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NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

MAY, 1872.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

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MONTREAL WITNESS PROSPECTUS

FOR 1872.

During twenty-five years existence the circulation of the WITNESS has increased from 800 to about 20,000; or, counting by sheets issued, instead of 800 a week, we have in round numbers:—

Daily, 11,000 x 6 - -	66,000
Tri-Weekly, 3,000 x 2 -	6,000
Weekly - - - - - -	7,000
	79,000

The same rates of increase for the next quarter of a century would give us an entry into 500,000 families for 7,900,000 sheets. These figures are no more incredible than the present ones would have been twenty-five years ago, and we shall do our best, with the assistance of constantly improving appliances and facilities for reaching the public, and counting largely on the rapid growth of our Dominion and of its chief city, to realize them.

PLATFORM.

We stand just where we have always stood, and look for success to that aid which has hitherto helped us.

CHANGES.

THE DAILY WITNESS, hitherto issued at Noon, and 2, 4 and 6 o'clock, P. M., will, during the coming session of the Dominion Parliament, and possibly thereafter, appear also at 6 o'clock in the morning, all other editions continuing as heretofore. The object of this is to catch certain mail and express trains which do not suit any of our present editions, so that many are deprived of the paper who want it. THE DAILY WITNESS will then be sold at every town and village for ONE CENT. We shall by 1st January, 1872, have completed our arrangements for city delivery, and will, by means of delivery carts and sleighs, be able to supply dealers in almost every corner of the city. We have a steam press running on bulletins alone, so that each dealer may receive one daily. *Daily Witness*, $3 *per annum, payable in advance.*

TRI-WEEKLY WITNESS.—Subscribers to the SEMI-WEEKLY WITNESS will after 1st January be supplied with a TRI-WEEKLY of the shape and size of the present DAILY WITNESS, which will be found to contain about as much matter as the present SEMI-WEEKLY, thus making an addition of fifty per cent. to the reading matter without any addition of price. *Tri-Weekly Witness* $2 *per annum in advance.*

MONTREAL (WEEKLY) WITNESS.—This paper will continue of the same shape as hitherto, but will be larger by the breadth of a column each way on every page, thus making an addition of fifty per cent. to the reading matter. *Weekly Witness*, $1.00 *in advance.*

CLUBS.

We have never been able to offer any inducement which has borne fruit equal to the assistance of those whose sincere friendship for the enterprise has prompted them to exertion on our behalf.

In all editions where one person remits for one year in advance for eight persons, he will be entitled to one copy additional for himself. Or any person remitting $8 for our publications will be entitled to one dollar's worth additional.

ADVERTISING.

Advertising in the DAILY WITNESS costs 10 cents per line for *new advertisements*, or for such as are inserted as new; 5 cents per line for *old advertisements*—that is all insertions after the first, when not inserted as new. The following are exceptional:—Employees or Board Wanted, one cent per word. Employment or Boarders Wanted, and Articles Lost and Found, 20 words for 10 cents and half a cent for each additional word.

The TRI-WEEKLY and WEEKLY WITNESS will be counted together, and all the issues of one week will be counted one insertion. Thus,

Weekly - - - -	7,000
Tri-Weekly, 3,000 x 3 =	9,000
	16,000

The service rendered will thus be greater in quantity, and for many kinds of business better in quality, than that of the Daily; yet, for the present, the same scale of

(*Continued on third page of Cover.*)

HORACE GREELEY.

// NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

MAY, 1872.

MY DAUGHTER:

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF MARY HELEN DOUGALL.

The subject of this brief memoir was born 7th September, 1849, at Ivy Green, on the side of the Mountain which overhangs the City of Montreal, and passed her life among the gardens, orchards, and woods of that beautiful region. She was a sunny, happy child, enjoying everything around her, and learning whatever came before her apparently without effort. Her parents were surprised, for instance, to find that she could read before she had received lessons in that or any other branch of learning. From a child she got by heart with great facility psalms, hymns, and passages of Scripture, and she readily committed to a very retentive memory the Shorter Catechism with its proof texts. These exercises, with subsequent study of Sabbath-school lessons, both as scholar and teacher, and reading for her own profit, gave her an acquaintance with the Word of God which enabled her readily to find almost any text that was spoken of in conversation; and often when I wanted to find a passage she saved me the trouble of seeking a concordance.

As she grew in years, her desire for knowledge increased. She was a great reader, and loved to study at home, and for two sessions she attended the classes of that eminent educationist, Miss Lyman, afterwards Lady Principal of Vassar College, Poughkeepsie. In some of her studies she was more immediately under the care of a young lady who has since distinguished herself in the literary world, and who wrote as follows when she received tidings of Mary's death:—

"Since your letter reached me yesterday I have been sorrowing with you in your bereavement, and rejoicing with dear Mary in her new and complete blessedness. One of my first recollections of her is the day when she united with Zion Church. I shall never forget the serene, beautiful expression of her face, as she came back to her father's side after taking upon her those holy vows. Her's was the clearest and strongest mind I ever had to deal with as my scholar, and I never taught her anything without feeling how soon she might teach me."

In May, 1858, Mary and a little brother were—probably in consequence of being out too long one chilly, raw day—seized with a violent fever, from which she recovered; but in the case of her brother the fever turned into diphtheria, and he died in a few days. This loss of a very dear and lovely boy, being also the first breach in the family, made a very deep impression upon the survivors; and that year two sons and two daughters, the youngest eleven, united with the church in which they had been brought up; namely, Zion Church, under the care of the Rev. Dr. Wilkes. All these events naturally made a deep impression on Mary's susceptible mind, though she could not then, nor for two years after, exactly understand what it was to seek and find the Saviour. One day, when about the age of eleven, however, she came to her mother with great joy saying: "Mother, I have found Jesus!" and

at her own desire she went, accompanied by an elder sister, to see her pastor. After careful examination she was admitted to church fellowship, and ever after adorned her profession by a holy life and well-ordered conversation. At the conclusion of her school-days, about the age of sixteen, she, being fond of literary pursuits, was encouraged to do some work for the *Montreal Witness*, and she was one of the editors of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY from its commencement in July, 1867. These literary labors she accomplished with taste and judgment. She took pains to do well everything she attempted, and her MSS. were without blot, erasure or interlineation.

In October, 1867, she, in consequence of sitting in a draught in church, caught a severe cold, which turned into a kind of pleurisy; and though she recovered from that attack, it left a cough and shortness of breath from which she never after was entirely free. She, however, enjoyed a good measure of health and strength for four years, during which everything that could be devised was tried to accomplish her complete recovery.

I had been accustomed to take two of my daughters—of whom Mary was one—with me every summer on a tour of two or three weeks. One summer we visited Lake Champlain, Lake George, Montpelier, and the fine scenery of that region. Another, we went up the Ottawa to the head of navigation, and returning crossed by rail to Kingston, in order to descend the Rapids of the St. Lawrence. The third summer we went to Murray Bay and the Saguenay, and the fourth (1868), being the first after her illness, we went up the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario to Hamilton, thence to Detroit, to attend the Y.M.C.A. Convention, to which I was a delegate; and then up Lake Huron and Lake Superior to the copper mines, on the Kenewa Peninsula. Returning to Marquette, we explored the iron mines of Negaune, and proceeded to Green Bay, Milwaukee and Chicago, from whence we returned by rail and steamer to Montreal. It was on our downward trip at that time on the "Grecian," that that vessel struck in a dangerous part of the Cascades Rapids, and had barely time to run aground in a muddy bay when her stern sunk in the deep water. All the passengers and baggage were taken ashore safely in little boats, and sent down by an old steamer which happened to be in the Beauharnois Canal. The shock occasioned by this accident to Mary's nerves, though she preserved admirable composure at the time, must have been severe, as she was ever after easily startled—especially on board a boat—by any sudden noise or commotion. All these excursions she enjoyed with a zest which indicated intense admiration for the works of nature and art.

Next season, that of 1869, she went to Europe, and in the company of friends became acquainted with the chief objects of interest in London, Edinburgh, and other cities, and made several excursions among the romantic and historical scenery of the Scottish Borders and Highlands. She also, with some pleasant companions, visited Paris and Switzerland, returning by the Rhine. Her letters during this summer showed the delight which travelling yielded her, and a few extracts from them were published without her knowledge in the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY. Never will the family forget the very great kindness which was shown to her that year by relations and friends wherever she went.

The summer of 1870 she spent at Kamouraska, where she enjoyed afresh all the pleasures of seaside life, and the remarkably fine scenery of the Lower St. Lawrence.

In the early part of her last summer on earth (1871) she had a tour on horseback through the Eastern Townships of Lower Canada, in company with a brother and a younger sister. This tour, as well as all the others, she enjoyed exceedingly, and she was not fatigued more than her companions by riding sometimes about twenty miles in a day. She loved nature dearly, and to the last day of her life looked on fine scenery with a calm but exquisite delight. In fact, she enjoyed everything, and though she could not but know the danger of her malady, she never murmured or repined—never was cast down or desponding, and always answered questions after her health cheerily and hopefully. Her

chief fear was to cause pain or trouble to others.

On her return home from this tour, she applied herself to gardening, and succeeded in obtaining such a wealth of bloom as has seldom been seen in this country. In the month of August she, in company with her mother, joined me in New York, and spent many happy days visiting the beautiful and interesting scenes which abound in that city and neighborhood. She was very soon acquainted with all the lines of street cars and ferries, and could pilot her parents to any desired point. These little excursions she greatly enjoyed.

For two months after coming to New York, she did what work she could for the *New York Daily Witness*, in selecting from the religious press and reviewing books; but, as she pathetically said herself, she could not do much; and in October she wrote to a sister that she thought it her duty to give up all work and give her undivided attention to the recovery of her health. She was then trying the "Movement Cure," and riding or walking out daily, sometimes considerable distances.

A little before Christmas I came back with her mother and her to Montreal, and when, after a brief stay, I returned to New York, it was not deemed advisable for them to accompany me. After the New Year, Mary's strength failed rapidly; but she greatly enjoyed the beautiful sleighing, and though so weak that she had sometimes to be carried to and from the sleigh, she desired to go out daily, even when the weather was very cold. I returned to Montreal about the middle of February and enjoyed several sleigh-rides with her, at one of which she exclaimed, when looking abroad on the fine scenery, covered with a mantle of the purest white, "What a beautiful world!"

The last day before her death was remarkably bright, and she enjoyed a longer drive than usual. She was also very cheerful at the dinner-table in the evening, and, as usual, enjoyed her meal. We had no thought but that she had weeks, or perhaps months, of life still before her, and dreaded that they might be months of languishing and distress. The only thing she apprehended was want of breath toward the close of her illness; but from that trial the Lord most mercifully intervened to save her. That night nervous fever set in, and next morning (Sabbath, 25th February) she was very weak. We had family worship by her bedside, reading those glorious Psalms for a time of trouble—the 20th, 22nd, and 23rd. It soon became apparent that her great change was at hand. She had a few minutes of much distress for breath; but earnest prayer was made that God would "make all her bed in her sickness," and she sank quietly back on her pillow and breathed tranquilly till the last, whilst her mother held her poor, cold hands, and the family were assembled around her bedside. The last words she spoke on earth was a distinct "Yes!" to each of the questions asked by her mother—"Are you willing to go, dear?" and, "Do you find Jesus precious?" About noon she fell asleep in Him who was with her in the dark valley of the shadow of death, but her breathings were so gentle that we could not tell precisely when they ceased.

The funeral took place on the following Wednesday, and the family felt deeply grateful for the sympathy shown by the attendance of many pastors of the city, missionaries of various societies and other friends. Dr. Wilkes and Mr. Chapman, pastors of Zion Church, conducted the service, and the former said he remembered with much interest the clear testimony of the deceased when, eleven years ago, she, yet a child, had come to him as a candidate for church membership. He also read the following sentiment, which was found written in a sort of diary, and commented on the clear perception it showed of the great evangelical doctrine of salvation by Christ alone:—

"It is not what we do, or what we have, or what we are at all; it's just Jesus. It is not endurance now, it is drinking in happiness my Lord. April 27th, 1866."

The beautiful hymn of Bonar's, "Beyond the smiling and the weeping," was sung with very touching effect, as part of the service.

I had to address a letter on another subject to the *New York Witness* the day after Mary's death, and I could not help adding

the following paragraph, which I take the liberty of inserting here on account of the quotation in it from my daughter's last letter to me:—

PERSONAL.

"Perhaps I will be excused here for referring to an event of deep interest to myself. Yesterday forenoon, amid the stillness of the resurrection morning, my daughter, who had been with me in New York for four months, was taken away from the family circle, which cherished her with no ordinary love. Her life had been lovely, and her end was peace. She was a member of the Church of Christ from the early age of eleven, and she possessed an uncommon acquaintance with the Scriptures, which was reduced to practice in a meek, loving, blameless, and useful life. From the age of sixteen she has been a very efficient helper in various kinds of literary labor on the *Montreal Witness* and New Dominion Monthly, and she took a very deep interest in the *New York Witness*. About Christmas time she returned to Montreal with her mother, and, a month after, in a letter, I asked her what texts had been giving her special comfort. Her reply will show what was uppermost in her mind. She said:

"'The text that I have thought most of with regard to the New York enterprise is: 'Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee that it might be displayed because of the truth.' Is it not a great privilege to carry the Lord's banner unstained and unfurled, even though it may be through disaster or apparent defeat? 'Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days, so shall thy strength be. There is none like the God of Jeshurun, who rideth upon the heaven, in thy help. The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.'"

These were the last written words I had from my daughter, and they were and are very precious.

John Dougall.

The family have been very grateful for the sympathy expressed in letters of condolence received from friends far and near, many of them speaking from personal knowledge of the deceased in very high terms. Of these I take the liberty of publishing only one, as it comes from a gentleman whose name for wisdom, ability, and Christian excellence, stands very high both in Canada and the United States—I mean the Hon. Marshall S. Bidwell, who with his amiable daughters showed much kindness to Mary during her sojourn in New York, and whose letter will, I think, prove profitable to many in affliction, as it did to us:—

"New York, 6th March, 1872.

"Dear Mr. and Mrs. Dougall:

"I cannot refrain from the expression of my sympathy with you in your sorrow, although I am aware that no human sympathy can abate the anguish of your hearts. Real relief can come from one source alone. To that source, I am sure, you have repaired; and I am equally sure that you find there true consolation. The dispensations of Providence are various, and often painful and mysterious; but the compassion, and faithfulness, and love of our Divine Saviour never vary and will never fail. They are manifested peculiarly to his children in times of distress. It is a wonderful condescension; but it is true, as I trust you know by a most comforting experience.

"We are thankful that we were permitted to become acquainted with your dear daughter before she entered her heavenly home, where, amidst its delights and its duties, she remembers those who loved her and lament her early departure. It seems to me clear from the sacred Scriptures, that our friends who have left us 'to be with the Lord' remember us with a perfect memory and with affections exalted and intensified by their complete sanctification. That memory does not cease with earthly life, but is perfect after death, is a truth established by those passages of Scripture which warn us that we must render an account at the final judgment of all the deeds done in the body, and of every idle word and fugitive thought. Equally clear is it that the parental, filial, conjugal, fraternal, affections will survive the shock of death, like other holy feelings. It is true that we cannot enter heaven unless we have been created anew; but this new creation begins on earth, and holy affections are not extinguished by the transition from earth to heaven. Of the existence of these feelings among the spirits of the just made perfect we have the assurance of an inspired Apostle—1 Thess. iv. 13, 14. For if, when we meet our friends after death, they and we did not love as well as recognize each other, this language would be a mere mockery, and we could not with truth or reason comfort one another with these words. Yes; our reunion will certainly take place; it will be holy, joyful, eternal!

"Have you not, therefore, precious hopes—hopes that are more precious than all the treasures of earth could be—aye, hopes that will grow brighter and brighter as life wears away, until they end in perfect consummation? And have you not

also most precious recollections of the blessings which God gave you in the recollections calling for continual and fervent thanksgiving to God for such a daughter? You were permitted to raise a beautiful and fragrant flower, which delighted your hearts; and now you are permitted to see it transplanted to that celestial conservatory where it will be forever free from all danger of blight or decay, and will bloom in eternal beauty. Oh! how sweet now, and still more in the dying hour, to know that she is forever safe, and forever holy, and forever blessed, and that she is waiting to welcome you to her happy home!

"Your sympathizing friend,

"MARSHALL S. BIDWELL."

After the funeral I saw for the first time a book containing some poems written by her on various occasions, of the existence of which none of us were aware.

These poems were written several years ago, and it is to be remembered that they were never retouched or finished.

The following lines upon the various flowers which bloom most abundantly upon the rocky ledges of the Montreal mountain, will show the intense love for flowers which was a marked characteristic of her nature. This love was also manifested in drawings of these flowers, which showed no little talent for that art.

SAXIFRAGE.

Tiny little saxifrage,
First among the flowers of Spring:
Snow may fall and storms may rage,
But the little saxifrage
Cares not anything.

Pretty little saxifrage;
Winter still would have his way,
But the little saxifrage,
Springing up on rocky ledge,
Owneth not his sway.

Red-leaved little saxifrage,
Wintry winds may rudely blow
On the little saxifrage,
All her thoughts her buds engage
Down beneath the snow.

White-flowered little saxifrage
Growing from the creviced stone—
Many blossomed saxifrage
Maketh Spring a throne.

THE BLOOD-WORT.

A little roll of green,
Corded round with red,
Piercing through the withered leaves,
Lifts its head.

In the sun's soft warmth
Swiftly it unfolds,
Thus disclosing to our view
What it holds.

Tiny petals white,
Circling heart of gold,
Sheltered by the folded leaf
We behold.

Cold, nor wind, nor rain,
Little blood-wort heeds;
But at any careless wound
How it bleeds!

Large vermillion drops
Staining every thing,
From the slightest bruise or cut
Quickly spring.

How can wax so white,
How can gold so rare,
Spring from juice so deeply dyed
Flowing there?

See in it God's love,
How He cares for all
The creatures that His hand has made,
Great and small.

TRILLIUMS.

Pure and fair and lovely,
Lily-like in beauty,
On the Mountain Royal,
In the flush of spring-time,
Spring the great white Trilliums.

Through the gray, dead grass-blades,
Relics of the winter,
Killed by frosts of autumn,
Covering all the green sward,
Through decay and ruin
Spring the great white Trilliums.

All the shades uplighting,
Of the leafy forest,
With their faces brightly
Nodding o'er their green leaves
Underneath the bushes.

Fairest of our wild flowers,
In a crown be woven
For the queen of spring-tide,
For the blithe May monarch,
Whom we crown thus gaily
In the midst of May-time.

As the dumb swan dying,
Singeth a sweet death-song—
As the dolphin gasping,
On the rocky seashore,
Robes in brightest colors—

So our snow-white Trilliums,
Just before they wither,
Flush beneath the sun's rays—
Flush to hue of roses—
Fade then in the noontide.

She had early manifested an intense love for Canada, and an interest in her leading men, which, as her private papers show, led her to pray long and earnestly for them and for the Legislature. This feeling is shown in a number of the poems which she has left, of which one commemorating the death of McGee, which appears to be almost the last one she ever wrote, may be given here. It is dated April, 1868.

IN MEMORIAM.

Sad Erin mourns her son—
A well-loved noble one,
Slain, slain by secret foe.
Who did the deed of hate?
Who hath cut down the great?
Who struck the fatal blow?

She calls her sons to mourn
Their brother from them torn—
"Weep, sons of Erin, weep!
"Mourn for the true man dead,
"The gentle spirit fled—
"Weep, sons of Erin, weep!

"The patriot's life is o'er,
"The statesman is no more;
"An honest man is gone—
"A great man is laid low—
"Come, sons of Erin, now,
"And mourn your murdered one!"

Yet even as she calls,
A dread thought on her falls
That fills her soul with woe:
Perhaps here amid her sons
Are found the guilty ones
Who struck the shameful blow.

"O, children mine," she saith,
"Have ye conspired his death?
"He sought your good; but ye—
"Ye hated him, ye slew
"Your brother leal and true:
"And I—ah, woe is me!"

The other poems are on various subjects, but seem to have been all written about the same time, in 1867 and 1868. The following will serve as specimens:—

SNOW-SHOE SONG.

Over the snow-drifts flying,
Hark to our snow-shoe song!
Echo is still replying
As swiftly we sweep along.
O merry Canadian winter!
All your joys we know;
But the best is snow-shoeing swiftly
Over the crisp white snow.

Over the fences sweeping,
Sliding quick down the hill,
Waking the forests sleeping,
Rousing the meadows still.
O merry Canadian winter!
All your joys we know;
But the best is snow-shoeing swiftly
Over the crisp white snow.

Faster and faster going
Over the moonlit snow,
Warmer and warmer growing
Though the mercury's ten below.
O the merry Canadian winter!
And pleasure without a flaw,
Now comrades for some cheering,
Come hip, hip, hip, hurrah!

THE ROBE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Look out upon this field, dear friend,
Of deep, untrodden snow,
So purely white, so stainless white,
The sun's white light below.

And yet on you and me, dear friend,
Our Jesus hath bestowed,
A garment whiter than the snow,
Washed white in His own blood.

"JESUS WEPT."

"Why do you weep," I asked of one
Who mourned a son,
"You know that he whom you have lost,
Is now among the heavenly host,
Before the throne.

"You would not wish him back again
To toil and pain;
You know 'tis God who sends this cross,
And that this which to you is loss,
To him is gain.

"Is it not sin, then, against God,
When He his rod
Hath laid upon you, thus to weep;
'Tis not your son that lieth deep
Beneath the sod.

"Thy God His child so long hath kept,
And never slept;
Remember every sigh He hears!"
She answered through her raining tears,
"'Jesus wept.'"

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

BY B. W. S.

No. II.

Having tried in a former paper to point out the advantages of teaching history in a way that may claim the attention of students so that the interest may last through life, I will now attempt to give a few hints as to how history may be divided into different periods, and will also suggest some of the books that may be used with advantage, both in the school and family. The three great divisions of Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern History would, of course, be the first consideration, and the boundary lines are not difficult to trace. The first division would bring the student through the history of the first known nations of the East, and the gradual decay of the great Roman Empire, about 300 A.D. This period is at first involved in some obscurity, and would hardly afford as much interest to younger students as later ages would; but to older ones there is something fascinating even in the mystery of those old Egyptians kings, and one would like to revivify the old mummies and question them concerning the men and things amongst which they lived, that had passed away and were forgotten while yet the world was young, and Greeks and Romans looked upon themselves as among modern nations. Still there is enough told to excite youthful interest even in them; and when one turns to the glory and magnificence of the Chaldean, Assyrian, and Babylonian Empires, there is enough to chain the attention and captivate the imagination for very long. Those ages of splendor have never since been reproduced, and one reads with wonder of the mighty armies that conquer and carry into captivity whole nations at once, of the wonders of such cities as Nineveh and Babylon, of the gorgeousness of court and temple, of the complete subjection of the people to the will of the reigning sovereign, and the utter darkness of men's minds chained by idolatry; while through all the history runs, like a silver thread, the story of the Jews, the chosen people of God, who, even while in captivity to these nations, carried with them the simplicity of their lives and the worship of the true God. This brings the student to about 500 B. C. Then comes the dawn, the glory, the decline and fall of that most illustrious nation, the refined and cultivated Greeks. This comprises about three hundred years, and is a period of intense interest, especially to the lover of literature and the fine arts. It is an age which has shed its lustre throughout the world, and exerted a refining influence over all modern nations —an age that included such minds as Sophocles, Euripides, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Plato, Demosthenes, and Aristotle, and which has transmitted to succeeding ages the works of Phidias and Praxiteles, Lysippus and Apelles—an age which was crowned with the glory of such warriors and statesmen as Leonidas, Miltiades, Pericles, and Epaminondas, and which fell by the unbounded and dauntless ambition of an Alexander. But the student may not linger always over even such glory. The succeeding periods of ancient history are still awaiting attention. The heroic age and civil wars of Rome, her golden ages of literature and of the Empire, demand careful study, and the reader mourns as he traces her downfall through her own luxury and sin; after exulting over her manful struggle through so many years, and her glory in being the proud mistress of the whole known world.

This brings the student through another three hundred years, when he may take a breathing-space to look around him and

see the condition of things, and the attitude that sinking Rome now bears to the world. He finds that while he has been mourning over her downfall and degradation, a new point of time has been reached. She could not have held her place as supreme ruler over all nations and yet the triumph of Christianity have been complete. That is now the dividing line between Ancient and Mediæval History. Constantine bows before the Cross, and the Cross is set up in the place of the hitherto all-conquering Roman Eagle, to captivate men's hearts and rule individual lives, in place of the proud standard that was before the sign of the subjection of nations. A new cluster of stars now shed around their brightness, and the reader learns now of a St. Ambrose, a St. Chrysostom, a St. Augustine, a St. Jerome and such like men, who leave to him the example of their holy lives and the riches of their writings, while they, through the aid of the still powerful Emperors, founded the Latin Church, and strove to spread abroad the truth of their Master among the benighted nations still living in darkness around them.

Another 300 years have passed since Constantine saw in the heavens the luminous Cross with its glowing and prophetic inscription, "*In hoc signo vinces.*" It had conquered many hearts; its light had been spread abroad through all the vast Roman Empire, so that nothing could ever extinguish it; but it was not destined to win its way peacefully yet, and during the next 200 years another power arose for a time, and the Crescent, with the aid of the merciless sword, seemed to prevail over the Cross. It was the period of the Rise of Islam; and the Church itself, meanwhile, was weakened and torn asunder by dissensions for the supreme power among the followers of the lowly Christ. But the dominion of the False Prophet did not long prevail, and the next 400 years are spent in trying to unite Christendom in one, and in endeavoring to wrest the Holy Land from the hands of the Turk—for this is the period of the Crusades. Christians (so called) of all nations, join in cruel and bloody warfare to obtain the place where such sweet memories cluster. The spot where the infant Saviour was ushered in by angelic songs of "Peace and goodwill to men,"—the land He trod, healing pain and soothing sorrow, and where at last He gave up His life that men might live—is now filled with men who come with fierce passions to fight and stain with blood this most sacred spot of earth, under the name of Religion!

All this time in Europe the power and pride of the Popes were growing and growing until they reached their height, and had begun to totter about the time that the third great division of Modern History is reached, which takes us through long series of wars that stir the hottest passions of men's hearts and make of Europe a great grave. And yet from it all arise distinct nationalities, liberty of thought and action, and it is crowned with the glory of the Reformation. This period includes the conflict between England and Scotland, in which the heroic Wallace and the dauntless Bruce bear their noble part; the Anglo-French struggle, where the Black Prince and Joan d'Arc fascinate us with their romantic deeds, and during which England loses all her possessions gained before in France, and in the midst of which fearful times the names of Wyckliffe and John Huss stand out in peaceful relief; then come the Wars of the Roses, where such bitter jealousy and hatred divide the English nation, which were at last brought to an end on Bosworth Field, where the White Rose of Lancaster was victorious.

Then follows the age of great discoveries, in which Columbus plays the most prominent part, and Cortez achieves the conquest of Mexico, and Pizarro that of Peru. It is during this period that we read of Savonarola, of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo; and then Copernicus teaches the great truth of the sun as the centre of the universe, while Luther shakes off the bondage of darkness and teaches that the Sun of Righteousness is the great centre, in place of the Church of Rome, —a truth which ushers in the bright morning of the Reformation, whose light has grown brighter and brighter, making our own time radiant with Gospel liberty. But we have to turn again from peace to the dreadful wars of Charles V. and Francis

I., followed by the religious wars in Germany and the civil conflicts in England, which yet all the time are working out the plan for a more certain foundation of true liberty. Louis XIV., with his brilliant reign, the administration of Mazarin and the campaigns of the Prince de Conde; the battles of Marlborough; the deadly conflict between Charles XII. of Sweden and Peter the Great—bring us down to the Revolutionary age, which includes the Anglo-American and French Revolutions, with their heroes, Washington, Lafayette and Franklin, the bloody Robespierre, the ambitious Napoleon, and victorious Wellington and Nelson.

And so we reach at last our own time, which has been well termed the age of inventions, for so many problems having already been worked out through past centuries, men are now more able to enjoy the fruits of civilization and liberty. This is not the less interesting period because we live in the midst of the history which we can see forming around us, and watch its progress of events from day to day, through the newspaper rather than through books, and read the works of its brilliant authors as they come fresh from the press.

This is a very cursory glance over periods which would take a lifetime to study carefully, and yet, connecting one age with another and seeing how one grows out of and supplements another, brings history as a united whole before the mind and very greatly increases its interest.

As to the books that may be used with profit in the school-room, beginning with the youngest scholars, Goodrich's different histories seem the most popular. He tells the story in language such as children can understand, and sifts out the most important, as well as the most entertaining facts, leaving the details of political strife for maturer study. For English history, however, for children, there is a still better book, which cannot but delight any child. The inimitable Dickens has left the most delightful "Child's History of England," written as no one else could have written it, and this will make any child who reads it long for more.

Every teacher, from the beginning, and all through the years of study, ought to insist upon the constant use of the atlas, and should consider no lesson perfect in which every place has not been carefully looked for. A greater knowledge of geography can be gained by this than in almost any other way, and it impresses upon the memory the connection of places with the great events which have happened in them, better than merely getting such a lesson by rote as a separate thing afterwards.

For older scholars, in Ancient History, an ancient atlas and a classical dictionary are indispensable. For the former, Keipert's "Atlas Antiquus" is the very best; it is so beautifully finished that it is a pleasure to use it, and it has every place marked distinctly, and such routes as the Retreat of the Ten Thousand and Alexander's March, carefully traced. For the latter, Anthon's Classical Dictionary is a good one for school-room use, being condensed and yet having all necessary information. For the study of history of all ages there are two other most valuable adjuncts—Lyman's "Chart of Universal History" and Labberton's "Outlines." The former, by means of different colored parallel columns, shows at a glance the growth of nations and those of contemporaneous ages. The latter has most carefully compiled tables of divisions of history, the principal dates, with contemporaneous authors and the principal men, and each war is taken in turn, showing the cause, result, theatre, commanders, conditions of peace, etc., all concisely told, as well as short biographical sketches placed alphabetically. Miss Botta's "Handbook of Universal Literature" is also a very good book to have for reference through the course of history. Felton's "Greece," edited by Smith, is the best for students as well as for general reading, but it is too well known to need any description here. The historical Scriptures throw light on many passages, while the knowledge of profane history makes the Bible narrative more intelligible. Take for example the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh chapters of Ezekiel, describing in such vivid language the state of Tyre before its destruction by Nebuchadnezzar; and the books of Daniel and

Esther showing the life of the Eastern courts. Later on, in the book of Acts, one can draw the parallel between the depravity and growing licentiousness of the world, and the simplicity of the Christians of the early Church, who taught by example as well as precept the refining and purifying influence of the religion they professed.

The History of Rome contained in the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana" (though bound in separate volumes as well) is a most entertaining work, and needs only mention of Dr. Arnold's name as one of the writers of it to show its value.

Liddel's and Gibbon's Rome (the student's edition) taken consecutively, are good school-books, though there is a gap left between them from Augustus to the Antonines, which, however, can be supplied from the Encyclopædia already mentioned.

The teacher would find that reading in class Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," extracts from Shakespeare, passages from Lord's "Old Roman World," and works of a similar class, would make the lessons much more attractive. The latter, with Merivale's "Roman Empire," De Quincey's "Cæsars," Milman's "Latin Christianity," White's "Eighteen Christian Centuries," will be found deeply entertaining for after reading.

Hallam's "Middle Ages" comes next; then Russel's "Modern Europe" (which latter is a good school-book), Michelet's "Middle Ages in France," Guizot's "St. Louis and Calvin," Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella" and "Philip II.," Robertson's "Charles V.," D'Aubigné's "Reformation," Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic" and "History of the Netherlands," Voltaire's "Louis XIV." and "Charles XII.," Miss Pardoe's "Court of Louis XIV.," Cousin's "Richelieu and Mazarin," Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," and his "Heroes and Hero Worship," Creasy's "Decisive Battles of the World"—all will amply repay the student for a careful perusal.

Hume's "Student's England" is a very good text-book, and should be enlivened in class, in the same way as suggested in connection with Roman history, by extracts from the abridged edition of Miss Strickland's "Queens of England," books of travel describing the sites of battles, castles, etc., and specimens of the different English authors as their period comes into notice. For later reading, Hughes' "Alfred the Great," Reed's "British Poets" and "Lectures on English History," Macaulay's "Brilliant Pamphlet" from the accession of William and Mary, Edgar's "Wars of the Roses," are all well worth the time spent in reading them. Bancroft's "History of the United States" is the best written. Irving's "Life of Washington," and Lossing's "Civil War in America," are entertaining for general reading. This list, of course, is only suggestive—not by any means exhaustive; but any one who once learns to love history will soon find what books are most interesting, and can be most easily procured in these days of circulating libraries and cheap books.

AN EVENTFUL LIFE;

OR,

REMINISCENCES OF ONE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF THE TOWNSHIP OF WILLIAMSBURGH, COUNTY DUNDAS.

BY D. R.

The lives of some of the early settlers of Canada are, from their eventful nature, well worthy of being placed upon record. The plots of romance are often outdone by the simple story of facts. This is strikingly exemplified by the following record of the life of one of those pioneers to whose energy and talents Canada owes so much.

The subject of the sketch—Alexander Rose, Esquire—was born in Inverness-shire, Scotland. He came to America in company with his father's family, and landed at New York about the sixth year of his age. His life in his American home proved an eventful one. About four years after the arrival of the family on this Continent, the war of Independence broke out, when, true to his Scottish loyalty and British feelings, his father enlisted in the service of his King. Shortly after joining the Loyalists, he was taken prisoner by the insurgents and lodged in jail. During his incarceration, the neighborhood in which his family resided was visited by a horde of Indians, who kidnapped Alexander and carried him off to their war camp. Here the Indians were besieged and forced to retire across the country to Niagara, taking him and several other captives along with them. He has often related the story of his sufferings while traversing the unbroken forests then lying between New York and Niagara, driven by his merciless captors. His blistered feet, his hunger and bruises, never left his memory. The atrocities committed by the barbarians upon their prisoners, he frequently said, were too bad to be mentioned.

On the arrival of the Indians at Niagara, the little Scotch captive was met by a man who had formerly made the acquaintance of his father. The sympathies of this man were immediately aroused in behalf of the child of his old friend, and he determined to release him from captivity. He took advantage of the Indian's love of fire-water, and bought him from his captors for a gallon of rum. On being released from captivity, his situation was but little improved. His kind friend had exhausted all his worldly wealth in purchasing the rum which he bartered for his release, and was unable to render him any further aid. He, however, determined not to abandon this waif on the ocean of life without making an effort to procure him a home. He applied to a blacksmith, who proposed to take him as an apprentice. This man, though white, possessed an irascible temper, which rendered him as unfeeling as the untamed savages who were the late masters of the suffering boy; and this rendered his condition even worse than when in captivity. Being of weakly constitution, he was unfit to wield the hammer or sledge with sufficient force to suit the wishes of his hard taskmaster. This brought upon him rude, unfeeling reproach, then blows, and frequently he was chased through the shop by this inhuman monster with an iron, red hot, in his hand, threatening to run him through the body with it. Such barbarous usage caused the friendless boy to determine to give "leg bail" as security for the fulfilment of his indentures. He ran away from the blacksmith, and enlisted as a marine, or sailor boy, aboard a man-of-war then lying at the Niagara dock.

Some days after entering the service of the King, being at leisure, he stepped upon the wharf, where he encountered a boy about his own age, with whom he got into conversation, and from that to play.

Time and distance passed unconsciously in such congenial company, until his long absence, and the distance to which he strayed from the ship, excited the suspicion that he was about to fulfil his engagement with the man-of-war as he had formerly done with the blacksmith. While thus engaged in thoughtless play, one of the superior officers of the ship passed him. He was immediately sent for by this tyrant, whipped, handcuffed, and ordered into close confinement. This wanton cruelty was perpetrated in the coldest season of the year —the result was that his fingers and toes were badly frost-bitten.

On this vessel he sailed down the St. Lawrence to Prescott and enlisted in the army as a drummer. He served his King and country faithfully until the close of the war, when he obtained his discharge in the City of Montreal. After this he went to school one month. This is all the school education he ever obtained; yet there were few men of his day with more general information. He could converse in Indian, French, German, Gaelic, and English with considerable fluency, and he was well read in his own language.

He now settled in the Township of Williamsburgh, where he commenced a life of persevering and successful toil by taking a job. His employer's misfortunes illustrate well the wild state of the Township at that time. He was an unfortunate kind of a man, having everything at loose ends. Want of proper housing exposed his stock to the depredations of the ravenous wolves, which at that time infested the surrounding woods, and made frequent raids upon the sheep, or any other domestic animals belonging to the settlers, when unprotected, in the sparse clearings. One morning he found his colt mangled and torn by these pests. Giving way to his natural improvidence, he neglected to secure his mare, and found that she, too, to his grief, became the prey of the wolves on the following night. Thus he was left without any of the horse kind, and his prospects of raising a team were for the time being blasted.

Rose's first agricultural effort was the procuring some land from one of his neighbors, on which to sow half a bushel of wheat. The proceeds of this half bushel being no less than thirty-two bushels when thrashed, the venture decided his future course, and he determined to become a farmer. But he thought it best to take the most important step in a man's life first—namely, to take to himself a wife. After his marriage, he engaged in the work of making and rafting staves. During one of his trips to market with his staves, by some mischance he was thrown from his raft into the river, near the head of the Lachine Rapids. The swift current soon carried his raft out of his reach; but, being a good swimmer, instead of making for the shore, he, with undaunted courage and perseverance, followed his raft, keeping it in sight for a distance of nearly nine miles. Another instance of his cool courage is the following: He was the first who ventured to remain upon a raft when running the north channel of the Long Sault Rapids. It was customary to leave the raft at the head and walk to the foot of the Rapid, while the raft took its chance, running alone. On one occasion Mr. Rose left a dog and a barrel of rum upon his raft, both of which he found safe and sound on recovering the raft below. He reasoned from this that he might trust himself where a dog and a barrel of rum could pass safely. Since then men have always risked themselves along with their rafts in running this dangerous Rapid, with safety to themselves and to their property.

Preparatory to settling down to agricultural pursuits on a farm of his own, he took a job of clearing twenty-nine acres of land for one of his more wealthy neighbors. Then the forest was in its primeval state, and this was no small undertaking for any man single-handed; yet then, as now, money was a necessary element in the successful prosecution of any enterprise, and he must have money to help him to carry on his own farm. Notwithstanding the size of the trees—pines, oaks, elms and maples, the stumps of which remain to the present day to show their magnitude, where the plough has not been used—he completed the job during the summer and was ready to commence operations on his own farm in the fall. His first location

was on the farm lately sold by Mr. G. M. Markley. He continued to occupy this farm until the breaking out of the war of 1812, when he again volunteered to fight for his country. A lieutenant's commission was immediately granted to him in a regiment of incorporated militia. A few weeks before the regiment was disbanded, in consideration of his services, he was promoted to the post of captain.

Shortly after the close of the war of 1812, he was placed upon the Commission of the Peace—an office which he held, and the important duties of which he discharged, during his active life, with almost universal satisfaction to the public. Few men are better adapted to discharge the duties of the magistrate than was the subject of this sketch. The solidity of his judgment, the candor with which he examined the several causes brought before him, rendered him the favorite Justice of the community; indeed, such was his reputation for honor and legal capacity, that his services were in demand on both sides of the St. Lawrence. The Americans made constant applications to him to come and settle their most important disputes. He was the favorite arbitrator of the people far and near. Cases of arbitrament were then much more common than they are now. The whole process of law, as far as magisterial duty was concerned, was then a thing of honor and good judgment. But little attention was paid to legal quibbles and technicalities; the object was to follow the "Golden Rule"—"Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them, for this is the law and the prophets." I believe no man ever tried to carry out this rule with more singleness of purpose than the subject of this reminiscence.

In the early part of his magistracy, bailiffs and constables were unknown, and such was the desire to avoid legal quarrels, and the disposition of the worst characters to abide by the decision of men in whose honesty and superior judgment they could confide, that magistrates found the services of a constable unnecessary.

It is related of his coadjutor on the magisterial bench—Captain R. Duncan—that he had a peculiar kind of jack-knife, well-known to the population of the Township who required such services; and that when a plaintiff made his appearance to lay a case before him, if he entertained it, he immediately placed his jack-knife in the hand of the applicant, stating the day of trial and directing him to go forthwith to the defendant and show him the knife. This was the only summons necessary to bring the litigants before the court, with all the witnesses in the case. And woe! says my informant, to any unfortunate wight who dare appear before either of these men with an unjust cause.

I now come to a period in his history of which I can write from my own personal knowledge. In the year 1832 I became personally acquainted with him. This acquaintance ripened into intimacy, so that I had the best opportunity to judge of his private character, having shared the hospitality of his house whenever I visited him. His prosperity in life exhibited itself in the abundance with which he was surrounded. His homestead, with all its appliances, indicated his success as an agriculturist. It not only exhibited comfort but taste, and indicated at the time an air of aristocracy which he did not feel. A man of humbler piety, and more correct views of that which constitutes the true aristocracy of humanity, honor, honesty, and moral principle, in opposition to arrogance and the pride of wealth, I seldom, if ever, knew.

From his early association with the church of his choice—the Wesleyan Methodist Church, although not the church of his father—I am led to think his parents possessed the religious sentiment common to the inhabitants of the land of their birth, and that these sentiments were implanted in the mind of their child before he was snatched from the parental home. Child though he was, and exposed to such buffetings with adversity, and to such associations as I have recorded, he never forgot to rely upon the Providence of Almighty God, and through that Providence he not only became a man holding the most influential position in the community in which he lived, but left a large and respectable family to perpetuate his name.

EVE'S SORROW.

BY JOHN READE.

Abel, the darling of my heart, thou'rt now a heap of death,
For he who should have sheltered thee has robbed thee of thy breath!
The earth from which thy father sprang has swallowed up thy blood,
Thy flocks are bleating in distress, missing thy guardianhood—
But nought can tell thy mother's grief, the sting of bitter woe,
A mother's grief, a mother's joy, none but herself can know.

O Cain, first-born of woman, first to trouble, pain and care,
O Cain, whose infant lips first learned to lisp a mother's prayer,
O Cain, on whom a mother's love expended its first pride,—
As with new joy I felt thy face close nestled to my side—
I little thought thou e'er shouldst be accursed of God and man,
And, misery a thousandfold, with me this work began!

Ah! little thought I, at the time when in my babe's sweet eyes
I half forgot the bliss that I had lost in Paradise,
Ah! little thought I, as I heard my babe's first lisping words,
Far sweeter to his mother's ear than song of Eden's birds,
That those mild eyes would glare with wrath, that those sweet lips would move
In passion, and that crime so foul would be the meed of love!

O Adam, partner in my bliss and partner in my fall,
Sole earthly solace left me now, husband and son and all,
Where now are the bright hopes we had, when the first sorrow came,
That our dear children's innocence would hide their parents' shame?
O Adam, O my children, my hopes, where are you now?
Abel, thou liest lifeless! Cain, a curse is on thy brow!

O God, I cry in anguish! In mercy, hear my prayer!
Thou knowest if this awful blow is more than I can bear—
Here, on this cursed, blood-stained earth in penitence I kneel,
O God, thou knowest all my heart, thou knowest all I feel,—
Remember now the promise given that by the woman's seed
Mankind from man's worst enemy should evermore be freed.

I know Thy ways are far from ours, as earth from Heaven above,
And when Thou chastenest I know Thou chastenest in love—
O God, forgive my murmurings and heal my wounded heart,
Long-suffering and slow to wrath and merciful Thou art—
O Abel, darling of my heart! Ah! cruel, cruel blow!
O God, in mercy give me strength to bear this weight of woe!

THAT WINTER.

BY EDITH AUBURN.

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CHAPTER IX.

"A pretty how-do-you-do this! Mistress walking off with the big folks and leaving everything here at sixes and sevens. If it happens again I'll just give notice, that's what I'll do! There's the turkey to be stuffed, and a puddin' to make, and no one to do them."

"Mistress cook, you are takin' things clean too easy, that's what you be doin'!"

"Take that for your sass!" Kitty managed to escape the dipper of hot water by running in the other direction for the door. Safely outside, she seated herself by the window, for the purpose of watching cook.

"Come in here, this minute, and peel these potatoes, miss!"

"Seeing you said *Miss* I'll go, if you say *please*, too."

"Please or no please, you'll do it!"

Cook's stout body and brawny arms were hastening to enforce obedience, when Kitty appealingly said:—

"Stay where you be, and I'll go this once. To-morrow, mind you, I'll only visit you like Lucy, for I'm agoin' to be parlor maid!"

"Parlor maid! And who's to take your place here?"

"You, to be sure! You're agoin' to be both cook and kitchen girl, and you ain't agoin' to have such fine times any more. I a'heerd Mrs. Allan tell some ladies you was imposin' on her, and she's agoin' to put her foot on it!"

"She may put her foot on it; but she won't on me!" said cook, "for I'll get another place."

"She won't care! Mrs. Roy says she knows of a cook a deal better than you, who'd be glad to come."

"She shan't get here; I tell you she'll keep me for the winter, as she engaged to. That's what comes of them ladies comin' about—putting her up to change me, indeed! (why she couldn't do without me a day)—and making her neglect her house, as well as keeping that angel, Miss Rivers, in to mind her thumping baby! I wouldn't do it, if I was her. I knowed that Mrs. Roy'd do no good comin' about here. I never liked her, and wouldn't hire with *her* on no account!"

"Cook! I be afeared you're agoin' to have a fit; for you be awful red in the face just like my dad afore he has one."

"Don't compare *me* to your dad!—a master shoemaker's daughter to a bit of a cobbler! It's greatly come down I am to mix with the likes of you at all!"

"It's me, cook, who be come down, for my dad be in the Church, and takes orders, so don't be agivin' yourself airs afore your betters!" said Kitty, with great dignity.

Cook did not deign a reply. Perhaps she feared the fit, for she sat down on the doorstep and fanned herself. Kitty gave her a few smiling glances, which said, "I guess I have settled you now and learned you who your betters be."

When the potatoes were peeled, she threw off her working-bib, and drawing down her sleeves, went upstairs to see if Lucy would have a romp with her in the fields; but Lucy had been told by her mother not to leave the baby until her return, and faithful to her charge, she sat learning her lessons by its cot—her little pale face forming a strong contrast to the healthy one of the sleeper. Mabel was sitting near her, writing a letter home. She would have gladly relieved her, but Mrs. Allan's orders were positive. After looking for a moment at the bright sunshine without, the little nurse shook her head in a quiet, decided way to Kitty's pleading,

"Come for five minutes; she'll never know," and bent her head again over her books.

Kitty, disappointed in a companion, raced once across the frozen field, but finding no amusement in this, commenced picking up stones to throw at a neighbor's poultry. The last of them chased away, and finding nothing better to do, she climbed a high fence that overlooked the street and seated herself on the top to watch for her mistress' return.

"Not," as she said to herself, "that I be awantin' her back; its a deal nicer when she's out; but if I see her acomin' she won't have a chance to find me playin'. O my! but Lucy's got queer; she an' me used to watch time about at the window, to get her fine dresses away afore she'd come, an' the sugar-bowl in its place, an' our faces wiped after the good things; but now she's allers the same—nothin' to hide, no cryin' baby to pick up an' say 'she's just begun,' no nothin' to do. She be a-gettin' strange, awful strange. Wouldn't wonder a bit if she be agoin' to turn pilgrim. If she be there'll be no more fun for me, for she'll never want to play for fear she'd dirty that dress that the pious folks say is awaitin' them in heaven; though for my part I don't see how she could, afore she gets it. And she'll never nip the cakes, or taste the cream to see if it be sweet, or touch the jam, or do nothin' but look like them pictures, and foller me round sayin', 'Kitty, won't you try an' be good? Kitty, beant you sorry you be so wicked? Kitty, wouldn't you like to be an angel?' I'll be plagued, I know I will, if she turn pilgrim. She was a 'heritor of heaven afore, her father says; I wonder what she'll be now. A 'heritor of heaven? why I be one, an' I never thought on't. 'What be your name?' they asks me on Sunday, an' I says, 'Kitty,' an' he says, 'Who gave you it?' an' I says, 'My godfathers an' my godmothers in my baptism, wherein I be made a member of Christ, a child of God, an' a 'heritor of heaven.' Now sure as I live that *I* means *me*, Kitty, an' I never thought on't afore. I'll tell Mrs. Allan that she needn't put me down so low, for I'm a 'heritor of the kingdom of heaven. Well, to think on it! that me, Kitty Lawson, that all the town be a sayin' is goin' to the bad, is after all agoin' with the rest. An' its sure to be true, for Mr. Allan tells us on it every Sunday he calls the children of the church to be catechised. I amost wish dad hadn't called me Kitty, then *I* wouldn't mean *me*. Singin' an' prayin' don't agree with me; I'm too hearty for them. 'Jolly dogs' an' the likes suits me a deal better. But here comes Mrs. Allan, I know her shawl, an' I can't stop to see who be with her."

Making a turn over the fence, she was through the field and in the kitchen before her mistress had time to reach the corner of the street. Cook was unusually gracious to her.

"Kitty, dear, I don't need you with the dinner. You can go up and help Miss Lucy to play with the baby."

"I'm just a'goin' after I let Mrs. Allan in. There's the bell. My! what a pull!"

"That child's getting provokinger every day. I'll ask Mrs. Allan to keep her upstairs, and I'll be glad to be red of her."

"Why, cook, how nicely you have everything done this evening," said Mrs. Allan, glancing over the dinner which was being dished.

"Cause, ma'am, I did it all myself, and what one does, they knows is done."

"Where was Kitty?"

"Oh, playin' herself, as usual, when your back's turned, ma'am. I would take it kind if you'd let her go, or else find use for her up-stairs, for she makes more work here than she helps."

"I came down partly to speak about this. I find I must have more help upstairs, and as I cannot afford an extra girl, I am obliged to take her from you. This winter we expect to see more company than we have been seeing, and between that and outside charities, which are getting numerous, I will have very little time to spare. And I expect that you and Ann will do your work without my being harassed all the time I am engaged, by wondering how things are getting on."

"Yes, ma'am."

"I hope you understand me fully, for I can supply your place at once."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Very well, I will make no further change at present."

Mrs. Allan returned to the dining-room, feeling thankful at having got through a disagreeable duty. Generally speaking, she avoided interfering with the cook, preferring to let her have her own way; but Mrs. Roy had advised her to copy a leaf from her house-keeping, and as she ardently desired to please that lady, she commenced with her management of servants. On the whole, she felt satisfied that this change was needed.

"Say, dad, do you know what?" said Kitty, bursting into her father's rooms next day, a glow of health on her cheeks, and a bright sparkle in her eyes. "I be a 'heritor of the kingdom of heaven; so don't you go acallin' me thief any more."

"What do the child mean?" said her father, looking up from the boot he was mending, and ceasing to sing,—

> "Glorious things of thee are spoken,
> Zion, city of our God;
> He whose word can ne'er be broken,
> Chose thee for his own abode."

"Why, don't you know, the catechism says, that me, Kitty, am made a child of God, an' an 'heritor of heaven?"

"Yes; it do say that."

"Well, then, what be the use of lookin' so glum about the boys an' me? When we be that, can't you let us have some fun afore that long Sunday comes?"

Lawson was perplexed. That the catechism said it was certain, and what it said must be true; but how would Kitty's life correspond with the relation, "child of God." There must be a mistake somewhere. Was she baptized aright? Yes; the Rev. Mr. Hunt—Mr. Allan's predecessor—did it, and took her in his arms and sprinkled her the same as the rich people's children. He remembered it all quite well, and how the pin came out of the shawl that wrapped her, and his wife was afraid it would fall open and show the bit blanket she was folded in; but the minister drew it round her, while he received her into the Church. That was all right; the mistake must be somewhere else. He looked at his Bible, which lay on a chair before him, an awl holding it open, and he read, "Ye must be born again."

"There it be, child! I know'd there be somethin' else. 'Ye must be born again afore you be a 'heritor of the kingdom of heaven."

"Dad, why don't you speak sense? You know I can't become a baby again!"

"The Book says it! I be a child now—a baby—I knows so little and so much. I knows He loves me, and I love Him, an' I'm glad."

"Are you turnin' pilgrim, too, dad? You be an old man to be a beginnin'."

"Yes; old an' gray-headed, an' only just knows Him. If I only'd a know'd Him afore what a deal of trouble I'd ha' missed, and what a many lonely days an' nights I'd ha' been saved, an' you an' Bob, an' Jack might ha' been a comfort to me now; but it's mercy, nothin' but mercy, that this blind heart do see at last!"

"Dad, I don't like such talk! I'd rather you'd scold, or rawhide, or do amost anything, but get on that way. It makes me feel awful lonely. Now laugh, dad, do! for I want you to get me somethin'. I thought you'd ha' been so proud of my being 'heritor you'd ha' given me a new dress, like as you did when I rised in my classes."

The old man shook his head and said:—

"Jack's books has tuk all I can spare, an' more than I ought. When they be paid, and his and your'n school-bills, there'll be little left; but that little I don't desarve. I've never, all my life long, given a thing to the Lord. I've allers called myself too poor, and said He wouldn't 'spect me to give what I ain't got; but I see the differ now. Kitty I've been very proud!"

"I'm glad you be, for I was afeared you wasn't."

"You don't 'derstand me! Pride be hateful in His eyes; an' I've been allers thinking what I could do to make you an Jack thought more of than me, an I've scraped, an' I've saved, an' I've starved to give you education, an' I've never done nothin' for Him—it was all for you—an' He loving me all the time."

"Well, if you did, I can read betterer than Lucy Allan!"

"You be three years older than she be."

"An' I can count up sums quicker, and parse grammar betterer than her; for all

that she's allers saying, 'Kitty, that's not right! You shouldn't speak that way!' And she's gettin' prouder than ever, an' won't walk with me at all now, and Mrs. Allan won't make her; and, dad, she'll be worser than ever if you don't get me a new dress!"

"Can't; I tell you I can't!"

"Look, dad, like that little girl's just passing—bright red! I'd be so pretty in it!"

"It wouldn't become old Lawson's daughter to be dressed like her. She be a young lady!"

Kitty opened wide her eyes, and jumping down from her seat on the window-sill, said:—

"That's come of your turnin' pilgrim! I hate them pilgrims! they're allers crossin' one with their nasty ways. You used to say I be as nice lookin' as any young lady in town!"

"I be foolish to say that; but I be a deal wiser now."

"Mrs. Allan says you be a fool out an' out now." With these words she tripped out of the house, and in a few minutes returned, wholly unconscious of having spoken one undutiful word, and said:—

"Dad, I'm here for the whole day, an' you don't as much as ask me why! Cook's a learnin' to do without me, an' to-morrow I'm to be parlor maid!"

"I heerd that afore. Mrs. Allan told me yesterday."

"Did she tell you about the mission-school, too?"

"Yes; I'm to have the Sunday-school room cleaned and heated ev'ry Saturday afternoon for 'em. It'll—" he was going to say, "take a good deal of my time;" but he restrained the murmuring, when he thought, "It's for the Lord, to help His poor, an' I'm not agoin' to complain. It won't be much to light a fire for 'em; to be sure I'll have to sweep an' dust after they be gone, an' it Saturday night, when I'd ought to take my work home. There be Jack now; but he's uncareful of fire, or he'd do. Of course he could take the boots home, only he be too proud to take the scholars's; but I'll manage somehow, though I don't know yet."

"Dad, I hate to have you so quiet! It's amost as bad as when you be talkin' pious," said idle Kitty, who would not find anything to do, and had no wish to be forgotten. The day had turned to a cold, sleety one, or she would not have spent so much of it in-doors, and she thought when she did, her father might make more of her. In the morning she had hastened to tell him of her "two rises"—the one which she "might have known all along, and had only found out," and the one which promoted her from the kitchen. Now she felt discouraged — the former was not valued, and the latter was no news. But she was very conservative of her rights, and made up her mind not to yield the inheritance without Miss Rivers' advice.

"For," she thought, "she will know all about it." And. after all, her father did not know much. How could he? He could not read nearly as well as she could. Then, he had taken a notion to make her humble—a thing she never meant to be. He had taken many notions since she was born. First. there was the one to carry her every day to her mother's grave, until she cried about it; and to punish her, he took her up to the belfry while he was ringing the big deafening bell, and all the rats peeping out at her. Then, there was the one of sending her to school, to make her a teacher, and keeping her at home in the evenings to learn to sew and knit. Then came the one to let her do as she liked, which was the best notion of all. and might have lasted, only for the notion of rawhiding. Then going to service, and now to make her humble.

Chapter X.

When the unusually lovely autumn weather changed into the piercing winds of winter, Mabel Rivers felt a weight on her spirits at the prospect of the dreary season before her. Her almost constant anxiety about the loved ones at home was only relieved by the annoyances that were beginning to thicken around her path. She was fast experiencing that the outward comfort of her life depended greatly upon the persons by whom she was surrounded. Hitherto, in the circle of home friends, where her family was the one of considera-

tion, she had wondered how minds capable of greater things could be influenced by the smiles or frowns of dying fellow-creatures; and strong in her own sense of scorn for their opinions, she deemed herself invulnerable. Let the world smile or frown, caress or neglect, she would, with equal indifference, continue on her way. Pride was her darling sin, although she was unconscious of it; its existence in her heart she would not for one moment own; some other less objectionable name was given to it, and it became a cherished part of herself.

It is another evening at the rectory, a cold December one; Mrs. Allan and the other ladies connected with the mission school are assembled in it; not in the cheerful drawing-room, with its picture-covered walls, nor the dining-room made bright with the glowing blaze of a hearth fire, but in the "sundry room," or in other words, the room that served all purposes. It was back of the study, and looked out on the field in which Kitty was so fond of playing. A very large, old-fashioned hearth took up one side of the room, a long deal table faced the opposite one, a wash-stand with ewer and basin on it stood in a corner, beside it a clothes-press, filled with the sundries which named the room.

As I said, the ladies of the mission-school were in it this afternoon. Mrs. Allan, scissors in hand, stood over the deal-table planning and cutting out from the formidable pile of cast-off garments which lay before her. The rest with needles threaded and thimbles ready, waited the work she was preparing, and which they all declared they knew not in the least how to go about. They were chatting and laughing gaily when Mabel entered. Lucy had been sent to ask her to come and help; and deeming it her duty as well as pleasure to do what she could, she complied. She approached the group of ladies with natural grace, and after the introductions tried to restore that sociableness which her entrance had interrupted. But had an iceberg fallen in their midst and frozen each power of speech, a greater frigidity of manner could not have met her efforts.

"Can you place some of these patches, Miss Rivers? or are you like the rest of the ladies, and know nothing about common work?" asked Mrs. Allan.

"Oh, do; I am sure you know how," chimed Miss Stiggins.

"Yes," replied Mabel, unheeding the insinuation, "I am quite accustomed to that kind of work."

Miss Stiggins smiled, and wondered at her avowal of it; while Mrs. Roy and Miss Lewis complacently thought, "The young woman has common sense."

"I am glad," said Mrs. Allan, good-humoredly, "to find there is some one besides myself who understands work."

"My knowledge," replied Mabel, "is owing to my dear mother's having spoiled her slaves after her marriage, by planning for them, so that now they will not spend a cent of money, or make an article of dress without her advice and direction."

"What a tax it must be on her time," said Mrs. Allan.

"It is, and relieving her has taught me to be useful."

"What airs she is giving herself!" said Miss Stiggins in an undertone. "She is nothing but an hotel-keeper's daughter; mamma has it on the best authority."

"Oh, gracious!" exclaimed the listener.

Hands were soon busy basting the work for the children, and an entertaining chit-chat of who is who was springing up behind the two workers at the table. Mabel, attributing her want of success in conversation to the choice of uninteresting subjects, and wishing to be friendly, made some remarks to the ladies nearest her. She was met with looks of "Such impudence!" from all present, except Miss Lewis, who replied to her in a cold dignified way. She turned quickly from her, and addressed herself to Lucy, who was standing beside her, waiting to ask her mother if the baby was to go out in the storm.

"What a storm!" said one of the ladies, attracted by the child's question.

"We have been so interested," said Mrs. Stiggins with a peculiar smile, and giving a sharp look at Mabel, "that we have not noticed it."

Instantly the eyes of all present were raised to the windows where the snow that had been falling all day was being swept

past in cloud-wreaths. A sharper blast than any preceding, just then rushed down the chimney, laying the hearth-board flat on the floor. In an instant a shower of children's toys were scattered over the room—ships, steamers, carts, tops, balls, hoops and dolls. A large rocking-horse despoiled of its rockers, still kept its unsteady stand in the corner.

"My darling doll that I thought was lost!" almost screamed quiet Lucy, springing after a large wax one, dressed in tarletan, that had once been white, but now was discolored with soot.

"Where did they come from?" asked one and another. Mabel suggested Santa Claus having mistaken Christmas Day. Mrs. Allan looked on the scene, an angry frown on her face, which changed to a laugh when Mrs. Roy said,—

"They must have blown from some toy-shop."

"No," replied Mrs. Allan, "but I have been so plagued with these things, wherever I turned tripping over them, that in desperation, as well as for self-preservation, I threw them there as I came across them. Lucy, you are soiling yourself with that doll; put it down. I think, Mrs. Roy, it would be a good idea to sell these things for the benefit of our mission."

"Oh! don't, mamma, please don't; Fred would be so sorry, for dear mamma gave him the woolly horse."

"Go and mind the baby." Lucy obeyed, giving a longing look, as she left the room, at her precious playthings. When she was gone Mrs. Allan remarked,—

"That child is a most peculiar one. She has not the least affection for me, and yet she cannot mention her own mother without a tear in her eye."

"She is so very quiet that one scarcely knows what her affections are," said Mabel.

"Like her mother, quiet and set in all her ways, and deep," added Mrs. Allan, in an undertone.

"You are surely not going to consign these to their dark hiding-place again?" asked Miss Lewis.

"No, there would be no use, for the children would know where to find them. Until I destroy them, I suppose I will have no peace."

"You would not think of destroying such pretty things, and your baby getting old enough to play with them," said Mabel.

"My baby shall never be humored with such nonsense. I mean to bring her up to be useful," replied Mrs. Allan.

"You do not think that playing with toys will prevent her being so."

"I do. Besides, she is no better than her mother; I never played with such things."

"You remind me so much of my dear mother," said Mrs. Stiggins, who had tried several times to attract attention. "She was called a most eccentric woman; but I would call her a thoroughly practical one. You know, Miss Lewis," turning to that young lady, "such opinions in English society are considered so very peculiar. Her near relation and great admirer, Sir George Smith, used to say that she came of an eccentric stock; that her father, old Captain Pepper of the navy, had just such notions."

For some time Mrs. Stiggins did not dare to raise her eyes; she was conscious that all in the room were thinking of her high connections. The conversation once started on this favorite topic in Oakboro', the ladies, young and old, ran glibly over the names of their and their friends' aristocratic relations. One of them was related to a duke; another to an earl; another was a cousin, and not very distant, of the royal family. Mrs. Allan and Mabel remained silent, the former taking mental notes, for she had not yet found her pedigree, the latter with a conscious feeling that her dignity needed no heraldic honors.

"Indeed," said Mrs. Stiggins, taking advantage of a pause, "when I come to think of it, it is a mystery to me how I am here at all—so far from our dear friends at home. But as Mr. Stiggins used to say, 'It was ordained for us, and we had to come.' You see he offended his father by refusing to enter the army, and the old gentleman would never do anything for him, not even when he married me. And as my friends were disappointed at my

not making a wealthier match, we were left pretty much to ourselves, until one day the dear Duchess of —— invited us to drive with her to see a vessel sail for New York. After we had refreshment on board and the dear duchess was safe on shore, my husband whispered to me, 'Suppose we sail in her?' 'Suppose we do,' I said; for I was feeling very hard at our friends, and so we sailed. Well, there was a merchant on board, such a nice person—quite a gentleman, I assure you—and he interested my husband so much in trade, that as soon as we settled, nothing would do him but commence business for himself. Now, my dear Mrs. Allan, you have a history of our family;—not much of a one, you will say; still it is a history my children never tire of hearing. I try to forget it, and would wish them to do so, for it gives them too high notions, and of course they cannot expect to connect themselves in a new country as they would wish to. I could send Hilda home, and I do not think my friends would shut the door on her; but they have slighted us so long, thinking we have disgraced them by being in trade, that I cannot humble myself to let her go."

"O, Mrs. Stiggins," said a young lady from the other side of the room, "how very similar your history is to ours!—all except the part of crossing the ocean. Papa, to be with his friend, the captain of a sailing vessel, took passage in it, and he was so long on the water, being kept back by winds, that to prevent himself from dying of *ennui*, he prevailed upon the ship carpenter, whose wife had been a servant in grandfather's family, to teach him his trade. When he arrived at Quebec, he found he had lost his letters of introduction to the Governor-General, and fearing to present himself without them, lest he should seem an impostor, he came away up here so as to be out of the way of being recognized, and commenced working as a carpenter. Fancy!—and he a gentleman's son, and a near relation of the Governor-General."

"It was my grandfather," said another, and one of the most aristocratic of the number, "who came out from England. And he came under more favorable circumstances with his cousin, the Duke of Richmond. After they had that unfortunate quarrel over their wine, my grandfather forced his way through the then unsettled country, and purchased extensive lands here, intending to build a manor house on them, and have an estate such as he left in England. But after being accustomed to a court, the life here was too rough for him, and he died without securing the title to his property. My father and uncles never claimed the sixtieth part of what they should. By right the whole country around is ours. So you see we can claim a high descent, and are besides the oldest family in the place." (Her grandfather was *valet* to the Duke of Richmond, and was turned off for drunkenness).

Mrs. Roy merely alluded to her friends at home. Every one of them was so well known, even their peculiarities, in Oakboro', that she deemed anything further unnecessary.

Miss Lewis had a pitying feeling that poor Miss Rivers must feel very uncomfortable in such high company. Several times she thought of going to sit beside her and talking of something else; but her aunt's warning, "on no account encourage that girl—she is too forward already; remember your cousin Alick is expected here," prevented her, almost as much as want of courage to face the feeling that was in the room against her. Mabel, wholly unconscious of this sympathy, sat half amused at the dignity which sought the prop of a buried ancestry to sustain it. She never once thought of producing her claim to consideration, but took for granted that, wherever she went and whatever she did, it would be acknowledged.

In the evening, when the party were separating, Miss Lewis, whose conscience had not been quite at rest, approached Mabel with more friendliness than she had shown her since their meeting in Lambert's cottage, and said:—

"You, who first started the idea of a mission-school, have never once come to see it."

"I understood you had no need of me," replied Mabel.

"Oh, yes; I would be very glad if you

would help me in my portion of the work—reading aloud; I find keeping it up for an hour very trying to my voice."

Mabel was about to promise her assistance, when Mrs. Stiggins, ever on the watch lest she would be "taken out of her place," interposed.

"My daughter Hilda would be very glad to assist you. She has often said she would prefer reading aloud to keeping the children at work."

Miss Lewis colored; she knew that she had done an imprudent thing in asking Mabel without her aunt's permission, and she said:—

"Thank you, Mrs. Stiggins. Then I will count on Miss Stiggins' assistance on Saturday. Miss Rivers, will you help me with my Sunday-school class? It is very large, and I would be so grateful if you would take half of it."

Mabel had long wished to be employed in the Sunday-school, but when she had proposed it to Mrs. Allan, she had met with so little encouragement that she had concluded she was not needed.

"I will be delighted to go," she replied. "I have always been accustomed, either as scholar or teacher, to attend Sunday-school. I have missed it so much since coming here."

"Do not go for a moment, Mrs. Stiggins," said Mrs. Allan to that lady, who started abruptly to leave the house. "Edgar will see you home. Where is he Lucy? He was here but a minute ago."

"Oh! pray do not mind. My daughter and I are not at all afraid. We will get home nicely."

"Edgar, where are you?"

No answer was returned.

"I presume he has gone out," said Fred, a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

"Go you, and get your coat and cap, and see the ladies home."

As Fred did not like this command, he very leisurely went about obeying it, debating with himself whether or not to expose Edgar, who was standing on the back veranda. No sooner were they all gone than the latter entered the drawing-room.

"You disobliging young man," said his mother, "to let your tired father and little brother go out on such a cold night, and you in the house."

"Were it not for the cold, I would'nt be in to-night. And you are surely not so inconsiderate as to wish me to expose myself on Mrs. Stiggins' account. Besides, it is only eight o'clock, and Hilda Stiggins is out later than this every evening."

"That is no excuse; when you didn't go, others had to."

"Well, ma'am, Mrs. Stiggins is a great bore; every time she gets a chance she lectures me. Unless she makes herself more agreeable to you, I wonder how you put up with her."

"She is a bore," she replied; "but she has such a way of talking, that I try to keep on her safe side." Mrs. Allan had a great dread of people's tongues. She would yield or sacrifice anything to public opinion.

"Miss Rivers," addressing herself to Mabel, "how did you like our company this afternoon? I believe it is the first time you have met them."

Had Mabel expressed her real opinion, she would have said that she did not think them nearly so well-bred as those she had been accustomed to meet; but she merely said,—

"On further acquaintance I may like them better."

"They are so nice," said Mrs. Allan. "All of them of the very first families in the place, except Mrs. Stiggins, who, though so very highly connected, is not thought so much of. I do not know why she is not, for I am sure she has more influence with her tongue than any other lady in town. But did you not notice that Miss Lewis was quite sociable with her this afternoon. It is a sure sign her position is becoming higher. I presume it is owing to her daughter Isabel's engagement to young Mr. Phelp."

"No," said Mabel, "I did not notice it."

"Well, do next time. Her aunt always directs her with whom to be intimate, with whom to converse, and whom to notice. Now, her inviting you to come to the mission-school meant nothing, and was only lest you should think her too proud to notice you."

"How condescending," said Edgar,

with a laugh. Mabel opened wide her eyes, and said with an enquiring glance :—

"Too proud to notice *me?*"

"It is such nonsense," continued Mrs. Allan, "but there are so many distinctions here, and the Roys think there is no one as good as themselves."

"Too proud to notice *me!*" repeated Mabel. "Why I have been flattering myself that my recognition of the company I met this afternoon, would be a condescension."

It was Mrs. Allan's turn to open her eyes. Edgar gave a low whistle; and Mabel, annoyed with herself for feeling annoyed, was glad to hear Mr. Allan's steps crushing the hard snow as he approached the house.

After Mabel had retired, Mrs. Allan poured into her husband's ears the intention of Oakboro' to leave Miss Rivers unnoticed. Mr. Allan replied in his imperturbable way :—

"The slight is to us as much as to her. They would not dare treat a guest of Mr. Roy's in that way."

"We will just have to pocket it; for now that they have come round, we cannot fly in their faces. They always speak of her as the governess," said his wife.

"She is not the governess," said Mr. Allan. "She was invited to make this her home for the winter. And her teaching my children is voluntary."

"Well, Mr. Allan, I hope you are not going to injure yourself and the church for the sake of Miss Rivers. She is nothing to us. It is commonly said here that her father was an hotel-keeper. Any way, no matter what he was, the people are determined not to associate with her. Here is an invitation for Edgar to a large party at Mrs. Stiggins', and no mention made of her."

"I cannot allow him to accept it. There is no use in expostulating; I will be no party to insulting her feelings. And besides, no matter what her parentage is, she is equal, if not superior, to Mrs. Stiggins."

"You have often said," replied his wife, "that a person is to be treated according to their present position; she has none whatever here, and they have."

"A very doubtful one," said Mr. Allan. "A mere hanging on to the skirts of those who have. My house gives Miss Rivers one."

"What nonsense! Did your name give me one?"

"We will say nothing more. Edgar will decline this invitation."

Mrs. Allan did not often yield her will, but when her husband turned quietly away and sought his study, she knew that a stubborn determination was roused, which always carried its own. Mrs. Stiggins was no favorite of hers; she feared her, and would not think of offending her; but when she saw there was no help for it, she consoled herself by remembering that she ought to owe her a grudge: for her tongue was the busiest about "Mr. Allan's *mésalliance*." When she called on her, she felt grateful for the attention, and thought she was showing great charity in forgetting her words; but now that her position was being recognized, they returned to be treasured up.

(*To be continued.*)

TRIFLES FROM MY PORTFOLIO.

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

(*Continued.*)

CHAPTER XII.

ANTICOSTI—FLOTSAM AND JETSAM—THE PIRATE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE (GAMACHE) DELINEATED BY CHARLES LANMAN, A WASHINGTON LITTERATEUR.

"We walked silent along the shore of the resounding sea."

I can recall Anticosti in its palmiest days for romance, and in its darkest era for seafaring men, before the epoch of fog-whistles, lightships, and beacons. Fond memory takes me back to a well-remembered sea voyage, prescribed in 1843 by doctors, in quest of health, and made in a well-known Gaspé whaler—the "Breeze," Captain Arbour. In that year I visited for the first time the desolate isle which Gamache—the legendary and dreaded wrecker—had selected as a secure retreat for his plunder, if not for a happy home. The redoubted pirate was then in the zenith of his fame (if fame means lawless deeds)—encounters with Her Majesty's Revenue officers—predatory attacks on the forlorn crews which the autumnal storms might, perchance, cast on the God-forsaken shores of Ellis Bay.

Louis Olivier Gamache, delineated by an adept of the new sensational school, would have exhibited in his person the imprint of a full-blown *heros de romans*. What rich vistas of feeling, bravado, and remorse, this master spirit of evil might have revealed under the magic wand of Alexander Dumas, Wilkie Collins, Eugene Sue, or Fenimore Cooper! It was, doubtless, from Gamache that Leever borrowed some of the dark traits of his "Black Boatswain" in "Con Cregan," selecting at the same time Anticosti as the landing-place on this side of the Atlantic for his adventurous "Gil Blas"—fresh from the groves of Blarney.

The historian Ferland has left us in one of his light and humorous papers a very good pen-and-ink photo of the pirate, whose den he visited in 1852. Amongst the implements of warfare which ornamented the walls, he noticed twelve firearms, chiefly double-barrel guns, and a small cannon in front of the house. The Abbe's sketch, no doubt, guided our friend, Charles Lanman, in his delineations of the celebrated sea rover, who was indeed

"A man of loneliness and mystery."

At the time I visited Anticosti for the first time, the particulars of the melancholy fate of the "Granicus" were still fresh in every mind.

The brig "Granicus" was stranded at Fox Bay, on the east end of the Island, in November, 1828. There are yet at the time I write, living witnesses amongst us of the "Granicus" tragedy; amongst others Captain Jesse Armstrong, Harbor Master at Quebec, who having sailed from that port on the 24th Oct., 1828, for the West Indies, was in company with the "Granicus" and a dozen other vessels, at Pointe de Monts a few days before the accident which befel those vessels. The greatest number were cast ashore; some were never heard of afterwards. The passengers and crew of the "Granicus" safely arrived on land to meet a more hideous and lingering fate. All perished during the ensuing winter, and when the Government schooner called at the Island in the spring following, to stock the lighthouse with provisions, &c., the decayed remains of these unfortunate men were discovered in a rude hut. They had literally starved to death. In a pot over a fire-

place was human flesh, revealing the awful fact that in their last extremity they had resorted to this horrible mode of prolonging life. Amongst the passengers, there was a Montreal lady and her two children. The old residents of Anticosti must more than once have had duties to perform, such as those described by Thoreau, at Cape Cod:—

"Once," says he, "it was my business to go in search of the relics of a human body mangled by sharks, which had just been cast up a week after a wreck. Having got the direction from a lighthouse—I should find it a mile or two distant over the sand, a dozen rods from the water, covered with a cloth, by a stick stuck up—I expected that I must look very narrowly to find so small an object; but the sandy beach, half a mile wide, and stretching farther than the eye could reach, was so perfectly smooth and bare, and the mirage towards the sea so magnifying, that when I was half a mile distant, the insignificant sliver which marked the spot looked like a bleached spear, and the relics were as conspicuous as if they lay in state on that sandy plain, or a generation had labored to pile up their cairn there. Close at hand there were simply some bones with a little flesh adhering to them; in fact, only a slight inequality in the sweep of the shore. There was nothing at all remarkable about them, and they were singularly inoffensive, both to the senses and the imagination; but as I stood there they grew more and more imposing. They were alone with the beach and the sea, whose hollow roar seemed addressed to them, and I was impressed as if there was an understanding between them and the ocean, which necessarily left me out with my snivelling sympathies. That dead body had taken possession of the shore, and reigned over it as no living one could, in the name of a certain majesty which belonged to it." (Cape Cod, Thoreau.)

Since the Department of Marine has lit up and buoyed the dangerous spots in our noble river, Anticosti like Cape Rosier and Manicouagan, have lost the greatest portion of their terrors. As early as 1864, mariners have thanked the Canadian authorities, in prose and in verse*, for their attention to navigation and commerce.

Directly in the path of inward and outward bound Quebec and Montreal traders, lies the extensive Island of Anticosti, which during the winter months is quite isolated from the rest of the Dominion.

Anticosti was first discovered by Cartier, in 1534, and called by him in his second voyage "Assomption;" by the pilot, Jean Alphonse, in 1542, "Ascension Isle;" and by the Indians "Natiscotee," which the French transformed into "Anticosti." It

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*THE COMPLAINT OF THE "MARGARET."

On the 18th of November, 1864, the good ship "Margaret," of Aberdeen, Alexander Cruickshank, master, arrived in our port (Quebec) with a cargo of coals from Sunderland. Judging from the manner in which Captain Cruickshank has filled up his Report for the Custom House, we should say he is philosopher, wit, and poet combined. The intelligence he communicates respecting the weather he experienced, is put in the following rhythmical style:—

"Breezy, Freezy; Snowy, Blowy."

The Captain's muse is not of a melancholy turn. Instead of complaining of the breezy, freezy, snowy, blowy weather, he eulogizes in the subjoined stanzas our lighthouses, and delicately points out in the two last verses a deficiency that exists at Manicouagan, which we hope, after Captain Cruickshank's complaint, our Trinity House will see the necessity of remedying:—

"I see ye hae been lanterns buyin',
An' they shine well;
Your river now, though dark's the night,
Has many a beacon's cheerin' light;
From Quebec to Bic there's some in sight
Like guidin' star,
On rock an' headlan', or in bight,
That shines afar.

"Your pilots now may work for ever
The lights are placed for them so clever;
To keep them all their side the river,
Seems wide awake;
Saunt An-ton-ey bless the giver,
E'en for their sake!

"But list ye, sirs, to a lady's prayer—
Could you not your bounty share,
And anither lantern spare
For Manicouagan?
A light is muckle wantit there
To save a flaggon.

"For, sirs, I'll whisper in your ear,
Its mony a bottom's scrubbed, I fear;
Even mine, alas! it made feel queer
An' rumpled sairly:
Therefore I hope my words ye'll hear,
An' light it early."

was conceded in 1680 to Jean Jolliet. This island is 122 miles long, 30 broad, and 270 miles in circumference, and contains nearly 2,000,000 acres of land. Its nearest point is about 450 miles below Quebec.

The limestone rocks on the coast are covered with a thick and often impenetrable forest of dwarf spruce, with gnarled branches so twisted and matted together that a man may walk for a considerable distance on their summits.

In the interior some fine timber exists. Pursh, who visited the Island in 1817, found the pond pine (*pinus sevotina*) there. This is a southern species, and it is a singular circumstance how it established itself on this northern island. The timber of the interior is birch, a little pine and spruce.

The streams which descend to the coast abound with trout and salmon in the summer season. The chief ones are Jupiter River, Salmon River and Schallop Creek. Seals frequent the flat limestone rocks in vast numbers. Mackerel in immense shoals congregate around all parts of the coast. Bears are very numerous; foxes and martens abundant. Otters, and a few mice, complete the known list of quadrupeds. Neither snakes, toads nor frogs, are known to exist on this desolate island. There are no good natural harbors on Anticosti. Provision posts have been established by the Canadian Government, for the relief of crews wrecked on the Island, and three lighthouses are now maintained at the west, east and southwest points. When I visited the southwest point in 1843, the lighthouse was kept by an old Waterloo soldier of the name of McGilvray, so far as I can recollect.

Mr. Pope was in charge of one of the chief lighthouses for many years. These lighthouses are about 90 feet high, most substantially built, and provided with revolving lights.

Mr. William Corbet, a most successful trapper, has been for years one of the chief inhabitants of the sea-girt isle.

In an account before us, we read that "an immense quantity of square timber and logs ready cut for the saw-mill, are scattered over the south coast, having drifted down the rivers of the main land, and particularly the St. Lawrence. Some of the squared timber may have been derived from wrecks. Anticosti, from its position at the entrance of the Gulf, from its natural resources, and the teeming life of the sea which surrounds it, has attracted considerable notice of late years. Ellis Bay might become an important naval station. The island originally formed part of the country called Labrador. In 1825 it was re-annexed to Lower Canada by an act of the Imperial Parliament. It is now in the hands of a considerable number of persons, some residing in England and some in Canada. Companies are now forming and applying* to Parliament for powers to open up and turn to advantage the resources of the island, &c. I shall close this notice of Anticosti with Mr. Lanman's sketch of its celebrated wrecker, Gamache, from the *New York Journal of Commerce*:—

THE WIZARD OF ANTICOSTI.

Lonely and desolate are the shores of Anticosti. In winter they are blocked up with ice and whitened with snow,—and in summer almost continually enveloped in fogs. To all mariners who have occasion to sail the Gulf of St. Lawrence, they are a perpetual terror, and the many shipwrecks occurring there have given to the Island a mournful celebrity. Two lighthouses, lighted from March to December, and two provision depots are the only localities on the Island where those who may have escaped a watery grave can obtain succor from famine and cold, and the most noted of them is the Bay of Gamache. It is about five miles in circumference, the only really secure harbor in the region, and derives its name from the strange man who there first made himself a home. From Quebec to Gaspé,—from Gaspé to Pictou, not a name was better known, and the manifold stories picked up by the writer

* Notice is hereby given, that application will be made to the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada, at its next Session, for an Act to incorporate the "Anticosti Company," for the purpose of colonizing, working and developing the resources of the Island of Anticosti; and also for the purpose of laying a submarine cable from South-West Point Lighthouse of Anticosti to Cape Rosier, on the coast of Gaspé, to connect with the mainland Telegraph line; and also for the purpose of running a line of steamers from Anticosti to ports within the Dominion, and to foreign ports.

Montreal, 24th January, 1872.

—during his Canadian and New Brunswick wanderings—respecting him would fill a volume. They were extravagant, made up of fact and fiction, representing him as a kind of ancient mariner, a pirate, a being half savage and half ogre, and enjoying the special protection of Satan himself. But the simple story of his actual life, well worth recording, is as follows:—

Louis Olivier Gamache was born in Lower Canada in 1790. When a mere boy he left his home and obtained a sailor's berth on board an English frigate, in which capacity he spent about twenty years of his life, roaming over the entire world. On his return, he found his parents dead and himself friendless and poor. Having strayed into the little port of Rimouski, he tried his hand at business and failed. Disgusted with people generally, and somewhat so with life, he resolved to settle on the Island of Anticosti, whose lonely shores had taken his fancy captive when last returning from his ocean wanderings. Determined as he was to spend the balance of his days in the peaceful enjoyments of hunting, fishing, and sailing, his sagacity led him to the bay already mentioned. He built himself a rude cabin and then visited the main-shore to obtain a good wife, in which effort he was successful. She was all he hoped for, but the loneliness and cold of Anticosti were more than she could bear, and she died during her first spring upon the Island.

"THE LAMENT OF THE PIRATE'S BRIDE.

" By the sad sea waves
I listen while they moan
A lament o'er graves
Of hope and pleasure gone.
I was young, I was fair,
I had not a care
From the rising of the moon
To the setting of the sun;
Yet I pine like a slave,
By the sad sea wave.
Come again!
Bright days of hope
And pleasures gone
Come again!
Bright days—come again!"

Summer came and Gamache sought for peace of mind by sailing in his schooner among the icebergs of the north, and slaughtering the grey seal and walrus. With the money thus made he erected some new buildings, and gathered about his home a few of the comforts of an ordinary farm, such as horses, cows and sheep. He married a second wife, with whom he spent the seven happiest years of his life, but on returning from one of his winter hunts, he found her frozen to death with his two children so nearly famished that they followed their mother, and he was once more alone. A kind of gloom now settled upon his spirit, and though he led an active life, he became misanthropic. He cared not to have any intercourse with his fellow-men, and his only companion and confidante was a half-breed Frenchman; but if a revenue officer, a professional fisherman, or a party of sporting characters happened to make him a visit, they were sure to be treated with kindness. He felt that death had robbed him of all that he mostly cherished, and how did he know, was his mode of reasoning, but some of his Indian neighbors would prove treacherous, and take his life without warning? Some band of pirates, moreover, might hear of his forlorn condition and sweep away his property and murder him in cold blood. These were impending calamities, and something must be done for protection. Hence it was that he resolved to adopt a series of measures that would inspire a dread of his person and name. He fully succeeded in all his romantic efforts, and the following are a few of the many with which his name is associated:

On one occasion, having been windbound for several days, he anchored his vessel in one of the ports of Gaspé, and making his way to the village inn ordered a sumptuous supper for two persons. The truth was he was nearly famished, and having caused his man Friday to be on board the vessel, he had determined to have a good feast and any fun that might follow. Before sitting down to his repast, he gave special directions to the effect that the door of the dining-room must be locked, and that it would be dangerous to have him disturbed. He devoured nearly everything on the table, and finally falling into a deep sleep did not wake till morning. The host and some of his inquisitive neighbors were moving about soon after daybreak, and a number of them declared that they had heard mysterious noises during the night, and when the unknown guest stepped out of the dining-room into the sunshine, and while paying his bill with American gold, talked incoherently about the gentleman in black, the people who hung about the house were amazed, but when the landlord told them of the empty plates and platters, and they saw the stranger re-embark without saying a word, they were all confounded, and felt certain that the devil and an intimate friend had visited their town.

On another occasion, while spending a day or two in Quebec, an officer of the law boarded the schooner of our hero, for the purpose of arresting him for debt. Gamache suspected what was in the wind, and as the autumn was far advanced and he was prepared to leave for the Gulf, he told the officer that the Captain should soon be on board, and suggested a glass of wine below by way of killing time. The wine was good and the officer concluded that he would call again to see the

Captain, as his business was of a private nature, but when he ascended to the deck he found himself a prisoner. He was compelled to visit the Island of Anticosti, where he spent the entire winter feasting on the fat of the land as well as of the sea. In the spring, with a good supply of wine and the money for his claim, he took passage in a fishing vessel, and returned a wiser and better man to Quebec, and to the bosom of his disconsolate family.

Even the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company were compelled to measure their skill with the wit of our friend Gamache. He would barter with the Indians on the Labrador coast, although he knew that the consequence of being captured might be serious. Business had been brisk with him, and when on a quiet summer afternoon he was about leaving a little harbor on the forbidden coast, he was discovered by an armed vessel which immediately started in pursuit. Night came and Gamache found refuge in the harbor of Mingan. When the morning light appeared his enemy was in the offing. Another chase ensued, long and tedious, and night again settled on the waters. And then it was that a rude craft was made and launched, covered with a few tar-barrels, and the bright flame which soon illumined the ocean directly in the course of the frigate, convinced its officers that the runaway had, conscience-stricken gone to the bottom of the sea. But a better fate awaited him, for he spent the subsequent night in his own bed on the Bay of Gamache.

On another occasion when our hero happened to be left entirely alone at his house, he saw a stalwart Indian disembark from his canoe, and with a bottle in his hand, march directly for the dwelling. The movements of the savage, his fondness for liquor, and his well-known character for fighting, portended trouble. As he approached, Gamache planted himself at the threshold of his castle, rifle in hand, and exclaimed, "One step further, and I will fire!" The step was taken, but it was the last, for a bullet shattered the thigh bone of the savage. Thus reduced to helplessness, he was gratified to find that Gamache carried him into the house, placed him on a bed, doctored his wound and took every care of him, until the damaged leg was restored; and then loading the Indian with provisions, escorted him to his canoe, with the parting benediction: "When next you hear that Gamache is alone, and attempt to give him trouble, he will send the bullet through your head, —and now begone!" That lesson had its legitimate effect on the whole tribe of Anticosti Indians.

One more incident touching the Wizard of Anticosti is to this effect: A young pilot had been driven by the stress of the weather into the Bay of Gamache. He had heard much of the supposed freebooter, and nothing but the dreadful state of things would have induced him to seek refuge in that particular Bay. A short time after he had dropped anchor, Gamache came out in a small boat and asked the pilot to his house. Most reluctantly was the invitation accepted, but a manifestation of courage was deemed necessary. When the guest entered the dwelling and saw the walls of each room completely covered with guns, pistols, hatchets, cutlasses, and harpoons, his fears were excited to the highest pitch. Gamache observed this, but only enjoyed the stranger's consternation. A smoking supper was spread upon the table, but even the moofle and the beaver's tail were only tasted by one of the party—the eye of the other quivered with excitement, and his thoughts were bent upon the tale that would circulate respecting his fate. He made a display of gayety; when the evening was waxing on, he rose to depart, and with many expressions of thankfulness he offered his hand to the host. "No, no, my friend," said Gamache, "you must not leave here; the sea is rough, and the night is dark and wet, and you cannot leave the bay. I have a comfortable bed upstairs, and to-morrow you may leave if still alive." These words sounded like a knell, and up in the chamber of death, as he supposed, ascended the pilot. "You may sleep," continued Gamache, as he handed his guest a lamp "as long and soundly as you can. Your bed is soft; it is made with the down of birds I myself have killed; for I am a good shot, and I never miss my game." For a while the pilot had found it impossible to quiet his never certain sleep; but nature finally gave way, and he fell into a doze which was anything but refreshing. As the clock struck twelve he was startled by a noise, and opened his eyes. There stood Gamache by the bedside with a candle in one hand and a gun in the other. "I see you are awake," said he, "but why so very pale? You have heard, undoubtedly, that I am in the habit of murdering every one who tarries at my house, and—hanging the gun on the two wooden pegs—"I have come to give you a settler for the night!" With this remark he displayed a bottle of brandy and a tumbler, and after drinking the health of the pilot, handed him the glass and continued—"There, take a good pull; it will make you sleep soundly, and if Gamache comes to attack you during the night, you can defend yourself with the loaded gun hanging over your head," and thus the joke ended. When morning came, the storm had disappeared; and the pilot and his host were quite as happy as the day was bright.

And thus was it, as the mood came upon him, that Gamache endeavored to relieve the monotony of his self-inflicted exile. His afflictions seemed to have changed his character; though certainly without guile, a kind of passion for doing out-of-the-way things followed him to the close of his life, and gave him the unenviable reputation he possessed. He died in 1854 from the effects of exposure to cold, and the pleasant Bay with his name is about the only memorial he has left behind.

And now for a few authentic particulars respecting the general character of the Island of Anticosti, as developed by recent explorations. It is one hundred and thirty-six miles long, and thirty-six miles wide; a large part of the coast has a belt of limestone reels that are dry at low water; the south side of the Island is generally low, but on the northern coast there are hills and cliffs that attain an elevation of three, four and five hundred feet. The only attempts at cultivation that have been made are at Gamache Bay, South-West Point and Heath Point, and the chief agricultural productions are potatoes, barley and peas; the forest land is abundant, but the trees are commonly small, and even dwarfish, and peat or mossy bogs abound in every direction. Fruit-bearing trees and shrubs are quite plentiful, but one of the most valuable natural productions is a wild pea growing along the shore of the ocean The two principal rivers are the Salmon and the Jupiter, and all the streams as well as the lakes, which are numerous, are said to swarm with salmon, salmon trout and trout; the wild animals are the bear, the black, red and silver fox, and the marten. In the bogs and more sheltered parts of the coast seals are extremely abundant. Besides the harbor named after Gamache, but originally called Ellis Bay, there is a Harbor called Fox Bay, but neither of them would shelter vessels of more than five hundred tons burden. The Island is under the jurisdiction of Lower Canada, but is the private property of a family residing at Quebec.

(*To be continued.*)

THE NOBLE FISHER-BOY.*

BY E. H. NASH.

A hurricane is raging
  Along a rocky shore,
The wind its warfare waging
  With loud and awful roar,
With blinding snows engaging
  On frozen Labrador.

And scores and scores of coasters,
  Their children and their wives,
And rugged, stern old boasters
  This night have lost their lives—
And louder yet, and louder
  The awful tempest drives.

Right on the reef-rocks driven
  One struggling vessel lies,
With masts and rigging riven,
  Her loose sails fall and rise;
In vain her hands have striven,
  Vain, vain their bitter cries.

Another gust, a crashing,
  Shrieks from above,—below,
The stiffening foam is lashing,
  Strong planks to shivers go,
And billows high are dashing
  Where smooth waves wont to flow.

'Tis o'er, that blast so blighting;
  The struggling vessel's lost,
'Mid angry breakers fighting
  Her helpless crew are tossed,
Men, women, children 'lighting,
  On rocks, 'mid storm and frost.

And who is this, on such a night,
Forgetful of his own sad plight,
Has left the rugged, frozen track
And at that childish cry turned back,
Turned through the darkness, gloom and snow
To soothe the sounds of sobbing woe.

* The incident on which this poem is founded occurred in 1857.

Is it some strong man in his might
Who dares anew on this dread night
The driving storm, the biting blast,
The white drifts piling high and fast,
That risks, and knows it, by delay
The loss forever of his way.

Not so, not so, 'tis but a child*
That braves the hurricane so wild,
That o'er the howling storm's great noise
Raises aloud his clear sweet voice,
And speaks of hope and joy again
To children moaning in their pain.

As to the beach he wanders back
Scarce can he keep his own late track;
But struggling forward through the drifts
From out a whitened bank he litts
A little child—nor one alone,
But four lost darlings sob and moan;
Aloud they cry for parents lost,
And wring their hands half numbed with frost.

This noble boy, what can he do?
Himself quite chilled and shivering, too;
No friendly shelter on the bay,
The nearest huts five miles away.

With thought beyond his youthful years
Our hero soothes the children's fears,
And guides their weary, staggering forms,
Unused to such fierce winds and storms,
To westward of a jutting rock
Where they the less may feel the shock
Of fitful gusts that howl and screech
Relentless round the icy beach.

Toiling, this spot they gain at length,
And then, with more than human strength,
This noble youth of slender frame,
Of humble birth and unknown name,
Amid the tempest's threatening roar,
Creeps through the darkness to the shore,
And from amongst the drift-wood there
Drags out, and folds with anxious care,
A scrap of sail—'tis but a scrap,
But yet the stiffening limbs may wrap
Of those, who much as he, and more
Need all its warmth, these children four.
Back, back he hastens through the storm,
The fierce blasts bending his slight form.
Back to his charge he quickly speeds,
Nor rock nor drift his way impedes.

Then covering o'er the tiny things
Moss from among the crags he brings,
And groping through the snow and mire
He piles it o'er them higher, higher!
Warmth, life, to them he will impart,
Though cold the blood at his own heart.

O, great-souled boy! from God above
Thou hast this ministry of love,
And from His throne He saith to thee,
"Fear not, thou didst it unto me."

The morning dawns, the storm has raved
O'er them in vain, his charge is saved;
But whiter grow his own fair cheeks,
And hollow is the voice that speaks
To bid the children quiet rest
While he shall do his very best,
O'er the smooth drifts—the storm is stayed—
To reach the huts and send them aid.

But half way on this gallant boy
Sees, but can scarce believe for joy,
The parents of the children four
Pressing straight forward to the shore.

He tells his tale, they cease to weep,
And pour their blessings loud and deep
On him, who through that awful night
Had toiled until the morning light,
In cheering, covering, watching o'er
Their cherished ones, their darlings four.

They part; the parents now are gone,
The boy with feebler step moves on,
More blue and livid grows his face,
His failing sight can scarcely trace,
Though plain before his dimming eye,
The foot-prints that beyond him lie.

His work is done, and slower, slow
He moves, death-struck long hours ago,
But yet borne up, though chilled to ice,
To tell his tale of sacrifice.
A few steps more, without a groan
The little fisher's soul has flown.

* A boy 14 years of age.

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.

BY GEORGE M. TOWLE.

However it may be with the counterfeit presentments of the drama, it is seldom that poetical justice crowns the years of the heroes and heroines on the stage of the world. The Lincolns and Garrisons are rare; more often history tells us the mournful tale of the toiler falling before an uncompleted work, of Kosciusko failures, and the ever postponed hopes of the warriors of right. The poet who sang of

"Right forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne,"

felt keenly this imperfection in the drama of life—the coming of death, most often, before the coming of poetic justice.

Giuseppe Mazzini, a man of spotless life, of rare erudition, of manners most polished—I had almost said, most courtly—of intense convictions, of incorruptible

Giu. Mazzini.

public and private virtue, has just died quietly in his native land of Italy; and the Italian statesmen, who a week ago shuddered at his name, and feared lest, even yet, he should raise once more the blaze of democratic revolution in their midst, have hastened to pay their "tribute" to his memory in the Chambers at Rome. Now that he is dead, his remarkable genius and his lofty integrity may safely be acknowledged. His career was, from first to last, a drama full of incident, often of pathos, always of intensity and constantly sustained earnestness. No European of this century has lived so perpetually in the very whirlwind of political tempest, or has more bravely sought the tempest, when less dauntless souls shrank into shelter. Like the cavernous-eyed and snowy-headed old man Blanqui, who has just been condemned at Versailles to life imprisonment for Communism, Mazzini has permitted no opportunity of a struggle with kingcraft and oligarchies to pass unseized. Early in life he saw before him an ideal; that ideal became as sacred to his heart as if it were a divinity. He found its essence in the persecuted Savonarola, in the seer's vision of Dante; and toward that ideal he struggled through prisons, persecutions, exiles, and pursuings, through threats, ridicule, and slander, through conspiracy, exhortation, revolution, and example, from his youth to his death-bed. The son of a Genoese physician, who was also a university professor, Mazzini (born 1808) received a liberal education, studied law, became a zealous scholar, perused with especial ardor the epics of Dante and the commentaries of Macchiavelli, and at the same time betrayed a keen mind and a restless spirit. He deserted his profession for the liberal press; he deserted the press to join the Carbonari. He leagued himself with this Italian *Fronde* because he found that among them "thought and action, faith and works, were identical." This, then, was a man of no mere frothy verbiage, no spouter at illegal democratic conclaves; but one who by works was ready to show the faith that burned in him—a man delving for what was real and true, one who already recoiled from what Carlyle calls "phantasms." As a Carbonaro he was thrown into prison, into the fortress of Savona; tried for treason, and acquitted; but, as acquittal in those days did not mean liberty, was condemned to exile. A submissive word would have restored him home; that word, being a false one, this Italian gentleman and scholar would not, even for home's sake, speak. He could not rest. This comfortless spirit of crusading for truth, and unrest in presence of falsehood, and intolerance of wrong on the throne, hedged about as it was by armies and budgets and fraternal federations of divine right monarchs, hopelessly strong as it seemed to fainter spirits, kept this stout-hearted, fiery-blooded hero in ceaseless motion. Italy being shut to him, he repaired to Marseilles, a fit spot for his operations, for it was the birthplace of Rouget de Lisle, the old hot-bed of revolution.

His objects were to achieve, so far as a single man with a purpose and will could, democracy for the world in general, and for Italy in particular; unity for Italy, and then independence, utter disenthrallment from popes, grand-dukes, Neopolitan Bourbons, and Sardinian Savoys; and a republic, with Rome for its capital, and some as yet obscure Rienzi for its chief. With this ideal descried in the distance, yet very clearly outlined in his mind's eye, he set up "*La Giovini Italia*," at Marseilles, and therein announced, in words of unmistakable plainness, and not without their sting, his programme for the regeneration of Europe. His special assault was against the Italian sovereignties. The Sardinian Savoy that then was took umbrage, as well he might, for Marseilles was uncomfortably contiguous to his own dominions, and Signore Mazzini told some truths which were indigestible to the royal stomach. The Sardinian envoy at Paris drove to the Tuileries in court costume and protested. The gendarmes hunted up Mazzini in his garret sanctum. He was hustled out of France—this political "Joe" told once more to "move on"; but quietly got back again, and hid, and for a while continued his paper, with harder thrusts than ever at Italian kingcraft, managing that the "incendiary sheet" should be sown broadcast through the peninsula. Then he crossed into Switzerland, where he found the gendarmes more amiable and the authorities less stringent; and then proceeded from "thought" to "action"—from the utterance of faith to the doing of works. He organized a democratic invasion of Savoy; and, had his confederates been as staunch as himself, his Sardinian majesty would have had no little trouble. But the military leader—for Mazzini never aspired to military honors—proved treacherous, and the scheme failed. This plot roused the Swiss against him, and he once more packed up and moved on—this time to London, the "home of the exile"; where he might have been found somewhere in the purlieus of Soho and Leicester Square, in the year 1837. Mazzini was poor. He began to write for his living, taught Italian, and set up a paper, the *Apostolato Popolare*, to be circulated among the Italians in London, and, if possible, in Italy itself. Here he remained eleven years, busy with his pupils, his editorials, and his life-project, patronized by "philosophical radicals,"

and the mentor of a little circle of needy and democratic foreigners. But at the first crash of the French Revolution of 1848 Mazzini abandoned his quiet routine, and rushed across the Channel, to take part in the overturning. He was received with open arms by the Republicans, and he found himself quite at home in the whirlwind of passionate patriotism in which he found Paris involved. But Italy now needed a spirit like his more than France; so he left France to Blanc, Blanqui, and Ledru Rollin, hastened to Milan, and was already busy organizing a Lombard insurrection when the Austrians poured in upon him, and he was forced to fly into Switzerland. Switzerland remembered the inconveniences of his old residence among them, and he received a significant intimation to leave her territory. In the nick of time he heard that Rome, the Eternal City, the city of Rienzi, had chased out the Pope, and declared a Republic; and on the heels of this piece of news came a message that Leghorn had elected him a deputy to the Constituent Assembly. He hurried to Leghorn, was received there with a great ovation, and went on to Rome to take his seat. It was the heyday of his fame and power, and he must have exulted in the apparent near accomplishment of his ideal. Immediately on reaching the capital he assumed the leading role in the foundation of the short-lived Republic. He was appointed one of the Triumvirs, with temporary absolute power, and did wonders in the brief interval of his authority. The hostile legions of the European nations were fast gathering to crush this incipient democracy. Even Republican France, under the influence of President Bonaparte, determined to restore the Pope, and to relegate Rome to priestly rule. Mazzini, toiling night and day, in a wonderfully short time raised an army of 50,000 men, cast cannon, and repaired the fortifications. Castello Santo Angelo bristled with bayonets and grimly yawned with ordnance. But what could one city do, even with a hero spirit, against the disciplined hosts of Catholic Europe? Mazzini struggled long and desperately against the siege of Oudinot; for a time the issue was even doubtful; but Rome at last yielded, against the vehement protestations of the First Triumvir, who would have held out to the last. Mazzini clung to this supreme opportunity with all the bitter desperation of a long-cherished but waning hope. He resigned his place as Triumvir, returned to England, and for a long time was only heard of as active in conspiracies and as trenchant as ever with his pen. Nine years afterwards he tried once more to raise the banner of revolution—this time at Naples; but failure seemed written in the life of this steadfast man, though failure never cowed him. Since the Naples attempt Mazzini has taken no ostensible part in revolutionary movements; though the world has heard often of him, and the power of his example has been felt in almost every European country. When Orsini tried to assassinate Napoleon III., people said that Mazzini was at the bottom of it; but the charge was never proved, and it was doubtless one of the thousand slanders of which this devoted, lofty-souled, and pure man has for forty years been the target. Those who looked on Mazzini as a vulgar demagogue, as a restless adventurer, as simply an "arch-agitator and fomenter of conspiracies," utterly misapprehended the bent of his mind and the lesson of his life. He was, perhaps, a Quixote, but a Quixote whose purposes were unselfish, and were directed to the elevation of the race. Truth was of the very fibre of his nature; integrity was an innermost principle of his soul; self-sacrifice was with him a duty as sacred, an action as natural as it was with Cromwell and his soldiers, with Cobham and his fellow-martyrs. His contempt of demagogues more than once baffled the success of his projects; his incorruptible virtue rendered him proof against every seductive promise by which power would eagerly have won him over. He was a rare man, one to be remembered, whose failures have far more nobility in them than the successes of most of the heroes worshipped by the world.—*Independent.*

THE BOY JOHN.

John is an awkward, restless, fidgety fellow, whose chief end is to torture the cat and tear clothes. His parents congratulate themselves that their boy is growing up under the hallowed influences of a Christian home. What is it, then, that marks John's home as hallowed and Christian? When the toil and drive of the day are ended, and the evening hours begin to throw their hush over the household, what is there in living-room or parlor, got ready by a parent's Christian thoughtfulness, for making the closing hours of day the happy, the joyous, the loved ones of all the twenty-four? John has been in for dinner, eaten it, and gone out again. He has been in for his supper, eaten that, and now, after doing the last things of work-time (for John happens very often to be a boy who knows what work is), he comes in weary in body, yet uneasy in mind, restless, yearning for something;—some recreation, some joy, some sport, some play, laugh, frolic, unbending of some kind to relieve the hideous tedium of all tread, tread, tread in the mill of toil. The

mother, having put her house in order for the night, takes some odd piece of work—sewing, knitting, or crotcheting—and worries out the fag-ends of weary flesh and lamp-light. The father takes his evening paper, or his evening drowse, or both of them, rolling in an easy-chair or tipped up in one that is not easy,—himself silent, dull, dismal.

But the boy John,—what of him? What shall he do? He does not know how to knit or crotchet: he does not care for the newspaper. What are politics and Congress and Tammany to him? What fun for him in Beecher's sermon or the Farmers' Club? He looks up and around. Not an eye or countenance shows one ray of sympathy with his uneasiness, pitching and rolling now to the brim. He looks up on the mantel; nothing there. He looks up to the clock; nothing there. He looks round on the walls, up at the ceiling; nothing for him there. He looks out of the window: well he begins to see the glimmer of something for him out there; though nothing under that roof, within those walls, around that stove, which the world calls his home. So John yields up a sigh, a stretch, and a yawn, and out he goes for sympathy into the darkness. The mother works on. The father reads and dozes on. The boy is now beginning to *go* on in the way he likes to go. Other boys, fleeing out from other such Christian homes, or from homes that are not Christian, meet him on the street. They mingle their discontents and sympathies till, with the leap and dash of young life, they come together into a plot for mischief, or into the chamber where billiards are played, or into the cellar where entertainment is for man and—*beast;* or anywhere up or down where life and unbending for the restless fibres of youth can be found, and where the evening hours are not spent in the dullness of knitting and dozing.

John is young. His tastes are unformed. His feelings are very far from being refined. In fact he is a little gross in his sympathies. He wants amusement. Every bone in his body aches for recreation, for play, fun, laughter. He does not care—he has never been taught to care—what the fun is, if only it will give relief to the fidget that stings him. Not at all refined, he will go for what he wants where others go. And going where others go, he finds the hunger of his nature coarsely met—just as tainted meat will fill the hunger of a starving man—in the low revelry, vile stories, unclean mirth of drinking-cellars and saloons. The boy does not discriminate very closely, and to the longing of his crude appetite the entertainment of these places is infinitely better than any he ever could find in that place which he has been taught to speak of as home. For eating and sleeping and getting his clothes mended, he feels that no place can be equal to a Christian home; but for a good time, for passing a dull evening hour, for learning something new, for words of cheer, for professions of sympathy, for those genial ways which a boy does love, and which any boy but a Uriah Heep must love, John will tell even the minister to his face that home is nothing to a street corner, or a billiard-room with the attachment of a beer-shop.

Well, by and by, just before the clock strikes ten, the father wakes from his doze, the spectacles falling and the paper sliding upon the floor, and looking round with a bewildered gaze, asks, "Where is John?"

Where is he? Why, for want of better instruction, he is out practicing our modern plan of training himself up in the way he likes to go, having no thought that when he is old he will care to depart from it. But the father who has inquired for his boy rubs his eyes, looks out into the darkness, and listens; but he hears him not. He wishes that his boy would not go out so of nights; but then he does go out. He wonders that John cannot sit down at home like other boys. What other boys? And then, with a very feeling remark that, "If John does not do better and become steady, he will make a miserable shirk of himself," the father goes to bed. The mother waits till her boy comes. By and by he does come in,—his restlessness blown off, the uneasy fidget of the early evening spent in relaxations which, of some kind, a boy must have,—and then at last the house is quiet. Sleep and rest prepare the household for another day and evening like these.

And when that other evening comes, out goes the boy again; and the father again wonders, and wishes that John would be steady and stay at home, and very feelingly predicts that, "If he does not change his course, he will very likely come to a miserable end."

But, good father, why should your boy spend his evenings at home? What is there at home for *him?* What pleasant recreation, what happy plan for whiling away the hour does he find inviting him *there*, or that would invite any *boy* there? What have you done to make home attractive and winsome to him as *John's* home? He would like amusement suited to his young, restless, brimming nature; how much real thought and care did you ever give in schemes, devices, plans, efforts, with a view to meeting this passionate yearning of his mind? How much do you play with him, tell stories with him, make riddles with him, talk with him of what you have done and seen, of what your

father did and saw? What games, what sports, what efforts at skill with slate and pencil, with knife, saw, and gimlet, have you devised for him, while your look and action were saying, "My boy, I want you to love your home more than any other spot of earth."

But your boy is not all for sport, though in this evening hour he does want a change from the employments of the day. His eager mind is ever on the alert to learn something, and if his mind is guided he will take as much pleasure in the acquisition of useful knowledge as in that which is frivolous; he will quite as easily be led to the reading of good as to the reading of trash. Now, among the book-shelves of the old house how many shelves have you filled for your boy? With what books do fill them? You buy for your own use the ***Almanac***, ***The Gazetteer***, the ***Lives of the Apostles***, ***Scott's Commentary***, ***Emblems of Faith***, a ***History of the War***, ***Martin F. Tupper***, the ***Speeches of Henry Clay***, and a picture of Lincoln. But what for your boy? You spend eight dollars a year for your daily paper which you go to sleep over evenings; as many dollars spent in suitable reading for him, in each of the five years past, would have given him a stock now which he would read and read over again through the twilights of summer and long evenings of winter. But, mind you, it must be suitable reading. Of the books mentioned above, you yourself do not read one, beside the ***Almanac*** and ***Scott's Commentary***. And most certainly you do not expect your boy to read them. Here, then, are a dozen or fifteen dollars wasted. And just in the same manner you can fling away money in buying books for John; books which he will not read and which no boy will read. Books there are, more than a father will wish to buy in one year, which any boy, quick, active, hungering, restless as yours is, will sit down and read by the hour; and as he reads will loathe himself more and more at remembering that he ever cared to look into those places where man and beast are (or perhaps in strict grammar I should say *is*) entertained.

You sigh, do you? And you answer, "All this sounds very well; but to carry out such a plan would cost something." Indeed, so it would. I did not think of that. Yet it is a matter that should be thought of. Let us look at it. Do you make use of tobacco? Pardon me, I mean no offense. Christian fathers do sometimes make use of it. Suppose then you do, how much does it cost you? Ten cents a day? Too much? Then say (for I will take no advantage) five cents a day. I think you would rather have it ten cents: for five leaves me to infer that you smoke very poor cigars. However, we will stick to five. But five cents a day would be $18.25 a year. Eighteen dollars and twenty-five cents every year (except leap year, when you would put in one more cigar, and which for the fun of the thing you perhaps would pay ten cents for)—eighteen dollars and twenty-five cents every year turned into smoke! And you cannot afford to buy ten dollar's worth of books in a year for your boy!

"But I do not use tobacco, the vile stuff," you may possibly answer. And it is no conclusive mark against one's Christian character not to use it; though you need not speak disrespectfully of that which is the "sweet morsel" of so many a Christian. You do not use it, then. But your neighbor does. "My neighbor—what have I to do with my neighbor in the matter?" Don't be impatient; just hear me a moment. Your neighbor does use tobacco, if you do not. Now, if he can afford to burn up five or ten cents every day, twenty or forty dollars every year, of his income, and have nothing for it, how is it that you cannot afford to spend half as much money, and have a *boy* for it at home, happy, contented, and training up in the way he should go? Is the delicacy of tobacco so priceless to your neighbor, and is a good, home-loving boy of so little worth to you? I know you do not think so. You love John, and will do anything for him.

Training up a child in the way he should walk in the end, is very much despised in this advanced age. Many a Christian parent has a way of flinging this drudgery off from his own conscience upon the conscience of a charitable public. The family is not the school of moral and religious training it ought to be. The evening hours for home enjoyment and the Sabbath for culture are not given, it may be feared, as they should be by Christian parents. Our Sunday-schools, with all their boast of good (and they boast not in vain,) have encouraged an infinite evil in just this direction. The father is weary with the toil of the week, and so, instead of training his child himself, he sends the boy, or the girl, to the Sunday-school; trusting (as if he had lost his wits) that the dear public will feel as much interest in his child as he ought to feel.

But this boy that we have been talking about (I feel a good deal of interest in John,) let us follow him a little longer. Neglected by father and mother,—to be sure his father sends him to school and his mother mends his clothes,—with no home bright, sunny, made cheerful, happy, attractive for him, he is out on the street; in saloons and cellars at last he is;—in fact, he is in any place where his brimming nature can flow over, and the uneasy restless activities of his soul can spend themselves. He quickly feels the contrast be-

tween these places and his home. At home the care of father and mother has been given to provide him the accommodations for eating and sleeping; and John goes there to eat and sleep. Beyond these they have scarcely troubled themselves about any other wants their boy might have. They have seemed to feel that he could hardly want anything more. Yet John does want something more. He has looked the house all over to find it; but it is not there; so he goes out to seek it elsewhere. Genial companionship, amusement, recreations for the coil and spring of his boyish mettle, he does not find where his father and mother are; but he does find them where other homeless boys gather and homeless men are found,—where the story, the joke, the game, mirth, and drinking fill up the hours of evening.

After this training has been going on till the boy has got a fair start down that way he will be likely to go, the father one day rubs open his eyes to the real state of the case. He begins to feel troubled. He is really alarmed. He wonders why it is that John will act so. He inquires of himself what can be done. Assuring himself that *he* has done everything which a father can do for a loved son, "for have I not clothed my boy, and found him a comfortable home to sleep in?"—he gives him up; what else can the poor father do?—he gives his boy up to the keeping of public benevolence. "I have done all I can; my conscience is clear. Now," he says to the public charity, "look out for your conscience." And so temperance organizations, Good Templars, Knights of Whatnot, take the boy into their keeping and do what they can for him. The father is easy again. He takes his evening paper, reads, and goes to sleep; for his boy—"is he not safe in the hands of public keeping?" Safe? *Is* he safe? Can you sleep on now and take your rest? Good Templars and such things, devised to pick up the homeless, are not quite so sure as—as—well, as the laws of nature, the rising and setting of the sun. Divisions and lodges of temperance may be faithful a thousand years or so; but then the sun has been doing his work faithfully six times as long.

After a period of years I come back where the home of this family is of which John is so important a member, and look in upon them once more. As only the last week I looked into some of those families that I knew long time ago, and learned with heart-ache of their Johns, so I came back to this family and enquire about its John. The father and mother with a lurid smile, yet with a warm grasp of the hand, welcome me. We sit down, and soon the talk wanders back into the past. God has been kind to them, though the burden of years begins to lie heavy upon them. Their work will soon be done. They are finishing up the day's labor, and getting ready for the long evening and the final sleep. I look about me and remember. I turn to the mother, and with a cheery voice break in, "And what has become of—of John, that I used to see?"

The mother drops her hands. Her work falls to the floor. She turns away her eyes. She cannot answer. In the meantime the father has slowly risen from his seat, and, as, if to do some forgotten thing, has gone out. In a minute I follow him. I find him with downcast look, hands clasped behind him, pacing to and fro on the greensward by the door. We sit down under a maple through which the full moon is shaking her beams upon us, and there he tells me of John. "I hoped well for my boy. I did what I could for him. He was my all. But he would not stay at ho e like a steady boy. He spent his evenin s abroad. Bad boys and worse men led him away. He learned to go with them that have done him no good. Not that John was naturally vicious: before he went with bad men he was a good boy. He learned it all. He egan to drink; at first because others did. Soon he loved it; and ——. I cannot go over these sad years. you can think how it has been. My boy—is—lost—to me; but if—through the infinite—mercy of God—he might not be lost to heaven———. Oh, the burden of my heart is greater than I can bear. If I could think of him in his childhood innocence and purity as safe under the sod, I should have some comfort in that. But there is not much comfort for me now. The staff that I leaned upon has broken and pierced my side. I can only think of him now and say, 'John, my boy, you do not mean to kill your father; you know not what you do; you do not think how you are crushing me down to the grave.' But enough of this. Let us go in."

In the house we do not talk much. We are not in the mood for it now. The current has been broken; and no one feels like trying to restore it. After a little while I bid the father and mother good-night, and go away. At the end of the gravel walk in the road I stop and look back to the lighted windows. It is the last look that I shall ever give them, very likely. My thought is, "Good father, you never had a home yourself, perhaps, and so you knew not what such a thing would be for a boy like John of years ago. You did not know how you could make your boy love it forever as his dear old home. You had not learned how to wind the love of it into his heart. And you did not think how there might be memories of it that would make him die rather than cast a shadow on its hallowed sunshine."—*Scribner's Monthly.*

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

BY MRS. V. G. RAMSEY.

HOW HE FOUND HER.

"Did you ever hear how our minister found his wife?" said Aunt Lucy, seating herself in the easy-chair, with her knitting work in her fingers.

I answered in the negative, as she knew I would, and she went on: "It was rather curious how that affair was brought about, but I shall always think the hand of Providence was in it. You have not been gone so long that you have forgotten Anna Hathaway, who lived with her grandmother in the little house on the corner?"

"Oh, no, I said, I have not forgotten Anna Hathaway, the prettiest girl I have ever seen."

"Well, soon after you went away, her grandmother died and poor Anna was left quite alone; but not long after, her pretty face attracted the notice of a young gentleman from the city, who was here on some business, and he married her and carried her to his home. There was a good deal of talk at the time. Some said he was rich, and smart, and would make a great lady of her; others feared that she had been deceived. However, they were married in a quiet way, by our old minister, and her sweet face, with its setting of golden curls, disappeared from among us.

"She had inherited the little cottage from her grandmother, but her husband did not seem to regard it as of any value, telling her to dispose of it as she pleased; so she gave the use of it, with its scanty furniture, to colored Fanny, who was working very hard to support herself and her little grand-daughter.

"We heard from her often, and always learned that her husband was prospering, and she was happy. When she had been married five or six years, she came to visit us. How beautiful, and how happy she was! She had two little children, beautiful like herself, and they seemed to carry sunshine and music wherever they moved. Ah! we could not look into the future. It was well we could not.

"I will not undertake to give you her history for the next five years. We do not know much of the details, only this—,there were bankruptcy, ruin, disgrace and suicide, following fast one after the other, and poor Anna, widowed, heart-broken and destitute, came back to us, with little Edith, her only surviving child, to seek a refuge in the little cottage which had sheltered her in childhood."

"Oh, what a sad story!" I said, wiping away my tears, "and this too when I had expected a cheerful and amusing narrative of how the minister found his wife."

"Be patient, my dear," said Aunt Lucy. "This is the beginning of my tale, and you shall hear it all in due time. But I have not yet told you the saddest part. We hoped, at first, that time would soften the grief of the desolate young widow, and restore her physical strength, but her wound was incurable, and she faded away."

"And is she dead?" I cried. I had already begun to form a plan for her benefit, and felt disappointed, as well as grieved.

"Oh, yes; she died two years ago, died before we had begun to believe her in danger. She lived alone with her little girl, who was about seven years old. One morning the poor child waked and tried to rouse her mother, and when she found her cold and still, she grew frightened and called the neighbors."

"And had she died alone in the night?"

"Yes; except the little one sleeping by her side, the angels found her alone, and gently led her from the darkness of night into the glory of the eternal day. We found her with a smile on her pale, beautiful face, and we believed that her spirit had caught 'a gleam of the golden splendor' even while it lingered in the tabernacle of clay.

"We buried her in the churchyard, under the oak where her grandmother was sleeping. It was a strange, sad funeral. We could not but weep at the blighted life and early death of one so good and so fair; but except the little Edith, there was not one who felt the pangs that rend the heart, when the tender ties of nature are broken.

"Mr. Lowe had been with us only a few months at that time, and we still called him our 'new minister.' We liked him pretty well—indeed his sermons were excellent, and his deportment beyond reproach—but we were not satisfied. He was past thirty, and not married, and for this we could hardly forgive him. When we hire a minister, we feel we have a right to a minister's wife also, so you see we considered ourselves defrauded. The circumstance caused a good deal of gossip at the tea-tables. Some affirmed that he had been so buried in his books, that he had never found time to think of such a thing; others shook their heads, and hinted that they had heard 'a story.' 'The story' had many versions. Sometimes it ran that the dear girl, whose equal he would never find again, had died, and left him desolate; again, it said that she had played him false, and her treachery had filled his heart with a cruel distrust which would not suffer him to wed. What the truth was we did not know, and when some of the sisters approached him in a friendly way, he gave them to understand that he did

not wish to be questioned or interfered with.

"But I was telling you about poor Anna's funeral. Mr Lowe performed the services, and he did talk beautifully to us on the brevity and uncertainty of life. He led little Edith to the grave. When they began to throw the earth back on the coffin she grew almost frantic in her grief, and he took her in his arms, and soothed her as a woman would, and carried her back to the house so tenderly that we said to each other, 'See what a tender, loving heart our minister has—He ought to have a family.'

"As I said, he carried her back to the cottage. When he went in, black Fanny was there. She had grown up in that house, and she felt herself at home.

"'Dearie me,' she cried, taking the child from his arms, and covering her poor little face with kisses, 'dearie me, what will ever be done with this dear little lamb?'

"'I don't know,' he said, sadly; 'I don't know indeed; but surely there are a great many people who will be glad to give her a home.'

"'I don't know about that,' said Fanny, 'most people don't care about children that are not their own."

"'But there are many persons,' he replied, 'who, having no children, will be happy to adopt her, and bring her up as their own.'

"'May be there is,' said Fanny, with an incredulous smile, 'but I think if she was a little poodle dog she would stand a better chance, a great deal better chance. People who take children want to get their money out of them, and they make slaves of them. Yes, sir, they make slaves of them. There are white slaves as well as black slaves. I've seen it, sir.'

"Our minister was troubled. The thought that this sweet, helpless little creature might fall into cruel hands distressed him.

"'The poor-master must look after her,' said Mrs. Smith who had come in and was looking for her parasol. 'Of course he must look after her. She is too small to earn her living, and she must not be left to starve in this Christian land.'

"'Umph,' said Fanny, with a look of indignation.

"Mr. Lowe was speechless with astonishment. Was this the counsel that was likely to prevail? Was this the utmost stretch of Christian charity to send the little orphan to the poor-house? He would see that something better was done. Telling Fanny to take care of the child till she saw him again, he left the house. He had called, a few days before, on Mr. Walker, a rich farmer in a distant part of the parish. You know these country parishes lie round rather loose, with boundaries very ill defined, and this place is eight miles from here. There are several churches between, but none of our order, so Mr. and Mrs. Walker come here—that is, when they go anywhere to church. Mr. Lowe had noticed their beautiful fields and orchards, their overflowing barns, and the great house, where everything was so clean and bright, and he had thought what a charming place it would be, if there were only some happy young faces peeping out of the window or some merry voices mingling with the songs of the birds. Now he thought that must be the very place for Edith.

"As he was strongly moved by the desolate condition of the poor child, he lost no time, but went immediately, and laid the case before Mr. and Mrs. Walker. They were not a little surprised at the proposal, but Mr. Walker favored it.

"'What's the use, wife,' he said, 'in your working so hard? Take the little girl, and she can help you.'

"'As to that,' she replied, 'I need help bad enough, but children are only a bother. There'll be no end to making, and mending, and mussing. I wonder if she has had the whooping-cough and measles?'

"'I'll warrant she has,' said her husband, 'and the mumps, and the chicken-pox besides. You can bring her up according to her mind. You never had a hired girl that suited you, and I am sure you had better try this.'

"Mr. Lowe did not like this talk. He saw there was no motive but selfishness, and he remembered Fanny's words about white slaves, but what could he do?, She would certainly be better cared for here than at the poorhouse, and he trusted that the cold heart of this woman who had never been a mother, would soften and expand when she saw the beautiful and helpless little creature cast upon her care.

"The arrangements were made, and the next day Mr. Lowe carried the child to her new home.

"'Dear me,' said Mrs. Walker, when she had taken off her hat, and looked her over. 'She is a pale little thing. She doesn't look as if she would ever be any help, but Walker would have her. I'll keep her three months, and see if I can make anything of her; mind, I don't promise longer than that—three months.'

"The good man ventured to suggest that this was one of Christ's little ones, and that whatever was done for her, the Master would reckon as done to Him, but the woman looked at him with wonder, and evidently did not understand him. She said, looking at Edith,

"'It is no small job to bring up a child. 'Be sure I have never tried, but I have seen

them that has, toiling and slaving, and little thanks they get, too.'

"Mr. Lowe's rosy hopes of finding a tender mother for the little orphan were rapidly fading, and he felt very uneasy as he turned from the house, yet he did not despair. 'There must be a warm place somewhere in that woman's heart,' he said to himself, 'and this pretty little one will surely nestle herself into it.' This sublime faith in woman's nature comforted him.

"Mrs. Walker went to work to see what she could make of the child that had fallen into her hands. Her first idea was to make a machine that would sweep, wash dishes, milk, and churn, but she found the material too scanty. The little arms had not strength, and the little hands let the dishes slip and break. The little head also was at fault; it could not comprehend nor remember the orders given, so the mistress was dissatisfied, and the child miserable.

"By and by the school began, and Mr. Walker said she must be sent to school, and his wife declared she did not care where she went; she was no help to her.

"The teacher, Miss Mary Lyons, soon noticed the pale, timid little creature who came in the morning with traces of tears on her face, and though a stranger herself in the neighborhood, she was not long in learning that this was the child that Mr. Walker had taken. Miss Lyons had been an orphan from early childhood. Her heart moved with great tenderness towards all motherless little ones, and Edith's tear-stained cheeks were kissed with a warmth that made her eyes sparkle with delight. One morning her eyes were redder than usual, and when the teacher kissed her, she burst into such a violent fit of crying that the young lady was almost frightened.

"'I've got to go away from you,' she sobbed, when she grew calm enough to speak.

"'Go away? Go where, child?' inquired Miss Lyons.

"'Mrs. Walker says she can't keep me. I don't earn my board, and she is going to send for the man to carry me to the poor-house.' Then there was a fresh burst of tears, and the little arms were thrown convulsively around the teacher's neck, who felt her heart swelling and throbbing with indignation and pity.

"'They shall never carry you to the poor-house while I live,' she said, 'so dry your tears, darling, and get your books.'

"That afternoon, Miss Lyons called on Mrs. Walker, and inquired if she really wished to part with little Edith.

"'Of course I do,' was the reply. 'She can't earn the salt of her porridge, and she has broken half a dozen dishes, besides my china cream-pitcher. I didn't promise to keep her but three months, and now she must go.'

"'Then I will take her,' said the young lady. 'Please pack her satchel, if she has one, and she can go home with me.'

"'You take her! Pray what do you expect to do with her?' cried the astonished woman.

"'I am going to adopt her as my sister, and if she does not earn anything these seven years, I am going to take care of her, if it please God to give me strength to work.'

"Mrs. Walker laughed scornfully. 'A pretty job you will find, I reckon, but you are welcome to it,' and she left the room.

"In a few minutes she returned with a carpet-bag, and Edith was summoned from the kitchen, where she was trying to pare potatoes, and informed of the change in her destiny.

"As the young teacher walked home in the evening twilight, with her little charge clinging to her hand, she was not without care. She had found a beautiful flower by the wayside, and she had made it hers; but could she give it nurture and protection? Her only home was a room she had hired, in which, in order to save as much as possible out of her scanty wages, she boarded herself. Could she, friendless and poor as she was, sustain the burden she had assumed? The question was a serious one, but she had faith, and she looked up to God, and asked for strength believing she would receive it. She felt stronger already. Here was something to love, something to work for, and live for. A new element of happiness or misery had entered into her life. The old dead weight of loneliness was lifted from her heart, and she felt the budding of new hopes and aspirations.

"Well, I must not make my story long by trying to tell you how happy these two were together. One Saturday afternoon, they had gone to a little grove not far from their home. Miss Lyons, weaving a wreath of red and white clover blossoms, which Edith had placed on her head, sat on a stone, pressing the child to her bosom, with the fondness of a young mother, her own dark hair and brunette face contrasting with the golden curls and lily whiteness of the little one. They made a pretty picture, I assure you, for the minister told me so himself."

"Ah!" I cried, "that was how the minister found his wife. I think I begin to see the end of your story."

Aunt Lucy laughed. "Yes," she said, "Mr. Lowe had grown uneasy about the child, and he went to Mr. Walker's to see how she fared, and there he heard the strange story that she had been adopted by the school-mistress. Resolving at once to see this wonderful girl, who felt competent

not only to take care of herself, but to help the helpless, he went to her home, and not finding her, he followed the sound of voices to the little grove, and there he met his fate.

"Miss Lyons was startled by the sudden appearance of a stranger, but Edith sprang up, and ran to him, exclaiming, 'Dear Mr. Lowe, this is my new mamma.' She insisted on calling her mamma when they were alone, and now the word slipped from her tongue.

"He extended his hand to the blushing girl who rose to meet him, saying, 'Pardon me, Miss Lyons, if I intrude, for I am very anxious to see my little friend.'

"'Edith's friends are welcome,' she replied.

"Mr. Lowe had taken some credit to himself for the benevolent interest he had shown towards this little orphan. He got her a place, you know,—that was a good deal, he thought,—but he felt very humble in the presence of this brave little woman, who gave him a practical illustration of real faith and charity. He walked home with them, and willingly accepted an invitation to remain and take tea. The little room which they called home, was so bright with sunshine, and sweet with flowers, that he knew this girl held a patent from nature, by which she drew all things sweet and beautiful towards herself, and as they sat at the table, and she poured his tea, he had a vision of a home of his own, where that sweet face would always meet him, and where little Edith might have a father's protection, as well as a mother's love.

"And so, the end is, Mr. Lowe adopted them both. One morning, before we had time to discuss the propriety of the step, he walked into the church with his new wife and little Edith. There was a little flutter among some disappointed parties, but we generally agreed that she was pretty, and we believed she would be good, and we have not been disappointed. We will walk over to the parsonage whenever you would like to see this happy family."—*Exchange*.

THE HEART'S RESTING PLACE.

"Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, * * * and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—MATTHEW XI. 28, 29.

"Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our heart is restless till it rests on Thee."—*Augustine's Confessions.*

Ever some passing earthly pleasure needing,
Seeking for some great thing to do or see;
Failing in all—now, Lord, I turn with pleading,
"My heart is restless till it rests on Thee!"

Sometimes it seeks the height of proud ambition;
Anon, amongst the lowliest would be;
Lord, let it learn now from Thine own tuition,
"My heart is restless till it rests on thee!"

Restless amid the restless, ever straying
Far from the only One who thinks of me;
Ever the same weak faith and love betraying,
"My heart is restless till it rests on thee!"

But when it rests on Thee, O gracious Saviour!
What a deep flood of peace o'erflows my heart!
A calm assurance that I'm Thine forever,
And naught the fond relationship can part.

For in Thyself my every wish must centre,
And find its best fulfilment there, dear Lord;
Surely earth's fairest hopes must fail to enter
Into the heart that lives upon Thy word.

To earthly streams of joy I often hasted,
But as I drank for more, still more, I cried;
Now, since the spring of life my soul has tasted,
My longing, thirsting heart is satisfied,

Jesus, Thou spring of joy for weary hearts!
Unfailing fount of life for sinful men!
From the best bliss that this poor world imparts,
I turn unsatisfied to Thee again!

Turn just to rest on Thee, O blessed Saviour!
And find, however dark my path may be,
Loosened from every earthly, vain endeavor,
My heart has rest, unbroken rest, in Thee!

Young Folks.

EFFIE HAMILTON'S WORK.

BY ALICIA; AUTHORESS OF "THE CRUCIBLE," "SOWING THE GOOD SEED," "ADRIENNE CACHELLE," ETC.

(*Continued.*)

CHAPTER XVIII.

Lovely, lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly—born and bred on high,
To crown the favorites of the sky
With more of happiness below
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled?
Thus she spoke—"Go, rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still;
Know God, and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow;
Then every grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest."

—*Thomas Parnell.*

Effie woke up with a start and saw Mr. Tracy standing above her, tall and dignified.

"We are at Utica, and this gentleman, I imagine, is waiting for his overcoat!"

Effie jumped up, bundled up the coat, and handed it over to its owner with a smile and "Thank you, sir," and in a minute had her hat on and was ready to go.

"Well, she hasn't been so very much trouble," thought Mr. Tracy, as he lifted Effie off the train. "But it's more than I know what to do with her now! I suppose I had better take her up to Mrs. Brown's, and she'll find her a bed I fancy; if it wasn't for that confounded little trunk now I needn't wait a moment!" He made his way through the crowd, closely followed by Effie, and surrounded by cries of "This way, sir;" "Take yer baggage, sir?" "This way for Baggs' Hotel, not a dozen steps off!" "This way for (something or another) House; right up town!" and similar calls; but the gentleman took no notice of any, but singled out a man he knew to drive the baggage-waggon, gave him Effie's check and his own heavier articles, telling him where to take them. Then he hurried off, bidding Effie follow; now under gleaming lights, now in dense shadow, until he stopped before what seemed to Effie in the uncertain light a very funny car.

"Ain't we at Utica yet?" she asked, wearily.

"Yes, yes; this is a street car; haven't you ever seen one?"

"Oh! yes; often," returned Effie, relapsing into silence which Mr. Tracy made no effort to break.

Soon the jolting, shaking vehicle was off, and after a long ride past partially-lighted stores—for the hour was late—Mr. Tracy pulled the check and stepped out, handing Effie on to a hard brick pavement. The night was not dark, and Effie looking up saw tall trees waving their branches against the sky, and heard the soft breeze moving among the leaves.

"We must be in the country," she thought; but no—there were great houses on either side of the road, and Effie in wondering silence walked on until her companion stopped before a large brick house, and running up the steps, said:—

"This is my boarding-house, and you will stay here till morning."

"But my trunk?" Effie ventured to say, for she had been by no means easy about it all the time.

"You will probably find it here before you," and sure enough when the door was opened, there stood the little black trunk safe and sound.

"Mrs. Brown, can you give this little girl a bed to-night?"

"I guess so, sir."

"Is my room ready? I am very tired."

"All ready, sir."

"Send up my valises, then, please;" and Mr. Tracy ascended the stair without so much as a glance at Effie, who sat down on her trunk feeling very sad and desolate.

"Where do you come from?" asked Mrs. Brown, as soon as the gentleman had disappeared.

"From New York."

"With Mr. Tracy?"

"Yes."

"Du tell! How did that happen?"

"Mayn't I go to bed, please? I'm so tired!"

"Lor's a mercy, yes! I didn't know yer wur in sich a mighty hurry as that. Come right along!"

Effie followed the woman sick at heart, with quick tears that would come shining in her eyes. Perhaps Mrs. Brown saw them, for she said in a tone that at least was not unkind:—

"Would yer like to be alone! I've a little box here, if it's big enough for you."

"Oh! yes, that will do so nicely. Thank you," and Effie looked round the tiny room with beaming eyes. She had never slept in such a nice room; the bed, too, looked so inviting, and very soon Effie was under the clean, cool sheets, not, however, ere she had prayed with many a tear for the dear ones so far away, for Solly and Nance, Miss Clark, and lame Willie; she thought also of her kind friend, and prayed God to bless Mr. Ritterman, too.

When Effie awoke the bright sun was shining full into the little window, and when she was dressed Effie ventured to lift the sash and look out. In front lay a pleasant yard, carpeted with fresh green grass; in the centre was a well, with a narrow, circular, brick pavement round it; and close to the window and elsewhere grew apple and plum trees loaded with well-formed fruit; nice white clothes were bleaching on the grass, and a little girl about Effie's age was pumping water into a pail.

Effie thought of Solly, and wished she had such a nice place to live in; but if Effie had known the little water-drawer's mistress better—if she had even heard that worthy woman's remarks when Mr. Tracy had sent her off to her new home, and how she had said she "Guessed she wouldn't hev put that child in the lower room if she'd a known she was only a hired girl"—perhaps she would have changed her opinion.

But Effie had had her comfortable room and a nice breakfast beside, and unconscious of any unkind remarks, she drove off with Mr. Tracy's servant Tom in high spirits.

The morning was lovely, the air balmy, the sky cloudless, the little birds sang merrily, and the insect hosts chirped their happiness from under every blade of grass. How delightful it all was to Effie! She could scarcely keep still in her ecstacy as the horse trotted briskly along the winding road. Soon they came to a rippling stream, crossed by a little bridge. It made Effie think of the bright burn at home in Scotland, where the cows used to come to drink and love to stand knee-deep in the cool waters; and amid her happiness Effie sighed to think of the dear ones she had *then*, and how lonely she was *now!*

Tom was a quiet, sober-faced fellow, but he enjoyed, nevertheless, seeing Effie's wonder and delight.

"I guess you don't see many green fields down round New York?" he said, as he looked at the child's bright face. "Maybe you never seed any afore? I've heard of sich things been."

"I havn't for a long while; but I used to see plenty of them when I was a little girl and lived in Scotland. They're so beautiful, ain't they?"

"Yes; for them as likes 'em. For my part I'd liever live in a big city."

"Oh! no; you wouldn't! It's dreadful! Don't you ever want to go?"

Tom shook his head, as if he did not quite agree with his adviser; but just then he drew up before a handsome iron gate, and jumping out to open it, he said:—

"Here we are at Mister Lyttleton's. A nice place this is!"

Effie looked with rapture at the beautiful lawn with its grand old trees, shading mossy seats; its soft, green carpet and winding gravel walks. Tom drove slowly up, and Effie saw, at first glimmering through the trees, then growing more dis-

tinct, a low wooden house, evidently many years old. It was a cosy, comfortable-looking place, surrounded on all sides by a wide verandah, over which creepers of various kinds had been trained. On the verandah were two young ladies—one working, the other giving seed to two canaries, whose bright cages hung among the vines.

Tom drew up before the front entrance, and leaving Effie, went round to the ladies and handed them a note, then sauntered back to Effie.

"Oh, Maude; it's your little Hebrew maid!" laughed the sister, who was reading the note. "I'll run round and let her in and get a glimpse of the city arab. Shall I bring her to you now?"

"It depends on what she is like. Not if she is vulgar and rough. Mr. Tracy does not seem to think much of her," she added, glancing at his note.

"Who does Mr. Tracy think much of, I wonder?"

"Of you, Belle," laughed Maude, as her sister bounded off.

Miss Belle Lyttleton, as we must introduce her, tripped lightly through the sitting-room and down the long hall to the front door, where she found Effie still sitting in the buggy.

"Tom, will you please help the little girl down. She can come in this way. You had better go round to old Joe and get something for yourself and your horse."

"We're neither of us tired, thank you, Miss," and Tom drove off with a parting nod to Effie, who felt very shy and awkward.

"So you are the little girl Mr. Tracy brought for my sister?"

"I came with Mr. Tracy, Miss."

"Well, come this way and see her," said the young lady, thinking she might venture to take such a nice, tidy-looking little creature even into her fastidious sister's presence.

Effie followed, filled with wonderment at all she saw. The rooms were so beautiful and hung with such lovely pictures, like she had seen in some of the windows in Broadway. Miss Belle at length stepped out on the verandah, saying:—

"I've brought your little girl to see you, Maude." She pushed Effie slightly forward.

Now Effie had always imagined her charge was to be some old lady who wanted a little girl to find her spectacles, or thread her needle, or run messages for her, as she used to do for her grandmother; but when she saw a young girl not more than seventeen looking up inquisitively at her and saying, "This is she, is it?" Effie's blue eyes opened wide in astonishment.

"What's the matter?" asked the young lady, amused.

"I thought—I thought it was an old lady I was to wait upon!"

Poor Effie! It was an unfortunate speech.

"Perhaps you'll find, if you live long enough, that there are some young people who need helping as well as old ones. Belle, ring for Jane and let her show her her room. You need not come again till I send for you."

"No, Miss."

"But stay. What is your name?"

"Effie Hamilton."

"Upon my word! I'd like to know where you got such a fine name as Effie?"

"It was grandmother's name," said Effie, the tears coming to her eyes.

"Never mind; she's not well. She suffers a great deal and is not able to move out of her chair. We never mind it if we think she does speak sharp," whispered Miss Belle, as she led Effie again through the sitting-room, and Effie looked up and smiled. She was handed over to Jane at the door, and Belle went back to her sister.

"What an impertinent little thing she is!" said Maude, petulantly, as Belle sat down beside her.

"I don't think she meant to be impertinent, sister. I think she is a nice child."

"She's so little."

"Well, you'll be able to train her better to suit you, won't you?"

"Perhaps so; but it's such a bore."

"It is such a lovely morning; let me send for Effie, and let her wheel you round the garden?"

"She! She couldn't move me!"

"Oh! yes; I'm sure she could. I don't think she is as young as she looks."

"Well wait until I've finished this scallop and she can try."

This poor young girl—a complete cripple from her babyhood from severe spinal disease—was an almost constant sufferer, in spite of all that skill could do to render her painful situation bearable. Her temper, too, from pain and physical weakness, had become irritable in the extreme, so that to our little friend Effie no easy task was assigned as the attendant of the invalid; besides Maude Lyttleton had never learnt to bear her sufferings patiently for Jesus' sake—to take up her cross and follow Him who was Himself the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. She had struggled on alone—poor child!—dragging impatiently along the burden she could not fling off, wishing that life had never been given her. Beloved, petted, every want supplied; yet repining—ungrateful—unhappy. Poor Maude!

Chapter XIX.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

—*Adelaide Proctor.*

When Belle went to summon the little maid, she found her in the kitchen the centre of an eager group, all anxious to know about New York.

"Miss Maude wants you to wheel her chair round the garden, Effie. If you will come I will show you how to manage it."

Effie hurried off. She had changed her dress for a neat print, and made the nicest looking little maid possible. Perhaps Maude thought so, too, for when she went round the verandah to her, as the servants directed, she said kindly, "How old are you? I am afraid you won't be strong enough to push me about."

"I'm eleven now, Miss, and I think I can manage it nicely," and going behind, as Belle showed her, she moved the chair along so steadily, and yet so quickly, that her young mistress was quite pleased.

When they had left the verandah by a gentle incline made purposely for the chair, and were moving about among the flower-beds—which filled Effie with delight—Maude said:—

"Stop by that bed, there, Effie. Now run into the house and ask Jane for the garden scissors."

"And leave you alone?"

"Why, what do you suppose will become of me? Do as you are told without asking questions."

Effie ran away and in a moment was back with the scissors.

"Now do you think you can pick a few decent roses? Not great open things like those, that will fall before you can get them to the house, nor little green buds either, but nice half-open beauties that will come out in water and look lovely!"

Effie cut one or two and handed them for inspection.

"Those are nice ones; but, child, do cut the stems longer! What vase do you suppose those would live in five minutes, with their little skimpy stalks?"

Effie looked up a moment at her mistress and wondered that she could sit there in the sunshine among those glorious flowers, that seemed to her almost too lovely to pick, and yet wear such a frown on her face; then she remembered the poor girl suffered so much; but then Willie suffered, too, and *he* had never green fields or bright flowers, and yet he always smiled.

"Any one would think you had never seen any flowers before, the way you stand and stare at them," the young lady went on impatiently, as Effie stood spell-bound before a white moss-rose that was just showing glimpses of its pure loveliness between the folds of its feathery green raiment.

"I never did see any like these before. I would give all I have to send these to poor little Willie; he'd think surely he was in heaven already."

"Who is Willie?" asked the invalid, glad of anything to interest her.

"He is a poor little lame boy who lived quite close to Solly and me in —— street."

"Oh, indeed, poor little fellow! Now take the chair round to that elm tree where

there is some shade. That will do. Now run to the verandah—I see Miss Belle is there; ask her for the two low white vases and bring some water in them; mind and don't break them."

Effie did as she was told, and Maude saw her presently, a vase in each hand, walking slowly and cautiously.

"Put them on that table and wheel me up close; now you can take the extra leaves off the roses, so—Dear me! the horrid things won't go in nicely; take them away, I can't finish them!"

"Perhaps I could?" said Effie, timidly.

"Well, try if you like; I don't care." The poor girl leaned back wearily in her chair, and Effie, looking on the white face so drawn by suffering, felt so sorry for her young mistress.

Miss Maude sat and watched Effie, and bye and bye grew interested.

"That lower bud a little to the left—that way—now put the crimson one in there; that's splendid! They look so nice. Now take them to Miss Belle and ask her for my book."

"Can't Miss Maude arrange flowers beautifully?" said Miss Belle, as she took the vases and eyed them admiringly.

"Yes, Miss, I'm sure she can."

"These are exquisite! What are you blushing for? You didn't do them, did you?"

"Oh, Miss Mande helped me."

"Well, I declare you've done them splendidly."

"Miss Maude would like her book, please," said Effie, anxious to be off.

"I'll know who to give the flowers to when we have company."

Effie laughed and ran off. When she reached her mistress she saw her eyes were closed, so thinking she must be asleep, she slipped down softly by her side and laid her cheek against the soft green grass, and pressed it lovingly between her fingers. She felt like a little child again, playing among the heather with Skye. Suddenly she looked up and saw her mistress' dark eyes fixed upon her. The rosy red crept over the child's neck and cheeks, and she jumped up.

"Is that the way you bring me my book?"

"I thought you were asleep, I did indeed, Miss Maude, and I did not like to disturb you. The book is here; I laid it on the grass with my handkerchief under it, so it would not get spoiled."

"Bah! give it to me. I'd rather you would not trouble yourself putting your handkerchief under my things."

Effie said nothing, but stood quietly waiting at the back of the chair.

"I can't read, at all events; my head's splitting this morning!" and Maude threw the book on the table.

"Could I read to you?" Effie ventured to ask.

"You? Can you read? Upon my word city children are different beings from what I took them to be. I expected to have some queer youngster who would'nt know her right hand from her left; as for reading, I intended fully to teach you that. You can read for a page or so, and I'll see how it sounds."

"I don't think I know all these big words."

"That's a wonder! Well, I'll tell you the big words; go on."

Effie read a page or two so low and nicely that when she looked up Maude motioned to her to proceed, and thus for an hour Effie read on, until from sheer fatigue she stopped.

"You're tired out, ain't you? Well you have done very nicely. I was quite interested. I think it must be near dinner-time; you had better wheel me in. Bring the scissors; I can carry the book."

When Effie wheeled the chair on to the verandah there was sitting there beside Belle a middle-aged lady. She had a calm, pleasant face, denoting more gentleness than firmness. It would have been a finer countenance if there had been more of purpose in it; but it was very sweet, and Effie liked it from the first. The lady was Belle and Maude's mother.

"Well, Maude, my love, have you been enjoying this lovely morning?" she asked as she rose to draw the chair nearer her own.

"And you have got your new maid into order already. How does she get on?" she enquired, glancing at her daughter and then turning to smile at Effie.

"Oh! very well. You can go now, Effie, and stay in the kitchen or about till I ring for you; it is earlier than I thought." Effie retreated.

"She reads very nicely; she has read to me for an hour I should think," said Maude with a little yawn when Effie was gone.

"That is very nice, my dear; much better than you expected, isn't it?"

"Yes, indeed. Only I suppose she will get spoiled, like all the rest. You must try, ma, and keep her away from the kitchen, and don't let them work her in there; it will make her hands so nasty. Will you wheel me into my room, Belle, and when I'm ready I can ring for Effie? I might as well learn to dress with her; I'll have to do it sooner or later."

"Let me come and help too," whispered Belle, as she pushed her sister along.

"If I want you I will send for you," was Maude's rather ungracious reply; but Belle was used to her sister's irritability and her fine face was not darkened by a passing cloud.

But we have been leaving our little Effie all this time in order to see something of the house she had come to live in, and we must go back to her. She found the kitchen was a long room with any number of windows opening on to the verandah, as all the lower windows did. There were four servants—Molly the cook, Jane the housemaid, old Joe who acted as chief gardener, &c., and a small boy, Harry by name, whose duty it was to clean knives, black boots, attend to the pony, and do other odd jobs. They all collected on Effie's arrival, as Belle had seen, to hear something about where she had come from and what she did in New York. That day and on many a succeeding evening did Effie astonish and delight her hearers by tales of the great City and its wonders, about Nance and Solly and lame Willie, and even about Scotland and her own mother and the "old folks." Molly thought her a wonderful child, and even old Joe stroked his grey beard meditatively and said she was "extraordinar cute; pious too," he fancied—"minded him kinder of his old woman."

So Effie found favor in the kitchen, and was in ecstacies when Jane showed her her little room, just off Miss Maude's. There was a door into it, and one also leading into a little side hall, through which Effie could come and go when she pleased. When Maude sent her off, Effie ran at once to her room and made it all nice and tidy, hung up her dresses on the pins, and laid out her mother's Bible and Solly's bright-covered hymn-book on the little shelf, and felt quite at home. It was so nice to have a room all her own, which she could arrange just as she liked. She was still busy when she heard a voice say:—

"Effie, are you in your room?"

"Yes, Miss," answered Effie, a little surprised at first to find she could hear from her mistress's room so plainly.

"Come in, then, and help me to dress."

Effie timidly opened the door and went in. Oh! how lovely it seemed. There was one large window almost the width of the room, hung with white dimity curtains, the carpet was shades of drab and rose color, and the white drapery of the toilet table was looped back with pretty rose ribbons. Before it sat poor Maude, unhappy owner of all the comfort and luxury.

"Do you think you can learn to dress and undress me, Effie?" she asked more gently than her little maid had yet heard her speak. "My sister has always been so good; but then I can't expect to have her all the time, and as I hope you will stay with me, I think it is as well for you to begin at once."

"Yes, Miss," said Effie; "I will try and do the best I can."

So poor Maude showed Effie how to unclasp the dress from her poor wasted form, and to do the hundred and one little things Belle had always done so gently and timidly. Effie's fingers were small and soft, and she was quick and neat, so that altogether her mistress found her toilet progressing far better than she had imagined it would. She took down herself her long coils of dark hair and brushed them out; but she soon grew tired, and then Effie, without asking, took them in her little hands and wound them round and round the well-formed head as nicely, Maude said, as Belle herself could do. The little girl soon found out what she might take upon herself without asking leave,

and soon found also that it was often a great relief to the invalid when she would do so; but of course she was but learning now, and made some mistakes as was natural; but Effie was not likely to commit the same error twice. She was willing and anxious to learn, and strove earnestly to please her poor young mistress.

When all was finished, and Maude was ready for dinner, she said to Effie,

"There is a book behind that bureau. Give it to me; then you can go to your room until you hear the bell for dinner; then come and wheel me in."

Effie brought the book, looking suspiciously at it. She had seen such looking volumes in New York more than once; though, doubtless, they were of a lower stamp. The cover was yellow and dirty, the leaves crumpled and soiled, as if it had been well read, and often hidden away for fear of detection.

"You're a queer little thing," said Maude, as she took the book and looked into Effie's reproving eyes; but Effie did not smile. She turned slowly and left the room.

Maude looked at her novel, turned it over and looked at it again.

"It is a disreputable thing; its sickening too!" Nevertheless she opened the book and soon became so absorbed in its contents that she did not hear the dinner-bell, though it rang loud and clear through the old house, and was first made aware of its having sounded by Effie stealing gently in.

"The dinner bell's rung, Miss Maude."

"Oh! has it? Put that thing where you found it," and shuddering Maude turned to look out on the fresh healthy scene spread before her window. Poor girl! no wonder her mind was cramped and her imagination acute, yet unnatural, when it was fed on food such as the yellow covered novel supplied.

There are some of you who may chance to read this book, who have already, perhaps, heated your brains by such horrid trash; there are others of you who are longing, it may be, for the time to come when you can have liberty to revel in such fiction. Oh! how, my dear young friends, can I warn you against such a deadly evil! Shun it, I beseech you, as you would the poisoned cup? Such literature—and oh! it abounds so freely in this age of ours—corrupts the heart, clogs the tastes, depraves the mind! If you indulge in such you will have no inclination for what is true and pure, ennobling and elevating; it will be to you what plain, wholesome food is to the pampered epicure, whose appetite is ruined by luxury and excess. And oh! worse than that, what incalculable evil will it work to your immortal souls! I have heard it said we should never read any book which we could not leave and with pleasure substitute our Bibles. Would you like to leave the perusal of what is aptly termed a "sensational" novel and take God's Word in its place? Would you dare to open its sacred pages with the unholy thoughts teeming in your brain, that have been roused by the passionate descriptions you have just read? You know you dare not!

Fancy being called to die with such a book in your hand! And yet might not such a thing happen?

Oh! think of these things, my dear young readers, and watch and pray lest ye fall into temptation. But, remember also, if while daily giving utterance to that petition, "Lead us not into temptation," you knowingly run into the way of danger, you as much tempt God as Satan would have had our Saviour do, by throwing himself from the temple's dizzy height and yet trusting in His Father's protecting care for safety.

(*To be continued.*)

AILSIE BRUCE, THE SCOTTISH MAIDEN.

BY MRS. EMMA RAYMOND PITMAN.

One evening, just before the twilight, Ailsie set out on her mission to carry food to her father who was concealed in a cave, and proceeding part of the way in perfect safety. Her mind was full of the coming interview between herself and her father. She would tell him her mother's messages of love and undying affection, Hugh's wishes that he could see his father, and Sandy's childish prattle as to the foreign land to which he supposed his father had gone. Then she must tell him, too, to be very careful and avoid coming

home, as Claverhouse and his troops were again in the neighborhood, scouring the country over for those Covenanters who were suspected. All this, and much more, passed through her mind, and she pressed on quickly towards the cave, when suddenly she was accosted by a couple of moss-troopers, and commanded to deliver up what she was carrying. She stopped at once; for disobedience to the order might cost her her life.

"It's only a few barley bannocks and a wee drop of whiskey," replied the little maid, tremblingly. "O, sirs, dinna tak' away this little from me."

"We shall not only take it away, but you will have to go with us, and inform the captain where you were going, and for whom they were intended."

So saying, the brutal soldiers seized the maiden and hurried her along by the side of their horses, towards Claverhouse's quarters. She was only fourteen years old, and small of her age, and the rough, rude grip of the soldiers made her quake with fear: but nevertheless she was brave for the cause of Christ, and resolved that neither cruelty nor flattery should induce her to reveal the hiding-place of her father and his friends.

Presently Claverhouse himself, surrounded by a score or two of his soldiers, met them on the moor. Seeing the girl in the hands of the dragoons, he rode up, expecting that now he should gain his ends. But he was deceived; for Ailsie feared him no more than she did his men.

"Ha! ha!" shouted he with savage delight, "we may depend on the old fox being pretty near when we have got the cub. Now, my pretty one," continued he, "you must forthwith tell me where your father is hidden, or I shall have to compel you. Were you not going to him just now with that food and drink?"

She paused and considered; but she could not tell a lie. Looking up into his face with a timid, tearful countenance, such as might have moved to pity any man who was not a brute, she answered—

"I cannot tell you, sir."

"You mean that you will not, you little piece of impudence. Now, mind what you're at, and answer me. Where is your father?"

No answer.

"Answer me," Claverhouse roared. "Do you know where your father is hidden?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Very well, then, tell us. That is all we want to know."

"I *cannot* tell you, sir. Oh! don't compel me, for I would sooner die."

"Indeed! we will give you a taste of pain first, my bonnie maiden, and then see if you'll talk about dying so glibly. You have learned that from your psalm-singing, canting old father. But we'll unearth the old fox yet."

So saying, he ordered two or three of his men to prepare and bind lighted matches between her fingers. They did this with cruel alacrity, and laughed aloud at her anguish.

"Now, will you tell us where your father is hidden?" savagely inquired Claverhouse.

But Ailsie was firm. She gave him no answer, only set her white lips more closely together, and silently prayed for strength to endure temptation.

"Speak, girl," he shouted, "will you not tell?"

"I cannot tell you where my father is hidden. I know where he is, but I dare not tell."

"Then, by the powers, you shall tell me," swore Claverhouse, and he directed his men to apply the thumbscrews.

These instruments of torture are made to fit on each thumb, something like the thumb of a glove; but in the part which comes against the thumb-nail is fitted a small iron screw, the point of this screw being sharp, and penetrating like a cork-screw. When the instrument is adjusted, the executioner proceeds to twist this spiral screw into the quick of the nail. Imagination must picture the acuteness of the torture. The pain is most bitter and excruciating; strong men faint under it, much more this little girl of fourteen.

The thumbscrews were fitted on, and the soldiers proceeded to twist the screw. Claverhouse stood by, watching the whole proceedings keenly. He was determined not to be beaten by a girl. At the first revolution of the screw she winced, but soon was calm again. Presently, however, the piercing pain made her scream.

"Stop," said Clavenhouse to the men. "Now, will you tell me, girl, where your old psalm-singing fox of a father is?"

"I will not," she replied, rendered bold by her sufferings. "And as for your torture, God will help me to bear it."

"Go on," he said, and the torture went on. But the bitter agony was too great, and Ailsie swooned away.

As she lay on the green sward, Claverhouse ordered the thumbscrews to be taken off and water to be dashed in her face. It was done; but she lay so still and white, with the blood oozing from her mutilated thumbs, that it was a sight sufficient to move the stoutest heart. It seemed as if some emotion of pity moved even Claverhouse's brutalized nature, for he bent down over her and said—

"I wish the little jade were not so stubborn. I don't particularly want to hurt her; but I'll not be beaten by a girl. Rouse her up if you can."

Again water was sprinkled on her face, and a little brandy was poured into her mouth, and presently animation came back to the tortured frame. Slowly she opened her eyes and gazed on her persecutors. Then presently she gathered herself up and sat on the grass, but like one stunned and only partly conscious. Then, as she looked up into the soldier's faces, and saw no pity,—nothing but stern unrelenting severity—she burst into tears. She thought, maybe, of her father, exiled from home and family; of her mother looking and watching for her; and perhaps, too, she feared that death might be her portion; and then who would wait upon her father or console her mother? But there was scant time for weeping in the midst of this pitiless crew.

"Now, girl, remember that I am not to be fooled," said Claverhouse. "We have orders to get your father's head, dead or alive, and we mean to stick it up at Edinburgh. So, as you know where he is to be found, you must just tell us at once, or be prepared to suffer the consequences. And remember too, that if you will not tell, you shall *die* for it," and as he said this he clenched his teeth and swore a terrible oath.

"I can die for it," she returned, "and will rather die than discover to you where my father is. You are bloody men, and God will enter into judgment with you for persecuting his saints. If you kill me you will only send me to heaven a little sooner to enter on my rest."

"Fit on the thumbscrews again," interrupted Claverhouse. "Fit them on, and we'll see if she can preach then."

So the soldiers put on the instruments again, and again they turned the screws. Another fearful groan came from Ailsie's quivering lips, and yet another, as the excruciating agony grew more and more intense.

"Oh! mercy, mercy!" she cried.

"Yes, we will show you mercy when you tell us where to find your father," was the answer.

Her eye flashed, however, and her courage rose to the last effort. Stopping her groans and entreaties, she said, "I cannot tell, I will not tell where my father and the Lord's saints lie hidden. You are all bloody men of Belial, and you will have to answer for your deeds of cruelty. But I fear you not. Rather, I fear Him, who is able to destroy both soul and body. He is comforting and sustaining me *even now*," and again she swooned away.

Still the soldiers heeded not, but drove home the torturing screws with an alacrity which could only be born of cruelty. Presently Claverhouse ordered them to desist and dash cold water in her face. Haply he was meditating other cruelties. They did so, but it was all in vain. Ailsie Bruce was gone beyond their power, for she had entered the kingdom by the door of martyrdom. Claverhouse and his soldiers galloped away, after satisfying themselves that the vital spark had really fled, and left the lifeless murdered body of Ailsie alone upon the cold turf, beneath the holy stars, as they crept out one by one from the blue vault above, as a witness against these cruelties. But among the names dear to men, women, and children in Scotland, is that of Ailsie Bruce; for she counted not her life dear unto her, but "was tortured, not accepting deliverance, that she might obtain a better resurrection."—*British Messenger*.

ALECK AND WILLIE.

Aleck's father had just died. His body was lying still and cold upon the bed, from which his spirit had just gone to the presence of his Maker. The wife sat by the bedside, rocking herself to and fro, exclaiming amid her tears, "What shall I do! what shall I do!" Four fatherless children clung to her, weeping with her.

The eldest boy, seeming at once to realize that a responsibility rested upon him, twining his arms around his mother's neck, said,

"Trust to the Lord and to *me*, mother."

"O, Aleck," she replied, "it will be a long time before you are able to do much."

Aleck was a child in years, but almost a man in thought. That night he lay beside his sleeping brothers, thinking what he could do to earn money for his poor mother. He could not for some time satisfy himself what was the best course to take. His father's cold, upturned face in the room below, seemed to supplicate heaven also to help those he had left alone in the world. Aleck could not sleep until far into the night. What could he do! At last he settled upon a plan. He would try to get a place as cash boy, and Willie should black the gentlemen's boots until something better was found for him to do. It was not just the business for Willie, but it would do until something else came. This plan settled in his mind, he fell asleep. God gave his beloved fatherless child sleep. When he awoke in the morning he presented the case to Willie.

"I will buy the brush and the blacking with the money I have saved up, and will go down town with you and set you up. You will hear a great many bad words, Willie, but you must not say any. It is like going into business; you will have all sorts to work for, and you must not get angry as you do at home sometimes; you must be obliging to every one."

Willie promised that he would do his best.

The day after the funeral the brothers started out into the world to work for themselves. The blacking and brush were bought, and Aleck took Willie to the Carlton House. He told him to stand by the steps.

"Give you a shine for five cents," called Aleck, as the crowd went passing by. An hour passed before a customer came, then a tired, dusty traveller put out his foot.

"I'll do it the first time, Willie," said Aleck, "and you look on and see how it is done." Aleck brushed and brushed, until the boots shone like a piece of black satin. The stranger put five cents into Aleck's hand.

"Now, Willie, you cry 'Give you a shine for five cents,' just as if I wasn't here."

So Willie called out as loud as he could. The next customer was a well-dressed gentleman, who had got his boots muddy getting out of the street car. He gave Willie ten cents, and wouldn't take any change. The boys began to feel quite elated and ambitious in the boot-blacking business.

"Now, Willie," said Aleck, "you stay here, and I'll go and see if I can find 'cash' anywhere. Get all the jobs you can, and don't stir away. I shall be back in an hour."

After Aleck had been gone half an hour, an ugly-looking boy, twice the size of Willie, came along with shoe brush and blacking.

"Hallo, youngster," said he, going up to Willie, "so you've gone into the boot-blacking business, have you?"

"Yes," replied Willie, very meekly.

"Well, you just clear out of here. Crying 'five cents a shine,' when all we fellows have ten. Of course folks will patronize you to save five cents."

"I can't go away," replied Willie, "for my brother told me to wait until he came back. I don't know the way about the city."

"Who cares if you don't," said the ugly boy, snatching the brush and blacking out of Willie's hand and throwing them into the middle of the street. "Follow your nose."

Poor Willie! he did not know what to do. He went out into the street and picked up his brush and blacking. He was afraid of the large boy, so he went and hid behind a tree, hoping that Aleck would soon come along. Aleck was gone over an hour; he came back with a disappointed face; he had not been successful. Business was dull, he told Willie. Willie related the incident of the hour alone without Aleck. He said he didn't like the business; was not going to try it any more.

"We must persevere," said Aleck. Although his heart was discouraged, he felt that he must say encouraging words to his brother. "God has promised to be a Father to the fatherless, and I know He will," said Aleck.

A gentleman, passing at that moment, heard the words "fatherless" and "he will, I know." He looked at the boys, as they stood with disappointed faces, holding counsel together.

"Well boys," he said, "you look as if you were in trouble; what's the matter?"

"Our father is dead, sir, mother is poor, and we are looking for business," replied Aleck. "I set Willie up this morning, and got him a good start, but while I was looking for a 'cash' place for myself, an ugly boy threw his brush and blacking into the street, and ordered him away from the Carlton House, as he had been in the business so much longer. My brother was afraid, and waited here behind a tree until I came."

"Did you find a place for yourself?" inquired the gentleman.

"No, sir; business is dull, and no one wanted my services at present."

"You thought you and your brother would find employment immediately, I suppose, when you left home."

"Yes, sir; because God has promised to be a Father to the fatherless, and I thought He would send us something."

"This is a waiting world, my boys; God keeps His promises in His own time and in His own way. He often leads us through reverses, that we may feel truly grateful when the blessings come. The experience of to-day is what everybody meets with, sooner or later. Come with me."

Aleck and Willie walked by the gentleman's side until they came to a large wholesale store.

"This is my establishment; walk in," said the kind gentleman. The boys followed through the long store into the office at the farther end. "Now," said the gentleman to Willie, "I should like to have you black my boots."

Willie got his brush ready. Aleck whispered to him and told him to black the boots very nicely.

"That will do," said the gentleman, after Willie had been polishing a few minutes.

"No, sir," said Willie, "they don't shine enough yet."

The gentleman sat silent, until Willie's and Aleck's look of approbation pronounced them done.

"That is it, my boy," said the gentleman, "whatever you undertake to do, do it well; make everything shine as much as it is capable of shining. What do you say

to letting your brother stay with me to do errands, &c?"

The tears filled Aleck's eyes as he said, "I would be so glad, sir."

"Come to-morrow morning, then," he said to Willie, "and be in time, as I shall want you to sweep out my store before any customers come. As for you," he said, turning to Aleck, "trust in the Lord a little longer; He will surely keep his promise to you."

Aleck thanked God that night that He did keep His promises in His own way, for that was a great deal better place for Willie than blacking boots at the street corners. The next day Aleck started out again; he met with no encouragement until very near the close of the day.

"Do you want a cash boy, sir?" he said to the proprietor of the large store on R—— street.

"Yes," replied the gentleman, "but he must come well recommended. Who can recommend you?"

Aleck hung down his head; he could not think of anyone, only the neighbors and Willie's employer. The neighbors were plain, poor people, and could not have influence in such a great store as that. Willie's employer did not know whether he was an honest boy or not. Aleck was about leaving the store in despair. "God knows my heart and nobody else does; he knows I'm an honest boy," he said to himself, "Oh, if he would only tell this gentleman so." The Father of the fatherless was very near Aleck at that moment. Nobody in the great store saw him, but He was there nevertheless.

"I have no father, sir, nor have I ever worked for any one." He hesitated a moment, then he summoned courage to say, "God knows I'm an honest boy, sir."

The gentleman looked up in surprise. If God would recommend him he certainly must be a good boy.

"You have an honest face," he said; "you may come to-morrow, on trial."

"God has not been slack concerning his promises to Willie and me," said Aleck, as he went out of the store. "I shall be all the better for disappointments and waitings, for I shall know a place is not got every day, and I shall be faithful and try to keep it."

Need I say that Aleck was faithful, and that his employer found him in all respects an honest boy? Aleck's encouraging words and faithful example kept Willie in his place, though the little boy often thought he did not like the business and was tired of sweeping stores, &c.

"That boy came with the best recommendation of any boy I ever had in my store," said the employer to a gentleman one day, as Aleck was passing by. "He said he knew no one of any influence in the city; 'but, sir,' said he, 'God knows I have an honest heart.'"—*N. Y. Observer.*

NUTS TO CRACK.

BY MRS. EDWARD ASHLEY WALKER.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

I was awakened early one morning by a Chinese Seaport, and as the air was a country of South America, I wrapped myself in my cloak made of part of the Chinese Empire, and lined with a cape in the southern part of the United States and busied myself in a town on the Schuylkill, until an island east of Labrador called me to breakfast.

A group of islands in the Gulf of Mexico burned brightly on the hearth, and another lying west of Africa greeted me with a cheerful song.

Soon a lake of North America brought in the breakfast, which consisted of an Asiatic country, and a river of British America, well seasoned with a lake in the western part of North America, and a South American city. To these were added a group of islands in the Pacific, and a plentiful portion of an island in the Atlantic.

As I am naturally fond of another group of islands in the Pacific, I chatted with a city in Ohio, and after I had satisfied my appetite, which was at first a town in the southern part of New Hampshire, I ate a large group of islands lying east of India with her. As she was suffering with a headache, I bathed her head with a city on the Rhine, but stopped suddenly on discovering that the North American lake was a Chinese city!

I assured him that he never would obtain a city in the western part of Missouri unless he mended his ways, although my disposition toward him was a group of islands in the Pacific; but should his conduct prove satisfactory, he might look forward with an African cape to obtaining a town in Kentucky in due time.

I then went out and enjoyed a Newfoundland cape after a lake of British America, and, after I returned, finding that the children were making a New York lake, I sent them all to bed, after wishing a good deal of a Scottish cape upon them.

CONGLOMERATION.

A list of half a dozen words, as incongruous as you choose, is given to the players, who, are required to write out, in ten minutes' time, a consecutive narrative which must not only introduce all the words, but use them in the order in which they occur on the list, which greatly increases the difficulty of the task. As each player

writes without consultation with the others, the six compositions are, at least, sure of the spice of variety. For example, let us say that the words given out shall be Kerosene, Tweed, Caterwauls, Christmas, Molasses, International-copyright.

A writes as follows:

Our distinguished fellow-citizen, Mr. Smith, was once lost upon a prairie in the depths of winter. He was so fortunate as to find a bottle of ***kerosene*** in the pocket of his ***tweed*** overcoat, with which he rubbed himself thoroughly from top to toe, to keep from freezing, all the while uttering the most fearful ***caterwauls*** and shrieks to attract the notice of any chance passer. It happened that ***Christmas*** was at hand, and a Hoosier family in the vicinity had decided to celebrate it by a candy scrape, and had sent to town for the necessary ***molasses***. The messenger, overhearing our friend, rushed to the rescue with a speed which is worthy of imitation by those who have in charge the establishment of an ***International-copyright*** law.

B, being of a less romancing turn of mind, makes the following practical observations:

The best thing the municipal government of New York can do in the present emergency, is to select a damp, dark dungeon, and there, lighted only by a ***kerosene*** lamp (the more likely to explode the better), shut in "Boss" ***Tweed***, and his fellow-sinners, and oblige them to copy, one by one, all Nast's caricatures of themselves, aided and assisted only by the ***caterwauls*** of 1,000 grimalkins, trained for the purpose. However, as the gentle spirit of ***Christmas*** is now abroad, to say nothing of Mr. Beecher's tender relentings toward these criminals, I would suggest that during their confinement, ***molasses*** might be given them to mollify their wounded feelings (a sort of "spermaceti for an inward bruise," as Shakespeare would call it), under the severity of the punishment which must continue until ***International-copyright*** has secured to me and my heirs the benefit of this original idea, in both continents, and forever.

C delivers himself thus:

"What! no lights but ***kerosene***!" cried a scornful sylph as she "glode" through the mazes of the dance. "And that everlasting ***tweed-le tweed-le*** of the fiddle reminds one perpetually that it is nothing but the posthumous ***caterwauls*** of the animal which died to string the instrument. Of all ***Christmas*** entertainments this is the most insipid. I would rather be at home sipping ***molasses*** and water, and reading all the documents which have been written on the ***International-copyright*** question, etc., etc.

VERBAL PUZZLE.

Unfortunately, it ceases to be very much of a puzzle when written, but you can repeat it to your friends by word of mouth, and with judicious emphasis on the italicised words it will surely prove far more bewildering than its old-fashioned cousin, "the father of Zebedee's children."

If Moses was the (so-called) *son* of Pharaoh's *daughter*, then was he also the *daughter* of Pharaoh's *son*.—*Advance.*

THE FOOLISH HAREBELL.

A harebell hung its wilful head:
"I am tired, so tired! I wish I was dead!"

She hung her head in the mossy dell;
"If all were over, then all were well."

The wind, he heard, and was pitiful;
He waved her about to make her cool.

"Wind, you are rough!" said the dainty bell;
"Leave me alone—I am not well."

And the wind at the voice of the drooping dame,
Sank in heart, and ceased for shame.

"I am hot, so hot!" she sighed and said:
"I am withering up; I wish I was dead!"

Then the sun, he pitied her pitiful case,
And drew a thick veil over his face.

"Cloud, go away, and don't be rude;
I am not—I don't see why you should."

The cloud withdrew; and the harebell cried,
"I am faint, so faint! and no water beside!"

And the dew came down its manifold path;
But she murmured, "I did not want a bath."

A boy came by in the morning gray;
He plucked the harebell, and threw it away.

The harebell shivered, and cried "Oh! oh!
I am faint, so faint! Come, dear wind, blow."

The wind blew softly, and did not speak,
She thanked him kindly, but grew more weak.

"Sun, dear sun, I am cold," she said.
He rose; but lower she drooped her head.

"O rain, I am withering; all the blue
Is fading out of me;—come, please do."

The rain came down as fast as it could,
But for all its will, it did her no good.

She shuddered and shriveled, and moaning said:
"Thank you all kindly;" and then she was dead.

Let us hope, let us hope, when she comes next year,
She'll be simple and sweet. But I fear, I fear.

—*George Macdonald, in Good Words for the Young.*

WE'VE NO ABIDING CITY HERE.

L. M.

p

We've no a - bid - ing cit - y here; This may dis-
We've no a - bid - ing cit - y here; We seek a
O sweet a - bode of peace and love, Where pil - grims
But hush my soul, nor dare re - pine, The time my

cres.

tress the world - ly mind, But should not cause the Saint a
cit - y out of sight, Zi - on its name, the Lord is
freed from toil are blest— Had I the pin - ions of a
God ap - points is best; While here to do his will be

f

f p

tear, Who hopes a bet - ter rest to find.
there, It shines with ev - er - last ing light.
dove I'd flee to Thee and be at rest.
mine, And His to fix my time of rest.

"ROCK OF AGES."

"Rock of Ages cleft for me"—
  Thoughtlessly the maiden sung,
Fell the words unconsciously
  From her girlish gleeful tongue;
Sang as little children sing;
  Sang as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like light leaves sown,
  On the current of the tune—
"Rock of Ages cleft for me,
  Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Let me hide myself in Thee"
  Felt her soul no need to hide;
Sweet the song as song could be—
  And she had no thought beside;
All the words unheedingly
  Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not they each might be
  On some other lips a prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
  Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—
  'Twas a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayfully;
  Every word her heart did know,
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
  Beats with weary wing the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred—
  Every syllable a prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
  Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—
  Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly—
  Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim,
"Let me hide myself in Thee;"
  Trembling though the voice and low,
Ran the sweet strains peacefully,
  Like a river in its flow.
Sung as only they can sing
  Who life's thorny paths have passed;
Sung as only they can sing
  Who behold the promised rest—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
  Let me hide myself in thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"
  Sung above a coffin lid;
Underneath, all restfully,
  All life's joys and sorrows hid.
Never more, O storm-tossed soul,
  Never more from wind or tide,
Never more from billow's roll,
  Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
  Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
  Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye, still the words would be,
  "Let me hide myself in Thee."

The Home.

WAS AUNT HANNAH RIGHT?

The prayer-meeting was progressing about as usual, Thursday evening, when Mr. Enfield arose and said he was afraid his life had been too worldly. He had been thinking the matter over since the commencement of the year, and had determined that his future life should copy more closely the perfect pattern.

These simple, earnest words caused a thrill of joy to run from heart to heart, that burst forth in the old hymn:

"Bless the Lord, O my soul."

For this brother had been a source of grief to many a heart, not only because he had neglected the house of God, but because his business was transacted upon entirely worldly principles, and in opposition to the higher teachings of the Bible. His family also were trained servants to selfishness, ambition and pride, apparently to his great satisfaction. In fact, although a professed Christian and a member of the church, his life had been truly a worldly one.

Mrs. Swan was at the same meeting,—the first one she had attended in three months. A troubled look rested on her face, as she listened to one exhortation after another. When she reached home after the close of the meeting, she found only Aunt Hannah in the cosy sitting-room; and, throwing herself into an easy chair, with the air of a person entirely discouraged, she sat deeply buried in thought. Aunt Hannah looked over the top of her glasses, with one of those keen, penetrating glances, indicative of a person versed in reading faces, then laying aside her knitting and removing her glasses, she straightened herself in her chair and assumed something of the air of a judge about to try an important case.

"Well, Mary, you look sad. Can I help you any?"

"Aunt Hannah, I am entirely discouraged. I don't know but I had better request that my name be removed from the church book. While listening to the remarks this evening, I noticed that several spoke of living above the world, as though they were breathing a heavenly air all the time. Now, I can't do it. Here I am in the midst of my family, with worldly cares enough to absorb every bit of the energies of soul, mind and body. How can I be thinking of God and heaven, when I am washing dishes, with one eye on my work and the other on baby. There are sometimes many days in succession, when it really seems as though I could not find five minutes to spend alone in secret prayer; and my communion with God consists only of lifting my heart in pleading for help, while my hands never cease their ministries.

"I have tried to do something as a member of the church, but I believe it is of no use. A short time ago I agreed to distribute some tracts; and there they lie on the shelf. Mrs. C. said very meaningly that she distributed every one of hers the next day after receiving them; and that she preferred to give some of her time to the Lord, and not all of it to the world. But it has required the exercise of my utmost energies to keep the children clothed decently for school and do my other necessary work. The care of baby prevents my going to meeting much, and in fact I am entangled in a perfect network of worldly cares. Now, what would you advise me to do?"

"You think, then," said Aunt Hannah, "that you love the things of this world better than your Maker?"

Mary looked surprised. "Oh, no, I don't, Aunt! Ever since little Bennie died, and I yielded my rebellious will to His, after that fearful struggle, I think I can conscientiously say, that I have loved God better than my family or any earthly thing."

"Oh, then," said Aunt Hannah, "it must be that in your relations to your family, your neighbors and your friends, you act upon principles that are satisfied if they meet the general requirements of public opinion, without stopping to ask whether those principles are built upon the rock or on the sands, whether they are in the interest of God or mammon."

Mary looked perplexed. She couldn't think what her aunt was aiming at.

"No, Aunt Hannah; I can't admit that. It is my earnest endeavor to teach my children to despise shams, and seek for goodness because it is good, not for its appearance only; and in my relations with my neighbors and friends, though I am

conscious of much imperfection, I do try to live and act Christian principles."

"Mary," said Aunt Hannah, "what do you understand, from the teachings of Christ, to be the true essence of Christian character?"

"I don't know," said Mary, hesitating, "unless it is loving God with all the heart, and our neighbor as ourselves."

"I think no reader of the Bible will question that," said Aunt Hannah. "Now, let us look at your desperate case. You think the first and most important requirement is,—loving God with all the heart. Now, what is meant by all the heart? We are told in immediate connection to love our neighbor as ourselves, so it can't mean that we are not to love anybody else; for there are two, our neighbor and ourselves, whom we are expected to love. I think we may safely say that Christ's meaning is, that God is to have the first and best place in our hearts, and His commandments are to be the rule of our lives. This you say is true in your case. You believe you love God best.

"The other requirement of which you speak is, loving our neighbor as ourselves. The meaning of which, I think, we both understand to be, treating our neighbors and friends as we would like to have them treat us under like circumstances. This principle is the one you say you are aiming to embody in your daily life. You say your worldly cares absorb all your energies, meaning by that, the performance of duties necessary for the comfort and happiness of your husband and children. Really, I don't know how your energies can be absorbed in a better work. Surely, God requires no higher offering from you than the spiritual, intellectual and moral training of those children. I think I fail to comprehend the desperate character of your case."

"Oh, Aunt Hannah, it can't be that this is all! It is very different from the impression I have always received from my Christian teachers and friends. My idea is something like this: These duties to which we have both referred as worldly cares are important and ought to be performed in a Christian spirit; but that they are a part of our Christian work, or that God accepts them as a part of our service to Him, I never have believed. On the contrary, I think the idea of most Christians is, that these things tend to draw our thoughts away from heavenly things; and the less time we bestow upon them, and the more upon religious duties, such as attending meetings, distributing tracts, &c., the better God is pleased."

"Do you find this distinction made in the Bible, Mary?"

"I don't think of any passage to the point; but Jesus said, 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.' And I am sure I have always heard this referred to as meaning speaking in meeting, and religious duties such as I spoke of a moment ago."

"Now, let me ask you, Mary, which is the heavier cross, to arise in meeting and say a few words, or to arise in the morning with the determination, by God's help, to keep that irritable temper of yours in check all day and then to do it, speaking gentle words when bitter ones keep striving to gain the mastery?"

"Oh, Aunt, with my nature there is no comparison between the two. The performance of the latter requires a fearful struggle sometimes, such as could never take place in connection with the former. With a person possessing a different nature, the opposite might be the case."

"But, it is your case we are considering now, Mary. That word 'worldly' seems to be a great stumbling-block with you. And I think the trouble is, that you make a mistake in separating your duties into two classes, worldly and religious. Nothing can be your duty unless it is something God wants you to do, and if it is what he wants you to do and you do it with a right spirit, whether it be going to church, or repairing your children's clothing, I believe it to be equally acceptable in His sight. You spoke a few minutes ago, of not being able to think of heavenly things and your work at the same time. Tell me, when are you the better pleased with your children, when they go to school and learn their lessons faithfully and strive to obey the rules, though they may not think of mother once, from the time they leave your door until they enter it again; or, when they sit listlessly in their seats at school, thinking, 'How I love my mother! How I wish I could be doing something for her, instead of spending my time here, over these dull books'?"

"The first would be the real obedience," said Mary, "and the latter disobedience; for I feel that my children honor me most, when they are most faithful in the performance of their duties. It is the faithfulness that I value."

"And just so," said Aunt Hannah, "I believe that God is never better pleased with us, than when we consecrate life's commonest duties by a faithful and conscientious performance of them."

"Oh, Aunt Hannah, if what you say is really true, it will lift from my heart the heaviest burden that has rested on it for ten years. You know that before I was married, I used to spend more than half my evenings and many of my days, either at the church, or in connection with church work; and since I have had family cares and been obliged to almost entirely neglect

such duties, I have carried with me, much of the time, a feeling of self-condemnation, which has been aggravated by such remarks as Mrs. C. made in regard to the tracts."

"Mary, I know Mrs. C. well. She divides her duties just as you have been accustomed to do; and I don't believe the idea has ever occurred to her that the sharp, stinging words, spoken to her children at home, far more than overbalance her prayers for them at the meetings. She works much of the time in a state of excitement, which makes her irritable, in order to get through, so as to have time to attend to her religious duties."

"I believe I do begin to see as you do, Aunt. Oh, what an inspiration it will give to my every-day life, to feel all the while, that the work I am doing is just what God wants me to do! It will be so much easier to struggle with life's little perplexities, if I can only feel that in overcoming I am laying up treasure in heaven.

"But don't you underrate the value of religious meetings?"

"I think not, Mary. Let me illustrate. Suppose you are going to California. You can't get there without partaking of nourishment by the way. Sometimes you take refreshment at a R.R. restaurant, stopping but a few minutes; sometimes you need more rest and stop at a hotel over night, and take two or three meals; and sometimes for sufficient reasons, you partake of food from your lunch basket.

"So the Christian, on his journey through this world must partake of the 'bread of life' by the way, or he will famish. Sometimes an evening meeting, or a chapter from the Bible furnishes the way-side refreshment. Then the attendance upon a series of religious services gives the soul unusual rest and stimulus; and again, while the hands continue their ministries, as you said awhile ago, the soul sends up its earnest petition for help and goes on its way refreshed.

"But would it not be absurd to call these hours for refreshment, the principal part of the journey? They seem to me to be only incidental parts of it, while the real journey is the life lived and the work done. We should say the person was a poor adviser, who should tell an inexperienced traveller, that the more time he spent in places of refreshment, the surer he would be to reach California, so I say that person, be he minister or layman, does injury to the cause he represents, who gives to any beginner in the Christian life such teaching as shall send him on his way, feeling that his Christian life is to consist mainly of religious exercises outside of his daily duties."

"Oh, Aunt Hannah, I am so glad you happened to be here this week. I believe you are right, and what you have said to-night will have an influence upon my whole life."—*Morning Star.*

SUGGESTIONS ABOUT DISCIPLINE.

There is great advantage in adapting the character of the punishment to that of the fault—making it, as far as possible, the natural and proper consequence of it. For instance, if the boys of a school do not come in promptly at the close of the twenty minutes' recess, but waste five minutes by their dilatoriness in obeying the summons of the bell, and the teacher keeps them for five minutes beyond the usual hour of dismissal, to make up for the lost time, the punishment may be felt by them to be deserved, and it may have a good effect in diminishing the evil it is intended to remedy; but it will probably excite a considerable degree of mental irritation, if not of resentment, on the part of the children, which will diminish the good effect, or is, at any rate, an evil which is to be avoided if possible.

If now, on the other hand, he assigns precisely the same penalty in another form, the whole of the good effect may be secured without the evil. Suppose he addresses the boys just before they are to go out at the next recess, as follows:

"I think, boys, that twenty minutes is about the right length of time for the recess, all told—that is, from the time you go out to the time when you are *all* back in your seats again, quiet and ready to resume your studies. I found yesterday that it took five minutes for you all to come in—that is, that it was five minutes from the time the bell was rung before all were in their seats; and to-day I shall ring the bell after fifteen minutes, so as to give you time to come in. If I find to-day that it takes ten minutes, then I will give you more time to come in to-morrow, by ringing the bell after you have been out ten minutes.

"I am sorry to have you lose so much of your recess, and if you can make the time for coming in shorter, then, of course, your recess can be longer. I should not wonder if, after a few trials, you should find that you could all come and get into your places in one minute; and if so, I shall be very glad, for then you can have an uninterrupted recess of nineteen minutes, which will be a great gain."

Every one who has had any considerable experience in the management of boys will readily understand how different the effect of this measure will be from that of the other, while yet the penalty is in both cases precisely the same—namely, the loss, for the boys, of five minutes of their play.

The question of resorting to corporal

punishment in the training of the young has been much, very much, argued and discussed on both sides by writers on education; but it seems to me to be mainly a question of competency and skill. If the parent or teacher has tact or skill enough, and practical knowledge enough of the workings of the youthful mind, he can gain all the necessary ascendency over it without resort to the violent infliction of bodily pain in any form. If he has not these qualities, then he must turn to the next best means at his disposal; for it is better that a child should be trained and governed by the rod than not trained and governed at all. I do not suppose that savages could possibly control their children without blows; while, on the other hand, Maria Edgeworth would have brought under complete submission to her will a family of the most ardent and impulsive juveniles, perhaps without even a harsh word or frown. If a mother begins with children at the beginning, is just and true in all her dealings with them, gentle in manner, but inflexibly firm in act, and looks constantly for Divine guidance and aid in her conscientious efforts to do her duty, I feel quite confident that it will never be necessary for her to strike them. The necessity may, however, sooner or later come, for aught I know, in the case of those who act on the contrary principle. Under such management, the rod may come to be the only alternative to absolute unmanageableness and anarchy.

While the parent must take care to establish the *principle of authority* as the ground of obedience on the part of his children, he may do all in his power—and that will be a great deal—to make the acts of obedience easy, or, at least, to diminish the difficulty of them and the severity of the trial which they often bring to the child.

One mode by which this may be done is by not springing disagreeable obligations upon a child suddenly, but by giving his mind a little time to form itself to the idea of what is to come. When Johnny and Mary are playing together happily with their blocks upon the floor, and are, perhaps, just completing a tower which they have been building, if their mother comes suddenly into the room, announces to them abruptly that it is time for them to go to bed, throws down the tower and brushes the blocks into the basket, and then hurries the children away to the undressing, she gives a sudden and painful shock to their whole nervous system, and greatly increases the disappointment and pain which they experience in being obliged to give up their play. The delay of a single minute would be sufficient to bring their minds round easily and gently into submission to the necessity of the case. If she comes to them with a smile, looks upon their work a moment with an expression of interest and pleasure upon her countenance, and then says:—

"It is bed-time, children; but I would like to see you finish your tower."

One minute of delay like this, to soften the suddenness of the transition, will make the act of submission to the necessity of giving up play and going to bed, in obedience to the mother's command, comparatively easy, instead of being, as it very likely would otherwise have been, extremely vexatious and painful.

In the same way, in bringing to a close an evening party of children at play, it the lady of the house comes a little before the time and says to them that after "one more play," or "two more plays," as the case may be, "the party must come to an end," the closing of it would be made easy; while by waiting till the hour had come, and then suddenly interrupting the gayety, perhaps in the middle of a game, by the abrupt announcement to the children that the clock has struck, and they must stop their plays and begin to get ready to go home, she brings upon them a sudden shock of painful surprise, disappointment, and, perhaps, irritation.

So, if children are to be called away from their play for any purpose whatever, it is always best to give them a little notice, if it only be a moment's notice, beforehand. "John, in a minute or two I shall wish you to go and get some wood. You can be getting your things ready to be left." "Mary, it is almost time for your lesson. You had better put Dolly to sleep and lay her in the cradle." "Boys, in ten minutes it will be time for you to go to school. So do not begin any new whistles, but only finish what you have begun."

On the same principle, if boys are at play in the open air—at ball, or skating, or flying kites—and are to be recalled by a bell, obedience to the call will be made much more easy to them by a preliminary signal, as a warning, given five minutes before the time.

Of course, it will not always be convenient to give these signals and these signs of preparation. Nor will it be always necessary to give them. To determine how and in what cases it is best to apply the principle here explained will require some tact and good judgment on the part of the parent. It would be folly to lay down a rigid rule of this kind to be considered as always obligatory. All that is desirable is that the mother should understand the principle, and that she should apply it as far as she conveniently and easily can do so. She will find in practice that when she once appreciates the value of it, and observes its kind and beneficient working, she will find it convenient

to apply it far more generally than shef would suppose.

It is very plain that softening thus the hardship for the child of any act of obedience required of him by giving him a little time implies no abatement of the authority of the parent, nor does it detract at all from the implicitness of the obedience on the part of the child. The submission to authority is as complete in doing a thing in five minutes if the order was to do it in five minutes, as in doing it at once if the order was to do it at once. And the mother must take great care, when thus trying to make obedience more easy by allowing time, that it should be prompt and absolute when the time has expired.

The idea is, that though the parent is bound fully to maintain his authority over his children, in all its force, he is also bound to make the exercise of it as little irksome and painful to them as possible, and to prevent as much as possible the pressure of it from encroaching upon their juvenile joys. He must insist inexorably on being obeyed; but he is bound to do all in his power to make the yoke of obedience light and easily to be borne.

Indeed, besides the bearing of these views on the happiness of the children, it is not at all improbable that the question of health may be seriously involved in them. For, however certain we may be of the immateriality of the soul in its essence, it is a perfectly well-established fact that all its operations and functions, as an animating spirit in the human body, are fulfilled through the workings of material organs in the brain: that these organs are in childhood in an exceedingly immature, tender, and delicate condition; and that all sudden, sharp, and especially, painful emotions, greatly excite, and sometimes cruelly irritate them.

When we consider how seriously the action of the digestive organs, in persons in an ordinary state of health, is often interfered with by mental anxiety or distress; how frequently, in persons subject to headaches, the paroxysm is brought on by worryings or perplexities endured incidentally on the preceding day; and especially how often violent and painful emotions, when they are extreme, result in decided and sometimes in permanent and hopeless insanity—that is, in an irreparable damage to some delicate mechanism in the brain—we shall see that there is every reason for supposing that all sudden shocks to the nervous system of children, all violent and painful excitements, all vexations and irritations, and ebullitions of ill-temper and anger, have a tendency to disturb the healthy development of the cerebral organs, and may, in many cases, seriously affect the future health and welfare, as well as the present happiness, of the child.

It is true that mental disturbances and agitations of this kind cannot be wholly avoided. But they should be avoided as far as possible; and the most efficient means for avoiding them is a firm, though calm and gentle establishment and maintenance of parental authority, and not, as many mothers very mistakenly imagine, by unreasonable indulgences, and by endeavors to manage their children by persuasions, bribings, and manœuvrings, instead of by commands. The most indulged children, and the least governed, are always the most petulant and irritable; while a strong government, if regular, uniform, and just, and administered by gentle measures, is the most effectual of all possible instrumentalities for surrounding childhood with an atmosphere of calmness and peace.

In a word, while the mother is bound to do all in her power to render submission to her authority easy and agreeable to her children, by softening as much as possible the disappointment and hardship which her commands sometimes occasion, and by connecting pleasurable ideas and sensations with acts of obedience on the part of the child, she must not at all relax the authority itself, but must maintain it under all circumstances in its full force, with a very firm and decided, though still gentle hand.—*From "Gentle Measures in the Training of the Young," by Jacob Abbott.*

THE HEALTH OF OUR GIRLS.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

All that women can ever be they must work out for themselves, and they must commence with the body first. It is idle to expect great achievement from the present race of girls and women; they are physically incapable of it. They fall at once under the pressure, or live short lives, broken by incessant struggles with pain and poverty of body.

All the efforts for the education and advancement of women will be comparative failures, because they commence wrong—they try to achieve a result with inadequate means. Instead of taking the puny, sensitive, nervous, high-strung girl, and trying to make a Greek professor of her, they should rescue her as a baby from her cambric and her "bassinet," put her in warm clothing and a comfortable bed, and have her fed on mother's milk, instead of condensed poison, biscuit-powder, and arrowroot.

Boys would be very apt to share the fate of girls if they were left at home; but, fortunately for them, at the close of babyhood, their pathways diverge; boys are

sent to boys' schools, military training schools, and institutions where physical culture is part of the general system of education. Moreover, when at home, they are allowed to run, jump, exercise their limbs, and strengthen their lungs, unimpeded by caution or clothing, and thus they escape the puny fate of their sisters, and acquire, at least, some degree of hardihood and manliness.

But girls, from the time they can speak, are taught to subdue all outward manifestation of power and force as vulgar—to control and regulate voice, manner and action by a certain conventional standard—to place the highest value upon dress, and the appearance of beauty, and amiabilty; but to despise realities—to be helpless, instead of helpful—to neglect and discourage the use of the faculties, instead of endeavoring to stimulate and encourage them—to embody, in short, as little of the true genius of womanhood, in their own persons, as possible, and, while endeavoring to get all the good out of the world that they can, to give as little back as the nature of things will allow.

How often we hear it said that there are no children nowadays, and especially no little girls; and how sadly, bitterly, shamefully true it is! So long as we have no children, no girls, we shall have no women, only such abortions as a stinted physical and moral growth naturally produces.

The folly which controls girls in infancy is exhibited in another form as they approach womanhood. At an age when nature demands plenty of fresh air, and exercise, they are immured within four walls, and fastened down to text-books, the cramming from which, in nine cases out of ten, is a merely mechanical process, which fits them for nothing, and is never dreamed of as being applied to any practical purpose. The technical part of their "education," so called, is dropped with their school-clothes; not one in twenty could answer a class question six weeks after leaving school, and they will contemptuously speak of a school-mate who is a conscientious student as doing it probably because she has "got to teach."

BREAKING CHILDREN'S SPIRITS.

"There was another point," said my young sister-in-law, "that my neighbor, **Mrs. Whittle,** was very earnest and emphatic about. She said that she would never be guilty of breaking her children's spirits by this insisting so early on obedience. That was just what was done, she was sure, when parents were so strict and particular; it made their children mean-spirited."

"Well," I answered, "and what did you say to her about that?"

"I at once thought of brother John's family, and I said to her, I can hardly believe that it is always so. I know of a family of boys and girls, some of them are grown almost men and women. They were all taught from their babyhood implicitly to obey their mother and father. I do not believe that one of them ever seriously thought of disobedience, or if they did, ever for a moment expected to escape the penalty of it. When they were little they were never reasoned with before obedience was asked. They understood that they were to obey, because father and mother said so. So they have grown up. But I do not know where there are to be found girls more bright and lively, yet dignified, nor boys more active, playful, and high-spirited. I do not believe you could induce one of them to do a mean act, and I know that not one of them would tamely brook or submit calmly to an insult. Indeed, if I were to point out a striking characteristic of that family, I should say they are high-toned. So I put my fact against her argument, and when in reply to her question I told her who the family was, she had nothing to answer, for she knows them well."

"You gave her the very best answer you could frame. One fact often plays the mischief with an excellent theory. Your friend's ideas are very common, and are held by a good many shallow-thinking people. Do you know what sort of boys Mrs. Whittle has?"

"That was just the point that surprised me. If her children had been models of good behavior, and well-known for manliness, I should not have been astonished at her emphatic expression of opinion on these points. But the fact is, they are, both girls and boys, the very opposite of beautiful models. I hear what is said of them by my younger brothers and sisters at home—they are neighbors of Mrs. Whittle— and if doing little meannesses, and being guilty of petty falsehoods and small deceptions are evidences of character, one would hardly say that they are a very lofty-spirited famly. They are passionate enough and ready to get into quarrels, to break rules and create disorder on the sly, but seem to be wholly destitute of any loftiness or generosity of feeling."

"That is just what I should expect in children trained on those principles. They have never been made to respect law, they have never had given them any high ideas of authority, of doing right because it is right, and it is not surprising that their life and character show the defect of their education. Out of just such children are made the dangerous classes, the reckless, law-defying men and women who, if they

do not fill our prisons are filling the community with alarm. You might have told your neighbor that such people do not make up the number of the high-spirited and noble among men.

"No, it is all the other way. If you show me a girl whom no blandishments could lead astray, who by her very carriage shows her nobility, if you show me a boy whose very organization is so fine that to do a mean or ignoble act would be to violate his whole nature, then I will show you a boy and a girl over whom parental law has been a power from their birth. They have been accustomed to yield to the highest authority, and so they acknowledge no lower. The law has made them free and noble."

"Why, Uncle William, you seem to feel warmly on that subject."

"I am quite willing to have you think so. I do feel warmly. I might say I am half indignant at the folly of one so much older than you, and a mother too, soberly giving utterance to such thoughts. It is indeed a very low and vulgar notion that to make a child obedient is to break his spirit. I am not astonished that you felt its fallacy or that you instinctively refuted it by palpable facts."

My little sister-in-law smiled complacently, as indeed she had a right to. Her womanly instinct had gone in advance of her reasoning. If her boy should grow up I know that he will be a generous, high-toned, chivalric man, since from the beginning he has been taught to honor law. —*Uncle William, in Christian Weekly.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

Rhubarb Jam.—To every pound of rhubarb allow one pound of loaf sugar, the rind of one half lemon. Wipe the rhubarb perfectly dry, take off the string or peel, and weigh it; put it into a preserving-pan, with sugar in the above proportion; mince the lemon-rind very finely, add it to the other ingredients, and place the preserving-pan by the side of the fire; keep stirring to prevent the rhubarb from burning, and when the sugar is well dissolved, put the pan more over the fire, and let the jam boil until it is done, taking care to keep it well skimmed and stirred with a wooden or silver spoon. Pour it into pots, and cover down with oiled and egged papers. If the rhubarb is young and tender, three quarters of an hour, reckoning from the time it simmers equally; old rhubarb, one and a quarter to one and a half hour.

Macaroni, as usually served with the cheese course.—One half pound of pipe macaroni, one quarter pound of butter, six ounces of Parmesan or Cheshire cheese, pepper and salt to taste, one pint of milk, two pints of water, bread crumbs. Put the milk and water into a saucepan with sufficient salt to flavor it; place it on the fire, and, when it boils quickly, drop in the macaroni. Keep the water boiling until it is quite tender; drain the macaroni, and put it into a deep dish. Have ready the grated cheese, either Parmesan or Cheshire; sprinkle it amongst the macaroni and some of the butter cut into small pieces, reserving some of the cheese for the top layer. Season with a little pepper, and cover the top layer of cheese with some very fine bread crumbs. Warm, without oiling, the remainder of the butter, and pour it gently over the bread crumbs. Place the dish before a bright fire to brown the crumbs; turn it once or twice, that it may be equally colored, and serve very hot. The top of the macaroni may be browned with a salamander, which is even better than placing it before the fire, as the process is more expeditious; but it should never be browned in the oven, as the butter would oil, and so impart a very disagreeable flavor to the dish. In boiling the macaroni, let it be perfectly tender but firm, no part beginning to melt, and the form entirely preserved. It may be boiled in plain water, with a little salt instead of using milk, but should then have a small piece of butter mixed with it. One and a half to one and three-quarter hour to boil the macaroni; five minutes to brown it before the fire. Sufficient for six or seven persons.

To Boil Eggs for Breakfast, Salads, &c.—Eggs for boiling cannot be too fresh, or boiled too soon after they are laid; but rather a longer time should be allowed for boiling a new-laid egg than for one that is three or four days old. Have ready a saucepan of boiling water; put the eggs into it gently with a spoon, letting the spoon touch the bottom of the saucepan before it is withdrawn, that the egg may not fall, and consequently crack. For those who like eggs lightly boiled, three minutes will be found sufficient; three and three quarters to four minutes will be found ample time to set the white nicely; and, if liked hard, six to seven minutes will not be found too long. Should the eggs be unusually large, as those of black Spanish fowls sometimes are, allow an extra half minute for them. Eggs for salads should be boiled from ten minutes to a quarter of an hour, and should be placed in a basin of cold water for a few minutes; they should then be rolled on the table with the hand, and the shell will peel off easily.

Lamb Chops.—Fry them a light brown in butter, then add a little water, flour, salt, and a dust of pepper, to the gravy; let it brown, and pour it over the chops.

Literary Notices.

How to Do It. By Edward Everett Hale. Boston: J. Osgood & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

This volume contains a great many ideas which will be found valuable not only to the young, for whom the book is intended, but also to those more advanced in life. The Rev. Mr. Hale discusses various subjects, such as conversation, reading, writing, manners in society, the formation of habits, &c., with a vigor and originality which is not often brought to bear on the practical matters of every-day life. A few extracts will give a better idea of the book than any description can. Speaking of the discomfort to older children of having little ones running round after them, he says:—

Children, particularly little children, are very glad to be directed, and to be kept even at work, if they are in the company of older persons, and think they are working with them. If there is any undertaking of an afternoon, and you find that there is a body of the younger children who want to be with you who are older, do not make them and yourselves unhappy by rebuking them for "tagging after" you. Of course they tag after you. At their age you were glad of such improving company as yours is. It has made you what you are. Instead of scolding them, then, just avail yourselves of their presence, and make the occasion comfortable to them, by giving them some occupation for their hands. See how cleverly Fanny is managing down on the beach with those four little imps. Fanny really wants to draw, and she has her water-colors, and Edward Holiday has his and is teaching her. And these four children from the hotel have "tagged" down after her. You would say that was too bad, and you would send them home, I am afraid. Fanny has not said any such thing. She has "accepted the position," and made herself queen of it, as she is apt to do. She showed Reginald, first of all, how to make a rainbow of pebbles,—violet pebbles, indigo pebbles, blue pebbles, and so on to red ones. She explained that it had to be quite large so as to give the good effect. In a minute Ellen had the idea and started another, and then little Jo began to help Ellen, and Phil to help Rex. And there those four children have been tramping back and forth over the beach for an hour, bringing and sorting and arranging colored pebbles, while Edward and Fanny have gone on quietly with their drawing.

In short, the great thing with children, as with grown people, is to give them something to do. You can take a child of two years on your knee, while there is reading aloud, so that the company hopes for silence. Well, if you only tell that child to be still, he will be wretched in one minute, and in two will be on the floor and rushing wildly all round the room. But if you will take his little plump hand and "pat a cake" it on yours; or make his little fat fingers into steeples or letters, or rabbits, you can keep him quiet without saying a single word for half an hour. At the end of the most tiresome railway journey, when everybody in the car is used up, the children most of all, you can cheer up these poor tired little things who have been riding day and night for six days from Pontchatrain, if you will take out a pair of scissors and cut out cats and dogs and dancing-girls from the newspapers or from the back of a letter, and will teach them how to parade them along on the velvet of the car. Indeed, I am not quite sure but you will entertain yourself as much as any of them.

On the subject of composition, writing, Mr. Hale gives a great many very good hints; but we have only room for one or two. About using short words, he says:—

We have not space to go into the theory of these rules, as far as I should like to. But you see the force which a short word has, if you can use it, instead of a long one. If you want to say "hush," "hush" is a much better word than the French "*taises-vous.*" If you want to say "halt," "halt" is much better than the French "*arretez-vous.*" The French have, in fact, borrowed "*halte*" from us or from the German, for their tatics. For the same reason, you want to prune out the unnecessary words from your sentences, and even the classes of words which seem put in to fill up. If, for instance, you can express your idea without an adjective, your sentence is stronger and more manly. It is better to say "a saint" than "a saintly man." It is better to say "This is the truth" than

"This is the truthful result." Of course an adjective may be absolutely necessary. But you may often detect extempore speakers in piling in adjectives, because they have not yet hit on the right noun. In writing, this is not to be excused. "You have all the time there is," when you write, and you do better to think a minute in thinking for one right word, than to put in two in its place,—because you can do so without loss of time. I hope every school-girl knows, what I am sure every school-boy knows, Sheridan's saying, that "Easy writing is hard reading."

In general, as I said before, other things being equal,

"THE FEWER WORDS THE BETTER."

There is one adverb or adjective which it is almost always safe to leave out in America. It is the word very. I learned that from one of the masters of English style. "Strike out your 'verys,'" said he to me, when I was young. I wish I had done so oftener than I have.

As an important rule in school life, Mr. Hale gives:—

DO WHAT YOU DO WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT.

It is a good rule in everything; in sleeping, in playing, or in whatever you have in hand. But nothing tends to make school time pass quicker; and the great point, as I will acknowledge, is to get through with the school hours as quickly as we fairly can.

Now if in written arithmetic, for instance, you will start instantly on the sums as soon as they are given out; if you will bear on hard on the pencil, so as to make clear white marks, instead of greasy, flabby, pale ones on the slate; if you will rule the columns for the answers as carefully as if it were a blank ledger you were ruling, or if you will wash the slate so completely that no vestige of old work is there, you will find that the mere exercise of energy of manner infuses spirit and correctness into the thing done.

I remember my drawing-teacher once snapped the top of my pencil with his forefinger, gently, and it flew across the room. He laughed and said, "How can you expect to draw a firm line with a pencil held like that?" It was a good lesson, and it illustrates this rule,—"Do with all your might the work that is to be done."

Notices.

NOTICES.

Our frontispiece represents HORAGE GREELEY, the "great and good," as his admirers delight to call him, engaged in the agricultural occupations in which he finds rest and relaxation when wearied with the work and cares of journalism. As editor of the *New York Tribune*, he has done much for the advancement of mankind in various ways, and although he is not without his failings, he well deserves what immortality the pictorial art can give him.

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(*Continued from second page of Cover.*)
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