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# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

FEB., 1876.

CONTENTS


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| Crossing the St. Lawrence in Winter | 81 |
| Tecumseth Hall (Continued) | 85 |
| St. John and the Robber (Poetry) | 96 |
| Longfellow | 97 |
| The Story of a Girl Artist (Continued) | 102 |
| Gertrude Leigh's Story | 108 |
| YOUNG FOLKS:— | |
| Dick Morton | 119 |
| Our Three Boys (Continued) | 125 |
| Adalmina's Pearl | 131 |
| How to Acquire Good Manners | 136 |
| THE HOME:— | |
| Mrs. Hart's Idol | 138 |
| Food | 141 |
| Hints for the Sick Room | 145 |
| The Artificial Mother | 148 |
| Country Kitchens | 151 |
| What is the Matter? | 153 |
| The Dress of Girls | 154 |
| Selected Recipes | 156 |
| LITERARY NOTICES:— | |
| The Science and Art of Teaching | 157 |
| NOTICE:— | |
| Sir Matthew Begbie | 160 |
| ILLUSTRATION:— | |
| Sir Matthew Begbie | Frontispiece |



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SIR MATTHEW BEGBIE.

New Dominion Monthly.

FEBRUARY, 1876.

## CROSSING THE ST. LAWRENCE IN WINTER.

We in Canada generally prepare ourselves to meet the extremities of temperature, for the forties below zero in winter and the nineties above in summer. Those who clothe themselves at one time of the year in warm furs, adopt the light and airy serge at another time. But these furs of to-day are not such as weighted down our predecessors of thirty years ago ; the ponderous cap has given way to the lightest possible substitute, and the oppressive coat which prohibited all walking is replaced by one whose weight is a bagatelle. But, although we must endure in this Canada of ours the extremes of cold and heat, we still have consistency. A glance at the sky and the direction of the wind, and one can tell pretty closely what kind of weather is to prevail during the next two or three days. We are not, as in England, misled by a beautiful sunshiny morning into the belief that slip coats and umbrellas are unnecessary, and find out in two or three hours afterwards that a steady downpour has set in for the afternoon. Nor do we issue from our houses laden with overproofs to face the rain storm, and melt in the afternoon under a sultry heat. Our weather does not snare us into any such delusions ; when it rains it rains ; when it is fine it is fine. And these forties below zero are they not often enjoyable ; can we not wrap up and exclude the cold infinitely better than the Englishman can, even when his thermometer stands only at zero ? The bitter east wind and chilling, searching blasts of the fog-surrounded island cannot be kept from freezing his very marrow, by any amount of clothing, the dampness of the atmosphere enters his very soul. And our nineties are not oppressive ; they do not prove as enervating as eighty in the mother country ; there is not the killing and choking sultriness in our heats as oppress the "Stay at home Briton." But there are times and circumstances when the most inured to cold must feel its intensity, and such now and then occur when crossing the St. Lawrence River between Quebec and Levis during the coldest of months, January and February. Some years ago the only possible means of transit was by canoe ; but the advance of science has had the effect on lethargic Quebec to induce the running of steamers in winter, so that now one can sit in a comfortably heated cabin and cross without the slightest inconvenience. But steamers, like many other articles, are subject to breakage,

wear and tear; and so it occurred one day last February, when my presence was imperatively demanded at Levis, that I had to cross in a canoe. Looking down from Durham Terrace on the ice-blockaded river, from whose surface rises, as it were, the steam from a caldron, one shudders at the thought of passing through a reality of one of the horrors of Dante's Inferno. One can imagine the last struggling with the crashing ice and sinking anon into the freezing flood. One can, here and there, distinguish indistinct forms fighting for life and escape amid the battling floes; and from out, as might be supposed, the sulphur-fumes, sounds as of agony reach one as he gazes down in wonderment and fear. But through that mundane Inferno I had to pass; business must be attended to, and to Levis I had to go, "though Hades yawn between." Well clothed in furs and my feet in Indian moccasins, I drove down at ten o'clock in the morning to the wharf. Before me on the *batture* was the canoe—a vessel known in many places as a "dug-out;" it was about thirty feet long and five feet broad, pointed at both ends, at one of which there was a small Union Jack displayed; seats were placed amidships, while in the stern was a luxurious display of buffalo robes, in which the *cabin* passengers were supposed to recline and wrap themselves, of whom there were two besides myself—a newly married pair on a wedding tour to Europe. Poor bride! it was an ominously cold entry on a new life. There were six *steerage* passengers (those who crossed at a cheap rate, and were obliged to assist in working the canoe), and those with the crew, numbering six, occupied the seats. Some freight and some luggage belonging to my fellow *cabin* passengers, were also on board. It was a bitterly cold day, thirty-eight below zero; and as I looked upon the cruel river I could see but the mist rising from its surface, while within a short distance huge masses of ice rushed down with the resistless tide. It seemed a rash undertaking, a tempting of Providence, a downright madness, to face such danger to cross that river; so I asked one of the men how long it would take to reach the other side; he replied about twenty minutes. This man seemed to take things with the utmost *nonchalance;* he was sitting on the side of the canoe with one foot in the icy water. I thought he was acting so through bravado, and asked him if he was not afraid of wetting his foot and having it frozen. I merely showed my ignorance by the question, as he told me that his foot was frozen, but that he was thawing it by keeping it in the water, which was not frozen.

We the *cabin* passengers stepped into the canoe and wrapped up ourselves as comfortably as possible, waiting for our departure. I could not see much of my companions. A large cloud completely hid the lady's face from view; but, by the way she clung to her husband, she was both terrified and cold. At ten o'clock we weighed anchor, that is, the canoe was shoved from the *batture* into the river. No sooner was it so, than the men began paddling up the river against the tide; but it was so strong that our headway was hardly perceptible. Extra paddles were then handed to the *steerage* passengers to assist, and our progress was a little better. For a long distance we continued to skirt the city wharves, for no opening seemed to offer in the compact and rugged masses of ice which rushed down with the stream. At times a large block would almost graze our canoe, and the higher parts of it overhung us as we passed. Now and then there would happen, as it were, a conflict between the larger masses, when the smaller would be immediately crushed and overturned, causing in the water a sort of miniature maelstrom which threatened to engulf our canoe. Higher up the river we went, till the men thought they could cross without danger of being carried

down the river, by the tide, past the landing place on the other side. A sort of channel was found, and through that we went, having on each side a threatening wall of crashing ice. Suddenly an open space appeared, and a sail was immediately set and we skimmed quietly over the lake-like surface without the aid of paddles. In a few minutes we were among the ice floes again, paddling through a channel; but this gradually closed, till the danger of the canoe being crushed like an éggshell, compelled the crew and the working passengers to leap out and haul the lightened vessel over the ice; this was not unaccompanied by danger, for every now and then some of them slipped into the water between the pieces of ice and wet themselves to the waist in the horridly cold river. Then followed a respite, for another small sheet of clear water brought the sail again into requisition. Another immense mass of ice was before us with a welcome channel, and into that we glided; but not for a great distance, for in a short time we became ice-locked; the channel behind us had become closed, and we drifted helplessly down with the floating mass. It was impossible to drag the canoe from its dangerous position, as on each side the ice was more than ten feet high, piled up like jagged rocks. The crew for a time seemed paralyzed; but one of them, more active than the rest, climbed up on one of the ice mountains to discover a means of escape; he soon returned with the disheartening news that he saw none. Swiftly we were carried down the stream, dreading each moment to be crushed to atoms. Two hours passed and our position was unaltered. At last a movement of the ice filled us with horror; the channel was gradually closing. All had to leave the canoe and gain the icy barriers. The man said that the ice had become jammed in front, and that the canoe would be broken to pieces if it could not be lifted from its position; but while he was speaking the disaster occurred, and we saw canoe, luggage and freight reduced to atoms by the irresistible ice floes. Far away in the distance we saw the shining roofs and church steeples of Quebec; to the north was the Island of Orleans, between which and ourselves was a narrow strip of the blue waters of the St. Lawrence. Within half a mile to the south was the Beaumont shore, seven miles below Levis; but, between us and that shore, was a disheartening prospect. Rocks and mountains of dangerous ice appeared in every direction, and over it was no road but what we ourselves must make, The poor bride was terrified and sick with fear, and her husband almost wild with distraction; but the danger had to be faced, for to remain where we were was certain death. The captain of the canoe took the lead, and our weary, perilous march commenced. Half a mile—not a long walk through country fields—not a long stroll on a level sidewalk—not a long promenade in a fashionable resort—not very tiresome on a seaside beach—not very distressing in the heat of summer, quite exhilarating on a winter's day; but when that half mile is over slippery piles of ice, across dangerous crevices, down which may be seen rushing the cruel, cold river, ready to engulf you; over treacherous and dangerous new-formed ice; when a false step plunges you into a watery tomb; when every few feet a heavy fall renders you almost senseless, and tears the skin off your hands and legs, notwithstanding the protection of your clothes; when your limbs become almost powerless with the penetrating cold; when the eyes become dim with the rays of the dazzling sun and the glare of the bright snow; when a hopelessness and despair take possession of you, and your senses become paralyzed, and a heedlessness and recklessness of life add to your miseries,—then a half mile seems an interminable distance. Poor bride! even amid my own suffering I could not help pitying and being

wretched for you; assisting you when I found that your husband's wild devotion could not add sufficient strength to aid you. Never, perhaps, shall I see you again, but never shall I forget your terror and agony on that half mile walk—a terror and agony which could be exceeded only by your love and anxiety for the safety of your husband. Poor bride! when at last we arrived on shore and found shelter in a friendly house, what a deadly faint she fell into! And then for the first time I saw how young and beautiful she was, although then pale and death-like. On first recovering consciousness, her first enquiry was, "Charles, where are you—are you safe?" but Charles was not far away; his head was bending over her, and her hand clasped in his, and they were happy in each other's safety, in each other's love; happy I hope they may be for many, many years. We were rather a sorrowful party as we started in carioles from Beaumont for Point Levis, for we had all been losers by that wretched, miserable trip. Charles and his wife had lost their luggage; but nothing could induce her to recross the river to purchase new clothing—"that," she said, "could be had in Montreal;" so they drove direct to the Victoria Hotel, to wait for the evening train. The crew had lost their canoe, and consequently their occupation for the winter was gone, and their faces told a long tale of apprehension and disappointment. The steerage passengers had each, no doubt, some minor troubles which to them appeared irreparable; one I heard mournfully deploring the loss of his tobacco box, while another was equally inconsolable over the disappearance of his muffler. As for myself, my losses were highly problematical. I had an engagement with an influential and honorable member of the House of Commons, who had promised me a Government berth, and had made an appointment with me to meet him at the Grand Trunk station at eleven o'clock that morning. As it was then four, and the train had started at twelve, it is hardly necessary to add that I did not meet the influential and honorable member. Whether the consequences to myself would have proved otherwise than they have done had I met him, is highly problematical; for highly influential and honorable members are very apt to forget in Ottawa what they promise in Quebec. In conclusion, I may say I did not return to the city by canoe, but waited till the next day for the steamer, which had, in the meantime, fortunately been made seaworthy. Had she not been so, I should probably still have been at Levis.

# TECUMSETH HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GIPSEY'S GOVERNESS," &C.

## CHAPTER IV.

When Myrtle awoke next morning her first thought was of Tom's accident; then, of Miss Douglass. Tildy, as was her duty, would visit her mistress's bedroom at an early hour, in order to arrange it, and receive the lady's directions for the day; she would in all likelihood give an account of the evening's danger, and thus greatly excite Miss Douglass. Springing hastily up, Myrtle dressed, and quickly sought Miss Douglass's room.

"You are bright and early, Myrtle," said Miss Douglass, pleasantly. "I've just wakened up, and was thinking of ringing for Tildy. Touch the bell, please. Louder, Myrtle. Now, sit down. You look as if you had a weight on your mind."

"Did you sleep well?" asked Myrtle, poking at the fire in the grate.

"Oh, beautifully. I never heard a sound. I hope I shall leave my room to-morrow. I feel myself getting stronger every moment."

"That's good; then you did not hear us. Your nephew hurt himself, but he is all right now."

"Philip! Surely not Philip?" asked Miss Douglass, in alarm.

"No, not Mr. Douglass."

"Tom, then," broke in the terrified lady. "Tell me all about it, Myrtle. Poor boy!"

So Myrtle, in a few words, related the story of Tom's adventure in the quarry.

"Is Philip here?" asked Miss Douglass, when the young girl ceased.

"He was not at home last evening, Miss Douglass."

"Dear me!" sighed the lady, "what shall we do? Do you know how Tom is this morning, Myrtle?"

"Please don't worry," pleaded Myrtle. "I'll run down and see, and I'll tell Tildy to come. Perhaps she has not heard the bell."

Myrtle, wishing to give the maid her message, ran into the dining-room, before knocking at the library door. The table was laid, and the fire was dancing gleefully in the grate. Leaning on the mantel-piece, just under Tom's favorite picture, was Mr. Douglass. He was watching the coals, and seemed lost in painful thought. A weary look rested on his brow, and no smiles lit the fierce eyes. He was scarcely thirty, yet his dark hair was streaked with grey. It was a handsome, though generally cold, face that rested on the tightly closed hands, a face that could beam with energy and be eloquent with the impulses of a strong, sweet nature; but no one in Heathfield, save his aunt and Cousin Tom, had seen that countenance aught but frigidly stern.

Myrtle stood and watched him a moment. This, then, was her guardian—"the kind old man," for no one but the master of Tecumseth would invade the hall with freedom at such an early hour. Besides, Myrtle saw the close resemblance which existed between the aunt and nephew. As she was turning to leave, Mr. Douglass glanced up. Something in the strong, proud face, and the dignity of the now upright,

splendid figure, sent a throb of fear to the girl's heart.

Before she could utter a word of apology, he advanced, and with a courteous, grave politeness, said:

"Miss Haltaine, I believe."

"Yes, Mr. Douglass," replied she, withdrawing her nervously proffered hand. "How is your cousin, please? Miss Douglass is anxious to know," asked Myrtle, feeling as if an iron hand were rapidly closing around her whole self.

"Better, thank you. I have just left him. He is sleeping," said Mr. Douglass, whose voice would have been rich and full, save for the marked constraint in every tone.

"I will tell Miss Douglass," and Myrtle turned, and when she reached the hall, fled fleetly away, as if her imprisoned spirit had just escaped from a power she could not define. After easing the sick lady's mind she went back to her own room, forgetful for the moment of Mr. Douglass; but when Rosalie knocked, and announced breakfast quietly, so as not to disturb the sleeping boy, all Myrtle's feeling of repulsion returned. "I hate that man,—I cannot tell why. But I won't let his will be stronger than mine; I will fight against it, and be afraid of nobody."

Curling her mouth with an irony one would scarcely dream dwelt in her gentle self, she threw a defiant little nod at her reflection in the mirror, and, after a finishing touch to her collar, tripped down the broad stairway with the mien of a young queen.

Mr. Douglass was reading the paper, but threw it aside on her entrance, and gravely as possible directed her to his aunt's accustomed seat behind the tray. Rosalie was in waiting, and despatched her duties with an alertness that was wonderful to behold. Her volatile tongue was subdued in the presence of the master. When she withdrew, Myrtle made an effort, and glanced over at her guardian. His eyes were on his plate, and an unmistakable frown rested on his broad brow.

"What a bear!" mentally ejaculated Myrtle. "Wonder if I were to offer him sugar would he sweeten up." On the spur of the moment she bent slightly forward and said:

"Will you have some more sugar in your coffee?"

Her pretty girlish voice, breaking so suddenly on the stillness, made him look up to see a lurking mirth shining in her dark grey eyes, and a half comical quiver on the coral lips.

"Sugar? No. I'm sweet—it's sweet enough, thank you," he replied in a voice intended to be coldly polite, but which had an undeniable roll of thunder in it.

"How he growls!" thought Myrtle as she broke a Graham biscuit, and ate it as unconcernedly as if the bear were miles and miles away; nevertheless her anger was aroused. What had she done to be treated in this strange fashion? Nothing at all, Myrtle dear; but you are one of those detestable girls—and a lovely one, to make things worse.

When she was leaving the dining-room she turned and said,

"If there is anything I can do for your cousin, I wish I could help." Her voice died away in a little appeal; she felt so truly sorry for Tom's trouble. There she stood in the doorway in her clinging black wrapper, one hand on the door-knob, one playing nervously with her chain. A charming picture of a dainty young damsel, more fitted to grace a drawing-room and finger a piano, Philp thought, than to endure the toils of a sickroom. He forgot that sunbeams, little, glancing, brightening sunbeams, are often of infinitely more avail to sufferers than all the compounds of learned men of medical calibre; and that the soothing action of one skilled in tender nursing was better by far than the rough handling of untrained hirelings; so he thanked her dryly, and said that she would be *spared*

the annoyance. The servants would assist him, and, if necessary, there should be a nurse.

Myrtle sought her room in no amiable mood; she tossed round her beloved books, and pounded the window-sill, while two pink spots burned on her creamy cheeks.

"I wish I were eighteen,—I wish I were! This horrid place! That horrid man! Oh, if I could *only* get away for ever! I feel like a prisoner. Only for Miss Douglass, I know I would go wild. I know that big bear hates me, and I hate him heartily." She beat her pretty foot sharply on the floor. I doubt if Myrtle were ever more aroused in all her fifteen years.

The morning passed slowly away, and more quickly fled her anger. She was half annoyed to find that she was fast forgiving Mr. Douglass. The bright sunshine streamed into her room, darting with many a shivering slant over the pretty chintz-covered lounge, lighting everything with a fairy hue, and beaming, too, on the girl's tossed heart, banishing her resentment, just as David's melody of old banished the evil spirits from their stronghold in the soul of the king.

"How small I am to be so furious at a trifle!" thought Myrtle, with a blush for her own weakness.

"I need not mind how the bear growls, providing he does not bite; so I'll be happy if I can." The dancing mirth came back to her eyes, and smiles curved, and chased the shadows from her mouth. Happy, sunny Myrtle! she little dreamed what a power there was to be some day in her own blithe presence. Possessed of a naturally buoyant temperament, although deep feelings were safely hid from curious eyes, she stepped over hillocks with airy footsteps, where others would have raised mountains, and climbed hard day after day, never catching a glimpse of the silver lining behind the cloud. As she sorted her books, Myrtle soliloquized, girl-fashion, thus:

"No use grumbling, I've got to live here. My heart is topsy-turvy, so I suppose that's why I hate things I ought to like. Miss Douglass, or Aunt Theresa as she wishes me to call her—she's a kind of an aunt, anyway—I like her. I'll love her before long I am just sure. She is ever so agreeable; Mr. Douglass is ever so disagreeable. Tom—well, one cannot dislike everyone, and he is sick, poor boy; I feel sorry for his broken arm. I'll just skim along until I'm eighteen. I'll make Miss Douglass love me if it is possible; I won't quarrel with Mr. Douglass—just endure him. Then, Tom; well, I will be myself to Tom, and he can like me or not, just as he pleases; still I fancy there is lots of good in him. His eyes looked so thankful last night, when I held his poor hand. That Doctor Burke was so rough. I'll read a little now, and learn some more of 'Guinevere,' to keep up the old fashion papa and I had in France."

Myrtle found Miss Douglass up and dressed, when, later in the day, she went to the lady's chamber.

"Oh, Miss Douglass, how nice!" she cried in surprise.

"Yes, it's time for me to be active again. I am going down to the library this afternoon to see Tom. To-morrow, Dr. Burke thinks, I will be much stronger."

"Can I read to you, Miss Douglass? —Or Aunt Theresa, I should say."

"It sounds better, Myrtle," said Miss Douglass, beaming at the young girl by the hearth. "Yes, but first will you take a message to Tom. Philip was called away to the office. Cheer him up a bit, Myrtle; and tell him I am going to make a pilgrimage downstairs in the afternoon. I told Rosalie to wheel the piano close to the folding-doors, so we will have some music if you wish. You will find the book we were speaking of yesterday in that little

room—'Philip's den,' Tom calls it—just round the hall from the dining-room."

"Yes, I know the room, with all the papers and the printing press," replied Myrtle as she left the room.

"Another message, Myrtle," called Miss Douglass after her. "Ask Tom if he would like to have Percy or Gerard sent for. They are his chief friends."

Tom was in the library. In accordance with Mr. Douglass's directions, Rosalie that morning had arranged a comfortable resting place on the same great lounge where Tom had taken the memorable nap when his dreams had been of such a pleasant nature. Philip had arrayed the sick boy in a gay dressing gown which presented a marked contrast to the dejected face on the pillow. Dr. Burke had made an early call and left his patient with brighter prospects than could have been expected after an accident that might have proved serious.

"Good morning," said Myrtle, cheerfully.

Tom looked up and catching the inspiration of her smile answered with a nod.

"You are getting on beautifully," continued Myrtle arranging the tray which the maid had just brought in.

"So Burke says, but I'm in torture here." Tom touched a band which strapped his arm, and came down rather tight over his wounded hand. Myrtle took the scissors from the table, loosened the band slightly, then arranged it in such a manner that the poor mangled wrist was freed. Unwrapping the cruelly torn fingers, she gently poured over them a healing salve which had been left by the Doctor, then she tied them up so tenderly that Tom inwardly blessed her.

"That is just the ticket," muttered the lad with a pleased glance out of his honest blue eyes. "How under the sun did you learn the dodge? You might start opposition to Burke. He is an old rascal."

"Rosalie says that the 'old rascal' stayed with you all night. Not many would do that, I fancy."

"No, I suppose not, but now can you do this up so comfortable kind of?" asked Tom, nodding with a groan towards his wounded arm.

"What is wrong?—the other hand?"

"Just a bruise or two; never mind," replied Tom, trying not to wince as he lifted a cup of tea to his lips.

"I always had a fancy for taking care of sick people. You know I nursed my father, always." Her voice softened and a shadow crept over her sensitive mouth. "He liked to have me best." There was an odd little choke in her throat as she turned for a fresh pillow on which to better stay the broken arm. When she returned she had mastered her momentary sobs, and with the old pleasant light in her eyes, she said, as she carefully settled the soft pillow,

"Let me feed you; I know it hurts. You sit up so, and I'll cut this piece of chicken."

Tom grew fiery red, but Myrtle went quietly on, cutting dainty morsels and talking as cheerfully and friendly as if they had been brother and sister all their lives.

"I once set a cat's tail," broke out the amused girl.

"A cat's tail!" echoed Tom.

"Yes, our poor old puss once on a time broke her tail, and Mamie, our servant, brought her to me; so I got a little stick and tied it up."

"Was it any good?" queried Tom, as he nibbled off the fork which Myrtle held up with a funny little laugh.

"The tail? Oh, yes; it was stiff a little. Shall I get you another cup of tea?—this is rather cold."

"No, thank you," said Tom, graciously wondering meanwhile how it was this girl gave one such a comfortable kind of feeling. He was fast overcoming his bashfulness, and soon found himself quite at ease. It was rather amusing

after all to be fed in this way, and no one enjoyed it more than Rosalie, who was dusting in the next room.

"Meester Tom, for all de world you like one big babee; oh me! it is vairy funee for sure."

"You wouldn't find it so funny," said Tom with his growl. But the French maid was off, with a little cackle of a laugh that amused Myrtle and Tom immensely.

"She is a queer one," said Tom as Myrtle put the tray on the table. "She has lived with Aunt ever since we came to Heathfield; so she speaks her mind. You aren't going, surely."

"I think I must now; I am going to read to Miss Douglass. Oh! I forgot—she is coming down by and by, and she told me to ask you if you wanted either Percy or Gerard, I think it was."

"Percy Fetcher and Gerard Irving? No, I guess not; they will make a racket, and my head is upside down."

"Very well, then; take a nap now, and look out for company."

Half way down the hall, Myrtle could not resist an impulse that came over her; so she turned, and, going back, said, with a mischievous twinkle in her gray eyes:

"Pleasant dreams, Mr. Rayburn." Quickly closing the door she fled.

Tom lay back on his pillows with a frown. "That last dampens the coals a little; still she is a firstrate kind of a girl. It put me in mind of *her*. Oh, Marion!" And thinking bitter thoughts Tom dozed off, to dream of a lovely girl bending over a little sick boy who tossed with pain on a hospital cot.

It was late that evening when Philip Douglass and his head bookkeeper left the office in company. Business of an important nature had detained them after the closing hour.

"It looks like stormy weather," said Mr. Douglass, as they stood a moment at the entrance to the Hall grounds. "Henry, if I am detained in the morning send Ouimet and Xavier up the river to look after that affair we were talking of."

"All right. Edith will be expecting me I will run up in the morning to see Tom. There is Tessie beating on the window pane. Good night, Mr. Douglass."

"Good night, Henry."

Henry Trevor, with a light gay whistle, sprang over the road and up the well shovelled walk to the "house over the way," an old-fashioned, rambling building, where ringing laughter and baby voices made tempestuous music. He passed into the warmth and brightness to be rapturously welcomed home; while his friend and employer, Philip Douglass, lingered on his own wide verandah, listening with compressed lips to the sounds that floated from the parlor, where Myrtle Haltaine's fresh young voice rang out the words of the well-known plantation song, "Old Folks at Home," little dreaming in her innocent heart, what pain she was inflicting on Tom, as he hid his face on his pillow; on Miss Douglass, as she leaned her head on her hands, and thought of another voice, sweeter by far; and on the strong man, Philip Douglass, as he leaned against a stone pillar, while wave after wave of scorn and anguish dashed over his face. Long after Myrtle ceased, he entered, and went instantly to the library. Tom was still there waiting for him, and though he smiled an affectionate welcome, there were tears in his eyes and on his long brown lashes; he swept them away at the sound of his cousin's voice.

"All alone, Tom?" asked the gentleman, bending over the tossed hair on the pillow.

"All alone, Philip. Aunt and Miss Myrtle have gone to their rooms. You are late to-night." There was something akin to sorrow in the boyish voice, which was softened to-night—perhaps with a throng of old memories.

"Rather late, Tom, poor fellow,"

Philip smoothed back the brown short curls as gently as Miss Douglass might have done.

"It's nothing; I'll be round soon and larking—breaking my neck, Burke says," laughed Tom. "Sit down and take it cool, Philip. You are working too hard these days. Getting grey, too, and not thirty yet."

"Don't you want me to help you upstairs?" enquired Philip. "You will be much more comfortable."

"Not yet. I want to be with you a while. Now that I've hurt this abominable arm, I cannot go on the drives with you."

Mr. Douglass sank into a deep chair, like one thoroughly weary and completely fagged out. "It's good to get a rest," he said, leaning his head against his hands, which he clasped on the back of the chair.

"You work too hard, Philip."

"I? Oh, no. I like it."

"Have you seen *her?*" queried Tom, after a long pause.

"Who?" asked the gentleman, glancing up from the coals which he had been intently watching.

"The little girl, Miss Myrtle."

"Oh, Myrtle Haltaine. Yes. She is a tall girl, Tom. This has been a dull day for you, I suppose. We have had some trouble about the North River timber."

"I thought something was wrong when Trevor came after you. Oh, no, I wasn't exactly dull," yawned Tom. "Myrtle came in and had a talk, and then she sang for Aunt and me to-night. Aunt was downstairs, Philip."

"I hope she will be *quite* well soon," said Mr. Douglass, in a heart-felt way, that showed how precious the calm, dignified lady was to her nephew.

"Myrtle heaped burning coals on my head, and I cannot get over liking her exactly," said Tom.

"How, Tom?"

So Tom told all the tale in a boyish, impulsive way that was pleasing to hear. When he finished, Philip took up the evening paper, and Tom did not see the little scornful smile that flitted over his friend's face.

"That is good," was all he said, as he plunged into parliamentary news; but the words swam before his eyes, and ever and anon came the memory of a gleeful, charming voice ringing out with strange, wild music—

> "Oh, the world is dark and dreary,
> Everywhere I roam."

He dropped the paper on the floor, and walked up and down the room.

"Tom," he said, after a pause.

"Well!"

"This will make a break in our lives."

"Myrtle's coming?"

"Yes."

"You don't like it then, Philip?"

"Hardly, Tom; still it may be happier for Aunt,"

"I am sure of it," cried Tom with enthusiasm. "She is a regular splendid girl—no airs or fuss, just sensible and comfortable."

Tom was his true self with Mr. Douglass, for a steady, deep love existed between these two; the boy was dearer to the man than any other being on earth.

"Who asked her to sing *that* song?" asked Mr. Douglass, pausing to examine a parcel of books.

"No one. You didn't hear it, Philip? I was glad at the time that you were away," said Tom quietly, as if he were treading on forbidden ground.

"Yes, I heard it." Philip's troubled eyes smiled reassuringly at the boy's earnest face, "Never mind, Tom,—

> "'Into each life some rain must fall.'"

He tried to speak gaily, but Tom's eager ears caught a sound of muffled pain.

"Come now, Tom, it is getting late; will help you up-stairs."

## Chapter V.

Several weeks passed slowly away. In due time Miss Douglass resumed the rule of Tecumseth in person. Tom left the seclusion of the library, to wander at will in company with his beloved dogs. Mr. Douglass was engrossed in business; his absences from home grew more frequent, until the Hall was almost deserted by its master. Meanwhile, Myrtle enjoyed herself to her heart's content; there were so many new books to read, delightful romances, pretty home stories which she liked best, histories, and charming books of travel. As yet, no attention had been paid to her studies. She practised faithfully, because she loved it; so that many of her hours were spent at the piano, playing, as Tom described it, "sleepy music." She had a soft, but firm, true touch, and gave great expression to everything she attempted; still Tom, who was fond of tempestuous jigs, had no soul, he said, for Myrtle's dreamy airs. However, her acquaintance with Tom ripened into an honest friendship. With all his clumsy "don't care" ways, the boy was very lovable, and could be a most entertaining companion when he chose to exert himself. As Myrtle proved to be just about as nice as Aunt Theresa, he rapidly showed the better side of his frank, fine nature, interesting himself in her pleasures. He offered to escort her to the quarry-pond, and even guided her safely while she learned the mystery of skating; taught her to drive the black ponies, and made the Hall merry with his boyish larks; for all of which condescension she was expected to sing her old songs, and many new ones. As Tom was of a comic turn of mind, he indulged largely in "Not for Joe," "Paddle Your Own Canoe," "Constantinople," and so forth, much to Miss Douglass's aversion, as even Myrtle's silvery tones could not make these songs agreeable to her ear; but the young girl sang on enduringly, willing to sacrifice her own tastes for the pleasure of seeing Tom's evident enjoyment.

Between out-door pleasures and home amusements the winter days glided by. Miss Douglass rapidly gained her wonted health, and entertained quietly the few friends who could count among their benefits the happiness of her companionship, and made the Hall bright with her own calm, sweet presence. When Tom was able to use his gun, he went on long tramps through the woods with Oscar, the successor to the late lamented Boxer, whose young life had been so thoroughly quenched on the night of Tom's disastrous exploit in the quarry. Myrtle essayed short snow-shoe tramps, too, and on one of these expeditions made a pleasant acquaintanceship with the inmates of the "house over the way."

"Now, Chickie dear, be careful. Percy, you watch well over your little sisters, and don't let Tessie and Daisy take *Firefly* to the big hill."

"I's go on 'ittle hill, eh ma?—nice 'ittle hill, with Daisy, eh ma?" rattled Tessie, a young damsel of four, patting her tiny sister of half-past two patronizingly on the back, after the fashion of small fry.

"I'll watch them from the ice, ma," clattered in old-fashioned Chickie, who was but eighteen months older than Tessie, but wise in her generation.

"I'll fix them if they go on the big hill, I bet," shouted Master Percy, a young man of seven or thereabouts, whose authority, as a juvenile "lord of creation," was unbounded.

"Trot now," and with a wave of her hand, and a glad, low laugh, Mrs. Trevor sent her flock skipping down the path to the highway, watching them from the storm door, with all her heart in her violet eyes.

"Keep well away from the horses," she cried, as she saw Mr. Douglass driving rapidly towards Tecumseth gates.

"Percy looked back and nodded; then, having settled Daisy and Tessie on the sledge *Firefly*, he trotted away with his load, and Chickie, carrying the skates, ambled behind. Waiting a moment, they watched Mr. Douglass drive by.

"Oo's the man?" queried Miss Tessie, poking her inquisitive nose out of her cloud. This young mortal was ever on the alert. A veritable

> "Airy, fairy Lillian,
> Flitting, fairy Lillian."

"That's our nice Mr. Douglass," answered old-fashioned Chickie, covering up Tessie's little snub nose.

"The old cross-patch at the Hall, Tess," put in Percy, by way of enlightning his sprightly little sister.

"What is it, Daisy?" he asked, bending over his pet with the manly air that comes so naturally to some boys when their protection is claimed.

"Nossing, Purthy. I's so happy. Pa says Mr. Douglast is the bestest man he never did see."

"Yes; pa did say so, Percy, and you know Ma always tells us to say when we have prayer-times, 'God bless our dear Mr. Douglass," cried Chickie, with a wise shake of her red hood.

"Oh, he is as cross as a bear. I don't like him. Come along, girls," and away they went down to the quarry.

Fortunately for the little Trevors, the older lads and lasses of Heathfield were still conning over their tasks in the big grammar school, so that the pond was free, and all the "'ittle hills" and big ones too. Tessie and Daisy were soon happily disposed of; they gayly gambolled over a miniature coasting-ground, while Percy and Chickie sought the ice. This big pond was comfortably sheltered; the snow seldom accumulated plentifully on its surface, and when it did there were many willing hands to sweep it off for delightful Saturdays and bright moonlight nights.

From her watch-tower in the sewing-room, clicking cheerfully away at the machine, Mrs. Trevor kept a sharp eye over her joyous young hopefuls. By-and-by, however, as such things will happen in the best regulated families, the occupant of a crib in an adjacent apartment sent piping strains through the nursery. Of course the little mother was compelled to come off guard, and go to singing "Three Little Kittens," "Shoe the Little Horse," and various other soothing airs supposed to be suited to the musical tastes of the inhabitants of "Baby land." "They are all right, anyway," thought Mrs. Trevor, as she sent "The little pigs to market." "Chickie is a little grandmother, and Percy quite trusty. I wish Rose were home." Baby Harry laughed, squirmed, and made faces. All the thrilling tones in the world wouldn't coax sleep to the big blue eyes; so, in despair, he was enthroned on his mother's shoulder, and carried away to the kitchen to be entrusted to the tender mercies of a big Dutch maid, while her mistress made tea-biscuits. Just as the soda and milk was boiling up beautifully, there came a hue and cry at the hall door. Away rushed Mrs. Trevor, regardless of everything. To her surprise, she found her flock in tears. Tessie sobbed in the arms of the stranger at Tecumseth; Daisy clung to her skirts, and flanking all appeared Tom Rayburn, keeping grim watch over frightened Chickie and bawling Percy.

"What in the world ails you all, my pets?" gasped the excited little lady, catching Tessie eagerly and making a dive for Daisy.

"It's all Chickie's fault," blubbered Percy.

"No, it wasn't me neither; now Percy, you know it wasn't me," panted the accused maiden with a pucker of her round rosy face. "It was all the big dog's fault."

"Muzzer, I bumpted my head, and Daisy she hurted her foot," chirped Tessie trying to moan.

"What a row!" said Tom with huge disdain. The young man's compassion for the ills of juveniles was frightfully wanting. "Trot them in, Mrs. Trevor. Ough! Percy, stop your nonsense. This is Miss Myrtle Haltaine, Mrs. Trevor, the good angel, and here are the sinners," shaking his hat at the crying children.

"How did it happen, Tom?" asked Mrs. Trevor, after she had beamed on Myrtle, and soothed her olive branches for a little time.

"Just this, Mrs. Trevor, I had my new dog—the one Gerard gave me—out hunting in Black Nan Forest. He is a friendly kind of a chap, and when I was coming home over the bridge, he dodged round for a bark and scamper with the squallers here. He made for Percy full pelt, showing his teeth for a lark, and, would you believe it, Mrs Trevor, Percy skated behind Chickie? She yelled just like girls do if it's only a spider squints at them. Anyway they all managed to tumble before I could get round. Miss Tessie here, in her anxiety to be useful, danced on to the ice, and skated on her head. Daisy fell over *Firefly*, and they all bawled for dear life. By good luck, Myrtle appeared like a guardian spirit on snow-shoes, and together we drove the little fellers home. So there is the whole lingo; come on, Myrtle," and Tom retreated precipitately, for there was a sound of wailing from the kitchen; clearly Master Harry wanted to join his infant voice with the chorus of the Trevors, and Tom detested the whole creation of squallers.

Mrs. Trevor shook her hand after Tom's departing figure with a genial laugh that made one feel like laughing too.

"The hard-hearted boy!" she said, turning to Myrtle, who was untying Tessie's scarlet hood; "but then Tom always shows his worst side. He nursed Percy through the scarlet fever last winter; oh, yes, Tom is a treasure. I'm exceedingly obliged to you, Miss Haltaine. Won't you rest a little while and I will see to the children?—they always undress in the nursery."

"Come up to our house, eh ma; can't the nice girl come?" cried Tessie, who was now her frisky self once more, and on hospitable thoughts intent.

"If the nice girl would like it, Tessie dear."

"Don't oo? don't oo like to come?" enquired Daisy.

"Certainly, you little darling, you," said Myrtle, catching up the tiny, lisping, blue-eyed pet, and following Mrs. Trevor up the stairs and down the long hall they reached the cozy nest of the little Trevors.

Much to Myrtle's surprise, each wee child put away its own scarlet cloak and warm hood in its own appointed place. But the nursery, above everything, claimed her admiration. Wait a moment until I try and describe it, though words can never convey the pleasant home comfort of the sunny region where five romping, healthy prattlers quarrelled, laughed, played and behaved generally as only merry sprites can behave. There are many daintier, richer "baby lands" in Canada, but none more pleasing, more altogether delightfully dear to childish hearts, than this one in which Myrtle Haltaine for the first time was kissed and hugged by the bright-eyed band of the "house over the way."

A strong Dutch carpet covered the floor. It was mended, truly, and bore the impress of the tramp of busy feet; still it carried about it that idea of warmth which is indescribably comfortable. The fire crackled a welcome home to "blue cold hands" from its nook, where it was well hedged in with tin. Near by it stood a long box covered with a lively print. In this the wood, poker and tongs were kept. Farther on, close by the wall, stood a second box, similar to the first. Open it,—what is there? Five little compartments

with a name written above each section, Percy, Chickie, Tessie, Daisy, and Harry. Here are the worldly possessions of the young people. Blocks, cars, arks, headless dolls, cradles, and so on. Chickie's house glories in the possession of a small stove, and many gay faded ribbons, kept with strictest care by the womanly little one. Wee Harry is as yet poor in this world's gifts; a rattle and a tin whistle comprise his household gods. Five little wardrobes, all in a row, occupy one corner, and near by stand four stools. On the wall above is pasted in large letters:

"A place for everything, and everything in its place."

A large blackboard fitting in the plaster is also divided, and over each lot appears the owner's name. At intervals around the room, cots are established, over which are hung placards, bearing ornamented Bible texts about children. All the available space is covered with pictures, and here flourish many "British Workmans," "Child's Friends," "Little Messengers," "Young Reapers," and "Bands of Hope." Two bureaus, the mother's rocking-chair, and one table completed the furniture. The blinds are rolled high, and in streams a wealth of sunlight; for Mrs. Trevor is no lover of shadows, and pale, sickly boys and girls, In an adjoining room is the bath, where every morning each child is duly dipped, and rubbed until their round bodies are aglow, and don't they enjoy it? You had better believe they do.

"Oh, what a charming room!" said Myrtle, gazing round with admiration in her eyes.

"Yes, I like it," said Mrs. Trevor, as she tied the strings of Daisy's pinafore.

"Bestest place all in the world," cried Tessie, dancing to the window with a comb and brush in her hand.

"Bully!" ejaculated Percy as he put on a clean paper collar.

"Percy! Percy, boy!" cried his mother, with a surprised look from out her drooping lashes.

"Well, mother, I often hear Uncle Guy say 'bully' when he thinks Maud Fletcher and the girls ain't there. He says awful swearing things."

"But, Percy, you must never say them; papa never does, you know. Come here, Tessie, and let me braid your hair. Chickie, dear, help Daisy to button the strap of her slipper. Percy, run down and bring up Harry, and tell Teeny to finish up the biscuits."

"All right," said Percy, scrambling away.

"Anysing to be greable, Uncle Guy says," cooed Daisy from her little perch on the floor, where she lovingly cuddled an ugly, battered doll.

Chickie having buttoned the strap, climbed upon the visitor's knee.

"Tessie, here is your sewing; don't you want to finish it before Grandma comes?"

"'Course I do," and in a flash Tessie was squatted on the floor, diligently sticking a threaded needle through and through a piece of yellow cotton, which cotton was supposed to be a nocturnal shroud for one of the numerous dolls.

"Will you take off your cap and wrappings, Miss Haltaine?" asked Mrs. Trevor, when order was restored in the nursery, and Harry was squirming in the maternal arms. "I have never called at the Hall since you came," went on Mrs. Trevor. "You see, these little rascals keep me busy, and my nurse is only a small girl. Nevertheless, if you wish, we will dispense with ceremony and fuss, as Tom would say."

Myrtle glanced round. Everything was so cheerful, the children so delightful; and remembering the frequent complimentary remarks passed by Miss Douglass on the family over the way, she concluded to stop, and said, earnestly: "I'd like to stay, splendidly." Accordingly, she was soon quite at home in the sunshiny nursery; for it was hard

to resist the cordial kindness of Edith Trevor—the girlish, pretty matron, surrounded by her dearly-loved and loving children. That afternoon, she wore a dark, close-fitting wincey dress, relieved by lighter trimmings; and a linen collar —now crushed by the clinging of little white arms; a lively ribbon at her throat, and a cunning twist of a corresponding shade in her smooth hair completed her toilet. Her voice had a ring of lightness. Her step was quick and firm. No shadows seemed to rest about her open brow. Clearly, it would seem as if Mrs Trevor's lot was cast in pleasant places—Was it?

An hour sped by in happy converse, and Myrtle and Mrs. Trevor were startled from their talk by a rapturous shout from Tessie, and a chirp of joy from Daisy.

"Here's my pa! Me'll get the firstest kiss—see if me don't!" screamed Tessie, as she flew like a bird to the stairway. To Myrtle's astonishment, who could watch her from the open door, she seemed to glide as if on wings down the steps. Percy rushed headlong after her. Daisy and Chickie, hand in hand, pranced behind.

"Aren't you frightened?" asked Myrtle, as Mrs. Trevor picked up Harry, and prepared to follow her darlings.

"Frightened, oh, no. I'm used to it," laughed the little lady. "Tessie was always a grasshopper of a child. Sometimes I think she bears a magic life. She is forever tumbling, and darting up again like a shot. Mr. Trevor calls her 'steel trap,'" said Mrs. Trevor, going to the window.

"Ah, there he is. He drove up with Mr. Douglass. I thought I saw him going back to the office. That's what brings Henry home so early. I hope the biscuits will be light. I left them to Teeny. Come down, Miss Haltaine, and see a rousing welcome. There is Henry's whistle at the gate." Myrtle reached the lower hall in time to see a sight which provoked her merry laugh, and which was rather refreshing after the greeting at the hall. A young man was standing in the open porch door; on his back, with his arms tightly clasping his father's neck, was the irrepressible Percy, squeezing, hugging and kissing with all his might. Tessie safely perched in one arm, fervently embraced his beard. Daisy cuddled lovingly in another arm, and Chickie held undivided possession of the happy individual's legs. In the midst of the clatter Mr. Trevor espied the new addition to their number; so he gently shook himself away from the affectionate quartette, and with a boyish laugh, kissed his wife and caught Harry, who was making uglier faces than ever.

When Mrs. Trevor introduced Myrtle to her husband he asked with a twinkle in his honest eyes,

"Do we shock you, Miss Haltaine?"

"Oh, no," replied Myrtle, "I like it. I think it is nice. Do you always do so?"

"Always," he laughed. "I gird myself for the strife the moment I reach the gate. Well, Harry, you want to go up higher, eh? Two tosses, old man, then I must go. I'm ravenously hungry, Edith."

"Tea is just ready, Henry. Percy, dear, your hair wants brushing now. Run away all of you, and get ready for the table. Will you stay with us, Miss Haltaine?"

"No, thank you. I must go now."

"Come again," shouted the children in chorus from the stairs, "as often as you like," and, with a gay adieu, Myrtle went back to Tecumseth.

*(To be continued.)*

# ST. JOHN AND THE ROBBER.

AN INCIDENT FROM EUSEBIUS (*Hist. Eccl., Lib.* iii., *Cap.* xxiii).

BY REV. W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

My son, my son ! nay, fly not from me—me,
Thy father in the gospel of the Lord.
Far hast thou wandered from thy early faith,
But not too far for Christ's dear love to bring
Thee back. Even as I, with tottering feet,
Have sought thee out upon the rugged hills
Of Ephesus; so, but with tenderer love,
The Lord Christ, yearning, seeks thy soul. Nay, now
Thou weep'st, baptized a second time in thine
Own tears. I knew thou would'st forsake thy dire
Apostacy and turn again to the
Dear Lord that bought thee with His blood.
Here, on
This bosom lay the Holy Head. These lips
That speak have felt His blessed kiss. These eyes—
Oh, why were they not blinded first !—beheld
The agony, the streaming wounds, the pale
Death-swoon, and then the hill-side tomb.
But in
The Isle of Patmos, drear and lone, I saw
The heaven ope, and by the throne of God
That Form—though, oh, how changed !—which erewhile was
So marred; that brow, once crowned with thorns, but now
With glory crowned. And low before His feet
The elders and the angels fell. Oh, fall
Thou, too, my son, in lowly penitence
Before Him now, and rise in trustful faith;
And as these lips that Christ hath kissed now give
Thee, erring but repentant, the fond kiss
Of peace: so feel that God, the loving God,
Now prints the seal of pardon on thy soul.
O little children, love ye one another;
And, once a robber band, be now a band
Of brothers in the Lord. Do good to all.
Await with watchful souls the coming of
The Christ, who comes and will not tarry. Watch !
Be strong in God and in the Spirit's might;
And, little children, love ye one another.

TORONTO, Ont.

# LONGFELLOW.

BY C. CLARKSON.

"Yes, friends, not our logical, mensurative faculty, but our imaginative one, is king over us; I might say, priest and prophet to lead us heavenward; or magician and wizard to lead us hellward. Ever in the dullest existence there is a sheen either of inspiration or of madness that gleams in from the circumambient eternity, and colors with its own hues our little islet of Time." Herein lies the origin and the justification of all poetry and fiction. Imagination has power to liberate the man from the conditions of the particular space and time to which he belongs. Imprisoned in Bedford jail, he is still free, and is off with his pilgrim through the Slough of Despond, up the Delectable Mountains, and over the dark river to the Celestial City. Even though "tried at once by pain, danger, poverty, obloquy, and blindness," yet he meditates (Paradise Lost) "a song so sublime and so holy that it would not misbecome the lips of those ethereal virtues whom he sees with that inner eye which no calamity can darken, flinging down on the jasper pavement their crowns of amaranth and gold."

We all possess some portion of this mysterious power which extricates us from the mesh of circumstances and makes us "the heirs of all the ages," the free-commoners of all times and countries. We are with Gideon at the beginning of the middle watch, hear the blast of trumpets, the crash of pitchers and the hundred-voiced shout, "The Sword of the Lord and Gideon!" We can hear Eli talking in the night with Samuel, and listen to David and Jonathan taking sweet counsel together. We are alone with Jonah far under the deep. We sit beside Xerxes on that rock and review his mighty army. Again, we look into Wellington's face, and see the lines of terrible anxiety written there, on the afternoon of that memorable eighteenth of June. We catch the strange expression of Crusoe's features as he stares eagerly at that foot-print in the sand. Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu engage in mortal combat before us. Ulysses slays Antinous and the rest of the suitors before our eyes. Imagination is our Fortunatus' Cap which transports us wherever we wish. But though we all have some share of this power, we have not all the same share. We may distinguish various degrees in the power of imagination. It is one degree to be able to represent to ourselves what has happened in our own experience, or what has been vividly described to us, to follow our guide and see what he shows us. We may call this *passive* imagination, which differs from the *active* as a bright mirror differs from a bright flame. The one reveals pictures only when acted upon by borrowed light; the other is self-luminous, and makes its possessor a SEER, who, by its aid, can trace "a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen." It is that storied "light that never shone on sea or land," but within the mind alone. He who has it may say:—

"I know the secrets of a land,
Where human foot did never stray,
Fair is that land as evening skies,
And cool, tho' in the depth it lies,
Of burning Africa.

"Or we'll into the realms of Fairy,
Among the lovely shapes of things,
And shadowy forms of mountains bare,
And streams and bowers of ladies fair,
The shades of palaces and kings.

"The dragon's wing, the magic ring,
I shall not covet for my dower;
If I along the lowly way
With sympathetic heart may stray,
And with a soul of power."

The lowest degree of what we have distinguished as the active form of imagination is often called the fancy, meaning thereby the power of combining the details of given experience in new forms, the faculty which perceives resemblances and contrasts in the real and actual, that which enables us to work up old ideas into new associations, and is by no means an uncommon gift.

But the highest development of this power, Imagination proper, the rare creative power which "bodies forth the forms of things unknown," is the endowment of so few that "a hierarch, therefore, and pontiff of the world, will we call him, the *Poet* and inspired MAKER, who, Prometheus-like, can shape new symbols and bring new fire from heaven." It is to the gifted few who are the possessors of this power that the name poet belongs by pre-eminence, though the title is not exclusively confined to them. It is in reference to such gifted sons of genius that a certain one enquires "Hast thou well considered all that lies in this immeasurable froth-ocean we name Literature? * * * * And knowest thou no prophet, even in the vesture, environment, and dialect of this age? None to whom the God-like had revealed itself, through all meanest and highest forms of the common; and by him been again prophetically revealed; in whose inspired melody * * * * man's life again begins, were it but afar off, to be divine? Knowest thou none such?" Homer, Shakespeare, Dante, and Milton are poets in this high sense, and their lofty mission to the world has been well expressed by a Canadian: "To delight the world for ages; to bid the great heart of humanity throb and the cheek change tempestuously; to wave the magician's wand, and summon forth the shadowy forms of other days; to enchant by conceptions where love and her sisters exercise their sway omnipotent and divine; to bring wild joy to millions; to dispel the gloom that will at times settle down over eyes that fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep; to cheer the lone hours of the prison cell; to commend a chalice which glads, but not intoxicates; to brighten, but not enthral; to exhibit a splendor which dazzles not; this is the difficult, and rare, and glorious power vouchsafed by God to some of the children of men."

But we extend the name to many whose powers do not so far transcend the usual endowments of the race. This deepest and highest inspiration is not an absolutely essential qualification of him whom we deservedly call poet. He may not be a chief priest of poesy, and still serve worthily in the Temple of Song. There are greater prophets and lesser prophets, and so it is with poets.

The birth of one of the *great* poets marks an epoch. He is the comet who appears suddenly at rare intervals in the firmament of poetry, but with such unwonted lustre as to eclipse for the time the light of all other luminaries, and concentrate our attention on himself. His orbit is to be calculated by no common rules; he moves in a path of his own, cutting athwart all regular tracks, revolving with surprising velocity, and finally leaving us in such amazement that we are some time in determining his real magnitude and direction. But we have whole constellations of *lesser* poets whom we may call the planets of the system. They move in courses which we can more easily ascertain, and shine with a milder light. We can more readily compare and classify them;

some are primary, some secondary, and some only satellites. Their light varies in color and intensity, and we derive from them various degrees of pleasure. Longfellow is a member of one of these bright constellations, and, having premised these general remarks, let us direct our attention to the characteristics and the influence of America's most popular poet.

Men have tried and failed to express in words the exact essence of poetry. It were as easy to "bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion." We are as unable to give a definition of poetry as of electricity, or of light, or perfume. We can only describe it by its effects. We can feel our hearts burn within us while the poet leads us by the enchantment of his fancy and imagination, but we cannot tell what is the essential thing by which he charms us. It is far easier to say what poetry is not, than to tell what it is. It is not "fitting to metrical arrangement a selection of the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation," nor "the utterance of emotion remembered in tranquillity," as Wordsworth thought; for the real language of excitement, even when arranged with metrical regularity, does not necessarily constitute poetry; the idealization of genuine poetry requires more than this. Macaulay says "poetry produces an illusion on the eye of the mind as a magic-lantern produces an illusion on the eye of the body." He calls it "the art of employing words in such a manner as to produce an illusion on the imagination." This tells us what it does rather than what it is in itself. Aytoun is more definite; he describes it as "the art which has for its object the creation of intellectual pleasures by means of imaginative and passionate language, and language generally, though not necessarily, formed into regular numbers." For our present purpose we may call it "the simple, sensuous and passionate utterance of thought;" this is the description given of poetry by that

> * * * "mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies,
> God-gifted organ-voice of England,
> Milton, a name to resound for ages."

In the first and the second of these qualities, Longfellow excels; in the third he does not. His language is eminently simple as almost every piece will prove. Yet he is a great master of words; they do his bidding, and leap spontaneously to their places. His extensive knowledge of the modern languages, his long practice as a poetical translator, his great natural fluency and his refined taste, have given him a magnificent choice of words and admirable tact and facility in their use. True, he is not such a complete master of strong, bare, nervous, telling Saxon as Tennyson, still his language has both gracefulness and poetic sensibility. His prologue to the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" will compare favorably with the prologue of the ruby-lipped Chaucer, as witness:

> "A Spanish Jew from Alicanté,
> With aspect grand and grave was there;
> Vendor of silks and fabrics rare,
> And attar of rose from the Levant.
>
> Like an old patriarch he appeared
> With lustr'us eyes and olive skin,
> And,—wildly tossed from cheek and chin,
> The tumbling cataract of his beard.
>
> His garments breathed a spicy scent
> Of cinnamon and sandal blent,
> Like the soft aromatic gales
> That meet the mariner who sails
> Thro' the Moluccas or the seas
> That wash the shores of Celebes."

The smoothness and felicity of the last lines are highly characteristic of Longfellow. He has a ready command of apt diction, and considerable power as a word painter. As a portrait painted in words we cannot refrain from putting alongside the preceding passage the

following, even at the risk of over multiplying quotations :

> "A poor old slave infirm and lame ;
> Great scars deformed his face ;
> On his forehead he bore the brand of shame,
> And the rags that hid his mangled frame
> Were the livery of disgrace."

And Miles Standish, the Puritan captain :—

> "Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
> Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron ;
> Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already
> Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November."

No mere journeyman poet could have so nearly succeeded with the exotic and monotonous hexameters of "Evangeline." Compare the "Evening Hexameters" of the late Dean Alford, or the "Experiments" of Tennyson, and Longfellow does not suffer by the comparison, though our limits will not permit quotations. But not the skill of Longfellow, nor the novelty of "Hiawatha," can naturalize poetic measures that are foreign to the genius of our language.

Like Tennyson he carefully polishes all his productions, and the general purity and correctness of his language is a standing rebuke to the shabby and slipshod English which it is an American heresy of the day to tolerate and encourage. Yet no man can wholly escape from the influence of his surroundings.

> "Like the swell of some sweet tune,
> Morning rises into noon ;
> May glides onward into June,"

*suggests* an impure, nasal pronunciation of "tune" which, alas ! is only too commonly heard, even in Canada.

Turning to the second of Milton's adjectives, sensuous, *i. e.*, realistic as opposed to the abstract, we find that our poet deserves well at our hands. There is very little abstraction in the thought as there is very little complication in the mechanical structure of his poems. He who runs may gather their meaning, in striking contrast to most of Tennyson's, which require more or less analysis and study to collect the full import of the enigmatical form they frequently assume. We take up Longfellow when we are weary and need solace and recreation; but Tennyson, as a rule, demands more or less exertion. The former is the poet of the people, the latter more especially of the educated classes. It is to this quality that we may ascribe part of Longfellow's wide popularity, though we cannot say it is the quality most likely to promote his fame with posterity. In the course of a generation, it is probable his principal readers will be students and bookworms who love a book with

> "* * every margin scribbled, crost and crammed
> With comment, densest condensation, hard
> To mind and eye."

As a poet read in schools and colleges for intellectual discipline, he cannot equal Milton, Cowper, or Browning. Tennyson will long be studied as a mine of pure Saxon, and for the sake of the multitude of more or less obsolete Saxon words he has revived. But Longfellow has aimed "to act in the living present," and "let the dead past bury its dead." His fame will rest on the hold that many of his shorter pieces have taken on the affections and the milder emotions in the hearts of the people. The following sweet lines have soothed many a reader ; they convey a fair estimate of the poet's own mission, and we quote them as describing his sphere far better than anything we could say :—

> "Come, read to me some short poem,
> Some simple and heartfelt lay,
> That shall soothe this restless feeling,
> And banish the thoughts of day.

"Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Thro' the corridors of Time.

"For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

"Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds in summer,
Or tears from the eye-lids start;

* * * * *

"Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer."

The "Wreck of the Hesperus," and "The Skeleton in Armour," are not far behind Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" in giving shape and action to the weird and ghastly, while they possess far greater probability. Like Wordsworth, he has clothed many common objects and events with a beauty we had not been able to discern in them before, *e.g.*, "The Arsenal at Springfield," "The Rope-walk," "The Old Clock on the Stairs," &c., which simply and naturally suggest trains of sentiment and reflection to the poet that make them pregnant with meaning to us ever afterwards.

But we must hastily leave this topic, glance hurriedly at the third point, and abruptly conclude, having already passed our limits.

Longfellow never rises into the impassioned earnestness of Byron, and others. He does not carry us away, as with a torrent, into the midst of things and actions. "This is the Forest Primeval," &c., does not take us captive like

"The King was on his throne,
The satraps thronged the hall;
A thousand bright lights shone
On that high festival," &c.

Though never entirely absent, his dramatic power is not remarkable, and in his longest pieces the interest is not always sustained between the different parts. "The Spanish Student," with its matchless serenade, and the mirthful story of the "Puritan Captain," are perhaps the least faulty in this respect. But we remember "The New England Tragedies," "The Golden Legend," "The Divine Tragedy," &c., far less for their effect as wholes, than for the quiet, rippling beauty, and the thoughtful, subdued feeling of particular passages. Here is a sample gem from the last mentioned piece:—

"The things that have been, and shall be no more;
The things that are, and that hereafter shall be;
The things that might have been, and yet were not;
The fading twilight of great joys departed;
The daybreak of great truths as yet unrisen;
The intuition and the expectation
Of something, which, when come, is not the same,
But only like its forecast in men's dreams;
The longing, the delay, and the delight
Sweeter for the delay; youth, hope, love, death,
And disappointment, which is also death;—
All these make up the sum of human life;
A dream within a dream, a wind at night,
Howling across the desert in despair,
Seeking for something lost it cannot find."

As we have already indicated, his fame rests most securely on his shorter pieces. It has been said that the poet's own originality has been crippled by his strong German tendencies, especially by his extensive imitation of Goethe; but we think this has been over-stated. There seems little foundation for the charge, beyond the unreality and sentimentalism that tinge a few of his earlier poems, and reach their anti-climax in "Excelsior."

Whatever be our estimate of his poetic genius, we cannot read his poems without feeling that he is, in the

highest and best sense, a *great* man, viz., a *good* man. His life is as beautiful as his life-work is useful. When we know of his happy home and affectionate family, we can guess where he caught the inspiration of his many pieces on children.

"Come to me, O ye children,
And whisper in my ear,
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

* * * *

"For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
Compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

"You are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For *ye* are the living poems,
And all the rest are dead."

His writings are pervaded by the earnestness of "The Psalm of Life" and the "Translation of Coplas de Maurique." Most of them are meditative, but still he is a *chief* of "the story telling tribe," and we do not love him less in "Outre-mer," &c., in which he appears without his singing robes.

In closing our imperfect sketch, we cannot do so better than in the poet's own words:

"A pöet, too, was there, whose verse
Was tender, musical, and terse,
The inspiration, the delight,
The gleam, the glory, the swift flight
Of thoughts so sudden that they seem
The revelations of a dream,—
All these were his; but with them came
No envy of another's fame.

* * * * * * * *

Honor and blessings on his head
While living, good report when dead."

"God sent His singers upon earth
With songs of sadness, songs ot mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to Heaven again."

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## THE STORY OF A GIRL ARTIST.

### PART II.

The great steamer sped on her northern way, and Verda found the voyage too short, for the sea seemed like her native element, and hour by hour she sat gazing at the tossing waves, feeling as if the salt wind almost blew away the memory of the long, dull years at the Orphan House. Not the memory of her little friend, though, for her heart clung to Rilla as to no other human being, and many a time, when she stood in the bow, looking ahead with eyes that seemed to be gazing into a far-off future, she was dreaming of a time when she might be able to provide a home, however humble, where her patient friend could find with her that real home-happiness of which her life had known so little.

The kind-hearted Mrs. Donaldson had fully intended to keep her young protégée in her house merely as a guest while she pursued her art lessons; but Verda's pride was too much for the benevolent plan, and she insisted on taking many of a housemaid's duties. Mrs. Donaldson allowed it, knowing that the girl could not be happy with too great a weight of obligation upon her. Early every morning Verda was at work, therefore—dusting, sweeping, setting the breakfast table; and not until ten o'clock was her street suit donned, and she on her way to Mr. King's studio, where, at her

easel, she forgot the existence of such things as brooms and dustpans, and wore a beaming face that made her master think his room had gained a new brightness since this "charity pupil" came to learn of him. Her progress was even greater than he had expected it would be, and before the winter was half over, several of her pictures were sold. Verda felt, with joyful triumph, that her hopes were in a fair way to be realized when she received a twenty dollar bill for one of her sea-views.

"You must soon begin to paint from nature," said Mr. King one day, as he stood by her easel to criticise and comment upon a finished picture. "This summer, Mrs. Donaldson will take you with her to the country, or seaside, and I will come, now and then, to give you a few hints; then in the fall it will be easy for me to find pupils for you."

These pleasant plans were realized, and Verda spent a summer in the study of rocks, clouds, and sea; growing tall and womanly, meantime.

"Verda, my dear," said her kind friend, Mrs. Donaldson, "it is useless for you to be so proud that you cannot remain comfortably in my home without working like a servant. I have let you do it thus far against my will; now you are to spend the summer with me in the character of a young friend and companion, and the hardest work I shall give you, will be a ruffle to plait now and then."

Verda thought she should much prefer never to be under obligations to any one; but remembering that "every good and perfect gift is from above," she considered that the great kindness of her friends should be viewed in that light, and enjoyed freely, with a heart full of gratitude to them, but especially to the great Giver of all good.

The autumn found her in Boston again, ready for a winter of hard work, with seven pupils, to whom she gave lessons at their own homes; pursuing her own education, meantime, by taking two lessons a week at the studio of an artist friend of Mr. King's who had grown gray in the profession by which he had won a wide reputation.

When another summer came, Verda was on her way to Charleston, with a heart so full of a joyful hope soon to be realized, that only one thought had any power to cast a shade upon her—that thought was of a day at the Isles of Shoals, when she sat on the rocks, listening to the surging ocean, and a few words spoken by her friend, Mr. King, that thrilled her with a deep, painful astonishment. He asked of his young pupil one favor in token of the gratitude which she had been trying to express to him, for the great kindness he had shown her; and that was—to be his wife. In her eyes, the request seemed one of the most unheard-of condescension, and it fairly took from her the power of speech.

"You surely cannot find it hard to believe that I love you?" he said at last.

"I could believe anything kind and generous of you, Mr. King," Verda replied, as if awakening from a trance; "and I suppose you really do if you say so; but I can't possibly be what you ask, and you don't know how it grieves me to say anything that will trouble you, after all your goodness to me."

"Never mind that," he said, smiling rather sadly. "I don't want you to love me out of gratitude, and the delight of lending a helping hand to such an artist as I know you are going to be, is quite enough recompense to me; so put aside all idea of obligation, and tell me if you will not give me the privilege of loving and taking care of you all my life?"

"But, Mr. King, I do not feel the need of being taken care of in that way. It is my plan to take care of myself, and Rilla, too, as long as my life and health are spared, and you surely wouldn't wish to marry one who has only a grateful, affectionate regard for you!"

"Those are hard words," he answered

very gravely; "yet I know they are faithful ones, and I am willing to hear the truth, even if it is bitter. It would be unmanly in me to add another word of persuasion; but I must take leave of you for a long time, as I go back to the mainland to-morrow, and prepare for a Western tour. We are friends still?" he added, enquiringly.

Verdie arose from her rocky seat and frankly gave him her hand. "Always if it depends on me," she said. He held her hand fast, and stood looking at her—this orphan girl who felt no need of the love he had for her, or the protection he wished to give her; ready with her deep, strong nature, to lavish love and care upon those who were weaker than herself, rather than to receive it. He wondered if she realized what life's conflict might be, and his heart ached with a longing to have it always in his power to help her.

"Good-bye, dear Verdie! May God bless and keep you!"

"And you also," she answered, the tears starting as her friend turned hastily from her and went his way. She had wounded and grieved her benefactor, and might never see him again. Was not that excuse enough for tears? They were soon dried, for the future had too much work and interest for her to waste any time in tears for what was past.

In the Orphan House reception-room a lady waited to see Rilla Stanwood; and the lame girl well knew that her dearly-loved, long-looked-for friend had really come. She stood timidly at the door, wondering if the stately, graceful figure in a gray travelling dress, could be her old companion and champion. The lady turned her head, held out her arms to her, and folded the slender girl in an embrace that spoke of love such as she had never known except from Verdie Creighton.

"My darling, I have come at last! Have the years seemed very long?" and Verdie smoothed back the waves of hair from Rilla's forehead, and looked anxiously at the pale face whose sweet patience had been gained by long suffering of loneliness and weakness.

"Yes, dear; but I had one Friend whose promises have never failed me, and this day is worth all the waiting," said Rilla.

The girls rejoiced over each other, and discussed their future plans, till Verdie started up, declaring that she must return to Mrs. Hayden's house, where she had been invited to stay for a few days.

"I have engaged our passages on the 'Champion,' and we sail to-morrow afternoon, so you will soon see the last of the Orphan House, my little girl;" and having made all necessary arrangements with the matron, Verdie went to the mansion on the Battery, where Mrs. Hayden entertained her former servant with embarrassed politeness.

"Can it be possible," thought the lady, "that I ever told this queenly young woman to wash my china and dust the dining-room! Belle used to say that she was like a disguised princess, but I never expected her to turn out like this."

"Miss Creighton, allow me to introduce Colonel Waye," said Verdie's hostess, as she entered the dining-room. A tall, grey-headed man bowed courteously, and, during the hour that he faced her at the table, she was often disconcerted to find his keen gaze fastened upon her face with earnest scrutiny.

"Do you remember hearing of my niece, Lula Denio?" Colonel Waye enquired of Mrs. Hayden when he found himself alone with her.

"The one who married against the approval of her guardians? Oh, yes!"

"She went off with a sea-captain and died abroad," said the Colonel, gloomily; "and this young girl you have here, reminds me of her even to a painful degree. Lula was the pride of all her relatives, and never was an or-

phan girl more tenderly loved and petted, till she took a fancy to disgrace her kin by an alliance with a roving sailor whom nobody knew anything about. Who is this Miss Clayton? Her face haunts me."

"Creighton, not Clayton," said Mrs. Hayden. "She is"—

"*Creighton!* That was the name of Lula's husband. Do, my dear madam, tell me all you know about this girl."

After hearing all that Mrs. Hayden could tell concerning her daughter's protégée, dating from the day when Belle was first attracted by her face at the Orphan House, the Colonel grew more and more excited, and longed to hear from the girl herself of her history before she came to Charleston. Mrs. Hayden could hardly restrain the impetuous old man from bursting upon Verda like a bombshell and demanding her story; also that of her ancestors. But she contrived to bring her into the parlor that evening, and, as the unconscious girl sat there with her crotchet-work, they opened the attack by leading her to speak of her childhood. Very simply she told them of her young mother who was buried in a far country—of her brave father, and her own happy years with him upon the sea, until Colonel Waye had heard more than enough to convince him that the child of his beloved niece was before him, and in that relation he claimed Verda, whosé astonishment was great at this sudden turn of the conversation, and the discovery of a great-uncle. A stormy time ensued; for the Colonel, in his exultation, forgot to be discreet in dealing with a young lady of very independent character, and took it entirely for granted that her plans were all to be put aside, Rilla given up, and herself taken to his estate in Georgia, where she should be at liberty to daub as much as she liked—but not for money!

Verda could not help feeling grateful for his kindness, but had no idea of receiving favors against her will; and a few disparaging remarks upon "that sailor fellow," her father, decided her that to eat the bread of her mother's relations would not suit her at all. She said, with quiet decision, that her plans were of no sudden growth to be easily uprooted, but had been maturing for many months; that Rilla Stanwood was dearer to her than anyone else in the world, and that she was fully able to support herself and friend without any assistance. "Besides all this, Colonel Waye," she added, "I don't see how I could be happy with anyone who regards the memory of my father as you do."

The Colonel stormed, and Mrs. Hayden protested weakly against Verda's rashness in giving up such a brilliant prospect as that just offered her; but Verda was unmoved as a rock, and respectfully assuring the irascible old gentleman that she was deeply grieved to offend one who had loved her mother, she concluded the conflict by saying that, as she had secured a passage in the "Champion," which was to sail on the following day, it was time for her to make some preparations for her voyage, and quietly left the room, catching, as she went upstairs, a remark of the Colonel that she was a romantic young fool, as her mother was before her, and after all she might prove a grief to him if he did adopt her.

This episode made Verda glad to leave Charleston behind her, and when bracing October weather began to invigorate Rilla's delicate constitution, which had suffered from the enervating Southern climate, the two friends were happily settled in a private boarding-house on one of the pleasant squares of Boston.

"Now, this is domestic bliss!" said Verda, throwing back her head upon the cushioned easy-chair to take a general survey of their room, which looked very homelike to her after a rapid walk from her studio in the frosty twilight. "Let me take an inventory of my present bless-

ings: A glowing fire of Sydney coal—a centre table, covered by the fascinating attractions of new magazines, books, and that fleecy knitting-work—warm crimson curtains and carpet—five flourishing geraniums and an ivy on that green flower-stand that I earned with my tiny painting, 'The Fisher Maiden,'—pleasant society in the parlor below if I want it, which I don't, having better here,—and last, but not least, my precious girlie, who sits on the hearth rug with her pretty head in my lap. My treasure! I think of you every hour during the day, whether teaching or learning my beloved art, and look forward to this happy evening hour as if I were a young husband going home from business to his bride."

"No husband could be better to me than you are, Verdie," replied Rilla, looking up fondly into the clear eyes bent upon her. "We are blest indeed, and how often we find that our very trials are made the means of blessing to us! For example, my lameness, without which Miss Stone would never have thought to give me the benefit of such instruction in music as I had at the Orphan House; and now, with three little pupils in this house, and two more in the next street, I needn't be quite a burden to you."

"Now don't be a vicious child, talking of burdens when you know very well that I can easily earn enough to support us both in our present economical fashion, and that it has been the dream of my life, ever since the days when I used to fight with Maria Fitzgerald, to provide for you. It does seem wonderful that I should be able to make so much money by my pictures and pupils, and—oh, Rilla!" cried Verdie impetuously, "just sit perfectly still there for a minute; I've got an idea."

"What is it?" asked Rilla as she sat on the hearth-rug, her wavy hair loosened from its usual coil, and gleaming in the firelight.

"I am going to take a crayon likeness of you in your present condition: head thrown back a little, eyes thoughtfully gazing into space, hair slightly dishevelled. Oh! won't it be lovely?"

"You absurd girl!" said Rilla, laughing. "The idea of wasting time and crayons on my head with dishevelled locks! What will you do with it when it is finished? You can't make money out of that, you know."

Verdie vouchsafed no reply, but got her paper and rapidly sketched her friend, mentally rejoicing that she had taken lessons in the use of crayon and charcoal, although she had once grudged the time spared from her painting. Evening after evening she loosened Rilla's hair and made her sit on the hearth-rug with "a far-away look" in her eyes until the picture was done, and she surveyed it with satisfaction greater than any of her oil paintings had ever given her. A lovely face was represented by the soft, shadowy crayon—delicate and refined; a sweet mouth, dreamy brown eyes, hair rippling back from a full, musical brow, and a look of slightly sorrowful expectancy.

"We will name it 'The Lady of Shalott," said Verda. "That is just how she must have looked when she left off spinning her magic web and went to the window to see if Launcelot was coming."

This work of the young artist gained celebrity for itself and her. It was lithographed, and before the next summer every picture store in Boston sold "The Lady of Shalott." Few people ever suspected to whom belonged the original of that sweet face; for, as Rilla remarked, "she didn't look so romantic very often," but the picture became popular, and gained for Miss Creighton many a profitable day's work.

When the summer came, the girls found that their united earnings and savings would take them on a tour among the White Mountains, and with their friend Mrs. Donaldson as chaperon, they drove and sketched beside the

blue Androscoggin, and under the towering heights of Washington and Adams.

A group of loungers and smokers were watching the stage arrivals at the Glen House when our heroines prepared to alight there and run the gauntlet of male criticism. One young man who had been sitting nonchalantly with his chair tilted back against the house, suddenly sprang forward to offer an arm to the little lady whose crutch showed the reason that she did not at once follow the others out of the musty old coach. With a grateful smile Rilla accepted his aid; then assuring him that she could quite easily proceed, entered the hotel with her friend, leaving the loungers to indulge in comments upon the new arrivals—especially "the tall girl who gave Glover *such* a look when he helped the lame one."

"She is decidedly picturesque," remarked Glover.

"I shouldn't be surprised to hear that she is an artist's daughter, for her style of dress, though quiet, is original—expresses artistic ideas."

"Of whom are you speaking, Arthur? The new comer, Miss Creighton! Oh! she is an artist herself, my dear fellow, and a rising one, I can tell you. Don't you remember that picture we saw in a Boston gallery. 'The Spirit of Star Island?' Well! she painted it from her own imagination, founded upon a legend of the shoalers about a ghostly maiden; and Mr. Tompkins, I have heard, bought it from her for three hundred dollars."

"Indeed! She is worth knowing, I am sure; but, alas for me! I must leave the Glen to-morrow, notwithstanding the attractions of graceful young 'painteresses.'"

"Well! if the cool, elegant, cynical Glover really considers a young lady 'worth knowing,' it is a shame for him not to stay and let us have the fun of seeing him try his powers of being agreeable. You haven't exerted your powers *too* much in that way lately."

"I don't see any girls here who are worth the trouble except these two new ones. The little one is as sweet as a May-flower; but I am going to-morrow, as I said before. Perhaps they will appear in the parlor to-night; shall we go up there?"

The travellers were too weary after their journey to leave their room that evening, and Arthur Glover was more disappointed than he chose to own, even to himself; but their faces seemed to rise up before him as the stage whirled him over the rough mountain roads on the next morning—one sweet and pure in its paleness, one earnest and strong, yet very womanly, and bright with the flush of health.

"I must see them again;" thought Glover, watching the curling smoke of his cigar, "but when and how?—that is the question."

# GERTRUDE LEIGH'S STORY.

BY "CORINNE."

When father died, I was left to my own resources. My stepmother was kind enough, and it was only natural that she should keep what he left, as it was found to be only enough for one, and that I should have to turn out and get my living; but it seemed very hard. I was his only child, and I felt as if I ought to have been provided for first; and then, to leave my old home, simple as it was, was only next to losing father; but I felt that I had to go, and learn to fight the world on my own account. And then, having to *learn*, was such a disadvantage; I could do nothing but fancy cooking and sewing, and light housework, for before father's long illness came, which made such a confusion in his affairs, we were very comfortable, and it was not thought necessary to have me taught a trade. I couldn't go out as domestic servant,—I didn't even know enough for that, and I was not strong enough, but if I had been I should have liked that best. I couldn't teach, and I was too shy to serve in a shop; so there was nothing for it but to try sewing. When I decided on that, Mrs. Leigh was kind enough to go and see the dressmaker who had always worked for her, and enquire on what terms she would take me to learn the business. She was in great spirits when she came back.

"Well, Gertrude," she said, taking off the heavy widow's bonnet and veil as she spoke, "I have talked Mrs. Adams over nicely. She's willing to take you and find you in everything for two years (excepting clothes of course, but your mourning is very good, and must last you as long as that), and teach you the business in return for your services. You will have to work hard of course, but that, you must expect now, and if I stay in the town you must come and see me sometimes. I told Mrs. Adams that I wanted to keep you for a week longer to help me pack up my things, and prepare for the sale, and she was quite agreeable."

Well, the week passed quickly enough and then I bade a final farewell to my old home, and went to my first situation. Mrs. Adams was not an unkind woman, but she was determined, from the first, to get the worth of my board out of me; and sometimes, when she was roused, she had a fearful temper. She didn't treat me quite fairly either, for she kept me too much at the plain, easy parts of the work, because it was less trouble for her to do the trimming and fitting herself, than to teach me; and then I could do so much more for her at sewing on hooks and buttons, making pockets, and running up seams, stitching, and hemming, and whipping. And then there was one thing she did that I liked very much, though it wasn't right. When we were not very busy, she sent me into the kitchen to make pies and puddings and cakes, and to help a little in the housework.

"But don't you ever tell your mother, Gertrude," she said once in an uncommon burst of confidence over a very delicious tea cake that I had made.

"I don't think she would mind," I said; "but I shall never say anything about it."

"It wouldn't be good for a young girl like you to sit too close at your needle,"

she said, benevolently. I knew that; but at the same time I knew that was not Mrs. Adams' motive, and in busy times she didn't care how long I sat at my needle. I didn't see Mrs. Leigh very often. Sometimes when I went to chapel on Sunday morning, she took me home to her genteel lodgings to dinner; but I seldom went out in the morning,—I was generally too tired. We were often at work on Saturday night until twelve. Mrs. Adams thought that when we didn't work later than that, it was all right, and not a bit of harm; but I often wondered what difference there was between working on Sunday morning, and working so late on Saturday night as to have to lie in bed all Sunday morning. And then in the afternoon, although I had a running invitation from my stepmother to take tea with her, after the first novelty of the walk up to Richmond Terrace had worn off, I generally preferred to lie on my bed and read. I had a good many books of my own, but I am afraid they were not very good Sunday reading. Then in the evening I sometimes went to chapel; but if I was very much interested in my book, I stayed at home instead, especially after my clothes got shabby. Before my two years had run out, Mrs. Leigh married again, and moved away to some place in Cumberland, and I heard no more of her.

"Gertrude," said Mrs. Adams, one morning during the last month of my apprenticeship, "here's a letter for you. I expect it's from your mother."

But it was not. It was dated from Grand Lake, in New Brunswick, and the contents of it were:—

"My dear Cousin Gertrude,—I suppose you scarcely remember Philip Hamilton, who came out to this country thirteen years ago? I remember you as a little girl, playing with a broken doll. In answer to some enquiries that I made of an old friend a little while ago, I learned that you were an orphan, and not in very good circumstances. I am thankful to say that I have prospered since I came to this country. It was hard work at first, but now I have a splendid farm and a comfortable house, and if you would like to try your fortune out here, I should be happy to receive you as a guest for a few months, while you look about you. I must tell you that it is a very cold country. The winters are long and hard, but the summers are delightfnl. There is plenty of work for everyone who is willing to do it, and, as far as I have seen, no one who is industrious and manages well, need want. Enclosed you will find a draft, which you will please use in purchasing an outfit. Your passage is already taken in the 'Europa,' which will leave Liverpool on the twentieth of August. Should you prefer remaining in England, you have only to write to the agent in Liverpool, whose address you will find on the back; and in that case, please accept the draft as a present from your cousin,

"Philip Hamilton."

I think if the moon had dropped on the windowsill, and then rolled into the middle of the room, I shouldn't have been much more surprised; and as for Mrs. Adams, when I told her, she nearly went off her head. I did remember Cousin Phillip very well, as a pale, sad-looking, but very kind gentleman who took me on his knee, and gave me some money to buy a new doll, as my old one was sadly defaced. And to think that he should have remembered me! What a delightful three weeks I had preparing for my voyage! Mrs. Adams became very kind to me, now that I had so much less need of it. She helped me purchase my outfit, made me an elegant brown pongee suit, a black silk dress for best, trimmed with the loveliest flutings, and a grey serge suit for travelling; and wouldn't hear of being paid for it. The time soon passed away. The last Sunday came, and I went to chapel morning and evening, and wished the dear old minister and his wife good-bye, and, oh! how sorry I was then that I had not attended more regularly. Then I finished my sewing and packing, and said good-bye to the few friends I had; and on Friday went to Liverpool, and presented myself at the agent's office. He received me very

kindly, but with very few words handed me over to a clerk, who took me to a quiet hotel, where I spent the night. There were several young people there who were going to be my fellow-voyagers, I learned from what they said; but they were nearly all strangers to each other, and we exchanged very few words. We went on board about mid-day on Saturday, and when I was shown to my stateroom, I found that I was to share it with one of the girls I had seen in the hotel. She looked so pleasant and lively that I liked the arrangement very well, but I was so shy with strangers that we didn't say much to each other at first. But when we were undressing at night, she told me that her name was Margaret Ratcliff, and that she was going out to New Brunswick to seek her fortune.

"I daresay you think that sounds hardly respectable," she said in her rattling, merry way as she took down her hair, "but I am going out to a relative, so it's all right. Now, where would you rather sleep—up aloft or down here?"

"I would rather sleep down here, but I don't wish—"

"Oh, it's all right," she said; "I'm fond of climbing," and up she scrambled before a word more could be said, and looked down merrily at me between the curtains, as she said good-night.

I liked her at once, she was so unaffectedly kind, with all her nonsense. On Sunday she made me still more pleased with her, by lending me the "Schönberg Cotta Family," which I had been longing to read. I was not the only one who liked her either; I soon noticed the looks a quiet young man of "our party," as we called those who had stopped at the same hotel with us, began to cast at her.

"Do you know it's the strangest thing about my going to New Brunswick that I ever heard," said Miss Ratcliff to me, on Monday afternoon, as we promenaded the deck. "It's almost like a romance. I have been in a bookseller's shop since my mother died, and I found it pretty hard work to get my own living comfortably, and a few weeks ago I had a letter from a cousin out here asking me to come out and stay with him while I look about me and find something to do. I'm afraid it won't suit though; I hear that women don't serve in shops, or stores as they call them, in America. Why, what are you looking at me like that for? Are you disgusted at my"—

"What is your cousin's name? Is it Philip Hamilton," I asked, interrupting her.

"Yes, why!" she exclaimed, "are you another?"

"Yes," I cried. "Isn't it delightful! We must be cousins. What relation is he to you?"

"First cousin," she said; "my mother was his father's sister. I don't remember hearing your name at all."

"Nor I yours," I answered. "How strange that seems, and yet I don't know that it is either. I am only very distantly related to him, and I knew nothing of his family at all."

Well after that we were better friends than ever, and the quiet young man, who was the only one of our party that seemed to care anything about us, paid us, or rather Margaret, a great deal of attention. We three were the best sailors of all, and so we seemed to be thrown together a great deal. One evening, when the young man, whose name we neither of us liked to ask, was playing chess with Margaret, he began to tell us something of his history in his own droll, quiet way.

"Perhaps you mightn't think it," he said, "but I've been walking about London steadily for six weeks, looking for a situation, and by the greatest piece of good-fortune, just as I was wondering whether I had better sell myself for rags and bones, I received a letter from a rich old relative in New Brunswick, inviting me to——

"Oh, how jolly!" interrupted Mar-

garet, jumping up and down on her seat and clapping her hands, "here's another I do believe, Gerty."

"What do you mean?" he asked wonderingly.

"Is it Philip Hamilton?" she asked.

"Yes; do you mean to tell me you are going out to him too?"

"Yes, we are, both of us, and we didn't know each other a bit more than you did until Monday. What's your name? It's no harm to ask now we know we are cousins."

"James Long," he answered, "and what's yours?"

"Jimmy Long?" I cried in astonishment, for this was my first cousin whom I had often seen in childhood.

"Yes," he said turning to me, "and you are called Gerty. You must be little Gertrude Leigh?"

So we shook hands, and I introduced Margaret, who was not so near a relative. After that cousin "Jim," as we both called him, was very kind and brotherly to me, but Margaret still received the most attention.

"I am so glad we know him," she said to me the night of the discovery. "You know, I was a little afraid before that we ought not to be so friendly with him, but now of course it's all right. I wonder if there are any more on board. I have a kind of fancy that some of those girls and boys that stopped at the 'Saddle Hotel' are going out to Cousin Philip's too; I think so because I know we are not the only poor relations he has. Some of the Hamiltons are as poor as church mice and as proud as Lucifer."

"But don't you know them?"

"Oh, no. I used to know some of them when we were children; but, then, you see, I was so low-minded as to take a situation, and we have grown out of each other's recollections. I wonder who that fretful little woman with the three children is."

Jim expressed the same opinion about there being more of "us" on board, but the young people kept away from us so much that we had no opportunity of finding out. We reached Halifax on the twelfth day, and then were transferred by rail and boat to St. John, and from there by boat again to Grand Lake. There were several vehicles waiting for us, but it was too dark to see who went in them; only Jim, Maggie. and I kept together. We had a long drive, and were very tired by the time we reached the house, which was all a blaze of light, and from the opening door of which came the most delicious smell of supper. Our dear host met us in the hall with open arms. I hung back, as usual, to the last, and when he came to me, he put his arm round me, and said so kindly, "Why is this little Gertrude, grown so tall and pretty? You were such a little thing when I saw you last; I am glad to see you, my child."

"Now, I suppose you young people are all very well acquainted with each other?" he said, when we were all gathered in the parlor. Everybody hesitated for a minute, and then Jim said, "No, sir, we are not; Maggie and Gerty and I made each other's acquaintance coming out, but we didn't know there were any more of our relatives on board."

Mr. Hamilton looked surprised and rather disappointed, and proceeded to introduce us to each other. I didn't notice, until then, that the fretful little woman with the three children was there. She was introduced to us as Mr. Hamilton's aunt by marriage, and he called her Aunt Charlotte, but she was not more than a year or two older than he was. Then there were his first cousins Margaret and Sue Hamilton and their brother Walter; Letty Hamilton and her two brothers, Lionel and Godfrey, belonging to another family, and they, with Maggie, and Jim, and I, made up the party. When we had all shaken hands with each other, Mr. Hamilton called in his housekeeper and introduced

her. She and her husband had come out with him from England, and he was sincerely attached to them. She took us up to our rooms; Maggie and I chose each other for room-mates as we had to sleep two together. When we had taken off our hats and jackets, and unpacked a few things for the night, we went down, and soon were all seated round the supper table, on which was spread such a supper as I had never seen before. Old Hester, the house-keeper had evidently done her utmost to prepare for us. Roast turkey and goose, fried chicken, pink slices of ham and tongue, arranged round a plate in the most artistic manner, almost like the petals of a flower; delicate slices of white bread, new biscuits and toast; rich pound-cake and sponge-cake; cream pies and Washington pies, delicacies hitherto entirely unknown to us; jellies, preserves, and pickles; to say nothing of the cheese, butter, and cream, and the appropriate sauces for the different hot dishes, all excellent and in the greatest abundance, were set before us, with tea and coffee, which Hester poured out for us at a side table. Our host attended to us with that hearty old-fashioned politeness which can only come from a generous heart, and we all did ample justice to the good things.

After supper we went back to the parlor and talked about our voyage, Mr. Hamilton walking about from one to another, with kind words and smiles for all. Soon after nine Hester and John were called in for prayers. Before he opened the Bible, Mr. Hamilton said a few kind, serious words to us. He said that since he came to New Brunswick he had found one thing of more value than all besides. In his youth, and until he left England, he had been "Gospel-hardened;" but when he had got into the woods, far from the means of grace, and had seen what bad, reckless lives men could lead, he had seen what a power the Gospel was, and had set himself to consider these things; and the end of it was that he found a holy life, such as the Bible and the Spirit of God dictated, was the only thing worth striving after; and, in conclusion, he hoped that the service in which we were about for the first time to join, would not be a mere form to any of us, but that we would all help each other to walk in the path of duty. He spoke to us so solemnly that every one was impressed, and as for me, I couldn't hold up my head for the rest of the evening. It was something so new and beautiful to be in a Christian home, and to have some one care about my soul. I suppose it was not just the same to any of the others, for most of them had sisters and brothers; Maggie was an independent spirit, and so was Jim, and besides I could see that they had each other; but I had no one, and with so much desire to cling to some one, was it any wonder that I clung to Cousin Philip?

"Oh, isn't he a noble man?" said Maggie, when we were undressing.

Truly he was a noble man, and after Maggie was asleep that night I lay awake for hours thinking of him. Although so distantly related to him as to be hardly a relative at all, perhaps I knew more of his life's history than any one of them. My father and mother,—my own mother I mean,—had been very fond of him, and they had told me of the noble sacrifices he had made. His young life had been so sad; the eldest of a large family, he had been left, just at the verge of manhood, "the only son of his mother and she a widow," and for her sake he had stayed on year after year, uncomplaining, struggling with difficulties when he was longing to emigrate and make a home for one that he loved with all the pure, strong passion of first love. And then, when his mother died, that girl, —oh, how could she do it!—turned from him to a wealthier suitor, who would not have to keep her waiting while he made a home, and he, stifling

all his wild, unavailing regret lest it should make her life miserable, gave her back her freedom without an uttered reproach, but with kind wishes and words that I should think must have been the keenest reproach in the world; and then he had come out here alone, or with only those two old faithful servants, and now his noble life spoke for itself.

Before I go any farther, I had better give a little account of my companions. I will begin with Letty Hamilton, who was the one I liked best of the girls next to Maggie, who had to be called "Maggie" by all in the house, because of there being two Margarets, both named after their grandmother Hamilton. Letty was almost an authoress, we considered, because she had been employed in copying for one, and she was a very lady-like, intelligent girl. She was married about two years after we came out, to a member of Parliament, who used his influence to help her brothers on. They were both young lads, and it had been her ambition to have them well-educated and trained to some profession, which laudable ambition bids fair to be gratified, between her cousin's and her husband's help. I may as well tell the truth about Sue Hamilton, though it seems dreadfully wicked to say such things of her. She was a scheming, ambitious, unprincipled girl. I could soon see that her intention was to get the rest of us out of the house, and herself established as mistress of it. She was not very pretty, nothing like so pretty as her sister Margaret, whose stateliness as well became her graceful form and delicate regular features, as it ill became her position; but Sue had so much more force of character and so much style, that she was far more generally admired. She took a dislike to me from the first, and hinted things to me that made me afraid to show my deep love and gratitude to Cousin Philip, for fear of being misunderstood, while she hung over his chair, linked her arm in his, and gave him smiles and songs, and graceful, pretty words, day after day, and evening after evening, and I sat by mute, and shy and distant. Sue had the greatest passion for admiration; she even condescended to seek it from the servants. Hester gave it to her in style. One day when she was preserving, and Maggie and I were in the closet wiping preserve glasses and jars for her, Sue came sailing into the kitchen in a pretty blue and white dress, trimmed with black lace, and began to display herself as usual, not knowing that we were by. Hester looked at her for a minute, and then said grimly, "Oh, dear! you look as fine as a scraped pumpkin," which sent Sue out of the kitchen, and we into fits.

Poor Walter was the best of them, and he, from having been brought up with the idea that work, real, honest, laborious work, was degrading to a gentleman, had soon found that a gentleman might be ever so dissipated and still be called a gentleman, and had been very wild; but still we couldn't help liking him, he was so pleasant and frank. How tenderly his cousin dealt with him, cheering and encouraging him to try and regain the self-respect without which his life would be ruined and worthless.

Aunt Charlotte was just what Maggie called her at first, "a fretful little woman with three children." Those children nearly plagued her to death. That she was a lone lorn woman, "with whom everything went contrary," was written all over her face, and, of course, Maggie christened her the Widow Grummidge. But, for all that, she got married before any of us girls. A neighboring farmer, very well-to-do, took a fancy to her,—I don't know for what,—and married her before we had been three months in the province. She made him a good wife after all, and brightened up a great deal when she had some one to take care of her, and make the children "stand round."

Our good cousin wanted us all to stay with him for a month or two, and see the country and look about us well before we decided what our future course should be. This arrangement did not suit Jim nor Walter, however. Jim went to St. John and took the first situation he could find. A very humble one it was; but by his determined energy he soon rose, and Walter, stimulated by his example, and by his cousin's kind and sensible advice and help, went into the woods, and, having obtained a grant of land, set to work to clear it, and make a home on it, that he hoped sometime to fetch out a dear little girl that he had left in England to share with him.

But, dear me, it would make a story of itself if I were to tell the struggles of each of our little company, and it is my own simple story that I am trying to tell. I was well content to stay in such a safe sheltered haven as this was, and I soon found plenty of occupation. Hester took a great fancy to me. She had known my mother, and loved me for her sake. There was so much to do now, there were so many of us, that she was very glad of some help, and it was delightful to me to help her. She taught me how to do all the delicate cooking that she knew, and so I helped her with that, and with little things about the house. As soon as Mr. Hamilton was gone out in the morning to his farm, or shut in his study, I put on a big apron and flew about the house, as busy as a bee, and as gay as a lark. Sue affected to despise my tastes and occupations, but she didn't despise my cakes and pies; and while Maggie and Letty stood my friends, I didn't care a bit for her contempt. My work was all done up in the morning, and the afternoon brought such a sweet, happy resting-time!—something like my Sunday afternoons at Mrs. Adams', only better. And when Cousin Philip took us all out for a walk in the autumn-tinted woods, beautiful beyond anything I had ever imagined before, the pleasure was something that no words of mine could do justice to. It was only when we were all together in the evening, and the girls got round their cousin Philip with their fun and laughter and caresses, that I felt dull or unhappy; and then I used to get back in a corner with my sewing or book, and feel very much alone all the evening through, excepting when he broke away from them and came and talked to me.

I was *so* foolish. One evening, soon after our arrival, Sue had been singing nearly all the evening, and Walter came and asked me if I could sing. I was frightened, and said no, without thinking of what I was saying; for I knew, without any vanity, that I could sing better than Sue. Maggie had heard me often in the kitchen and up in our room, and she said so, and was angry with me for refusing. Mr. Hamilton found it out, too, for he heard me, one morning, singing "The Legend of the Crossbill," and said to me, very gravely: "Gertrude, you have deceived us all, and deprived us of a very great pleasure. Don't do so any more;" and I felt so ashamed. After that, I was obliged to sing sometimes, but I often excused myself; for I was conscious all the time of a feeling of triumph over Sue, and I did not want to desecrate my one talent by mixing it up with any such feeling as that.

It was decided that we should all meet at Christmas, and we looked forward to it with some excitement, for we felt that after that our paths would be separated. Jim was the first to arrive. I was sitting, one day, resting, after making a great panful of crullers, and deep in the "Vicar's Daughter," when Maggie burst into the room, with her merry face all aglow, crying, "He is coming, Gerty!" and then I heard sleigh-bells, and the next minute Jim came in.

He either didn't see me, or didn't care for my presence, for he caught

Maggie in his arms and kissed her before she knew what he was going to do. Then he turned to me, and came and kissed me too, but it wasn't in the same way. The same evening he asked Mr. Hamilton's consent to his engagement with Maggie, as his prospects were good enough on the whole to justify his taking such a step.

"We may have to wait some time, perhaps a year," he said; "but, if it should be that, or even more, we shall be happier for knowing each other's hearts," and Mr. Hamilton heartily approved, and then Jim had a little talk with Maggie, and afterwards she came upstairs to me with such a happy face.

That night I dreamt that Sue was married to her cousin Philip, and in some way or other had brought him a fortune, so that she was able to indulge her taste for elegant, costly dresses, and I thought she looked so queenly in her sweeping white silk and sparkling jewellery. Then I thought that I was out in a large, sunny valley, picking beautiful flowers, which I brought in to adorn the house. They were tall white lilies and roses, and other flowers, but in one thing they were unlike any that I had ever seen before; they were all white, stems, leaves and all, and they never faded. I placed some in all the rooms, and I was glad to see that Cousin Philip admired them more than he did Sue's white silk and golden ornaments. The next day I thought that Sue went out and presently returned with a bunch of flowers, which she showed me exultingly. They were white like mine, but, on looking at them closely, I found that each had a golden calyx and stamens, and gold twined about the stems, and after that, for a long time, all the flowers in the valley were touched with gold, and at last I became disgusted with them and longed to find my pure, unfading ones again. And at last my painful search was rewarded, and in a distant part of the valley, in a little secluded spot by a silvery stream, I found some again like those I had first brought in, and I was so glad that I awoke. Then I lay thinking it over. I was always a little fanciful about dreams, and I thought that this one must have a meaning—that perhaps Sue would be enriched by her cousin's love through life, and that I should find my pure white flowers to bring him, in something that her wealth of wit and brilliance could add no beauty to. Well, I couldn't make it out exactly,—in fact, my dreams were so perverse that I never could; but still I thought it meant something.

What a holiday we had that Christmas time! It was very cold, but we defied the roaring winds and searching frost with our immense fires; and the Frost King had few terrors for us when we went out, wrapped in our furs, and skimmed over the hard frozen snow with the gayest of horses, to the merry music of sleigh-bells, waking the echoes far and near with our voices and laughter. Then there was the skating, a great source of enjoyment to those who could join in it; but, alas! Maggie and Sue were the only ones, among us girls, who could. Margaret was too dignified to run the risk of making herself ridiculous. Letty suffered very much from a weak ankle, and dared not attempt it; while I, it must be confessed, was so awkward, and bruised myself so terribly in my first attempts, that I gave it up in disgust; so, while the two lucky ones, with the gentlemen and the two boys, were gracefully gliding over the ice, all laughing and glowing with pleasure and exercise, we three walked about on the bank until our feet were nearly frozen, and our faces blue with the cold, and we looked and felt most doleful.

On the last day of the year, we held a grand consultation over our affairs. Mr. Hamilton told us that Maggie and Letty had both signified their desire to find some occupation at once. "Of course," he said, with a smile, "we know that our lively Maggie will only

need it for a while; but I think it is very wise of her to choose not to spend the time idly waiting. Would you like to go back to your old occupation of serving in a store, Maggie?"

"Yes, sir," she said, with some difficulty lifting her blushing face.

"Well, then, I think I can find something to suit you, only it will be in a general store. There is one wanted badly over at the Mill Village, and I have thought for some time of establishing one there. It would afford occupation for both you and Letty, if you would like to be together."

"Yes, indeed, we should," they both answered, at once.

"Very well; that's good. You are a good writer, Letty, and you must learn to keep accounts. I'll teach you, and then you can keep all my accounts for me, and save a good bit of my time. You can board with Mrs. Thomson, or she will let you have rooms and board yourselves; and, as the store is in the same building, you will always be close to your work."

"Oh! let us take rooms and board ourselves, Letty," said Maggie.

"Yes,' said Letty; "keep old maids' hall. That will be delightful!"

That is how those two went out into the world, brightly determined to find all that was pleasant, and yet not without much serious thought. They soon had a cozy little home behind and over their store, and it was delightful to visit them.

The next thing was to discuss Walter's plans. He was diligently clearing his land, and his roughened hands and, it must be acknowledged, roughened manners and speech, spoke for his intercourse with tough work and uncultured men. How he had acquired it all so soon, seemed a wonder at first; but, then, we reflected that it was his purpose to cut himself adrift from all dangerous associations, and, happily, the gentlemanly instinct was too strong in him to permit of his sinking to the level of those about him who indulged in the coarse vices. We hoped great things of Walter, in spite of the past, and we were not disappointed; for, though he broke out once or twice, it was a very short time before he repented and tried again. Jim's success stimulated him, and he had two good things besides to help him—his Cousin Philip's example, and his object in life. And the dear little woman in England—blessings on her true heart!—trusted him, and hoped for him all the time. There was a little silence after Walter's affairs had been duly considered, during which I was thinking what a pity it was that he should be burdened with his sisters, as he would be if their cousin were not; and it appeared as if Mr. Hamilton thought the same, for the next thing he did was to turn to them, and offer them their choice of situations similar to Maggie's and Letty's, or a term at the training-school to fit them for teachers. They chose the training-school without much hesitation, though it was easy to see that they were disgusted at the turn affairs had taken. Margaret is married now, but not very well, even as this world estimates it; and Sue lives with her, and manages to keep up an appearance for both that is supposed to deceive the world as to their real circumstances. But to return to our council. When he had unfolded his plan for those two, Mr. Hamilton rose and said, kindly and cheerily: "Well, girls, I hope you'll buckle-to with a will. Learning is up-hill work, and so is teaching; but if it is done conscientiously, it brings a blessing with it, as all useful, necessary work does." And then he abruptly left the room, and I never noticed, until Letty reminded me of it, that he had left me out.

On New Year's night we were all invited to Aunt Charlotte's. I had caught a little cold, and decided not to go; so Hester brought my tea into the sitting-room for me about half-an-hour after they went away. I had but just begun,

when I heard sleigh-bells, and the next minute the master of the house walked in. He had driven Jim, and Maggie, and Walter over in the small sleigh, and had come back himself to stay with me. I was jumping up to run and get a cup and saucer for him, but he quietly put me back in my chair, and went and asked Hester for it; and then we sat down together, and had the cosiest little tea imaginable. When the things were cleared away, I was placed in the great easy-chair by the fire, and Cousin Philip sat down opposite me, and talked to me for awhile, after which we both relapsed into silence, which was broken at last by his saying: "My first experiment has succeeded so well, Gertrude, that I think I shall try again. What do you think of getting out some more young people, not more at a time than I could take under my own care, and chiefly of a class that could be trained for mechanics and domestics?"

"I think it would be excellent," I said warmly, and then relapsed into silence again.

"What are you thinking about, Gertrude?" he asked me after a long time. "You look as if you had something on your mind."

I had, but it was hard work to speak of it. "You forgot me, sir, when you were talking to us yesterday," I said at last; "you didn't suggest any employment for me."

"No, Gertrude, I can't spare you. I cannot carry out that plan I spoke of without you to help me, and I don't intend to banish the sunshine from the house."

I sat like one in a dream after those quiet words were uttered, and Cousin Philip rose and walked two or three times across the room. Presently he stopped in front of me and said: "Gertrude, could you be happy as an old man's darling?"

My heart seemed almost to stop its beating; but, yielding to the impulse that drew me, I rose and moved towards him. He clasped me in his arms, close to his great loving heart. My own Philip, the dearest and grandest of men!

"You won't be cold and shy and distant to me now, my little Gertrude," he said, after an interval too sacred in its joy for words from either. "Sue won't be able to annoy my darling any more."

"How did you know about it?" I asked, looking up into the noble face that was smiling down at me so lovingly.

"Don't you think I could see and understand her plans, as well as you could? Oh, I'm not one of those verdantly innocent young men that you read of in novels, who never suspect any design upon them."

"If you hadn't suspected her, perhaps you might have liked her the best."

"Do you think it is likely?" he said, turning his laughing face towards me. "I don't, for she's not a bit like my Gertrude, and Gertrude is the one I loved from the first."

Oh, how happy it made me to hear him say so! I tried to tell him how happy I was, when we sat down side by side, with his arm round me, and my head nestling up against his shoulder; and then I gave him a little scolding for calling himself an old man, and then he made me call him "Philip," and that seemed so strange at first, and made me tell him all about my past life, and talked a little about the future, and then we had prayers all alone, for the first time, for Hester had gone to bed very tired, and John had stayed to drive the girls back from Aunt Charlotte's; and then he sent me up to bed. I was awake when Maggie came up, long after midnight, looking as fresh and bright as if it were midday; and when she saw that my eyes were open, she came and knelt down by me, and said:

"Are you better, deary? We missed you very much, but then we missed Cousin Philip too, so we came to the conclusion that you were all right."

My only answer was to hide my face on her neck and burst into tears, which was quite enough to tell the whole matter.

"Oh, Gerty, I'm so glad, I'm so glad!" she said, kissing me rapturously. "We're a pair of happy girls this Christmas, arn't we?"

After breakfast the next morning, Philip took me away to his study, and when he had attended to some letters that lay on the table, he turned to me, and, after giving me the kiss that the morning didn't seem complete without, he told me I must make my preparations quickly. I was startled and frightened, and my heart began to flutter painfully, until he took me in his arms in that strong way of his that always stills and quiets me.

"You know, darling," he said in his deep, earnest voice, "they will all be going away soon, and I must have my wife before they go. You don't want long to prepare, do you? Wouldn't it be pretty to celebrate the day they leave us to go out into the world, with a wedding, and so begin our new life all together?"

I tremblingly assented, and so it was settled. I had only three weeks in which to prepare. Of course Jim and Walter could not stay all that time, but they came back, for Jim was to give me away, and I had all the girls for bridesmaids. Philip sent to St. John for the things that I wanted, and when they came, there was a beautiful white dress and veil for me, and a pretty light dress for each of the girls.

When I came downstairs on the wedding day, dressed ready for church, in my bridal white, Philip met me in the hall and said I was a white flower. Then I remembered my dream. I had found my white flowers.

# Young Folks.

## DICK MORTON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME ELISA FRANK BY J. J. PROCTER.

### I.

Dick's mother was a Frenchwoman, who had married a captain in the English merchant service, and had lived in England up to the period of the birth of her little Richard, when her husband died. The same year and month, almost the same week, had seen the death of the father and the birth of the child, so that in later years Mrs. Morton could never look back into the past without a smile before a little cradle, and a tear before a tomb.

She returned to France to her aged father, M. Dorbigny, who lived by himself in a small cottage by the bay of Saint Michael, between Saint Malo and the coast of Normandy, and there Richard was brought up.

M. Dorbigny was, in more respects than one, an eccentric personage. In 1854 he still clung to the fashions that preceded the French Revolution, and if he had been left to his own devices, Dick would have been clad like an honest citizen of the days of Louis XV., as he himself was; but Mrs. Morton, by dint of skill and cajoleries, had managed to keep the simple and convenient dress worn by English children for her little boy. As for intellect, if the old man was a little fantastic and original, if he sometimes so far forgot the age of his little grandson as to discourse with him on politics and philosophy, he was none the less an excellent man and a good teacher. When ten years old his pupil knew more than a good many at fifteen, and he was especially well advanced in the natural sciences, for which his venerable teacher had a most passionate ardor.

His lessons were so much the more pleasant to Dick that he had to put them into practice at every fitting opportunity. If botany was the subject on hand, the garden, the meadows and the copses were explored minutely, and the explanation was made by the light of the bright sun, or in the twilight of a vault of verdure which the travellers would choose to halt under at mid-day, there to dine, and take an hour's rest. Again when marine plants were in question, or the pebbles and innumerable shells which strewed the shores, the grandfather would take Dick by the hand, and lead him along the beach, every moment pointing out to him with his gold-headed cane, here shells shaped like a Roman helmet, or the pearly interior of an empty oyster shell, or a sea-ear; there a hairy seaweed, a pebble spangled with gold, a tuft of seamoss as green as an emerald, a crab walking sideways, or a lobster in a complete suit of armor lurking under some huge rock.

It must be said that Dick much preferred these last studies to those which he had to pursue inland, and that he would have given all the meadows, all the woods, and all the gardens in the world for the privilege of wandering morning and evening on the white sands from which he could watch the

blue waves that roared and foamed with lofty crests around the giant rock of St. Michael. It was on the top of this rock that ages ago was erected that famous abbey dedicated to the archangel Michael, which in our own days has become a state prison.

A hundred times had his grandfather related to Dick the old legend how the archangel Michael, wishing to rid the country of a demon who had taken up his quarters on the rock of Tombelaine, and thence scattered misfortune through the whole country, descended on the loftiest peak of the opposite rock to challenge him to the combat. The archangel had a long flaming sword and a buckler of fine gold; the fiend was armed with a lance of blue steel, and a brazen helmet. The champion of heaven and the champion of hell combated an entire day in the sight of the inhabitants of the coast, who were filled with fear and wonder; but the victory remained with the archangel, and the fiend was hurled into the sea which boiled between the two rocks. St. Michael ascended towards the heavens, and soon a magnificent abbey, called by his name, rose on the very spot where he had fought. As for the place where the evil spirit had been swallowed up, it was found when the tide ebbed that it had become moving and full of crevasses, and, in spite of the care with which these dangerous spots were afterwards marked, the loss of persons imprudent enough to venture upon them without a guide was, and is now, too often to be deplored. The quicksands of St. Michael's Bay have opened under the feet of many a traveller, and even among the fishermen of this fatal bay, there are many who could not safely explore it, so much is the danger disguised under treacherous appearances. Dick knew all this well, but it did not hinder him from ardently wishing for an opportunity to go alone, only once, to St. Michael's rock that he might put into practice his acquaintance with the map of the quicksands. "Such an adventure," thought he, "would raise me in the eyes of my comrades; they would admire me, would envy me; I should be a hero with all the community. It is true I should have driven my grandfather and mother to despair, that I should have given them a terrible affliction; but, then, what joy would succeed to this anguish!—how I should be embraced and fondled!—what rejoicings there would be on my return!" As if the ungrateful child had had need to confront death in order to be caressed by the two beings who only lived for him and in him!

So one day that his mother, accompanied by M. Dorbigny, had gone on a little journey to St. Malo, and Dick, confided to the care of a servant, was supposed to be stopping in the house, or in the garden, the child, eager for adventures, and thinking very little of the price they would cost his parents, slipped out of the garden whilst the servant was spreading out some linen on the hedge, and gained the beach, armed with a basket, heavy boots, and sticks to sound the quicksands, and followed by his dog.

In the evening when Mrs. Morton and M. Dorbigny arrived Dick was still absent, and no one had seen him during the day, either on the beach or in the village. Despair had driven his mother almost mad, and his poor old grandfather was sinking under an attack of apoplexy and paralysis.

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## Chapter II.

In one of the most fertile spots in the isle of Jersey, is a large and fine farm, superintended by M. Aubin, a French farmer. It is not far distant from the sea, and the ships and fishing smacks which traverse the Channel often stay in a little harbor not half a mile off.

One fine day in spring a boy of about twelve years, was walking on the road to the farm, accompanied by a dog which barked and bounded merrily

before him. He carried on his shoulder some sticks bound up in a bundle, a basket and a pair of fisher's boots hung at his back, and his turned up trousers exposed to view a pair of stout shoes thoroughly soaked with water; yet he walked along jauntily enough, pointing out the road to the dog with his hand, and seeming to inhale with pleasure the pure and fresh air that came laden with the sweet scents of the farm.

But as he drew nearer to the buildings the little traveller became less and less brisk; a shadow came over his face, and a deep sigh escaped his lips. At last the farm came in view, white in its walls, red in its roof, and surrounded with fine trees, pools of water, and green and flowery meadows covered with cattle. Tom (for that was the name of the dog) darted towards the yard-gate, but a formidable barking made him execute a quick movement to the rear, for this gate was guarded by two huge bulldogs whose mouths showed teeth capable of cracking stones. The child stopped short, and looked around, while Tom, taking up a position full twenty paces behind him, barked in a rather timid and hesitating tone. At this moment a young and blooming girl came out of the yard, with a pitcher in one hand, and a basket of linen in the other. She saw the confused look of the child, his pretty face, and his dress partly wet, and approaching, addressed him in English.

Blushing like a pomegranate flower, the boy answered her a few words in the same language, but with a foreign accent. "Peter," cried the farm-girl, in French, "go and tell the master that here is a young boy who may have need of him." Then turning towards the child, "Come in, my little man."

The little man looked at the dogs, and did not dare to advance one step.

"Ah, I see what stops you," said the servant, laughing. "Come with me," and she drew off the child to pass between the frightful guardians, with his face white with terror. As for Tom, he took his part like a hero, and darted with one bound after his master.

A kind-looking man appeared at this moment at the door of the house, and the servant departed, saying:

"There, my dear, that is Mr. Aubin." The child took a step forward, took off his hat, and then stopped, uncertain whether to advance further, and not daring to say a word.

During all this time, Tom, seated in the middle of the yard, growled in an undertone at the bulldogs, who seemed now to completely ignore his existence, for they had lain down again opposite each other, and shut their great round eyes as if they were asleep.

"Who are you, my child, and what do you want?" asked the farmer in an encouraging tone.

"My name is Dick Morton," stammered our adventurer in a low voice.

"Are you an Englishman?"

"My father was, but my mother is a Frenchwoman, and I want to get back to France."

"And how does it happen that you are here alone, and far from your mother?"

Dick began to cry so bitterly that the good farmer went up to him, and took him gently by the hand. "It is no use crying, my little friend. Come, don't be afraid, and tell me the truth."

"I left the house during the absence of my mother and grandfather. I wanted to see if I could not find my way through the quick sands of the beach of St. Michael's Mount, and the sea very nearly carried me off."

"But all that does not explain how you happen to be at Jersey."

"Just as I was clinging to a rock to keep myself from the waves, I saw a fishing-boat at anchor. I hid myself in it, thinking it would go to Cancale, whence I could easily have got back before evening, and when they were out at sea I showed myself, but they

told me the boat was going back to Jersey. Ah! I cried then, thinking that my mother would think me dead."

"And why did you come to me?"

"The captain of the ship sent me here, telling me that you were a Frenchman, and that you would know what to do with me. Oh, my poor grandfather, and my dear mother! how grieved you will be!" and he burst into a fresh flood of tears.

"If you have told me the exact truth," said Mr. Aubin, "I will see what can be done to return you as soon as possible to your relations; but, first of all, it is important that I should write to them, and for that, I shall want you to give me their address. And now come in and rest; we will talk further by-and-by."

Dick thanked the farmer, and after having put down his baggage in a corner of the yard, entered the large kitchen of the farm, where dinner was being got ready. He sat down on a joint-stool with downcast eyes, waiting for Mr. Aubin to give orders concerning him. Suddenly he was seized with a violent headache, nausea followed, and then fever. They had to put him to bed and send for the doctor—he had the scarlet fever.

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## Chapter III.

The excitement and the subsequent regret which this escapade caused him, and perhaps also the fatigue of a long journey through the heavy sand, had brought upon Dick that sickness which attacks children more especially, and sometimes endangers their lives. He was delirious for several days, and so completely so that it was impossible for Mr. Aubin to learn the address of his mother; but he had spoken of Cancale, near St. Michael's Mount. The farmer, therefore, wrote to that place to let Mrs. Morton know the fate of her son. All this had taken up several days, and Dick was in the crisis of the fever before an answer arrived to the communication of Mr. Aubin. Aunt Jane, an old relation of the farmer, had installed herself by the bedside of the little invalid, where she watched day and night with the greatest anxiety. Every care was lavished upon him with rare zeal and intelligence. Mr. Aubin had given orders that nothing was to be neglected and no pains to be spared, for he had but one thought, to rescue the child from death and restore him to his mother. Aunt Jane, whilst watching over him, used to read the Bible continually, and often she forgot herself so far as to read in a low voice, as if she understood the sense of this sacred book better by spelling as it were every word. One evening, when she was more than usually absorbed in this occupation, Dick, whose delirium had left him, raised himself gently on his elbow, and tried to make out what his nurse was saying. She was reading the history of the prodigal son, and had come to this passage: "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee.'" Dick, on hearing those words, felt his heart breaking. Up to this moment the violence of the fever had taken from him all idea of what had happened, and he had not thought of asking Mr. Aubin what was the result of his letter. All this came back to his mind upon hearing Aunt Jane murmur, "I will arise and go to my father," etc.

"Tell me about my mother," said he in a voice changed by fear; "please, Aunt Jane, tell me what you know."

"There, there, my dear boy, don't excite yourself in this way. Your mother has been told, and she will be here in a few days, perhaps to-morrow; but be reasonable and don't expose yourself to danger again."

"And grandfather—— ?"

Aunt Jane hesitated a moment.

"My poor grandpapa! Is he ill?"

"He has been unwell, and is yet, but we hope he will be better soon."

Dick cried bitterly in spite of all that Aunt Jane could do to quiet him. A horrible apprehension had seized on him on learning that Mr. Dorbigny had been ill.

The day after this Mr. Aubin entered with a rather troubled face and told his young guest that he had received a letter from France, telling him that Mrs. Morton could not come immediately to Jersey on account of his grandfather, but she had sent a person to take charge of Dick as soon as he could safely bear the journey.

"Is my grandfather worse, then?" said the convalescent to the farmer, who was preparing to leave the room.

"Yes and no, master Dick. The old man has received a great shock from your flight. I tell you so candidly, because I think that the lesson, severe though it is, is needful for you, A boyish freak may cause cruel and irreparable evils, and we cannot insist on it too strongly; an evil once done is not easily effaced, my boy, but the future is ours, and God wills that the faults of the past should be redeemed by a better life in the future. You have too much heart and intelligence, I fancy, not to reflect on this. In three or four days you will be fit to go on board the vessel. I will give you a horse to take you to the creek where a boat from Cancale will be waiting for you; her captain is a friend of your mother's, and is commissioned by her to bring you back to your home."

"Four days is a long time."

"Prudence requires it. I will only let you go when it is safe to do so; and with this, good-night, my child."

And the farmer withdrew, leaving Dick to his meditations.

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## Chapter IV.

In four days after this conversation—four days which had seemed so many ages to Dick,—Mr. Aubin came to tell him that the grey mare was waiting for him at the gate, and that a little farm-boy was charged to follow him to bring the beast back again.

At this announcement Dick's heart beat so violently that he was almost suffocated; but he soon recovered from the sudden shock, and, in the best way he could, expressed his thanks to Mr. Aubin who would not hear a word, then he affectionately kissed Aunt Jane and went into the yard.

His clothes had been mended during his sickness, and Aunt Jane had made him a present of a pair of black gloves. When he had mounted the grey mare, on which he made a fine figure, the farmer put a switch in his hand and wished him a good journey.

A quarter of an hour later he was on the road, followed by the little farm-boy, and Tom, who bounded before the horse barking as if he would say, "We are going to see our dear home."

On reaching the last stage of his short voyage, Dick perceived an old wayside inn, before which hung a wooden sign whose many-colored letters dazzled the eyes.

On the doorsteps of this primitive inn were a man and woman, by whose stoutness and red face it was easy to recognize the proprietors of this open house. The host and hostess came eagerly toward Dick Morton and offered him the most *recherché* dishes they could think of, though, to tell the truth, these delicious dishes only existed in the bill of fare, and any one dining at the inn would have had to content himself with potatoes and a piece of roast beef more or less tough. Dick thanked them as if they had served up the soup and the three courses, but told them timidly that he was not hungry, and that he wanted to get to the place of embarkation as soon as possible.

When our little wanderer saw the sea again he experienced so great a joy, and at the same time so bitter a repen-

tance, that he stayed his horse for a moment, that he might not arrive with red eyes and heaving breast, to meet the captain that was waiting for him.—After a pause of a few minutes, he trotted forward again, and went straight to the place where the fishing-smack was anchored.

A friendly face awaited him on board; he resigned the mare to the farm-boy, not without being greatly ashamed at giving him nothing,—but his purse was empty; consequently he had to content himself with warm thanks, and begged him to give his grateful compliments to the farmer and Aunt Jane.

Early in the morning of the next day, young Dick Morton landed on the beach of St. Michael, and went with a hesitating step towards his home, which could be seen from the Bay.

A heart-rending sight awaited him; not for one moment did his mother leave the couch of his grandfather, whom paralysis confined to his bed; and, when Dick showed himself at the door, now flooded with the rays of the sun, the poor old man had not strength to utter a cry, but stretched out his hand toward the door, and thus Mrs. Morton learnt the arrival of her son.

To turn round and dart towards him with all the strength her love gave her, was the work of an instant. The poor woman, as we said before, had been very near losing her reason, but the deplorable condition of her father had recalled her to herself. Her care was indispensable to him, and she had lavished it upon him, stifling in the inmost depths of her heart her desire to fly to Jersey, there to embrace the dear culprit who had caused her so much suffering.

It may therefore be easily imagined with what transport she covered her son with kisses—much more than he had dreamed of when he had determined on his foolish expedition; but if the maternal caresses were lavished upon him without reserve, in spite of his fault, the sight which the old man, frozen under a terrible and implacable disease, presented to him, was well calculated to revive Dick's remorse. So, as soon as he could extricate himself from the arms of his mother, he ran and fell on his knees by the bedside, crying, "Pardon, grandfather! Oh, pardon me, pardon me!"

In reply the sick man placed his right hand on the head of his little grandson, and said very gently, and very tenderly, "My child, may God pardon you, as your mother and I have forgiven you."

From this day forth, the strength of M. Dorbigny declined perceptibly, and the paralysis seized on one side of his body; but he supported this trial with heroic courage, that he might not rouse too violently the remorse of his dear Dick. He lingered thus for a few months, during which the young boy shared with his mother the cares which his grandfather's state demanded.

He watched the slightest signs; followed on his furrowed countenance the lightest traces of the disease, and by dint of tenderness divined and forestalled his most secret wishes.

But all this was vain before the intensity of the disease. The old grandfather succumbed to it towards the end of the summer, and Dick mourned for him with so true and deep a sorrow and despair that his mother found herself obliged to conceal her own grief in order to moderate that of her child.

Never since that epoch has Dick gazed upon the quicksands of Mount St. Michael without feeling oppressed with a heavy weight, and turning aside to weep over him who had so tenderly pardoned his death.

Children, keep carefully your young consciences from those sorrowful regrets which nothing can efface. Obedience often presses heavily upon you, but the consequences of disobedience are still more heavy to bear.

Dick Morton may lead the life of an honest man, and henceforward fulfil all

his duties with the scrupulousness of a pious and sensitive nature; but a voice at the bottom of his heart will always whisper to him that it is he who has caused the death of his grandfather, and this voice will trouble his purest pleasures.

"But," you will perhaps say, "Dick had a good heart; he was tenderly attached to his relations, and without doubt he would never have ventured among the quicksands if he could have foreseen all the misery that would result from it." Granted,—he would have been a monster otherwise; but, like a great many children, he loved his mother and grandfather with that species of egotism which prevents the actions from harmonizing with the intentions. He loved them for himself, and he could not resist the temptation to escape from them for a few hours, with the sole aim of running after a new sensation, and satisfying an imprudent curiosity.

Let children be well convinced of this, that there cannot be true pleasure where there is a fault, and virtue, at the age of Dick Morton, is contained in the one word "obedience."

An obedient child is almost sure of never going wrong, so long as his parents are continually watching with the most tender solicitude against the evil and the dangers that may threaten him, and ward them off. The duty of a child is therefore most simple, if not most easy. It is indeed difficult, but where there is no struggle there is no virtue, and obedience is a virtue.

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# OUR THREE BOYS.

BY SARAH E. CHESTER,

(American Tract Society.)

## CHAPTER III.

Joey's mamma came smiling through the side-door into the dining-room, with a Sabbath-school book full of pictures, and a Child's Paper in her hand.

"How is my baby?" she said.

"Better," gurgled Joey through the water that he had plunged his face into.

"Has the tooth stopped aching, darling?" she asked as she pulled off her gloves.

"That toof? oh, I had that out," said Joey, as if it were a matter scarcely worth mentioning, and had all but escaped his memory.

Mamma paused in her disrobing to exclaim, "Why, Joey Sheppard!"

"Who pulled it?" asked Jack, just coming in the door. "I'll have to take a look at your mouth before I believe that you had pluck enough to let cousin Louisa do it."

"She did," said Joey. "You can just look." And he displayed the new hole in his gum.

"It's a wonder your screams didn't take the roof off the church, and spoil father's sermon," said Jack. "Did he kick, cousin Louisa?"

"He behaved very well," said cousin Louisa.

"Joe, you'll be a man before your mother," said Dan. "What sort of a bargain did you make with cousin Louisa?"

"Pantaloons," said Joey, smiling his delight, and showing all his teeth and the little new hole.

"Good enough!" said Dan.

"Then I shall have to make a little jacket to wear with them," said Mrs. Sheppard. "Joey dear, run up stairs with mamma's bonnet and shawl, and then I'll show you your book and paper."

Joey was back very quickly, looking at the pictures in the book and paper.

"After dinner," said mamma, "we'll see if we can't find something to learn, Joey. You and I will have a little Sunday-school to make up for your not going to-day. Your teacher sent her love, and so did Mamie Cady. They both hope that you will be well very soon."

"Mamie Cady didn't know 'bout my pantaloons when she sent that love," said Joey, "or I guess she'd a sent more. Won't she open her eyes big when she sees 'em, mamma? Don't you think I'll look pretty nice in 'em?"

"Yes, dear," said mamma. "But suppose we don't talk any more about pantaloons to-day. This is God's day, you know, Joey; and we'll have the pantaloons and all such things to-morrow."

"Yes, ma'am," said Joey.

He amused himself with his paper and book until dinner-time; and after dinner, when the table had been cleared off and Cousin Louisa and mamma had washed the dishes, Joey and mamma went over in one corner of the parlor to have their Sunday-school.

Mr. Sheppard had read his religious weekly through since dinner-time, and as he was always rather tired after preaching, he leaned back in his big chair, put the paper over his head to keep the flies and the breezes off from his bald spot, and went to sleep.

Dan put a pillow at one end of the lounge, Jack put one at the other, and they lay down with their feet in the neighborhood of each other's heads to read their Sunday-school books.

Cousin Louisa took a volume from the bookcase, and retired to her chair. That particular rocking-chair was called hers, because she preferred it to any other. It had a long straight back, and a creak in one of its legs. It creaked whenever she rocked it, and she rocked it whenever she was in it.

The book that she had chosen was a large History of the Jews in very fine print, written many hundred years ago by a gentleman named Josephus.

Cousin Louisa opened it at a mark. On the mark the words, "From a Friend," were embroidered. Having laid the mark carefully in the back of the book, smoothing out the ribbons as if it were something she prized highly, Cousin Louisa began to read.

"Well, Joey," said Mrs. Sheppard, speaking softly that she might not disturb any one, "do you think of anything you would like to learn?"

"Another Psalm, mamma?"

"We will have another Psalm," said mamma, "unless you think of something in the New Testament, or some hymn, you would rather learn."

"There's a little hymn in my paper this week," said Joey—"the one you brought me from Sunday-school. See if it's nice to learn, mamma."

Mrs. Sheppard opened the paper and read it.

"Oh lovely, Joey!" she said. "It is a beautiful little thing about 'The Flying Birds.' You shall learn it, and I will only teach you one little Bible verse besides, to-day. Let me think what it shall be. I know. It will go nicely with your hymn. Repeat it after me, Joey. 'If any man serve Me, let him follow Me.'"

"'If any man serve Me, let him follow Me,'" repeated Joey over and over, until they were certain that he knew it perfectly.

"What does that mean, Joey?" said mamma.

"Follow means go after," answered Joey.

"Then following Christ is going after him," said mamma; "and what does that mean, dear?"

Joey thought a few moments.

"We can't," he said, "'cause we'd have to go up to heaven, mamma, if we went after. Jesus Christ went right up, up through the air, over the tree-tops, and into the clouds, don't you 'member? Don't you think Jesus meant that verse for the angels that have got wings, mamma? or maybe for the birds, too."

"Oh, no, dear," said mamma. "He meant it for people like you and me. He was talking to men when he said it; and he meant men, and women like me, and little boys like you, just as well as men."

"And little girls, too, mamma, like Mamie Cady?"

"Yes, dear, everybody. But there is a way for us to follow Christ, Joey; and I want you think what it is without my telling you, if you can."

"We can't fly up into the clouds, can we, mamma?"

"No, darling; but is that the only way people get to heaven?"

"Oh, no!" said Joey. "Allie Pollard went through the ground. That's the way she got there; and so did my little baby sister too. But, mamma, what makes everybody go down to get up? It's so queer."

"Part of them goes down into the ground and part goes up to heaven, Joey. The part that goes to heaven doesn't go through the ground at all to get there. It goes straight up to God. Your baby sister's soul went to God, and it was just her little body that we put under the grass and the flowers. But, Joey, all souls that leave their bodies to be put under the grass, and go away out of this world, don't go up to God. What is the reason?"

"I don't know," said Joey.

"Oh, my darling, mamma has told you that often."

"Mamma," said Joey, "do you mean those sinners?"

"We are all sinners," said mamma. "But I mean the sinners who do not love our Lord Jesus and pray to Him to make them better. Do the people who live without caring that Christ died for them go to His home in heaven Joey, after they are dead?"

"Oh, no!" said Joey, very softly. "They go away for ever, and it's dark and cold, and they cry."

"But God would gladly have taken them to heaven if they would have come," said mamma.

"Yes," said Joey.

"The trouble was that they wouldn't go in the only way that would take them there. There is only one way to heaven, darling. and that is by Christ's taking us there. If we follow Him, we shall get there, too. I don't mean the way through the clouds; I mean the way of being good. We cannot be good like Jesus Christ, for he was God as well as a man; but we can be a great deal better than we are, if we try very hard and ask Him to help us.

"Christ was gentle, and he never said cross things. He gave up his own way, and he thought of every one before himself. He was so lovely while he lived down here, that the way he went to heaven through his life on earth was more beautiful even than the way he went through the clouds. And I would rather go to heaven through loving and trusting him, and being like him, than to go up through the clouds, Joey; wouldn't you?"

"Yes, mamma," said Joey.

"I wonder what Dan thinks about it," said mamma, for she saw that he had dropped his book and was listening to her.

Dan rolled off the lounge and came over and sat on the floor, and put his head in her lap. That was his only answer.

"If my boys are Christians," said mamma, "which simply means if they are followers of Christ, and are kind and gentle and honest and noble, like

him, then they will be the manly men that I have set my heart on their being.

"Christ's way is the only way that leads to heaven," she said.

One of her hands clasped Joey and the other played with Dan's curly hair. So they sat for a little while, all of them thinking and no one speaking.

"Mamma," said Dan, "you remember that story about St. Christopher, how he vowed he would serve only the mightiest? I'd rather have a Perfect Man for my pattern than a man with faults like my own. And Christ is not only the mightiest, but the noblest and best of all."

"I long to see you loving and following him," said mamma, gently, thanking God in her heart that her boy had such desires.

"But it's one thing to aim, and another to succeed," said Dan.

"God will help you," said mamma. "You must ask him."

After playing with his curls a little while, she was reminded by Joey of the hymn in his paper.

"I'll read it to you before you learn it," said mamma, "and see if you like it. Its name is,

"THE FLYING BIRDS.

"O wise little birds, how do you know
The way to go,
Southward, northward, to and fro?

"Far up in the ether pipèd they:
'We but obey
One who calleth us far away.

"'He calleth and calleth year by year,
Now there, now here;
Ever He maketh the way appear.'

"Dear little bird, He calleth me
Who calleth thee;
Would that I might as trusting be!"

Joey liked it very much, and he learned it easily by repeating it after his mother. When he had said it through without one mistake, mamma dismissed her Sabbath-school.

## CHAPTER IV.

Then she tiptoed across the room and peeped under the paper to see if Mr. Sheppard was still asleep. His eyelashes were lying peacefully on his cheeks, and he looked perfectly unconscious of anything except his dreams. But as mamma turned to tiptoe away, he surprised her by pulling a little lock of hair that had escaped into her neck.

Then they both remembered that it was Sunday and the children were looking.

"Have you had a nice nap, father?" said she.

"Charming, mother," said he.

"It is time for prayers. That is why I looked under your paper.

"Very well. I am ready."

After prayers there was still time to be disposed of before tea. It was at this hour, between prayers and evening service, when Sunday seemed the longest day of all the seven. The boys were always restless, and inclined to violate the solemnity with which they had been taught to observe Sunday.

Dan and Jack had found their Sunday-school books not interesting enough to read through. They were wide awake after their naps, and they wanted something to do. They couldn't talk about their plays and playmates, and of course any sort of amusement was out of the question. It was rather tedious to roam about the house with nothing to say or do.

Dan in despair picked up the volume that cousin Louisa had been reading, and opened it at the beginning. Presently Jack was aware that the cough on the other side of the table was addressed to him, and he went over.

"Guess how many children Adam had," whispered Dan.

Jack guessed on his fingers all the way from ten to twenty, and gave it up.

"That's good for Sunday," said Dan.

"I'll ask father. Do you know how many children Adam had, father?"

"The Bible doesn't tell," replied his father.

"There's a tradition that tells, though."

"We don't place any dependence on traditions."

"There's a chance of their being true," said Dan. "If this one is true, he only had fifty-six—thirty-three sons and twenty-three daughters."

Jack began to giggle very gently, as if he might be checked if he were discovered; but very steadily, too, as if he had no idea of giving it up. He seemed to be exceedingly amused at Dan's statement, and he giggled on, Dan keeping him company. It is very easy to laugh at nothing when one particularly wants to laugh; and in this long, last hour of the Sabbath afternoons, small trifles were apt to become interesting to the boys.

"I believe this old man was crazy," whispered Jack, reading over Dan's shoulder. "What in the name of common sense does that mean?"

Dan read, following Jack's finger, that "Adam had indeed many other children, but Seth in particular. As for the rest, it would be tedious to name them."

"Slightly, I should think," said Dan, "if he undertook the whole fifty-six;" aud the two boys giggled till their faces were purple.

"Boys!" said their father.

"Yes, sir," gasped Jack.

"We are reading Josephus, sir," said Dan.

"You boys can find better books than that to read on Sunday; put it away."

As Jack walked over to the book-case with it he dropped Cousin Louisa's book-mark on the floor. Instead of replacing it in the book he put it in his pocket. He thought he would make Cousin Louisa tell him the history of it, the name of the friend who gave it to her and all the particulars, which might be more interesting than his present occupation of doing nothing.

But as he reached the kitchen door to go out, Joey came in. His face was full of something to tell, as Jack knew the moment he put his eyes on him.

There was nothing Joey enjoyed so much as having something to tell, and some one to tell it to. He had such a very confiding nature, that his mother was often tempted to think it might be better for them all, as a minister's family, if Joey had been born dumb.

He loved to run away from home on pleasant mornings and meet nice old ladies, who asked him questions all along the street. It was a real pleasure to him to send them on their way rejoicing by telling them all they asked, and a great deal that they would never have dreamed of asking.

He was more than willing to let them know what he had had for breakfast, whether there was always dessert for dinner, and if rich cake abounded in their pantry.

When questioned as to Cousin Louisa's temper, he poured out his mind without any reserve. He had a peculiar talent for remembering and repeating remarks that he had overheard about the people in the church; and he was especially fond of spreading far and wide the whispered observations that his sharp little ears were lucky enough to catch at times.

Reasoning and entreaties. and even scoldings and whippings, had failed to make Joey a better boy in this respect. He was constantly getting his family into trouble.

Jack came back into the parlor and waited for Joey to unburden.

Joey climbed up into his father's lap and said:

"I know somfin!"

"Something good for Sunday?" said his father.

"Yes," said Joey confidently; for if Cousin Louisa had told it to him on

Sunday, Joey thought it must be good for him to repeat it on Sunday.

"Poor old papa!" said Joey, and he patted his father's cheek. "I'll pay 'em!"

"Whom?" said his father. "What's the matter now?"

"Them dekings," said Joey.

"The deacons, do you mean, Joey? What about them?"

"I know," said Joey. "Cousin Louisa told me heaps o' things this morning."

"Joey," said his father, "tell me this minute what you are talking about."

"I'm talking about them elders and dekings," said Joey, "that make you and mamma and Cousin Louisa work; and don't give us any money to buy a girl or any pantaloons with."

"Did you say Cousin Louisa had been telling you that?"

"Yes, sir."

"What else? Tell me all she said."

"They're mean and stingy and everything," said Joey.

Mr. Sheppard was a very mild man, but he put Joey down and opened the kitchen-door and went in. Cousin Louisa was there, and he said to her,

"I am astonished, Cousin Louisa, to learn how you have been talking to Joey. Every member of the congregation will have heard of it before Saturday night."

"It might do them good to hear the truth occasionally," she answered. "I am not afraid to express my opinion."

"It is one thing to express it yourself or to me, and quite another to put into the mouth of a child like Joey. I must repeat that I am greatly surprised at your indiscretion. I beg you will be more careful in future."

Mr. Sheppard returned to the parlor and closed the door.

"Now, Joey, come to me," he said. He took him on his knee, and looked as serious as he possibly could.

"I want you to understand," he said, "that you are not to repeat a word of this. If I hear of your having done it, you shall be severely punished. Do you understand?"

Joey hung his head, and replied that he did.

"It might do some good, father," suggested Dan.

"If my salary is too small for my services, I don't know that it is the fault of the elders and deacons, Dan."

"Somebody is to blame," said Dan.

"Custom is to blame," said his father.

"Men make customs," said Dan. "I think every person in the church ought to be held guilty for letting a man that works as hard as you do support his family on seven hundred dollars."

"Joey, run into the kitchen," said his father.

"Joey having obeyed, Mr, Sheppard said to Dan,

"You know individuals don't feel the responsibility of public wrongs as they ought to."

"We'd better get them all together then," said Dan, "and see if we can't make them feel it. Something ought to be done. I think the way country ministers are paid is a digrace to religion."

"It is not our place to do anything about it, Dan. If there is to be a reform in these matters, it must begin with the laymen, not with the clergy. And I have no disposition to complain myself. I think this matter will come right, with a great many others, in God's own time. People will wake up to it by-and-by. Meanwhile we must make the best of what we have, and feel paid by the consciousness that we are serving our master."

"Oh, I wouldn't care," said Dan, "if mother didn't have to work so hard, and be forever denying herself."

"That's the hardest part of it to me." said his father.

"Why, I quite enjoy poverty," said mother, laughing. "You needn't any oi you be pitying me."

*(To be continued.)*

## ADALMINA'S PEARL.

There was once upon a time a king and a queen who had a little girl, and as she was a king's daughter, she was called a princess. Her name was Adalmina. She was her parents' only child, and on that account they loved her very, very much, almost too much; for God does not like men to idolize their fellow-beings, lest they should forget what is said in the catechism about loving God above everything, with all one's heart and with all one's soul.

When the Princess Adalmina was christened, two good fairies, one Red, and the other Blue, were invited to be godmothers, as always happens in stories about royal christenings. The two good fairies did not forget each to give the princess a gift: the Red Fairy gave her a large valuable pearl, so exquisitely beautiful that no one had ever seen the like of it; moreover, it was accompanied by three other good gifts.

"Know," said the fairy, "that as long as Adalmina wears this pearl she will become more beautiful, more rich, and more clever every day; but should she lose her pearl she will forfeit the three other gifts at the same time—beauty, riches, and cleverness; there is no help for that, and she will not get them back until she finds her pearl again."

So spoke the Red Fairy; then the Blue Fairy said:

"Adalmina has received three such great gifts that few people would wish for anything beyond them in this world. Still there is one gift yet remaining, which is, in truth, the best of all, and I will give that to Adalmina on one condition. So long as the princess possesses her pearl with its three accompanying qualities my gift will have no power, but should she lose her pearl, her beauty, her riches, and her cleverness, I will grant her as a compensation a fourth gift, which consists of a humble heart. Be it so!"

With these words the two fairies nodded farewell, and disappeared like two white clouds in the blue summer sky.

The king and the queen were very much delighted. They thought to themselves: "If only our little princess is beautiful, rich, and clever, it will not matter much what kind of a heart she has; we will take good care of her pearl, and then she will do very well without the Blue Fairy's shabby gift. The Red Fairy knew better what was a suitable present for a princess: her gifts were royal gifts. But the Blue one was stingy—that can't be denied; she gave the dear child alms just as one might throw a penny to a beggar girl on the high-road."

The king had a golden crown made, which exactly fitted little Adalmina's head, and was so ingeniously contrived that, as the princess grew, the crown grew too, and fitted just as well as before; but it was either too big or too small for everyone else. At the top of the crown was a point, and in the point the pearl was fastened so firmly and strongly that it was impossible that it could fall out.

The crown was placed upon Adalmina's head, and she wore it constantly, both when she slept in her little gilt cradle, and when she was awake, and ran about in the castle. But the king and queen were so much afraid of her losing the pearl that they strictly forbade anyone to let the princess go out beyond the large gate between the garden and the park; and, besides this, they ordered that whenever she went

out she was always to be followed by four gentlemen-in-waiting and four ladies-in-waiting, who had strict orders to watch the princess and her pearl most carefully.

They had better not venture to neglect their charge, for the grim red-coated executioner, with his ugly beard and horrible axe, was not a man to be trifled with!

The princess grew up, and everything happened just as the Red Fairy had foretold; Adalmina became the most beautiful princess that had ever been seen. She was so beautiful that her eyes shone like two bright silver stars on a spring night, and wherever she went there was sunshine around her, and all the flowers in the garden bowed down to her and said, "You are more beautiful than we." She became so rich—yes, so rich that it seemed as if treasures sprang up around her. The floor of her room was inlaid with silver and mother-of-pearl, the walls were one large looking-glass, and the roof was gold bestrewn with diamonds; you should have seen how it glittered by lamp-light! Adalmina ate on gold, slept on gold, and dressed in gold, and if it had been possible to eat gold itself, she would have done so, but it was too hard for her to bite.

So wonderfully clever was she, so clever, that she could guess the most difficult riddles, and remember the longest lessons if she only once looked at them. All the wise and learned men in the king's kingdom came together to question the princess, and all agreed that such a clever and wise princess as Adalmina had never existed before in the world, and certainly never would exist again as long as the world lasted.

This was all very well. There is no harm in being beautiful, rich, and clever, if only we know how to use these gifts according to God's will; but there lies the difficulty. The king and queen thought in their rapture that the Princess Adalmina was the best and most perfect being on earth, and unluckily Adalmina soon began to think the same herself. When everyone constantly told her that she was a thousand times richer and cleverer and more beautiful than the rest of mankind, she readily believed it, and she consequently became proud in her heart, and thought that everybody else, even her own parents, were inferior to her. Poor Adalmina! This was a large ugly blot on her bright beauty—great poverty in the midst of all her riches, extreme folly amidst all her cleverness; and through this she was very nearly ruined.

The older she grew the more haughty she became, and through her pride came other great faults, so that Adalmina became hard-hearted, naughty, greedy, and envious. When she saw a beautiful flower in the garden, she at once trampled it under foot, because she only had a right to be beautiful. When Adalmina met any other princess driving in a golden carriage, she felt very much vexed, because she thought no one had a right to be rich and grand save herself. If people spoke of other girls being good and clever, Adalmina cried with sheer vexation, for why should any one but she be clever? Adalmina scolded every one who did not flatter her and do all she wanted, and yet she despised those most who were most submissive to her. She was, in fact, a tyrant whom everybody feared and nobody loved; the king and queen were the only people in their kingdom who were not angry with her for her pride.

When the princess was fifteen years old she went out one day for a walk in the royal gardens. As she came to the gate she felt inclined to go out into the park, but the gate was locked, and no one dared to open it, as the king had strictly forbidden it. The four ladies-in-waiting and the four gentlemen-in-waiting were in attendance, and for the first time they refused to obey the princess's orders. Adalmina then became

angry, so angry that the brightness of her beauty was quite overclouded. She struck her faithful servants on their faces, ran away from them and climbed over the gate, and when they followed her she ran farther and farther away through the park, till at last the trees hid her from their sight.

For the first time in her life Adalmina now felt tired and thirsty, and sat down by a spring to re<t. She even stopped to take water from the spring in her royal white hand, and drink, just as other people have to do when there is no one bowing and offering a glass of water on a silver salver. At that moment she caught sight of her face reflected in the spring. " Ah! how beautiful I am!" she said to herself, bending her head lower toward the water in order to see it better; when—splash!—down fell the golden crown with the precious pearl from Adalmina's head, and disappeared like lightning in the rippling spring.

Adalmina hardly noticed it, so engrossed was she with her own beauty. But what happened next? No sooner had the water become smooth again than Adalmina saw reflected in it quite a different image from her own. Instead of a wonderfully handsome princess in gold-stitched clothing, with jewels in her hair and ear-rings of glittering diamonds, she saw only a poor ugly beggar-girl, bare-headed and barefoot, with ragged clothes and uncombed hair. In an instant all her extreme cleverness forsook her also. She became as ignorant and as simple as if she had never learned anything, and, what was still more remarkable, she completely lost her memory, so that she did not recollect who she had been, whence she came, or where she was going. She only dimly knew that some great change had taken place, and this idea frightened her so much that she ran away from the spring deeper and deeper into the forest, without knowing in what direction she was going.

As night came on the wolves began to howl in the forest, and Adalmina felt still more frightened, and ran on faster than ever, till she saw a light in the distance. When she came up to it she found that it proceeded from a little cottage in which lived a poor old woman.

" Poor child," said the old woman, " where do you come from so late at night?" But Adalmina could give no answer; she did not even know who she was, or where her parents lived. The old woman thought this very strange, but she had compassion upon her, and said,

" Since you are so poor and lonely in the wide world, you may come and live with me; I want some one to watch my goats in the forest. You may do that, my child, if you are a good girl, and contented to live on bread and water, with goat's milk now and then when we have a feast."

Adalmina was very much pleased with this offer, and gratefully kissed the old woman's hand; for, although the princess did not know it, the Blue Fairy had fulfilled her promise, and Adalmina had now obtained what is far better than beauty, riches, or cleverness, namely, a good and humble heart. She was much happier now watching her goats, eating her dry bread, and sleeping on her hard bed of straw and moss, and much better also, than of old; for many costly gifts follow a humble heart, such as a good conscience, quiet contentment, calm peace, kindness, and love, wherever one may be in the world.

Wherever Adalmina went now there was sunshine again around her; but it came not, as heretofore, from her outward, perishable beauty, but from the silent glory which the good and innocent on earth always shed around them—those whose souls stream with beauty, as the angels' faces do when they descend on their large white wings to the valley of the earth.

Meanwhile there was a tremendous uproar at the palace when the princess

was found to have disappeared. The poor ladies-in-waiting and terror-stricken gentlemen-in-waiting pleaded in vain that they had followed the princess to the gate; they were thrown at once into a dark prison, where neither sun nor moonlight reached them, and where the red-robed executioner with the ugly beard stood outside the door, axe in hand. The king and queen were utterly inconsolable. They ordered all their subjects to go into mourning, and had proclaimed in every church that whoever could find the Princess Adalmina should marry her, and—if he would not be content with less—have half the kingdom into the bargain! It was the fashion in those days to make this kind of offer, as every one knows.

The reward was good, and many princes and knights longed to earn it. For three whole years they rode through the wide world, winter and summer, and sought and sought in vain; but they never found even as much as the gilt heel of Adalmina's shoe.

At last it happened that the young and brave Prince Sigismond, of Frankland, while travelling about to find the princess, arrived at the old woman's cottage. There she sat dressed in mourning, not of very fine quality, it is true, but still, black it was, and the goats were black and white in color too.

"Whom do you wear mourning for, good mother?" asked the prince.

"The king has ordered that everybody shall wear mourning for our lost princess," answered the old woman; "but she was no great loss, though it is true she was rich, beautiful, and clever; for people say she had a proud heart, which was bad indeed, and the reason why no one loved her."

At this moment Adalmina came home from the forest with her goats. The prince looked at her, and could not understand how a girl who was so poor and plain yet touched his heart so wonderfully that he almost loved her before he had seen the tip of her nose. He asked her if she had ever seen the princess.

"No,' said Adalmina.

"It is strange," resumed the prince, "that for three long years I have thought of no one but the little princess; but now I shall search for her no more; I shall build a castle in the middle of this wood, and live here for the rest of my life."

Thereupon the prince built a castle, and it stood close to the spring where Adalmina had been transformed. Now it so happened one day when it was very warm that the prince felt thirsty, and bent over the spring to drink.

"What can it be that glitters so wonderfully down there at the bottom of the spring?" said he to himself. "I must see what it is."

The prince bent down, dipped his arm into the spring, and brought up from thence a golden crown, with an exquisitely beautiful pearl in the top of it. It then struck him, what if it should be Adalmina's pearl! Whereupon he took the crown to the king's castle; and no sooner had the king and queen set eyes on the jewel than they both exclaimed at once, "Adalmina's crown! Adalmina's pearl! Alas! where is she herself? where is our beautiful, dear little princess?"

The king then calculated that if the princess was still living, she would now be eighteen years old. He recollected what the Red Fairy had predicted, and began to guess the truth as to what had really happened. He therefore had a new proclamation read in all the churches, stating that all girls of eighteen should assemble in his court to try on the crown, and she whom it fitted perfectly should be recognized as the lost princess, and marry Prince Sigismond of Frankland.

It scarcely need be said that all the girls in the kingdom instantly hurried to the castle, and those who were rather more or less than eighteen years

old happened to forget their exact age.

It was a beautiful summer's day, and at least one thousand girls stood in long rows to try their luck. From early morning till late at night the golden crown passed from head to head, and was tried by every one, but fitted none. At last the girls began to grumble and say, "The king is making game of us; let us cast lots, and she who wins ought to have both the crown and the prince."

But Prince Sigismond thought this a very bad plan, and asked them to wait until the sun had set. "Very well, then," said the girls.

A little before sunset a watchman was placed to see if anyone was coming along the high-road. The prince cried, "The evening passes; watchman, do you perceive anyone coming along the road?"

The watchman answered, "I see the flowers bend their heads to sleep, for night is near; but no one, no one is coming along the road."

Again the prince said, "The evening passes; watchman, do you perceive anyone coming along the road?"

The watchman answered, "A cloud hides the setting sun, and the bird in the forest hides its head under its tired wing; night is fast approaching, but no one, no one is coming along the road."

Once more the prince asked, "The evening is at an end; watchman, do you not see anyone coming along the road?"

The watchman said, "I see a little cloud of dust far away by the edge of the forest. Now it approaches, and I see a poor goat girl driving a flock before her on the road."

"Let us try the crown on the goat girl," said the prince. The other girls, who all considered themselves much above her, cried, "No, no!" But the king had the goat girl brought in, and behold, when they tried the crown on her head it fitted exactly.

Just at that moment the sun went completely down, and it was so dark that it was impossible to see what the girl looked like. But Prince Sigismond thought in his heart, "It is the will of God that I should marry this poor goat girl, and I will do it, for I have watched her out in the forest with the poor old woman, and I know that there is sunshine about her wherever she goes."

All the people cried "Long live Prince Sigismond and Princess Adalmina!" But many thought within themselves, "She is nothing but a poor goat girl."

The goat girl, with the gold crown on her head, was now brought into the king's hall, which was lighted with thousands of wax-candles; but far brighter than the thousand wax-lights shone out the Princess Adalmina in her incomparable beauty, as she suddenly stood before them all clad in her golden garments; for at the same moment that she recovered her pearl, she also got back the Red Fairy's other gifts. But the best thing of all was that she kept at the same time the Blue Fairy's gift, her good and humble heart, and as she had now recovered her memory, she recollected quite clearly how wicked she had formerly been in her soul, and how she had been transformed, and learned that the poor and plain are far happier, from possessing a peaceful conscience, than the rich and beautiful who are proud in heart.

She now fell on her knees before her father and mother, and asked them and everybody to pardon her former pride, and as a proof of how changed her heart was, she fetched the poor old woman out of the crowd, embraced her, and said, "The charitable are rich in their poverty, but the rich who are hard-hearted suffer want and poverty in the midst of their riches."

All who saw this could scarcely believe their eyes, but Prince Sigismond said, "I knew that this would be so: Adalmina's pearl is beautiful, but far more beautiful is a humble heart."

Then there was a wedding and great joy in the king's castle; the four ladies-in-waiting and the four gentlemen-in-waiting were set at liberty, and the red-robed executioner with the ugly beard put his axe into the corner, and everyone throughout the land cried, "Beautiful indeed is Adalmina's pearl, but far more beautiful is a humble heart!"—*Selected.*

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## HOW TO ACQUIRE GOOD MANNERS.

Diffidence and awkwardness arise, at first, chiefly from youth and ignorance of society, and also from too much consciousness of self. Especially to the young I would say, Do not criticise your own actions in company too minutely and severely, and imagine you have committed an unpardonable crime if you have not given just the proper depth to a bow, or used just the conventional phrases. It is well to be correct in these little items, and for this purpose practice them among your intimates, where they will set more easily, for you will not appear at ease in them until you have practiced them thoroughly enough to do them mechanically.

Do not reproach yourself that you are not as easy and as much at home in society as the older ladies and gentlemen whose manners you covet. Experience has brought them to this point of perfection, as it will bring you in time. If you could be actor or actress enough to assume their exact manners, it would be affectation, which is a deformity; or, if that entire ease could be *real* at your age, it would look unnatural and forward. The blushes, little alarms, and stammerings, the very memory of which causes you, as they should not, to shrink within yourself for months afterward when you think of them, are not treasured up in the minds of your elders, as you imagine, as guilty stains upon your character that nothing may ever wash out, but are sometimes highly charming to them, recalling like trials in their own early life, and showing them that mountainous as these trials seemed *then*, they were naught but fresh dew of youth. In fact, uncomfortable as they are, they make to the beholder the very charm and newness of youth. You can not know yet how pretty mere modest youthfulness looks to your elders, and how it atones for little ignorances of polite usages of society. Real rudeness or ill-nature, however, will not be excused on account of youth. People will think at once, "Poor child! her mother has not taught her how to behave."

But if easy positions of the feet or hands, comfortable attitudes, bowings, and facility of motion seem among things unattainable, the "thank you's," "excuse me's," "introductions," are almost impossible of articulation even when you know what ought to be said or done; it is nothing but want of practice. Practice them, then, with your intimate friends before whom you feel easy, and with your sisters and brothers, and you will speedily become accomplished in them.

Do not shun company and social gatherings, for the more you do so from diffidence, the more out of place you will feel among your fellow-beings. You will be silly enough to imagine the awkwardness inborn and incurable, when all you need is practice in social usages, which is best attained by con-

stant association with persons proficient in these things. Do not associate with ill-bred people, as many do, merely because you feel more at ease among them, as you will be liable to grow like them. If your place in life or your training has been such that you really do not know what is required, there are books of etiquette that teach these things, and which, indeed, all people should keep about them. But remember *practice* is the only thing that will cause them to fit easily.

If one is new to society, one should not attempt to lead, but be rather quiet, and do no more than is necessary. Be deliberate. Many of the blunders of the inexperienced which are worse in their imagination than in reality are caused by haste to get through what is disagreeable from its novelty. There are few things we can do well rapidly until we are proficient in them. Do not speak in too low a voice, but do not by any means raise your voice to too loud a pitch, as, besides startling yourself, it will not sound well to "ears polite." Do not mumble and have to repeat your remarks, but pronounce distinctly and audibly. Do not sit perfectly silent in company waiting for some very wise remark to come into your mind, but say the little trifles and natural, common-place thoughts that the surrounding circumstances suggest, or that you would say to more familiar friends. People are not noticing you half as much as you imagine.

There is a subject I have never seen dwelt upon, and young people are very much wronged by not knowing it. It is this: You have just as much right to be graceful as anyone. If your father, mother, sister, or brother, or the whole family have a trick of poking the head forward, sticking the shoulder-blades out, carrying the elbows at right angles to the body, or even a shuffling or shambling walk, you do not *have* to do as they do if forty generations have done so, and the family are known by it. Just be the more watchful of yourself, as it is difficult to avoid following the example of those we are with. But widen your chest, strengthen your shoulders by the proper daily exercise, turn your toes out and lift your feet properly in walking; hold up your head. Do not act before you think, as many people do, and plunge into some clumsiness, but think first. Again, do not be too hasty, but do what you do in the best manner. Nothing appears more easy and graceful than deliberation, if it be not overdone, and it prevents awkwardness and the consequent confusion of wits.

I have seen people prolong family peculiarities and disagreeable ways by a sort of idea that if they should drop them and adopt more pleasing habits, they would be unnatural and affected. There are two ways of adopting more pleasing characteristics, one only skin-deep, and to make an appearance before company, wearing like a garment that is thrown off the moment the latter are gone. This, especially if selected without taste and judgment, is affectation, and never looks natural. But select a new way, because it is sensible and best; make it your own, in company and out of company, and it will become a natural possession and unconscious habit—a part of you, and your friends will say, "It always was born in her," and you will know whether that is true or not.

Many parents, who provide well otherwise for their children, are extremely negligent in practically and systematically teaching them the arts of "good breeding," so that they set easily and well upon them; the consequence is, that the lives of such children are embittered by this deprivation at school and during the first years of their entrance into society; and many, seeking those with whom they do feel at ease, are thus dragged down for life to companionship that is unworthy of them. —*Kate Kavanagh, in Phren. Journal.*

# The Home.

## MRS. HART'S IDOL.

BY CLARA F. GUERNSEY.

"Won't you come and drive this lovely afternoon, Anne?" said Mr. Hart to his wife as he was rising from the dinner-table.

"Oh, I can't," said Mrs. Hart, in a tone between the positive and the complaining. "I must wash the dishes, and I've got to bake, and I've some sewing I have planned to finish this week, and it's impossible."

"Oh, let the work go, Anne," said Mr. Hart good naturedly. "We can buy bread for once, and the sewing can wait, can't it?"

"No. I have planned to have it done this week, and I can't possibly have it round afterwards."

"I wish you would go, really, my dear," persisted Mr. Hart. "I have to go out to the Red Mills, and we could call on Mrs. Barry and see how the old lady is. She thought so much of your mother, Anne, and has wanted to see you so long. It seems unkind not to go. She won't always be there, you know."

"I wish you would not tease me, John," replied his wife with a shade of irritation. "I have my work to do, and I must do it. I can't help it if my duties keep me at home."

"Then I must go back to the old subject," said Mr. Hart, smiling and keeping his temper in a very wonderful manner, considering that he was a man arguing with his wife, "and say that I wish you would keep a girl. You know that I can afford it quite well, and I would so much rather not have your time taken up in washing dishes. Come, Anne, say that you will begin to look out for a servant to do the work, so that I can have my wife's society now and then."

"Now, John, I thought we had settled that question," replied Mrs. Hart, the more positively that some inward feeling which she was resolved not to recognize as conscience was worrying her with certain half-heard whispers. "I hate having a girl. You know how particular I am, and there never was a girl yet that could understand my ways and do my work as I want it done. I should be miserable to have my pantry get into the state a girl would have it in a week. As long as I can do my own work I can have my house respectable, and when I can't it will be time enough to talk to me about having help."

While the discussion had been going on Mrs. Hart had been gathering her dishes together on the waiter, and she now carried them out into her spotless kitchen and began to wash them with a certain air, which, perhaps, it would be harsh to call one of self-conscious virtue, but which it is not easy to describe by any other term.

"Anne will work so hard," Mr. Hart said, with a little sigh, to Aunt Susan Willis, who had been a silent listener to this little discussion. "I wish she wouldn't. It isn't as if there was any need of it."

"Anne is very neat and particular, thee knows, John," said Aunt Susan, in a tone so carefully regulated as to suggest the idea that the speaker was trying to keep some inward feeling from outward manifestation.

"Yes, I know; but, Aunt Susan, it does seem to me as if I would compound for a cup out of place on the pantry shelf or even a little dust now and then, if Anne would but give me a little more of her society, or would go out a little more. She does not return any calls, she can't find time to go anywhere with me, not even to see her dead mother's dear old friend. But there," said Mr. Hart, catching himself up with a sort of shock as he realized that he was almost complaining of his wife to a third person, "I don't mean to find fault. Anne is a good wife and a good Christian. I only wish she'd spare herself a little more;" and with that Mr. Hart went away.

Presently Mrs. Hart came in and sat down to her sewing, an elaborate pair of pillow shams, ruffled, tucked, puffed, embroidered. If there be other decorative verbs applicable to pillow shams they were applicable to Mrs. Hart's.

By-and-by there went past the window a low basket carriage in which was a lady and as many children as could be packed into the little vehicle.

The lady, who was prettily dressed, nodded, smiled, and waved her hand as she went by.

"I see," said Aunt Susan, looking out, "Cousin Alice has taken those two little Elberts that have been sick out for a drive with her boy and girl. It will be a treat for them."

Something in Aunt Susan's remark some way seemed to annoy Mrs. Hart. Her needle flew faster.

"Alice can find time for such things," she said quickly.

"She's looking better since she came home from New York," continued Aunt Susan.

"Such a quantity of finery as she brought home," remarked Mrs. Hart. "Really, I do think Alice is not consistent. She's too much taken up with dress and society, more than I could see would be right for me to conform to the world."

"What does thee mean by the world, Anne?" asked Aunt Susan, who had been brought up among "Friends" and often used their fashion of speech.

"Why, what does any one mean, aunt? I mean gayety and trifling and dress and amusement, things, I am thankful to say, I never had any taste for."

Aunt Susan smiled over her knitting.

"And does thee think a Christian ought to give up all these for Christ?"

"Certainly, aunt; don't you?"

Aunt Susan was silent, and took up a dropped stitch.

Mrs. Hart looked up a moment.

"Now, aunt, I know you think I am to blame some way," she said, a little inclined to be injured. "You may as well say what you have on your mind."

"I only want to ask thee a question or two, Anne. When a person gives himself to Christ ought it to be wholly or in part only?"

"Why, Aunt Susan, what a question. We ought to consecrate ourselves wholly to Him of course."

"And thee thinks it is a sin to spend too much on ourselves and make idols of our own pleasures and pursuits?"

"Certainly I do," said Mrs. Hart, "and really it has troubled me to see how much Alice dresses lately and how much she goes about. She and Charley are driving round with the children half the time, and her dresses—really I do think it's sinful extravagance. She says Charley bought them for her, and excuses herself by saying she dresses to please him. John wanted me to have one of those summer silks with a flounce in a pattern like hers, but I would not. He was really quite vexed about it, but I hope I know my duty better; besides I don' like them. It really has troubled me to see how close Alice and Charley are getting to the world."

"Thee thinks then," said Aunt Susan, laying her finger lightly on the pillow sham nearest to her, "that silk ruffles are worldly but cambric ruffles are pious?"

The color rushed over Mrs. Hart's face.

"This isn't for myself," she said stiffly; "it's for the house."

"To spend one's time, then, in decorating one's body is sinful, but in decorating one's house is righteous?" continued Aunt Susan placidly.

"Well, Aunt Susan, I can't bear that everything about my house should not be as nice as other people's."

"That's why thee will do all thy own work, I suppose."

"Yes. John worries about it. And he wants me to have a girl, and to go out more and return calls. But I can't. It would just make me miserable to have my kitchen not just exactly so, and things as girls will have them. I daresay I do think too much of it, and am too particular," continued Mrs. Hart, in that tone of complacency with which people sometimes confess their pet sins; "but when I have planned to do certain things I must do them. I know it annoys John sometimes, but it's my way and I can't help it."

"That is to say, child, to put it in plain words, thee must please thyself, no matter who suffers, and thee says thee can't help it. Anne, did thee ever try to help it—once in all thy life?"

Mrs. Hart put down her work. She had a great mind to be very angry, but she could not. A light seemed suddenly to shine into her soul and to show her that something she had hitherto cherished as an adornment and a glory was in fact something too closely resembling that ugly little idol selfishness.

"I think you are rather hard on my weakness, Aunt Susan," she said with a trembling voice, "if it is a weakness."

"Anne, is thee really calling this thing by a right name?" said Aunt Susan gently.

"We all have our ways, I suppose," returned Mrs. Hart.

"And when thee gave thyself to Christ, Anne, did thee arrange with thy blessed Lord that thy 'ways' and thy 'weaknesses' were to be left to thyself and were not to be transformed by his Spirit where they were not conformable to him and his example?"

Mrs. Hart said nothing in reply, and Aunt Susan went on quietly with her book and her knitting.

Presently, Mrs. Hart, saying something about a spool of thread, rose and went out of the room. She did not go for the thread, however. She went up to her own chamber and sat herself down and thought.

Was it possible that all her persistence in doing her own work, her scrubbings, her scourings, her window-washing, her arrangements of dishes and cups and platters, her beautiful hand-sewing, on which she had so prided herself, and on which she built up such a sense of her own superiority, were after all but sacrifices to the idol of self, instead of righteous self-sacrifice. She had saved for her husband the cost of a servant when he had wished to keep one; she had made his shirts when he would have preferred to buy them; she had spent hours in cleaning and scouring, and sweeping, and baking for him, when he would have preferred to have her drive with him, or read with him, or receive or visit his friends; but had she ever really cheerfully given up her own way?

She thought of old Mrs. Barry now with an actual pang. Would she only have been willing to give up for a little some of her "plans," some of her cherished "ways," she might long ago have cheered and comforted an aged sister in Christ, her own dead mother's dearest friend, whom she had put aside that very afternoon for the sake of the pillow shams, which, having resolved to finish, she could not put aside.

Mrs. Hart was a proud woman, and she had built up unawares a wall of self-righteousness against which she had leaned for support, and in her self-satisfaction she had forgotten to depend on the Rock that was higher than herself.

It was hard for her to confess to herself that she had been selfish, pharisaical, unkind; but she was a truthful woman, and was really desirous to follow her Saviour.

The struggle was a hard one, but she sought for help and conquered. In the course of an hour she came down again, the traces of tears on her face, but with them a certain softened, transformed expression that made her seem ten years younger. Just then Mr. Hart drove up to the door, having come back to the house for his gloves.

"Can you wait till I get my things on, John dear?" said Mrs. Hart in a low voice. "I have been thinking it over—and I should like to go with you—I ought to have gone to see Mrs. Barry before."

"Of course I can," said Mr. Hart, who was one of the best-tempered men in the world. "Besides, it doesn't take you an hour to put on your bonnet."

Aunt Susan watched them drive away with a smile.

"John," said Mrs. Hart, after they had gone about a mile, "I have been thinking about what you said—and—and I think I will look out for a girl."

Poor Mrs. Hart! No one but herself knew what it cost her, that resolve to introduce into the temple where she worshipped the goddess of order with solemn rite and sacrifice, that outer barbarian, the average girl.

"Will you?" said Mr. Hart, surprised and delighted. "O Anne! You don't know how glad I am to hear it."

"I—I think I haven't been right, John," said Mrs. Hart, humbly enough. "I think I have been selfish and unkind—and you've been very patient with me. I'll try not to be so fussy if I can help it—any more."

And from that day to this Mrs. Hart has never, even to herself, pleaded "her way" as an excuse, and I am happy to say that she so far conquered her "weakness" as not to fret or to be absolutely miserable even though she never found a servant who would scrape out the corners of the kitchen floor with a hair-pin.

The man or woman who has learned to say of any unchristlike habit, "It is my besetting sin," instead of "It is my way," "my weakness," "my natural disposition," has made a great advance on the road to the heavenly kingdom, an advance which it is a priceless advantage to have gained, even though the path lay through the Valley of Humiliation.—*Christian Weekly.*

# FOOD.

BY J. MILNER FOTHERGILL, M.D., M.R.C.P.

NOTHING is of more importance to man, either in the maintenance of health or the preservation of life, than the question of the food he eats. Without supplies of food to meet the wear and tear of the body, and the consumption of material to maintain the body-temperature, rapid emaciation and death would quickly result. It has been calculated that one twenty-fourth of the total of the body-material is changed every day of twenty-four hours. Without vouching for the strict accuracy of the statement, it is certain that the change is much more rapid, infinitely more rapid, than is usually supposed. In order then to meet these changes, food is consumed; of various natures to meet varied wants. The chief division adopted commonly is that of dividing food into Liebig's divisions of respiratory, those which are burnt off by the respired air to maintain the body-heat; and plastic, those which go to form the tissues of the body. This is a good broad division, but not exactly true, for a quantity of the first division is absolutely required to be added to the second in order to procure healthy tissue-formation; at the same time a small combustion of the second division is always going on in the body, especially in febrile conditions.

This melting down of the nitrogenized tissues in fever constitutes one of the chief dangers, and is in strict proportion to the rise of the temperature. Liebig's division, though not strictly correct, is the best and simplest, and is more generally true than any other yet devised.

The great difference betwixt these two divisions of food is the presence of nitrogen. Respiratory foods consist essentially of carbon and hydrogen in varied proportions, and more or less oxygen; this latter, however, being unimportant. Nitrogenized or plastic foods contain nitrogen and various substances, as phosphoric acid, lime, soda, potash, iron, etc.

The term respiratory food indicates the nature of the foods. They are really fuel, and are burnt up by union with the respired oxygen, and maintain that slow and regulated combustion which gives the body its heat. In this respect the body is simply a furnace into which so much fuel is thrown every day; this is burnt up, and in the process of burning gives off so much heat. It will be obvious that the colder the climate the more fuel must be furnished to the furnace. This is the ease in reality, and the food daily consumed by an Esquimaux would serve an Arab for weeks.

The respiratory foods of man are divided into the three subdivisions: 1. Farinaceous, 2. Saccharine, and 3. Oleaginous or fatty.

1. Farinaceous foods are those which contain starch, and this is a large class. It includes the cereals—wheat, barley, rye, oats, maize or Indian corn; the pulses—peas, beans, and lentals; the pith of trees, as sago; or roots, as arrow-root, tapioca, and potatoes, etc. It is exclusively vegetable. This starch is converted by the saliva into sugar, and as sugar is assimilated in the system.

2. Saccharine foods are those containing sugar, and the list includes grape sugar, honey, cane-sugar, figs, dates, prunes, beet-root, mangolds, carrots, turnips, etc.; or animal sugar, as found in milk. This sugar is readily assimilated as such. The chemical difference betwixt starch and sugar is slight, and consists of somewhat more water in the composition of sugar.

3. Oleaginous, or fatty foods, are drawn from both the animal and vegetable kingdoms, but here, those derived from the animal and vegetable kingdom preponderate. The list includes vegetable oils, of which that derived from the olive is chiefly consumed by man, though linseed oil and rape oil are equally nutritious; animal oils and fats, and butter. The animal fats are the products of the two first divisions of respiratory foods stored up in the bodies of animals.

These respiratory foods are absolutely necessary to our existence as living animals, and on them and water alone can life be maintained for a limited time. With very small proportion,

of other foods life can be maintained in its integrity for years. Much of the best agricultural work of the world is done on a diet almost entirely composed of those respiratory foods. In Ireland, first-class agricultural work is performed—not only on potatoes and milk, the milk containing a certain amount of nitrogen—but on maize flour, and treacle. Certain experiments lead, however, to the strong assumption that under these circumstances of a dietary very defective in nitrogen, some nitrogen is absorbed from the respired air. (Air consists of oxygen largely diluted with nitrogen.)

Plastic or albuminous foods are those containing nitrogen, of which albumen is the type. Albumen is found largely in the vegetable world, and is a constituent of every seed, as the pea and bean for instance. It constitutes the great portion of the egg, not only in birds, but in the eggs of reptiles, and of fishes (roe). The white of egg is pure albumen. The flesh of animals, of beasts, birds, and fishes, and the curd of milk, cheese, are also albuminous foods. These albuminous materials go to form the tissues of the body, and in combination with them are found the different salts and mineral matters necessary for the wants of the system.

In addition to these foods there are two other forms of food called gluten or vegetable matter, and gelatine, an animal product. These two foods are interesting. The first is found in the different cereals, but especially in wheat, and it is from the presence of the gluten in large quantities that wheat has been unconsciously, and in ignorance of the why, chosen as the food of man *par excellence*. It is this gluten which makes the paste of flour tenacious, and causes flour to be manufuctured into macaroni, vermicelli, etc. Gluten has been utilized in a peculiar way, viz., in the treatment of diabetes. Here all the starch is washed out of the flour, and the residue, the gluten, is made into bread, and eaten with butter, or other non-saccharine-furnishing material.

The second, gelatine, is the albuminous material of bones, and is also a product of cartilages. It is the constituent *par excellence* of calves-foot jelly. It was long thought the most nutritive of all foods, and was specially selected for the use of sick persons and of invalids. Doubts, however, arose as to its digestibility, and the French Academy appointed the famous "Gelatine Commission" to report upon it as a food. The report appeared in 1841, and disposed of gelatine as a nutritive material. Raw bones, containing fat, albumen, and salts, as well as gelatine, along with water, would support life in dogs, but gelatine would not. And what will not maintain life in a healthy dog is scarcely likely to be a suitable food for a sick human being. Along with other material gelatine is not wholly indigestible or valueless; nor as jelly, with adjuncts, is it altogether useless to an invalid.

There are also other constituents of food without which life could not be maintained. These are the earthy salts, etc. First of all comes phosphate of lime, the chief constituent, along with gelatine, of bones. (Phosphorus is also a large factor in the composition of the brain.) These phosphates are found in cereals, and it is on their presence that the selection of cereals over pulses, as the food of man, is founded. Various other mineral matters, as soda, potash, magnesia, and iron, are requisite to maintain the integrity of the body.

But while admitting the value of the divisions of foods, and the importance of the classifications from a scientific point of view, the practical utility of a knowledge of the constituents of foods is the power such knowledge confers of combining these foods according to our wants. The instinctive selective choice of man has long since arranged the combinations of foods most palatable and suitable to our needs, long indeed ere science came to explain the why of the combinations. What we now know is this: certain combinations of the various foods of man are absolutely necessary for the nutrition of his tissues, the maintenance of the body heat, and the evolution of force. Consequently, we find meat, especially lean meat, and potatoes taken together; pork and boiled peas; liver and bacon; bacon and beans; lean beef and fat bacon; bread and butter and cheese; raisins and almonds, etc. In these combinations the different forms of food are included, the one constituent supplementing what is deficient in the other. The most perfect combination, both chemically and for bulk and keeping qualities, is the sausage invented for the German army in the war with France in 1870. It consists of two concentrated forms of food, or, to speak more correctly, of food in a form to give the maximum of nutrition with the minimum of bulk, pea-meal and bacon fat, with condiments. It is a combination at first sight scarcely likely to form an article of common use, but it suits its

purpose well, and supplied the absolutely essential material for nutrition, leaving the soldier to add bulk in any form he found agreeable and palatable.

A well-known and excellent combination of foods is that of milk and some farinaceous materials. It forms the best food for the growing child—indeed, it is or ought to be the staple food of childhood. Not only so, but in Scotland this combination is adhered to throughout life. A story is related of a Perthshire ploughman who, when asked about his diet, declared that milk and oatmeal porridge had formed his only food for five-and thirty-years.

In addition to our ordinary food we use additions called spices or condiments, which render the food either more palatable or more wholesome. This last comprises salt, a universal necessity—fortunately for us so cheap that we scarcely know its cost, but in some parts of the globe so scarce that the expression used to indicate a rich man is 'He eats salt to his food' — without which digestion would be but imperfect, and health could not be long maintained. This was seen in the terrible effects of a Dutch punishment, which consisted of imprisonment on a diet of bread, made without salt, and water. Pepper, for which the Romans exchanged equal weights of gold; cayenne; curry, by means of which the Hindoo makes his boiled rice palatable and wholesome; cinnamon; the numerous sauces now in such universal request, all more or less wholesome and agreeable; vinegar, which the Romans always served out to their soldiers as a refreshing beverage; pickles of various kinds, chutnee, etc., etc.; are all valuable and agreeable condiments in moderation.

Other articles are consumed by us either because pleasant to eat, or as furnishing bulk—an essential matter to meet our cravings. Such articles as contain cellulose, mere vegetable matter—the bulk of all leaves, not being the ribs or vessels—are in great request; as lettuces, spinach, celery, endive, onions, etc., all furnishing bulk or flavor rather than nutritive material. Other articles consumed as food are far removed from our ordinary impressions as to what is food. Some tribes in South America eat large quantities of a peculiar clay with their food when the pressure of famine is upon them, and the necessity for the presence of something in the stomach becomes imperative; and this clay-eating at times becomes a passion quickly destructive of life. Ehrenberg found the edible sand of Scandinavia to consist largely of tiny organisms of past geologic ages. Many countries have clay eating tribes. In famines roots are resorted to, then the bark of trees, and straw and thatch have not unfrequently been consumed to appease the pangs of hunger. In the recent siege of Paris, straw, ground husks, etc., formed the bulk of the bread served out. Even less suitable materials are reported to have been added. This craving after something to fill the stomach and so to appease the pangs of hunger, induces men to consume anything which is edible at all. At the siege of Rome by Totila, where the Teutons sat down round the city "like wolves round a dying buffalo," when the final capitulation came, the Romans, brown with famine, were found dead and dying with half-chewed nettles in their mouths.

Another form of food is also requisite to health, and this division consists of the subacid fruits, as the apple, pear, plum, apricot, peach, cherry, strawberry, nectarine, melon, pineapple, orange, etc., and the still more acid fruits, as the citron, lemon, and lime. These last are not so agreeable and palatable, but the acid contained in them is a pleasant febrifuge and cooling agent. They are all more or less laxative. There is too much fear about allowing children to have fruit. It should form a regular article of their diet, and as such is wholesome.

These fruits and their juices are very desirable as articles of diet; especially on shipboard where fresh vegetables are not to be had, and daily rations of lime-juice are now served out as an effectual preventive of scurvy, from which our early navigators suffered terribly. Scurvy is also seen on land in persons who restrict themselves to a diet of which fresh vegetables are not a constituent part. The combination of these vegetable acids and their salts, is not, however, to be made as yet artificially, and still remains a part of the inimitable chemistry of nature. In hot climates these refreshing fruits grow in great abundance, and render a residence in the tropics tolerable. A slice of melon or other fruit is the common gratuity given in addition to the regular charge for any service in hot climates, and forms a contrast to the lump of fat which is its equivalent with the Esquimaux.

The presence of the different salts in our articles of food is most important, and without them food is unpalatable, unwholesome, and

repugnant to our instinctive choice. Meat deprived of its salts by long boiling, will not sustain life, and dogs placed on it as a diet, after one meal will hunger to death sooner than again eat it.

Having gone roughly over the different forms of our foods, and pointed out the peculiarities and qualities of each, we may now proceed to some further considerations about our food in relation to ourselves.

Food furnishes the force which the system evolves. The material of food is requisite to the performance of all action, and the force involved in every movement is the equivalent of so much food. The drawing of a bow-string, each step we take, every stroke of the pen, the movements of the intestines, all involve the expenditure of force; which force is supplied to us in our food, and chiefly in that division called respiratory food. This food not only furnishes the great portion of our heat, but also of our acting force.

According to different climates and different occupations and pursuits are the requirements for various foods. In hot climates a quantity of farinaceous food containing little heat-forming power, as in the common staple rice, is sufficient for the needs even of those who labor, especially when combined with succulent fruits; indeed, the persistence in the diet of the temperate zone in the tropics is a fertile source of disease. In cold climates, large quantities of the stronger heat-giving foods, as fat, are absolutely necessary, and the inability to digest fats on the part of the negro and the monkey, as said before, is the cause of their mal-nutrition and tendency to die of tubercle in cold climates. While the people of Africa and Asia are largely vegeterians, many of the inhabitants of America are almost exclusively meat-eaters. Ere the introduction of cereals by the white man, the flesh of animals was the staple food of most North American Indian tribes—lean, restless, savage, carnivorous, animal kind of human beings they were. Flesh is the chief food of the Gaucho of the Pampas—a restless, untiring race, living almost wholly on horseback. The flesh-eating Mahometan is a powerful, active-minded, zealous fanatic, much more actively dangerous than the quiet, inoffensive, rice-eating Hindoo.

This is as certain as it seems at first sight singular. Still we are all more or less acquainted with the action of food upon the character. Bread and water, with confinement, was the old treatment of stubbornly refractory boys, and was certainly effective. The denial of nitrogen had its effect upon the will. The energy of the British soldier has always been attributed, and rightly so, to his liberal dietary of beef. The effect of food upon the nature of the consumer holds good of all the higher forms of life. "The carnivora are in general stronger, bolder, and more pugnacious than the herbivorous animals on which they prey; in like manner, those nations who live on vegetable food differ in disposition from such as live on flesh" (Liebig.) A bear at Giessen was very gentle when fed on bread, a day or two on meat made him savage and dangerous. This effect of food upon the disposition may often be utilized with advantage either in allaying the excessive determination of the child or in bracing a man up to his work. The effect of the nitrogen upon the brain is to evolve and discharge nerve force freely, and this rules and regulates the actual force which takes its origin in the respiratory foods consumed. These respiratory foods furnish the force itself, but the nitrogenized food supplies the manifesters of force. "The hunted deer will outrun the leopard in a fair open chase, because the force supplied to its muscles by the vegetable food is capable of being given out continuously for a long period of time; but in a sudden rush at a near distance, the leopard will infallibly overtake the deer because its flesh food stores up in the blood a reserve of force capable of being given out instantaneously in the form of exceedingly rapid muscular actions" (Haughton.) Nitrogen is the essential factor in all explosive compounds, from gunpowder to nerve force. It endows the consumer of it with energy, and enables him to discharge his force quickly and rapidly. Nitrogenized food is requisite for all active work, it gives active, positive courage, and its properties may consequently be utilized: on the other hand the explosions of passion in the gouty man contrast with the calm of the vegetarian. For all intellectual work, entailing the expenditure of much brain force, a nitrogenized diet is desirable; for long and slow continuous muscular work it is not so imperatively necessary.

Ere leaving the question of the effect of different foods on the will and energy, it may be not unprofitable to glance at their effect upon our noble bondslave, the horse. A diet of hay, carrots, etc., will keep him docile, tractable,

and quiet, but sluggish and unergetic. Corn, and especially when combined with beans, makes him sprightly and energetic, but restless and difficult to manage. His food affects his speed and endurance, and without his nitrogenized food he would cut a poor figure at a race, because without it he could not discharge his force fast enough; without his other food the agricultural horse could never sustain his long hours of labor. The patient, docile, long-enduring farm-horse is a perfect contrast to the restless, high-mettled, quick-moving race-horse; nor does it all lie in the effect of inheritance, there is much in food, as the trainer both of men and horses well knows. The form of food consumed has a great effect upon the nutrition, and the excess of respiratory foods is stored up as fat. Thus the farmer fattens his stock on rich hydrocarbonaceous food, and in Dahomey the king's wives are artificially fattened by similar means. On the other hand, recently, there has sprung up a plan of reducing the amount of fat borne by a person when this reaches what is termed obesity. This plan is called Bantingism. It consists of the withdrawal of all hydrocarbons as far as possible, and the substitution for them of albuminous food. As mentioned before, it is effective but not free from risk, and the attempt to suddenly convert omnivorous man into a simply carnivorous creature, has entailed much disease from the overloading of a system with the products of nitrogenized waste. However simple upon paper, the modification of the system by food is much more difficult in practice; and a spare person often sighs in vain for plumpness, and the obese vainly seek reduction. Of the two, perhaps a reduction of bulk is to be attained with more certainty. — *From "The Maintenance of Health."*

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# HINTS FOR THE SICK-ROOM.

When a woman thinks of making deliberate choice of the profession of a sick-nurse, she must of course take into careful consideration if her character and temperament are or are not suited for so arduous and trying an avocation. If she is a person of excitable nature, and possessed of but little self-control, she can be wisely counselled to give up the idea of a life for which she is so thoroughly unfit; but no peculiarities of character or temperament can exempt a woman from being called upon by the plain voice of duty, at one time or other of her life, to take her stand by the bedside of one dear to her, and soothe as best she may many a weary hour of restlessness and pain.

Very few, indeed, are the women who escape this rule—most have to take upon themselves the burden of attendance in a sick-room—and perhaps there are few subjects upon which the generality of women are so well intentioned and yet so ignorant. With the very best and kindest meaning in the world, attention bestowed upon a suffering person may be productive of more discomfort than comfort to the patient, and endless annoyance to the physician, just because the zealous but, alas! untrained and undisciplined volunteer does everything the wrong way.

Again, from a mistaken and unreal idea of true delicacy and refinement, many women shrink from ever seeing or learning anything about suffering or sorrow; and so, when the inevitable fate brings the sights and sounds of pain, the dreadful realities of death, cruelly home to them, they are paralyzed by terror, and useless—nay, worse than useless—to those most dear to them. Let all true women train themselves to possess self-control, calmness and patient courage; let them strive to acquire a certain amount of knowledge of the cares and duties of a sick-room; let them not shrink from hearing the details of this or that form of suffering and disease, and gladly and readily offer help (when they rightly and safely can) outside the bounds of their own immediate home circle. Let them rejoice in any fitting opportunity that may come in their way of perfecting themselves in this, the highest and holiest of a woman's duties, so that when their own time of trial comes they may not fail.

Taking it for granted that there are many who

will gladly take a few plain and practical hints on this subject, I shall condense the result of a somewhat long and wide experience into a short space.

And first: It is in things which of themselves appear trifling and even insignificant that the comfort of a sick-room is made or marred. For instance, an energetic and amiably intentioned person places a cold pillow beneath the shoulders of a patient suffering from pneumonia, that is, inflammation of the lungs; a fit of coughing, perhaps a restless night, is the result. Five minutes' warming of the pillow at the fire would have prevented all this mischief, and even conduced to sleep. Dress, again, is a matter of great importance in a sick-room, and here I must enter a protest against that very common practice of the amateur sick-nurse of making a "guy" of herself. I really have seen such startling and unpleasant costumes donned "for the occasion" as seemed to me enough to cause delirium in the patient if long contemplated—shawls and dressing-gowns and wraps of such an obsolete and awful character, that the shadow of the watcher cast upon the wall by the dim light of the night-lamp must form a horrible "old granny," and be by no means a *pleasing reflection* to meet a sick man's eyes as he wakes, weak and confused, from an opiate-won sleep.

The best dress for a sick-room is plain black, for the simple reason that no stain shows upon it; an old silk is the most economical, but silk rustles, and is therefore objectionable. Black alpaca is very serviceable—not made long enough to trail, upset chairs, and get under the doctor's feet; and not having hanging sleeves, but fitting close and neat at the wrist, so as to be finished off by nice white linen cuffs. I have seen a hanging sleeve catch on some projecting point of chair or table, and convert a glass of egg-flip into a "douche" externally applied, swamping the patient into a yellow sea, besides sending her into hysterics. A habit of moving quietly about the room, and yet not treading "on tiptoe" and making every board in the floor creak its loudest, is also very advisable; and nothing can be better by way of "chaussure" than those soft, warm felt boots now so common; they both keep the nurse's feet from becoming cold, and make the least possible sound in moving about. Of course, the manner of speaking in a sick-room is all-important. Oh, the horror of that dreadful "pig's whisper," which penetrates to the inmost recesses of the room, and wakes the sleeping patient as surely as the banging of the door!

In some of the most severe diseases, such as cholera and diphtheria, the patient is often *intensely* conscious of all that is passing around him. The wish to know everything that is said and done is extreme, and nothing excites a patient so much as anything like whispering and mystery. The natural voice, only so much lowered as to be perfectly distinct, is then the proper tone for a sick-room. If silence is needed, let it be complete, and no whispering permitted either in the room or, worse still, outside the door.

And now I must say a few words on a disagreeable, but yet most important subject. In any case where operative surgery is necessary, it cannot be too strongly insisted upon that no one shall remain present whose calmness and self-control are not a certainty. I remember well a delicate and difficult operation having to be performed—not a painful one, but where success mainly depended on the perfect stillness of the patient. Scarcely had the first slight incision been made when the room resounded with the moans and cries, not of the sufferer, but the friend who had kindly come to support her through the ordeal! With many a sob and choke and gurgle the friend was assisted from the room, and then all went well enough; but great delay, and much increase of nervousness on the part of the patient, naturally resulted.

Thus it may be seen that anyone who is in the least nervous, and cannot be certain of her own powers of self-command, acts with truer kindness in remaining absent from such scenes than by becoming an added source of anxiety where there is so much already of the gravest character. If, however, a woman has the moral courage to face such trials calmly and without flurry—if she can do simply what she is told, and *nothing more*—if she can hold her tongue, wholly dismiss herself from her own mind, concentrating all her attention on the patient, she may be of untold help and comfort. On the other hand, a sick-nurse who asks the doctor endless questions, who presumes in her ignorance to criticise his treatment, who is spasmodic in her sympathy and ejaculatory in her lamentations, is pestilent in c k-room, and should, if possible, be got rid of at any cost.

But as well as the nervous and excitable nurse, there is another species of the genus against whom I would warn anyone who in the least

values his own comfort, and that is, the person who insists upon "helping you" to nurse some very severe case, and never ceases assuring you that she "keeps up splendidly at the time, but afterward— ;" and then comes an ominous shake of the head, which is a ghastly intimation of what a time you will have of it with her, when what she is pleased to call the "reaction" sets in. Nothing can be more aggravating than to contemplate such an individual, and look forward to the "breaking down" which she assures you is inevitable, and which you feel assured will come just when you and everybody else are tired out with nursing the real sufferer, and when you want to go to bed and sleep your sleep out. The very idea of having to put hot-water bottles to her feet, and mustard poultices to her side, and cooling lotions to her aching brow, and watch her *se posant en martyr* (the while you are wishing her at Jericho, or some other equally hard-to-get-back-from place), is not a pleasant anticipation, as you sit opposite to her through a long night of watching, and she tells you, with a melancholy yet vainglorious countenance, how she shall "pay for this afterward." But she treats with scorn your suggestion that she should go to bed; indeed, she would be bitterly disappointed if she might not immolate herself—and you. This sort of thing is what I call "selfish unselfishness," a kind of self-sacrifice that is always acting as its own bill-poster.

But there is one kind of nervousness which I do not think meets with sufficient consideration, and that is the unconquerable fear which you will find some people have of any disease that is infectious. Now I think this sort of fear is far more constitutional than mental, and it appears to me most uncharitable to speak of those who are thus nervous by temperament as "so frightened," etc. Depend upon it, if any one has a great dread of infection, he is far better away from the chance of it. If I heard a person express a great and overpowering dread of small-pox, cholera, fever, or diphtheria, I should do all in my power to prevent that person going near any case of the kind, because I should be morally certain of the result. As a rule, I believe that those who are perfectly fearless are comparatively safe; and there is no truer test of perfect freedom from nervous dread than the fact of being able to sleep at once, quietly and naturally, and without the mind being obliged to dwell upon the work of the day. The best cholera nurse I ever saw used to tell me that she often sat down in the corner of a room, on the floor, and "slept right off" for half an hour at a time, either day or night, just as such opportunity for rest presented itself. But of course there are exceptions to all rules; and one of the most devoted and the most fearless in attendance on the sick, during a terrible epidemic, died just when the worst of the battle seemed over.

But to return to some of those "trifles," the knowledge of which is so needful to those who would try to fulfil well the duties of an amateur sick-nurse.

When active personal care of a sick person is undertaken, the finger-nails should be kept very short. I have seen a long nail tear open a blister and expose a raw surface, causing great pain. For the same reason, all removable rings should be taken off; and any ornaments that hang loose and make a jingling noise are best dispensed with, as they irritate and annoy a sensitive patient.

It seems to me that this very unpretending paper will be hardly complete without a few words as to the diet that is best for anyone acting as sick-nurse in a long and trying case.

One great point is to let no silly notions of sentiment prevent your making a practice of taking substantial and regular meals; and when you have to sit up all night, be sure and have food at hand, and never go more than three hours without eating. Now I am going to say what I know many will highly disapprove of, and it is this: when you are nursing a long and anxious case, and you want to be able to "stay" to the end, *avoid all stimulants.* There is nothing you can do such hard work upon, there is nothing that will support you in long-continued watching and fatigue, like good, well-made coffee. Stimulants only give a temporary excitement that passes itself off as strength. They injure that clearness of thought, that perfect quietude and recollectedness, which are so essential to the good sick-nurse; and they tend more than anything else to that miserable "breaking down afterward" of which I have already spoken.—*Harper's Bazar.*

# THE ARTIFICIAL MOTHER.

BY G. H. P.

"No," I said, "I can't stand this any longer. I might as well have no wife at all as have one who, instead of belonging to me, her lawful lord and master, is at the beck and call of sundry small specimens of humanity, to whose remorseless tyranny she yields an obedience as implicit and uncomplaining as that of the most abject slave!"

Numbers 8 and 9 of our little family circle had arrived together, and, sturdy little fellows that they were, had recognized the situation at a glance, had deposed No. 7 from her position of supremacy, and had set up a despotism over their mother and the household perhaps the most unmerciful that had as yet been experienced.

It will be apparent from this preliminary word, that I am a *married* man, sufficiently so, the superficial reader may imagine. But it is precisely my complaint that, while my opportunities for the development of my *parental* qualities are unsurpassed, my married life, as far as the society of my wife is concerned, don't amount to—well, to the value of a Confederate dollar.

If, going "fair shares" with my progeny, I had been permitted to put in a claim for say an even *tenth* of her attention, I should have nothing to say. But those ogres of children pull her to pieces in small mouthfuls through the twenty-four hours between their nine voracious selves, without giving me a chance for even a thirty-second nibble.

In giving them their classification in the animal kingdom, I should, I think, place them under the head of "Polly-pophagi," or "Mother-devourers."

I was just beginning to console myself with the thought that before No. 1 became old enough to sit up evenings, No. 7 would learn to go to sleep before midnight, when Nos. 8 and 9 arrived, as I said, "all in a heap," and deranged my calculations. "No," I said, for perhaps the 999th time, as the maternal slave, after eliminating Nos. 1 and 2 in a flood of disgrace and tears (that gave them the appearance of a compound waterspout) tucking up 3, 4 and 5, who were accidentally good, and turning over to me the cradles containing 6 and 7, with injunctions to "keep them stirring," rushed off to obey the vociferous calls of the despots in chief, the two last arrivals, "it won't do."

"Polly," I asked, as she returned, a little out of breath, with a red-faced tyrant on each arm, "what do those ('wretches,' I was going to say, but fortunately checked myself in time) *young gentlemen* want?"

"Why, a little motherly affection, to be sure," she answered, commencing to "croon" to them in the language peculiar to mothers and babydom. "They want *me*."

"Bosh," I rejoined. "They want merely something soft to touch, a swinging motion to addle their brains (if they have any), and a monotonous din in their ears, and they would be just as well satisfied if these were supplied by a *steam engine* as by their mother. It is all nonsense to talk of babies having *affection*."

Polly, however, was too absorbed in the "crooning" process to listen to my insinuations, and the beginning of a growl in one of the cradles at my feet recalled me to my *own* duty. But while I worked, I pondered. The word uttered in jest remained in my mind. "A *steam engine!*" Yes. Why not? Or an engine of some kind to perform at least this routine labor of keeping the young savages at rest by keeping them in motion. Something steady, and soft, and swinging, and "crooning." Pshaw! Science has solved worse problems than this. It is simply the construction of an "Artificial Mother." The thing is possible, and it shall be done! I gave my cradle a kick of malicious satisfaction, that evoked from No. 7 a roar of rebellious protest, and then absorbed myself in the fascination of the thought.

On my way to business the next morning, I called at the studio of an artist friend to see a new picture, and my eye rested on a *lay-figure* standing, gracefully draped, in one corner. It flashed across me that this was just what I

wanted, and I persuaded my friend to spare it to me for a time for some work I myself had in hand.

I did not want to startle Polly or arouse the suspicions of the twins prematurely, so I carried the figure up into a disused garret, and devoted all the spare hours of the ensuing week to experimenting upon her. She was, fortunately for my purpose, of the finest Paris make, steel springed, and double extra-jointed, and there was question merely of applying the inward power ("true inwardness") and the outward appurtenances.

I will not weary my readers with all the details of my labors. I became so absorbed in my task that I could hardly give thought to anything else. My business suffered, and my wife complained that my face was getting a vacant stare upon it, and she thought I was spending too many hours at that horrid' club. It is sufficient to say that after various ineffectual experiments with steam, compressed air, and electricity, I at length succeeded in placing in the body of my lay-woman a clock work combination which, by a series of spiral connections with the head, arms and shoulders, moved these in a uniform swing, timed to coincide with that of the rocking-chair in which I had placed her. The periodicity and harmony of the movement were perfect, and I even flattered myself that there was some special grace in the upward sweep of the arms, and quite a motherly effect to the downward bend of the head.

But the crowning triumph of my labors was the duplex "*crooning attachment*," by means of which was generated the necessary "*rumble jumble*" (with whose monotonous sounds I was only too familiar), which came streaming out of the mouth in an unbroken succession that nothing but the action of the "safety stop-valve" could break off.

This part of my "mother" cost me much care and anxiety, for I knew that unless this could be made a success, all her other excellent qualities would go for nothing. My mechanical readers will easy guess the principle of the "attachment." A series of diminutive organ tubes were arranged in the ehest, the valves of which were worked by clock springs, while the sounds were conducted through a larynx (delicately constructed from a turkey's gizzard) to the mouth. The first attempt with the combination produced only a series of unearthly gasps, at the bottom of which I thought I detected the ghost of a gobble, but a little modification of the valves, the treatment of the gizzard with a weak solution of *aqua regia*, which softened away all its harsh reminiscences, and the interposition between this and the tubes of a pair of miniature drum-heads (made of mouse skin) as reverberators of the sound, gave me the happy result of a complete series of "croon waves." I was able also finally to arrange these in three sets of chords, so that the crooning could be made piano, andante, or furiossissimo, according to the age, condition or degree of obstreperousness of the infant being operated upon. Of course the clock-work upon which the crooning depended was entirely distinct from the system controlling the movements of the body, being of necessity much more complex and delicate, as supplying what might be termed the *brain power* of the creature. When I noticed the precision with which my safety stop-valve worked, bringing the most furious croon-waves to a complete stop within the tenth of a second, I could not help longing that its application could be extended beyond the range of artificial mothers.

What an ideal domestic existence would be that in which the natural article could be brought to a safe stop within the tenth of a second!

It now remained only to put the finishing touches on my "mother" in completing her attire and adornments. I gave careful attention to the details of these, for I knew that those twins were very sharp fellows, and I did not propose to give them any ground for irreverence or even criticism in the appearance of the lady who was to stand to them *in loco matris*. One of Polly's nursery gowns with the color of which the twins were perfectly familiar, was skilfully abstracted from her wardrobe, and gracefully draped round the "mother," whose arms and breast had first been carefully padded.

The face was delicately touched up by my artist friend (whom I had finally been obliged to take into my confidence), until it wore an air of maternal affection and solicitude almost surpassing that of the original; and the hair (which was one of the expensive items of my purchased paraphernalia) was arranged as nearly as possible in the regular "disarrangement" to which the babies were accustomed.

This I found difficult to effect without impairing the safety of the fastenings, and I dreaded somewhat the chance of one of the twins in an enterprising moment giving a grab at the "light ringlet just sweeping his face," but it was a risk that had to be incurred.

And now she was complete, and my heart beat high with triumph and expectation, and visions came before me of the time when, with a whole team of "artificial mothers" crooning peace and comfort through the house, Polly and I could roam away in blissful idleness and renew the days of our youth.

A carefully-prepared rag-baby was laid in the arms of the expectant mother, the two sets of works were wound up, the starting springs touched, and the rocking and fondling and crooning commenced, with such perfect naturalness, grace, and harmony, that I was carried away by my delight, and caught myself saying, "My dear, you are a grand success, and reflect credit on your maker."

I put on the stops, and the baby dropped with an easy motion of the arms into the "mother's" lap, the crooning softened down into the gentle murmur of the "piano," then ceased altogether, and the mother sat looking at her sleeping child with an aspect of such calm dignity and sweet motherliness that I was irresistibly impelled to give her a kiss of husbandly approval.

"What would Polly say?" I thought, as I wiped from my lips the slight touch left on them by the damp paint. Removing the rag-baby, I lifted with some effort the chair containing my handiwork down to the door of my parlor, which, since the advent of the twins, had been appropriated by them as a special private nursery, where my occasional presence was permitted only on sufferance. The moment seemed propitious for my experiment.

I could hear the twins yelling with vociferous indignation for their slave Polly, who had evidently been called into the farther nursery by some outbreak among their predecessors. I opened the door, placed the rocking-chair cozily in front of the fire, smoothed down the drapery and loosened out the hair of its occupant, and gently laid a twin in each arm. A touch on the springs, and the arms moved up, clasping the still clamorous infants to her breast, the head bent over, the feet touched the floor, impelling the chair with a uniform swing, and with an equally uniform monotony the steady waves of the "crooning" poured forth from her lips.

The twins hushed their angry complaining, and looked up enquiringly at the being to whom their destiny (in the shape of their father) had confided them. It was a moment of terrible suspense. If their keen perceptions discovered the fraud, if they decided that in addition to the creature-comforts of warmth, and motion, and noise, it *was* essential to their happiness to have also the "*je ne sais quoi*" of *motherliness* that my substitute could not bestow upon them, if (in the language of the day) their unsatisfied yearning revealed to them that their *souls* were not fed, and their sensibilities not ministered to, my beautiful theories would fall baseless to the ground, and my labor and hopes would indeed have been vain.

But no! Firmly held in the warm embrace of the untiring arms, evenly rocked in the steady swing of the chair, and dinned into unconsciousness by the unbroken stream of sound, they stilled their noisy complainings, accepted the situation, and relapsed into a state of blissful contentment and repose. It was evident that babies have no souls that need ministering to, and my "artificial mother" was a success. I threw myself into an easy chair with the consciousness that I had done a great work for the world, for myself, for Polly.

Just then I heard her step approaching. The sudden cessation of the wonted cries had alarmed her keen ear, and she came flying in, looking, with the flush of haste and alarm upon her face, especially pretty and charming.

"Our new nurse, my dear," I said, waving my hand towards the chair.

"A friend who has come in to lend a hand," I proceeded rather incoherently, seeing that Polly stood taken aback with doubt, bewilderment, and vague apprehension.

"In short, my dear, my new *artificial mother*," I burst out in desperation, as she still stood and stared, while the rocking went on without ceasing and the crooning started on the higher key.

"Artificial what?" cried Polly. "Oh, Tom! what frightful experiments are you making with my blessed boys? Let me have them at once," she cried, rushing at the figure.

But the babies were but clutched the tighter, the chair swung more swiftly, and the "crooning" burst into a louder strain with what sounded like a defiant ring.

"Give me my children," shrieked Polly, trying to check the ceaseless swing of the chair, but the "mother" continued imperturbable and answered her vehemence with a bland, fixed smile.

"Tom, help me; the thing is a demon!"

screamed Polly in desperation, pulling frantically at the mother's arms. But even as she spoke the swinging redoubled in velocity until the two babies grew black in the face, and seemed merged into one. The crooning burst into a savage roar, as if indeed a fiend had taken possession of my innocent mother, and to my excited imagination it really seemed that her eyes flashed fire, and her face assumed an expression of demoniacal malice.

Just then, with a ferocious tug, Polly succeeded in pulling the mother up from the chair. For a moment they stood facing each other, glaring at each other in rage and defiance until I could hardly tell which looked the more terrible of the two.

Then there came a "whirr" and a snap, and with a frightful crashing together, and a last despairing "croon," the "mother" sank in fragments on the floor, shooting the two babies to the opposite ends of the room like billiard-balls from a carom.

With the whirr and the crooning, and the crash still ringing in my ears, I woke up and found I had tipped over the cradle of No. 7 on top of No. 6, and the collision had produced a small pandemonium.

My "artificial mother" was a dream, but may I not hope also a prophecy?—*Christian Union.*

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# COUNTRY KITCHENS.

It is a mistake to suppose that a kitchen must necessarily be uncomfortable, because it has not gas, hot and cold water, stationary wash-tubs, and an elevated range. "You can't expect city conveniences in a country place," is the formula. All these conveniences, with the exception of gas, can be put into country kitchens, if the builder chooses to have them. A man building his own house would willingly sacrifice a fanciful cornice somewhere, or have the parlors less ornamented, in order to have the kitchen made convenient and comfortable, if the idea were suggested to him. But usually he and the architect laying their heads together, with no woman's wisdom to guide them, arrive at the wise conclusion that there must be a kitchen somewhere; and, having determined in what place it will be least conspicuous, consider that part of the house disposed of.

If they studied the matter a little, they would, if possible, have *two* kitchens—the front, or winter kitchen, containing the range. With a cooking stove in the back kitchen for summer use, the house could be kept much cooler during the hot season. The stationary tubs should be in the back room. If there are no stationary tubs, the washing could be done in the room that was out of season, thus avoiding the necessity of the weekly slop and steam, and soiled clothes in the cooking-room. If this is too costly a plan, a small wash-room could be substituted for the back kitchen at no great expense.

But, supposing there is but one room for cooking, washing, and ironing, and that there has been no attempt to introduce into this the "modern conveniences" (which is the actual state of things in most country houses), there is no need for a sublime resignation to every imaginable kitchen discomfort and inconvenience.

A pump ought to be regarded as a necessity in a country kitchen. If the room has but one window, and neither outside door nor open fire-place, it is badly ventilated, and therefore uncomtortable. It is also unwholesome. Papered walls and a row of shelves, unenclosed, called, *par complaisance*, a dresser, are neither of them cleanly. Both uncomfortable and uncleanly is the little pot closet; too shallow to admit of a proper disposition of the cooking utensils, so that the big pot, indignant at the pile of articles thrust upon him, bursts open the door at the most unexpected times, and astonishes the occupants of the kitchen with a vision of the frying-pan gyrating over the floor, or the gridiron leaping up like a jack-in-a-box. There is no need whatever for submitting to such discomforts as these.

The first consideration in a cooking-room is cleanliness. Tried by this test, papered walls are an abomination in such a place. You cannot darken this room through part of the day in summer, as you do others, and, consequently, fly specks will be numerous. These walls absorb the kitchen odors and steam, and the smoke rests lovingly upon them. If creeping things get into a house, they are sure to insinuate themselves into the paper on the walls. Hard-finished walls are really more cleanly, for they can be washed; but, unless the finishing is better done than in the kitchens we have seen, they soon *look* dirty, and this is the next worst thing to being so; for such finishing soon becomes discolored and "splotchy.". There is nothing that will compare with the old-fashioned whitewash; not color wash, but whitewash, pure and simple. The color wash may give the walls a prettier tint, but it must be put on by a practiced hand, whereas whitewash can be applied by any one, whenever a dirty spot makes its appearance. It is true that unpracticed hands do not apply the brush as evenly as could be wished, but a few streaks more or less don't matter, when we can all see that the streaks are white and clean.

Don't have the wood-work painted; don't have anything painted. Things in a kitchen will get soiled. It follows that they must be cleaned. Soap is a foe before which paint invariably quits the field. Very soon the color will be off in spots, and nothing less than repainting the whole room will ever make it look clean again. It is still more objectionable to leave the wood in its native state. It requires hard and frequent scrubbing to keep this clean, and even this process will not suffice to keep all sorts of wood in good condition. Some woods seem actually to blacken under the scrubbing brush. But, if the native wood, even common pine, is well oiled and varnished lightly, the room will be the prettier for it; and, with very little washing, the wood-work can be kept sweet and clean.

The most cleanly kitchen floor is similarly treated—the native wood oiled. This oiling will have to be renewed on the floor at long intervals. If the boards are so roughly laid that they cannot be thus treated, it may, perhaps, be well to stain them instead with black walnut stain. This will have to be renewed every spring and fall at a cost of about fifty cents. Oil-cloth is a cleanly covering, but it is costly, and will not retain its good looks very long, and it requires much washing at the expense of the servants' backs. Carpeting collects dust with marvellous rapidity, and gives it out very liberally under Biddy's broom. But, alas! in our climate Biddy's feet will get cold in winter if she habitually stands on bare floors or on oil-cloth. To prevent this, some people lay rugs in front of the tables and sink. If a carpet is laid in a kitchen, it should be tacked down as lightly as possible, or fastened with carpet rings slipped over smoothheaded tacks, because it should be taken up frequently to be well shaken.

A dresser is one of the things absolutely necessary. It may be well for the housekeeper to insist upon the fact that a set of open shelves is no more a dresser than twenty yards of silk is a dress. If you have a dresser made under your own direction, the best form is to have two wide closets below, and three narrower ones above, with a row of drawers at the top of the lower closets. The upper closets should be far enough above the lower to allow the top of the latter to be used as a table. These lower closets are intended for the cooking utensils, and should be, at least, two feet deep. The upper closets may be a few inches less in depth, and it is a good arrangement to have two of these provided with shelves; a small one as a place of temporary deposit for meats, vegetables, and things taken from the store-room to be presently cooked, instead of having them standing about on the kitchen tables. This closet should, of course, be nearest the range or cooking stove, and in it the pepper, salt, and other condiments will be near at hand. The middle and largest closet contains the kitchen crockery and tins that are not to be hung. The third one, without shelves, is for tins and other things that must be hung up. It might be well to have a shelf or two at the top of this closet, on which the flat-irons, soap, starch, bluing, and silver-cleaning articles could be kept. By this arrangement everything is inclosed from the dust and flies.

Shades, made of fine wooden slats, are very suitable for kitchen windows, as they soften the light without darkening the room. They are inexpensive, only costing about seventy-five cents a yard, and "fixtures" are very simple.

Then, the lighting of the room is to be considered. A lamp that has to be carried from place to place is not a kitchen comfort. If it could be managed, a hanging fixture to hold a lamp, not too far from the range, would be best,

for it is very desirable to have the light fall from above upon your work. Even two lamps would not give too brilliant a light for such a particularly nice job as cooking ought to be. The very best oil would only cost a cent or two a night for the extra lamp. But we know it is often impossible to hang a lamp in a kitchen with safety; and the next best thing, perhaps, is to have the lamps in brackets at each end of the room or at the sides. The shape of the kitchen must determine where the light is to be placed; only so dispose it that the room shall be well illuminated.

These remarks may rouse the ambition of some country housekeepers, and stir them up to revolutionize their cooking abodes of discomfort. They can, doubtless, improve upon the plans offered here, and devise many a "convenience."—"*Scribner's Monthly.*"

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# WHAT IS THE MATTER?

I have noticed a great difference in the crying of children. Some babies, and some older children, when they cannot have what they want, or when they feel unwell, keep up such a moderate kind of "boo-hoo-hoo" that no one is much affected thereby. Other babes cry with all of their might, going so nearly frantic if their pain of body or mind is not allayed, that all in the vicinity are nearly driven frantic also. This difference depends much upon temperament, but sometimes it seems to be the result in considerable measure, of different methods of baby-culture. But, oh dear! how can we know just the right way each time? A baby is such a complex thing!

"What *is* the matter with that child, that it cries so?"—"Firsty, is it a sticking pin?"—"No."—"Has it been hurt in any way?"—"No."—"Is it colic?"—If so, it draws up its legs and inclines to double itself together while crying, and perhaps its feet are cold at the same time. Warmth, by external application of warm cloths over the bowels, or simply a warm hand underneath, as the little one lies face downward, is the simplest and best cure for colic, and a gentle patting upon the back at the same time may help on the cure. *Don't* try the various teas so generally recommended. If you begin on one, you will probably have to follow it up with another. Not a drop of any kind of "herb tea" have any of my babies taken.

But what is the matter with the screaming baby? Ear-ache perhaps, as several times with mine after hot *windy* weather lately. Get a piece of cotton-wool—pull it out of a bed-quilt or comfortable if you have no other—and wet it with sweet oil or glycerine, and stuff it into each ear of the sufferer to soften the wax, the hardening of which, from undue exposure to cold or wind, causes the ache. If the baby is teething, and its gums are troublesome, it may be best to call the doctor, but look carefully to its diet, and keep its nerves as quiet as possible. If you can not find the source of its trouble, and it still cries, wet a clean napkin or soft towel in cool (not cold) water, and lay that gently over its head and forehead, and possibly it will stop crying at once, and drop asleep in a few minutes. I have tried this more than once, with success. After all, perhaps the baby was only hungry, and having asked in vain, by all the pretty ways of asking that it knows, it has cried out in despair or rage, or earnest entreaty, while it has been tossed, and trotted, and chirruped to, and dosed, perhaps, all for nothing. You thought it was not time for it to be hungry, but its last meal may have been spoiled in some way, so that it got little, or was obliged to throw it up almost as soon as swallowed. But do not offer it the breast until you are sure that something else is not its trouble. It may be suffering from too much food already.

It is *not* a very simple and easy thing to bring up a modern baby in the midst of modern civilization. Nevertheless, it is the most interesting work and study that I know of at present.—*Faith Rochester, in "Agriculturist."*

# THE DRESS OF GIRLS.

The number of American women who suffer more or less from uterine derangements and diseases, is estimated by intelligent physicians to be four-fifths of the whole. It is freely admitted by physicians that the greater part of these diseases are superinduced by the unhealthful style of dress that has prevailed and still prevails. At the bottom of our woes lies the corset, compressing the chest and upper part of the abdomen, and forcing down upon the most delicate and sensitive organ in the female structure all the organs of the abdomen, thus causing retroversion of various kinds. The weight of the heavily-trimmed skirts adds its terrible quota to this pressure, until it is almost marytrdom to move under the load. Thus burdened, hundreds and thousands of women stand all day about their work in shops and houses, go up and down stairs, bear and rear children, all the time suffering pain and langour and wearines inexpressible. If women dressed as sensibly as men do, they would suffer no more inconvenience than men from standing at their work and from going up and down stairs, for women have just as many muscles to "keep them up" as men have. The sympathy which has of late been expressed in our daily journals with poor shop-girls, who stand all the time behind the counter, should take the form of earnest expostulation with them to adopt a healthful style of dress, for it will be found, almost without exception, that they are laced tightly, that their skirts are heavily trimmed, that their shoes are high-heeled, and that the weight of their clothing hangs from their hips. Those who have tried to convince women thus unhealthfully dressed to lay aside every burden, and the corset that so grievously afflict them, to diminish the weight of their trimmings, and to suspend their skirts from their shoulders, know how very hard it is to persuade them that by making these changes in their dress, immense relief will at once be felt. Yet those who have been thus persuaded, and, they are many, can testify in most unmistakable and emphatic terms to the blessedness of the results.

Another great cause of disease mong women is insufficiency of exercise, particularly ot walking in the open air, which strengthens the muscles of the abdomen and gives them firmness and elasticity, so they can hold up and keep in place the organs within. But how can a woman tightly laced, and bearing from six to nine pounds around her hips, walk comfortably? She cannot. Her shoes, tight, high-heeled, suitable only for sidewalks, make country rambles more a pain than a pleasure. A neatly fitting, thick-soled, low-heeled, calf-skin shoe is almost indispensable for agreeable walking in the country, but how many *ladies* have such an article in their closets? With lungs compressed so that the blood is only partially oxygenated, with uterus forced out of place, so that the whole nervous system is depressed, with exercise neglected, of course the appetite for food becomes feeble and morbid. Stimulating and unwholesome foods, condiments, and dainties must be used to tempt the appetite, and thus increase the general debility. This picture is by no means exaggerated. It faithfully portrays hundreds and thousands of our women. In this condition, no wonder so many of them look upon child-bearing with repugnance, and die in the attempt to become mothers. How is it possible that they shall give birth to healthful children? Is it matter of surprise that the children of such mothers are puny, delicate, short lived?

Now, though Hygiene should not cease to be preached to such women, yet the hope of the future generation is not in them, but in the girls that are growing up. If the dress and diet and exercise of our girls can be according to the laws of health and life, if they can grow to maturity unvitiated by the baneful practices and customs that have made invalids of nearly all their mothers, we may hope in another generation for a far more healthful and beautiful race of men and women than we have now.

Girls, it must be remembered, have exactly the same muscles as boys have, and no more need bandages and waists and other aids in holding themselves together and keeping themselves

erect than boys do. Until puberty there is very little difference between the two sexes in any respect, except that boys are somewhat stronger than girls, but *not* more able to endure fatigue and exposure with impunity. Country girls who are free to run and climb and row and share in all outdoor athletic sports, ask no odds of their brothers in anything—need to ask none. And such girls pass from childhood to womanhood with scarce any unpleasant consciousness attending the change. Especially in this transition should they be free from all restraints of the school-room and be permitted the utmost indulgence in all outdoor exercises and amusements.

As the dress of boys permits perfect freedom of movement, that of girls should do the same. The clothes should be suspended from the shoulders, and no more in quantity than is required for warmth and covering. The lower limbs should be completely incased in flannel during the winter, and in cotton during the summer, and the drawers should be close, so that the same latitude of movement boys enjoy may be permitted girls, without any risk of exposure to their persons. All tightness or compression about the waist, wrist, neck, or ankles, should be avoided, so that every muscle may be free to act and the circulation of the blood nowhere impeded. Thus dressed and permitted to partake of all open-air sports and exercises, the appetite of girls will be normal, and such as to make plain and wholesome food agreeable to them. Nourished thus, they will know nothing of dyspepsia, nervousness, irritability, and the numberless ailments that usually accompany the change from girlhood to womanhood, and will grow up strong to labor, to endure, and to become healthful mothers of healthful children.

The present fashion of heaping upon girls all he paraphernalia that women in full dress are arrayed withal, cannot be too strongly reprehended. Nothing so becomes childhood and girlhood as simplicity. The effect upon the forming character of spending so much time and thought upon mere personal adornment, is most pernicious. While the child should be studying the habits of birds, insects, animals, and plants, exploring the wonders of the world into which she is born, giving herself to her studies, or acquiring practical knowledge of the various arts and accomplishments suited to her age, over attention to dress diverts her mind from all these and fosters a love for ornament and a passion for personal display quite inconsistent with a genuine love for moral or intellectual excellence and attainment.

Those women who have reached eminence in the higher walks of literature and art, have not been noted for their love of dress. Doubtless, were less time and thought bestowed on the apparel of their daughters by fond and ambitious mothers, and more upon the cultivation of their minds and the harmonious development of their social and moral characters, woman would take a far higher rank than she does now in the estimation of the intelligent of her own and the other sex.

While simplicity should give law to the dress of girls as well as to their manners, no pains should be spared to have it tasteful, appropriate, and becoming. A style of dress suited to a girl of certain complexion, form, and movement, would be utterly unbecoming to a playmate differing from her in these respects. For clear and rosy complexions, we choose tints of blue and neutral tints; for brown and amber-hued complexions, crimsons and scarlets; but in neither case is elaboration of ornament necessary to produce fine effects, and in both, unconsciousness on the part of the wearer of what she has on, is a prime requisite to its perfection.—*Science of Health.*

# SELECTED RECIPES.

ROAST DUCKS.—Choose plump ducks, with thick and yellowish feet. They should be trussed with the feet on, which should be scalded, and the skin peeled off, and then turned up close to the legs. Run a skewer through the middle of each leg, after having drawn them as close as possible to the body, to plump up the breast, passing the same quite through the body. Cut off the heads and necks, and the pinions at the first joint; bring these close to the sides, twist the feet round, and truss them at the back of the bird. After the duck is stuffed, both ends should be secured with strings, so as to keep in the seasoning.

To insure ducks being tender, never dress them the same day they are killed; and if the weather permits, let them hang a day or two. Make a stuffing of sage and onion sufficient for one duck, and leave the other unseasoned, as the flavor is not liked by everybody. Put them down to a brisk, clear fire, and keep them well basted the whole of the time they are cooking. A few minutes before serving, dredge them lightly with flour, to make them froth and look plump, and when the steam draws towards the fire, send them to table hot and quickly, with a good brown gravy poured *round*, but not *over* the ducks, and a little of the same in a tureen. When in season, green peas should invariably accompany this dish.

*Time*, full-grown ducks from ¾ to 1 hour; ducklings, from 25 to 35 minutes.

Ducklings are trussed and roasted in the same manner, and served with the same sauces and accompaniments. When in season, apple sauce must not be omitted.

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BOILED FOWLS CHICKENS.—In choosing fowls for boiling, it should be borne in mind that those that are not black-legged are generally much whiter when dressed. Pick, draw, singe, wash, and truss them in the following manner, without the livers in the wings; and, in drawing, be careful not to break the gall-bladder:—Cut off the neck, leaving sufficient skin to skewer back. Cut the feet off to the first joint, tuck the stumps into a slit made on each side of the belly, twist the wings over the back of the fowl, and secure the top of the leg and the bottom of the wing together by running a skewer through them and the body. The other side must be done in the same manner. Should the fowl be very large and old, draw the sinews of the legs before tucking them in. Make a slit in the apron of the fowl, large enough to admit the parson's nose, and tie a string on the tops of the legs to keep them in their proper place.

When they are firmly trussed, put them into a stewpan with plenty of hot water; bring it to boil, and carefully remove all the scum as it rises. *Simmer very gently* until the fowl is tender, and bear in mind that the slower it boils, the plumper and whiter will the fowl be. Many cooks wrap them in a floured cloth, to preserve the color, and to prevent the scum from clinging to them; in this case, a few slices of lemon should be placed on the breast; over these a sheet of buttered paper, and then the cloth: cooking them in this manner renders the flesh very white. Boiled ham, bacon, boiled tongue, or pickled pork, are the usual accompaniments to boiled fowls, and they may be served with white sauce, parsley and butter, oyster, lemon, liver, celery, or mushroom sauce. A little should be poured over the fowls, after the skewers are removed, and the remainder sent in a tureen to table.

*Time*, large fowl, 1 hour; moderate-sized one, ¾ hour; chicken, from 20 minutes to ½ hour.

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BOULETTES DE POMMES.—Dress some apples by steaming them, peel and pulp them, add the juice of two lemons, four eggs well beaten, some sugar, and a little cream. Mix all well together, roll it into little balls, with a few bread crumbs to give a proper consistency, if needed. Throw them into boiling butter, and, when done, serve upon a dish strewed over with white sugar in powder.

# Literary Notices.

THE SCIENCE AND ART OF TEACHING; or, the Principles and Practice of Education. By George Victor Le Vaux, Member of the Royal College of Preceptors, England. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.

This work, by one of the earliest contributors to the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, is deserving of special mention as a valuable contribution to the teacher's library. It opens with an introductory Ethnological Essay, by the Rev. George Bell, LL.D.; after which Mr. Le Vaux proceeds to treat of the Principles and Practice of Education. Part I. contains ten chapters on the First Principles of Teaching. Part II. treats of the Management of Schools; and Part III. of the Methods to be pursued in Teaching. The last two parts contain a vast number of practical suggestions which can hardly fail to prove of great value to the teacher. We have marked a number of extracts which will give a good idea of the worth of the book.

THE TEACHER'S EXAMPLE.

A teacher should be regular and punctual in all his dealings and undertakings, no matter what others may be. It behoves him to be a bright example of these virtues not for his own sake alone, but for the sake of those imitative beings committed to his charge. Unless his actions exemplify his precepts, he cannot with propriety insist upon their observance by others. He who neglects to practice what he teaches or preaches is, at best, but a recruiting agent for the already numerous army of hypocrites. His tongue says one thing and his actions say another of opposite or different import, so that he is divided against himself, and therefore his teaching "cannot stand." The rules a teacher makes, and the precepts he utters, are as binding on himself as they are on the pupils. The teacher, as well as the taught, must be subject to the common law of the school. If possible he should never be late in his attendance. As a rule, he should arrive at least ten minutes before the time fixed for the commencement of business, and he should dismiss the pupils punctually "when *their* time is up." If he be not regular and punctual himself, how can he insist on others being so? especially when these others are little children. "Method is the hinge of business," and there can be no method without punctuality, and no progress without regularity and continuity of application.

ADVANTAGES OF LEARNING UNDERVALUED.

The low estimation of our ancestors for the profession of education arose decidedly from their personal ignorance and the little value they placed on education itself. Some amongst us who received little or no education in their early days may still inherit this spirit, and be induced thereby to undervalue the advantages of learning and the merits of the teacher. These people, or any of them, may perhaps speak on this wise—"Oh! I have got along pretty well in the world—made an independent fortune—and yet I have had very little book knowledge. I spent only six months at school. Many of my acquaintances who received a college education could never succeed at anything. I wish my children to follow my example in all things." By entrenching themselves behind such arguments these anti-education people only exhibit their inherent folly, vanity, and utter ignorance. If they got on so well in the world with so little "book knowledge," how much better would they have got on had they been favored with a good, sound, liberal education? Might not their educated (?) acquaintances have been equally unsuccessful even though they had never entered a college? In that case perhaps their fate would be worse than mere failure in business. Was extensive learning and profound knowledge the real cause of their want of success in life? Are you sure, dear parent, should your children grow up uneducated, that they (like you) will be successful in amassing a fortune, or even a mere competency? Was not your success as an uneducated man an exception, rather than a general rule? Does ignorance really elevate a man, enabling him to become a better individual and a more useful citizen? In your intercourse with the world did not you yourself acquire an education before you acquired a fortune? Answer these queries honestly, and abide by the result; but remember always that God and your country expect you to do your duty,

Why should men, otherwise respectable, be advocates of darkness and enemies of progress? Without education and without teachers to impart it, man, in the course of a few generations, would, in all probability, retrograde into a state of barbarism. We earnestly hope that the time is at hand when none of our citizens will be so ignorant as to exhibit such ignorance, and when every man will gladly aid in promoting the intellectual, moral and physical welfare of his fellow-men.

### INFLUENCE OF SURROUNDINGS.

In our opinion, it is simply impossible for the best of teachers to maintain good order in a large school, under certain conditions—conditions for which parents and trustees are wholly responsible. It not unfrequently happens that teachers who are not appreciated in one locality become the idols of another. It is a fact of common occurrence that he who has failed to maintain order in one school becomes eminently successful in this respect when he removes to another sphere of labor. What is the cause of this apparent anomaly? Why is it that in one place his labors produce nothing but leaves, whilst in the other they bear abundant fruit? The efficient teacher of the one school is voted inefficient when he assumes a similar charge elsewhere, and why? Teachers, and other experienced persons, will give a variety of practical and suggestive answers to these queries. Many will ascribe the result to prejudice, factious opposition, difference of locality and in people; but, although all these answers may be true in certain cases, yet there is still another cause of local or temporary professional failure for which the trustees and parents are personally and collectively responsible. We allude to the absence of comfortable and attractive school accommodation. The school house should be large and airy, agreeably furnished, comfortably heated, and well supplied with school apparatus. The school should be well swept every evening, and properly dusted every morning. All its appendages should be a model of cleanliness, neatness, and comfort. The apartments should be properly ventilated, and sufficiently large to accommodate all the pupils in attendance. The various articles of furniture should be kept in their proper places, and each place should have its proper furniture. Pupils should be clean in person, neat in dress, smart in appearance, kind and courteous in disposition, dutiful and obedient—ever ready to "bear and forbear." But how can such habits of order and propriety be inculcated with success where external conditions are militant—where the school and everything connected therewith are suggestive of disorder, misery, and meanness? How can a teacher, however skilful, be expected to command success in such a place? How can children be expected to form habits of order and industry in over-crowded schools—the windows being broken, the desks "rickety," the seats uncomfortable, the cold unbearable, or the heat oppressive? Where there is no pump, no washing apparatus, no playground or gymnasium, no cloak-room, no singing, no music—nothing whatsoever to render the school attractive. It is impossible. Such a school room, with such surroundings, is a silent but powerful inculcator of disorder and discontent, and would counteract the precepts and example of the most eminent and worthy educator on earth. It is time that parents and trustees should become conscious of the fact that the best and most skilful teacher cannot *permanently* maintain good discipline in a miserable over-crowded class-room, where defective appliances and insufficient appointments ever tend to generate discomfort and produce disorder.

Some years ago the writer was officially connected with a public school in one of our western settlements, in which the average attendance exceeded one hundred and sixty. In the junior division, many of the pupils had no desks; in the primary division, more than one-half of the children had no seats, and were under the necessity of squatting themselves on the floor, so that their class-room resembled an infant "tailoring department." The few seats were densely crowded. There were no maps, no cards, no books, no decorations—absolutely nothing in the room but some old-fashioned desks, which apparently were old enough to have "come over in the *Mayflower*," a few rickety benches, a table minus a leg, a stove, a poker, and an old drum. The senior division, on the first floor of the building, was tolerable, but devoid of any decorations or furniture calculated to cultivate the taste of the pupils. The intense noise which occasionally prevailed in the former divisions was favorable for the cause of disorder in the latter, and had a tendency to "drown" the voice of the teacher as there was no "deafening material" in the floors. Just fancy such a state of things, and the impossibility of any teachers (under these circumstances) to inculcate, with success, habits of order and propriety. For twelve months or more, the trustees "quarrelled" about the provision of desks and other requisites—half being in favor of supplying the necessary articles, and half against it—and during all that time the parents and guardians of the children looked on with calm indifference.

### PRIZES.

We are inclined to believe that prizes or rewards should be used in every school. The prize system, in its purity, is more suitable for colleges and universities than for common and middle class schools. Judging by our own experience, and the information gleaned from others, we have no hesitation in stating that, when "prizes" are offered in these schools as an incentive to study, they should partake of the nature of rewards, and be so numerous that every industrious, well-conducted child can receive some token in recognition of his efforts "to become good and great." The number of prizes offered to each class should be in proportion to its size. Prizes should be offered for efficiency in each *individual* subject, and also for proficiency in the *whole* programme of school studies.

No pupil should be eligible to compete for the latter prizes unless his character and conduct were irreproachable; but every pupil having his name on the school register should have permission to compete for the prizes for individual subjects. There should also be "good conduct" and "regular attendance" prizes, or rewards, in addition to the foregoing. Unless these things be carefully attended to, the system of awarding prizes or rewards will fall short of the object in view. If prizes or rewards be introduced at all, they should be awarded to good conduct, diligence, punctuality. amiability, and intrinsic worth, as well as to superior talent, or marked success in certain examinations; and, as aforesaid, they should be so numerous that every deserving pupil shall receive some tangible evidence of the appreciation of his efforts.

### MUSIC IN SCHOOLS.

Now, thanks to the enlightened spirit of the age, music, vocal or instrumental, or both, is being introduced into all our public schools. Almost all the superior public schools are provided with a piano or melodeon. This is specially true in cities and towns, and the country schools are following suite. Many a time has the writer enjoyed the sweet performances in the public schools of New York, Ohio. and Illinois. In these schools, one of the pupils plays voluntarily whilst the classes are marching to or from their class-rooms. Everything is done with precision and in silence. Not a sound is heard on such occasions but the music and the pupils' measured tread. When the weather is cold, wet, or boisterous, the respective divisions practice certain evolutions during intermissions in the hall or class-rooms. These evolutions are very graceful and becoming, and are sometimes accompanied by patriotic and soul-stirring songs. The principal, or the first assistant, superintends, and one of the pupils discourses the music. Such exercises as these are calculated not only to refine the taste, elevate the affections, and create a love for the school and its officers, but likewise to educate citizens and patriots who shall rival the worthies of ancient Greece and Rome. The pupils of "the music class" preside at the piano in turn, and, on ordinary occasions, many of them remain in to practice during recess—preferring the enjoyments of the school-room to the pleasures of the play-ground. Music, in fact, is one of the characteristic recreations of public school life in America. We would it were so in other countries also. The cost of the instrument is a mere trifle in comparison with the benefits it confers on the rising generation. It furnishes a continual feast to the pupils at school, and at home it is the source of much profitable amusement. Give the young warblers a chance to speak their thoughts in music.

If convenient, it would be well to put the boys through a course of military drill. No other exercise will be so effectual an aid in school government. It trains the pupil to habits of prompt obedience—it predisposes him to observe the rules, and regulations, and, to a certain extent, prepares his mind to receive durable impressions. In a military and physiological point of view, it would be wise perhaps to have all school boys drilled, and trained to the use of arms. Any country adopting this policy would, in less than fifteen years, be a nation of citizen soldiers—powerful as a friend, terrible as an enemy.

### RIGHT HABITS OF STUDY.

It is not necessary that a large number of studies should be mastered in youth, but it is essential that pupils should acquire the art of studying aright, and that whatsoever is taught should be taught livingly, philosophically, profoundly. In teaching history, for instance, it is not necessary that the pupil should be taken though the minutiæ of the subject from the creation until the present day, or that he should be compelled *nolens volens* to pore over the fragmentary records of lost races, much less "the gigantic" volumes which relate the story of modern nations. Rather let the pupils be taught to study—"read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest"—the history of an individual nation. As he proceeds, let the teacher show him how to apply the principles of historical evidence to the statements contained therein; let him then be led to trace the causes and effects of events, and directed to investigate the motives of actions, so that he may observe the workings of human nature in what has been done and suffered;* let him endeavor to detect the ruling spirit of each successive age, sympathizing with what is noble and abhorring what is unworthy; let him master the great truths and impulses which formed the basis of human action in the past, and learn to judge impartially of men and things whilst recognizing a moral Providence, a retributive justice, amidst all mutations and corruptions. He will thus acquire the art of tracing all events to their origin, whilst forming a judicious conclusion as to their ultimate effects. The exercise thus afforded will enable him to study aright, and as he grows in years he will extend his researches (should time permit) until he had studied the whole course of human history. One book studied in this way will afford him more educational discipline than would all the histories in the world read in the usual cursory style.

### ILLUSTRATE WHAT IS TAUGHT.

The teacher who would succeed in his profession must remember that *one of the great secrets of success is the power to make study attractive by practically illustrating what is taught.* Children can, and will, learn any subject, however difficult, if the teacher can only make it sufficiently interesting. In studying these things, or in directing others how to study them, prudence will not permit us to fetter mind by rules too rigid or too numerous. Curiosity, amusement, and natural tastes may be allowed to direct the student in certain exceptional cases in the higher institutions of learning, and we are of opinion that, within certain limits, a similar indulgence

*Canning.

might be extended to the pupils of the *higher classes* in public schools. This principle is recognized in the Cornell University (Ithaca), and with marked advantage: The studies of pupils may be as wide as their condition in life and mental calibre will permit; but it is not advisable that their attention should be directed to the acquisition of a large number of subjects at the same time. Better at first to concentrate their attention on a few, and then gradually keep adding to their number as they grow in mental strength.

# Notice.

## SIR MATTHEW BEGBIE,

### CHIEF JUSTICE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

On Nov. 26th last, Her Majesty the Queen conferred on Matthew Baillie Begbie, Chief Justice of British Columbia, the honor of Knighthood at Balmoral. He was the son of the late Col. Thomas Sterling Begbie, of the 44th and 48th regiments, and of North Heath, near Newbury, Berkshire, England. He was born in 1819; and educated at Elizabeth College, Guernsey, and at St. Peter's College, Cambridge. In 1841, he took his degree of B.A., as a wrangler, became fellow of his college in 1844, and in the same year was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn. The following extract from the *British Colonist*, Victoria, V.I., speaks of his services in that country as follows:—

"When he went to the Mainland, in 1859, he found a state of lawlessness existing, entirely foreign to a British country. Gambling was everywhere in vogue. The Gold Commissioner's authority was flouted. The gravest crimes were committed in broad day; and, at Yale, a Vigilance Committee had been formed to rid the place of the armed ruffians who held high carnival there. The Chief Justice at once set about reforming these abuses. The Vigilance Committee was disbanded. A few of the most desperate villains were caught, tried, convicted, and punished. Within a year the whole aspect of affairs had changed. Pistols and bowie-knives were no longer openly worn. Life and property became as safe as in the best parts of London; while a feeling of security existed, and exists, that does not obtain in any other country on the Pacific coast."

The engraving is by Walker & Wiseman, after one in the *Illustrated London News*.

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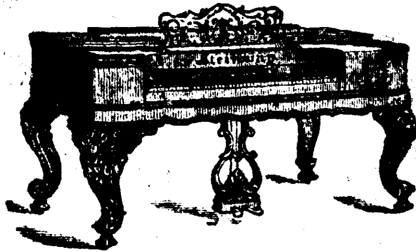

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