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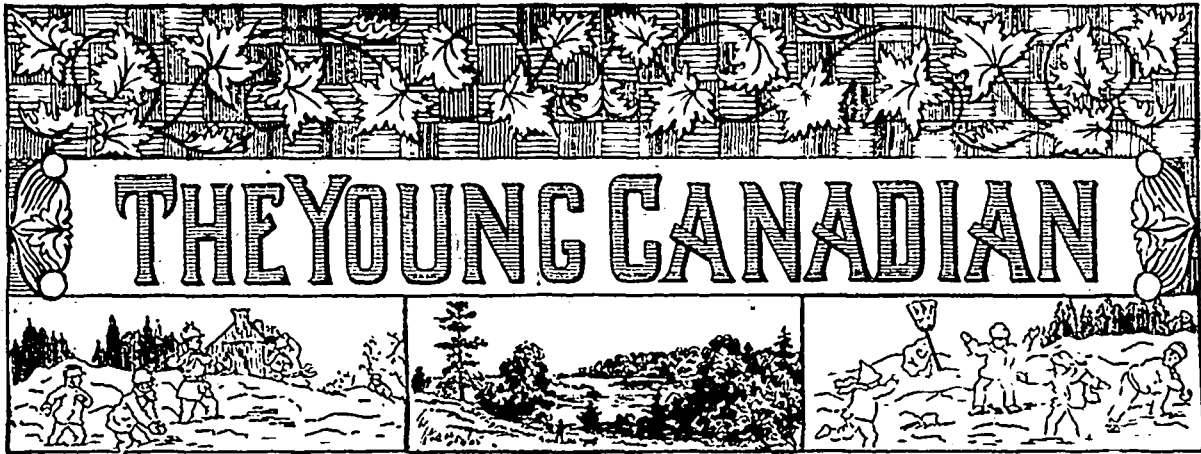
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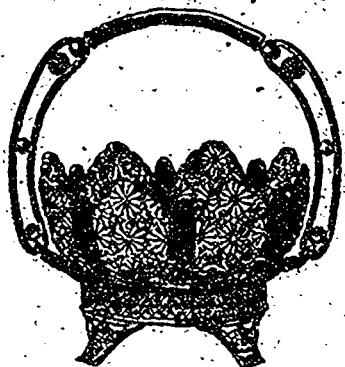
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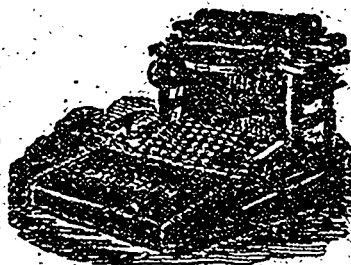
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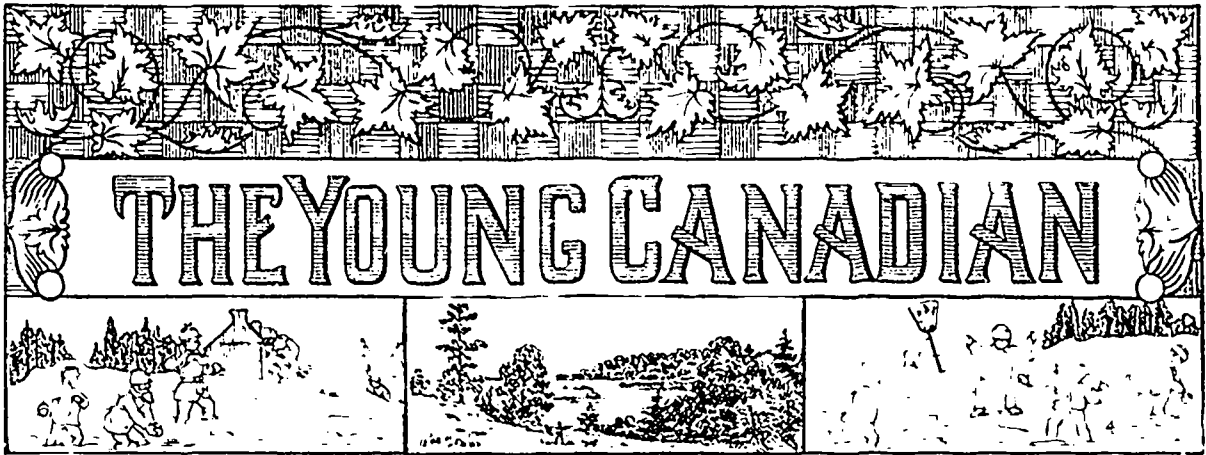
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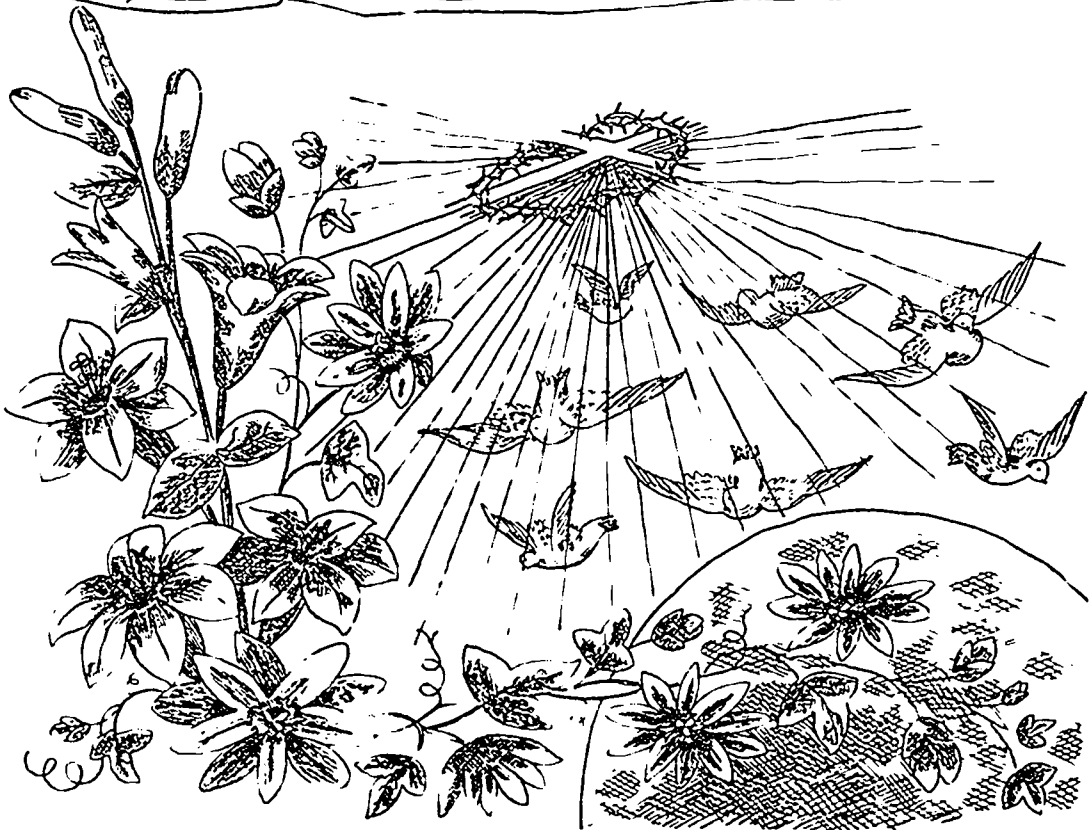
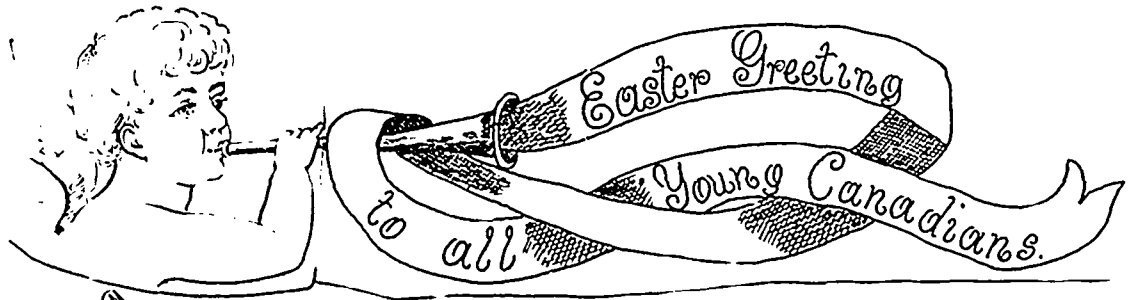


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# EASTER PAST and PRESENT

Easter is the name given to the Church Feast of our Lord's Resurrection. It is one of the three Great Ecclesiastical Festivals of the year, the other two being Christmas and Whitsuntide, and of these three it is the Queen. For however the Church may glory in the event which Christmas commemorates, the deep and lasting foundation of our religion rests not so much upon the birth of the little Babe in Bethlehem as upon the sacrifice and death of the Man—the Son of Man, upon the Cross—His resurrection from the grave, and His ascension into Heaven.

The Book of Prayer tells us that "Easter Day is always the first Sunday after the full moon, which happens upon, or next after, the twenty-first day of March; and if the full moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter Day is the Sunday after."

It is thus a movable feast, and upon it depend all the other movable feasts and fasts throughout the year.

The Latin name Pascha takes us back to the historic origin of the Passover, from which the story of Easter necessarily begins. The Passover was the greatest of the three great annual feasts in the time of Moses, the other two being the Feast of Pentecost, the Feast of Weeks, of Wheat Harvest, or of First Fruits; and the Feast of Tabernacles, or Ingathering.

The Passover was celebrated at the first full moon of the Springtide, and lasted eight days. It was the celebration of the Exodus from Egypt, and as it was ordained that only unleavened bread should be eaten, it was also called the Feast of Unleavened Bread. A lamb, without blemish, roasted whole, formed the meal in every house on the eve of the Festival. The members of the family appeared in travelling garb, and prayers and thanksgivings, with special reference to the freedom from bondage which they had met to commemorate, accompanied the repast, and at a later time cups of red wine were added. The name Passover was strictly applied to the first day, when the paschal lamb was eaten, entirely consumed, any remnant having been forbidden; and the Feast of Unleavened Bread was really the rest of the week, during which other animal food was eaten. But the two names were often interchangeable.

## The Paschal Meal.

as at present celebrated among our Jewish brethren, partakes of the character of a hallowed family feast with reference to the great national event. On account of the uncertainty prevailing in former times about fixing the full moon, the Jews, out of the Holy Land, keep the feast on the two first evenings. They are known as Exiles, and although considered orthodox, the regulations of the lamb for each house, the travelling garb, etc., have been abrogated, and other symbolical tokens have taken their place. The order of prayers and chants to be recited has received many additions, and even Medieval German songs have crept in which are supposed to bear upon the past and future of the Chosen People.

In the Early Christian Church, the paschal season extended over fifteen days, of which Easter Day was the central point. It had a double signification—lenten and jubilant; sorrow for the past, and hope for the future.

The fast of Easter Eve was of the strictest character, and was prolonged at least till midnight; Good Friday and Easter Eve being a continuous fast, in supposed obedience to our Lord's words—"The days will come when the bridegroom shall be taken from them, and then shall they fast." (Matt. ix., 15). As night advanced and

## Easter drew near.

all sign of sorrow was laid aside. Lamps and candles were lighted, and people of all ranks, even magistrates and ladies of high degree went about carrying lamps and lighting tapers in the churches. Sorrow gave place to jubilant joy, and the latter part of the Eve was spent in prayers, hymns, reading of Scripture, and exhortations.

Easter Day, in the Early Church, was the Feast of Feasts, the Desirable Festival of all Salvation, the Queen of Days, the Assembly of Assemblies, the Crown and Head of all Festivals. Its chief distinction lay not so much in ceremonial, as in enthusiasm, not in concentrated and vicarious forms, but in universal and individual participation. Every man, woman, and child had a place to fill,

A share  
to perform.

All labour ceased. Trade was suspended. Spade, plough, and market were forsaken, for holiday attire, fraternity, rejoicing. The father with his children, the mistress with her maids, all wore the smile of universal brotherhood. The poor dressed like the rich; the rich like princes; and the beggar borrowed his robes for the occasion.

The whole history of the resurrection was read to the people on the successive days of the feast. Sermons were preached explaining how the festival should be kept. Prisons were thrown open. Pardons were granted. Debtors were forgiven, and slaves made free.



many curious customs came to be attached to the season of Easter, which more or less, in one place or another, have lingered on long after their meaning has been forgotten or changed.

For example, on Easter Monday, in rural parishes and villages, the swains went about in pairs, make an easy-chair of their arms and hands, and carrying the young women about, much in the fashion which is know in our modern nursery as

## LADYS CHAIR.

On Tuesday the women returned the compliment to the men. In some places the men claimed the privilege of taking off the shoes of their fair burdens, and, as a matter of course, the women revenged themselves to the same extent.

In other places the Church Clerk carried around to every home a few white cakes as an Easter offering, in return for which he received a gratuity in proportion to the generosity of the householder.

In one parish twenty acres, known as the Bread and Cheese Lands, were benefacted as an endowment to supply every year a distribution of cakes to the poor.

In another two Sheriffs were compelled to engage in a rivalry of shooting, the reward being a breakfast of calf's-head and bacon. And when the Puritan stepped in and changed the prize into a silver plate, the proverbial love of the English peasant for good fare rebelled, and the calf's-head and bacon were re-instated.

A band of gay gallants used to parade the streets with a luxuriously cushioned and brilliantly decorated chair, gaily trimmed with bouquets of flowers and streamers of ribbons. Each fair young damsel was invited to seat herself in the improvised carriage, when the chair was raised high in the air, and on its descent a kiss was demanded for each of the escort. The women appear to have consented gladly not only to the ride but to the pay, and on the following day took their revenge by returning the compliment.

At Easter-time, both priest and people were fired with

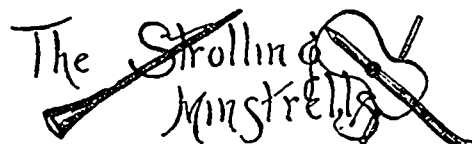
## A Religious Enthusiasm for Ball-Playing

The custom was universal in all ranks. The game was made part of the church service. Bishops and Deans took the ball into the sacred building, and at the proper time, began to dance and throw the ball to the choristers. All afterwards adjourned for refreshments, at which taisy cakes, and a gammon of bacon, in token of their abhorrence of the Jews, were favourite dishes.

The Mayor and Corporation, with twenty incorporated guilds, in full pageant of crimson and gold, went out to football. The Shoemakers' Guild presented the ball to His Worship, and the sport began. As games will have it, strife would arise, and King Henry VIII. ordained that the competition should take the form of foot-racing, the prize to the swiftest consisting of silver ornaments. Later, the prize was a silver bell, and the races were on horseback, the bell being used to decorate the successful horse. In this too, the women were upsides with their lords and masters, when football was indulged in headed by the Mayor's daughter.

Eggs were distributed to such an extent that the price rose to a serious degree. They were the valentines of the season. They were boiled very hard in water which was coloured with red, blue, or violet dyes, and inscriptions or landscapes were traced on them. They too were sometimes used in the religious game of football. Their significance in relation to Easter arose, no doubt, from their being emblematic of the revival of Nature in Spring from the death of winter, and so of the resurrection of Christ.

In the Tyrol, the peasants keep the festival with picturesque ceremony. Easter hymns echo through their beautiful valleys to the sympathetic strains of the guitar. Their simple homes are decorated with flowers. The children dance in the sun-light; and, when the sun is getting low, torches of pinewood throw their lights and shadows over the peaceful mountains.



pass by. The farmer brings his wine, and his good dame her cakes, and the singers and players refresh themselves for further strolls and future carols.



FURTHER STROLLS AND FUTURE CAROLS.

## HOLY WEEK IN OLD ENGLAND.

## PALM SUNDAY.

The commemoration of the all too brief popularity of our Saviour when on earth, when the people "took branches and went forth to meet Him, crying Hosanna," has been celebrated from a very early period in the history of the Church. In lack of palm-tree, branches of box, yew, and willow were blessed by priests after mass, and distributed among the people. After being carried in triumphant procession, they were burned, and the ashes were laid aside to be sprinkled, with the priests' blessing, on the heads of the faithful on the succeeding Ash Wednesday.

In olden times the flowers and branches to be used by the clergy were laid on the altar; those for the laity on the south step of the altar. The priest,

*Arrayed in a  
Red Cope.*

consecrated them, to displace the devil, who was suspected to lurk in some hidden corner. They were then fumed in frankincense from censers. Flowers were distributed. Prayers were read. Sprinklings with holy water were performed, and the procession, led by two priests bearing crucifixes, started through the town.

In the extremity of a desire to realize every particular of the Holy Passion of our Lord, the wooden figure of

an ass on wheels, with a wooden rider, was drawn among the crowd. Amid much excitement, the people threw their branches beneath the wheels, and, as they were thereafter supposed to be an infallible protection against storms and lightnings, they were religiously gathered up again and cherished.

Sometimes cakes were cast from the steeples of the churches, and were scrambled for below by an amused crowd of boys.

An angel was also introduced into the procession, and when the parish did not possess one, it was borrowed. In the accounts of one of the ancient parishes of London, there occurs an item of 8d. for the hire of an angel on one occasion, and of 4d. on another. Crosses of palm were made, and blessed by the priest, as a safeguard against sickness.

In Cornwall the peasants carried these crosses to the village well and threw them in. If they floated, the peasant was to live through the year. If it sank, alas! he would not. He who had no palm on Sunday, would have his hand cut off.

A curious custom existed in Lincolnshire. While the first lesson was being read, a person representing the proprietor of an adjoining estate, entered the porch of the Church, and three times

*CRACKED A GAD WHIP*

which he then folded up and retired to a seat in the sacred edifice. During the second lesson he came up to the minister, with his whip upright, and at the upper end of it a purse containing thirty pieces of silver. Kneeling before the clergyman, he waved the whip thrice round his head, and remained in that attitude till the lesson had ended, and then retired.

## GOOD FRIDAY.

This day, commemorative of the crucifixion of our Lord, was, from a very early period, kept as a season of special mourning and prayer. The priests were robed in black; the kiss of peace was omitted, in detestation of the traitor kiss of Judas; and a long series of prayers were recited for all classes and ranks of people—even for heretics, pagans, and Jews.

The most striking part of the ceremony of the day was the Adoration of the Cross, or as it was called, The Creeping to the Cross. A large crucifix was placed on the altar with great ceremony, and the entire congregation, beginning with the priest, approached, and upon their knees, reverently kissed the figure of the crucified Lord.

A sermon was preached at St. Paul's Cross, London, at which the Lord Mayor and Aldermen attended.

A superstition regarding

## Bread Baked on Good Friday.

existed from a very early date. Bread so baked was kept by the family for the remainder of the year, and it was believed that a few gratings of it in water proved a specific cure for all ailments.

## OUR HOT CROSS BUNS.

may be a remnant of this, but there is also reason to think that this custom has its origin in the worship of the Queen of Heaven, in which ceremony cakes formed an important part.

This view gains some force from the fact that these buns do not form part of the ceremonies of the season on the Continent of Europe.

All over England the early dawn of Good Friday morning is ushered in by

"One a penny, buns ;  
Two a penny, buns ;  
One a penny, two a penny,  
Hot Cross Buns !"

No breakfast table is without them. Bun-shops have made themselves famous, and the cry of the street-vendors is as familiar as the postman's knock with the Easter Card.

In earlier days the kings themselves made bun-houses historic by stopping in their progress to buy and eat of the tempting wares. More tempting they must have been in those days than now, or our appetites have gradually become educated beyond them. The ordinary hot cross bun of to-day is rather an insipid morsel.

An ancient sculpture in Rome represents the

## FIVE BARLEY LOAVES

of the miracle feast as having each a cross marked on the surface. In Egypt the cakes were made to resemble the sacred heifer, and were hence called bous. Bous has boun in one of its cases, so perhaps we really derive our word bun, with the cross on it, from an origin that most pious people would

Shrink From  
With Horror.

## in Holy Week Modern Rome.

In the Roman Calendar the whole of the last two weeks in Lent is known as Passion-Week, and the services of this period differ from those of the rest of the solemn time of sackcloth and ashes. Among Protestants the name Passion Week is given to the week preceding Easter Day, but canonically speaking Passion Week is the one previous—the fifth week of Lent—and the name Holy Week ought to be reserved for the sixth, the week specially consecrated to the Passion of our Redeemer.

The Institution is of very early origin, and is known also by the names Great Week, Silent Week, Week of the Holy Passion, Vacant Week, and Penitential Week. It is a season of concentrated solemnity and gloom, of penitential rigour and mourning. Altars are stripped. Pictures and Statues are veiled. The bitterness of fasting is re-doubled, and deeds of alms and works of mercy are specially enjoined and practised. The days particularly solemnized are Palm Sunday, Spy Wednesday, Holy Thursday, Good Friday, and Holy Saturday.

The ceremonies of Holy Week commenced on Palm Sunday, and have attracted at all times a large influx of strangers from every part of the world. An addition of 10,000 to the population of the Eternal City at that sacred season is not an exaggerated calculation.

At nine o'clock in the morning crowds of people found their way to St. Peter's Cathedral. A Papal Regiment entered and cleared a passage up the centre aisle. The Noble Guard of the Pope, with distinguished ecclesiastics, took their places in rows behind the High Altar, which was specially decorated for the occasion. The Pope's chief sacristan brought in armfuls of palm, and laid them on the altar.

At half-past nine music burst from the choir. Soldiers presented arms. The huge congregation was on the tiptoe of expectation, and the procession entered. The Pope was borne up the centre aisle in his Sedia Gestatoria, or

## Chair of State.

which was secured on two long poles covered with crimson velvet, resting on the shoulders of twelve trusted officials, six of whom were in front, and six behind, and whose duty was to walk with stately and solemn tread, so that no motion might disturb His Holiness. The Church was in mourning, and the Pope, plainly attired, his mitre being white and without ornament. Moving his hands in benediction to the multitude beneath and around, he was carried up to his throne, and with great pomp and ceremony descended from his chair, and took his place at the altar.

After blessing the palm, he accepted an embroidered apron for his knees, and bestowed a palm upon the cardinals in turn, who received it humbly kneeling, and kissed the palm, and the Pope's right hand and right knee. The bishops kissed the palm and the right knee,



but mitred abbots and others, the palm and the right foot. Palms were then more freely distributed among the clergy by sacristans, till at length they reached the lay nobility who were desirous to procure them. Then followed prayers, chanting, singing, and low mass by one of the bishops, after which His Holiness entrusted his sacred person once more to his Chair of State, and was carried

## With the Same Pomp.

back to the Chapel whence he came, and which communicates with the Vatican. The ceremonial lasted for three hours, and many thousands endured standing for five, in order to witness the spectacle. Ladies only were provided with seats, but were compelled to be in dark dresses, and wear black veils instead of bonnets.

The ceremony which attracted most attention on

WEDNESDAY

was the

## Singing of the first Miserere.

in the Sistine Chapel, which took place at half-past four in the afternoon. The music was of the most highly finished and artistic description, the choir being composed of the first voices in the world. The service was known as the Tenebrae, from the darkness of the night in which it was originally celebrated. A triangular candlestick, upon which were fifteen candles, was placed upon the altar. Fifteen Psalms were sung, and after each, a candle was extinguished. Benedictus being then sung, the candle on the top, being the only one left lighted, was removed and concealed behind the altar, to represent the death of Christ. At the singing of the last Psalm the candles on the altar, as well as those above the rails, were extinguished, to signify, it is supposed, the Prophets who were successively put to death at the time of our Lord.

The spirit of Holy Thursday was humility in its most emphatic form. In imitation of the example of our blessed Lord when He washed the feet of His disciples on the eve of His Passion, high and low, ecclesiastic and layman, prince and peasant, set aside their personal dignity and condescended to voluntary and assumed acts of meniality, in shapes varying with the disposition or opportunity of the devotee.

## CARDINAL WOLSEY

in 1530, washed and kissed the feet of fifty-nine poor men, one for every year of his life; and sent them away rejoicing with "twelve pence in money, three ells of good canvas to make shirts, a pair of new shoes, a cast of red herrings, and three white herrings."

## Queen Elizabeth

in her thirty-ninth year, attended by thirty-nine ladies and gentlewomen, had thirty-nine poor persons assent-

bled in her Palace at Greenwich, where their feet were washed by the yeomen of the laundry with warm water and sweet herbs, afterwards by her sub-almoner, and finally by herself. Each foot was marked with the sign of the Cross and kissed, and clothes, food, and money were distributed. Down to the reign of George II. this custom was maintained, at least by deputy, and distributions of all sorts were made. Since our own good Queen's day, money and food have taken the place of the washing of feet.

## HOLY THURSDAY IN ROME.

This day was celebrated for six important and imposing ceremonies which, with one exception, took place in St. Peter's:—Blessing the Oils; Silencing the Bells; Feet Washing; the Pope Serving Supper; the Grand Penitentiary; and Washing the Feet of Pilgrims.

The ceremony of

## Blessing the Oils

took place during Mass. Three varieties had to be blessed:—The Oil of Catechumens, used in blessing baptism, in consecrating churches and altars, in ordaining priests, and in blessing and crowning sovereigns; The Oil used in administering Extreme Unction to the dying; and The Sacred Chrism, composed of oil and balm of Gilead, used in confirmation, in the consecration of bishops, paters, and chalices, and in the blessing of bells. The ceremonies are long and imposing, and the officiating cardinal, or bishop, is assisted by a large body of priests, deacons, and sub-deacons, dressed in white.



are mute from half-past eleven on Thursday morning to the same hour on Saturday. Even school-bells, and domestic hand-bells are silent, and a wooden clapper is used, in the form of a box with an interior mechanism which makes a great clatter.

## Feet-Washing.

For this significant observance, the Pope is dressed plainly, in white, with a red cope, and a small white skull-cap. To be in accordance with the spirit of the letter, instead of being carried, he walks. After Mass at

the Sixtine Chapel, His Holiness proceeds to the balcony over the central door of St. Peter's, and pronounces the benediction.

He then passes in to take his seat, and there enter from a side door thirteen bishops in white garments and high white caps. Twelve of these represent the Apostles, whose feet were washed, and the thirteenth represents an angel who, it is said, appeared to Gregory the Great while he was performing an act of charity. These take their seats with much gravity, and as they are the happy possessors of the feet to be washed by the Pope, they are the objects of much observation and respect.

After preparatory services, the Pope suffers his cope to be removed, and an embroidered apron to be tied on; and with the assistance of cardinal—deacons, a towel is fastened to his waist. He then washes and kisses the right foot of each of the thirteen bishops, although not much time is occupied, and the operation is not of the most thorough and complete nature.

Each bishop is then the recipient of a towel and a nosegay from the Pope, and a gold medal from the Treasurer. His Holiness then washes his own sacred hands, dons his cope, and proceeds to the next act of humiliation.



TOOK BRANCHES AND WENT FORTH.

## The Grand Penitentiary.

Among the remarkable features of St. Peter's, is the number of confessionals, with clergy seated, ready for duty—religious sentinels at their posts. Still further to accommodate penitents, the confessions are heard in French, German, Spanish, Portuguese, English, and Greek, besides Italian. In addition to all this the Grand Cardinal Penitentiary sits on Holy Thursday to give absolution for mortal sins beyond the sphere of ordinary confession, and which cannot be otherwise forgiven.

The altars are all stript. The hundred lamps that burn around the tomb of St. Peter are extinguished, the Miserere is chanted, and the greatest gloom prevails.

### WASHING THE FEET OF PILGRIMS.

This ceremony takes place at the Trinita de Pelegrini, situated in one of the most populous quarters of Rome. Poor persons with certificates from their bishops, and who come from a distance of

## The Serving at Supper.

Conducted in a stately procession the Pope passes across the nave of the great Cathedral, and walks up a stair leading to a large apartment above the portico. Here, in this "upper chamber," a table is laid for a regular meal, the recipients of which are the thirteen bishops who have just been honoured in the Washing of Feet. He gives them water to wash their hands, helps them to various dishes, and pours them wine and water to drink. The plates are handed to him by prelates, and during the feast a chaplain reads prayers.

The Pope then blesses the divines, washes his hands, and departs in the same stately procession in which he came. The priests who are the envied objects of all this Papal attention, are selected from different countries by diplomatic agents.

## At Least Sixty Miles.

are admitted. The feet of men are washed in one place; the feet of women in another; and only women are permitted as spectators to behold the operation among the latter.

Along one end and side of the chamber, a bench is placed for a seat, and a board is raised from the floor for the feet. A ragged crowd enters, and proceeds to take off shoes and stockings. Priests appear. Prayers are read. A confraternity of citizens, organized for this and similar acts of humiliation, assist at the ceremony, habited in red jackets, small cravats, and aprons, and indulging in laughter and chatter till the tubs of hot water are brought in.

Generally speaking, a preparatory process of ablution has taken place, whereby the act is shorn of, something

of the nauseous. The priests' hands are washed, a squeeze of lemon is poured over them, and prayers conclude the ceremony. The pilgrims then adjourn for supper, are waited on by the same red-coated fraternity, and are dismissed with small presents in money.

The ceremony in the women's department is performed by ladies of distinction.

In the Lenten procession of Penitents which takes place in the

## Southern Italian States

the people are so completely enveloped in their costume that only the eyes and hands are visible. A long white gown covers the body, with a hood for the head, in which holes are cut for sight, but not for breath. A crown of thorns is twisted round the brow and over the head. A thick rope is passed round the neck, and brought in front of the breast into a loop, through which the hands are folded in the attitude of prayer; and long lines of these persons are gloomily marshalled through the streets.

## ON GOOD FRIDAY

the yellow colour of the candles and torches, the nakedness of the Pope's Throne and other seats, denote the desolation of the Church. Cardinals do not wear their rings, and are robed in purple instead of scarlet. The bishops wear no rings, and their stockings are black. The mace and the soldiers arms are reversed. The Pope is dressed in a red cope, and His Holiness neither wears his rings nor bestows his blessing. The partially unveiled crucifix is kissed by him, and his sacred shoes are removed in approaching to do it homage. A procession takes place to another chapel where Mass is celebrated.

Later in the day the last Miserere is chanted in the Sixtine Chapel, and the Pope, his cardinals and clergy, proceed by a covered passage to venerate the sacred relics of the True Cross, the Lance, and the Volto Santo—which are shown from a balcony above.

But the shops are not closed. Business goes on. Palaggos are open. The concert-room is frequented. And, although the theatre is forsaken, externally, except for the silencing of the bells, there is less of a Good Friday in Rome than in many a Protestant Capital.



HANDS FOLDED IN THE ATTITUDE OF PRAYER.

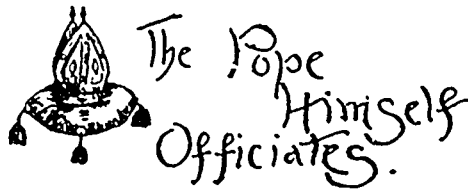
## HOLY SATURDAY.

At half-past eleven on the morning of Holy Saturday, a service is read in the Sixtine Chapel; the bells of St. Peter's are rung; the guns of St. Angelo are fired, and all the city bells immediately break forth into a loud peal of joyous liberty. The peculiar ceremony of the day is the blessing of the fire and of the paschal candle. At the beginning of Mass, a light, called New Fire, is struck from flint in the Sacristy. The chief sacristan blesses the water and the fire, and the fine grains of incense which are to be deposited in the paschal candle.

Formerly, all the fires in Rome were lighted afresh from this holy fire: but this is no longer the case. After the service the Cardinal Vicar proceeds to the baptistry of St. Peter's, blesses the water for baptism, dips in the paschal candle, and concludes by sprinkling some of the water on the people.



is celebrated with elaborate ceremonies for which preparations have been making during the entire week. As day dawns, guns are fired from the Castle of St. Angelo; and as early as seven o'clock, carriages are pouring towards the great Cathedral. That magnificent basilica is richly decorated. The altars are freshly ornamented, and the lights around the tomb of St. Peter are blazing after their temporary extinction.



at Mass, and with every accessory of pomp that the heart of man can devise. From a hall in the adjoining Vatican he is borne into the Church, amid the utmost conceivable splendour, seated in his Chair of State, his vestments literally glittering with gold. On his head he wears the Tiara, a tall, round, gilded cap, representing a triple crown—spiritual power, temporal power, and the union of both. Beside him are carried the flabellé, large fans of ostrich feathers, in which are set the eye-like parts of peacocks' feathers, to signify the eyes or vigilance of the Church. Over him is supported a canopy of silk, richly fringed.

After officiating at Mass at the High Altar, he is with

similar pageant and ceremony, and to the most gorgeous display of music, carried back through the crowded edifice, and ascends to the balcony over the central doorway. Rising from his Chair of State, and surrounded by his principal officers, he pronounces to the expectant multitude beneath, benedictions, indulgences, absolutions.

The concourse of people is beyond description. Papers, containing the prayers that have been offered, are thrown down upon their heads, and, though in Latin, are eagerly scrambled for. In the evening the dome and other exterior parts of St. Peter's are beautifully illuminated with lamps.

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## TWO EASTER EGGS.

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BY S. L. CLAYES.

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**M**ANY years ago Jessie and Susie, two little girls whose father was dead, were living with their mother on the outskirts of a beautiful village among the hills of the Eastern Townships. They were pretty children, and both were lovable and attractive when at their best.

Susie, who at the date of our story was nine years of age, was the youngest by some three years. She had been very ill at the time of her father's death, two years before, was delicate for a long while after, and much petting and many indulgences had naturally fallen to her lot during that time.

When her sister was really ill Jessie had been most tender and devoted; but as her health improved she came to be a little jealous of the attentions, of which, it seemed to her, Susie was receiving more than her fair share.

"She is every bit as well as I am now, and I don't see why she shouldn't do the same."—was often her thought, and once it had risen into speech; but then Jessie herself had grown ashamed as soon as the words had left her lips, and they had brought a look of grieved surprise to her mother's face which she did not like to meet. At that moment she thought she could never speak so again, and for a while she did not, but by-and-by she began to say the same thing again to herself, in thought if not in words.

"It is just because she is white, and soft, and round that folks like to play with her, and kiss her, and have her with them; but she doesn't *know* anything"—said poor Jessie to herself in a jealous rage, when one day their dear Uncle Tom, who had returned only yesterday from a year's absence in Europe, took Susie out for a

sleigh-ride and did not ask Jessie to make one of the party.

This happened close upon Easter. When they came back from their drive Jessie was sitting alone in the library in a corner of the broad window-seat, well hidden by the curtain, indulging in something very like a sulk. Her mother came into the room at the moment they drove up and Uncle Tom soon followed, but neither discovered that Jessie was there.

"See Mary, here are some Easter gifts I have brought for the children"—said Uncle Tom.

Jessie's sulk was forgotten. Oh, how she wished she could see, but she did not like to come out of her hiding—"Besides Easter gifts are secrets just as Christmas presents are and they wouldn't want me to"—thought Jessie.

"Oh! Tom, how lovely! What an extravagant fellow you are!" exclaimed her mother—but just then Susie came running along the hall and into the room. Uncle Tom hastily put the things into the drawer of the library table. Jessie knew that, for she heard him step that way, and then the lock click as the key turned in it.

Pretty soon tea was ready; they all went out and Jessie was released from her hiding. She noticed in passing that Uncle Tom had taken away the key of the drawer—but Jessie knew that drawer had two keys, and she knew where the other one was kept—it was in a little vase on the mantel.

How she did want to see those gifts. She wanted it so badly that finally she felt that she must. Next day came an opportunity. Jessie yielded to temptation, unlocked the drawer and peeped in.

There were two boxes; her name was upon one, Susie's on the other. Jessie pressed the spring of hers.

It opened showing a satin-lining on which lay an egg of a lovely rose tint. It had a white lily painted upon one side, and a wreath of blue violets ran quite around it. Jessie lifted it and turned it over. It was the first one she had ever seen that was not of home manufacture.

"It is pretty," she said to herself, "and heavy—I wonder what it is made of."

Then she turned to Susie's box. It, too, was satin-lined, and, it too, held an Easter egg. This egg was of a greyish colour—"and looks as if it might be sort of transparent," thought Jessie. She took it in her hand and noticed that there was a small opening in the top, surrounded by a kind of tiny, fluted ruffle.

Jessie at once applied her eye to the hole, and, in spite of herself, gave a cry of admiration and delight. She had never in all her life before seen anything she thought was half so beautiful. She seemed to be looking into a grotto of purest crystal, which sparkled, and glittered, and fell into rainbow tints with every slightest movement of her hand. In front of the grotto were palm trees and tall white lilies, all of crystal; and at its entrance, one on either side, knelt two angel figures with folded wings and raised heads, their faces full of joyous triumph, and their hands laid together as if in prayer.

For a moment Jessie could only see and admire; then thought began to return and other emotions filled her mind. Hers was pretty enough, well enough, as her things always were—but this—this wonder—this miracle of beauty was for Susie who again, and forever, was to have the best. Oh, it was too, too much; she could not bear it. She laid the egg back upon its satin bed, locked the drawer and went away.

That night, which was Easter Eve, there came to Jessie a terrible dream. She dreamed that when every one else was asleep she came back again, unlocked the drawer and *changed the eggs*. It was all so vivid that when Jessie awoke in the morning she almost believed she had really done it.

At breakfast the boxes lay upon their plates. When the children appeared Jessie's head was drooping, her cheeks flushed, her hands hot and trembling. Both her mother and Uncle Tom noticed it, and were full of tender concern and loving questions.

How Jessie's heart beat. Oh, if she had never looked at them. *Had* she changed the eggs? She could not tell—it must be that it was all a dream, and yet it seemed so real—and her head throbbled so, and there were such noises in her ears that she could not be sure. Oh, what *should* she do? Susie was opening her box. She saw the egg within it—it was the grey egg—the right one—Susie's own egg. Jessie's breath came back, and Susie was dancing with delight.

"And now, dearie, come and look at your Easter gifts," said Uncle Tom.

Jessie still hung back, strangely reluctant; but her uncle opened the box and taking up the egg pressed upon a tiny spring hidden in the heart of one of the violets in the encircling wreath. The egg flew open, and inside upon the lining of white velvet lay a beautiful Swiss watch, all gold, enamel and tiny diamonds; and coiled about it was the very prettiest chain that ever was seen.

Jessie burst into tears and sobbed as if her heart was breaking. Her mother's arms were around her in a moment. "Why, my child, what is it? What *is* the matter Jessie?"

"Oh, mamma, mamma! I have been so wicked; you never, never can forgive me, and I don't deserve you should." Then came a full confession.

After breakfast there was a serious talk with her mother and Uncle Tom—but it was hardly needed. Jessie had had a lesson which she never would forget.

## Some Delicious Ways

### OF COOKING EGGS FOR EASTER.

An egg on our breakfast tables, is a very simple and unassuming dish. From its very abundance it is apt to be cheated out of its due share of credit in our household management.

It is, however, one of those "stand-by" every day comforts that make themselves felt perhaps more by their absence than by their presence. It is like a potato in this way. We little know what we owe to eggs and potatoes till the morning that the larder is without either, and we are some miles from a hen or a potato-bin.

Eggs, like potatoes, are apt to be treated with too much familiarity. We think anything good enough for them. They are quiet and patient creatures, and little inclined to protest against the abuses that take place on the cooking-range.

But if ever two things are distinct from each other it is just the right way and the wrong way of cooking eggs and potatoes, and if ever two other things are distinct from each other it is just the beautiful lines that the eggs and potatoes themselves draw between the two modes of treatment.

In order that our young Canadian's may learn to distinguish these two modes we have pleasure in giving a few samples, leaving our breakfast and tea tables on Easter Day to decide which is best. The samples are not clipped out of the first cookery book that came to hand. They are all the tried, tested and valued friends of

ONE WHO KNOWS.

#### Scalloped Eggs.

Make a force-meat of chopped ham, (ground is better) fine bread crumbs, pepper, salt, a little minced parsley, and some melted butter. Moisten with milk to a soft paste, and half fill some patty—or scallop shells with the mixture. Break an egg carefully upon the top of each, dust with pepper and salt, and sift some very finely powdered cracker over all. Set in the oven and bake, until the eggs are *well* set, about eight minutes. Eat hot. Very nice.

#### Poached Eggs with Sauce.

Make the sauce by putting half a cupful of hot water in a sauce-pan, with a teaspoonful of lemon juice, three tablespoonfuls of veal or chicken broth (strained), pepper, salt, mace, a tablespoonful of butter with a little minced parsley. Boil slowly ten minutes, and stir in a well whipped egg, carefully, lest it should curdle. Have ready some poached eggs in a deep dish and pour the sauce over them.

#### Egg Baskets.

Make these for breakfast the day after you have had roast chicken, duck, or turkey for dinner. Boil six eggs hard, cut neatly in half, and take out the yolks. Rub these to a paste with some melted butter, pepper, and salt, and set aside. Pound the minced meat of the cold fowl fine in the same manner, and mix with the egg paste, moistening it with melted butter as you proceed, or with a little gravy if you have it to spare. Cut off a slice from the bottom of the hollowed whites of the eggs, to make them stand; fill with the paste, arrange close together upon a flat dish, and pour over them the gravy left from yesterday's roast, heated boiling hot, and mellowed by a few spoonfuls of cream or rich milk.

Fricasseed Eggs.

Boil the eggs hard, cut in half crosswise, and take out the yolks. Chop these fine, or rub to a paste, with a little ground tongue or ham or cold fowl, some minced parsley, melted butter and a very little made mustard. Work well together and fill the whites with it, setting them close together in a deep covered dish, the open ends up. Have ready some veal gravy or chicken broth, heat to boiling in a saucepan with a half teaspoonful chopped parsley, pepper, salt and three tablespoonfuls cream to a cup of broth. Boil up. Pour smoking over the eggs. Let them stand five minutes and send to table. Six eggs will make a nice quantity of the fricassée, and it is a delicious relish.

Always drop hard boiled eggs into cold water as soon as they are done to prevent the yolks from turning black.

Poached Eggs à la Creme.

Nearly fill a frying-pan with strained water boiling hot. Strain a tablespoonful of vinegar through double muslin, and add it to the water with a little salt. Slip your eggs from the saucer upon the top of the water (first taking the pan from the fire.) Boil three minutes and a half. Drain and lay on buttered toast on a hot dish. Turn the water from the pan and pour in half a cupful of cream or milk. If you use the latter, thicken with a very little corn starch. Let it heat to a boil, stirring to prevent burning, and add a great spoonful of butter, some pepper and salt. Boil up once and pour over the eggs.

A better way still is to heat the milk in a separate saucepan, that the eggs may not have to stand. A little broth improves the sauce.

Eggs au Lit.

Mince some cold fowl, (or boiled veal and ham) in equal quantities very fine, and rub in a wedge-wood mortar, adding, by degrees, some melted butter, pepper, salt, minced parsley, and two beaten eggs. When it is well mixed warm in a frying-pan, stirring in a little hot water should it dry too fast. Cook five minutes, stirring to keep it from scorching. Form on a hot platter into a mound, flat on top with a ridge of the mixture running all around. It is easily moulded with a broad bladed knife. In the dish thus formed on the top of the mince meat lay as many poached eggs as it will hold, sprinkling them with pepper and salt. Arrange triangles of buttered toast in such order, at the base of the mound, that they shall make a pointed wall against it.

Scalloped Eggs, (Another Way.)

Have ready some nice cod-fish. Soak it to freshen it. Pick fine. Mix with some sweet cream, and put it between layers of bread crumbs and eggs seasoned with pepper and salt. Beat up two eggs separately, the whites to a stiff froth, and the yolks until they are smooth and thick. Mix and season with pepper, salt, and a little minced parsley. Spread over the whole and bake quickly. Eat while hot. Little bits of butter spread over each layer of bread crumbs improve it.

Eggs aux Poissons.

Heat, almost to boiling, a pint of rich sweet milk and stir into it gradually and carefully three well beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of butter, a little chopped parsley, with a shake of cayenne and black pepper, and two teacupfuls of nicely picked cold fish. Boil up once, and turn into a hot dish lined with buttered toast.

Scotch Eggs.

Boil hard six eggs. Take off shells. Roll each egg in chopped tongue or ham. Then again in beaten egg, salted and peppered. Then in bread crumbs. Fry to a fine yellow colour, and serve garnished with parsley.

Breaded Eggs.

Boil the eggs hard, and cut in round thick slices. Pepper and salt. Dip each in beaten raw egg, then in fine bread crumbs, or powdered cracker, and fry in nice dripping or butter, hissing hot. Drain off every drop of grease, and serve on a hot dish for breakfast with sauce like that for fricasseed eggs poured over them.

Breaded Eggs (Another Way.)

Beat up four eggs nice and light, add four tablespoonfuls of milk, sweeten to taste. Take half a dozen medium sized slices of bread, dipped in this mixture, and fry them brown in hot butter. Serve at once.

Baked Eggs.

Break six or seven eggs into a buttered dish, taking care that each is whole, and does not encroach upon the others, so much as to mix or disturb the others. Sprinkle with pepper and salt, and put a small bit of butter upon each. Put into the oven and bake until the whites are well set. Serve very hot with rounds of buttered toast.

LEGEND OF A BIRTHDAY.

AN ACROSTIC.

A G itche Manito, the mighty,  
E arly on one windy morning  
O f the moon, called "Moon of Bluster,"  
R oused from slumber, Chibiabos, <sup>c</sup>  
G entle Ruler of the Spirits,  
"I n thy bosom softly,"—said he,  
"E arthward bear this little Jeebi, <sup>d</sup>  
S afely leave him with his mother.  
T ell it not to Paw-puk Keewis, <sup>e</sup>  
E lse he turn a mischief-maker.  
<sup>f</sup> W endigo, in brains, I want him,  
A ll, that makes one, has been given,  
R ests it, now with him to use them  
T ruly, while on earth we leave him."  
O utward, downward through the Ether,  
F lying through the stars and Ether.  
Q uickly to the earth he journeyed  
U nder care of Chibiabos,  
E ntered, bringing joy and brightness,  
B eaming smiles, unto his mother.  
<sup>g</sup> E leven moons of Bluster, since these,  
C an you tell me what his name is?

W. J. E.

A. The Great Spirit.

E. Demon of mischief.

B. March.

F. A Giant.

C. Gentle Ruler of the Spirits.

G. Eleven Years.

D. Little Spirit.

Answer in next number.

## A LEGEND OF SAULT AU RECOLLET.

BLANCHE L. MACDONELL, MONTREAL.

You know well the swift and dangerous rapids in the beautiful river of les Prairies. Dame! I speak to you of something that happened at the very commencement of the country, when a priest, a Recollet father lost his life in that very spot. Père Nicholas Viel, with a young novice, was drowned in 1625. The exact circumstances have never been known, but according to the account given by the Indians, three Hurons took part in the double murder. The missionary, accompanied by some savages, was coming down from the Huron country where he had been laboring to convert the heathen. There was a wicked wizard with the party, who, with all his heart, opposed the preaching of the blessed gospel but he took excellent care to conceal his sentiments. For they are crafty, you must know, these pagans, but crafty to a marvel, and for malice they equal the *piéans* in the forest. Choosing a favorable moment when the canoes were in the midst of the seething rapids, the diabolical monster succeeded in drowning both the priest and his young companion. Now, I am going to tell you what happened many years later.

True, but yes, of the truest. This is no priest's tale. I heard it from my late grandfather who is dead, holy man. *Tenez*, take my word for it, he saw all that happened with his own eyes. And it was he who could tell it well. In the long winter evenings when we all sat around the fire at home and he related his adventures, we trembled like shivering creatures stricken by fever. Imagine to yourself how delightful it was to listen to him! Often we could not sleep at night for fear. It costs me something to relate the story, for I have no fine voice or beautiful accent as he had but I will do my best to please you. I am a poor story-teller, but as you say, truth needs no assistance from art. He loved to tell as much as we others liked to listen. And how wise he was, there was not much that he did not know. To hear him recount the tales of the saints, and for stories, there's no one could equal him; to hear him tell l'Oiseau Figuelnousse, and le Merle Blaue and la Mer Blue, and many others like them—that was a treat.

Then such wonderful things that he had seen, my late grandfather, one might suppose that the saints had blessed him with a dozen pair of eyes. In his time everybody made a voyage to the countries up above there it was the fashion and when a man had spent a few years there he had something to talk about for the remainder of his life. These are the countries of the great lakes, where the heathen Indians wander; and among the nations, the power of the devil, I assure you, is strong. *Magie Lapellote!* but I could tell you things that would cause the hair to stand erect. Certainly, this wilderness up above there must, without doubt, be of the most wonderful, because every man who ever went there experienced the most miraculous adventures but none I have heard spoken of were quite so amazing as those of my grandfather.

Then, as I tell you, one fine summer's day a large canoe, manned by *voyageurs* returning from the West, was coming down the River des Prairies. These men had been long absent, they had passed through many perils and hardships, they had the means of living for a while like milords, (and it was the *voyageurs* who could do that effectively) and above all, they were nearing

home. Is it any wonder that they sang and shouted like school boys and were gay as larks? At night they camped at the foot of the rapids. After they had finished supper and were sitting singing and telling tales, they perceived on the next point, only a few acres distant, a light that illuminated the whole landscape.

"Tiens" they said to each other "There are other *voyageurs* camping out as we are. Where can they come from? It would surely be only neighbourly on our part to visit them."

It was decided that three men, of whom my grandfather was one, should start on this expedition. Guided by the bright fire light which was reflected on the surface of the water, they soon arrived at their destination which was farther away than they had imagined it would be. There was no appearance of a camp; no echo of talk or laughter; the silence of the sombre forest was absolutely unbroken. To their astonishment, the visitors saw no canoes nor could they discover any trace of jovial comrades. The fire burned steadily, casting flickering shadows and ruddy gleams upon the trees.

"Ah! after all, the camp is not deserted" exclaimed one of our party.

Near the fire a tall savage was squatted on the earth, his elbows resting on his knees, his head on his hands. He never turned, did not appear to notice the new arrivals or pay the slightest attention to their movements any more than if they had not existed. They addressed him. He still sat motionless as though he did not hear. As they approached nearer, they perceived to their surprise that his long hair and his whole body were streaming with water and yet this moisture did not wet the sand or give rise to any steam.

"*Tapristi!* This is, indeed, droll. A curious farce, in truth" cried one of the men. "Do you remark, comrades, that this large fire throws forth no heat?"

My grandfather was as brave as the King's sword, the good man, so he snatched up a piece of bark and threw it into the flames; then as his comrades perceived that it was not consumed, they regarded each other with eyes bigger than their heads and acknowledged that here they had certainly found something of the most marvellous.

"This is not entertaining. Since this dumb savage appears not to desire our company, we may as well depart. The holy saints preserve us, I fancy an evil odor of brimstone lingers on the air," said Jules Boudreau.

As they were getting into their canoe, my grandfather cried,

"If we tell this tale to those others, they will mock and laugh at us, they will refuse to believe, they will call us cowards, and that is the poorest of all trades. Let us then carry away with us a brand from this diabolical fire as evidence of the truth of our story."

You can figure to yourself the astonishment of the *voyageurs* who were eagerly awaiting the return of their comrades as they listened to this marvellous recital. The piece of wood which still seemed to be burning and yet was never consumed was passed from hand to hand and carefully examined, everyone would look at and touch it. Suddenly a fearful noise, a veritable *saca kona* (an Indian word signifying terrible confusion, infernal orgie) was heard. At the same instant an enor-

mous black cat, large as a tiger, with fiery eyes appeared, and rushed frantically, circling around the group of voyageurs, uttering, at the same time, horrible cries that resounded through the forest. Then, throwing itself upon the overturned canoe, it began biting the bark with rage, and furiously tearing the bark with its fierce claws.

"Son of Judas Iscariot" shouted the grandfather. "He is destroying our canoe. How shall we reach home. Throw the piece of wood at him."

Taking accurate aim, one of the men threw the burning brand which struck the cat. He seized it in his mouth and disappeared in a crae. The voyageurs all crossed themselves.

"Be assured, my friends, that this is an affair of magic" said the grandfather who was always of the most discreet. "Let us go. Escaped from so many perils, so near home, we would not now perish like beavers in the depths of the woods."

In truth, the good man made an end of the most edifying, and died like a saint, surrounded by friends and

relatives, and fortified by all the sacraments of the church, not even missing one.

You may imagine whether he was nursed. He had four doctors at his heels. Good Saint Anne! when I think of it. The house was like a real apothecary's shop with bottles of every sort and instruments of all kinds. Notwithstanding all this fuss which nobody could understand, he had to go, for, see you, against the will of the good God there is nothing one can do.

The Indian, that was, indeed, the wicked wizard who had murdered the holy missionary. It is supposed that the devil took possession of him as he was drying himself after accomplishing his evil design and that he and his fire were changed into wher-wolves. This savage has often been seen—oh, for that it is well known. Sometimes he appears on one side of Sault au Récollet, sometimes on the other, occasionally on the neighbouring islands, but always haunting the vicinity in which his crime was committed. But that is what my late grandfather saw with his own eyes.

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## FROM THE EDITOR'S PIGEON-HOLES.

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### LITTLE OR NOTHINGS.

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I happened once, not very long ago, to be visiting an aristocratic family in the lowlands of Scotland. We had just returned, one fine day, from a ramble through very lovely woods—woods as lovely as only Scotland, I believe, can produce. The young ladies and the children of the family had vied with each other in making our walk one of pure delight, and we went home for a welcome luncheon with appetites sharpened by the bracing air, and spirits jubilant with our happy chatter.

One of the children, a very bright and loving child, had literally laden herself with flowers, twigs, and leaves,—trophies from our walk. I wish I could have had her picture taken. She looked like a little "May Queen."

On entering the house her great anxiety was to preserve her flowers. She ran, breathless, to an old Highland nurse, who had been a part, and an important part, of the household for half a century, to show the good old soul her lovely booty, and to get her to put them cosily and prettily in vases and water.

As we all went chattering in to table, the little Dot held in her hand a bunch of tiny gowans, on which her eyes kept faithful watch that not one would slip neglected to the floor. With a beaming smile she went up to her eldest sister's place, and stretching up on her dear little toes, she laid her hastily-arranged bouquet beside her sister's plate.

It was a few moments ere the young lady, full of chatter and life, observed the gowans—a few moments in which the little Dot was evidently in the third heaven of bliss. For she loved flowers, and she loved her big sister.

But the poor, meek little gowans had begun to close their eyes with fatigue after their long walk in Dottie's hot hands, and, in contrast to the exquisite flowers on the table, made a rather ridiculous show of themselves. The big sister's eyes at length fell on them. Remembering sundry former occasions on which the harmony of festal decorations had been interrupted by what she called Dottie's absurd fancy for picking up little "street-

arabs" of flowers, she exclaimed, not without the slightest tinge of annoyance—

"Dottie if you will have these flowers on the table, keep them over beside yourself, please."

A look to the maid was enough. The flowers—the gowans—the dear little daisy, or day's-eye, of Scotland, that poets sing their sweetest songs about, and that most of us who have not known them since our childish rambles, would all too willingly have seen unseating the roses, were lifted and carried away.

An expression in the child's face did not escape the thoughtful maid. She laid them tenderly in front of the child, and went on her waiting.

Before retiring for the night I pulled my curtains and sat me down by the window. The moon shone down in full splendour on the terraces and gravel walks. Everything that taste could suggest and wealth could procure was there, but everything to me was stamped with one sweet little face that had been so quickly turned from hope into disappointment—from which the smile of love and joy had passed like a fitful sunshine on a cloudy day.

I fell a thinking. I could not get rid of the little face, nor of the little shadow that came to it. So much do "little" things affect us. So much do "little" words cling to us. So much do "little" looks haunt us. So much do "little" straws turn the current of our lives.

I did not know; I only wondered—wondered if the big sister had done anything that would "affect," or "cling," or "haunt," or "turn." Would she teach her little sister that big sisters have no interest in the interests of smaller sisters?

Would she teach little sisters that they should not expect it?

Would she teach little sisters to be selfish at table, and when they have a pretty thing to keep it for themselves? Or that they have a right to put things on the table that may be objectionable, so long as they put them only in front of their own plate?

I do not know. I only wonder.



## MARGERY'S FALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE "YOUNG CANADIAN," BY BLANCHETTE,  
A VERY YOUNG CANADIAN.

"Do hurry Bill, please do, Jake's cart is nearly out of sight, and you know he won't wait, what shall we do? and all because you stopped to get your skates!"

The speaker was a girl of about fifteen summers; she and her brother were starting for the village school, where a scholarship had been offered in the Christmas examinations. Margery had been studying very hard, and as this was *the* day, she did not want to be late for school.

Bill rushed out with his skates over his arm, but it was too late; Jake and the summer cart on runners had wholly disappeared.

"What shall we do?" and Margery looked the picture of woe and despair.

"Yes indeed," said her mother, "what *shall* you do?"

Bill had been thinking, and just as his mother finished speaking he said,—

"I've got it; we can get there all right if mother doesn't mind you going down the mountain with me on my new toboggan, if we do we will get there before Jake even." Margery looked anxiously at her mother as Mrs. Cameron finished her work and took off the clean checked apron in which it had been done, and turning slowly around she said—

"I suppose if Margery wants to try for the scholarship that is the only way to do, but Bill," she added, turning to him, "be very careful of your sister; your father would never forgive me if her little finger got hurt," and Mrs. Cameron smiled as she patted her little daughter's curly head.

In a few more moments they were both seated on the toboggan at the top of the sloping road, and after seeing that all Margery's things were carefully tucked up they started off and were soon lost to sight in the many windings and turnings of the long road.

Margery bent her head to one side and Bill steered carefully, for there were sudden bends and twists in the narrow path that were very dangerous. They were nearly half-way down the mountain, and going at lightening speed when Margery said—

"Call out quickly Bill there is some one on in front." Bill called again and again, but the man walked steadily on, not moving off the path into the pine woods at either side.

"Oh Bill!" cried Margery in dismay—"That is Mr. Macpherson and he is deaf and dumb."

There was not a moment to lose, they were coming down to a sharp turn in the road, at one side thick impenetrable pine woods, at the other a fall of about twelve feet over rocks. All this flashed in a second through Margery's mind, and she had come to a hasty conclusion when Bill's voice broke the silence—

"Say Marge, old girl, which shall it be, knocking over Macpherson and perhaps killing him or going over the rocks, for going against those pines would be simple madness."

"Over the rocks Bill of course," cried Margery quickly.

Neither spoke now, Bill was watching with anxious eyes to see if they could possibly escape reaching the old man before he passed the bend. One moment more, and just as the children went over the rock, Mr. Macpherson turned the bend and went on his way in perfect safety, unconscious that two young lives had been risked, for one old one.

Margery being in front got badly shaken and frightened, though the deep snow broke the fall, but Bill was not hurt at all except a slight scratch on his face. After he had anxiously examined Margery he said,

"Do you think that you can walk to the back of the rock and wait there till I get a sleigh from the village, or will you get right home now?"

"Do you think I am going to lose my chance of the scholarship?" was the only answer he got, then changing her voice to one of pleading she added—

"Please Bill take me, really I am not hurt one bit" she affirmed, anxiously, trying to persuade him as well as herself at the same time.

So Bill yielded, and seating themselves on the toboggan again, they arrived quite safely and in good time for school.

The competitors were to know who had won the scholarship three days before the holidays ended, and as Margery got no word she came to the conclusion that she was among the ones who failed. The blow was a hard one but she bore her dis'appointment well and worked away with all her might, for her mother had taken a fancy to do two week's baking in one day.

As soon as the tea things had been cleared away that night Mrs. Cameron said to Margery,

"Run dear, and put on your new dress to let your father see it, I am sure he would like to see it, wouldn't you father?"

"Yes, yes Margie, run and put your bravery on," replied Mr. Cameron, with a merry twinkle in his kindly grey eyes that made Margery wonder what was up, as she ran lightly upstairs.

In a quarter of an hour Margery had put on her new dress and brushed her hair, and looking very nice indeed, she ran downstairs.

Judge of her astonishment, when on going in to the drawing room she found it full of people, all in their best. There was Mr. Macpherson and the minister, there were all her school-mates and yes, even the teachers and board of the school.

Margery stood confused at the door, but the minister came forward, and said,—

"We want to give a young lady and her brother who saved Mr. Macpherson's life at the risk of their own, a present, and if you will except these little gifts we will be very much pleased," and he placed in astonished Margery's hands a large official looking envelope and a little red morocco case. No need to tell happy Margery what the envelope contained, and when Margery opened the little case her heart gave a great bound for there reposing on its velvet bed lay a tiny gold watch and on the back these words were engraved—

"MARGERY'S FALL,"

and underneath was the date—December 19th, 1886. When Margery looked towards Bill she found that he was fondling a pair of silver-plated skates.

Oh, what an evening that was, Margery's feet and heart seemed to vie with each other to see which could be the lighter. When, after having had the pies and cakes that had been cooked that day, the guests departed, Bill came and said with a droll smile, "Well aren't you going to thank me for telling," and the only answer he got was a kiss.

---

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GOOD-NIGHT.

(From Theodor Körner.)

Good-night!

Rest ye weary from your pain.  
Silently the day is dying,  
Ended now your care and sighing  
Till the morning break again.

Good-night!

Rest awhile!

Let the weary eyelids close!  
Over all a stillness falleth—  
Hearken, 'tis the watchman calleth!  
Night hath solace for our woes.

Rest awhile!

Slumber now!

Dream a dream of happy meeting!  
Thou who art by love forsaken,  
Shalt in fancy re-awaken  
To the dearly loved one's greeting.

Slumber now!

Good-night!

Slumber till the break of dawn;  
Slumber till you hear the warning  
Whispered by the breath of morning.  
God is watching; slumber on!

Good-night!

GOWAN LEA.

YOUNG CANADIAN WILD FLOWER CLUB.

AMONG OUR WILD-FLOWERS.

And Nature, the old nurse, took  
The child upon her knee,  
Saying, "Here is a story-book  
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,  
"Into regions yet untrod,  
And read what is still unread  
In the manuscripts of God." —Longfellow.



THE TIN CASE.

PAPER II.

PRESSING.

OUR first paper described briefly how Wild Flowers were to be collected, the best kind of botanizing tin, and how to press them until they are dry. Just one word of caution now to the boys and girls starting.

Use plenty of paper, and change into dry papers every day for three or four days, then after every three days for a while, until you find the plants are dry.

We could only get time on Saturdays for a Wild Flower scamper, when, with a good breakfast before sunrise and a great big lunch, we would clear out into the woods for the whole day. O what jolly fun! what a huge time we would have! The boys who loaf around home on Saturdays don't half enjoy life, or the girls either.

MOUNTING.

Now, when your plants are dry, they must be neatly mounted and arranged in their proper places. A label must be bought like this one—

Ex Herb:	Macoun's List, No. ....
Name	.....
Eng: Name	.....
Habitat	.....
Coll:	Date .....

Each one will require not less than five hundred. Buy them gummed. The paper to mount a plant on should be fairly stiff, white, or light cream manilla, which is cheaper—12 x 18 inches.

Lay the pressed plant on it to best show it off, and fasten the stem in several places by little strips of gummed paper or court plaster. At the lower right hand corner put the label. With a nice border on the paper its appearance is much improved. Your specimen should now look like this



SPECIMEN MOUNTED, WITH LABEL IN THE CORNER.

#### PROTECTION.

Now, to protect your plant and preserve its beauty, it will be necessary to enclose it in a lighter double sheet, 19 or 20 x 26 inches, of a different shade or colour. A delicate contrasting colour adds neatness and good artistic effect.

Some boys and girls use gum to stick their specimen to the paper. If you do so, you will not be satisfied with it very long.

#### CLASSIFICATION.

All plants that are nearly alike in the number or kind of stamens or pistils, or other parts, are grouped together in classes called "Genera," and these are grouped into "Orders," and these in turn into "Divisions." Each single plant is called a "Species," so that every plant or *Species* belongs to some *Genus* of some *Order* of a *Division*, and has its distinct place among "its sisters, and its cousins, and its aunts," just like the old Admiral in the "Pinafore."

Now, Botanists number every plant of their collection with the same number that the plant has in some great collection, which they recognize as the authority for settling disputes about the names of plants. You know in Ottawa we have a magnificent collection of our Canadian plants, the result of the untiring labours of gentlemen who will think it a great pleasure to give you answers to all your questions about plants, and will take lots of trouble to help and encourage you.

Every plant is named and numbered in this wonderful Canadian collection, and is kept up by our Government for the use of every boy and girl, or anybody who

wishes to learn about some of the wonderful resources that old Dame Nature has given to Canada for her sons and daughters.

Some day, perhaps, we will give you an account of a visit to this Repository of our Canadian wonders in the Geological Department. You will be very proud, indeed, of your Canada, when you hear what wonderful stores of priceless gifts we have, from good old Dame Nature, stored up there, and how much like our plucky, persevering, national animal—the Beaver—is the band of Canadians, once boys like ourselves, who search this whole broad land of ours every year, winter and summer, to find for us all the wonderful treasures we possess.

Well, there they know the name and have a specimen of every known plant that grows in Canada, and they are numbered in a list called "Macoun's List of Canadian Flora," and this gentleman's arrangement of our plants is the one which is best for us to follow.

#### HOW A PLANT GROWS.

Before the spring comes it is best that we have a little talk about how all these lovely flowers, that give us such delight, manage to get along and be so useful to us and to the animals, and the birds, and the insects, and the beasts of the field, for there is not a single blade of grass even, that has not its work to do for that Old Lady who is always thoughtfully working for us night and day.

Let us take a little seed and look at its structure.

It is enclosed in a hard little case like an egg-shell to keep the contents protected. In it there is a little Germ or Embryo, the future plant, and a supply of provisions large enough to last until it grows big enough to gather food for itself. This is the gift of that bountiful old Dame to the little ones of every living thing; so a seed has, first, a little germ, that is to be, perhaps, a lovely fragrant flower, a tree of delicious fruit, or a wholesome, nutritious vegetable or grass; second, a "supply of provisions" neatly wrapt around, or sometimes inside of it; lastly, its "protector," the case or shell.

This little germ lies coiled up asleep for a long time, in fact, does not waken up until its case is softened by moisture, and a little water and warmth gets to it. You all know how a boy will start out of his sleep and jump, if you sprinkle water on his face. Well the little germ is just like the boy. The water swells the dry provisions and alters it so that the germ can take some of it and grow larger.

As this food is drawn by the germ into itself it straightens out, and at the point where the sack of food is joined to it, part of the current (if one may so call so slight a movement of the watered food) goes one way to the upper part of the germ, and part goes to the lower. Then these parts straighten out and grow away from one another, for one has to go *up* to the air to breathe, and becomes the stem and leaves, and the other goes *down* in the ground to suck up more food, and becomes the root and rootlets.

The protector, or shell, and the provision bag or bags, being now of no use, fall away; or the latter, if carried up by the vigorous little Germ, spread out and become green, and partly do the duty of a leaf.

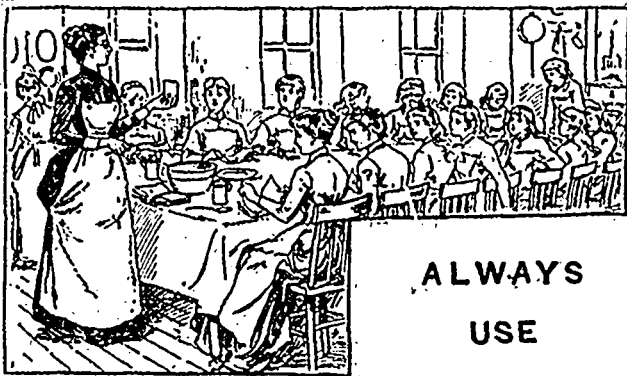
The most of us boys and girls and older people too, don't think roots are of very much account. But that is a very great mistake, for sometimes the roots are the largest part of the plant, and there is as much cunning, I think even more, shown by the underground parts of a plant than by those above.

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