sunset and listen to the waves breaking on the rocks. They come laden to me to-night with happy memories of my girlhood. There, that will do. You can leave me now for a little while, dear; but come again, I shall want to speak to you."

Maude lingered for a moment to shake the pillows and kiss the flushed tell-tale cheek, and then with another look of love she softly closed the door and the invalid was alone.

The window opened to the chambers of the West, where the sun, holding his evening levee, was just retiring behind the hills, his curtains, bathing wood, stream and meadow, his dominions, in a rosy, mellow light—a farewell splendor. The clouds, his retainers, robing themselves in honor of him in kingly purple and gold, had gathered around him—a moving mass, ever assuming forms more fantastic and garments more gorgeous. The air was perfumed with the breath of the new-mown hay and vocal with the song of the birds, the murmur of ocean's wave, the hum of the honey laden bee, and the heath-scented breath of the zephyrs sighing amid the flowers.

The glow of the sunset lighted the pale face of the sufferer with a roseate flush. Her eyes rested on it, but they had a far-away, wistful look that saw not its beauty. There was an unquiet drooping of their lids, and a look of care and doubt on her

face, that seemed sadly out of keeping with its gentle, confiding character. An open Bible lay by her side; she had been reading it, but now it was forgotten. Her thoughts were busy with the future, vainly striving to pierce the mists that in mercy enveloped it. The angel of death had beckoned her into the Silent Land, and not for herself did she dread his summons, but for the sake of dear ones she was leaving. The strong yearning of the mother's heart was at war with the faith, the submission of the Christian. Who would watch over her children, guide them to the right, gently, unceasingly, as she would have done? "Lord, let this cup pass from me," burst from the weak, doubting, bleeding, human heart. "Cast all your care upon the Lord, for He careth for you," an angel voice seemed to whisper, and unbelief was slain. Had not God been a "very present help in time of trouble to her," and would not He, had He not promised, to be so to her children even unto the third and fourth generation? It must be so, for He had said it. The perfect peace which He giveth to His beloved replaced the weariness and distrust, and she gazed into the glorious sky till she almost seemed to see the streets of the New Jerusalem paved with burnished gold, its sea of glass mingled with fire, its white-robed inhabitants,—but most of all the wondrous glory of the Lamb who is the light thereof, and who leadeth His flock unto fountains of living water, and God himself shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Maude, as she quietly glided to her mother's side, was awed by the rapt, holy gladness on her mother's face. It told of something she did not understand, yet longed to know—the one bond wanting between them.

"Your father has not come yet, has he, darling?" Mrs. Hamilton asked, as she forced her eyes from the beauteous vision.

"No, mamma; Aunt Ellen says he can

scarcely be here before to-morrow morning. You look a great deal better to-night. I am so glad you will be well enough to go home with papa; won't you?"

"I am afraid not, dear. 'Tis but the warm sunset glow that deceived you. Sit by me, Maude, and lay your head on the pillow by mine. I must talk with you, for my time now is very short. Hush! dear, do not cry! I am weak, and cannot talk long. Listen to me. All that troubles me is leaving your father and you and the little ones. I felt until this afternoon as if I could not do it. I could not trust you with strangers. It seemed as if I must stay and watch over you. I thought no love could be like mother love. I was reading to-day in my Bible (that is to be your's, Maude), 'When thy father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up.' 'Leave thy fatherless children unto Me, and I will preserve them;' and He has made me willing to trust you entirely with Him. He has been a Father and a God to me, and will be to my children if they seek Him. Make Him your God, darling. Go to Him in your trouble, for I foresee you will have more than you will think yourself able to bear. I have marked some passages in my Bible that have comforted me; you will find them yourself. You are my eldest, and you must fill my place to the younger ones, and to your father. You know how I have taught you; teach the little ones even so. Be a mother to them. You are patient and self-sacrificing. I thank God that He has given you to me. You have been a great comfort, and now I am satisfied to leave my babes with you. And your father, Maude; be kind to him. You know not what he has to struggle against. He, too, will miss me much. Try, darling, for my sake to be more to him than I have been, and you shall have your reward. Make his home attractive. Be ever patient and cheerful; God will help you. Your father loves you dearly, and you can influence him through his love. Do not attempt to reason with him. You will only irritate him. My writing-desk is Robert's. To-day I wrote a letter to him; you will find it in the secret drawer. Give it to him when first he leaves home. Tell him his mother's last prayer was for him. Now, darling,

kiss me and go. God bless you, my own precious child, and strengthen you for your burden, and keep you while in the world unspotted by it. I think I shall sleep now. Your aunt will stay by me. Good-bye, darling."

Maude crept quietly out, her heart full, nigh to breaking, with the burden of her first great sorrow, bravely keeping back the sobs that almost choked her as they sought for utterance, till she reached a quiet attic chamber, where she might vent her grief without danger that its utterance would trouble the dying.

Twilight deepened into dusk, and the holy twinkling stars came out and shone in at that uncurtained window where the invalid slept. Then hushed steps moved softly through the room and let down the curtains, carefully shading the lamp they brought from the sleeper's eyes. A moment or two more and the firm, light tread of a man's foot broke the slumber, and the wife woke to find herself in her husband's arms. A quick, acute look of agony shot across her face as she drew his lips down to her own.

"Oh, Alfred!" she murmured.

Her husband averted his burning face from her searching eyes as he answered,

"I only tasted, Anna. I was weary and faint travelling and I could not rest till I had seen you. I should have kept my promise but for that. I was nearly distracted when I got Ellen's letter. Forgive me this once. There is no danger now. The old craving is gone. But you are better, are you not? I have come to take you back again to our Highland home, to breathe strength and health in with the perfume-laden breezes from our heath-crowned hills."

Her heart was too sick with the nameless dread his coming had revived to smile at his hopeful words.

"Why do you not answer me, Anna? Don't you wish to come, darling?"

Deeply as he had pained her within the last few minutes, he was still inexpressibly dear to her, and she brought the loved face closely down by her side that she might not witness the agony the announcement she must make would inflict.

"I will never go back to our home again, Alfred. I am dying."

"Oh spare me, Anna. You cannot, cannot leave me alone." The strong man hid his face in agony. He had dreaded this, but would not prepare for it. His wife only replied to his passionate appeal by smoothing tenderly down the glossy black curls that lay beside her.

"Not our will, but His be done. Had it so pleased Him, I would fain have lived for your sake—for the sake of our children."

"You only think so, Anna. The doctors, what do they say? Has Dr. Forbes been here?" the husband eagerly, almost frantically, asked.

"Yes; it was he who attended me. He told me this forenoon there was no hope. He doubts if I can live to see another sunset."

"Oh, it cannot be. God cannot be so unkind as to take you from me when I need you most. I may be what you have dreaded, without you. You saved me once, and with you I would not fear temptation. God forgive me, but I cannot give you up!"

In the selfishness of his sorrow, he forgot how severely he was tasking his wife's weak frame by the trying exhibition of it.

"Alfred, don't, for my sake. Come and take my hand."

He had been pacing up and down the narrow limits of the room. "I want to speak to you while I can; to bless you for the kindness and love which have made my cup of life run over with gladness. If in any way I have failed in my duty to you, forgive me. One thing, Alfred; promise me before I die—it is my last request—that you will never again, in whatever circumstances you may be placed, however you may be tempted, break the vow you made before God to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors. It is now six years since you made that vow, and I had hoped"—Tears choked her further utterance

"I promise," came low but fervently from the lips of the stricken man.

"Thank you. God help you to keep it. I would speak of our children. I may be able again. Raise my head a little, dear. I think I will sleep. I am wearied, but I

shall soon be at rest. Hold my hand closely. I cannot tell now how much you have been to me; but I am now willing to leave even you, for Christ is calling me."

A sweet smile illumined the wasted face, the weary eyelids closed in peaceful slumber. Alfred Hamilton sat and noted the hectic spot, the emaciated cheek, the ebbing pulse, the nerveless hand that lay in his—realizing his sorrow, yet rebelling fiercely, though silently, vainly against it.

And in the solemn hush of the midnight hour, unmindful of the bleeding heart-chords he rent asunder, the aching hearts that well nigh cursed his coming, knowing that what time the Master called was the right,

"The angel with the amaranthine wreath
Pausing, descended, and with a voice divine
Whispered a word that had a sound like death."

"Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom
A shadow on those features fair and thin,
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room
Two angels issued, where but one went in."

Forgetful of everything but that the light of his eyes had gone out, the idol he had worshipped was withdrawn from him, the bereaved husband knelt by the cold form that had never before listened to the faintest accent of his love unmoved, and prayed that he too might die. Pitying friends vainly tried to rouse him by reminding him of the children who shared his loss. He would not now hear. The morning, joyous with the grateful matins of the birds, glorious in its brightness, arose as if there were no sin nor sorrow to shadow its beauty. Dr. Forbes, an old man who had known Anna Hamilton from her childhood, was at the darkened house almost by sunrise, dreading what the night had brought forth.; The sister of the dead, Ellen Sutherland, met him at the door. There needed no words to tell the news.

"Has Alfred come?" he asked, as he warmly grasped her hand.

"Yes. Go and speak to him. He is almost frantic. In there," she said, pointing to the chamber of death, while she turned away to hide her tears.

"Come, Hamilton, this will do no good. You may go to her, but you can never bring her back to you. You must go to

bed. There, drink this;" he said, emptying a glass of brandy from a side table in an adjoining room. "It will make you sleep."

"Don't, Doctor; I cannot. I promised her——" the unhappy man groaned, pushing the proffered glass from him.

"But now you need it. You have been travelling all yesterday, and killing yourself all night, and are perfectly worn out with excitement and exhaustion. Come, I prescribe it for you."

Dr. Forbes was a kind-hearted, clever physician. Of a calm, unexcitable temperament, he had drunk moderately for years without having for once been intoxicated. He meant kindly by his offer. It would have done him no harm. He did not know the fearful precipice Hamilton had once so barely escaped or he might not have urged him.

Maddened by his loss, longing for the relief which even a few hours of unconsciousness would bring, with the strong craving that had only slumbered for years re-awakened like a hungry sleeping lion to ten-fold ferocity by the indulgence of the night before, drowning the voice of conscience with the thought that it was only this once, and his health rendered it necessary—there, in presence of the dead to whom he had solemnly vowed, he broke his pledge, violated his honor! He, Alfred Hamilton, a Christian and a gentleman, whose simple word was in men's eyes equal to his oath!

Unseen by the doctor he drained another glass, and then quietly allowed himself to be led to bed.

Most agonizing repentance and shame followed his awakening, adding ten-fold to the bitterness of his sorrow. He was degraded only in his own eyes, for none knew the promise he had made or its breach; but it was sufficient. Seeing the folly no less than the sin of his late rebellion; humbled and contrite, he strove meekly to bear his bereavement, and prayed that he might learn the lesson of her life, from every trial to make a stepping-stone to Heaven.

In the ancient time-honored city of St. Andrews, the martyr city of Wishart and Hamilton, the birth-place of the Reformation, under the shadow of its cathedrals, colleges, and schools, in which as a

child she had played, they laid Anna Hamilton to rest. And the husband and child went back to the desolate home she had left but a few weeks before to seek, amid the scenes of her childhood, the health that was denied her in Weston.

In the opinion of the world, Alfred Hamilton and Anna Sutherland were very imprudent when, at the respective ages of twenty and seventeen, they had accepted life's mighty responsibilities, and commenced its battle together in a back parlor rented from Mrs. Snodgrass, in the third story of No... Arthur street, Edinburgh. In the opinion of the said world, Anna was the most foolish of the twain, for she had left a comfortable home and comparative affluence to share the fortunes of the poor student. They had been playmates in childhood; had shared each other's studies, and rejoiced in each other's triumphs at school. When Alfred went to college Anna, who would fain have accompanied him, was sent to an aunt to be initiated into the mysteries of housekeeping in its various branches. When during his second session at college rumors began to circulate amongst Alfred's friends that he was falling into dissipated habits, that his society was much sought by the fast fellows in the class, Anna indignantly declared the former must be untrue, though in her heart she believed and felt not a little proud of the latter. He came home. Confident in his innocence, Anna asked him if it were so, and to her dismay observed his confusion and hesitation as he admitted that sometimes he had taken too much, pleading as an excuse the loneliness of life in lodgings and the temptations to which his love of society and social talents exposed him. "If you were only with me, Anna," he had said, "there would be no danger, for I would always stay with you except when I was at my classes."

And she had answered simply, "I will go with you," believing implicitly that it was given unto her to save him.

They encountered but little opposition, for Anna was determined and her father loved his own ease too well to care to dispute with them.

And so it happened that these two entered life with scarce more thought of

the morrow, and how it was to be provided for, than the lilies of the field themselves. Though rich in youth, health, happiness and each other, they would nevertheless have found these somewhat unsubstantial fare, but for the kindness of Anna's father, who was liberal in his pecuniary gifts to his favorite child.

Alfred was talented and gentlemanly, and found no difficulty in procuring as much private teaching as he could well do; but at the end of twelve months the bare larder and empty purse warned them that this would not suffice. And so college was given up and a situation which a friend's interest procured as accountant in a bank was gladly accepted. And so, pleasantly, a year or two passed and the merry laughter of children was heard from their door, for they had realized a darling wish of Anna's, and boasted the possession of a front door and a few feet of garden (where, notwithstanding the most careful culture, nothing would grow) in the western suburbs of the city. Their domestic horizon seemed cloudless. It was something touching and wonderful to those who knew them to see the power the gentle, sunny little wife had over her gifted, manly husband. Fiery, passionate, and excitable, in his most ungovernable moods the touch of her little hand on his arm was sufficient to calm him. To her he was ever gentle, thoughtful and loving, and she was happy. Her beauty and amiability and his wit, genius and cordiality won the young couple a large circle of friends. At the parties they were frequently invited to attend wine was considered indispensable, and both partook of it—she sparingly, he freely. For awhile she dreamt not of danger. She had so much confidence in her husband she would not admit the possibility of his ever indulging to excess; but ere long she could not but note with ever-increasing alarm the frequency with which he allowed his glass to be replenished. She remembered the danger from which he had often told her she had saved him by withdrawing him from the society into which he had been lured. Once alarmed she saw no brilliancy in the wit, no flash in the courtesies that fell so glibly from his lips, for she knew the fear-

ful risk at which they were purchased. She expostulated with him, but he felt no danger, and would have reasoned her into the same belief. For the first time her words fell on attentive but unbelieving ears. A weary year of alternating hope and despair followed. She saw the demon gaining a fearful and rapid mastery over him, while impotent to stay its power. Those hours of trial had been blessed to her, for in them she had learned to seek wisdom and strength and comfort from a higher source, which would never fail her as her husband was doing now. His employer was warned of his danger, and, deeming matters worse than they were, dismissed him. He was a moderate drinker, and had himself frequently proffered the sparkling cup to his more excitable employee; but he would on no account encourage intemperance in his office. Oh no!

The disgrace consequent on this recalled Alfred Hamilton to himself. Had the demon had more power over him, or had he had less strength of character and pride of purpose, it would only have hastened his ruin, but now it saved him. It was then that he had vowed that, God so helping him, he would never again taste of the cursed thing which had nearly wrecked him. He sought and obtained a situation as head master in an academy in Forfarshire, joined the church and became in a year or two one of its leading members. Respected for his integrity and his high-souled nobility of character, no less than for his talents; loved for his benevolence, large-heartedness and geniality—all united in predicting for him a future of widely extended, nobly-used influence; his fall seemed to have been but a stepping-stone to a greater good. The people of Weston, tired of the inactivity and sloth of the parish schoolmaster, whose only recommendations to the office seemed to be his lameness and ability to sleep during school hours, had built themselves a handsome academy in the Gothic style, and looking about for a principal who should give a name and a character to it, they deemed themselves fortunate in securing Alfred Hamilton on his own terms.

(To be continued.)

TRIFLES FROM MY PORTFOLIO.

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

RIMOUSKI—ST. SIMON—ST. FABIEN—BIC.

On leaving the flourishing town of St. Germain de Rimouski, the route by land lies through the comparatively new parishes of St. Simon and St. Fabien. St. Fabien is a succession of hills, mostly as steep as those of Bic. The place has been erected as a parish within a few years. The inhabitants seem industrious, but the want of railway communication, and uninteresting surrounding landscape, has kept them back. Rich farmers seem scarce here.

Shut out from the river view between two mountains, St. Simon has ever appeared to me, monotonous in the extreme. The road runs at the bottom of a valley, with sloping pasture lands and farms on each side, a distance of some six miles; in the centre is the church.

At St. Fabien a pretty lake nearly skirts the highway, and in the interior, behind St. Simon, but more accessible from Cacouna, the lovely lake of that name, well known to all disciples of Walton, is embosomed amidst mountains. Its yield of trout is very great, and its shores remarkably picturesque.

From St. Simon the traveller, after a pleasant drive, strikes the mountainous and exceedingly beautiful scenery of Bic. Only one hill, in this distant region, in my opinion, exceeds the hills and precipices of Bic; that is the precipitous hill, nine miles from Murray Bay, called La Cote du Grand Ruiseau. It is amidst these Alpine heights that the Intercolonial Railway has to run, and at one spot, near Bic, the train glides along a mountain gorge some two

hundred feet in the air. This section of the road, however, is in good hands. The enterprising, active firm of Alex. McDonald & Co. are the contractors. Formerly, the highway from Bic to St. Simon was located on the beach, at the foot of stupendous cliffs, and was safe at low water only. The sea washed over it during storms at a great height; and incautious travellers have found there a watery grave.

Instead of a flourishing village, at the beginning of this century there was scarcely one house to every nine miles of road. Tradition still points out the spot where a dreaded wayside inn existed, kept by a horrible old crone of the name of Petit. During January storms, belated travellers seeking the shelter of Madame Petit's roof in several instances were never heard of again. Numerous and appalling are the traditions anent Madame Petit. M. J. C. Taché has woven some very interesting stories about Bic, in which Indian ferocity plays a conspicuous part. In early times, the chief island of Bic was called Le Pié. It is called in the *Routier* of Jean Alphonse Cap de Marbre. Jacques Cartier, in 1535, called the harbor itself Isle au St. Jean, having entered it on the anniversary of the day when John the Baptist was beheaded. Under French rule, the Baron d'Avaugour in 1663, and the celebrated engineer Vauuban, thirty years after, had planned an important part to be played by Bic in the general system of defences contemplated to consolidate French power in Canada. Quebec was then to receive most extensive fortifications. But to the Duke of Wellington, in 1823, are to be chiefly credited the present defences of the city. Bic was to be

a harbor of refuge for the French ships of war to be retained in these waters. Bic still looks forward to becoming a winter harbor of refuge.

The bay of Bic is of incomparable beauty. The heroine of Mrs. Brooke, Emily, on viewing it in 1767 exclaims, "I wish I were Queen of Bic."

The seigniorship of Bic was granted by Count de Frontenac to Charles Denis de Vitre, 6th May, 1675. In Oct., 1822, it belonged to Azariah Pritchard, Esquire, who exchanged it for other property with the late Archibald Campbell, N.P., of Quebec. Mr. Campbell, on 10th November, 1852, by *acte de donation*, transferred it to its present proprietor, William Darling Campbell, N.P., of Quebec.

The Island of Bic, Biquet, Cap Enragé, Ile Brulé, Cap à l'Original, the Caverne of Ilet au Massacre; these are indeed names familiar to the coaster or mariner of the Lower St. Lawrence in quest of a haven during our autumnal storms.

Mr. Taché has rescued from oblivion the particulars of the great Indian massacre, of which this cave was the theatre, in the early days of New France.

ST. BARNABY ISLAND, OPPOSITE TO RIMOUSKI—ITS PIOUS OLD HERMIT—HIS ROMANTIC SORROW AND DEATH.

Amongst the many picturesque isles to which scenery or association lends a charm in the Lower St. Lawrence, must be reckoned the low and well-wooded island, two miles in extent, facing the flourishing new town of St. Germain de Rimouski. It still bears the name it bore as early as 1629, when the Kirks bent on capturing Quebec, rendezvoused there—St. Barnaby. A barrier against the swell of the Gulf St. Barnaby, together with the long Government pier, erected by Mr. Baby, affords a not unnatural hope to the Rimouskites, that, at some time or other, their protected haven may become a "harbor of refuge" for vessels navigating those waters. Writers of romance can here find the historical data for a pathetic tale of disappointed love.

A letter from Col. Rivers, bearing date "Isle Barnabé, 13th Oct., 1766," quoted in Brooke's interesting romance in 4 volumes, written at Sillery, in 1767, under the title of

"The History of Emily Montague," though silent as to the name and fate of the singular hermit who, it appears, habited the island for close on half a century, sets forth in vivid language the cause of his seclusion.

For the remaining links of his history we are indebted to a Rimouski *litterateur*, Mr. Elzéar D. Gauvreau, as appears by a correspondence under his signature in a local journal lately edited at St. Germain, *La Voie du Golfe*. Mr. Gauvreau thus holds forth: "The hermit's name was Toussaint Cartier; he came to Canada in 1723, as appears on reference to a deed executed in 1728 between him and Mr. Lepage, the *seigneur* of Rimouski. Many times," familiarly adds Mr. Gauvreau, "my grandfather, Charles Lepage, spoke to me about the Hermit, whom he had personally known and who used to relate that he had been shipwrecked on the island and made a vow in consequence. He was very religious, and would spend hours in his oratory at prayers. He used to shun the sight of females." Old Charles Lepage used also to relate how the Hermit died: "One morning, it being noticed from the south shore that no smoke issued from the chimney of his cabin, he sent two young men to the island to enquire the reason. On entering they found him lying on the floor, insensible; his faithful dog was near him, licking his eyes; he was brought over to *terra firma*, where he died 30th * January, 1767," as appears by the Church Register. But the Hermit never mentioned to my grandfather that disappointment in love was the cause of his seclusion. Until a few years back, the remains of his hut were visible, about the centre of the island facing Rimouski, likewise the traces of a garden, such as fruit trees, surrounding his former dwelling.

* (*Extract of Baptismal Register of Rimouski*)

"The year one thousand seven hundred and sixty seven, the thirtieth of January, died in this parish of St. Germain de Rimouski, Toussaint Cartier, aged about sixty years, an inhabitant of the said parish, after having received the sacraments of repentance, of eucharist and extreme unction. His remains were buried in the church of this parish, with the usual rites, the last day of said month of January, in testimony whereof, I have signed the day and year, aforesaid.

(Signed),

FATHER AMBROSIOUS,"

"The History of Emily Montague," page 165, will throw some light on the early part of his career.

In one of the letters which compose this curious work, Colonel Rivers, the friend of Emily, thus writes :

Isle Barnaby, Oct. 13 (1769.)

I have been paying a very singular visit; 'tis to a hermit, who has lived sixty years alone on this island; I came to him with a strong prejudice against him; I have no opinion of those who fly society, who seek a state of all others the most contrary to our nature. Were I a tyrant and wished to inflict the most cruel punishment human nature could support, I would exclude criminals from the joys of society, and deny them the endearing sight of their species.

(I am certain I could not exist a year alone: I am miserable even in that degree of solitude to which one is confined in a ship; no words can speak the joy which I felt when I came to America, on the first appearance of something like the cheerful haunts of men; the first man, the first house, nay the first Indian fire of which I saw the smoke rise above the trees, gave me the most lively transport that can be conceived; I felt all the force of those ties which unite us to each other, of that social love to which we owe all our happiness.)

But to my hermit and what his appearance was like; he is a tall old man with white hair and beard, the look of one who has known better days, and the strongest marks of benevolence in his countenance. He received me with the utmost hospitality, spread all his little stores of fruit before me, fetched me fresh milk, and water from a spring near the house; after a little conversation, I expressed my astonishment that a man of whose kindness and humanity I had just had such proof, could find his happiness in flying mankind. I said a good deal on the subject, to which he listened with the politest attention.

"You appear," said he, "of a temper to pity the miseries of others. My story is short and simple: I loved the most amiable of women; I was beloved. The avarice of our parents, who both had more gainful views for us, prevented a union on which our happiness depended.

"My Louisa, who was threatened with an immediate marriage with a man she detested, proposed to me to fly the tyranny of our friends; she had an uncle at Quebec, to

whom she was dear. The wilds of Canada, said she, may afford us that refuge our cruel parents deny us. After a secret marriage, we embarked. Our voyage was thus far happy; I landed on the opposite shore to seek refreshments for Louisa; I was returning pleased with the thought of obliging the object of my tenderness, when a lightning storm drove me to seek shelter in the bay. The storm increased,—I saw its progress with agonies not to be described; the ship, which was in sight, was unable to resist its fury; the sailors crowded into the boats; they had the humanity to place Louisa there: they made for the spot where I was, my eyes were wildly fixed on them; I stood eagerly on the utmost verge of the water; my arms stretched out to receive her, my prayers ardently addressed to Heaven, when an immense wave rose. I heard a general shriek; I even fancied I distinguished Louisa's cries; it subsided; the sailors again exerted all their force; a second wave,—I saw them no more. Never will that dreadful scene be absent one moment from my memory. I fell senseless on the beach; when I returned to life, the first object I beheld was the breathless body of Louisa at my feet. Heaven gave me the wretched consolation of rendering to her the last sad duties. In that grave all my happiness lies buried. I knelt by her, and breathed a vow to Heaven to wait here the moment that should join me to all I held dear. I every morning visit her loved remains and implore the God of mercy to hasten my dissolution. I feel that we shall not long be separated; I shall soon meet her to part no more." He stopped and, without seeming to remember he was not alone, walked hastily towards a little oratory he had built on the beach, near which is the grave of his Louisa; I followed him a few steps; I saw him throw himself on his knees; and respecting his sorrow, returned to the house.—ED. RIVERS."

On the opposite shore, a few miles to the east of the town, is Father Point, the well-known telegraph station and stoppage of the Atlantic steamers. It takes its name from the fact of a celebrated Jesuit, Father Henri Nouvelle, who having in a boat left Quebec, for a mission among the Papinachois Indians, on 19th Nov., 1663—was caught by the ice and forced to winter at this spot until the spring of 1664.

THE BAY OF QUINTÉ.

BY J. B. A., KINGSTON.

We are inclined to speak of "this Canada of ours" as a new country, whose history is yet to be made. In a certain sense this is true. Comparatively speaking, there is undoubtedly a want of historical events, or at least such as older nations of the earth depend upon for an honorable record. We cannot claim ancestral traditions stretching back to the middle ages; no martial names of old renown, no ambitious heroes, with a long line of bards and sages, come sweeping down to us through the centuries past. Still, our country has a history, limited though it may be, which contains much that might be recorded—events treasured in the hearts of her people. There is scarcely a neighborhood, from the rock-bound coast of the Atlantic to the swelling waters of Huron and Superior, that does not contain some legendary tale, some lingering relic of bygone days, which has become sacred in "the simple annals of the poor." Scattered everywhere, and existing under various forms, are the footprints of a former generation that struggled bravely with accumulating difficulties, and gave to the world a most worthy example of unfaltering patriotism and a manly devotion to conscious right. In this connection, no other section of our Province stands more prominently forward, or can claim a more honored record, than the portion so familiarly known as "the old Bay of Quinté Settlement." Favored by nature with a soil of remarkable fertility, and abounding in rich scenic beauty, it early attracted the attention of those hardy French navigators who seem to have made this a favorite resort when passing to and from their trading-posts and possessions in the Far West.

But long before the venturesome spirit of Cartier brought him through the boisterous

straits of Belleisle, and the majestic grandeur of the St. Lawrence burst upon his enraptured view, this region was the delightful home of the Red man, who found in the ambrosial shades of the primitive forests that lined the shores, and in the tranquil waters of the beautiful Bay and its many indentations, all that he required to supply the demands of his simple mode of living.

"Dark as the frost-nipped leaves that strew the ground,

The Indian hunter here his shelter found;
Here cut his bow and shaped his arrow true,
Here built his wigwam and his bark canoe;
Speared the quick salmon leaping up the fall,
And slew the deer without the rifle ball."

For many long years, perhaps centuries, before the white man came with his controlling will and his greedy desire for conquest, the Indian war-whoop echoed through the grand old forests, and the war-dance was performed about the midnight campfire. We know little of that prehistoric period; we can only fancy the picture then presented, when the proud aborigine moved upon the wood-begirt waters in his frail canoe, "monarch of all he surveyed," and the only sounds that broke the primeval solitude were the stealthy dip of his paddle, the rustling of the forest leaves, and the commingling notes of birds and insects. However beautiful the scene to-day may appear, with the gently undulating and highly cultivated farms, dotted with the comfortable homes of our yeomanry; the white sails of commerce, bearing upon the rippling waters the produce of the soil, the forest, and the handiwork of man—however striking the view that now greets the visitor, it cannot equal in attractiveness the prospect seen by Champlain and his followers, of wood and water so charmingly

blended, ere the hand of man had marred it. Then

“The rude axe, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.”

It was during the summer of 1615 that Samuel Champlain, influenced by reported discoveries of Henry Hudson towards the north, and persuaded by his Indian allies, determined upon an expedition up the Ottawa, which he believed would conduct him in the vicinity of Hudson's discoveries, and at the same time give him more practical information of the country he was exploring. He was accompanied by two Recollet missionaries and a number of Hurons. It must be remembered that, second only to the honor of extending the prestige of France in the New World, the French sought the conversion of the natives to their religious faith. The heroic fortitude and self-denial manifested by those early Recollet priests in carrying the benign truths of the Christian religion to the poor benighted savages of America, cannot be too highly commended. It is to them we are principally indebted for the more reliable information concerning the routes and explorations of the early French navigators.

Champlain seems to have been disappointed in his expectations, and returned with his allies, by a devious route, to the Georgian Bay. From this quarter, by means of the many small lakes and rivers extending from Lake Nipissing to the head waters of the Trent, they succeeded in reaching the Bay of Quinté; and the season being far spent, they passed the winter in this vicinity, having camped, it is supposed, at the mouth of the Moira, where Belleville now stands, and where the Indians had a favorite rendezvous. They were the first Europeans of whom we have any account who looked upon the picturesque Bay, and to Champlain, therefore, must be accorded the honor of its discovery. What a change since then! We can fancy the view that met his gaze. “The trees of the forest, in one unbroken denseness, were the sole home of the savages and wild beasts, and waved in solemn mournfulness over the autumn landscape, while few

other than nature's sounds disturbed the stillness of the wilderness. Now the dark forest has disappeared, and human habitations of comfort and luxury thickly stud the land. The wild beasts, as well as the original owners of the territory, have disappeared. The strings of the telegraph sigh in the wind as well as the tall tree-boughs.”

About fifty years after Champlain's discovery, M. de Courcelles, when pursuing the Iroquois from the Lower St. Lawrence, ascended the river direct to Lake Ontario, and was the first European to do so. He immediately discovered the superior advantages nature had provided for defence, at the eastern extremity of the lake, and conceived the idea of planting a fort there, which was successfully accomplished by his successor, the energetic Count de Frontenac, after whom it was named, and who is honored as the founder of the first settlement in Upper Canada. It was from this point, also, that the expedition under Robert Cavalier de La Salle started, which discovered the great Mississippi river. To La Salle was granted a seigniory at Fort Frontenac, and this was the first property held in the Province. After Denonville's treacherous conduct in 1686, when he seized a number of Indians and sent them to France to satisfy an absurd wish of his king, the fort was destroyed by the enraged savages. Frontenac returned to Canada as Governor in 1695, and again rebuilt it. From this time till its capture by Col. Bradstreet, in 1758, Fort Frontenac continued to occupy a prominent position in the primitive history of our country. We give these dates and events simply as proof of our assumed position, and to show how intimately connected with the first settlement of this Province of our Dominion is the Bay of Quinté region. The object of this paper is not to give a detailed account of this and subsequent periods, but merely to point out a few of the many prominent claims the Bay and its surrounding country have upon the veneration of Canadians generally, and local residents particularly. It has very properly been called “the classic ground of Upper Canada.”

The advent of the U. E. Loyalists, the Pilgrim Fathers of Canada, marks the real

beginning of the settlement around the Bay; and it is from them and their influence this locality receives its prestige. The declaration of independence by thirteen of Britain's colonies, and the consequent events, are subjects of history which need no repetition. The noble band of Loyalists who refused to take part in the hasty rebellion, or acquiesce in denouncing the Government of England, were driven from their homes, compelled to relinquish property, friends, all the associations of a lifetime, and seek an asylum among the wilds of Canada. They refused to become aliens to the flag under which they were born and had lived, and for which many of them had fought, but chose rather to suffer the privations of an uninhabited wilderness, where they might teach their children the lessons of patriotism learned in their youth, and perpetuate the honor of England's glory. These devoted pioneers selected for their future home the rich and delightful country lying upon, and contiguous to, the Bay of Quinté and River St. Lawrence. Dr. Canniff, in his history recently published, remarks:—"Forced by cruel circumstances to become pioneers in a wilderness, there could not be found in America a more favorable place whereupon to settle than upon the banks of the St. Lawrence and around the irregular shores of the Bay of Quinté, with its many indentations. They had to convert the wood-covered land into homes. The trees had to be felled and the land prepared for grain, and the fruit of the soil to be obtained for sustenance within three years, when Government provisions would be discontinued. It can be readily understood that a water communication to and from the central points of settlement, as well as access to fishing grounds, was most desirable. The smooth waters of the upper St. Lawrence and the Bay of Quinté constituted a highway of the most valuable kind, for the only mode of travel was by the canoe or flat-bottomed batteau, which was supplied by Government in limited numbers; and in winter with rudely constructed hand-sleighs along the icy shores."

The number of Loyalists who came to Canada, immediately after the recognition of American independence, is estimated a

10,000, and the greater portion of this number settled as above indicated. The Government took active measures to recompense them, in a degree, for their heroic sacrifices. Extensive grants of lands were made, and three years' supply of provisions, besides some clothing and simple farming implements. Armed with these weapons, the old soldiers (for most of them had borne arms against the rebels) advanced to the attack of another and last enemy—the wilderness of Canada. The privations they endured and the difficulties they surmounted form an interesting chapter in the history of our fathers. The grey-haired patriarchs and their faithful companions, whose memories extended back to those years of suffering and inspiration, have nearly all passed away. Worthily they spent the allotted time, which usually extended beyond fourscore years, and bequeathed to their descendants a noble inheritance.

A general survey of the country adjacent to the Bay was commenced in 1783, and immediately after the loyal refugees began to present themselves for Governmental bounty. They came in detachments, or companies, each under the command of an experienced person, who was entrusted with the chief responsibility in directing subsequent actions. It will be seen how, when they took possession of the stipulated townships, names were bestowed expressing their attachment to the Royal Family of England. Thus, they christened the first of the ten townships originally surveyed, Kingston, after the King himself—George III. The remainder were named after members of his family, or persons occupying prominent positions in the public service.

Michael Grass, who appears to have formerly been a prisoner with the French, had command of the company destined for the occupation of the first township. He was a staunch character, and every way fitted for the position assigned him. Favorable grants of land were secured to him, lying close to the site of Kingston city, which were liberally utilized for the general good. Much was expected from the natural advantages possessed by the location of this city by the early settlers, who had strong confidence in its ultimately be

coming the Capital of the Province. In this respect they have been ably supported by influential authorities since their time; and we believe a sad mistake was made when, in 1845, the seat of Government was removed. Its central location, strong fortifications, picturesque scenery, and magnificent harbor, all point it out as the most desirable city for containing the Capital Buildings of our Dominion. But its hopes in this respect were short-lived, and the untimely and lamented death of Lord Sydenham, in 1842, who was a sincere friend of the old city, was the signal of its departing glory. Since then there has been little manifestation of active prosperity, but her merchants and business men have always maintained a reputation for financial soundness, whilst the inhabitants generally are pre-eminently loyal to the British Crown. Several important enterprises are now on the *tapis*, the accomplishment of which will undoubtedly give an impetus to trade and local improvements, that promise a brighter future.

The view of Kingston to-day is grand and imposing; what must it have been when the veteran Frontenac, accompanied by his retinue of soldiers and friendly Indians, rounded the point and was met by the Iroquois chiefs, who came to conduct him into the beautiful harbor of Cataract! At that conference the charms of nature only were displayed. Where now stands the stately city, with her handsome public and private buildings, was then a dense forest of cedar and ash wood, while the gradually ascending hill opposite on Point Henry, which contains the principal fort, was clothed to the water's edge with rich foliage. Directly in front reposed the long magnificently green island, now known as Wolfe Island, and occupying intermediate positions of attractiveness were the smaller islands which so much increase the beauty of the view. "One would wish to look upon a faithful picture of this primeval appearance of Kingston Bay, before the French had planted a post or cleft a tree."

Passing the broad channel which separates Wolfe Island from Amherst Island, generally called the "Lower Gap," and through which the blue waters of Ontario

roll with much force when the wind blows heavily from the South and West, we come to the dilapidated and antiquated village of Bath. The visitor, as he nears the dock, forms an unfavorable opinion of the general aspect of this place, with its old, moss-covered frame buildings, straggling along the margin of the Bay, and standing as sentinels of a former generation, now long since passed away. But Bath has a history, from which interesting items may be culled. When this township—Ernesttown—was surveyed, a reserve was here left for a town, and the settlers for some time regarded it as a much more promising city in embryo than Kingston. Gourley, speaking of it in 1811, says:—"It promises to be a place of considerable business;" and, in fact, it was such a place until the fortunes of war in 1812, and other causes, militated against its further progress, and for nearly half a century a stationary, or rather retrograding tendency has shaped its destiny. The citizens of Bath were the first to discover the approach of an American fleet in 1813, which had entered the Bay by way of the "Upper Gap," between Amherst Island and Indian Point, and was sailing towards Kingston. The martial ardor of the old veterans, that had given way to the more peaceful pursuits of a pioneer life, was instantly aroused to desperation at a sight of their former persecutors daring to follow them to their new homes beneath the maple of Canada. It was early morning, and the grey-haired sires, with their sons of all ages, hurriedly arose, arming themselves with such implements of defence as were available, and awaited the approach of the enemy, determined to give them a loyal reception should they dare molest them. The Americans contrived to steal a small schooner—the "Benjamin Davy"—moored near by, and passed on their course. They were followed by the whole male population capable of bearing arms, whilst the fathers formed a home guard, and shouldering their arms,

"Showed how former fields were won."

Here, also, in 1817, the bottoms of two steamboats (the first to disturb the quiet of the Bay) were commenced; and soon after the ponderous engines of the "Fron-

tenac" and "Charlotte" were forcing these strange monsters through the rippling water at a speed never dreamed of by the affrighted and bewildered aborigine. As their shrill whistles and slashing paddles awoke the primeval slumber that reigned along the richly wooded shores, the red man would emerge from the forest shade to gaze upon the daring spirits that thus wrested from him the command of the Bay. Before this only the faint ripple made by his frail birch canoe, as he glided over the glassy surface in quest of game or some treacherous foe, disturbed the myriads of scaly inhabitants that swarmed in its depths, or aroused the deer from his peaceful lair.

Opposite Bath, and extending to within a short distance of the peninsula of Prince Edward, lies the noble Amherst Island, which, like Wolfe Island, previously mentioned, forms a rich agricultural township. This once formed part of the seigniorie granted to La Salle by Governor Frontenac, who conferred upon it the name "De Tonti," after his friend, Prince de Tonti. It is yet called by some of the older inhabitants, "Isle Tanta." This section was principally settled by Rogers' corps of Sir John Johnson's regiment, and a portion of the Royal Rangers. Many of them came from the banks of the Mohawk river, in New York State, and were consequently of German origin; but they proved themselves worthy companions of their neighbors in the struggle for life that followed their advent upon the shores of the Bay.

Adolphustown, or the fourth township, was appointed for the settlement of a company of Loyalists under the command of Captain Van Alstine, who sailed from New York on the 8th day of September, 1783, and arrived at their destined homes on the 10th of the following June, having wintered at Sorel, in Lower Canada. This company of refugees bear a more important part in the history of the Bay than any other that preceded or followed, and from them can be traced nearly all the families now inhabiting the Upper Townships. Many names that have stood high in the roll of fame which our country has produced are found among the band of Loyalists who first looked upon the low, rich land of

Adolphustown, as it spread out before them in all the gorgeousness of a summer picture. Perhaps no other part of the beautiful scene that broke upon the sight of the refugees was so lovely to watching eyes and longing hearts as that which opened to them when they neared the level and exceedingly fertile land of this township. The Bay at this point considerably narrows, and the opposite shore of the county of Prince Edward, with its bold, and in places majestic, outline, bears a very pleasing contrast to the champaign landscape we are describing. The direction of the channel also changes, and that highly picturesque strait known as the "Long Reach," stretches away towards the North in a magnificent sweep of nearly nine miles affording some of the most attractive scenery to be found on the Bay. The general direction of the Bay is from east to west, and therefore this change in the course, with the greatly contracted and irregular channel, serves as a sort of connecting link between the upper and lower portions. The early French explorers considered this "Reach" as the mouth of the Trent river, and the waters above as a mere expansion of the same. The traveller on the Bay never fails to find much to delight the eye and please the senses when passing through the "Long Reach." The shore on one side, for a greater portion of the distance, is bold and imposing in outline, the high bank being thickly clothed with rich foliage, which overhangs the water in fantastic forms, and can sometimes be reached by the passengers from the deck of the steamer, as she glides along within a few feet of the shore. On the opposite side, and only a short distance away, the level and highly cultivated farms gently recede from the water's edge, affording delightful views of rural felicity, while on every hand can be seen miniature bays, inlets, points and promontories, all furnish, ing an interesting part in this panorama of Nature's loveliness.

Just by the pleasant village of Adolphustown the visitor cannot help noticing a scattering grove of second-growth trees, maple and oak, with a number of gravestones standing among them. This spot is sacred ground, and marks the site where the first tent was pitched when the Loyalists

landed in 1784. When a short time after, one of their number, a small child, died, they buried it here beneath the spreading branches of some giants of the forest. Others followed, and thus originated the "U. E. Burying-ground," as it is familiarly called at the present day. It is an unpretending spot, many of the graves being sadly neglected, whilst trees of considerable size are seen growing out of their very bosoms; but a casual observer can trace upon the rudely sculptured monuments, much defaced by the tooth of Time, names we have learned to honor as foremost in the noble struggle that secured for us the distinction claimed to-day. Directly opposite this landing, on the Prince Edward shore, is that natural curiosity known as the "Lake on the Mountain," which has attracted considerable attention from naturalists, and others interested in tracing the mysteries of the universe. It is situated upon a hill, 160 feet above the level of the Bay, from which it is separated by a narrow ledge of limestone, and into which it discharges an almost continued stream of water, utilized by Mr. J. C. Wilson for mill purposes. The depth of this remarkable lake is very great, and formerly a belief prevailed that the bottom could not be fathomed; but this has been proved erroneous. Independent of the natural interest which attaches to it, this locality is unsurpassed on the continent for sublimity of view, which can be taken in from the summit of the "mountain," as the considerable elevation is called. We quote from Dr. Canniff, who eulogizes this favorite site as follows:—"We venture to say, after having viewed many lovely spots in the Old and New World, that we know of no lovelier a panoramic view than that to be obtained from the "Lake of the Mountain"—not even excepting the far-famed Hudson and classic Rhine. It is true we have no embattled towers resting on rugged summits; no castle keeps with mysterious dungeons, upon whose walls may be traced the letters laboriously cut by long-retained captives; no crumbling walls and half-filled moats; no magnificent ruins of graceful architecture. We possess no Tintern Abbey by the quiet waters, to tell of the olden time; no gloomy cloisters where comfortable monks

did dwell; no romantic cathedral whose antique windows admitted but dim religious light. Still, there is something to be said of the past in connection with our country. From our position here we may examine the 'classic ground' of Upper Canada, and trace the course of settlement followed by our fathers, the pioneers."

The County of Prince Edward, or a large part of it, was included in the original survey, and was early settled by refugees from the rebel colonies. The township of Marysburgh was chosen for the discharged Hessian troops, who preferred to remain in America, and share with the Loyalists in grants of land. With them also came a number of Irish and Scotch, which accounts for the mixed element existing. These settlers suffered untold hardships the first years of their pioneer life, especially in the "scarce" or "hungry" seasons, as the particular time of destitution was called, "when the cry from one end of the country to the other was for bread, bread, bread!" But these dark days ultimately disappeared, and prosperity shone upon the settlers in Marysburgh as well as upon their more spirited neighbors. The remaining townships were rapidly taken up, chiefly by adventurers from the lower sections of the Bay, who sought to better their prospects in this picturesque and fertile peninsula. A large addition was also made to the settlement immediately after the proclamation of Gov. Simcoe, those who came from the United States receiving liberal grants of land, and other privileges similar to what was obtained for the Loyalists. Where now stands the romantic little town of Picton was first visited in 1788 by a small company of explorers, who chose their farms in this vicinity, and commenced a settlement. A village subsequently sprung up, which at first bore the name of "Hallowell," but assuming greater proportions it was christened "Picton," by Rev. Wm. Macaulay, who is still living, honored by the inhabitants. The name was given in honor of the gallant British General who fell at the memorable battle of Waterloo. The situation of this town is very pleasant, and the surrounding country highly productive, the farmers being noted for possessing an abundance of sub-

tantial comforts of this life. In fact the whole county abounds with rural scenes of surpassing beauty, which yearly attract many visitors from a distance.

At the head of the "Long Reach" is Grassy Point, a remarkably level piece of land, containing some 300 acres, which was originally granted to Sir John Harvey, who afterwards became Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia. It subsequently became the property of Samuel Cluse, a Civil Engineer, who surveyed the Welland and Rideau canals, and by him bequeathed to his daughter Anna, now Mrs. Paul Peterson, who resides upon the place. This Point was for many years a favorite rendezvous for military training and public meetings connected with the district. Hay Bay and the Napanee River are projections from the main channel, the latter affording an outlet for the shipping interests of the flourishing town of the same name that stands some distance from its mouth. A few miles above Grassy Point we come to a sandy bank, close to the Bay, known as Stickney's Hill, which tradition has connected with the name of this piece of water. A quantity of human bones have been exhumed from time to time by farming operations on this hill, and a belief existed among the old settlers that one Col. Quinté, with his followers, perished here, when attempting to reach Fort Frontenac, after being driven from the fort at Niagara by the Indians. The story, however, needs confirmation, no such French officer being found in the early records referring to this period. The name is undoubtedly derived from an Indian settlement which was found upon the shores of the Bay when the French first visited it, and which was differently represented by the following names:—"Kante," "Kente," "Cante," "Canta," &c. The present form of spelling is evidently of French origin. While upon this subject we might mention that by some the name is supposed to be derived from the Latin word *quinta*, five, as referring to the five bays or divisions into which the channel is divided; viz, Lower Bay, Picton Bay, Hay Bay, the Reach and Upper Bay.

About four miles east of Belleville is Mississauga Point, an exceedingly romantic and picturesque projection of land, con-

taining about 1,000 acres, and presenting a fairy-like scene of grassy plots and bushy dells, gentle knolls and shady groves, where the nymphs might be tempted to make their abode. The vicinity likewise abounds in excellent fishing and boating privileges, which, added to the attractive scenery, make a most desirable location for picnic and other excursions. The citizens of Belleville have long used it for such purposes, and during the summer months scarcely a day passes without a gay party visiting it. So popular has its reputation become that an American company has lately negotiated for the lease of the whole Point, which is an Indian reservation by Government, and intend erecting a large hotel, with cottages, bathing-houses, and other necessaries for a popular watering-place. The access is easy both by rail and boat, and the privileges for making it a favorite resort of the most promising nature are unsurpassed. This Point takes its name from the Mississauga tribe of Indians, who were the original owners of the territory bordering on the Bay, and who appear to have been at one time a considerable nation, spreading themselves along the northern country from Fort Frontenac as far west as Lake Huron. These Indians were collected together on several small islands in the Bay of Quinté, in 1826, where an attempt was made to Christianize them, and teach them the arts of domestic industry. They were afterwards removed to Alnwick, where they have a grant of 2,000 acres, and are continually advancing in the refinements of civilized life.

We have previously remarked that the Indians had a camping-ground or village situated at the mouth of the Moira river, and thither they regularly brought their furs and other produce to be bartered with the whites. The first house erected by a white man on the site of the present flourishing town of Belleville was in 1797, by one Asa Wallbridge, a fur-trader. Others came to traffic with the natives, among them Captain Meyers, who became a leading character in the settlement, and after whom the place was called "Meyer's Creek," by which it was known for many years. In 1816 the prosperity of the vil-

lage was such as to induce the inhabitants to consider the propriety of selecting a name more befitting their future prospects. They finally concluded to ask the Lieut.-Governor Gore, who was then in charge of the administration of public affairs in the Province, to christen the newly surveyed town. This he was pleased to do, calling it "Belleville," after his wife, Lady Bella Gore. Its progress was steady, the fine water-power possessed and lumbering operations carried on, together with a rich agricultural country surrounding, have contributed to make it second to no other town in the Province for the amount of business transacted, and the number and elegance of its buildings. The Provincial Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb is located here, which with Albert University and Alexandra College, and the commendable enterprise of the citizens, tend to give the town a metropolitan air possessed by few other places of equal size. The scenery here is in keeping with the Bay settlement throughout, which we have endeavored to represent fairly, and without any exaggeration.

From Belleville to the head of the Bay, a distance of about fifteen miles, the view is charming to the summer tourist, partaking, as it does, of a succession of home comforts rarely attained in the most favor-

ed lands, and presenting at all times many delightful scenes, where

"Every copse, deep tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Are prodigal of harmony."

The length of the Bay of Quinte, from Kingston to the Carrying Place, following the circuitous course, is about seventy miles. Nature throughout has been prodigal in her distribution of the sublime, and the visitor will find many things to interest and please him during a journey on a comfortably furnished steamer that daily plies between Belleville and the eastern terminus. By noting the contrast that exists between the thickly settled and highly cultivated country that now borders the route, and the picture presented of that time when the wild grandeur of the uninhabited wilderness reigned supreme, he can better appreciate the services of those hardy pioneers who converted all into "orchard lawns and bowery billows, crowned with summer sea."

The above is but an imperfect sketch of the leading historical events connected with the settlement of the Bay of Quinte District, and of the many prominent claims it has upon the tourist and those in search of interesting relics. It is yearly growing in public favor, and the efforts now being made to attract attention will no doubt be the means of bringing many more from a distance.

LINES WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT,
DECEMBER 31ST.

BY E. H. NASH.

The glad bells are ringing
Their merry chimes,
And poets are singing
Their sweetest rhymes,
To welcome the New-Year's dawn;
But amid the strains so joyous and clear
That fall on the midnight watcher's ear,
O sound one note for the dying year,
The year that is going,—gone!
One saddened note 'mid the cheerful strain
For the months that can never come again
Though bright glow the future, O drop one tear
Over the grave of the buried year,
The year that is past and gone!

AN EVENING WITH A SPIRITUALIST.

One sultry summer evening my friend S—— and myself, under the friendly shade of his piazza, influenced perhaps by the gathering darkness, almost unconsciously drifted into the discussion of that modern enigma which has received the name of "Spiritualism." We soon mutually agreed that our stock of information from any personal knowledge of facts was exceedingly limited, while our curiosity was intense to know something reliable of a subject which was either a humbug of magnificent proportions or a reality of startling interest. While we knew that the subject was one usually ignored in polite circles, we also knew that hundreds of thousands, educated and uneducated, were secretly or openly the ardent adherents of the faith or the victims of the delusion, as the case might be. We could not comprehend how the inborn inquisitiveness of the Yankee intellect could so long have suffered the question of their truth or falsity of so remarkable an idea to remain undecided. We resolved, notwithstanding our native antagonism to all "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," that we would, if the opportunity should offer, see and investigate for ourselves. We determined, like Columbus, disregarding public prejudice, to steer for an unknown world, and, whether we discovered it or not, to return to our moorings better satisfied if not wiser men.

An opportunity to commence and complete our investigations at length presented itself. This paper will set forth in a plain statement of facts our experience: our deductions therefrom may or may not be accepted by those who have felt the same curiosity as ourselves, but have not had the same means of gratifying it.

Those who seek to acquire knowledge of any science should apply for information to the highest authority—to its professors of acknowledged skill. This we did. We sought and obtained special letters of introduction to a "medium" who is generally conceded to possess more remarkable powers than any other living, who was at the time holding "séances" in the city, but whose name we think proper to withhold. He was aware, however, that we presented ourselves rather as curiosity-hunters than as disciples of his faith, and that the interview would be the subject of criticism.

Behold, then, at eight o'clock one winter evening, two inquirers after truth pulling the door-bell of a three-story brick in a retired street of the city. The house, if the truth must be told, was in rather close proximity to a neighborhood where modest individuals desire not to be habitually seen after nightfall; but this was the hour and this portal we were obliged to select in

order to find our Charon who was to transport us living across the modern Styx. The door opened in response to our summons, and a sable attendant awaited our bidding. "Is Professor F—— in?" we asked.

"He is in the front room up-stairs. Walk up."

We were ushered into a well-lighted, neatly-furnished room, with centre-table, piano, carpet, chairs and lounges, a bright coal-fire burning in the grate, and in front of it a young man whom we afterward learned to be a boarder in the house—for it was a boarding-house—and a friend of the professor.

"Take seats; Mr. F—— will be in soon," said our sable friend as he withdrew.

We seated ourselves near the table and looked around for anything mysterious or suggestive of the black art, but there was nothing at all unusual to be seen excepting an odd, Japanese-looking box on the centre-table. This furnished food for a famishing imagination until we afterward saw it furnishing tobacco for the professor's pipe, when our wonder ceased.

In a few moments the medium entered—a pleasant, gentlemanly-looking rather corpulent man, of light complexion and rather large mild blue eyes, of the temperament denominated lymphatic—one whom I should have selected rather as an appropriate victim for sharp practice than as himself adapted to deceive others. With an affable smile he saluted us and received our note of introduction. "Draw near the table. Any one from my friend R——" (mentioning the person who introduced us) "is welcome. In a few moments I will put you through," said he, smiling again. A cheerful but rather familiar way, we thought, of speaking of the solemn introduction to the spirits of the dead we were soon to experience.

"Sam," said he, calling to our usher, at the same time offering us pipes while he filled his own,— "Sam, did all the pieces come home from the wash?"

Sam responded according to the facts of the case, while we with minds burdened with the importance and solemnity of our errand, could hardly comprehend how one who had the freedom of two worlds could concern himself with the minute trivialities of the present one.

As an act of justice to the medium, and as a fact of interest, I may remark here that during the séance his countenance and manner were those of one earnestly engaged with the task before him, exhibiting at times intensity of feeling, losing entirely the free-and-easy manner which seemed to border upon frivolity.

"Now place the palms of your hands upon the table," said he, doing so himself. This remarkable feat I had occasionally

performed before, in conjunction with a bevy of fair country cousins, with great perseverance and assiduity, but with no success so far as any spiritual or magnetic manifestations were concerned.

After a few minutes of this silent exercise, "Now you may," said the professor, "write the names of deceased friends with whom you wish to communicate—as many as you please—on slips of paper, fold the slips so that I cannot see the contents, and place them folded in the centre of the table."

This we did, I writing the names of two and my friend of three, deceased friends, who seemed as likely as any to approach at our summons. We folded the five slips of paper—which were of similar appearance in every respect, and lying at our service upon the table—so that we were certain that no writing could be discerned by ordinary powers of vision. We then placed them in the centre of the table and waited developments.

The professor—who had been quietly smoking, without apparently noticing our efforts at penmanship—seeing that we had completed our work, laid aside his pipe and seemed disposed now to enter upon the business of the evening. Taking the five slips, he shuffled them together; then, without unfolding them, applied each in succession to his forehead, and placed two before me and three before my friend saying: "See whether those are the slips upon which you each wrote."

As we unfolded them we were somewhat surprised to see that no mistake had been made in returning each to its proper owner. It seemed like accurate guessing, but might have been accidental.

While a little thoughtful at what seemed a somewhat remarkable feat, but before I had become very much astonished at the developments of the evening, and while I was entirely awake, as I knew, I found myself in a condition which, now that I look back upon it, seems like a dream. Although I now know that the carpet was not visible as I was sitting, the table being directly in front of me, yet I seemed to see it before me, and to see made in it, while I heard the sound of footsteps, indentations, or depressions, one after the other in succession, as if something invisible were walking across it. A moment afterward I seemed to hear just behind my chair sounds which I can only compare to the cracking sound which some loose-jointed individuals can produce by pulling their fingers. I turned involuntarily and a little ashamed of my weakness. I turned hastily again, to see if I had been noticed by the professor. I saw that his now brilliant eyes were fixed with intensity upon me, as if he had seen in me something to excite his interest or curiosity. Bewildered as I was, I thought I

saw in his countenance a gleam of satisfaction. He seemed even to know what was in my mind, for he said at once, "You hear them now. The room is full of spirits."

"Yes, I do," I answered, for I certainly was surprised enough at that moment to have assented to any proposition. The theory of my own, which no one else is bound to accept, is, that at the time I was so enchained by the mesmeric power of the professor that he could control my imagination, and could and did produce upon it impressions which were unreal. My confidence in this theory is strengthened by the fact that my friend S—, though sitting directly by my side, was entirely unconscious of that which I imagined myself to see and hear.

On one of the slips of paper, which had never been unfolded, but simply applied to the forehead of the medium and restored to me—the contents of which I am positive I alone had seen—I had written the name of a relative and friend who had recently died, and with whom I had been intimate from early boyhood. I had written the initials of the first two names and the last in full, A. J. W—.

"There is a spirit standing by your side who wishes to communicate with you," said the professor to me. "His name is A. J. W—" (precisely as I had written it). "He says his entire name is Andrew J. W—, although you gave only the initials. He gives you the full name in order that you may be satisfied that it is he who is present. You may now write any question you choose upon a slip of paper, and he will answer it through me."

The medium was correct in saying that the full name of which I had given only the initial was Andrew. If a guess, it was a better one than another of a similar character attempted later in the evening.

Just at that moment I was too much astounded by the sudden and unexpected developments to comply with the professor's kind invitation to communicate with the spirit. I chose rather to collect my somewhat demoralized faculties, to make an attempt to comprehend the situation, and, if I was the victim of any hallucination, if possible to divest myself of it. The medium, noticing either my inability or unwillingness to proceed farther, said, "The spirit of your friend wishes to say to you that he is perfectly contented and happy in his present situation."

I had been informed that this was the hackneyed expression which all good and polite spirits make use of when their earthly friends strive to interview them, as if the fact of happiness in the disembodied state were a matter of great doubt, and, when assured, of immediate and excessive congratulation. Still, from what I knew

of the habits and peculiarities of my departed friend, I did not think it would constitute the burden of his first communication to me.

"There is another spirit present; his name is R. J—," said the medium. It was now the turn of my friend to be surprised. This was one of the names he had written, that of a friend who had committed suicide in a fit of religious mania.

"Write on the paper any question you choose, told it so that I cannot see the nature of it, and the spirit will answer your question through me," said the medium. To avoid repetition, I would say this was the method of communication the professor adopted throughout the evening, answering the written questions without opening the paper which contained them, sometimes without even touching it. Once he told us that the spirit would respond to a question to which a positive or negative answer could be given by three raps on the top of my friend's head. To the apparent surprise of the professor, no sounds such as he predicted were heard.

The first question written by S— was this: "Will you tell me what caused your death?"

The effect which the folded slip of paper produced upon the medium when placed between his fingers was marvellous. His face was contorted, he gasped, placed his hand upon his breast as if struggling for breath, and replied quickly, as if in distress, "Why, he died a violent death; he committed suicide." Then turning to the young man, the boarder, who was still sitting in front of the grate and watching the proceedings with some interest, he said: "I can always recognize the spirits of those who have died from violence; they come with such force."

I noticed that S— was becoming somewhat exercised in mind, but still he persevered with his questioning: "Why did you commit suicide?"

The professor looked at vacancy beside his chair, and seemed to be listening to an answer, which was this: "He says that he became so d—d tired of life that he did not care to live any longer, so he made away with himself."

S— was now astonished from a new cause. His friend had never been guilty of profanity during life, and it seemed a little remarkable that he should have contracted the evil habit since his decease. He therefore asked the medium, orally, "Is the oath you made use of your own or that of my friend? He never was profane in life."

The professor seemed slightly embarrassed, consulted the vacant space beside his chair once more, and replied, "The spirit says he is not in the habit of swearing, and only does so on special occasions. He says, too, that at first, soon after death, he

was not happy—had rather a hard time of it. If he had his life to live over again, he would not commit suicide; but now he is getting to be quite happy."

"There is a little boy here—Willie—who wishes to communicate with one of you," said the medium.

Neither S— nor myself remembered a deceased friend answering the description. "What's the entire name?" I asked.

"Willie is the only name he will give," said the medium, after appearing to listen for a moment. The medium evidently expected that one or the other of us would recognize Willie as a friend, and seemed disappointed that we did not.

"The room is full of spirits," said the professor next, with something of the air of one who finds a brisk singing of mosquitoes about his ears. It seemed a casual remark, dropped in a matter-of-fact way, as if there could be no question on the subject at all.

"The spirit of your father is here," said the medium, turning quite suddenly to me. My father was alive and in good health, and so I informed him. "Then it is *your* father," said he, instantly turning to S—, not at all disconcerted. "Is your father living?" S— answered in the negative.

Upon one of the slips of paper which had not yet been opened S— had written the name of his father-in-law, R. L—, the circumstances of whose death were somewhat peculiar, and must have been entirely unknown to the medium. The gentleman was travelling in the West, and was known to have upon his person a considerable amount of money. At the city of Toledo all trace of him was suddenly lost. Nothing was heard of him for months, when his half-decomposed body was found partially buried under a heap of compost in a secluded portion of that city. The breast-bone was crushed in, as if from a blow with some heavy instrument. The widow of this gentleman, knowing the errand of S— for that evening, had requested him to communicate with the spirit of her husband, if possible. In obedience to her request S— now said, "Can I communicate with the spirit of the person named in this paper?" handing the medium the folded slip.

"The name is R. L—," said the medium without any hesitation. A moment afterward, "His spirit is present, and will communicate with you."

"What occasioned your death?" wrote S—.

In an instant the professor was the victim of another convulsion. He gasped, appeared to struggle for breath, placed his hand forcibly upon his breast, then like a drowning man, stretched it across the table and seized the hand of S— with the exclamation, "Help me!" If this was a piece

of affectation, the acting was most capitally done, and worthy of a larger audience. When he had recovered his power of speech he said "Your friend was murdered by a stab in the breast."

"For what was he murdered?" wrote S—.

After a pause the professor replied, "The spirit refuses to answer any further questions of the character you are now asking, because he says you wish to convey the information you receive to his wife, and this will only cause her distress and accomplish no good."

The professor then suggested, "The spirit of your father is standing behind your chair, and he will give you any further information you may wish upon the subject."

For one spirit to disclose the private affairs of another against his wish would be a breach of etiquette of which the father of S— never could have been guilty, unless his residence in the spirit land had caused him to forget the ordinary rules of politeness. Nevertheless, an answer came, purporting to be from him, to the effect that R. L.— was murdered for the money he had upon his person.

While the professor had been thus occupied with my friend, I felt that I had fully recovered my equanimity, and if I had ever been the victim of mesmeric influence it was now gone. I had written on one of the slips the name of an aged clergyman who had been dead several years, and whom I had known intimately. He was strictly orthodox, and in life viewed all the doctrines of Spiritualism as heathenish and abominable. As I could not at the time recall more than the surname, I had written the title by which I had been accustomed to address him in life—Dominie M—. The first question I wrote was the following: "Do you think it right for me to be here?"

I knew very well that unless the views of the dominie had changed since he left the world, he would consider me in the immediate sanctuary of Satan, and exposing myself directly to the wiles of that adversary, and would probably administer to me a rebuke which the professor would regard as anything but complimentary to himself.

The professor took the folded paper with his usual composure, applied it to his forehead, seemed a little discomposed as its contents became known to him, and answered with some impatience, as if speaking for himself rather than as an interpreter for the spirit, "We do think it right. We are always happy to meet you here."

I then asked the dominie, in the same way, whether his present condition corresponded with his anticipations before death. He answered in the affirmative. I could hardly believe this answer to be correct,

for I knew that the dominie's ideas of the heaven he hoped to inhabit were entirely inconsistent with the humiliating process of being interviewed by mortals through a medium which he considered an agency of the Evil One.

I had noticed throughout the séance that the professor had a faculty which was truly wonderful of telling us what we already knew—a power, apparently, of taking possession of our minds and repeating to us the thoughts he found in them. In no instance thus far had he told us anything really new, or disclosed anything which we did not ourselves know at the time. The thought occurred to me that I could test his power of conveying some information which I did not already possess. I had entirely forgotten the Christian name of the dominie, though I believed I should recognize it if it were repeated to me. Therefore, to learn whether I could be told something correctly which I did not already know, I wrote the following question to the spirit: "Will you inform me what is your entire name? I have forgotten a portion of it."

The professor took the folded paper as usual, but showed no inclination to respond.

I then said, "I ask this as a test-question.

If the spirit gives his name correctly, I shall be convinced that he possesses more knowledge than I do, and perhaps of his identity."

The professor answered almost with petulance, "He says his name is John."

"Has he a middle name?" said I.

"B.—his name is John B."

According to the doctrine of chances, his name was more likely to be "John" than any other; nevertheless, I knew that the answer was incorrect, but not until I reached home did I learn the correct name—Aaron A.

My friend S—, who had been patiently waiting, now asked if the spirits could inform him by whom R. L.— had been murdered. A correct answer to this question would have been a piece of information entirely new, and would have strengthened our faith in the professor wonderfully. The answer, however, was, "The spirit cannot give you the information this evening. He may do so at some other time, but not this evening."

At this point the professor ascertained the fact that a number of callers were waiting for an interview, when he immediately informed us that the spirits were indisposed to communicate anything further at that time, and, inviting us to call again, hastily bade us good-evening.

We found ourselves once more in the street and wending our way homeward. Our curiosity had been fully satisfied, and we were no longer surprised that thousands should become the victims of what our evening's experience convinced us was

delusion. We had both arrived at the conclusion that, strange as had been our experience, we had had no communication with the spirits of our departed friends. After all our efforts to obtain information from them, we had left the room with precisely the knowledge we had upon entering—not a particle gained by two hours' cross-examination. Witnesses on the stand in a court-room, with no greater faculty of communication than our deceased friends, would draw upon themselves the contempt of the court, the indignation of the lawyers, and the disgust of the jury. Any one who might venture there with intellect so enfeebled as not to be able to give his own name correctly would be considered unreliable in every particular, and ejected without ceremony. We unexpectedly found our departed friends to be impolite, untruthful, profane, exceedingly ignorant and intellectually dwarfed, possessing qualities which had not belonged to them in life.

We were forced, however, to believe that the professor had some remarkable power which does not belong to the majority of mortals. Whether this power was clairvoyance, mesmerism, somnambulism, or something else which has not yet been honored with a name, we could not decide; but why we should denominate it "Spiritualism" we could not understand, for the power evidently belonged to the professor, and not to the spirits of the dead. If he had the faculty of making us believe we saw and heard what we did not, this was truly wonderful. That we were the victims of such deception throughout the entire evening does not seem possible. We are confident that he had the faculty of reading the written contents of a paper when so concealed as to be invisible to one possessing only ordinary power of vision. If he also had a faculty no more wonderful—as he certainly seemed to have—of ascertaining our thoughts without any oral communication of our own, of taking possession of our minds, as it were, and reading what was contained therein, then the mystery of the evening is susceptible of explanation without the intervention of the theory of so-called Spiritualism.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

SELECTIONS.

— Speaking of pronunciation, Sheridan agreed with Walker that the pronunciation of wind should be wynd, but insisted, contrary to Walker, that gold should be goold. Sheridan tells us that Swift used to jeer those who pronounced wind with a short i, by saying, "I have a great minnd to finnd why you pronounce it winnd." An illiberal critic retorted this upon Sheridan by saying, "If I may be so boold, I should be glad to be toold why you pronounce it goold."

— "Why is it," said a school-mistress to a scapegrace who had caused her much trouble by his bad conduct, "you behaved so well when you first came to school, and now are so disobedient?" "Because," said the young hopeful, "I wasn't much acquainted with you then."

— "Is that marble?" said a gentleman, pointing to the bust of Kentucky's great statesman. "No sir, that's clay," quietly replied the dealer.

— A certain idiot, allowed to frequent the grounds of Eglinton Castle, was one day seen by the Earl taking a near cut and crossing a fence. The Earl called out to him: "Come back, sir—that's not the road!" "Do you ken," said Will, "whaur I'm gaun?" "No," replied his Lordship. "Well, hoo do ye ken whether this be the road or no?"

— Harry, four years old, and Noonie, two and a half, were looking at pictures the other day, when Noonie said:

"Harry, what is a polar bear?"

"Why," said Harry, "don't you know? It's a bear what climbs up a pole."

—"Mamma, do you know what the largest species of ants are? You shake your head. Well, I'll tell. They're elephants."

CONUNDRUMS.

— What is the difference between the fixed stars and shooting stars? The fixed stars are suns, and the shooting stars are darters.

— Why does a donkey eat thistles? Because he is an ass.

— Why is a note of hand like a rose-bud? Because it is matured by falling dew.

— When is a cat like a teapot? When your tea's in it.

Young Folks.



NETTIE RAYMORE'S HAPPIEST NEW YEAR.

BY JEANNIE BELL.

"A life of honor and of worth
Has no eternity on earth,—
'Tis but a name;
And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life which leads
To want and shame.

"The eternal life beyond the sky
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high
And proud estate;
The soul in dalliance laid—the spirit
Corrupt with sin—shall not inherit
A joy so great."

—Longfellow.

Nettie Raymore was the indulged but not spoiled daughter of wealthy parents. Nettie was an only child, of an amiable disposition, lovely in person as well as character; so it is no wonder her parents and friends made much of her.

Being sensible people, and withal people who feared God, and who sought to live for something higher than this fleeting world and its pleasures, Mr. and Mrs. Raymore endeavored to instil into their daughter's mind lessons of goodness and virtue; but, with many good qualities, Nettie hitherto had never thought it her duty to work for the Lord. She was ever willing to open her purse and give to all charitable purposes—was ever ready to aid in organizing some pet charity scheme; but for actual personal work, such as giving her time to visit the poor and sick, and to distribute tracts, Nettie never for a moment thought of such a sacrifice. She fancied there were plenty of paid visitors to the poor,—that persons with less fastidiousness in regard to unpleasant odors were the proper visitors to the poor. She had the notion that to be poor was to be wicked; and never having come into contact with cleanly well-doing poor, her

notions of poverty were always connected with vice of every description.

Well, the current of Nettie's thoughts were changed by a sermon her pastor preached on the parable of the talents. After speaking of various talents with which God endows man, he added—"Although you may have no talent to speak for Jesus, nor yet for doing good through your pen, surely if you have time you can at least distribute tracts, or maybe find out the deserving poor, and visit the sick; and if God has given you money as well as time, how much good you can do! Many a care you can lighten, many a sad heart you can cheer. How many drooping invalids there are who would be strengthened by a little nourishing food! and so by using these gifts of time and money which your Heavenly Father hath given so liberally to your hand you will be giving cups of cold water in the name of Christ, which will one day bring you a glorious reward." Nettie took the lesson home; hers was a quick and tender conscience; the lesson sank deep, and soon after brought forth fruit. Mr. and Mrs. Raymore were well pleased to have their daughter interested in good work, so it was with their consent that she sought her minister's advice as to the kind of work she should begin. The minister was delighted that his sermon had so good an effect. He had often wished that Miss Raymore would help with the work which had so few to do it. He promised her a class in the Sabbath-school, and advised her to take a small district of poor, not in the lowest locality of the city, but in that quarter where lived hard-working, struggling men, who found it not easy to pay every man his own. The minister

knew most of the people in Miss Raymore's district, so by way of introduction he visited with her the first time. Nettie was to visit once a month, lend the people interesting religious books, and find out and report to the minister any cases of sickness, or those needing a minister's visits.

Nettie's pleasant, frank manner won most of the people over at once, and they bade her welcome. No. 1 in Nettie's district was an old Scotchwoman. All alone in the world, except for one or two distant relatives in the old country, this old woman had neither kith nor kin in Canada. She derived her scanty living from making coarse striped shirts, and knitting stockings. This would have been scanty living indeed, but for the kindness of a few Christian people in the congregation, who considered it a privilege to share their dinner with good Mrs. McBirnie. The old woman professed herself rich. She never grumbled over a poor fire and plain food. "God is a rich provider," she was wont to say. "He giveth me far more than I deserve."

Nettie, accustomed to every luxury, thought the widow's little room cold and bare. Clean it certainly was, with its whitely scrubbed floor, tidy bed-curtains, and nicely-polished stove; but to eat bread sometimes without butter, drink tea without milk—this was poverty enough for Nettie, who knew only by name. When Nettie asked Mrs. McBirnie if she never wondered why God had made her poor and others undeserving often rich, the old widow's reply was, "Who am I that I should dare to judge the doings of the Almighty? It is doubtless best for me to be poor, hinney. The Lord portions out the cup to each of His children, and He knows exactly how much of the bitter to mix in it. Na, na; I hae nae need to grumble; rather I canna be grateful enough for all my mercies; every need supplied before I ask it, and although lonely at times since my husband was called home, I am very happy." Very happy indeed Nettie ever found this poor widow, and at each visit Nettie's respect for her increased. From a rich and deep experience of the happiness to be found in religion, Mrs. McBirnie could

give Nettie many a lesson, and the young girl took the lessons thankfully, giving in return from her richer purse.

It required no small amount of tact and wisdom to be able to assist this independent old Scotchwoman; but by giving her work and paying well for it, Nettie was enabled to help her well. It wanted but three months to the New Year, and Nettie intended, if spared till then, to cover Mrs. McBirnie's floor with nice warm matting, also to give her an easy chair. Meanwhile she kept her thoughts to herself, wishing to give her aged friend a pleasant surprise. Not a week passed but Nettie visited at Mrs. McBirnie's. Those visits were the pleasure of Nettie's life, and much good was given and received on both sides.

No 2 in the district were a middle-aged man and wife. He was a shoemaker by trade, and until some five years before Nettie made their acquaintance, he was a hard-working, industrious tradesman. But suddenly he was struck with paralysis, losing the power of limbs and speech. With mind and senses as acute as ever, this fine strong-looking man was in a way dead to the world. Their family were all doing for themselves—the daughter as a domestic servant, the two boys apprenticed to trades. Just now the family were no help to the mother, and on her fell the work of the "bread-winner."

Mrs. Jamieson was a good laundress, and in this way supported herself and husband. Nettie was struck with the clean and comfortable appearance of the house and of the sick man. The bed was fit for a prince, and the furniture arranged with taste. Day after day Mrs. Jamieson toiled that she might give her sick husband nourishing diet. It was a hard strain on a woman not over strong, and but for the strength granted her from Heaven, many a time heart as well as body would have fainted and failed.

While Mrs. Jamieson ironed, Nettie's clear voice might have been heard reading aloud to the sick man, thus brightening and shortening many a wearisome day. An orange or some other fruit would delight the sick man, and Nettie's little basket

was never without some token of remembrance. In spite of this crushing sorrow, Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson were happy; for they had the peace of God in their hearts and the hope of a better home by and by—a home where neither sorrow nor sickness will find entrance,—and this good hope cheered their hearts while in the cloudy valley. Mrs. Jamieson testified that she had never seen a frown, except from pain, upon her husband's brow. I wonder how many of us who can walk about freely in the joyous sunshine can say with truth that we never have a frown except from pain!

No 3 in Nettie's district was an Irish family. The father was a laborer. He could make good wages, but unfortunately had a fondness for whiskey, and on the Saturday evenings as much of his money went over the counter of the "Northern Star," as did into the hands of his wife. The wife was not very cleanly; but with such a houseful of little folks and not much more to keep them than a pig and some hens, which seemed part and parcel of the family, so often were they within doors, she had enough to do."

Nettie was rather discouraged with this contrast to her other tidy people; but remembering it was work for Jesus in which she was engaged, she determined to persevere.

"Would the children not come to the Sunday-school?" enquired Nettie of the mother.

"Sure, Miss, the three eldest might come if they had decent bits of clothes; but with their father's unsteady ways, I find it hard work to get food for them."

"We will see about clothes for the children," said Nettie, "and we must try and break off the father from going to the "Northern Star.'"

After repeated visits Nettie persuaded good-natured Mrs. O'Brien to confine her pigs to the sty and the hens to the back yard; and, further made Mrs. O'Brien tidier by the gift of a nice dark dress and new cap. Whether it was the improvement in house and family, or the effect of the Sunday-school books Mr. O'Brien liked the children to read to him,

Nettie did not know; but, any way, Michael seldom visited the "Northern Star" now.

No. 4 was a well-doing but delicate family. The father had a weak chest, and his work at the foundry hurt him much—indeed he could only work about three days in the week. Three children were all that had lived, the two eldest—boys, who might have grown strong out of the city and with plenty of nourishing food; and the youngest, a little girl, was a hopeless invalid. Poor Lily Johnstone was unable to sit upright from spine disease. The disease had gradually increased from infancy until now she was confined to the one position. "A very lily she is," Nettie thought, as she looked at the pale face and thin transparent hand of the child. Henceforth the sick child is Nettie's delight, and Lily grew happier day by day when she found that "dear Miss Raymore liked to come and read to her."

Mrs. Johnstone, delicate herself and over-burdened with care, had grown somewhat fretful in temper. A stranger, hearing her rather sharp voice, might think her ill-natured, but it was not so. A more loving wife and mother did not live in Canada; only a weak body and the nervous system completely unstrung, occasioned a jarring note occasionally. As she said herself: "I am sometimes so weary that I would almost willingly leave husband and children to struggle on alone. Nay, I sometimes forget that God is good, and wonder why I am so burdened, while others seem so free from care." Nettie's sympathy cheered the weary woman much, and many a gift of nourishing food helped mind and body alike. Nettie's active mind thought of a plan to benefit the family. A friend of hers was in need of a gardener, and Nettie thought as Mr. Johnstone had been brought up in the country, and in early life had been used to work in the garden, that he might fill the post,—but until she was sure of the place, said nothing about it.

No. 5 were an aged couple. The wife, entirely confined to bed from a cancer in her leg, was yet one of the happiest of women. The old man was kindly, but not nearly so intelligent as his wife.

Old Mrs. Turnbull was very deaf, and Nettie had some difficulty at first in making her hear; but after a time she managed better, and then rare conversations followed.

Mrs. Turnbull was a great reader; indeed Nettie never went to the house that she did not find either the saintly McCheyne's "Memoirs," "Baxter," or some such worthy beside her on the bed. There was scarcely an old divine whom she did not know thoroughly, and Nettie got her ideas wonderfully enlarged anent these worthies and their views. It was a treat to visit this old woman, and as she was very grateful for Nettie's visits they soon became close friends.

Another invalid in No. 12 completed the sick-list of Nettie's district. This woman had suffered so much from rheumatism that almost every joint in her body was out. Her limbs were paralyzed and her hands so crooked and deformed as to be of little use. At one time, when in better circumstances, every remedy had been tried for Mrs. Dodds' trouble, but all alike failed. Suffering still so much that to miss hearing the clock strike one hour was a great comfort, yet withal Mrs. Dodds was very cheerful; indeed her cheerfulness was a constant reproach to Nettie—for, thought she, if Mrs. Dodds with all her suffering and trials can be cheerful and happy, surely I, who have so many blessings, should never frown!

Ah, Nettie was young in Christian experience. She was only learning how strong people can be in the Lord, how never-failing His supplies of grace, and how true all God's suffering people find it to be that "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." Mrs. Dodds was in rather reduced circumstances when Nettie was introduced to her,—yet they were people who would not receive charity; so all Nettie could do was to give sympathy, or perhaps some little dainty which Mrs. Dodds' girl could not cook. Occasionally a button to sew on, or a piece of mending that the lame hands could not manage, was given Nettie to do; and very happy she was to be thus employed. All the people in Nettie's district were not so pleasant as those I have described. None refused her tracts and books, but some

gave her no further entrance than the door. Nettie hoped in time to win these to something kinder, and in the meantime was thankful for the little good she was permitted to do.

Christmas came at last, with its hallowed associations, and never so happy a one did Nettie spend. A substantial Christmas dinner went to more than one home from Nettie's father and mother, who wished to show their appreciation of their daughter's work.

It was the New-Year time which Nettie enjoyed most. On the last night of the year a strong warm matting, with hearth-rug and cushioned easy-chair, went to Mrs. McBirnie. A large doll with eyes that would open and shut was sent to Lily Johnstone, also a bunch of flowers—hard to be got at this season, and so all the more prized by Lily, who loved flowers so well. Lily's parcel also contained a nicely bound copy of Bunyan's Pilgrim, with plates of Christian and his companions at various places on their pilgrimage to the Celestial City.

Lily's brothers got what they wanted most—each a pair of new skates; but the father and mother's gift Nettie kept as a surprise for the New-Year's day.

Mrs. O'Brien found new suits for the boys and girls in a large bundle which she received, and best of all there was a Testament in large type for herself. Michael, too, had not tasted drink for the last month, and wife and children were beginning to hope that he had forsaken the "Northern Star" hotel altogether. Mrs. Dodds received her New Year's dinner ready cooked. A note explained that as she was unable to do it, Miss Raymore had taken the liberty of assisting her. New-Year's day was bright and sunshiny, and early in the forenoon Nettie with several baskets were put by her father into a trim little cutter, and with only the boy to drive, Nettie set off with a happy heart to visit her now much-loved people. Mrs. McBirnie was the first one visited. The old lady was seated in her new easy-chair with spectacles on and Bible open before her, the very picture of comfort.

Nettie's heart throbbed with joy when she saw how comfortable the widow's room

looked with its warm matting and hearth rug; nor was her joy less when the good old woman clasped her hand and prayed the Lord to bless her. Nettie would have no thanks; she was but a steward giving out what the Master had given her for His people.

A few minutes of quiet, refreshing talk and Nettie was at Mrs. Jamieson's door. The sick man could not reply to her New Year's greeting, but his smile and pressure of the hand told that he was pleased to see her. A basket containing fruit and jellies with other things was handed in so quietly that Mrs. Jamieson had hardly time to notice it ere Nettie had gone. Off again and a minute or two's driving brought Nettie to Mrs. O'Brien's door.

The house was in apple-pie order; not even an unruly chicken was within. The children in their new clothes were ready to welcome their much-loved Sabbath-school teacher; but, better still, there was the father, clean and tidy, standing beside his wife.

When Nettie had given the children a parcel of books and sweetmeats, she took out of her bag a large pledge-card with a border of bright-colored flowers around it, and going up to Michael she asked him if he could read the printed letters on it. Slowly he spelt out.—“I herein pledge myself to abstain from the use of all intoxicating drinks,” &c. Michael's Irish wit read the meaning of the words before he had spelt them; and to Nettie's enquiry if he would do what the pledge asked, he replied, “Yes, Miss, with the help of God I promise to touch drink no more from this time.”

Nettie explained the nature of the pledge to all, and then Mrs. O'Brien, between tears and smiles, made some letters that were meant for her signature. Then Michael, who could not write, made a crossed mark; and the children who could write put down their names, and at last a ribbon was put through the card, and it was hung upon the wall.

The Johnstones were next visited, and their burden of care made much lighter by Nettie's visit. Nettie had the pleasant information to impart that the situation of gardener was awaiting Mr. Johnstone. The

hearts of both husband and wife were too full for much speech, but the lightened brow and grateful look spoke their thanks better than words could do.

Lily was propped up as well as she could be to receive her dear Miss Raymore. The child's happy face as she looked at her flowers, doll and book, made Nettie's heart glad.

Lastly, Nettie called on her old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull. When Nettie sympathized with the old woman on the pain she suffered, her reply was: “Yes, it is sometimes hard to bear patiently; but when I think of my Saviour's sufferings on the cross I am ashamed to murmur.” A large type copy of “The Afflicted Man's Companion,”—Mrs. Turnbull's favorite book—made her happy. Her own old copy, with its old-fashioned letters, was now too dim in print for her sight.

Never could Mrs. Turnbull speak without some talk of her Heavenly Master and His faithful servants. This morning it was as to how these good men began their new year, using these land-marks of time as special days in which to dedicate anew themselves to the Lord and His work.

Nettie now hastened home to meet her minister and a select party of friends whom her parents had invited to share their New-Year's dinner. Never had Nettie Raymore looked more lovely or happy as she told her minister, when she had a minute's quiet chat with him, that this was the happiest New-Year she had ever spent.

The past three months had been blessed ones to Nettie. In witnessing the patience of Mrs. Dodds and Mr. Jamieson under severe suffering, and in the contented spirit of Mrs. McBirnie amid loneliness and poverty, seed was sown in Nettie's heart which bore fruit in a higher and more earnest walk before God. Her sympathy for the poor and neglected ones of the earth was deepened, and even her contact with one like Mrs. O'Brien did her good. Life and its work, talents and how to use them for God's glory, had now different meanings to Nettie Raymore.

Some reader will say, “I am not wealthy like Miss Raymore. It is not in my power to clothe the naked and feed the hungry.” No, perhaps your Heavenly Father has

not made you a steward over much of this world's riches; but none are so poor that they cannot give a kind word, a look of sympathy, or perhaps cheer a lonely day, by giving a half hour to read to some sick one. To each God has given some talent. Seek to find out what that is, and then, asking grace to use it rightly, go forth to your work. None are so happy as they who in trying to lighten another's burden lose half their own.

Go, labor on! enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee; if He deem
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer,
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

Go, labor on! your hands are weak,
Your knees are faint, your hands cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near—a kingdom and a crown!

—Bonar.

THE CHRISTMAS ROSARIES.

BY MARY E. C. WYETH.

When May Leslie was about ten years old, her aunt came to spend the holidays with the family of her brother Ben. May's father. Before she had been an hour in the house, May had contrived to whisper quite confidentially.

"Won't you let me wear your gold beads just a minute, this evening, Aunt Madge? Cousin Del is coming to stay all night, and I should like them, just a little *twenty twenty* minute." And the good-natured aunty had answered in an equally confidential manner,

"Yes, all the evening; and I'll tell you and Del a story of blessed Christmas, besides, if you'll coax papa to build a rousing fire in the boys' room. I can't tell *this* story by an old black stove. It needs hickory logs, and bright coals, and apples toasting on a string, and chestnuts and pop corn popping on the hearth; for it's a story of the dear old-fashioned times."

And so it chanced that upon Christmas eve there was a glorious fire in the "boys' room," and May and Del, supplied with strings and apples, and chestnuts and pop corn, wheeled up the old, high-back settle, and nestled beside Aunt Madge, who, with bright eyes grown strangely dreamful, watched the leaping flames dart up the broad chimney, and thought of happy Christmas eves so long gone by.

"Oh!" cried Del, quivering with delight, "to-morrow will be Merry Christmas!"

"Aunt Madge said 'Blessed Christmas,' when she lent me the beads," whispered May, softly.

"Yes," said Aunt Madge, smiling upon the waiting little maids, "I was just thinking of it. Dear Aunt Jane's blessed Christmas."

"Who was Aunt Jane?" asked May; "my Aunt Jennie?"

"Oh, no," answered her auntie. "Nobody knew *who* she was. But let me tell my story properly; and to do that I shall have to go away back, years before I was born—"

"Oh, how funny!" laughed Del, but Aunt Madge went on, without seeming to notice the interruption.

"To the days of which I have so often heard my dear mother tell, when Leslieville was only a little village, in which everybody knew everybody else; and the post-office was also the store, and the blacksmith's shop, and the wagonmaker's shop, and the tavern. Into this quiet village, one sunny May morning, came the stage from the west. The driver wound his horn, and reined up his horses in front of the tavern porch, threw off the great mail bags, and then tossing the lines to the stable boy, leaped from the high box, and opening the coach door with a 'Here we be, ma'am. Leslieville tavern, ma'am, proceeded to assist his solitary passenger to alight. In a few days it was noised around that the passenger was a person from a distant State, who had come to settle in Leslieville, and had bought the Ellis cottage, and ordered furniture for it from the village cabinetmaker. In a small community, every bit of news is thoroughly discussed, and you may be sure that the event of the new comer's arrival and intentions did not escape its share of village gossip. But in the weeks in which the stranger was occupied with fitting up her home, no one had discovered any more about her than that she bought and paid for her little property, and intended to live and to earn her living in Leslieville, and that her name was Jane Carmany.

"So, gradually the wonderment, for want of nourishment, died away, and the new-comer, being a good sewer, quilter and knitter, obtained plenty of work, and was no longer annoyed by curious questions; for the village people, as if in return for her reticence, seemed to have agreed upon giving her a thorough letting-alone, for no one went near her unless to take or receive a parcel of work. How long she would have lived this solitary life I know not, had it not chanced that your grandma, then a young and merry mother of only five boys, desired greatly to go on a journey to her childhood's home, and was troubled about what disposition to make of her house and home affairs, and her noisy, romping boys. She had met Aunt Jane only on Sundays at church; she had spoken, in her kind, cheery way, calling her 'sister'

the first time she had met her; but she had never called upon her. She concluded to do so now, and forthwith put on her bonnet and went to see her neighbor.

"'Good morning, sister Carmany,'" she said, as she put her smiling face in at the open door, on which she had lightly tapped. 'I hope you are glad to see me, if I am rather late in making you a visit of welcome.'

"Aunt Jane replied civilly, if not very cordially, as she handed a chair and invited her guest to be seated:

"'I suppose you have not needed work before.'

"'Oh! I have not brought work,' my mother hastened to explain; 'but I have come on a selfish errand, all the same. I have thought it possible that you might be induced to come and take charge of my house for a few weeks, while I go on a visit to my mother. There are five boys, and my husband, and the servants, all to be looked after. Nancy and Tom will do their part well enough. The Judge, my husband, is not the least trouble in the world; but I can't think of leaving either him or them without some good, kind person to look after them, and to be a mother to them while I'm away from them.'

"My mother said that Aunt Jane looked keenly at her while she was speaking, and as she concluded, said,

"'And how do you know, silly little mother, that I am a good, kind person?'

"'Oh!' replied my innocent, honest little mother, 'I don't, of course, *know* anything of that sort; but I'm quite willing to trust you. Why should I not be?'

"'Why, indeed?' asked sister Carmany, in a dreamy tone, and then added in a kind voice, 'Yes, dear, I'll come, and I don't doubt that I shall get on very well.'

"And come she did. My mother went to Maine, and Aunt Jane ruled the house wisely in her absence. It was during this visit that sister Carmany obtained from my brothers the title that clung to her to dying day—Aunt Jane. From that time forth her position in Leslieville was assured. She nursed the sick; kept house for the mother who longed for a respite among the kindred far away; helped at the weddings and funerals, and in time came to be considered an indispensable aid and comfort, in time of emergencies, to all the households of Leslieville. When I came, the last of the merry band of ten children that made the old homestead riotous with childhood glee, there were nine boys in the family, and Aunt Jane loved them all, and she loved me. She was by no means young when she came to Leslieville, and as a score of years went by, and her step grew slower and more languid, people said, 'Aunt Jane is failing,' but we children did not notice it.

"When I was about ten years of age, we were to have a Christmas tree at our house, and all the cousins were to be with us on the Christmas eve. Aunt Jane had been helping mother for some weeks previous to the holidays, and had gone home for a few days, expecting to return to us on Christmas day. Mother went down to see her on the morning of the day before Christmas. When she returned, she told us that Aunt Jane was not very well, and that she wished very much that it were possible for me to pass the night with her. 'She seems quite anxious about it,' said my mother, 'although she knows it is useless to expect Madge to-night, when all the merry-making is to be going on.'

"'Madge is Aunt Jane's pet,' shouted my brothers. 'She'll get a nice Christmas present from her.'

"'Aunt Jane has her heart quite set on Madge,' said my mother.

"At another time I should have felt pleased at these words; but now they troubled me. Dear Aunt Jane, who always came to me if I was sick! To think of her, alone and ill, and longing for loving companionship in vain, on Christmas eve. I thought of a hundred little kindnesses Aunt Jane had shown me. The pretty blue merino frock that hung across the foot of the bed, ready for my evening toilet, seemed to reproach me with my selfishness; for had not Aunt Jane diligently sewed on it that I might be happy in it?

"'If you'll send some of the boys after me, mother,' I said, 'I'll go and stay with Aunt Jane till supper time.' My mother agreed to this, and I put on my hooded cape, and hastened to the cottage. Aunt Jane sat by her bright fire, knitting, as I put my head in at the sitting-room door.

"'Bless the dear child,' she exclaimed, in a pleased voice; 'did she think so much of Aunt Jane as to leave the cousins, and the tree, and the nice Christmas supper, to cheer the old woman's lonely fireside? Bless your sweet face, you shall have a nice supper, and shall hang up your stockings at Aunt Jane's chimney, and won't we be happy, dearie?'

"She thought I had come to pass the night with her. How could I tell her otherwise, and disappoint her loving heart? I believe it to have been the purest and noblest act of my whole life, that I hung up my cloak, and said, as if no dear pleasure lay cold and dead in my young bosom, 'We'll have fine times, Aunt Jane; and I'll be sure to wake up first in the morning, and wish you a merry Christmas.' She looked at me with such a sweet content beaming from her face, and said,

"'Not *merry* Christmas, dear, but blessed Christmas. Yes, Madge, if you're awake first, kiss me, and wish me a blessed Christmas.' And then she bade me

lay the small, round table for our supper—she knew it used to give me such pleasure to do this for her; and she directed me how to make the chocolate; and where to find the dainties; and to toast the slices, and poach the eggs; and last of all, gave me the key of her treasure chest, and sent me for her silver cream jug and sugar tongs. When I returned with these, she had adorned the table with a loaf of frosted cake, and a glass dish of sliced oranges. Oh, what a feast it was! The boys came for me just as we were sitting down to the table. They brought a pail of hot oyster soup and some celery for Aunt Jane. I was adroit enough to prevent them from betraying my intention of returning with them, and managed to give Ben to understand that he must tell mother and the cousins that I *ought* to stay with Aunt Jane; she was not well enough to be left entirely alone, and that she wanted me to stay. How relieved I felt when I had fairly disposed of those boys! Such a happy time as Aunt Jane and I had at our little feast! I do not remember that Aunt Jane talked or ate much; I know that I did both. Then I washed and wiped the tea things, and brought a pail of water, tidied the hearth, and filled the fire-place with smooth, round sticks, and found the place in the large Bible. Then we sat down to prayers. Aunt Jane and I read a verse by turr, of the lovely Christmas chapter, and we knelt together as she prayed the Lord of Christmas to come and live in our hearts.

“She kissed me ‘good night,’ and tucked me in the soft, warm bed, and I fell asleep, while she yet lingered at the fireside, reading the pages of the blessed Book. I woke once in the night, and saw her still sitting at the table. She was singing in a low, clear voice, a verse of an old hymn:

‘ Firm as a rock, His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I’ve committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.’

“‘Is it ‘blessed Christmas’ yet, Aunt Jane?’ I asked. She turned towards me with a smile, and answered, ‘blessed Christmas;’ and then she bowed her head upon the table, I supposed to breathe a good-night’ prayer; and again I dropped into the sound sleep of childhood. When I awoke, the sun was shining full in the window. Aunt Jane was sitting with bowed head at the little table. I sprang out of bed and called out gleefully, ‘blessed Christmas, Aunt Jane. I wish you a blessed Christmas!’ and ran and touched gently her hand. It was icy cold! I started back in alarm. As I did so, my eyes fell on my stockings. They were full,

and from one of them a little slip of paper was depending. ‘Aunt Jane,’ I cried, ‘wake up! See my stockings! They are brim full!’ But there was no response or movement. In terror I ran to the street door and cried to the neighbors across the way. They came in answer to my summons. One of the women emptied my stockings upon the tea tray, and drew them on my chilled feet, and hastily dressed me and sent me home for my mother.

“‘Aunt Jane is with the Lord,’ she said, as she tried to soothe me, for I was crying bitterly. ‘It is, indeed, a blessed day for her. Do not cry, Madge. Here is a note she has left for you. It was pinned on your stocking. I will take care of your presents for you, and one of your brothers can come for them.’

“I ran home with the sad tidings, and my mother, taking Ben with her, went at once to the cottage. I remember that I cried almost all the morning, and could not listen to the boys’ account of the merry-making of the night before. When my mother returned home, in time to assist at the spreading of the Christmas dinner table, I wondered that she could go about so cheerfully. Ben brought me the little covered basket—‘Aunt Jane’s Christmas gifts to you,’ he said. I opened it and drew forth its now, to me, sacred contents. A lovely white apron, with ruffled pockets; soft, warm mittens, stockings, and comfort of Aunt Jane’s own knitting; a few yards of rare old lace, marked, ‘For Madge’s wedding gown’—I have it yet—six silver tea spoons, the pretty cream jug and sugar tongs, and this necklace of gold beads.”

“Ah!” said May, “such lovely Christmas presents!”

“My mother said that Aunt Jane had left a copy of her will lying between the pages of her open Bible. In it she had remembered all her friends. Her personal property she had divided up into love tokens for each. Her cottage she had left to a poor widow who had lately lost her son, who was her only dependence, and who, in better days, had been a staunch friend of Aunt Jane’s. But for this provision she would have been thrown upon the charities of the village.

“What was in your note?” asked Del.

“I forgot all about my note until my mother mentioned the will. Then I drew it from my pocket. It ran thus:

“Dear Little Madge: Be very happy when you tie this necklace around your throat. It is Aunt Jane’s most valued earthly treasure. Wear it for my sake, as I have always worn it for the sake of one whom I shall soon greet in heaven. I had thought never to part with these gold beads, but to wear them to my grave. I loose them from the neck they have encircled for forty years, to give them as a last love to-

ken to the dear child who gave up her own merry Christmas, that she might add to the happiness of a lonely old woman. I give them with my blessing, and may the Lord of Christmas add to it the blessing of the Lord, that maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow therewith.'

"I can never tell how glad I was that I had neither selfishly remained at home, nor returned to the merry-making. I cried to think how Aunt Jane might have spent her last Christmas eve on earth, in disappointed solitude. I went to my room, and holding the precious beads in my fingers, I prayed the Lord to help me, by this gift, to remember always to live, caring more for others' happiness than for my own. I truly believe that these gold beads were blessed to me, and became, indeed, a rosary of unselfish reminder. For, whenever, in all my life, I have been tempted to please myself at some cost to another, I have seemed to feel the gentle pressure of the necklace at my throat, and I recall that blessed Christmas and my childish prayer; and by its memories I am helped and strengthened to deny myself. Christmas is the time, of all others, when we should think much of Him who 'pleased not Himself,' and she who wears upon her heart a rosary of unselfish thoughts, will find the sweet and gracious day of all the year to be to her not only a glad some holiday, but in very truth a holy day—a blessed Christmas."

"Is that all the story?" asked May, as Aunt Madge paused.

"All there is *to be told*, dear. There may be somewhat more for you to think out for yourselves, to-morrow."

And then, the bright coals glowing cheerily upon the hearth, the little girls hung up the apples, and popped their corn and chestnuts with a right good will till bedtime.

In the morning they were overjoyed to find among their gifts two lovely necklaces of alabaster beads, with a cross attached to each. Upon a slip of paper which enclosed each beautiful present, was written in Aunt Madge's fair script:

"A Christmas Rosary."

"Ah!" said Del, as she clasped the necklace round her throat, "I know now what there was for us to 'think out' of the story of 'blessed Christmas.' Auntie meant that *we* should have something to help us to remember to live for others instead of for ourselves."

"Yes," said May, "it must be that." Then in a low voice she added, "Come, Del, let *us* go and ask Jesus to bless *our* Christmas rosaries."

PHILIPPA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ISOULT BARRY."

CHAPTER I.

MY LADY'S BOWER IS SWEET.

"I am too low for scorn to lower me,
And all too sorrow-stricken to feel grief."
—Edwin Arnold.

Soft and balmy was the air, and the sunlight radiant, at an early hour of a beautiful June morning; and fair was the landscape that met the eyes of the persons who were gathered a few feet from the portcullis of a grand stately old castle, crowning a wooded height near the Sussex coast. There were two persons seated on horseback: the one a youth of some twenty years, in a page's dress; the other a woman, who sat behind him on the pillion. Standing about were two men and a woman, the last holding a child in her arms. The woman on the pillion was closely veiled, and much muffled in her wrappings, considering the season of the year and the warmth of the weather; nor did she lift her veil when she spoke.

"The child, Alina," she said, in a tone so soft and low that the words seemed rather breathed than spoken.

The woman who stood beside the horse answered the appeal by placing the child in the arms of the speaker. It was a pretty, engaging little girl of three years old. The lady on the pillion, lifting the child underneath her veil, strained it to her bosom, and bowed her head low upon its light soft hair. Meanwhile, the horse stood still as a statue, and the page sat as still before her. In respectful silence the other three stood round. They knew, every one of them, that in that embrace to one of the two the bitterness of death was passing; and that when it was ended she would have nothing left to fear—only because she would have nothing left to hope. At length, suddenly, the lady lifted her head, and held forth the child to Alina. Turning her head away toward the sea, from the old castle, from the child, she made her farewell in one word—

"Depart!"

The three standing there watched her departure—never lifting her veil, nor turning her head—until she was hidden from their sight among the abundant green foliage around. They lingered a minute longer; but only a minute, for a shrill harsh voice from the portcullis summoned them to return.

"Ralph, thou lither hilding! Alina, thou jade! Come hither at once, and get you to work. My lady's bower yet unswept, by the Seven Sleepers! and ye lin-

gering yonder as ye had leaden heels! by the holy bones of Saint Benedict, our master shall con you light thanks when he cometh!"

"That may be," said Alina, under her breath. "Get you in, Ralph, and Jocelyn, or she shall be after you again."

And she turned and walked quickly into the castle, still carrying the child.

Eleven hours later a very different procession climbed the castle-hill, and passed in at the portcullis. It was headed by a sumptuous litter, beside which rode a gentleman magnificently attired. Behind came a hundred horsemen in livery, and the line was closed by a crowd of archers in Lincoln green, bearing cross-bows. From the litter, assisted by the gentlemen, descended a young lady of some three-and-twenty years, upon whose lips hovered a smile of pleasure, and whose fair hair flowed in natural ringlets from beneath a golden fillet. The gentleman was her senior by about fifteen years. He was a tall, active, handsome man, with a dark face, stern, set lips, and a pair of dark, quick, eagle-like eyes, beneath which the group of servants manifestly quailed.

"Is the lady's bower ready?" he asked, addressing the foremost of the women—the one who had so roughly insisted on Alina's return.

"It is so, an't like your noble Lordship," answered she with a low reverence; "it shall be found as well appointed as our poor labors might compass."

He made no answer; but, offering his hand to the young lady who had alighted from the litter, he led her up the stairs from the banqueting-hall, into a suite of fair, stately apartments, according to the taste of that period. Rich tapestry decorated the walls, fresh green rushes were strewn upon the floor, all the painting had been renewed, and above the fireplace stood two armorial shields newly chiselled.

"Lady," he said, in a soft, courtly tone, "here is the bower. Doth it like the bird?"

"It is beauteous," answered the lady, with a bright smile.

"It hath been anew swept and garnished," replied the master, bowing low, as he took his leave. "Yonder silver bell shall summon your women."

The lady moved to the casement on his departure. It stood open, and the lovely sea-view was to be seen from it.

"In good sooth, 'tis a fair spot!" she said half aloud; "and all new swept and garnished!"

There was no mocking echo in the chamber. If there had been, the words might have been born back to the ear of the royal Alianora—"Not only garnished, but swept!"

My Lady touched the silver bell, and a crowd of damsels answered her call.

Among them came Alina; and she held by the hand the little flaxen-haired child who had played so prominent a part in the events of the morning.

"Do you all speak French?" asked the Countess in that language—which, be it remembered, was in the reign of Edward III. the mother-tongue of the English nobles.

She received an affirmative reply from all.

"That is well. See to my sumpter-mules being unladen, and the gear brought up hither.—What a pretty child! whose is it?"

Alina brought the little girl forward, and answered for her. "The lady Philippa Fitzalan, my Lord's daughter."

"My Lord's daughter!" And a visible frown clouded the Countess's brow. "I knew not he had a daughter. Take her away—I do not want her. *Mistress Philippa*, for the future. That is my pleasure."

And with a decided pout on her previously smiling lips, the Lady of Arundel seated herself at her tiring-glass. Alina caught up the child, and took her away to a distant chamber in a turret of the castle, where she set her on her knee, and shed a torrent of tears on the little flaxen head.

"Poor little babe! fatherless and motherless!" she cried. "Would to our dear Lady that thou wert no worse! The blessed saints help thee, for none other be like to do it save them and me."

And suddenly rising, she slipped down on her knees, holding the child before her, beside a niche where a lamp made of pottery burned before a blackened wooden doll.

"Lady of pity, hast thou none for this little child? Mother of Mercy, for thee to deceive me! This whole month have I been on my knees to thee many times in the day, praying thee to incline the Lady's heart, when she should come, to show a mother's pity to this motherless one. And thou hast not heard me—thou hast not heard me. Holy Virgin, what doest thou? Have I not offered candles at thy shrine? Have I not deprived myself of needful things to pay for thy litanies? What could I have done more? Is this thy pity, Lady of pity?—this thy compassion, Mother and Maiden?"

But the passionate appeal was lost on the lifeless image to which it was made. As of old, so now, "there was neither voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded."

Nineteen years after that summer day, a girl of twenty-two sat gazing from the casement in that turret-chamber—a girl whose face even a flatterer would have praised but little; and Philippa Fitzalan had no flatterers. The pretty child—as pretty

children often do—had grown into a very ordinary, common-place woman. Her hair, indeed, was glossy and luxuriant, and had deepened from its early flaxen into the darkest shade to which it is possible for flaxen to change; her eyes were dark, with a sad, tired, wistful look in them—a look

“Of a dumb creature who had been beaten once, And never since was easy with the world.”

Her face was white and thin, her figure tall, slender, angular, and rather awkward. None had ever cared to amend her awkwardness; it signified to nobody whether she looked well or ill. In a word, *she* signified to nobody. The tears might burn under her eyelids, or overflow and fall,—she would never be asked what was the matter; she might fail under her burdens and faint in the midst of them,—and if it occurred to any one to prevent material injury to her, that was the very utmost she could expect. Not that the Lady Alianora was unkind to her step-daughter; that is, not actively unkind. She simply ignored her existence. Philippa was provided, as a matter of course, with necessary clothes, just as the men who served in the hall were provided with livery; but anything not absolutely necessary had never been given to her in her life. There were no loving words, no looks of pleasure, no affectionate caresses, lavished upon her. If the lady Joan lost her temper (no rare occurrence), or the Lady Alesia her appetite, or the Lady Mary her sleep, the whole household was disturbed; but what Philippa suffered never disturbed nor concerned any one but herself. To these, her half-sisters, she formed a kind of humble companion, a superior maid-of-all-work. All day long she heard and obeyed the command of the three young ladies; all day long she was bidden, “Come here,” “Go there,” “Do this,” “Fetch that.” And Philippa came, and went, and fetched, and did as she was told. Just now she was off duty. Their Ladyships were gone out hawking with the Earl and Countess, and would not, in all probability, return for some hours.

And what was Philippa doing, as she sat gazing dreamily from the casement of her turret-chamber?—hers, only because nobody else liked the room. Her eyes were fixed earnestly on one little spot of ground, a few feet from the castle gate; and her soul was wandering backward nineteen years, recalling the one scene which stood out vividly, the earliest of memory's pictures—a picture without text to explain it—before which, and after which, came blanks with no recollection to fill them. She saw herself lifted underneath a woman's veil—clasped earnestly in a woman's arms,—gazing in baby wonder up into a woman's face—a wan white face,

with dark, expressive fervent eyes, in which a whole volume of agony and love was written. She never knew who that woman was. Indeed, she sometimes wondered whether it were really a remembrance, or only a picture drawn by her own imagination. But there it was always, deep down in the heart's recesses, only waiting to be called on, and to come. Whoever this mysterious woman were, it was some one who had loved her—her, Philippa, whom no one ever loved. For Alina, who had died in her childhood, she scarcely recollected at all. And at the very core of the unseen, unknown heart of this quiet, undemonstrative girl, there lay one intense, earnest, passionate longing for love. If but one of her father's hawks or hounds would have looked brighter at her coming, she thought it would have satisfied her. For she had learned, long years ere this, that to her father himself, or to the Lady Alianora, or to her half-brothers and sisters, she must never look for any shadow of love. The “mother-want about the world,” which pressed on her so heavily, they would never fill. The dull, blank uniformity of simple apathy was all she ever received from any of them.

Her very place was filled. The Lady Joan was the eldest daughter of the house—not Mistress Philippa. For the pleasure of the Countess had been fulfilled, and Mistress Philippa the girl was called. And when Joan was married and went away from the castle (in a splendid litter hung with crimson velvet), her sister Alesia stepped into her place as a matter of course. Philippa did not, indeed, see the drawbacks to Joan's lot. They were not apparent on the surface. That the stately young noble who rode on a beautiful Barbary horse beside the litter, actually hated the girl whom he had been forced to marry, did not enter into her calculations; but as Joan cared very little for that herself, it was the less necessary that Philippa should do so. And Philippa only missed Joan from the house by the fact that her work was so much the lighter, and her life a trifle less disagreeable than before.

More considerations than one were troubling Philippa just now. Blanche, one of the Countess's tire-women, had just visited her turret-chamber, to inform her that the Lady Alesia was betrothed, and would be married six months thence. It did not, however, trouble her that she had heard of this through a servant; she never looked for anything else. Had she been addicted (which, fortunately for her, she was not) to that most profitless of all manufactures, grievance-making,—she might have wept over this little incident. But except for one reason, the news of her sister's approaching marriage was rather agreeable to Philippa. She would have another

tyrant the less; though it was true that Alesia had always been the least unkind to her of the three, and she would have welcomed Mary's marriage with far greater satisfaction. But that one terrible consideration which Blanche had forced on her notice!

"I marvel, indeed, that my gracious Lord hath not thought of your disposal, Mistress Philippa, ere this."

Suppose he should think of it! For to Philippa's apprehension, love was so far from being synonymous with marriage, that she held the two barely compatible. Marriage to her would be merely another phase of Egyptian bondage, under a different Pharaoh. And she knew this was her probable lot: that (unless her father's neglect on this subject should continue—which she devoutly hoped it might) she would some day be informed by Blanche—or possibly the Lady Alianora herself might condescend to make the communication—that on the following Wednesday she was to be married to Sir Robert le Poer or Sir John de Mountchenesy; probably a man whom she had never seen, possibly one whom she just knew by sight.

Philippa scarcely knew how, from such thoughts as these, her memory slowly travelled back, and stayed outside the castle gate, at that June morning of nineteen years ago. Who was it that had parted with her so unwillingly? It could not, of course, be the mother of whom she had never heard so much as the name; she must have died long ago. On her side, so far as Philippa knew, she had no relations; and her aunts on the father's side, the Lady Latimer, the Lady de l'Estrange, and the Lady de Lisle, never took the least notice of her when they visited the castle. And then came up the thought, "Who am I? How is it that nobody cares to own me? There must be a reason. What is the reason?"

"Mistress Philippa! look you here; the Lady Mary left with me this piece of arras, and commanded me to give it unto you to be amended, and beshrew me but I clean forgot. This green is to come forth, and this blue to be set instead thereof, and clean slea-silk for the yellow. Haste, for the holy Virgin's love, or I shall be well swung when she cometh home!"

(To be continued.)

RICHIE'S EXPERIMENT.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

Richie Benton's mother called him, one pleasant morning, and said she wanted him to weed a certain part of the garden. His father was away from home for some weeks, and she had no one to do such things for

her but Richie; as it was during the long summer vacation, it did not seem to her unreasonable to expect him to do a little work sometimes.

But Richie, though not daring to disobey, grieved her almost as much by his unwilling and unpleasant spirit.

"Must I, mother?" said he; "I wanted to go right off in the woods with Ben and Joe and the rest. I wish I did not have to work in vacation. I think I ought to have it all, to do just as I please."

His mother thought a moment.

"Richie," said she, "do you suppose you are the only one who feels that way?"

"Yes, ma'am." The boy looked surprised. "You can do just what you like, and father, and—"

"Stop a moment, dear. I, for one, don't do as I like, by a great deal."

"Why, mother! Do you do what you don't want to any more than I want to weed those beds?"

"Yes, almost every day. And, Richie, I do not believe that you, or I, or any one, would be really the happier if we only pleased ourselves."

"Well, any way," said the boy, "I'd like to try it for just one week—just do nothing at all but what I really wanted to do—and see if it did not make me happier."

"You may," answered his mother, "if you will allow me the same privilege."

Richie's eyes opened wide: "What, mother! Do you really mean it?"

"I do; but you must be willing I should do the same."

"Oh! that, indeed—yes! Good! shout-ed Richie, tossing up his cap. "Then I needn't weed the beds?"

"No."

"And I may go to the woods right off now, may I? Good-bye;" and he was off in a moment singing and whistling.

Mrs. Benton shut her sewing-machine and folded her work, a nice new linen suit she was making for her boy. She put it, just as it was, into her work-drawer, and throwing herself on the sofa, began to read a new and interesting book. It was far pleasanter that warm morning to lie on the sofa and read than to exert herself to sew or get dinner, and she was, for the time, without a girl.

The hours wore on, and, rather late for dinner, Richie came home, tired, and "hungry like a bear."

"Isn't dinner ready yet?" he asked, in a tone of surprise and impatience.

"Oh, I didn't like getting dinner," his mother answered, carelessly; "it was very warm to go about the stove. You can get some bread and milk; I have had some. I only get a hot dinner on your account, and this week, you know, I am going to please myself."

Richie did not like this very well, for he was not fond of bread and milk, and he did dearly like their usual dinner, of meat and summer vegetables. But, as he had been so eager to close the bargain, he had not much to say.

For tea, Mrs. Benton was usually careful to have some little delicacy that Richie liked. "She indulged him enough to spoil him," some over-careful mothers in the village said. This time she certainly did not. There was nothing on the table but bread and butter, tea and milk.

"Haven't you any strawberries, mother?" he asked; "I thought you bought some this morning."

"Oh yes, there are plenty," she answered. "You'll find them in the refrigerator, if you care for them enough to hull them; I didn't. It's not pleasant work, and it stains my hands."

Richie looked at her. What had come over his mother, usually so utterly self-forgetful, minding such trifles now?

He was tired with rambling about all day (on a milk diet too), and went up to bed early. Presently his voice came down in an injured tone:

"Why, mother, my bed isn't made."

"I didn't feel like making it," Mrs. Benton answered; "it has been such a hot day, Ritchie, and you know I was to please myself. You can make it yourself, or sleep in it as it is."

"Well, I never!" said Ritchie to himself. He spread on the clothes some way, but he was not very comfortable.

The next day there was nothing on the breakfast-table but coffee, milk and toast. Richie, again astonished, asked his mother if he couldn't have some meat.

"We haven't any," she answered; "I should have bought a steak this morning, but I didn't want to broil it."

Richie, in rather sullen silence, ate his toasts, took a tumbler of milk and went out. But in half an hour's time he rushed in, wild with excitement:

"Mother, mother! What do you think? An invitation from the Markhams to go to the White Mountains with them next week. And they do want me, mother! See, here's a note from Mrs. Markham to you. I may go, mayn't I?"

Mrs. Benton read the note, and then answered, quietly,

"I should be very glad to have you go

my boy, but for one thing. You have no suitable clothes."

"Mother! Why, mother?" Richie's face was a picture. "Why couldn't I wear my new linen suit?"

"You could, my dear; it would be just the thing, if it were made."

"But you've time enough to finish it, haven't you, mother?"

"Ah, Richie, you know I am to please myself this week. And you don't suppose I would sew in this weather to please myself?"

"But, mother, how can I go without any new clothes? And I do so want to go."

"But, Richie, what am I to do with my garden full of weeds? And I do so want to have it in order."

Richie laughed:

"I guess we'll throw up that bargain, mother. The world wouldn't be a very happy one if every one did only what he liked to do. I'll go now and weed the garden."

"Very well; you shall have your new suit in season to go to the mountains."

Mrs. Benton was in the habit of reading the Bible to Richie every night just before he went to bed—not a long chapter, or anything he would not understand, but a verse or two, or even a line.

That night she read, and Richie remembered it, "Even Christ pleased not himself."

PANTOMIMIC RHYMES.

The players are seated in circle, so that each one can be seen by all the others. One of the company is selected, who thinks of a word which can be easily rhymed with other words. Suppose it to be "blow." He then says, "I have thought of a word that rhymes with "Ow" or "O;" can any one of you guess it?" The players then, in turn, and without speaking, act out the words they have thought of. For instance, one has guessed the word hoe, and makes motions to indicate it, to which the leader, as soon as he comprehends, replies, "No, it is not hoe." Another brings in a handful of snow; another acts the right word row; another, cow; and so on, until somebody guesses and acts the right word, when he leader resigns his place to him.

Walking with God.

WALKING WITH GOD.

Music by Rev. R. Alder Temple, Dorchester, N. B.

Affettuoso.

1. Tossed with rough winds and faint with fear, A-
 2. 'Tis I who washed thy spi- rit white; 'Tis

bove the tem- pest soft and clear,
 I who gave thy blind eyes sight;

What still small ac- cents greet mine ear? 'Tis I, be
 'Tis I: thy Lord, thy life; thy light, 'Tis I, be

not a - fraid; 'Tis I, be not a - fraid.
 not a - fraid; 'Tis I, be not a - fraid.

3 These raging winds, this surging sea,
 Bear not a breath of wrath to thee;
 That storm has all been spent on Me:
 " 'Tis I—be not afraid."

4 When on the other side thy feet,
 Shall rest, 'midst thousand welcomes sweet,
 One well-known voice thy heart shall greet:
 " 'Tis I—be not afraid."

The Home.

REASONING POWERS OF CHILDREN.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

It is a very unreasonable thing for parents to expect young children to be reasonable. Being reasonable in one's conduct or wishes implies the taking into account of those bearings and relations of an act which are more remote and less obvious, in contradistinction from being governed exclusively by those which are immediate and near. Now, is it not reasonable to expect children to be influenced by these remote considerations, simply because in them the faculties by which they are brought forward into the mind and invested with the attributes of reality are not yet developed. These faculties are all in a nascent or formative state, and it is as idle to expect them, while thus immature, to fulfil their functions for any practical purpose, as it would be to expect a baby to expend the strength of its little arms in performing any useful labor.

The true course, then, for parents to pursue is not to expect too much from the ability of their children to see what is right and proper for them, but to decide all important questions themselves, using their own experience and their own power of foresight as their guide.

It results from this view of the case that it is not wise for a parent to resort to arguing or reasoning with a child, as a substitute for authority, or even as an aid to make up for a deficiency of authority, in regard to what it is necessary that the child should do. No doubt it is a good plan sometimes to let the child decide for himself, but when you pretend to allow him to decide let him do it really. When you go out with him to take a walk, if it is so nearly immaterial which way you go that you are willing that he should determine the question, then lay the case before him, giving him the disadvantages of the different ways, and let him decide; and then act according to his decision. But if you have determined in your own mind which way to go, simply announce your determination; and if you give reasons at all, do not give them in such a way as to convey the idea to his mind that his obligation to submit is to rest partly on his seeing the force of them. For every parent will find

that this principle is a sound one and one of fundamental importance in the successful management of children—namely, that it is much easier for a child to do what he does not like to do as an act of simple submission to superior authority, than for him to bring himself to an accordance with the decision by hearing and considering the reasons. In other words, it is much easier for him to obey your decision than to bring himself to the same decision against his own will.

In all those cases, therefore, in which the parent can not safely allow the children really to decide, such as the question of going to school, going to church, taking medicine, remaining in-doors on account of indisposition or of the weather, making visits, choice of playmates and companions, and a great many others which it would not be safe actually to allow them to decide, it is true kindness to them to spare their minds the painful perplexity of a conflict. Decide for them. Do not say, "Oh, I would not do this or that"—whatever it may be—"because"—and then go on to assign reasons thought of perhaps at the moment to meet the emergency, and indeed generally false; but, "Yes, I don't wonder that you would like to do it. I should like it if I were you. But it can not be done." When there is medicine to be taken, do not put the child in misery for half an hour while you resort to all sorts of arguments, and perhaps artifices, to bring him to a willingness to take it; but simply present it to him, saying, "It is something very disagreeable, I know, but it must be taken;" and if it is refused, allow of no delay, but at once, though without any appearance of displeasure, and in the gentlest manner possible, force it down. Then, after the excitement of the affair has passed away, and you have your little patient in your lap, and he is in good-humor—this is all, of course, on the supposition that he is not very sick—say to him, "You would not take your medicine a little while ago, and we had to force it down: I hope it did not hurt you much."

The child will probably make some fretful answer.

"It is not surprising that you did not like to take it. All children, while they are too young to be reasonable, and all animals, such as horses and cows, when

they are sick, are unwilling to take their medicine, and we often have to force it down. You will, perhaps, refuse to take yours a good many times yet before you are old enough to see that it is a great deal easier to take it willingly than it is to have it forced down."

And then go on and tell him some amusing story of the difficulty some people had in forcing medicine down the throat of a sick horse, who did not know enough to take it like a man.

The idea is—for this case is only meant as an illustration of a general principle—that the comfort and enjoyment of children, as well as the easy and successful working of parental government, is greatly promoted by deciding for the children at once, and placing their action on the simple ground of obedience to authority in all those cases where the *decision can not really and honestly* be left to the children themselves.

To listen reluctantly to the persistent arguments of children in favor of their being allowed to do what we are sure that we shall decide in the end that it is not best for them to do, and to meet them with counter arguments which, if they are not actually false, as they are very apt to be in such a case, are utterly powerless, from the incapacity of the children to appreciate them, on account of their being blinded by their wishes, is not to strengthen the reasoning powers, but to confuse and bewilder them, and impede their development.

The effect, however, will be excellent of calling into exercise the reason and the judgment of the child in cases where the conclusion which he arrives at can be safely allowed to determine his action. You can help him in such cases by giving him any information that he desires, but do not embarrass him, and interfere with his exercising his own judgment by obtruding advice. Allow him in this way to lay out his own garden, to plan the course of a walk or a ride, and to decide upon the expenditure of his own pocket-money, within certain restrictions in respect to such things as would be dangerous or hurtful to himself, or annoying to others. As he grows older you can give him the charge of the minor arrangements on a journey, such as taking care of a certain number of the parcels carried in the hand, choosing a seat in the car, selecting and engaging a hack on arriving at the place of destination. Commit such things to his charge only so fast as you can really intrust him with power to act, and then, with slight and not obtrusive supervision on your part, leave the responsibility with him, noticing encouragingly whatever of fidelity and success you observe and taking little notice—generally, in fact, none at all—of such errors and failures as

result simply from inexperience and immaturity.

Substantially the same principles as explained above, in their application to the exercise of the judgment, apply to the cultivation of the reasoning powers—that is to say, in the act of arguing, or drawing conclusions from premises. Nothing can be more unprofitable and useless, to say nothing of its irritating and vexatious effect, than maintaining an argument with a child—or with any body else, in fact—to convince him against his will. Arguing very soon degenerates, in such a case, into an irritating and utterly useless dispute. The difference of opinion which gives occasion for such discussions arises generally from the fact that the child sees only certain of the more obvious and immediate relations and bearings of the subject in question, which is, in fact, all that can be reasonably expected of him, and forms his opinion from these alone. The parent, on the other hand, takes a wider view, and includes among the premises on which his conclusion is founded considerations which have never been brought to the attention of the child. The proper course, therefore, for him to pursue in order to bring the child's mind in harmony with his own, is not to ridicule the boy's reasoning, or chide him for taking so short-sighted a view of the subject, or to tell him it is very foolish for him to talk as he does, or silence him by a dogmatic decision, delivered in a dictatorial and overbearing manner, all of which is too often found to characterize the discussions between parents and children, but calmly and quietly to present to him the considerations bearing upon the question which he has not yet seen. To this end, and to bring the mind of the child into that listening and willing state without which all arguments and even all attempts at instruction are wasted, we must listen candidly to what he says himself, put the best construction upon it, give it its full force; see it, in a word, as nearly as possible as *he* sees it, and let him know that we do so. Then he will be much more ready to receive any additional considerations which we may present to his mind, as things that must also be taken into account in forming a final judgment on the question.

A boy, for example, who is full of health and increasing vigor, and in whom, of course, those organs on which the consciousness of strength and the impulses of courage depend are in the course of rapid and healthy development, in reading to his mother a story in which a thief that came into a back store-room of a house in the evening, with a bag, to steal meal was detected by the owner and frightened away, looks up from his book and says, in a very valiant manner,

"If I had been there, and had a gun, I would have shot him on the spot."

Now, if the mother wishes to confuse and bewilder, and to crush down, so to speak, the reasoning faculties of her child, she may say,

"Nonsense, George! It is of no use for you to talk big in that way. You would not dare to fire a gun in such a case, still less, to shoot a man. The first thing you would do would be to run away and hide. And then, besides, it would be very wicked for you to kill a man in that way. You would be very likely to get yourself hung for murder. Besides, the Bible says that we must not resist evil; so you should not talk so coolly about shooting a man."

The poor boy would be overpowered by such a rebuke as this, and perhaps silenced. The incipient and half-formed ideas in his mind in respect to the right of self-defense, the virtue of courage, the sanctity of life, the nature and the limits of the doctrine of non-resistance, would be all thrown together into a jumble of hopeless confusion in his mind, and the only result would be his muttering to himself, after a moment of bewilderment and vexation, "I would shoot him, anyhow." Such treatment would not only fail to convince him that his idea was wrong, but would effectually close his heart against any such conviction.

But let the mother first see and recognize those bearings and relations of the question which the boy sees—that is, those which are the most direct and immediate—and allow them their full force, and she establishes a sympathy between his mind and hers, and prepares the way for his being led by her to taking into the account other considerations which, though of greater importance, are not so obvious, and which it would be wholly unreasonable to expect that the boy would see himself, since they do not come within the range of observation that could be reached spontaneously by the unaided faculties of such a child. Suppose the mother says, in reply to her boy's boastful declaration that he would shoot the robber,

"There would be a certain degree of justice in that, no doubt."

"Yes," rejoins the boy, "it would be no more than he deserved."

"When a man engages in the commission of a crime," adds the mother, "he runs the risk of all perils that he exposes himself to, from the efforts of people to defend their property, and perhaps, their lives; so that perhaps, he would have no right to complain if people did shoot at him."

"Not a bit of right," says the boy.

"But then there are some other things to be considered," says the mother, "which,

though they do not show that it would be unjust towards him, might make it bad for us to shoot him."

"What things?" asked the boy.

The mother having candidly admitted whatever there was of truth in the boy's view of the subject, and thus placed herself, as it were, side by side with him, he is prepared to see and admit what she is going to point out to his observation—not as something directly antagonistic to what he has said, but has something additional, something which is *also* to be taken into the account.

The mother could then go on to explain that, if the man had a wife and children, any one who had killed the husband and father would pity them as long as he lived, and could never see them or hear them spoken of without feeling pain, and even some degree of self-reproach; although, so far as the man himself was concerned, it might be that no injustice had been done. After the excitement was over, too, he would begin to make excuses for the man, thinking that perhaps he was poor, and his children were suffering for bread, and it was on their account that he was tempted to steal, and this, though it would not justify, might in some degree palliate the act for which he was slain; or that he had been badly brought up, having never received any proper instruction, but had been trained and taught from his boyhood to pilfer and steal.

These and many analogous considerations might be presented to the child, going to show that, whatever the rule of strict justice in respect to the criminal may enjoin, it is not right to take the life of a wrong-doer merely to prevent the commission of a minor offense. The law of the land recognizes this principle, and does not justify the taking of the life except in extreme cases, such as those of imminent personal danger.

A friendly conversation of this kind, carried on, not in a spirit of antagonism to what the boy has said, but in the form of presenting information novel to him in respect to considerations which were to be taken into account in addition to those which he had himself perceived, will have a great effect not only in modifying his opinion in this case, but also in impressing him with the general idea that, before adopting a decisive opinion on any subject, we must take care to acquaint ourselves not merely with the most direct and obvious relations of it, but must look farther into its bearings and results, so that our conclusion may have a solid foundation by reposing upon as many as possible of the considerations which ought really to affect it. Thus, by avoiding all appearance of antagonism, we secure a ready reception

for the truths we offer, and cultivate the reasoning powers at the same time.—From "*Gentle Measures in the Management of the Young.*"

A RELIGIOUS ATMOSPHERE.

BY ALEXANDER HYDE.

The atmosphere is the visible gas that surrounds us constantly, which we inhale momentarily, and from which we unconsciously draw our vitality. In it we live, move, and have our being; withhold it, and the wheels of life stop instantly. We can live without food for days, we cannot live without air a minute. The condition of the air exerts a controlling influence on our physical system. If we breathe a pure atmosphere, the effect on the lungs and all the vital organs is normal and healthy. We feel vigorous, braced up for exertion; the head is clear for thought, and the hands ready for work. If the air is heavy with carbonic acid, or polluted with miasm, we feel its depressing influence immediately; the brain moves like a steamship in a fog. If we continue long in such an atmosphere, stupor, disease, and death are certain to ensue.

Analogous to this material atmosphere which exerts so controlling an influence over our bodies, is the religious atmosphere that moulds and gives life to our moral natures. The physical in man is no more certainly effected by the air inhaled, than is his moral nature by those subtle, silent, but powerful influences which mould the character. We are not disposed to ignore the inborn tendencies which have a full force in our moral and intellectual, as in our material natures. We have had too much experience in training boys, not to know the power of these inherited tendencies. But if the child is placed among Hottentots, and knows no other than South African influences, what is there to hinder his becoming a complete Hottentot in everything but externals? We are not conscious how much we are indebted to our surroundings for our religious life, any more than we are conscious of the influence of the air on our physical life. Place a child in a family where God is really adored, where religious obligation is felt as the controlling influence, and the strong probability is that such a child will become religious. Without any special and formal influences brought to bear upon the child, it will breathe in the religious atmosphere of the house, and be nourished in its religious nature thereby. That man has a religious nature, is just as evident as that he has an intellect, and it is equally evident that his moral powers must be developed much in the same way as his intellectual.

How does it happen that the sons of educated men have aspirations for knowledge and for intellectual distinction? Is it not because they daily hear of the delights of literature? because they see their parents and other friends devoted to literary pursuits? because they are early furnished with an abundance of books, and are early taught, if not by words, certainly by actions more potent than words, that the mind is the standard of the man? in short, because they are surrounded by a literary atmosphere?

On the other hand, let a boy every day hear his father talk about making money, and see him devising ways and means for increasing his fortune, and estimating men, not by their moral worth or intellectual attainments, but by their bank account and their capacity for acquiring property—will not a boy, so situated, in all probability become a business man? He lives in a business atmosphere, and it very naturally gives direction to his energies.

Another boy lives in a family where pleasure is the great end of life. The talk is about theatres, concerts, picture-galleries, rides, parties, races, and the thousand ways in which the devotees of pleasure contrive to kill time. Such a lad may be instructed to go to church on the Sabbath, and may be formally taught that the chief end of man is to glorify God; but who expects him, surrounded by an atmosphere of pleasure, to choose a life of self-denial? God may pluck him as a brand from the burning, but in all probability sensual delights will absorb his attention, to the exclusion of higher enjoyments.

The conclusion, therefore, is irresistible, that if we wish our children to become Christians, we must surround them with a religious atmosphere. It is not enough that we make a profession of religion, go to church, teach the catechism, and occasionally give a formal lecture setting forth the duty and pleasure of a Christian life. Children are keen observers. They know the nature of the atmosphere which they breathe daily. They know whether their parents are filled with the love of God, and what their great desire is in reference to their children. There is an unseen, silent influence pervading that home, as penetrating and potent in its effects as is the atmosphere. Our children are very much what we in our hearts wish them to be. If religion is a mere matter of form or theory with us, our children will see it, and all our teaching will be in vain. If on the contrary, it is the controlling principle of our lives, they will see this also, and in all probability it will vitalize their characters, as the air vitalizes their bodies.

The influence of parents is more constant and potent than they are wont to suppose. Children notice their every word,

look, and gesture, and all these constitute the subtle influence which we have compared to that of the air. The faith of the child in the parent is unlimited, till it sees something to create distrust. The father, in the eyes of his little son, is but little short of the personification of the Deity; certainly is believed to be as incapable of mistake as the Pope is thought to be by the devout Romanist. Hence we see children uniformly following in the religious footsteps of their parents. They may not choose the same occupation, but their religious creeds are apt to be alike.—*Christian Banner.*

CHILDREN'S PARTIES.

The house opposite mine is to-night ablaze with light. Before dark I got a peep into the parlors, which are beautifully decorated with flowers. Up-stairs the front room is also adorned with flowers and wreaths of evergreen, and in the back part of it is a stage draped with flags and hung with curtains. This is for tableaux. A magnificent supper is laid in the dining-room—every delicacy and dainty, whether wholesome or otherwise, that is usually ordered for balls. This entertainment is given by a young lady of five years of age to her friends—it is a child's party. A week ago the rose-colored notes were sent around. One came here with an invitation to a little girl not yet three years old, naming eight o'clock as the hour when she was expected to arrive. (The dear little thing was in the land of dreams to-night long before eight o'clock.)

It is expected that about sixty children, from three years old to fourteen, will be there. The amusements will be dancing and tableaux. The supper will be served about half-past ten, and it will be midnight before the tired feet and excited brains of these little ones are laid on their beds. I have been watching a good many of the arrivals. One young lady, apparently about eight years old, only a few minutes since alighted from a carriage and walked slowly across the pavement and up the steps in order to display herself, or rather her clothes, to the admiration of a gaping crowd of small representatives of the great unwashed that thronged around the door, one of whom rapturously exclaimed that she was an angel. The "angel" was dressed in a pink silk dress, pink satin shoes, a costly white lace overdress, and her head a huge mass of curls and ribbons. Her arms and neck were bare on this chilly October night. It may be that whoever professes to take care of this tender young thing wrapped a shawl carefully around her, with injunctions not to take it off until she was in a warm room; and that the small ladyship, not being able to resist the

temptation of "showing off" before the crowd on the pavement, has left it in the carriage. There is nothing to prevent her from doing anything that may cross her unreasoning mite of a brain, for she has come to the party *entirely alone*. Nor is she the only child who has come thus unattended. Quite a number have been sent forth from home in the same way to do what is right in their own eyes. Others are attended by some giddy sister, brother, or friend of fifteen or sixteen, and a very few have with them responsible and trusty persons.

Last summer I attended one of these parties in a large hotel at a fashionable watering-place. It was a stifling July night. The ball-room was so crowded with grown up people that the children had but a small space left in which to dance and display their airs and graces. The air of the room was so close and oppressive that I could only endure it for a short time, although near a window and the door. I wondered how the poor little puppets, shut up in the middle of the room, managed to breathe at all. But apparently they did not need my pity, for they were in the height of enjoyment, dancing, flirting, and feasting on admiration. The grown-up lookers on, who should have had better sense, openly and loudly expressed their admiration of the beauty of such a child, the gracefulness of another, the elegance of a third, and encouraged the ridiculous little flirtations and pet smartness of others. All of these children were dressed expensively, and in the most fanciful and exaggerated styles. One of my young friends, aged nine, would not go to the ball unless her father sent to the city and purchased her a bracelet at sixty dollars, which, of course, was done. Another, aged eleven, was in a paroxysm of delight because, according to her calculations, her dress cost five dollars more than that of any other little girl present. Another, seven and a half, assured me afterwards that she had danced every dance between eight o'clock and eleven, except when eating supper.

These were children who were taken to the sea-shore that the strong salt breezes and out-door life might put fresh vigor into their frames that had become enfeebled in the city hot-beds, and that the brains that their parents imagined had been unduly excited by the winter studies might have rest!

All this is not the fault of the children. They are to be pitied for having such insane parents and guardians. This vanity and folly is put into their heads by older people. Healthy, natural little girls prefer a game of romps, or nursing dolls, or keeping house, or playing "go to see," to all this frippery and late hours and premature love-making. But after this course is once

entered upon it becomes intoxicating, and the ordinary child-life loses all its charm for them.

Of course, if one child gives a party another must do the same; and so there is a round of these festivities extending through the winter. The little brains get so excited that study is not much more than a form, and not only are parents and guardians sowing seeds for a dense crop of ignorance in the coming generation, but also for a fearful crop of nervous diseases; and let me assure them that the days are coming when their children most assuredly will not rise up and call them blessed.

I speak particularly of little girls, because boys do not suffer nearly so much from this state of things. They are injured by it, no doubt, but in a much less degree. Boys *will not* be repressed, nor will they allow their thoughts to be turned from balls and kites and tops for any length of time. Their sports are so active and compel them to get so much out-door life, that on the whole, perhaps, they get less of the poison than of the antidote. They have a safeguard, too, in the fact that the dress society gives them admits of very little in the way of display and variety. It is difficult to make premature men out of boys, but it is one of the easiest things in the world to make premature women out of girls.

It is for these, then, that I wish to put in a special plea. I feel such a pity for them that I cannot refrain from begging parents and guardians that they will let their children be children. Don't rob them of this precious gift of childhood, which is theirs for only a few brief years at the best. Encourage them to play children's plays, to use children's toys, to think children's thoughts, and to converse in the language of childhood.

As for children's parties, I do not see any objection to them if given occasionally in the proper way. As they are now given, they are senseless and wicked. It is not well to have such large parties where children of all ages are brought together. The amusements and wishes of a girl of fifteen are necessarily very far in advance of one of five. There should be a marked difference too in the styles of dress between these two ages, and more simple styles might be adopted for the older girls with advantage to their personal appearance as well as their moral development. The hours are entirely too late for even the eldest children; and the supper-table should have fewer dishes, and these should be selected with regard for what is wholesome for those whose judgments are not sufficiently mature to discriminate between good and evil. And, above all things, they should be chaperoned by older friends who can control them.

Entertainments for children from two to five years old should be given in the afternoon—say from three to five or six o'clock; for those from five to nine years from five to eight o'clock, and for those from nine to twelve the time might be prolonged until nine, but not later.

In this last list, I would like to include girls from twelve to fifteen years of age; but as these are now considered young ladies, I can not, of course, offer them such an insult. At the watering-place to which I have before referred, the reigning belles of the regular balls (not those of the children) and the young ladies most frequently seen flirting on the promenade were from fourteen to sixteen years old. But if I had a magic wand, they should remain children until fifteen at least.—*Hearth and Home.*

FIVE-MINUTE CHAT WITH MOTHERS.

In the management of your little ones, nobody doubts your love, nobody doubts your readiness to sacrifice yourselves for them; but your methods, the wisdom of your service, may often justly be questioned.

At this time we ask your attention to a suggestion or two in regard to your methods of feeding your babies. You know how vital *regularity* is with us grown people. We may take the plainest food, and in moderate quantity; but if no attention be paid to times and seasons, our digestion will soon be deranged. A man may eat nothing but beef and stale bread, the two best articles of food with which we are acquainted, and he may take them in proper quantities; in a month he will have dyspepsia if he constantly changes the hours of his meals. It is not the *kind* of food we eat at the railroad stations, but the *irregularity* of the hours of eating, which so deranges our stomachs. Now, we all know this to be true of ourselves—grown-up, matured, tough people; we believe it to rest upon a physiological law. And, in view of this law, let us consider how you feed your baby. You put it to your breast whenever it is uneasy. No matter what makes it cry; if it is hungry, or cold, or has a pin stuck in its back, or is surfeited and has the colic—no matter what may be the cause of its crying or worrying—you treat it with the same remedy—a dose of milk. The little thing does not know that milk is bad for it, and so it goes on sucking. It has learned to do but one thing—to suck; and in its eagerness to get relief it will do that fifty times a day. In this way it is made feverish and thirsty.

A baby six to twelve months old should be nursed about eight o'clock in the morning, and it should have time to get all its

wants. Every three hours, till bedtime or nine o'clock at night, it should have a good meal, which should be given with perfect regularity. During the night, nothing whatever. In a month the baby will not only become accustomed to this, but upon this system the little chap will flourish as he never did before. More than half of the stomach and bowel diseases, fevers and fits, from which babies suffer and die, come from irregularity and excess in feeding them.—*Dio Lewis.*

PROFESSIONAL NURSING.

In a contribution to *Lippincott's Magazine* for December, Dr. S. W. Mitchell urges the advantages, in many cases, of employing hired nurses for the sick, rather than relying on the attention of the family. We copy part of his argument:

What you want in a sick room is a calm, steady discipline, existing but unfeared—the patient, cool control which a stranger is far more apt to exercise than a relative. In a word, just as a doctor always feels it unwise to attend alone his own dear ones in grave illness, for like but lesser reasons the best nurse is a stranger—one who is naturally free from worry and irritations, who is unmoved by traditions of love, and who, acting simply and purely from sense of duty, takes that care of her own health which is essential to made her nursing perfect. Such an attendant is willing to take her share of sleep and fresh air, and so remain cool and tranquil under all circumstances and in all exigencies, making far more light the task of the doctor, and able from experience of illness to note changes and call for aid at needed times. Such help excludes from the sick room that host of little annoyances for doctor and patient which I may call *fuss*. I have been astonished that, in *Miss Nightingale's* book, so little is said on this subject of amateur nursing and its evils; but certainly most doctors will agree with me that, save in the cases of infants, where the mother cannot and should not be displaced, the best nursing is paid nursing, and the worst very often that which comes from the family. But if the sentiment of a too tender self-devotion, when undertaking this task, be bad for the patient, it is still worse for the loving nurse; so I feel that, despite what I have said just now, I may have failed to say forcibly enough how vast is the strain of such a task. Let any of my readers recall anew the intensity of interest, the anxious eagerness, with which they may have watched a very sick friend, wife, sister or husband. Let them bring back the nervous terrors which grew upon them

through the long hours of dreary waiting for the turn in the tide, and recall the enormous physical effort exacted, and they will perhaps come to understand me better. Such a situation brings to the nurse just that combination of anxiety with overwork which I have elsewhere described as apt in business men to bring about diseased states of brain; nor does it fail of like effect in the nursing woman thus overtaxed. The patient dies or recovers, but leaves in many cases a sad legacy of broken health to the friend who watched and wept by the bedside. I have been amazed sometimes to see how brief a period of such work will entail, even in seemingly healthy people, weeks or months of intense prostration, or some long and mischievous train of puzzling nervous systems. Indeed some of the most alarming and permanent breakdowns in (apparently) strong and vigorous women I have seen follow prolonged efforts at nursing their friends, while it is at least far more rare to see like results among paid nurses.

WATCH THE FIRES.

A placid old lady, who seemed to be all gentleness, once told me that if she ever got real angry it always made her sick. Some writer says that a fit of passion tears down the system like an attack of typhoid fever. However that may be, the effects of it are all bad, in body as well as soul. Habitually angry, fretful people destroy their health, as well as their own comfort, and much of the happiness of others. Yes, and it is really true that worry kills people faster than work. So if you wish to live long in health and comfort, learn to keep the soul quiet. "The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," the Word of God tell us, is in His sight "of great price." Oh! what could be a higher inducement to strive after this ornament! The Lord loves it. He values it more than the Kohinoor, the grandest diamond in the world. And only think, the poorest child can get this jewel!

You can learn to rule your spirit, even though it is ever so fiery. His grace is enough for all the world. But it is like any other fire; you must check it betimes. If you let it get a little headway, it may be like the Chicago disaster. Nothing but rain from heaven can put it out.

Don't let your beautiful house burn down just because of these unchecked fires of temper. Watch for the first sparks. Speak low, if you are angry; it will help much to quiet you. Think over what the Bible says about the conquerors over this sin, and resolve that you will be another to win such honors. Watch well the fires.—*The Presbyterian.*

HOW TO LIVE ON FIFTY-FOUR CENTS A WEEK.

It is now Saturday afternoon, and I will tell you in confidence a little of my personal private experience during the past week. On Sunday morning last I thought I would try for a week the experiment of living cheaply. Sunday breakfast, hulled southern corn, with a little milk. My breakfast cost three cents. I took exactly the same thing for dinner. Food for the day, six cents. I never take any supper. Monday breakfast, two cents' worth of oatmeal, in the form of porridge, with one cent's worth of milk. For dinner, two cents' worth of whole wheat, boiled, with one cent's worth of milk. Food for Monday, six cents. Tuesday breakfast, two cents' worth of beans, with half a cent's worth of vinegar. For dinner, one quart of rich bean porridge, worth one cent, with four slices of coarse bread, worth two cents. Food for Tuesday, five and a half cents. Wednesday breakfast, hominy made of southern corn (perhaps the best of all food for laboring men in hot weather), two cents' worth, with one cent's worth of syrup. For dinner, a splendid beef stew, the meat of which cost two cents. A little extravagant, you see. But, then, you know, "a short life and a merry one." Perhaps you don't believe that the meat was purchased for two cents. But it was though. The fact is, that from an ox weighing 800 pounds net, you can purchase certain parts weighing about 100 pounds, for three cents per pound. Two-thirds of a pound make more stew than I could eat. There was really enough for two of us. But then, you know how careless and reckless we Americans are in regard to our table expenses, always getting twice as much as we need. I must not forget to say that these coarse, cheap portions of the animal are the best for a stew. The very genius of waste seems to have taken possession of me on that fatal day. I poured into my stew, all at once, slap-dash, a quarter of a cent's worth of Leicestershire sauce, and as if to show that it never rains but it pours, I closed that gluttonous scene by devouring a cent's worth of hominy pudding. Food for Wednesday, eight and a quarter cents. The gross excess of Wednesday led to a very moderate Thursday breakfast, which consisted of oat meal porridge and milk, costing about two and a half cents. For dinner, cracked wheat and baked beans, two cents' worth of each, milk, one cent's worth. Food for Thursday cost seven and a half cents. Friday breakfast, southern hulled corn and milk, costing three cents. For dinner, another of those gourmand

surfeits which so disgraced the history of Wednesday. Expenses for the day, eight and a quarter cents. This morning when I went to the table I said to myself, "What's the use of this economy?" And I made up my mind that for this day at least I would sink all moral restraints and give up the reins to appetite. I have no apology or defense for what followed. Saturday breakfast, I began with one cent's worth of oat meal porridge, with a teaspoonful of sugar, worth a quarter of a cent; then followed a cent's worth of cracked wheat, with half a cent's worth of milk then the breakfast closed with two cents' worth of milk and one cent's worth of rye and Indian bread. For dinner I ate half a small lobster, which cost three cents, and one cent's worth of coarse bread, and one cent's worth of hominy salad, and closed with two cents' worth of cracked wheat and milk. Cost of the day's food, twelve and three-quarter cents. In all these statements only the cost of material is given.

Cost for the week, *fifty-four and a quarter* cents. Of course, I don't pretend that everybody can live in this luxurious way. It isn't everybody who can afford it. I could have lived just as well, so far as health and strength are concerned, on half the money. Besides, on three days I ate too much altogether, and suffered from thirst and dullness. But then I may plead that I work very hard, and really need a great deal more food than idlers. * * * By the way I weighed myself at the beginning of the week, and found that I was just two hundred and twelve pounds. Since dinner to-day I weighed again, and found that I balanced two hundred and twelve and a half pounds, although it has been a week of warm weather, and I have had unusual demands for exertion of various kinds.

But let me feed a family of ten instead of one person, and I will give them the highest health and strength upon a diet which will cost not much more than two dollars for the ten persons for a week. Let me transfer my experiment to the far west, where wheat, corn, oats, and beef are so cheap, and the cost of feeding my family of ten would be so ridiculous that I dare not mention it, lest you laugh at me. And so far from my family group being one of ghosts or skeletons, I will engage that they shall be plumper and stronger, healthier and happier, with clearer skins, brighter eyes, sweeter breaths, whiter teeth, and, in addition, that they shall live longer than your Delmonico diners, each of whom spends enough at a single dinner to feed my family of ten for a week. And last, but not least, they shall enjoy their meals more than your Delmonico dinners.—*Dio Lewis.*

FAMILY COOKING.

BY PIERRE BLOT.

The first and most important rule in boiling any article of food is to take water that has not been boiled before, or that has not been kept in a hot place for any length of time. The second is, to use it at the first boil—that is, as soon as the first bubbles begin to appear. If the water is allowed to boil for some time before using it, its alkali and gases are evaporated, its nature is changed, and it has a different effect on the articles cooked in it, having become distilled water. Some vegetables cooked therein are soft, instead of being crisp and juicy; it is also inferior for making coffee or tea.

The proper way to make coffee is by percolation, and tea by infusion. If coffee is made by boiling, its aroma and strength—that is, the best of it—evaporate with the steam. Boiled coffee is not naturally clear; it is necessary to have recourse to artificial means to clear it and make it drinkable. Custom and habit are the only reasons why so many people boil their coffee. Let us see how this custom originated.

When coffee was first introduced into Europe, at the end of the seventeenth century, filters were not known; neither were coffee-mills. The berries were then roasted on live coals, or on sheets of iron placed upon the coals, and other similar means. Then they were crushed between two stones, or pounded in a mortar until reduced to a coarse powder. This powder was put in cups, boiling water was poured over it, and the coffee was ready. It is still made in the same way in some parts of Turkey and the East, where its use is supposed to have originated. The Turks introduced it into Europe, and Europeans into America. Of course the way of making it was introduced at the same time, and was followed until the invention of different pots and different means of roasting and grinding came to the rescue.

After the pots came the filters which we have to-day, and although these are made differently, and the water is caused to pass through the grounds in various ways, still all are provided with one or more filters, and the coffee is clear when poured from them, without having recourse to artificial means.

Filters are most assuredly an improvement on pots; therefore, why not follow progress in making coffee, as well as in travelling and a hundred other things? Would those that boil their coffee be wanting in respect to their grandmothers if they used a filter to make their coffee by leaching instead of boiling it in an ordinary pot? Properly made coffee is a delicious beverage, of a rather dark amber color,

clear as spring water, and whose odor alone is sufficient to make the mouth water.

There is nothing simpler or easier than to make good coffee with a filter. Take coffee that has not been roasted for over a week at the most, grind it just before using it, use the water as described above, and as soon as it has passed through the grounds in the filter it is ready, and should be served. Last, but not least, see that your *soi-disant* cook does not make your coffee at six for the eight-o'clock breakfast.

When grocers grind their coffee too coarse to be used in a filter it must be ground rather fine (not pulverized, however), so that the boiling water in filtering through it carries all the aroma and strength with it. If, through some cause or other, coffee that has been roasted for some time must be used, it is somewhat improved by putting it in a hot oven for a few minutes, just long enough to heat it.

Tea should be drawn and served about five or six minutes after the water has been poured on it. If left longer to infuse, this will have the effect of boiling it—that is, of drawing out all its astringency, which, besides exciting the nervous system, neutralizes the aroma of the tea.

Strong coffee acts directly on the blood, and strong tea on the nervous system.

It is not the fault of a young wife just entering upon housekeeping if she does not know how to select the kitchen utensils she needs to attend properly to her new duties. She has never been instructed on the subject. Many kitchen utensils are improperly made. Some look more like playthings than tools to work with.

This reminds me of what happened to a newly imported French cook and a lady housekeeper of New York.

"Madame," said the cook, "will you please send for a strainer? I do not see any in your kitchen."

The lady, quite astonished at the demand, darted down stairs and looked around for the desired object. To find it and hand it to the cook was the work of a second. But she was not a little surprised to see the poor girl look at the strainer with wonder and astonishment.

"Does madame expect me to strain the broth, sauces, gravies, etc., with that thing?" ventured the astonished cook.

The lady was going to say "Yes, certainly," but seeing so much earnestness in the cook's countenance, she thought it best to inquire into the subject.

The cook honestly thought that what her mistress called a strainer was one of the children's playthings that had been taken into the kitchen through mistake. So it is with many other kitchen utensils.

A kitchen strainer (called by cooks a Chinese cap) costs about one dollar and a half, and will last a lifetime. It is as

easily cleansed as a coffee-cup, and strains as clear and fine as can be desired. The contents of any sized saucepan can be turned into it easily, and made to pass into a very narrow aperture. This strainer is in the shape of a cone, with a handle, somewhat like that of a frying-pan, attached to the upper end, and is made of tin and iron.—*Harper's Bazar.*

BOYS.

BY EUNICE.

A quiet and perfectly orderly home, cannot well be made to consist with a boy's comfort or highest good. Abundant playthings, with scope for childish ingenuity, may mar the order of the pleasant family room; but they are as much a part of his education as chalky blackboards and inky copy-books are in later years. You would hardly deny him the use of these because he might soil his fingers or clothing. Give him building-blocks and alphabet-blocks and a soft board, with a paper of tacks and a tack-hammer, when he is old enough to nail a tack in it, and you have placed him on the top shelf of baby-boy felicity. You can afford to "waste the tacks" in his education. It is the cheapest text-book you will be likely to buy for him. Remember this when you are bringing him toys that will help to develop his powers—and don't let anybody frighten you off from it by the cry of "useless extravagance." Remember, these are your boy's text-books. Give him a tool-chest when he is six years old, if he has any taste for such things; and don't begin too early to teach him from books, except what he learns from pictures. The letters are enough for him to know before he is six years old.

But do not neglect to teach him orally a great deal you have learned from books yourself—especially from that best of books, the Bible. I never yet knew a child's brain injured by religious knowledge. It is here you get your fastest hold of your boy, for time and for eternity.

Early tell your boy little facts and stories you pick up in the course of your reading, and little incidents that happened "when you were a little girl." There is nothing more curious in the mind of a child than the love it has for hearing over and over again the same story. It takes patience to do this, but it pays. You will keep your hold of your boy by telling him these little varied facts, which he takes such intense interest in hearing, far more than by joining in his noisy romps. He will learn to expect a far different sort of entertainment from you, and one to which he will turn with ever new delight. The child's active mind is always hungry for new ideas.

Don't expect too much at once. Discipline and mental advancement are of slow growth. All vigorous, sturdy boys—and girls, too—have "naughty fits of crying," and show strong wills that are to be their help in pushing their way through a hard world. Don't fancy that to "break the will" is to be a successful disciplinarian. Guide it—bend it to your will in firm gentleness, and you have done all that is your duty. It takes time and great patience to do this. Don't give him what he screams for as a peace-offering; but teach him early to "wait until he is pleasant" before he can have it. I think parents often overrate a child's ability to understand what you wish to teach him, though I know the current opinion is quite the other way.

It is worth everything to have the heart of your boy. I think of that every day, I believe, when my twelve-year old comes every morning to kiss mother "good-bye" before he hastens to take the early train for school. When he ask mother to sit down and take her coffee with him at his early breakfast, "it is so much pleasanter than eating alone." It makes you reluctant to leave home for the afternoon, when you know his first anxious inquiry, when he returns in the winter's twilight, is, "Where is mother?" A rough, hearty boy, too, full of all boyish sports and waywardness—but he loves his mother, and would give up his choicest possessions to add to her comfort.—*Home Magazine.*

APPLES.

There are a great many ways of using apples for food. A lady of our acquaintance makes some very palatable dishes and desserts with fruit in this way: Apples of uniform size are selected, and simply wiped and cored. This last operation is quickly performed by punching them through the middle with an apple corer, thus removing the stem, seeds and tougher parts, and making an opening for the introduction of sugar in the cooking operation which follows. After dipping the apples in water, they are placed in a deep can or baking dish, and sprinkled with sugar, about a tea-spoonful to each apple, and a tea-cup full of water turned on around them. They are then baked with a slow, steady fire till soft, when they should be removed from the baking pans for cooling and the table. When served with cream this is a dish fit for the gods. Every part of the apple can be eaten, the sugar having neutralized the acidities in the fruit and the cooking making tender the skin. It is a capital substitute for strawberries. There is another way of treating sweet apples, which some of the ancients did not practice. Stew them

in a porcelain kettle, with just enough molasses and water to prevent their burning, till cooked through, and then transfer them to the oven, with all the liquid residuum, to dry and brown. This gives a baked apple, half jellied, delicious in flavor and moisture. Sweet pickles, by some considered superior to old-fashioned apple sauce, are made by partly baking sweet apples and then saturating them in a pickle of vinegar, sugar and spices.

THE POTATO.

It may be safe to say that not more than one family in fifty knows how to cook a potato so as to make it most luscious and go the farthest.

There is a very thin outer skin on the potato, thinner than thin letter-paper, thinner than a wafer; it is, perhaps, not thicker than the twentieth part of an inch.

Immediately under this skin is the best part of the vegetable, the part which makes flesh and gives strength; this part is not more than the tenth of an inch thick. All below that, all the remainder of the potato, is destitute of nourishment. It only warms. It gives no strength; it is mere starch. Hence, in peeling a potato, the most valuable part of it is thrown to the hogs or other domestic animals, and the least valuable part is put on the table. The best way to cook a potato is to do so with the peeling on it, and take it off with the finger-nails or with a cloth, after it is cooked; then only the skin is removed, without any portion of the real nutriment adhering to it. It is very wasteful to roast or bake potatoes; they should either be boiled with their skins or "jackets" on, or should be steamed; in fact, they should never be cooked in any other way; for thus, not only is all the nutriment saved, but it is prepared in the most palatable and digestible manner possible. Wash the potatoes thoroughly and quickly in cold water, put them at once in an iron saucepan with a tight lid, and put it over the fire, as if to boil them, without any water whatever; for they are already wet, and the moisture inside the potatoes amounts to three-fourths the weight of the whole, thus affording steam enough to cook them, and sooner than boiling water would do it; for that is only two hundred and twelve degrees hot, while steam is three or four hundred and more. This method of cooking makes the potatoes dry, rich and tasteful, without burning, and they come on the table so delightfully mealy and sweet and nutritious, that you will wonder that they should be cooked in any other way, ever more. The vessel containing the potatoes should not be more than two-thirds full, so as to leave room for the steam to do its work. Until

you can tell pretty well how long it will take to cook, the lid may be lifted to stick a fork in, and replaced quickly. It is better also to keep the vessel shaken back and forth, to prevent burning. As soon as they are turned out, take off the outerskin, and place them on the table. Or they can be mashed, adding a little milk.

Another excellent method is to slice the potatoes very thin, taking the outer skin off first; then place them in a saucepan as before, shaking them all the time; in ten minutes they are ready for the table.

It is pitiful to think on how many tables, year in and year out, potatoes come sodden, hard, and many with all the best part peeled off. *Dr. Hall.*

HIGH SEATS AT TABLE FOR EX-BABIES.

There are nice large high-chairs, a little lower than regular baby high-chairs, to be found at the same furniture stores, but many parents neglect to procure them when baby No. 1 is dethroned by baby No. 2. But no child of six or seven is large enough to sit comfortably and gracefully at table in a chair made to suit a grown person especially if not allowed to put his feet upon the chair-rung. Its feet does not reach the floor, and are apt to swing about in a way to fret nervous people, and in a way that certainly is not graceful. And its elbows are not high enough to give it easy command of its plate and knife and fork. So, in teaching table manners, look first for the comfortable seating of your children. A cheap piano-stool does very well for an intermediate seat between high-chair and common dining-chair. Any man with tools can make one in a rainy day, if it seems to much too purchase a second high-chair.

A friend of ours purchased a high, yellow office-stool for a dollar. This was sawed off, to suit the needs of a child of six, above the lower rungs. A second very comfortable and useful seat was made of the part sawed off, by putting on a square board top, and cushioning it with gay woollen patch-work.

SELECTED RECIPES.

TO STEAM A TURKEY.—Rub pepper and salt inside the turkey, after it has been well-dressed and washed; then fill the body with oysters; sew it up carefully; lay the turkey in a large dish, and set it on a steamer, placed over boiling water; cover closely, and steam from two hours to two hours and a half, or till, by running a fork into the breast you find it is well done. Then

take it up; strain the gravy which will be found in the dish; have an oyster sauce ready, prepared like stewed oysters, and pour this gravy, thickened with a little butter and flour, into the oyster sauce; let it just boil up, and whiten with a little boiling cream; pour this sauce over the steamed turkey, and send to the table hot. Of course, while the turkey is steaming, you will have the oysters all ready for the gravy from the dish, and the cream also boiled, that there may be as little delay as possible after the turkey is cooked.

WHITE POUND CAKE.—The whites of ten eggs, one cup of butter, one of cream, two of sugar, three and a half of flour. Flavor with vanilla, burnt almond, or lemon. Use one spoonful of soda and two of cream tartar. Bake with care.

VERMICELLI PUDDING.—Boil a pint of milk with a little cinnamon, sweeten with loaf sugar, strain, and add a quarter of a pound of vermicelli; boil ten minutes, then put in an egg or two, mix well, and bake it for some time.

BROKEN BREAD PUDDING.—Break up scraps of bread, crust or crumb, no matter how stale, and put it into a deep pie-dish greased, cover it with as much boiling milk as will soak it, in which has been stirred two or three tablespoonfuls of chopped suet, a little sugar, and salt. When nearly cold pour over the top an egg or two beaten up, mix all well together with a spoon, smooth the top, and add a few pieces of butter or dripping.

HOG'S HEAD CHEESE.—Put hogs' heads in salt and water for two days, then wash and scrape them clean and boil until all the bones come out. Take it up, pick all the bones out and chop it fine; season it with sage, pepper, salt and a little cayenne, with a small spoonful of spice. Put it in a cloth or a tin pan, cover it, and put heavy weights on to press it. When cold, take it out of the mould and cover it with vinegar. Cut up in slices for the table, or beat it up and fry it, with or without butter.

MOLASSES CANDY, No. 1.—Two cups molasses, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoonful vinegar, butter size of a hickory nut. Boil briskly twenty minutes, stirring all the time. When cool pull until white.

MOLASSES CANDY, No. 2.—One large coffee-cup of molasses and two very large tablespoonfuls sugar, and boil as rapidly as is possible for 20 minutes. Try if it is brittle by dropping into cold water. When

done, rub $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful soda, smooth, and stir dry into the boiling candy. Mix it thoroughly and pour into buttered pans. Stir while boiling to keep it from burning. Do not pull. If you like pop corn balls, pop it fresh, and stir into a part or whole of it.

CARAMELS.—One cup molasses, 1 cup sweet milk, 2 cups sugar, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated chocolate, butter size of a butternut, teaspoonful vanilla. When the sugar and molasses are boiling, add milk and chocolate. When nearly done put in the butter, when quite done the vanilla. Spread thin and cut in small squares while warm.

EXCELLENT YEAST OF POTATOES.—Boil a potato till it breaks to pieces. When the water is nearly cool, pour it off. Add to the potato a desertspoonful of coarse sugar, and a teaspoonful of common yeast. Beat the compound up with a wooden spoon, and the yeast is made. Common yeast is only wanted the first time; what sticks to the wooden spoon will afterwards supply the place.

CARPET MATS OR RUGS.—Girls, you all want to know how to help adorn home; and a carpet, be it ever so common, saves mother and yourselves many a hard job of scrubbing and cleaning. Now, you all, I expect, know how to make rag carpets. At least, we judge so, from the nice letters you write on that subject. So we take a method of making new carpets from old woollen ones, from *Harper's Bazar*. No matter how faded, old carpets may be turned to good account by raveling out the carpet, and as you to do so, winding it in balls. When this is done, have ready some scarlet, blue or green yarn, which, if the colors of the carpet be very dull, will help to enliven them. Next take a long stick, like a yard stick, and wrap the raveled yarn tightly around it, interspersing it with a little red and green, all the way through; when the stick is full, begin to sew it along one edge, so as to secure it, and cut then it open on the other. Now do another and another stickful in the same way, until the carpet yarn is all gone. A piece of strong crash will answer best as a foundation for the rug we are proposing to make out of this, and, having hemmed it at each end, begin in the middle with a tuft of bright colors, sewing the rest around on the foundation as closely as possible, row after row, until the crash is completely covered; it may thus be made as large as required, and can be trimmed to make the tuft even. This will give you a very serviceable door mat or rug, and will wear as long as the old carpet has already done.

Literary Notices.



THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE REV. ROBERT BURNS, D.D., [F.A.S., F.R.S.E.] By the Rev. R. F. Burns, D.D. Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

The Rev. Dr. Burns was the pioneer of Presbyterianism in Canada, his biography is therefore of great interest. The first part of it refers to his early career in Scotland, and is largely composed of an unfinished autobiography written in 1867. The rest recounts his toils and successes in Canada; and this portion is one of special interest to every one connected with the denomination of which he was so distinguished a leader. Dr. Burns was born in 1789, studied Divinity in Edinburgh, then for thirty-four years he was a parochial minister in Paisley, after which he came to Canada, where he continued a vigorous and earnest worker until his death in 1869.

We might make many extracts from this work, but we will have to confine ourselves to two or three. The first is the account of the presentation of "Wodrow's History" to King William IV.

"A copy of the four volumes was got up in fine style, and presented by me personally to His Majesty, who accepted the gift readily, and at once granted the permission we craved. Through the influence of our worthy member of parliament for Paisley, Mr. Archibald Hastie, and the kind offices of Sir James Mackintosh, I had no difficulty in obtaining access to Mr. Lushington, the Under Secretary of State for the Home Department, and through him to His Majesty, at the Pavillion at Brighton. The dress, appearance, and manner of His Majesty were just those of a plain English gentleman. He was "free and easy" in his conversation, which turned principally on two topics, very diverse from each other,—the history of his ancestors of the persecuting house of Stuart, and the reception of the Reform Bill among the then starving weavers of the "gude town" of Paisley. The conference was comprised within less than half an hour. I had no

difficulty in getting in, but I felt some difficulty in getting out, for we must never turn our backs on royalty, and the eye of an inmate of the apartment was glaringly dazzled by the tapestry, and the mirrors, and the other ornaments that adorned the walls. The "Sailor King" understood it perfectly, bade me good morning, drew his arm chair, took hold of the poker, began to stir the fire (for it was the month of March); in the meantime, improving the opportunity, I made my escape."

A lively sketch not intended for publication gives the details of the interview.

"His Majesty was sitting at a table, but rose and returned my obeisance just in the way one gentleman is accustomed to do to another. I then walked to him with my volumes in my hand, and addressed him nearly as follows:—'I have the honour of laying before your Majesty a work which was published more than a century ago, and dedicated to George I. This is the second edition, with a life of the author, notes, and other additions; and your Majesty has here a specimen of the progress made in typography in the west of Scotland. The work is a national one, and has been highly approved by Mr. Fox, Mr. Chalmers, and others, as a correct statement of facts, illustrative of a very important period of our history. I have the honour of requesting your Majesty's acceptance of this copy, and to return your Majesty the best thanks of the publishers, and myself, as editor, for the condescending manner in which your Majesty has been pleased to permit the new edition of the work to be dedicated to your Majesty.' By this time his Majesty got hold of the volumes, and was busily employed examining the title-page, contents, plates, &c., with all which he expressed himself well pleased. On turning up successively the engravings of Sharpe, Claverhouse, Lauderdale, Carstairs, &c., remarks were made on each, and the King seemed to be very well informed in their respective histories. 'The work,' he said 'contains, I think, the history of the persecutions in Scotland in the days of Charles the Second.'—'Yes, please your Majesty, it is the history of the eventful period from the restoration in 1660 till the revolution in 1688.'—'A very valuable record it must be,' he added. After speaking

a little more upon the subject of the book, the King asked, 'Please sir, what situation do you hold in Scotland?' I told him, 'Please your Majesty, I am one of the parochial ministers of Paisley, so well known for its manufactures, and where, I am sorry to inform your Majesty, there is at present very great distress among the operatives, 2000 or 3000 of whom are out of work.' His Majesty asked the causes, when I adverted to several, such as the unsettled state of the public mind, occasioned by the delay in the settlement of the Keform question—the prevalence of disease on the Continent, and the restraints of trade by quarantine—the trade being overdone with us—and the periodical results of speculation, &c., &c.—'Have you many Irish in Paisley, and are they mostly Roman Catholics?' I told him that we had a great many Irish families—that the greater part were Catholics, particularly those from the South and West—that we had a good many Protestants and Presbyterians from the North—that there are many poor amongst them—and that we felt the burden of supporting the poor of that country, which has no system of Poor Laws for itself. His Majesty said, 'That is a great evil, and something must be done by the Legislature; but they must take time to deliberate on a matter of such consequence. The Ministry are determined to do nothing rashly, and they have had many things to occupy their thoughts of late.' I remarked that his Majesty's time must have been for some time past very painfully engaged with these matters; when he said, in reply, that he personally had not felt the burden so much, but that those who were his advisers had certainly done so. There was also a good deal said on the subject of the state of the poor in England, the objections to the theory and management of the Poor Laws, &c., and his Majesty shewed that he understood the subject well, and entered fully into the objections against the system of paying the price of labour out of the rates, and thus degrading the population of England into paupers, and representing those moneys as given to the support of the poor, which are, in fact, appropriated to far different objects. 'You manage these things better in Scotland.' 'Please your Majesty, our poor do not expect so much as the English poor. I observed a case in court, the other day, where the dispute lay between 5s. a head for each member of the family and 2s., and the judges decided as a medium 3s. 6d. In Scotland, in place of 12s. or 15s. for this family of poor applicants, the sum allowed for one member of it would have been held quite sufficient.' 'In Paisley, you are all, I presume, of the Church of Scotland?' 'Please your Majesty, we have many Presbyterians, dissenters from us, yet our Dissenters differ from

us almost wholly on one point—the law of lay patronage. Our standards and mode of worship are the same. We have also an Episcopal Chapel in Paisley, to the building of which, if I am not mistaken, your Majesty was pleased to contribute; and I have to inform your Majesty that when I left Scotland, a few weeks ago, the erection was in progress, and it will be a very great ornament to the town.' 'Your people in Paisley, I think, are mostly engaged in weaving?' I told his Majesty that weaving was our great staple—that about a hundred years ago Paisley began its career as a manufacturing town—that successively linen, thread, silk, gauze, and cotton, in all its forms, had been prominent—that like Spitalfields we feel deeply the depression of trade—yet that, unlike Spitalfields, we had not so near us the wealth and resources of the metropolis. I noticed, however, the great kindness of the London committee in 1822 and 1826, in contributing to our fund to the amount of £16,000 or £18,000. The King spoke of there being no predisposition to riot either in Englishmen or Scotsmen, and this led us to notice the causes of excitement, such as poverty, evil advisers, bad publications, &c. After again thanking his Majesty for the honor done me, and expressing my fear of having obtruded too long on his time, his Majesty replied very graciously, and I retired."

In connection with Dr. Burns' Professorship in Knox's College, which was opened in 1844, we read:

He was frank, generous, and kindly in his intercourse with his students. To the stiffness and starchedness of magisterial authority he was ever a stranger. The punctilious etiquette which stands on its dignity, and insists on ceremonious deference to its exacting behests, he could not away with.

To empty-headed conceit when accompanied by flippant impertinence he would show no mercy. A shallow youth, desiring to annoy him by unearthing a buried controversy, asked him if he could let him have a copy of a long-forgotten pamphlet, which he had issued during the heat of it—he replied "No! but I once published a discourse on 'Young men exhort to be sober-minded,' and if you come across a copy, I would advise you to study it."

A student being examined before a Presbytery who was not distinguished for his profundity, was asked by him: "Where was the Westminster Confession of Faith compiled?" He received, in a hesitating tone, the reply—"I suppose at *Edinburgh*, Doctor!" He would not smile on such occasions, though the scenes were sometimes ludicrous in the extreme. Tired with the inaccurate answer of another who aspired

to a student's position in Knox College, he pointed to a folio copy of "Brown's Self-Interpreting Bible" on the table, and asked "What does self-interpreting mean?" "It means, sir" (was the sage response), "John Brown's Bible, interpreted by himself—meaning, sir, that it was himself that done it!"

Another who had launched out into a prayer of prodigious dimensions, had to be stopped by the associate of the Doctor, though at his suggestion, to prevent their losing the conveyance which was to carry them to another appointment.

One of the Synod bores, no longer in this country (and there were a very few such), had taken the floor, and was descanting in grandiloquent style on the Headship of Christ over the nations—reaching the climax of his oratory in the scene of the Gadarene "Pork Sellers." Thoroughly tired out by his windy, wordy vaporing, the Doctor rose, and said—"Moderator, I am amazed that this venerable Court can listen to such *balderdash*." The orator was confounded. Floundering about, he exclaimed—"Moderator, I don't know where I was last." "You were among the Swine," replied the Doctor. The caustic response took amazingly, and did the delinquent good.

But these cases of seeming severity were exceptional. His general bearing was genial and kind. He loved story-telling. His fund of anecdotes was unexhaustible. An overflowing treasury of incidents and illustrations, with first-rate conversational powers, made him the best of company. The puckering of the lips, the sparkling of the eyes, and the wreathing of his countenance with smiles, would be the precursors of some happy hit, which would convulse the company, or "bring down the house." He never deemed it a sin to laugh, or considered that there was the remotest connexion between godliness and gloom. He generally looked on the "sunny side," and found the joy of the Lord to be his strength.

He was ever ready to tender advice, when asked, to students, in the prosecution of their studies, or to young ministers, amid the struggles and difficulties of their early ministry.

"I cannot look round my study, (writes one of them, who speaks for many), without my eye falling upon some book, or manuscript, or manual, that is closely identified with his personal and fatherly counsel and advice. So accessible, so frank, and so painstaking, that every moment found him engaged with some one or other of the students, in private, helping them out of either personal or educational difficulties.

His missionary labors even in advanced life were not few, and many incidents of

interest are related in connection with them:

Dr. Burns rejoiced in being a missionary at large. His labours in the mission field were distributed, at intervals, throughout the entire year.

In the matured glories of "the Fall" he took great delight. The mild and mellow "Indian summer," with its gauze-like haze overhanging the landscape, the genial air, the varying tints of the trees, the gorgeous tapestry of nature, presented a fairy scene on which he loved to gaze.

To the winter sleigh tour he was specially partial. It became a standing institution with him. He loved to visit the churches, to see how they did, especially in the new townships where men are "famous according as they lift up their sharp axes upon the tall trees." In many a forest cathedral the stump of a tree served for a pulpit, the canopy of heaven for a sounding-board, while his clear, sonorous voice carried the notes of salvation to the utmost limit of the thronging multitude, and amid throbbing hearts and trembling voices and tearful eyes, there ascended the sacrifice of praise. That familiar verse found a new meaning:

"Lo! at the place of Ephratah,
Of it we understood;
And we did find it in the field,
And city of the wood."

On one occasion, at the Rouge Hill, the stage in which he was travelling upset. He fell undermost; passengers and luggage came down on him. Had it not been for the great "strength of his chest, and God's kind interposition," he remarked, he might have been killed. Sometimes his experiences of travel partook of the ludicrous. He was nearly shot on one occasion for a bear! He was driving with a friend through a snowstorm, when something went wrong with the harness. They were passing a farm-house "in the bush," and while his companion went for a bit of rope, my father, dressed in his huge bearskin coat and cap, with immense hairy gloves on his hands, stepped forward in the snow, and began feeling the harness. The woman of the house, coming on the door and looking out through the falling snow, discerned the strange object, and cried out that a bear had attacked the horse. The man came running out with his gun, and was taking a sight, when he burst out with a loud guffaw, and cried, "Tuts wumman, that's Dr. Burns."

Dr. Ormiston, now of New York, mentioned to me his being associated with him once at a country church opening. On a bitter winter morning, entering his chamber to see if he was up, he found the window blown open, the snow drifting on

the coverlet, and the water in the basin frozen hard. My father was shivering in the blankets, but bearing the inconvenience, which would have disturbed beyond endurance many younger brethren, with philosophic patience and Christian resignation. With the thermometer sometimes far below zero, amid the pelting storms that assailed him in his Christmas sleigh journeys, he had often to "endure hardness," and to put to practical proof the question "Who can stand before His cold?"

Once going along the Northern Railway, the snow and ice so impeded his course that he had to spend the whole night in the cars, some respected Wesleyan Methodist brethren being his fellow-travellers. One or two of the cars rolled down a steep embankment, but he mercifully escaped. In the grey of early dawn his faithful friend and former preceptor, Mr. John Ross, came several miles along the track on a hand-car, and took him to his destination, where his appointments were fulfilled as if nothing had happened.

In February, 1858, when travelling along the Garafraxa road we visited a shanty on the road-side where he had repeatedly stopped. It consisted of a single apartment of the very plainest description, and in somewhat dilapidated condition, within which were huddled, in addition to the family, pigs and poultry, bags and barrels, and all sorts of farming implements and provisions. But beneath the coarse home-spun in these lowly shielings, there beat hearts of loyalty to Christ, and love to his servant; and he was never happier than in front of the blazing log-fire, or when partaking of the homely fare which such true-hearted hospitality supplied.

VICKS' ILLUSTRATED FLORAL GUIDE, for 1872.

Mr. Vick, the great seed-grower of Rochester, N. Y., is so enthusiastic in this business that he delights to lavish every conceivable artistic adornment upon his catalogue, making it an object sufficiently handsome and interesting for a conspicuous place upon the library table. It is in future to be issued quarterly instead of annually, and is to be had for twenty-five cents a year. We copy a paragraph about the importance of making sure of good seeds:

No business or profession requires more skill and care than growing choice, reliable seed. There is a constant tendency in

many things to mix or degenerate; and this tendency must be understood and guarded against. This can be done only by those who understand the nature of the plants—who, in fact, give this branch of business their entire thoughts and time. This, added to great experience, and the necessary conveniences for potting, glass houses, etc., enables them to grow seeds far superior to those raised in a hap-hazard way. The following article I copy from an English book called "*The Town Garden!*"—

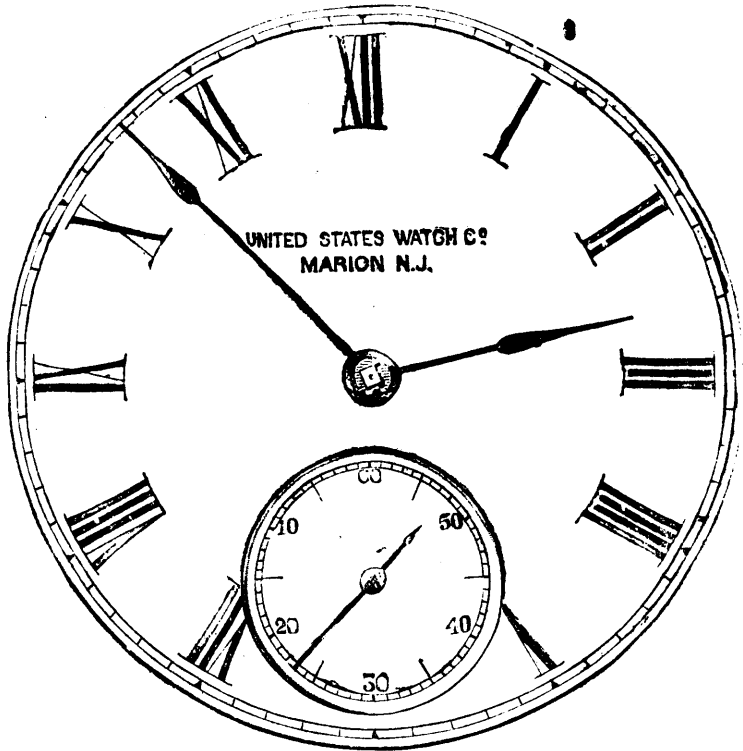
"It costs as much trouble to grow flowers from bad seed as from good, and whoever takes the trouble should make sure of seed that will be worth it. Some of the common kinds are pretty sure to be good, no matter where you get them; but Asters, Balsams, Stocks, Zinnias, and others prized for their high coloring and distinctiveness of habit, should be purchased at none but first class houses. The seed of choice flowers is saved with as much care as gold dust—for it is gold dust in another form—by all the leading growers. The plants for seed are picked with the greatest care; and as the best flowers produce the least seed, and single colorless and ragged ones plenty, that which is skilfully saved is valuable to a grain, and the rubbish is valuable only in pounds and bushels. All sorts of tricks are practiced upon seeds. Good seed is purchased at a fair price, and mixed with the worst to increase its quantity, so that in a packet of some hundreds there will perhaps be only half-a-dozen worth the trouble of culture, and you cannot know it till your trouble is nearly over and the plant are in bloom; then you are dismayed to find only one in fifty worth looking at. Asters, Stocks and Balsams have been brought to such high excellence by careful culture and skilful saving of the seed of the best flowers, that those who grow from penny and two-penny packets have no idea of the beauty of the flowers which may be secured from a pinch of first-rate seed. Asters are now to be had of the size and fulness of Dahlias, and of all shades of color. Balsams the same. Stocks of the best kinds produce grand pyramids, equal to the best Hyacinthes; and all the leading annuals are saved in distinct colors, so that the grower is in no quandary as to what the tints will be if the seeds come from a first-rate house, and are sown separate as received, and with tallies to distinguish them. As a rule, *never save seed of your own growing*; you can buy for sixpence what it will cost you five shillings in trouble to obtain; and there are a hundred chances against your saving a single pinch that shall be worth the paper you wrap it in."

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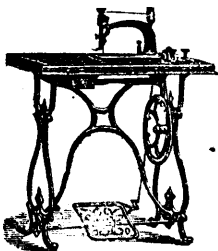
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Circulation of WITNESS —DAILY, -	10,500
TRI-WEEKLY,	3,600
WEEKLY, -	9,000
“ CANADIAN MESSENGER,	14,000
“ DOMINION MONTHLY, -	3,250

40,350

The number of issues in a month are as follows:

DAILY —26 days, 10,500, -	273,000
TRI-WEEKLY —9 issues, 3,600, -	32,400
WEEKLY —4½ issues, 9,000, -	40,500
MESSENGER —2 “ 14,000, -	28,000
DOMINION MONTHLY, -	3,250

377,150

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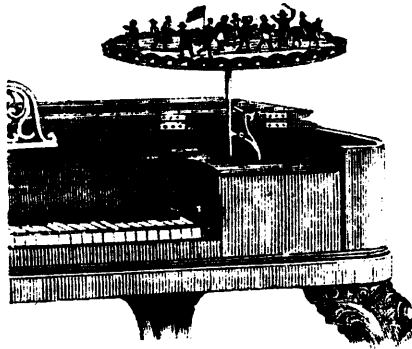
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