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ON THE STIKINE—SOURCE OF THE THIRD NORTH FORK.

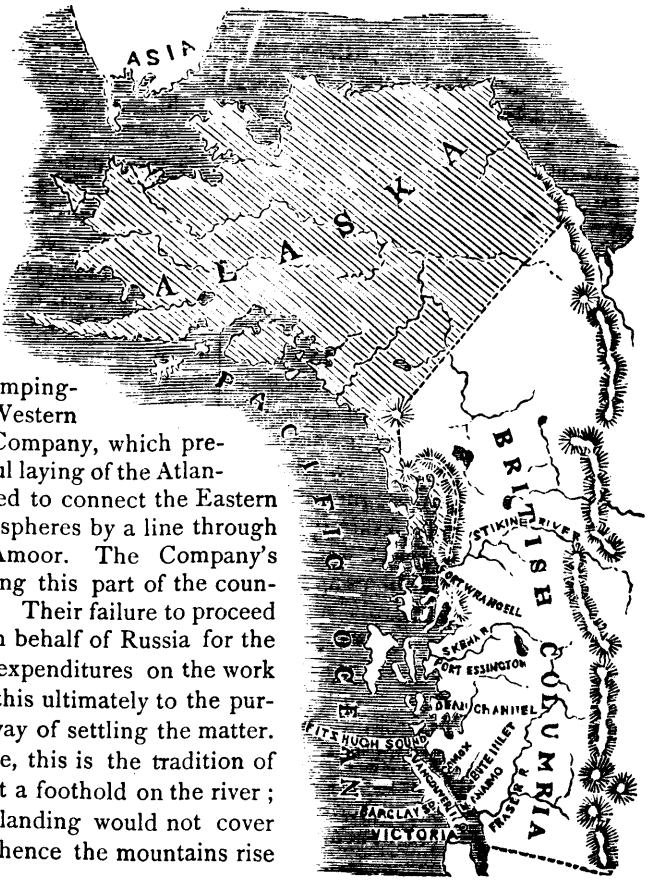
Summit where waters divide—on one side to the Arctic, on the other to the Pacific. (Compression of 19 miles.)

New Dominion Monthly.

OCTOBER, 1877.

THE STIKINE.

(Continued.)



THURSDAY 31st. — Left Glenora 7 a.m.— five saddle horses, six pack horses, carrying camp equipages, tents, kitchen and provisions for five weeks. Reached Telegraph Creek at 1 p.m., so called from being the camping-ground of the Western Union Telegraph Company, which previous to the successful laying of the Atlantic Cable, was formed to connect the Eastern and Western Hemispheres by a line through Russia from the Amoor. The Company's officers were surveying this part of the country for that purpose. Their failure to proceed led to a demand on behalf of Russia for the re-payment of her expenditures on the work —$4,000,000, and this ultimately to the purchase of Alaska by way of settling the matter. Whether true or false, this is the tradition of the place. It is but a foothold on the river; the whole available landing would not cover 500 yards square—thence the mountains rise

abruptly on every side, and the zig-zag trails commence. The canoes are constantly coming in with freight from Glenora—pole up close to the bank on the opposite side till well above the landing—then dash out, and in a moment are swept by the deep and rushing current across. Here the packing commences, and weekly or semi-weekly—perhaps oftener—long trains of perhaps forty or fifty miles of pack horses go off laden with flour, bacon, sugar, beans, tea, coffee and canned fruits. The latter supply the place of vegetables, which neither climate, time, nor labor permit to be produced in any quantity in those northern regions. The cost of each article becomes almost fabulous by the time it reaches its destination at Dease Lake; but then it is good—for as the traders say, the freight is so heavy, they cannot afford to pay it for bad articles, and the miners, even the Chinese, will have nothing but the best. Roll-butter is a luxury at $2.25 per lb., tea $1.25, ham 50 cts., oatmeal 35 cts., beef 35 cts., and tobacco $1.50; canned fruits $1.25, preserved milk $1 per can, and very small cans; brandy $8 per gallon, whiskey $7.50. Each meal—bacon and beans for breakfast, and beans and bacon for dinner—$1.50 each; or $4.50 per day for a very limited sustenance of three meals—scant, simple, unvaried and untempting. Labor in this region ranges at the lowest from $6 to $10 per day. There is no current coin; everything is paid for in gold dust, weighed out, the sole purse being a buckskin bag—and Sunday the day for the weekly settlement of all accounts. The Indians and miners gamble greatly, and cards are lying about in all directions, seemingly as indigenous as the gold for which they dig and hazard life, health, happiness and comfort. Grain for a horse, either barley or oats (the latter hardly ever seen), is twenty-five cents per pound; hay of the very worst description, not fit for litter (if it can be got at all), ranges at from $100 to $300 per ton.

In the clear, bracing northern air, both men and horses get a ravenous appetite; and were it not for the rough pasture occasionally found at some of the camping grounds, intermingled with a little unwilling starvation on the part of the horses, and abstemiousness on the part of the men, the daily supply of a small train like ours would, if dependent on local resources, exceed all reasonable calculation apart from all other expenses. No spirits of any kind should be permitted on such an expedition, from its commencement to its close. Tea is the best, most refreshing and most sustaining beverage. Our horses were roughshod at the creek, so as to climb the hills, and we rode out to our camping-ground some two miles off. The next morning (September 1st) broke ground early, made twenty-one miles, and camped in a wretched, dirty cedar swamp, on the crest of the range of hills we were to follow. The trail during the day was along the side of the mountains—on an average about 1,500 feet above the river, which, when the slopes permitted it to be seen, looked like a little rivulet below. The precipices were sometimes frightful. Around one of barren, reddish shale the pathway was not two feet wide, and if a horse or man missed his footing no earthly power could save him. As a rule the horses are wonderfully sure-footed, and men from necessity become accustomed to the dizzy height. During the last season one pack horse, it was said, went over at this spot; no vestige of him was found or heard of afterwards. It was useless to look. He was simply blotted out and the train moved on. Yet from this very spot one could not but pause and look around. On the opposite side the mountain wall rose from the river with a clear, unbroken face, perpendicular, in height at least 800 feet, composed of five distinct strata, the lower one of sandstone, or more correctly speaking conglomerate, sand and gravel and boulders com-

pressed—probably two hundred feet in depth; in one part of it, two huge cavern entrances worn by the action of the water, with an enormous boulder forming the column of support between the two, then a distinct layer of lava defined and marked as if it had flowed over and cooled—then another, then another; each equally defined and marked, each about the same depth, from 150 to 200 feet, the upper surface perfectly flat, forming a bench back towards the mountain, perhaps half a mile, whence the mountain sloped upwards, in height corresponding to the range on which we rode. Whether the formation was the same on our side it was impossible to say, as the *débris* between us and the bank below, narrow as the space was, would not permit observation to be made. On our side the mountains towered far above us, and rounding the point, we could see stretching away in front for several miles the bench over which our trail would pass, but so trending as to obstruct the continuation of the view of the wall of the river on the opposite side. The benches and the sides of the mountains were covered with trees, except here and there where sufficient soil had not been deposited on the lava bed to admit of vegetation.

This formation, however, was but the entrance leading to the lava beds at the "First North Fork," as it is called, of the River. Here the scene is simply indescribable. The whole country looked as if it had been rent and torn asunder in convulsions. The Fork ran into the river through a perpendicular fissure of a thousand feet. The peninsula forming the point between the Fork and the river was lava pure and simple—scarred and rugged, without a leaf of vegetation of any kind. On one side of the Fork, opposite to the point of the peninsula, rose a conical mountain 2,000 feet in height, unbroken to the water's edge. On the corresponding side of the main river—standing on the flat surface, in front of the mountain behind, from which it had been clearly torn by the wash and waste of centuries—stood a huge block of lava, ragged and pointed, cathedral-like in shape and size, with buttresses and spires as if designed by Art—while facing the two, and immediately opposite the point of the peninsula, a mountain of gravelly formation rose straight and high many thousand feet, down which our zig-zag trail descended. Then as far as the eye could see along both rivers—the main and the Fork, and after the junction in the three directions—they ran through unbroken perpendicular walls of lava seven or eight hundred feet in height.

How or when such formations were made a geologist alone could tell. To us it seemed as if the whole had been a seething sea of surging, molten lava, when the Divine command went forth, stayed its power, and bade its turmoil cease.

"Illum Expirantem transfixô pectorê flammas
Turbine corripuit, scopuloque infixit acute."

Yet amid this terrific scene there was life. At the water's edge, at the bottom of the last mentioned mountain, down which our trail descended, a little bridge spanned the Fork, and on a small bank beyond formed by the *débris*, the Taltan Indians have their village, just at the base of the peninsula. They are considered a fine tribe, honest and industrious, and pride themselves upon their good name. They claim the lordship of the river, and refuse to permit the Naas or sea-coast Indians to come into the interior. A feud long existed between them, which was only quieted this season by compensation for the excess in the number of scalps that one tribe had obtained over the other. On this spot the Taltans have large wicker buildings, in which they live, and store their winter supply of salmon. In British Columbia the staple food of the Indians is salmon. The fish is used in every

conceivable way, and dried for winter's use. The Indians' habits not being very clean, the entrails are thrown about their camping-grounds in every direction. Everything smells of salmon, their persons, their clothes, their huts—the very air is polluted—salmon—salmon—salmon—everywhere—on the water—on the land—and on the breeze! In this region they paint their faces hideously, black, red, and brown—a prevention, it is said, against the sun and flies. The women indulge principally in black, from a little above the eyebrows to the mouth, and have the appearance of devils incarnate, if there be such creatures. At this time the tribe was away hunting, and two lone squaws were in charge of the domain.

Sentimental scribblers are wont to write a great deal of romantic nonsense about the dark maid of the forest—but truly, the most striking characteristic she possesses, next to the extraordinary locomotive power of the lower jaw in chewing gum, is the disregard of soap.

The eye, however, is dark and expressive, and the voice low and musical. The elder of the two guardians of the salmon sheds was fat and paunchy, the younger amazonian in size, with a low forehead, high cheek bones, large mouth, and broad face, rendered slightly unattractive by the profuse use of a dark coloring, making the tawny red more tawny. With the most utter indifference to the presence of strangers, she murmured and chanted a listless air of a somewhat plaintive character, which, as translated by our interpreter, seemed not inappropriate to the place, standing as we were amid the primeval fragments left when Creation closed its work.

Though old and blasé and embittered by the disappointments of a wasted life, the spirit of earlier years swept back upon me, and I reduced to words, the Taltan maiden's creed.

When chaos first to order sprung,
And Light was born as Beauty's bride,
The exulting spheres in chorus sung
And "Love" the echoing hills replied.

Lo! rushing to their billowy home,
Old Ocean's waves caught up the strain,
Soft rose the music from their foam
And "Love" was murmured o'er the main.

E'en Death that moment's power confess'd,
And bade to worlds this mandate fly,
By Heaven's host, by Earth caress'd,
"Love, love and live, Love not and die."

If anything could make such an unearthly spot endurable at all, it certainly would be the gentle passion to which the maid referred; but it would be far more endurable if the maiden were a Saxon fair, with a white face, and a little less of the fragrance of—salmon!

The next day produced nothing remarkable, the trail simply continuing, after leaving the Lava District, through a succession of lofty mountains, ascending and descending continually by winding ledges along the sides, but in some instances by zig-zags of frightful character. The most striking perhaps is at the "Second North Fork," and may be taken as illustrative of the whole. The Second North Fork, like the first, runs into the main river, through a canon of great height, but not of lava formation, the fissure showing the mountains to be of gravel and clay. The sides are almost perpendicular to the Fork—on the south side as we approach and descend covered with trees and shrubbery; on the opposite, bare and rugged, showing nothing but sand and gravel, from which slides must occasionally take place, as the trail had been diverted. As these mountains cannot be turned, and there is no winding round, the ascent can only be by zig-zag directly upward. Viewed from either side, the trail looks like a narrow moulding, on which a bird could scarcely rest; to overcome the height the turns have to be made at the most acute angles—in some places very short, every eight or ten yards, and at the summit eight or ten

feet. At some of the turns a fall would be perpendicular—at others a little broken by scant shrubbery or *débris* of gravel and sand, forming a very steep slope; but in almost every instance fatal. The ascent is so sharp that it is easier to ride up than to climb, if the horse is well shod, and you have anything of a seat; but it is more prudent always to walk down and lead your horse, lest he should put his foot on a rolling stone. The trail is not anywhere more than three feet wide, being so kept because with the pack trains an after mule will frequently endeavor to crowd the one before him, if there is the slightest opening between that one and the wall of the mountain; in which case, as the crowding mule always takes the inside, the other must go over the precipice. It is astonishing how intelligent and knowing those mules become. Distance should always be allowed, and there must be no checking. The horse you ride must have his head and his own way. He will stop often enough to recover his breath, but there being no turning space, if baulked, over he goes. All you have to do is to hold the reins lightly, grip your seat tightly, and throw your weight forward by holding on to the mane, making it lively by standing in the stirrups. Most riders in the country use the Mexican saddle, which by means of the pummel affords a good hold, but there is no inconvenience or trouble with an English saddle to those accustomed to it.

The Fork is crossed by a rather dangerous suspension bridge of poles, which sways and sags, and should not be crossed by more than one horse at a time. One other simple precaution must be observed—to see that there are no other trains on the zig-zag at the same time. The bell mule of one coming always gives warning, and whoever is on the level, either above or below, must stop until the other passes. The rules of the road are well kept, and notwithstanding the incessant meeting of the upgoing and returning trains, consisting sometimes of 40 or 50 mules heavily laden, perhaps three or four times a day, and the reckless riding of the packers, an accident seldom happens. 'Tis a rough and ready life, wonderfully productive of self-reliance.

This day we made 21 miles, and camped at a place called Cariboo Camp, an exceedingly execrable spot, dirty, flea-y, and fleecy, with bad water and little wood, and where we had to pay at the rate of $100 a ton for bad marsh flags and weeds, which the proprietor of the hut walked into a swamp and cut, and sold under the delusive name of hay.

Sunday Morning the 3rd.—Up at quarter past four. Breakfast at 5; broke camp at 7. The night was cold. Ice formed an inch thick, but as the sun rose and the day advanced it became bright and cheerful. The trail, in the language of the country, was very good; that it was, compared with the effort to get through when there was no trail at all, was undoubtedly true, but it is yet capable of great improvement. The trees are cut down, and a horse has some difficulty in winding in and out among the stumps. The Government, however, are expending money on it, and in a year or two, unless abandoned for a better route, the journey which now takes five or six days may be accomplished in two or three.

About 9 we came to a beautiful cotton wood grove, whose clear underwood and leafy canopy formed a perfect cathedral. Our chief called a halt for church parade, and our little party went through the short, but beautiful and impressive, service of the Church of England. Like old Cromwell Ironsides, we thought it our duty on this day to stand and render our acknowledgments to the great King who rules the world. For the first time, perhaps, in this unbroken wilderness were prayer

and praise openly rendered to Almighty God. There was no artistic preparation ; roughly clad, with no audience, it was the simple prayer which Nature bids the creature render to his Creator. After service, which was not long, for we had no sermon, as if our similitude to the old Ironsides were not yet complete, we had half an hour's practice with the revolvers, with a pipe and cigarette, and then reloaded, remounted and rode on, the Chief's servant, an old Manx man of the 22nd (Cheshire) whistling the "merry Christ Church bells," the Sunday parade call of that gallant regiment. Rather an amusing commentary on our service here took place. Just as we were about to re-mount, a couple of miners on their way up, whom we had before passed, came along, when some discussion arising about the shots, and reference being made to a bet, it was remarked that no bet on Sunday would be good. "There is no Sunday here," said one of the miners. "There is," said one of our party, "Had you been up a little sooner you would have heard the service going on." "Oh yes," said he, "we heard it for the last mile ;"

CHURCH PARADE IN THE WILDERNESS.

the crack of the revolver was his idea for service.

The ride to-day was merely over undulations, no mountains ; we were evidently on a high plateau, the mountains bounding us several miles off on either side. Camped at 3 p.m. by a beautiful stream in a grove of pines. Total distance twenty-five miles. Truly this has been a day of rest. Camp equipage arrived about two hours after, and with blazing fires all around, and a glorious appetite, after a good dinner, turned in about half past seven, just as the moon rose and threw its chastened light upon wood and hill and stream. Such sleep !

Next morning up at half past four.

Breakfast at five. Tents struck. Boot and saddle at seven and off. Nothing remarkable in the scenery to-day ; trails principally along a bench 12,000 or 14,000 feet above a large broad valley which lay between the mountains, and through which occasional glimpses of the river might be caught, the ride varied by dips into morasses, corduroyed for the trail, and here and there by beautiful mountain streams, broad and clear, dashing along over their white pebbly beds, the mountains in our vicinity not remarkably high, but behind and beyond them rose distant peaks and knolls covered with snow.

At noon came to a small grove of stunted pines, where lies the summit which divides the waters flowing into the Arctic and the Pacific. As the Gentoo launches his tiny barque upon the Ganges, so we drank from the little spring, and threw its waters back upon its current to bear away our wishes for their success, through lake and river and ocean to the Arctic, for the gallant Captain Nares and his brave officers and crews. They "live in the hearts of their countrymen."

At one, we came to the head of Dease Lake, a fine sheet of water about thirty-five miles long, with a varying breadth from one to four miles. Camp equipage arrived at 3 p.m. Embarked at once in one of the lake boats, and by nine pitched our tents on the mining grounds at Laketown (Sept. 4).

Dease Lake winds due north and south and is very deep, no bottom being found with a 200 feet line. Its waters at the northern end empty into Dease River, which running northerly and easterly joins with the Francis, together constituting the great Leard (poplar) River, or river of the mountain. This again, swelled by a great many tributaries and increasing in size, runs into the Mackenzie, and that again into the Arctic.

Dease, whose name is given to the lake and river, was formerly in the Hudson Bay Company's service, and when a young man was at the Fort on this lake. The remains of the old Block House are still visible. Dease and Thomas Simpson, a relative of Sir Geo Simpson, were sent out by the Company to complete the discovery of the North-West Passage, and are said to have accomplished it. After their return, from over-excitement or some other cause, Simpson is said to have lost his head, and in a fit of hallucination to have shot himself and two of his companions. This was about 1842 or '43.

Laketown is in N. Lat. 58° 45'—2,750 feet above the level of the sea. It is on a delta formed by the diluvium from Dease Creek, about a mile and a half in front on the lake by half a mile deep, converging to a point where it emerges from the creek.

The whole area contains gold in paying quantities when properly worked. It forms an embankment or bench about thirty-five feet above the lake, rising gradually towards the foot of the hills which surround it. Its mineral qualities were discovered in 1873, and the town located in 1874. It consists of about one hundred huts ranged along the lake, and in a street at right angles to the lake. The Hudson Bay Company, Wright and Galbraith and other traders have stores there. A number of saloons, some druggist and butchers' shops and other small buildings, are scattered about, occupied by Chinese and wanderers; the population during the mining season varying from six to eight hundred, and of the whole district from 2,000 to 2,500. The Government has three miserably small log huts in which the stipendiary magistrate and other officials reside and discharge their duties,—buildings entirely inadequate to the purposes for which they are intended, and which would be considered discreditable even under a government of Caribs. There is not a place for a court or prisoner, or a residence of respectability for the com-

monest constable. Yet this is a place where gold is scattered in profusion, and the temptations to crime are proportionately great. The hill sides of the creek are said to contain gold as well as the creek, the latter alone having been worked up to the present time. The production for this season of Dean Creek workings alone is estimated at $750,000; of Thibert and McDames Creeks, at the head of the lake and on the Dease River in the vicinity, at another $750,000, while there are other creeks in the Cassiar District affording most encouraging prospects. Rich veins of galena, containing silver and magnetic iron, have been found in great abundance with specimens of native copper. Coal also at Rapid River, a tributary of the Dease, and at the "First North Fork" about five miles above the Taltan village. In a word, the whole district may be said to be prolific in minerals. Nothing is required but proper means of transport and capital to develop the known riches of the country. We remained at Laketown six days, examining the creek, mining camps and other objects of interest. On the opposite side of the lake, behind a lofty range of hills in the vicinity of Rapid River, is said to be a lake, where the water is constantly warm, even in the depth of a Polar winter; and not far from this, the main branch of the Stikine is believed to take its rise, but the country has been so little explored that every statement must be received with qualification.

On the 10th, in the evening, we started on our return, and reached the head of the lake during the night. The next morning we again crossed the "divide" in its small grove of stunted pines. The descent either way is so slight as to be imperceptible. The bottom for a mile or so to the northward and westward is through a bed of boulders and rolling stones, with little or no herbage. The valley between the ranges of the mountains on the east and west at this point is probably between twelve and fourteen miles wide, showing all the traces of having been at one time the bed of a great lake. At present it is covered with a growth of soft wood, poplar and birch. A little to the southward of the stunted pine grove is a morass apparently of several acres, extending upwards towards the base of the mountains on the west. Little streams trickle out of the morass, descending towards the valley. The eye would detect no striking difference in the direction of their course, but as they descend and increase in volume almost imperceptibly, one turns off to the north and left, runs with winding turns into little swamps, thence into Dease Lake and River, and so on to the Mackenzie and the Arctic; the other turns with similar windings towards the south, swells in its volume, becomes the Stikine, and wends its way to the Pacific Ocean. The valley narrows as it trends southerly, seemingly from four to five miles, with various undulations and risings—in olden years islands, when the waters covered the whole valley. Now, as the trail skirts along the sides of the western mountains, the little stream is seen, like a silver thread, winding in and out near the centre, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, spreading as it goes on. Some fourteen or fifteen miles down, hidden by the intervening undulations and trees, it gleams out as it rounds the knolls and hills under the bright autumn sun, rippling and glancing, in width like the Thames at Richmond. The whole country through which it runs for the first fifty miles has been a large lake, from which the waters subsiding have narrowed into the little river, turning and twisting in the lower parts. In many places the leaves of the trees with the undergrowth of shubbery had turned yellow and red from the early frost, and mingled with the dark green of the fir and the light pea-green of the poplar, with

its small tremulous leaf, under the mellowed light of the autumn day, as we gazed down upon from our height, gave to the valley the appearance of a field of green and red and gold, alive with beauty.

This, the "Third North Fork," may be assumed to be the west arm or branch of the Stikine at its source, and runs fifty miles before it joins the other or main branch, which has not yet been traced out. An explorer, by the name of Reilly, says the latter rises to the eastward of the range of mountains which skirt the valley on the east side, not far from the Warm Lake before referred to, and continues to the east of the range, until it breaks through at its junction with the Third North Fork, and thus there are nine forks running into the main river. Some distance above the junction with the Third North Fork the main branch breaks through a canon almost closing above, with a fearful fall of 70 or 80 feet in height, entirely stopping all progress. Hardly any one knows anything about the main branch. Rielly lives on the Third North Fork, thirty-four miles from the head of the Lake.

On the 13th, as we were ascending the zig-zag at the Second North Fork, one of the pack-horses, containing all the most valuable part of our kit, guns, books, gold dust, &c., nearly came to grief. The packer had most injudiciously overloaded him, apart from "putting all our eggs in one basket." He staggered and fell on the ascent at the most dangerous angle on the whole pass, where the precipice was perpendicular, a fall of nearly a thousand feet; but as if conscious of his own danger, by what would, if spoken of a man, be termed superhuman exertions, he recovered himself and moved on, covered in a moment with a sheet of foam, which had burst out upon him. No assistance could be rendered. It would have been a sad loss, as apart from everything else, the money value in gold dust alone was considerable. However, "all's well that ends well."

That night we camped just above the lava beds. The next morning, the 14th, rose early and rode slowly along our former trail. It was something wonderful. The ride down does not lessen the previous impression. For some six or eight miles above Telegraph Creek, as far as we could judge, to several miles below, the river passes through a continuous canon. The succession of benches on one side, the unbroken mountains on the other, afford indications in the remote part of great internal waters. Along the lava district, extending fifteen or twenty miles, are occasionally seen large granite boulders, sometimes miles apart, among the young wood now growing up, sometimes on the flat surface of the lava bed on the other side of the river, white, and looking like tents of a party there encamped. Those in the wood we passed were estimated at between 40 and 50 tons (taking the exposed part only, without reference to such portion as might be embedded in the soil), rounded off by the attritions of successive ages, entirely foreign to the district, and evidently deposited in their present position during the glacial period.

Eight or nine miles above Telegraph Creek we noticed a singular formation, not observed as we were going up, but most strikingly observable as we were returning and approached it. Seen from the plateau on the right descending side of the river on which we rode, the mountains rose in successive ridges on the opposite or left descending side to a great height. From the lower ridge, obliquely connecting, as it were, the ranges on the two sides in the distant view, there was the sharply outlined segment of a circle, a curve slightly depressed towards the centre, forming the upper line of a wall descending perpendicularly to the valley below, —seeming to us as if it had formed the

end of a great lake many hundred feet deep, enclosing the waters within the basin of which our range of mountains formed one side. We may assume this would on a much smaller scale be the appearance, to a spectator approaching obliquely, of the Horse Shoe Fall at Niagara, if the waters were diverted to another channel, or by disruption left their present course, and, greatly reduced in quantity, were swept through a deep rent on one side. As we rode on seven or eight miles, towards what would be the right end of the curve or wall connecting with our range, the canon narrowed, and as if rent by some great convulsion, the spur of the mountain, which would have formed the connection of the curve with our range, seemed split asunder, its abrupt, ragged points on one side jutting out, and corresponding with the indentations on the other, so that if jammed together again they would fit and remake the basin. Between the abrupt precipices of this rent mountain the river winds its way below in a boiling torrent, and continues through the canon to Telegraph Creek.

The conclusion arrived at, whether right or wrong, was that up to this point all the country above, between the ranges of mountains, had formerly been a great inland sea or lake, and that the Stikine is simply the outlet for the drainage of the country, after the waters of the great lake had subsided by means of the disruption and found their way to the ocean.

At Telegraph Creek we left our horses, took canoes, and ran the rapids down to Glenora; covering the sixteen or eighteen miles in an hour.

From the 31st of August, when we left the miscalled navigable part of this benighted river at Glenora, to the 14th of September, the day of our return, the weather had been most exquisite—the Indian summer so well known in America, the days warm and sunny, but with that mysterious haze it is difficult to describe, the nights frosty, but the moon and stars and ether transparently bright and clear, melting into distance without bounds.

Two days we remained at Glenora, hourly expecting one of the river steamers. None came. On the third day, in a fit of desperation, we hired a large canoe, with four stout Indians, and started on the down race—and well as it turned out. The equinox had commenced; for two days it had been blowing a hurricane up the river. As we swung off the storm burst, and with wind ahead and rain in torrents, we commenced the unpleasant descent. Notwithstanding the rapidity of the current—and in the Great Rapids the water was now running at the rate of eighteen miles an hour, so that the canoe when in them seemed to shoot—the wind would sometimes whirl us round and keep the canoe stationary, balanced between the two forces. The Indians, however, were always up to the emergency, and with coolness met and overcame the danger. Made thirty miles and camped early, amid pools of water in drenching rain. Next day the storm still continued, but we made seventy miles, and camped in drenching rain again at Bucks, opposite the Great Glacier. Two blazing fires of half a cord of wood each, in front and beside the tent, gave us dinner and warmth, and at eight we were sleeping as if our dinner had been served by Soyer, and our beds were of down, instead of pebbles and mud. The next morning (19th September) the weather was comparatively clear, though windy, raw, and showery. The old glacier stood there cold and calm—its great deep rents and fissures looking bolder and clearer, and deeper, and more blue as the day advanced—one of those things which, though apparently the same, unchanging, yet fascinated the gaze and set the mind enquiring—wondering how long it had been there, and why

it didn't move, and what secrets it could tell of old times and creatures, ere yet the modern world began.

If one might dare to liken such work to man's, it seemed Egyptian sphinx-like in its still, peering, impassive gravity, as if saying, "Well! what do you want? What are you looking at? I will not—cannot—answer the question."

Immediately opposite the glacier, not far from Bucks, there are nine warm springs, boiling through winter and summer, their overflow ultimately uniting in one stream and flowing into the main river, from which canoes can ascend it about a quarter of a mile.

Our passage thence to Wrangell was without incident. We there remained a week. In the meantime no steamer had been able to ascend the river, though two had tried it, and we should have lost our return passage by the ocean boat had we waited at Glenora. During that week nothing could exceed the kindness and hospitality of the officers of the garrison. Outside of the Fort there is no possible place of rest for a civilized being, and our tents by capillary attraction would have drawn more water up even than the heavens poured down. Like good Samaritans, they took us in and fed us, and cheered us, and bade us God-speed. Throughout that region, both British and American, their names are well spoken of.

HARD-SCRATCH RAPIDS.

Touching that country, one little point alone remains to be settled between Great Britain and the United States, about which there need not be a moment's difficulty. A conventional boundary point on the Stikine, some two miles below Bucks, has been for the present adopted, but the future interests of both parties require that the line should be permanently settled. The convention between Russia and Great Britain in 1825 placed it along the summit of the coast range of mountains,

where that range could be found within ten marine leagues of the coast, and when not found within that distance, then at ten marine leagues, but in no case to exceed the ten leagues. The waters flowing east and west from that range indicate with great clearness where that summit is. A couple of honest surveyors with a good theodolite and proper assistance would soon dispose of the question.

On the 26th of September we embarked on board the good steamer "Gussie Telfair" for Victoria.

Once more Fort Wrangell fades from sight, and we turn our backs upon the latest discovered gold fields of British Columbia and the Glaciers. The Stikine, with the odious name and the wild scenery, flows on as it did of old when no tourists wrote nor poets sung.

Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum et ille.

Glenora is behind us, and Laketown with its miners' huts and lonely commissioner's log-palace will hibernate for another season. Joy be with them, for rough though they be, and traduced though they are, the miners as a body are an open-hearted, open-handed, kindly race, prompt to do justice and punish a wrong-doer, but more prompt to relieve distress and stand by a suffering fellow-man. If amid the gilded halls and courtly scenes of civilization there was one half of the honesty of purpose or straightforwardness these unpretending men possess, there would not be one half the vice there is in the world, or one half the misery. Hypocrisy and humbug find no resting-place with them.

It may not be uninteresting for a moment to lift the veil which hangs over this same province of British Columbia, and see a little of the sunshine and shade which surround it. It has no past history. Forced into notice by the unexpected discovery of its gold deposits in 1858, its cosmopolitan population has not yet assumed any distinctive character; but, moulded from people of all nations, idiosyncrasies and peculiarities will wear away, and the future type will decidedly be of a liberal and progressive tendency. As with the settlers on the Pacific, "Carpe diem" here as in California is the rule. Scotch thrift and Boston economy seem dazed for a moment, then into the current and on with the rest. High prices, three days for work, and four for pleasure, picnics and churches, charities and balls, concerts and horse-racing, regattas and theatres, holidays for every saint and *seances* for every spiritualist. Cyprians and revivalists say "open Sesame" to the purse strings with equal power and equal response. Money can be obtained for any object except murder.

The gold fields of British Columbia have been among the richest yet known in the modern world. In early days the yield at Cariboo was fabulous. In a mere sketch like the present, which one cannot encumber with great numbers of authentic returns, the statement of the amount would be discredited. The mines to this time have simply been worked by hydraulic power supplied by ditches or sluices running along the hills, at the base of which the deposits are found, and bringing the water often from great distances to obtain height and force. No quartz-crushing mills have yet been established; the primitive rocker holds its own, and the bed rock stops the way. Compared with California and Nevada the business here is in its infancy; yet in 1875, owing to Cassiar, the total gold yield, including what was carried away by private hands, as well as what was shipped by the banks, was estimated at $2,400,000. Considering the shortness of the mining season, and the number of persons engaged in the actual mining, believed not to exceed 1,500, it can well be understood why gold mining, with all its hardships and all its uncertainties, is so attractive.

The consumption of dutiable goods

in proportion to the population is equally striking, taking the latter at the number constantly stated in the Canadian journals, and with correctness, at about 15,000. The Customs returns for the year ending 30th June, 1876, give the duties on imported goods at $493,083 (excise not included), or at the rate of nearly $33 per head.

The latest available returns of the four oldest provinces of the Dominion for the year ending 30th June, 1875, are as follows: Ontario and Quebec together, for reasons manifest to any one acquainted with the topography and business of the country, at $10,980,582, or at the rate of about $3.33 cents per head, taking the population of the two at the reputed estimate of 3,300,000; Nova Scotia $1,493,149, or at the rate of about $3.72 per head to a population of 400,000; New Brunswick, with a population of 300,000, $1,371,048, or at the rate of about $4.60 per head.

Thus it will be seen that each inhabitant in British Columbia contributes towards the support of the General Government nearly ten times as much as an inhabitant of either of the other provinces, and that tested by contribution to the public revenue, her population of 15,000 is equal to 150,000 of the other provinces.

The difference in the exports is still more striking; for including gold, and taking gold as the criterion of value, the returns for 1875 give to British Columbia $2,825,000, or about $188 per head; to Nova Scotia nearly $7,000,000, or about $17 per head; to New Brunswick nearly $6,650,000, or about $21 per head, and to Ontario and Quebec $59,642,562, or a little over $18 per head, thus showing in the productive nature of the labor of each, so far as money is the object of industry, a return of $9 to $1 in favor of British Columbia.

Compared with Ontario, Manitoba, California, or any of the Western Prairie States, British Columbia can never be considered an agricultural country. Doubtless, as in the Eastern States and Provinces, there will be good agricultural districts, and cereals and fruits of remarkable size and quality will be produced, but as an exporting country of grain it never can be classed. Its true wealth, like the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and the State of Maine in former days, will lie in its ship-building, fisheries, mines, and forests, and, at a future day, its manufactures.

These observations naturally force themselves upon one, in view of the relations of that Province to the rest of the Dominion. At present they are most unsatisfactory. A stranger hears hardly anything else from the time he enters the Province until he leaves it. The Canadian Government is not wholly to blame for this. Unfortunately the Province is divided geographically as well as politically, with an equal representation in the Dominion Parliament from Vancouver's Island and the mainland.

Forgetful of the practical lesson that Liverpool is not smaller because Manchester has become great, or that Boston is not less prosperous because New York has advanced with equal rapidity, the two sections fight against each other about *the terminus of a railway not yet commenced* like Russians and Turks. The Canadian Minister, a wily diplomatist, plays one side against the other, and finding they cannot agree as to what is most desirable for their own province, naturally takes his own time and his own course to find out what is best, and neutralizes the grumbling of the country by the hostility of its sections. The pledged faith of the Dominion, and it may virtually be said of the Imperial Government, is given to the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and it will be built. Canada will not jeopardize her future completeness as a nation.

Sandwiched as this province is between United States territory on the north and on the south, the Imperial Government is interested in its preservation. Without it there will not be a British port on the Pacific from Behrings Straits to Cape Horn. Seward, when he purchased Alaska, had his eye on this contingency. "Manifest destiny" to his mind was the consolidation of the English race in North America. No man interested in the preservation of the British Empire, the consolidation of Canada, or the extension of the United States, should forget the words of that great statesman when, condemning the policy of his own country, he foreshadowed the way to that to which his heart and head both turned—the ultimate absorption of all British North America into the United States. British Columbia is the pivot on which that policy will turn.

But here my story ends. We arrived on the 30th, as old Horace said, after his journey to Brundusium (substituting Victoria),

"Victoria longæ finis chartæque viaque."

JOHN HAMILTON GREY.

THE PAPACY AND MEDIÆVALISM.

Of all the questions, and they are not a few, which in the present day arouse the anxieties, hopes and fears of the civilized world, there is, I conceive, none more important than that which relates to the power and influence of the Church of Rome, both as regards what these are and what they may be. Is that power, is that influence destined to increase, as some contend, or to diminish, as others believe? Arguing from recent and existing facts, he would be a bold controversialist who would dogmatically insist that either proposition can be maintained with anything like logical precision. If, on the one hand, we see the Papacy divested of the temporal dominion which it enjoyed for so many ages, the spiritual authority of the head of the Church is more unquestioned, if less capable of being enforced, than that which Hildebrand and Innocent the Third claimed and wielded. In offering some remarks on this subject I shall view it from its historical and not from its theological aspect, avoiding discussions and speculations, which would withdraw attention from the main point with which I have to deal.

Among the English historians of this century the two most distinguished are undoubtedly Hallam and Macaulay. In politics as well as in religion these two eminent authors are alike enlightened and liberal; yet they are at direct issue in their views of the permanence of the Roman Catholic Church and creed. Mr. Hallam, in his history of the "Middle Ages," after showing that for five centuries the authority of the papacy had been perceptibly declining, concludes his account of the ecclesiastical power in these words: "If thus bearded by unmannerly and threatening innovation, they (the Roman Pontiffs) should occasionally forget that cautious policy which necessity has prescribed; if they should attempt, an unavailing expedient, to revive institutions which can be no longer operative, or principles that have died away, their defensive efforts will not be unnatural, nor ought to excite either indignation or alarm. A calm, comprehensive study of ecclesiastical history, not in such scraps and fragments as the ordinary partisans of our ephemeral literature intrude upon us, is perhaps the best antidote to extravagant apprehension. Those who know what Rome has once been are best able to appreciate what she is; those who have seen the thunderbolt in the hands of the Gregories and the Innocents will hardly be intimidated at the sallies of decrepitude, the impotent dart of Priam amid the crackling ruins of Troy."

Lord Macaulay, on the contrary, seems to consider that the Church of Rome may survive all existing states and institutions; that she exhibits no marks of decay, but is replete with life and youthful vigor; and he closes a strain of brilliant rhetoric with the well-known passage:—"Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon set foot in Britain, before the Frank passed the Rhine—when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the Temple of Mecca, and she may still exist in undiminished vigor

when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." It is very likely that in expressing these sentiments Lord Macaulay was sincere; nevertheless I cannot help suspecting that he was partly writing in opposition to, and in rivalry of Hallam. To me this is sufficiently apparent. It will be seen, for instance, that the elder historian, rather an unusual thing with him, introduces the metaphor of Priam, in his decrepitude, casting his harmless dart at the fire blazing amid the ruins of Troy; so also Macaulay completes his picture with the now famous New Zealander sketching the ruins of St. Paul's. Which of these celebrated writers must we hold to be in the right? One at least of them must be in the wrong, for they are far as the poles asunder and directly opposed to each other. I confess, for my part, that much as I admire Macaulay, I should find it difficult to agree with him when he differs from Hallam, who has fallen into fewer errors than perhaps any writers of history in ancient or modern times, as Macaulay himself acknowledges. In dealing with a question he invariably handles it with judicial impartiality, never with the heated zeal of an advocate. This is more than can be said of his eloquent *confrère*, whose pet hatreds and pet loves pervade even his finest productions, and must lessen their value with posterity—a fact which Mr. Gladstone exposes in a recent article in the *Quarterly Review*, and I think with much show of truth. There is one point on which this difference in opinion as to the present when compared with the past power of the Church of Rome might be subjected to a fair test. Hallam says that the papacy is in a condition of slow but sure decay; Macaulay declares that it is in full strength and vigor, and likely to remain so. Now, these qualities when displayed by the Vicar of Christ must be spiritual and not material. How stands the question in this respect? Once on a time the Pope excommunicated a king of France for an irregular marriage, and he was deserted by his friends, relations and family. Only two servants remained with him, and these threw into the fire, as if polluted, all the meat which had been taken from his table. In the case of an Interdict, the whole realm of a prince who had displeased the Holy Father was punished for what might have been only a private dispute in which the pride of a pope or some other high ecclesiastic was wounded. During this greater excommunication the churches were closed, the dead were unburied, and no rites were performed with the exception of baptism and extreme unction. The frequent consequences were famine, fevers and the plague, which decimated the unhappy multitude who had nothing to do with the offence, whatever it might have been. Now, would the Pope dare to fulminate such a measure in these days, or would any respect be paid to it if he did? The King of Italy has been under the ban of the Church for years, and so has Dr. Dollinger, but we do not learn that either they or anybody else have been much the worse for it. Practically the thunder of the Vatican has become theatrical thunder, and can only intimidate the class of people who are afraid of ghosts.

Macaulay's argument is founded on the assumption that while every branch of experimental, demonstrative and physical science is progressive, it is different with theology. This may or may not be true, but it covers only a part of the subject. Indeed, it may be said to be one of those half-truths which so largely deceive the world. I fail to perceive, for example, that a Greek philosopher or a Blackfoot Indian is, as he avers, on a par with a highly educated European in judging

of the existence of a God or the future existence of man. We might agree with him if the object aimed at was certainty; but certainty in that direction can be arrived at through one channel alone—that is, through Revelation. By no other method can we go farther than to reason on what is possible, what is probable, or what is likely to be the truth. Lord Macaulay asserts that on the subject of Natural Theology, the reasoning of Paley is no advance on the reasoning of Socrates, but this assuredly is not so. The arguments of the Greek philosopher on the immortality of the soul are admitted to be utterly puerile, but even those who refuse to be convinced by Paley must see that he is vastly in advance of his prototype. He is just more than two thousand years in advance of him, for some of the highest intellects of that long period had been studying the question, and he had the advantage of their labor and investigation. Any one who compares the two thinkers, the ancient and the modern, will have little doubt on that head, if his classical prejudices do not lead his judgment astray. As in science, in the arts and in government, progress is the universal rule, so it is in morals and religion. The great fundamental truths are ever the same, but the application of them is liable to change and improvement. The Gospel extended, reformed and included the religion taught by Moses, Christianity was the first Protestantism, and Christ the first and greatest of Protestants.

The Roman Church claims that its faith is from heaven, and that, consequently, it is not subject to decay or change. So was the law of Moses from heaven. Protestants do not desire the destruction of that portion of the Catholic religion which is based on, and in accordance with Scripture; but they contend that much of it is not of divine origin, and is but heathenism diluted with Christianity. Without entering upon that controversy, I shall take it for granted that the Roman creed is amenable to the laws and influences to which other creeds are and have been liable, that of the Jews inclusive. A religion which is behind the age, which is below the general knowledge of the community, whose doctrines advancing intelligence has learned to reject, becomes an object of suspicion and finally of contempt and dislike. So it was in ancient Greece and Rome. The process may be dilatory, but it is not the less certain. The educated class is the first to become sceptical; and, gradually, unbelief and a disregard for religion in any shape pervades the masses. This was the state of the heathen world when Christianity made its appearance to supply with its grand truths the falsehoods in which men had ceased to believe. Yet several centuries intervened between the time when the Augurs, in practising their rites, began to laugh in each others' faces and the time when Constantine made Christianity the State religion of the Roman Empire.

The battle which the Church of Rome is waging is not merely against adverse sects and creeds; it is against civilization, and her defeat, sooner or later, is therefore a foregone conclusion. Of this her own history affords abundant evidence. With the aid of the Jesuits she is now laboring to force back the intellect of man into the darkness of the middle ages in matters of faith. The elevation of a crowd of Japanese missionaries into saints, the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary, and the infallibility of the Pope are but the leading incidents of a system of which the legend of "Our Lady of Lourdes" is not the most degrading specimen. What were the results of former attempts of the same kind? Sometimes temporary success, but ending in permanent loss and disaster. We learn that in the

seventh century the Church had relapsed into a condition of paganism; public and private worship was addressed to relics and images; a host of angels, saints and martyrs were the objects of popular adoration; and the Virgin was invested with the name and honors of a goddess. Reason and conscience revolted against this profanation; and as a consequence, sects of all forms of belief sprung up in every part of Christendom, but especially in the East, which was then more civilized than the West, where the Northern barbarians held sway. Of these sects, the Gnostics, the Aryans, the Pandiceans and the Iconoclasts were the most prominent and historically important. The virulent dissensions which ensued opened the way for the propagation of the new religion of Mahomet, and the Aryans in particular found it easier to agree with the monotheism of the Prophet of Mecca than with the polytheism of a debased Christianity. It was not by the force of the sword alone, but by the affinity of belief, that Islam won so many adherents in Syria, Egypt, Africa and Spain. In these countries the triumph of Mahometanism was complete; and in all but one of them the fruits remain to this day. The Albigensian insurrection arose from a similar source, and although Rome came victorious out of that blood-stained struggle, her victory and its abuse laid the foundation of future misfortunes. Of the causes which led to the Protestant Reformation I need not speak; we are all familiar with them. The persecution and destruction of the Jansenists; the Dragonnades, by which Louis the Fourteenth converted most of Protestant France to Roman Catholicism—these and kindred efforts, directed by the Jesuits, culminated in the French Revolution of 1789, which was another heavy blow to the Roman Church. Yet all these lessons have been in vain, and the papacy and the Jesuits are proceeding in the same old way to the same old goal. They forget that they are combating with a terrible enemy, whose march cannot be arrested, though sometimes it may be impeded. Like the ocean, civilization has its ebbs and flows, its fluxes and refluxes, but it still moves forward on its destined course.

It must not, however, be imagined that the Church of Rome is destitute of conservative elements within herself. Of these the most valuable are her unequalled secular polity and governmental machinery extending to every corner of the earth, and the reform in morals and discipline which succeeded the Protestant Reformation, and continues to prevail more or less in most Catholic countries. She also derives prestige and strength from the large number of educational and charitable institutions which her wealth has hitherto enabled her to establish; from the venerable antiquity of the oldest of existing ecclesiastical systems, if we except Brahminism and Buddhism; from the zeal of her clergy and their influence over the masses, and especially over the female members of their congregations; from the number of eminent men who now adhere and have formerly adhered to her communion; and from the crowds of pilgrims from all quarters of the globe who are flocking to Rome to lay rich offerings at the feet of the successor of St. Peter. To this may be added the dread caused by the propagandism of modern men of science who are supposed to be bent on depriving mankind of a belief in God and in a future life, and with whose misdeeds Catholics charge Protestantism, as if Protestantism had conspired to destroy religion, and with religion to destroy Christianity, and with Christianity to destroy itself.

These are among the chief elements of safety within the body of the Roman Church; but if for a period they may prolong her existence, they cannot prevent her fall. They are only secondary forces, while the destructive forces, are

primary and must conquer at last. The pilgrimages to Rome, the gifts and addresses which are now the fashion, can be traced to causes which are obvious, such as the teachings and acts of the Vatican Council, and above all, to the sympathy with which the seizure of "the patrimony of the Church" is regarded by the faithful. Yet this revival, as it may be called, will pass away as usually happens with ebullitions of the same sort, in which the passions govern the understanding. But to discuss these points would require much time and space.

While I have a thorough conviction that Rome is hastening to a "second decline and fall," it must be admitted that she is still powerful for mischief. I cannot, therefore, close these remarks without referring to a document which, though frequently attacked and denounced, has scarcely received the study which the principles it inculcates demand. Our writers and orators have been attacking the Vatican Decrees, a comparatively harmless performance, as far as Protestants and other denominations are concerned, while overlooking the Papal Syllabus of errors, the most dangerous and mischievous production that the world has seen for many ages. When an infallible pope proclaims that it is wrong and sinful to believe that "the Catholic religion" shall not be held "as the only religion of the State, to the exclusion of all other modes of worship;" that it is equally wrong and sinful to suppose that, as respects Catholic countries, "persons coming to reside therein shall enjoy the public exercise of their own worship,"—when we see these announcements proceeding from the infallible vicegerent of heaven, what are we to think? Weighing them on their own merits we might imagine that they were the concoction of some inmate of a lunatic asylum. But knowing whence they come, their plain and intended meaning is that in every community wherein Catholics are in a majority, or have the upper hand, Protestantism and other creeds can only exist in abject political and legal subjection to the Church of Rome. It may be urged on this head that the provisions of the Syllabus have not been officially, *ex cathedra*, declared to be Catholic dogmas. But the Vatican Decrees, by proclaiming that the Pope is and has always been infallible, decide the point in the estimation of those who accept that doctrine, particularly in the eyes of the multitude. I consider it no exaggeration to say that if these provisions of the Pope's Syllabus should be maintained in their integrity the result would be to deluge Christendom with blood. Our main hope must rest on the common sense of mankind, which must shrink from a struggle of such portentous magnitude, and which would lead to scenes and consequences of which one shudders to think. The Thirty Years' War would seem as a contest of pigmies compared with that which Pius the Ninth's utterances are calculated to produce.

I do not know that any writer has pointed out the resemblance between the present attempt of the papacy to revive the superstitions of the Dark Ages and that of the Emperor Julian to revive the paganism of the Roman world. To me there appears to be an extraordinary similarity in the two cases. Christianity had gradually overspread the Roman Empire, and was the established religion since the reign of Constantine the First. But Julian resolved to bring back the old gods, who were more to his taste. The unenviable reputation of this prince, whom history has branded as "the apostate," makes it difficult, without giving offence, to draw a parallel between him and the actual wearer of the triple crown. Yet, apart from his one great crime, it is universally allowed that Julian was possessed of virtues and accomplishments which were rare in

his day, and Gibbon paints him as a philosopher, a statesman and a general of no common order. In ability, he was unquestionably not inferior to Pius the Ninth. But although I might refer to some strange coincidences in their career, I shall content myself with showing that while the one was chiefly remarkable for his zeal in restoring paganism, the other is equally zealous in endeavoring to restore mediævalism. But the efforts of the Roman Emperor were for the moment more successful than those of the Roman Pontiff. He persuaded the armies which had fought under the consecrated cross of Constantine and Constantine to follow the ensigns of the republic, bearing the symbols of pagan idolatry. The temples and worship of the gods were reopened and renewed; and Christian officers were removed in the metropolis, the army and the provinces. In short, paganism was rampant and triumphant. But Julian died, and his successor re-established Christianity, without a hand being raised in favor of the deposed gods. The world had outgrown the puerile and demoralizing mythology of heathenism, and men would no longer bow to deities whom they could not respect. Those to whom the Sermon from the Mount had been repeated, and who had discussed, or heard discussed, the pure morality of the Gospel, turned with aversion from the tales told of gods and goddesses who, except in supposed power, were inferior to ordinary mortals. Paganism was, in fact, as a cast-off garment which mankind were unwilling to resume; and thus it will be with the monstrous mediæval anachronisms with which the papacy and the Jesuits would disgrace the civilization of the nineteenth century. A. L. P.

NANCY CARTER'S THEFT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY E. H. N.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VIII.

Harry Clifford's trial took place not long after Alice's return from Mrs. Gray's. She had only remained to attend Marion's funeral, and then hastened back to re-open her school and pursue her labors with increasing zeal.

Squire Greely was present at the trial, and returned home a wiser man than he went in regard to questions of law. Harry was sentenced to ten years confinement in the State Prison at Auburn, and as the Squire afterwards told Alice, had borne it like a hero.

Squire Greely had been permitted to speak as to his character, and everything was said and done for the young man that could possibly tend to prove his innocence, but the evidence was very strong against him, and what was wanting was easily supplied by a small amount of false swearing on the part of Job Robinson, who took care to be present.

Once again Harry Clifford noticed and wondered at the expression of implacable hatred with which the smuggler regarded him, and was completely overwhelmed when he listened to his testimony against himself.

Poor Harry! he had not been prepared for this,—yet when his sentence was pronounced he bore it, as the Squire said, like a hero; aye, and more, like a Christian. It was not until he had put on the prison dress that he felt to the uttermost his degradation. Then, too, he saw how hard it would be for him to escape, even should he have the good fortune to break from the prison. He had indulged a secret hope—faint enough to be sure, but yet it was a hope—that he might sometime elude the vigilance of his keepers and regain his freedom. But branded in this way, what could he do? Nothing, simply nothing but wait and trust. A good Providence might make a way to shorten his confinement and restore him to his beloved Alice and his little sister.

Harry had wept bitter tears when the news of his mother's death reached him; but the faith she had taught him came in to his aid, and he had bowed in submission to a higher will, remembering that the "Lord's ways are not known," yet assured that He "hath His way in the whirlwind" and His "paths in the deep waters."

We have no need to follow poor Harry at present. His prison life—his dull, dreary, monotonous prison life, dragged wearily enough. He ever denied his guilt, and spoke of his innocence to any who would listen. But no one cared to hear his story,—all were busy with their own heavy cares in that miserable place. Harry could not lower himself to join in the games which the prisoners were occasionally allowed to play in the yard, or to associate freely, even when allowed, with any of those with whom he came daily in contact. In consequence of this reserve on his part he soon gained for himself the name of "Sulky," and was left pretty much to himself.

The keepers regarded him with curiosity as a singular specimen among their herd of prisoners. Occasionally

a visitor would manifest an interest in the gentlemanly person so diligently at work in the prison occupations, but the officers always represented him as being incorrigible and sulky in the extreme.

And here we will leave him for the present—one day so like another that but for the intervening nights it would have seemed like one long, desolate day that would never end.

Perhaps if Mrs. Carter could have looked in upon his heart-misery she might have relented. But she had reasoned herself into the belief that the young man who had been arrested for her crime was pretty sure to be acquitted; and she had contrived to leave the place before the trial came off.

Mrs. Carter had got everything into train before she broke the subject to her husband, who still continued to drink all he could earn. One morning when he was partially sober she said to him,

"Augustus, what would you say to the plan of going back this spring to the old home under the White Mountains? Your old home, I mean."

"Why Nanny, woman, what are you talking about, how could we go? I'd be right glad, but we've no money."

"Never mind, Augustus, about that. I always thought I ought to have had something from father's property, and was never satisfied to have brother Sam take all because he was the home son. Neither father nor mother lived to be a trouble to him."

"Well, Nanny, I know," said Carter, opening his eyes very wide. "But that won't help us now, as I can see."

"Perhaps not, "replied Nancy, "but I'm going to write to brother Sam, and I expect to have the money to go back with. Are you willing to go?"

"Oh, Nanny! do you say willing? I'd be so happy! But it's too good to be true."

"Don't tell Johnson. Don't tell anybody," said Nancy quickly.

"Never fear me now, Nanny. If there is really hope I'll be as silent as the grave; and more than that, I'll *try* to leave the drink alone—indeed I will."

Nancy Carter wrote a letter which she read to Carter and then destroyed. In a surprisingly short time she produced the money which was to pay their way to New Hampshire.

Carter was a dull man. He was satisfied with Nancy's general news, and did not question her particularly about the letter she had professed to receive. He had kept his word too, neither drinking nor revealing their family affairs.

All was now in readiness, and without waiting for spring they made the journey and were safely settled in a small rented cottage not far from the old Carter homestead, before Harry Clifford's trial was over.

Mrs. Carter felt quite secure in her course of deception, as her own people lived about forty miles farther to the south than was the little valley where her husband had been brought up, and quite on the opposite side of the mountain.

Augustus Carter had become acquainted with pretty Nancy Bliss during one summer that he spent in the neighborhood where her parents resided, and married her in the autumn of the same year. He was employed to work on some public building in a village not far from Nancy's home, as one of the junior workmen, and when he returned to his father's house, he took his pretty young wife with him. The match had never pleased Nancy's people, and from that time she had never visited her native place, and had had very little communication with them. Her parents were dead, and it was not likely her brother or sisters would come looking for her.

They were warmly welcomed back by the old people—Carter's father and mother—and his brothers and sisters, as also by their former neighbors.

Nancy doled out money, a little at a

time, till she began to fear even her dull husband's suspicions would be aroused in regard to "Brother Sam." The money for which poor Harry was enduring so much misery, furnished many articles of dress for herself and her children; for Nancy's pride had revived, and she would not step into the meeting-house without as fine clothes as her sisters-in-law could afford to wear, nor should her little girls attend the school more poorly dressed than their cousins.

Augustus Carter, really glad to be freed from the thraldom in which Johnson had held him, and happy to be once more among familiar scenes and faces, took a decided stand—considering his weak character and the customs of the times, a very decided and remarkable stand—not to taste spirits.

His degradation was unknown in the old home, and he was determined now to do all in his power to make up for the past; and trying with his might, he succeeded in resisting the tempter. Nancy never reproached him, but with kind, loving words was ever a help to keep him in the right road.

It would be unjust to Mrs. Carter to say that in the midst of her new-found comforts she never felt a heart-sinking, a sudden twinge of conscience, when she thought of the young stranger who had been arrested for her night's work. At times she would have given worlds to know what his after fate had been. Not that she repented—but she was softer now in her prosperity than when her misery stared her in the face continually.

One day when they had been settled about two months, Nancy said to her husband,

"Augustus, I don't think it will be best to tell father and mother Carter how poor we were those last three years. I do not see that it will do any good to tell them, and we should not be as well treated by the neighbors if it got about."

"No, of course not," Carter replied, thinking more of hiding his own faults than of anything else. "Of course not, Nanny. I should not like them to know about Johnson. You know I never was unsteady and drinking till he led me on. It was all him; Parkins and the rest never hurt me. I shall always say that of them. To be sure we didn't get on and lay up money; but you know how it was. You remember I was not intemperate."

"Yes dear, I know, I remember," she replied kindly, "and the less we say of those few years the better. You are doing so well now, and strive so hard against the wish for drink when it comes on you, that I am sure we shall do finely, and be able in a while to buy this nice cottage."

Augustus smiled his thanks for her tender words and gave her a hearty kiss as he left the room to go to his work. When he had passed out the bright look faded from Nancy's eyes, her color changed, and she leant wearily against the wall for support, It was a sudden kind of faintness that sometimes came over her when the past was called up and her mind went back to the night she found the money, and the day Carter told her of the arrest of the young stranger.

She stood a moment with her hand on her forehead, breathing hard and quick, and wishing there had been some other way of saving her family from their misery. Then by a great effort she shook off her uneasy sensations, drew a deep sigh, and went as usual about her household duties with a firm step and bustling air.

Mrs. Carter was a thoroughly good housekeeper, and was never so happy as when every moment was filled up with its useful occupation.

The remembrance of that money was the only thought that troubled her in her new home, and this, as we have just seen, she soon banished. And now we will leave her for a time with her

comforts and her conscience, and turn to others in whom we trust our readers feel an interest.

CHAPTER IX.

Teddy Walters was on the road with his pack on his back and a basket of trinkets on his arm, nearly all the time from the beginning of the year to its end, resting only a day or two occasionally when the ways were impassable, or when he was worn out with a longer trip than usual. Teddy was a merry-hearted lad, and welcome in all parts of the country. Those who bought from him once were pretty sure to give him their custom on his next round, and few complained of his prices or the quality of his goods.

Teddy, from time to time as he returned to the boarding and lodging house of Mrs. Leland, made himself sure that Robinson and Gordon were both rejoicing in Harry Clifford's distress. With characteristic cunning he determined to play the part of spy, and gather any information he could from conversations which he might manage to overhear between them. There was less at this time to hear than he had thought, and the youth was sadly disappointed that he was not able to get any great "'news" to take to Miss Alice when next he should take the "Greely settlement" in his route. But if Teddy Walters had no tidings of great importance, he could not go into that part of the country where Alice taught without seeking her out and having a few words about Master Harry. The child Susie, too, was ever an object of interest to Teddy. From the time when she had first watched for his coming to get a word from her brother, he had loved the little creature with a love in which a tender kind of respect was mingled, such as he might have felt for a being altogether superior to himself.

He enquired at the Squire's for Alice, and learning she was in school, left his pack and basket, and went in search of her. Susie's tears fell fast when she saw their youthful friend approaching the house. Her little heart beat tumultuously when she thought of her former watchings for Teddy, and his bit of "news" from Harry.

Alice was more collected, and as she walked back to Squire Greeley's contrived to tell him what she knew of Harry, and gather from him what his suspicions had been about Robinson.

It was a beautiful day in the early spring, and the three walked slowly along in order to have an opportunity to speak of things which interested none but themselves. Since she had been an inmate of Squire Greely's house, Alice had learned to be cautious in speaking of her own affairs, and had given Susie a charge to be watchful in her speech. It was well understood by all who knew her, that Mrs. Greely's tongue, notwithstanding her really excellent qualities, was to be dreaded.

"I've no proofs in the world, Miss Alice," said Teddy, as they talked on, "no proofs at all, and yet somehow I know Mr. Robinson was right glad of Master Harry's trouble. I saw it in his ugly little twinkling gray eyes when himself and Gordon were speaking about it the first night I came in from my tramp after it all happened. It's little enough I know how to tell what another is thinking of, but I believe there was a reason for his looking so. 'Twas a sort of a 'vengeful look, and a right joyful one too. It is myself knows he and Master Harry were not friends, but I never thought they were enemies."

Then Alice told him how she hoped some day to procure Harry's pardon, and how she was working to save money for the expenses she would be obliged to incur. His warm Irish heart was full of pleasure, and his wishes for her success very hearty.

"It's myself would be right glad to help a bit if I could, and you'd kindly let me, Miss Alice," he said with much feeling.

"Oh no, Teddy," she replied, "I could not consent to take your hard earnings; and besides, I have had some help, which, with my own savings, will be all I shall need. I do not expect to commence the undertaking before the latter part of July, and then I have a good friend who is to assist me in every way possible."

"It's myself that's glad enough you're to have help, Miss Alice," said Teddy, "and as for my earnings, ye may well call them *hard* earnings, for betimes I'm nearly wearied to death tramping through the mire and snow, and every copper I can save must go to bring out my brother and sister. There's only three of us, Miss Alice, orphans we are—and my heart is sore for the two I left behind me. Jimmy—he's a year older than me, and little Bridget, three years younger. My mother always called her Bride—little Bride—and as pretty and winsome a creature she is as you'd wish to see. I've had my own passage money to pay back, and now I'm working for them."

Thus talking they reached the Squire's. Susie had scarcely spoken during the walk. Her eyes had been fixed upon Teddy with a wistful expression, which said as plainly as words could have done, that his presence this first time since their troubles had awakened recollections of all the sad scenes through which she had lately passed.

When they arrived at home Susie crept softly into Grandmother's room and tried to explain her feelings; but she broke down in the attempt, and had a good cry, which relieved her oppression, so that when she was called to supper she was calm, and talked to Teddy of his sister, "little Bride," and examined his goods with interest. She almost wanted to purchase some of the trifles in his basket, only of course she had no money.

After supper Jack was eagerly looking over the things, not for himself, however, but in the hope that he might see something which would suit his little friend, and yet be low enough in price to suit his own meagre purse as well. At last he fixed upon a bright blue ball of cotton thread, and a two-penny thimble which Susie made him very happy by accepting.

Jack Hunter was very fond of the little orphan who had been so strangely thrown amongst them, and was never happier than when thinking of some way to add to her comfort. His loving brown eyes watched her tenderly as she went to and from the school lest any accident should befal her. Jack was a stout boy of thirteen, and beside the little creature he protected seemed quite a man. But he had no wish to think a thought higher or older than his small companion could sympathize with.

Teddy went away next morning, after assuring both Alice and Susie that if he should hear the least thing about "Master Harry," he would be sure to let them know.

"It's my belief," he whispered to Alice as he left, "there's mischief enough with Gordon, and I know he'll set Mr. Hyde against Master Harry, so he'll not be friendly, even if you get him out of prison all right; for I heard him tell Mr. Robinson they'd found there had been lots of money taken while he was the one to handle the cash. I would not be afraid to take my oath that Gordon himself took all was taken. But what's a poor boy's suspicions without proofs, Miss Alice? Just nothing at all."

Teddy had saved this last to say just before leaving, knowing it would tend to cast a gloom over both the girls, and he wished to see them as cheerful as possible during his stay.

The spring went by and the summer

came on, and still Alice Barford toiled on at her "teacher's work," as Teddy called it, and notwithstanding her determination to keep a cheerful spirit, many a time she would have completely given way to her feelings but for the necessity of comforting little Susie. The child was naturally of a sensitive disposition, and the trouble she had passed through threatened, at least so Alice feared, to undermine her health. Oftentimes she wept by herself, and frequently was pale and unable to take her meals. As the summer advanced, however, she recruited a little, time and kindness softening down her grief somewhat.

Alice was much surprised that Seth Wheeler should continue to persecute her with his attentions, which she felt sure he must know were very distasteful to her. She comforted herself with the recollection that the term for which she had engaged to teach the school would soon expire, when she should leave the place. In the meantime she would endeavor to avoid young Wheeler and his unwelcome devotion.

Alice's intention was to go at once to Albany and put herself under the guidance of her good old friend, Mr. Bennett, who had so kindly offered her every assistance in his power. It was now the middle of June, and in a few more weeks she hoped to begin her journey. Her friends in the "Greely settlement" were all made acquainted with her intentions; and for the most part she had their sympathy and good wishes.

Little Susie begged hard to be allowed to accompany her almost sister. But bound on such important business to them both, Alice felt she could not be burdened with the child.

Thus far Alice had succeeded beyond her expectation in avoiding Seth Wheeler, and was beginning to feel herself almost rid of him, when all at once she found herself alone in his presence, and unable to put off listening to his suit.

One afternoon as she was returning from a walk along the shady banks of a small stream which ran at the back of the Squire's farm, a sudden turn brought her in view of Seth. He had an axe on his shoulder, and said he had been repairing fences on the Doctor's back lot, and was just on his way home.

There was something in his look which made Alice feel that there had been no fence-mending in the case, and that he had contrived the meeting to suit himself. There she was in that quiet place, half a mile from any human creature—save the one she loathed—and must hear what he had to say.

As Seth poured out the story of his love she was struck dumb by his vehemence. Alice had had no idea of the strength of the passion which this uncouth, disagreeable man had been nursing for her. She tried in vain to interrupt him, and to speak of her engagement to Harry Clifford. He would not have listened, even had she found voice to speak, but went on and on. Alice would have rushed from him, but he said she must hear him out.

"I've waited long enough for this opportunity, and you never meant me to have it," he continued, fiercely, seeing nothing but refusal in Alice's face.

"I did not wish you to speak. I did not wish to hear this. You knew my engagement, and I trusted you would respect my feelings. I hoped to leave the place without this, indeed I did. And if I were not bound to Harry Clifford, I could never marry you! Now, Mr. Wheeler, I have been compelled to speak plainly, surely you cannot misunderstand me."

"I understand you perfectly, Alice Barford," he returned, almost in a hissing voice, as if the words were red-hot, and scorched his mouth. "I understand you, and I'll learn to hate you for the words. You'll never get

Clifford pardoned, be sure of that. I hate *him!* And I'll learn to hate *you.*"

When he turned from her his face was working strangely. He was endeavoring to calm the strife in his heart, and to assume his usual "care-for-nothing" bearing. He gave Alice one look as he left which haunted her for months. It was a revengeful look, and told of the strongest love turning to hate. She did not understand its full meaning then, but she shivered when she thought of it, and trembled for hours after she returned to the house.

CHAPTER X.

Alice was very sad that evening, and thus little Susie questioned her after they were in their room for the night.

"Where were you, Alice dear, after school? What made you look so pale and troubled when you came in? Was it anything about poor Harry?"

"I was walking by the little creek at the back of the farm, darling," she replied. "Sometimes I like to go there. One of the last walks I took with poor Harry was there, and I always think of him when I visit the mossy rocks on the bank, near to where the water below is still and quite deep. You remember the place, dear?"

"Oh yes, Alice, I remember the place—a sweet place, where it is so pleasant to think about good things," Susie answered quickly. "But, Alice," she continued, "there was more than that; do not put me off, tell me all, please. I am sure there was more by your looks."

"Well then," said Alice, "Mr. Wheeler met me as I was returning, and I was sorry to see him. You know I wanted to be alone and think of Harry. And then he wanted me to say I would marry him, and leave poor Harry in his misery."

"But you wouldn't listen to him, I am sure you wouldn't," cried the child, seizing Alice's hand and pressing it closely between her own, while her whole countenance lighted up with a look of trust.

"No, darling, I would not; but Mr. Wheeler is a violent man, and he said some very bitter words that I do not like to think of. Never speak of this, Susie, to any one; but he was so enraged that I was almost afraid of him."

"Oh, how dreadful!" the little girl said, with a look of terror. "But you need not fear that I will tell anyone. I don't think it would do any harm if Grandmamma knew; but then Aunt Sophy would be sure to find it out, and talk it over with the Wheelers, as likely as not."

Susie had taken up Jack's name for Mrs. Greely and always called her aunt. She dearly loved her, but young as she was, had learned caution from Alice's teaching, and she added more emphatically, "So you need not fear; no one shall know a word of it. But dear me! I shall be so frightened when I see Mr. Wheeler again."

The very next evening Alice was surprised by a call from Anna Wheeler, accompanied by her cousin Seth. Anna looked her best, was in excellent spirits, and chatted away with a great deal of vivacity. It was seldom that Seth offered her any civility, and whenever he did her spirits always rose.

Seth talked to the Squire about the farm and made himself more than usually agreeable, speaking to Alice as if nothing had happened, or as if he had no recollection of what had passed between them on the previous day; and in the course of the conversation he took occasion to say that he had been suffering from headaches for a week, and that for two days past he had hardly known what he had done or said.

Alice was thunderstruck; she did not know how to interpret this strange behavior on the part of Seth. Neverthe-

less, she was very willing to forget the unpleasant scene of yesterday, if such was his pleasure, and though perhaps she feared him somewhat less, she trusted him none the more.

Seth spoke more pleasantly to Anna than Alice had ever before heard him, and on the whole, appeared perfectly at ease. He even made a few trifling remarks to Susie on her improved looks, which, however, she scarcely knew how to answer, and took his leave, as it would seem, on the best of terms with himself and all present.

Alice Barford pondered over this singular conduct on the part of her late admirer long after little Susie was sleeping quietly by her side. Was it only a feint to throw her off her guard? or was Seth really doing his best to forget her, designing to gladden his little cousin by transferring his affections to her?

She fell asleep before coming to any satisfactory conclusion, and awoke to turn the subject over and over again on the following day. It was all to no purpose; she could make nothing out of it. But she determined to be doubly watchful, and leave results where all her uncertainties were left—and safely left.

Alice would have been very happy if she could have had the advice and sympathy of some friend at this juncture. As it was, none but the child had her confidence. She could not speak to Mrs. Greely; Marion Gray was no more, or she would have been the consoler of Alice in these strange circumstances. She solaced herself with the remembrance that only a few weeks would intervene before she would be on her journey to Albany, and with a prayer for guidance through it all, she took her way to the school-room at the usual hour, but it was some time before her mind regained its natural tone.

Nothing of any moment occurred during these few weeks. Alice met Seth several times before her school-term finished. His manner was always the same, as civil and friendly and polite as it was in his gruff, bearish nature to be. He never proffered her the slightest attention or alluded to what had passed on the bank of the creek.

When Alice's work was done at the schoolroom her other preparations were mostly completed for her trip. Doctor Wheeler—ever kind and thoughtful—promised to take her money to a village some twelve or fifteen miles distant, and get it changed into small notes convenient for her use in travelling. Mr. Bennett's gold pieces were also given into his care, as they were—at least so Alice thought, who knew little enough of business or travelling—more likely to slip from her embroidered silk pocket-book than paper money.

There were three of these latter, ten dollar pieces. All that remained in her own hands after the Doctor left was about five or six dollars.

Since Seth's manner had so entirely changed towards her Alice went back and forth freely to Doctor Wheeler's. Sometimes she almost thought he had been, as he said, excited and violent by reason of the headaches he had mentioned. He was now uniform in his attentions to Anna, much to her joy and her mother's satisfaction.

Alice was to spend the evening of this day with Mrs. Wheeler and Anna. With much pleasure she had seen Seth pass the Squire's about five o'clock in the afternoon, and felt quite sure she would be rid of his company for the evening. He was walking briskly, and had his hat well pulled down over his eyes, a fashion he had when particularly interested in his own thoughts. On this occasion he looked as if he wished to hide them, whatever might be their nature.

The Doctor's house was to be seen from Squire Greely's plainly, the distance between them being not more

than a third of a mile, and the land gently sloping. The Squire's was on the higher ground. The little block cottage—the former residence of Mrs. Clifford and her daughter—stood about half-way between the two houses, on a knoll a little distance from the main road. It had never been occupied since Mrs. Clifford's death, and Alice had always rather shrank from the place since that sad event. But to-night she wished to look over the self-sown flowers that had sprung up in the widow's little garden, and perhaps to drop a tear over her own blighted prospects the while.

However that may have been, she turned aside on her way to Doctor Wheeler's, and in a moment or two was standing among the neglected flowers and vines, and thinking more of herself and her uncertain future than of the troubled past. It was a sultry evening towards the last of July, and the sun was just dipping below the horizon when she entered the cottage grounds.

Alice was a brave-spirited, courageous girl, as we have said, but as the time of her departure drew near she experienced a dread of the undertaking, and this evening as she stood in the old garden walk among the stunted flowers and the rank weeds, she began to wish that she had committed the affair into Mr. Bennett's hands, if indeed he would have undertaken it for her.

A deep sense of her ignorance of the ways of the great outside world, of which she had seen so little, crept over her, and she doubted herself as she had never done before.

Alice was decidedly a matter-of-fact person, and no believer in presentiment. A "forecast shadow" would have seemed to her a thing to smile at. But this night if her spirit had not entered into the gloom before her, what shadow was on her brave heart?

She remained in a deep reverie until the twilight hour was nearly past, then hastily gathering a handful of the dwarfed flowers she turned to retrace her steps to the main road. It was later than she had thought, and a sense of loneliness oppressed her while she quickened her pace away from the lonely spot. It might have been fancy, but she thought she saw a crouching figure near a grove of young maples, which stood at the back of the cottage, just as she reached the road. She instantly thought of Seth and his bitter words, and with her heart beating wildly, Alice hurried on to Doctor Wheeler's, where she found Mrs. Wheeler and Anna still waiting their tea for her.

Mrs. Wheeler said the Doctor would not be back until late, and that Seth had gone to hire men to help with the remainder of the haying, and might be out for an hour longer.

When once among friends again Alice's foolish fear—as she had called it—quite left her. Whatever kept Seth away she felt thankful he was not there. She could enjoy her last evening without the restraint which his presence, since the scene by the river side, always threw over her.

Susie had begged earnestly to accompany Alice, but knowing the Doctor would most likely be late, as he had some professional calls to make on his return, had been wisely counselled to remain at home.

The evening passed away, and it was eleven o'clock before Seth came in. He went directly to his room, where he remained about five minutes, and then joined the family.

CHAPTER XI.

Seth's first words as he entered the sitting-room after speaking to Alice, were, "How late it is! Hasn't Uncle come?"

Mrs. Wheeler quietly answered,

"No, not yet," while Anna appeared a little startled and said:

"We did not think it was so late; surely he must be here in a few minutes."

Seth took a seat, telling his cousin there was no doubt he would, and then commenced talking to Aunt Rhoda about Tom Ross, the man he had been to engage.

In about half an hour after Seth came in there was a stir heard in the yard, with a rumbling of wheels.

Seth sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "There, Uncle has come; I'll go and take his horse!"

"I don't hear your uncle's voice," said Mrs. Wheeler, without rising from her chair.

By this time Anna, who was her father's darling, began to feel uneasy, and said in an alarmed tone:

"Do go and see, Seth. I wonder if anything could happen to dear father by the way?"

Seth answered quickly, and quite gaily for him, "Nonsense! what could possibly happen? To be sure there are some lonely spots in the forest-road, but there is nothing likely to happen to Uncle," while her mother soothed her by saying:

"Hush, dear, nothing ever happened to your father, and he's been riding by night and by day over the roughest parts of the country since before you were born."

Thus reassured, Anna followed Seth to the yard. Doctor Wheeler was nowhere to be seen, but his horse and gig stood near the back door.

The reins were so entangled about the horse's feet and one of the wheels of the vehicle that he must certainly have taken fright had he not been the most gentle and steady of beasts.

Anna gave a sharp scream when she saw the reins about the wheel, and that her father was nowhere to be seen, which brought Mrs. Wheeler and Alice to the door.

"Oh, father isn't here at all," she cried, half-weeping, "and Pompey is entangled in the harness. Oh, do let us go and find him!"

"Don't take it so hard," said Seth. "Pompey has likely come on and left Uncle at old Paul Savage's, down by the Beaver Brook. You know he had to stop there. The old man's wife is hard sick. But we'll go back with the gig and see. Come, Aunt Rhoda, you and Anna get in and I'll walk along by the side. I daresay we shall meet him coming on foot before we get half way to Savage's."

Seth appeared a little excited, Alice thought, though he neither looked at her or spoke to her after the horse came into the yard. In a moment they were gone and Alice was left alone. As she passed along the narrow front entrance or hall by which Seth had come in, and which led to the little room where they had all been sitting, she saw a bit of dark cloth, as she supposed, lying on the floor and crumpled as if by the weight of a heavy foot. She conjectured it to be some article that Mrs. Wheeler or Anna had dropped in their haste; but on examining it by the light of the candle she discovered that it was a black crape veil, doubled, in which several pins were sticking as if it had been used to cover a person's face closely.

Alice started, and turned pale. She knew the veil belonged to Mrs. Wheeler; but how could it have come there? As she looked it over she became faint and sick, for there was a damp spot in the centre of the folded crape as if wet with human breath! Alice was not naturally suspicious, but it instantly flashed across her mind that Seth had been out all the evening, that Seth knew almost the whole of her savings—her all, was in the Doctor's keeping that night, and that Seth had said he would learn to hate her. Could this be what his revengeful look had meant? Could this be what he in-

tended when he said she would never get Clifford's pardon?

Alice now trembled from head to foot. Her brain whirled while she staggered to the outside doors and made them fast. It was well for her that she was alone and had time to calm her feelings. She could even pray in her distress that she might not misjudge anyone. When she had a little recovered her composure she carefully removed the pins and folding the veil, laid it on a chest of drawers which stood in one corner of the room—not in a conspicuous place, but not hidden, and then she sat down to wait.

Oh what heart-breaking anguish she endured! and once she murmured: "My poor Harry! Is this the end of all my toil for him? Can it be that I am doomed to be thus disappointed?"

However satisfied she might be in her own mind that Seth Wheeler was working against her, she knew she could never prove it—could never say it, and what would become of her if her fears were substantiated by the Doctor's word? Another fruit this of Nancy's night's work!

Alice's fears were to be fully confirmed. When she heard the sound of wheels and voices again she hastened to unbar the doors. Once she spoke aloud to make sure she could command her voice, for her throat seemed parching, and she still felt faint and giddy.

"Father is safe!" cried Anna, bursting into the house. "Dear Alice, father is safe! but oh! such a dreadful thing has happened! He has been robbed! Only think, robbed down in the dark woods not three miles from home!"

"Oh," cried Alice, feeling that she must say something. "Oh, how very dreadful!"

"Dreadful indeed for you, my poor girl," said the Doctor. "Your pocket-book is gone as well as my own purse."

Alice's last hope was now gone and her worst fears realized. In vain she endeavored to speak a second time—her lips refused to move.

The family all saw her distress and endeavored in various ways to comfort her. The Doctor declared he would do all in his power to discover the thieves and get her money back, or failing to do this, would help make up the loss. Seth echoed his uncle's words in a boisterous manner, while Mrs. Wheeler and Anna spoke low words of loving sympathy which touched the poor girl's heart, though still she could not speak.

Doctor Wheeler was certain there must have been two of the robbers; "for," said he, "one could never have done in the few moments all that was accomplished. Pompey stopped, myself lifted out of the gig by a giant of a man—at least for strength, for he carried me as if I had been a baby after he had stuffed a handkerchief into my mouth so that I could not call; though I think I gave him some little trouble at the first. The one that robbed me had a black covering over his face. I could just notice this, though I could see little enough in the dimness. I am sure some one must have held Pompey, for he never stirred until the whole was done. They barely missed my watch. Bless me! Rhoda, I never was in such a state in all my life. I cannot half collect my thoughts to tell how it all happened. But just as I was driving down into the little dark dell half a mile this side of the 'Savage place' the fellows jumped out of the bush."

Alice recollected, while he spoke, that Seth had the Doctor's Pompey under perfect control; and that if he had but touched the bridle the beast would be sure to stand quiet. More and more evidence!

Though Alice's mind was busy she still sat silent, the picture of despair. Mrs. Wheeler began to be alarmed.

"Seth," she said hurriedly, "run for Mrs. Greely. Don't wait a minute."

By a great effort Alice spoke.

"It would be foolish to alarm Mrs.

Greely," she said, in a weak and trembling voice.

"No, no," said Seth, briskly, "I'll go right over;" and before Alice could expostulate further, he turned to leave the room.

At that moment the veil, so neatly folded, caught his eyes. For an instant he changed color, then walked hastily up to the chest of drawers; and when Alice gathered courage to look that way after Seth had left the room, the veil was nowhere to be seen. Poor Alice had no doubt it would be found safely at the bottom of Mrs. Wheeler's birchen bark band-box when that good woman should next require it.

All were so busy in trying to soothe her that no one had noticed Seth's movement, or that anything had been removed from the chest of drawers.

"Don't, don't," cried the Doctor, "My poor girl! don't give way so. I know it is a terrible disappointment, but we will—indeed we will—try to make up at least a part of your loss."

What could Alice say? The loss of money could never have given her this shock. She could not tell her suspicions to a living creature, and really, she had nothing to say.

This, then, was the beginning of Seth Wheeler's revenge! What would the end be? She shuddered as she asked herself the question. Oh how she longed to be alone that she might try to realize what had occurred, and form some plan by which she might be freed from the unjust wrath of this unprincipled villain, who, with, his manner so unusually smooth, was deceiving every one.

Oh that she could fly from him! But alas! her money gone, alone in the world, burdened with the guardianship of Harry's sister, and almost penniless, what could she do?

As we have said, Alice's was a stirring, striving nature, and even from these depths she longed to be doing.

Alice had not spoken after Seth went out. She sat silently pondering, scarcely knowing what was said to her.

The first relief she experienced was when little Susie threw her arms around her neck, crying bitterly over this new trial. Alice's tears began to flow freely; her heart no longer seemed bursting, and she recovered her voice.

Seth had alarmed the Squire and Mrs. Greely, and Susie would not be prevented from accompanying them.

Those refreshing tears soon quite restored Alice, and she could listen calmly to the Doctor's story, which he told over and over for the benefit of those who had rushed to the place.

(To be continued.)

MARGARET'S VICTORY.

BY ELIZABETH DYSART.

The soft, mellow light of an October sunset filled the silent school-room, and lingered lovingly over the bowed head of Margaret King, the teacher. But she did not heed it.

"Twenty-four to-day," she was saying to herself. "Scarcely more than a third of the days allotted to man. I wonder if I must wearily drag myself through all these years alone—alone!"

She lifted her head and her eye fell on a little dog's-eared book and a tiny bunch of flowers on her desk. Her face lighted up at the sight; and she said aloud,

"How foolish of me to feel like this! I will devote myself to teaching—make it my life-work." Her eyes went back to an open letter in her lap.

"No, Percy," she said, laying her hand caressingly on the closely written page, "I cannot love you as such a noble-souled man deserves to be loved, so you must go on alone. I am sorry too," she went on to herself. "He is good and true, and could give me those luxuries for which, even yet, I sometimes sigh."

Again her head went down on her folded arms, and there was a long silence. Then she slowly rose and put away her books and prepared to go home, saying as she did so,

"Margaret King, I hope you are too true a woman to give your hand without your heart."

Margaret King was the daughter of a wealthy man, and her childhood and girl-hood were spent in the midst of all the luxuries wealth and love could procure. Her father failed in business, and soon after died, leaving her sole protector of her invalid mother. This was what people said when they came to Mapleville, six months before our story opens—Margaret, as teacher in the village school, and Mrs. King as nominal head of the small household, although everything in and around their snug little cottage was under the control of Janet, a strong, warm-hearted Scotch woman who had been their servant in better days, and would not leave them now. Theirs was not absolute poverty. Their house, though small, was neat and tasty, and Margaret still had her books and her piano. But it was necessary that she should teach to support herself and her mother.

As she stepped inside the door of her home, two plump, white arms were thrown around her neck, and she was almost smothered with kisses from a pair of ripe red lips. She held the little creature off for a good look at her, and then folding her closely in her arms she said,

"O Elsie, darling, you don't know what a treat this is! When did you come?"

"This afternoon; and here I've been fretting and fuming, and dying to see you, until I've nearly driven auntie out of her senses. Why didn't you come home when that horrid old school was done? I saw the children go home an hour ago."

"Staying to set copies, you know," said Margaret, demurely.

"Oh yes! I know what that means. Indulging in your old habit of building castles in the air."

"Well, you know my castles are all in the air now, so you need not grudge

them to me. But I must go to mother. Come in."

"Not I. She'll scold me for the way I have been going on the last hour or two, because you did not come. She told me I was old enough to exercise a little patience. Just as if I knew anything about patience!"

Margaret put another kiss on the laughing mouth, and then went into her mother's room.

"Here's trouble," said Mrs. King in a peevish tone. "Elsie Gordon come to stay—I don't know how long; and what I am to do with her when you are gone to school, I'm sure I don't know."

The question was beginning to trouble Margaret a little, but she only said quietly,

"I will see that she does not disturb you, mother dear."

Mrs. King always retired to her own room immediately after tea, so the cousins were left to themselves. Elsie put Margaret in a great easy chair drawn invitingly near to the fire, and drew an ottoman to her feet, on which she seated herself, saying,

"Now, Margie, tell me everything that has happened since I saw you. Remember you are not to skip any important passages."

"There has nothing happened, Elsie, dear, only we moved here, and I have been teaching day after day, and I like it, and am going to be an old maid and teach on, *ad infinitum*."

A peculiar smile crept over the saucy, upturned face, as she said,

"That makes me think—may I ask you something, Margie?"

"Certainly."

"Did you get a letter from Percy Hammond?"

"Yes."

"May I congratulate you? He got your address from me, and gave me a hint of what he meant to write."

"No," said Margaret, slowly; "I do not love him, and so I could not say 'yes' to what he asked me."

"Margaret King! Did you refuse Percy Hammond? And he has cared for you so long, and stood your friend when reverses came and other friends deserted you."

"I know, Elsie. He has been like a very dear brother to me, but no nearer than a brother, ever. I could not abuse his kindness by marrying him when I do not love him."

"Is there any other man's face in your heart?"

"No, my dear,—never was."

"Then I can't see why you don't love *him*."

Elsie's great black eyes were looking dreamily into the fire now. Margaret thought she had made a discovery concerning the little woman's heart, so she said suddenly,

"Elsie, why don't *you* marry him?"

A scarlet flush mounted even to her forehead; but it faded away instantly, and the saucy black eyes came fearlessly back to Margaret's face.

"I! I gave you credit for more sense, Margie, than to think of such a thing. Have you replied to his letter?"

"Not yet. It came yesterday, and I thought it only just to him to take time to think about it."

"Then there's a chance for poor Percy yet. Let us change the subject. What sort of people have you got in this little village? It is a pretty place."

"Yes, I think a lovelier spot could scarcely be found. Very nice people, too, so far as I know them. I am only really acquainted with one or two families, though."

"Tell me about them."

"Well," said Margaret, weaving her slender fingers in and out among Elsie's thick black curls, "I will begin with our neighbor across the street—Mrs. Ross. She is a widow, quite a stately old lady, but kind at her heart."

"Is it that gray old stone house with all the scarlet maples round it?"

"Yes; and you should see the quan-

tities of flowers they have in summer. Doctor Ross used to bring a bouquet to mother every day."

"Who is Doctor Ross? I thought you said she was a widow."

"So she is, my dear. Doctor Ross is her son—a tall, dark, silent sort of man, with a face that freezes you. His voice is very musical, though. It is always a wonder to me how he came to have such a voice. He has attended mother ever since we came here."

"Married?" said Elsie, succinctly.

"Well, no," laughed Margaret; "that is, he is a widower. I should judge he had been cheated of his happiness, and would never try matrimony again."

"Do you talk much with him?"

"None at all,—I seldom see him. He usually makes his visits when I am in school."

"Well, I shall talk to him, and when I come to know what he is like, I'll tell you, my dear. Are there any taverns here?" she asked, suddenly turning away from the subject.

"Yes, one. I never pass it without a shudder."

Elsie crept up nearer and put both arms round her.

"Do you ever hear from poor Tom?" she asked in a whisper.

"No. Why do you ask me that?"

"I saw him the other day."

"Elsie!"

"Yes, don't faint or anything, Margie. I'm such a little fool I don't know how to tell anything as I ought; but I came on purpose to tell you."

"Tell me then," and Margaret's pale face grew paler as she listened with her head bent forward and both hands tightly clasped over her heart.

"Papa and I were in Ottawa, and I was walking down Sparks street when he came out of the Russell House and met me. I was so astonished that I stood stock-still for a minute. He turned to walk with me, and his first question was, 'Would there be a row if I went home?' He had not heard a word of uncle's death, or anything. He wouldn't believe it—the failure I mean, until papa told him it really was true. He asked where you were, and I told him in an out-of-the-way country village somewhere, trying to live cheaply. I added that he ought to hunt you up and help you."

"O Elsie! Why did you do that?"

"Just because I was so afraid he would take it into his head that you might have a few spare dollars for him. When I put it in that light, he swore a great round oath that you should never see him again, and I sincerely hope you will not. I chanced to see his name reported at one of the New York hotels since then, so I hope he's safe off."

"Was he sober?".

"Not quite, but not very drunk."

"O Elsie! You don't know what an awful thing it is to have such a brother."

"No, I don't quite know; but I do feel this through you, Margie dear."

Let us look at the two cousins as they sit before the fire, each absorbed in her own sad thoughts. Elsie Gordon was the youngest child, only daughter, and much-loved pet of a wealthy lawyer. She was very beautiful just now, with the fitful firelight playing over her face. Great luminous black eyes; heavy masses of curling black hair; a rich, dark complexion, relieved by the ripe red lips, and the color that came and went with every varying emotion, and a small almost childish figure, and you have Elsie Gordon's picture. Margaret was tall and slight, with a pale, pure-looking face; dark gray eyes that grew almost black when she was excited, and a wealth of bright chestnut hair brushed back from a low broad forehead. Altogether she looked as if she had more mind than heart. Yet it was plain she could feel, for every feature was quivering with pain now.

They sat so for a long time, Margatet's whole thought centred upon Tom; but Elsie's wandered to another

subject. This little woman had her secret that she guarded most jealously. Down in her warm, true heart she loved Percy Hammond, and she was thinking of him now. The result of her musings was a settled resolution to use all her influence with Margaret—and she had more than anyone else—to persuade her to listen favorably to Percy's suit. She loved them both dearly, and she said to herself, "I should be so glad to see them happy; and as for me," with a little sigh, "I have papa, and that ought to satisfy any girl."

The days went by until four weeks had passed since Elsie Gordon came to Mapleville. Mrs. King had not found the task of entertaining her so hard as she had anticipated, having been wonderfully assisted therein by Doctor Ross. He brought her books, he took her for drives through the country, now made gloriously beautiful by its rich autumnal dress, and seemed to make a study of ways and means of entertaining her.

If the truth must be told, he was not altogether unselfish in his attentions.

Contrary to all his previous intentions, for he had firmly resolved never to take to himself another wife—contrary to his better judgment even, Allan Ross, M.D., had fallen hopelessly in love with Margaret King. He knew enough of the world and of human nature, to suppose that this little city lady, accustomed to flattering attentions, would not misunderstand his conduct, and he was not disappointed in her. Little by little, almost without her knowledge, he drew from her Margaret's whole history, saving that she had a prodigal brother. She had inadvertently mentioned Percy Hammond's name; she had meant to keep that to herself. But he made her tell him the whole story—how Margaret had written to him, kindly and gently refusing his offer; how he had replied, asking her to think about it three months before giving her final answer, hoping that in that time she could learn to love him.

Allan Ross spent a sleepless night after that. He had fought with all his might against his love for the village school-teacher, saying over and over to himself that no woman was worthy of entire trust; but every time he saw the pale, pure face, his strength grew less. Elsie knew it well. He scarcely cared to hide it from her, feeling instinctively that his secret was safe with her. And Margaret? Nothing was farther from her thought than that he cared at all for her. She was glad he amused Elsie—that was all. He was at the house every evening, and she played when he asked her to, and sang old songs with that wonderfully full, rich voice of hers that thrilled him to his heart's core; and he looked at her as she sang, with a hungering look in his deep brown eyes that no one saw but Elsie. When she had finished, she would resume her seat by the fire, and her book, while they sat silent over the chess-board—that never-failing source of amusement. He was very often check-mated; for his thoughts, and his eyes too, would wander to that quiet figure in the ingle-nook.

Sometimes, but very rarely, she talked with them. The chess-board had a rest on those evenings, and he gave himself up to the enjoyment of it, and went home to curse himself for a fool to expose himself to her fascinations.

He was musing over the dilemma in which he found himself one day when Elsie Gordon rushed in, crying excitedly,

"Dr. Ross, auntie is—Oh I think she is dying, and Margie's at school—do come quick."

He went with her, and found Mrs. King, not dying, but in a terribly death-like swoon. All that night those three sat by the bedside and watched and waited, expecting the dread shadow people call Death. But it did not come; and there succeeded long, weari-

some days and nights of intense suffering to the invalid, and sore trial of patience to Margaret; for her mother, always irritable, had grown terribly unreasonable and exacting now. Elsie went home, and she was left alone with faithful Janet.

One day, a clear, bright day in early December, Janet insisted on her taking a walk, declaring she would be ill next if she did not take more fresh air.

How well Margaret King remembered that day to the end of her life! The clear, frosty air invigorated and refreshed her, and she seemed to draw in new life with every inspiration. As she was returning, she called at the post-office. There were several persons in, and as she waited her turn to be served, the musical ring of a well-known voice caught her ear. She listened and heard him say,

"No, Dr. Lynn, I cannot agree with you there. I believe in alcohol as a medicine, I prescribe it—in fact, I use it myself when I think I need it."

"How often does a strong, healthy man like you need it?"

"You must allow me to judge that for myself," said Dr. Ross, stiffly.

"Allan Ross, I am an old man, and your father's best friend. Do let me warn you before it is too late. You as a physician, are responsible, not only for yourself, but for your patients also."

"I do not consider that I am endangering either my patients or myself," and he passed out without seeing Miss King.

As she was turning to go, she met an acquaintance who detained her a few moments with kind enquiries for her mother. She started homeward with a strange heaviness at her heart, very unlike the feeling of exhilaration she had felt a few moments before, and she could not at all tell why.

"It must be because I had to tell Mrs. Lake how poorly mother is," she was thinking, when that same musical voice attracted her attention again. This time it came through the open door of the bar-room she was passing, and was saying,

"A good, stiff glass of brandy, Connor. It's a cold day, and I've a long drive to take yet."

She stopped, feeling as if she could not go on, and saw him drink it and come out.

He came eagerly toward her, took her hand in his, looking steadily down into her eyes with a look that burned into her very soul, and then went on without a word.

Her brain reeled and whirled so that she could not think, until she found herself at home and in her own room. That look told her that Allan Ross loved her. She did not doubt it more than she doubted her existence. Her eyes had suddenly opened to another fact too. She knew by the sharp, stinging pain at her heart that she loved Allan Ross, and the revelation brought with it a feeling of humiliation almost unbearable.

"That I, Margaret King, should give my love to any man unsought, and that it should come to me just when I saw him do what must of itself separate us forever.—Oh! this is too much," and in the bitterness of her pain, Margaret King cursed the day she was born.

Mrs. King was comparatively quiet all night, and as Margaret watched alone with her, she brought her writing-desk and wrote to Percy Hammond.

"No hope for poor Percy now," she said, bitterly. "Allan Ross' dark face comes between me and all happiness. I dare not marry any other."

Then she wrote to Elsie, telling her to be kind to Percy. She did not know how little her injunction was needed.

The next morning she was utterly exhausted, and when Dr. Ross came in for his accustomed visit he found her with her head leaned wearily against the back of her chair, and not a vestige of color even in her lips.

"Miss King—Margaret—you are ill," he said.

The sight of that face, usually so dark and stern, now bent so lovingly toward her, sent a quick pain to her heart, and she rose to her feet, clasped her hands over her heart, and with a cry sank back into her chair.

He lifted her in his arms, and putting her on a sofa in the next room, rang for assistance. Before it came, he grew wild with alarm. He!—usually coolness itself.

"Good Heavens!" he said, as a new servant, who had come to Janet's assistance, came in, "she's dying—Do something for her, can't you?"

The girl applied some simple restorative, and Margaret presently opened her eyes and looked wonderingly around.

"Bring a glass of wine," he ordered.

Susan brought it, and too weak to know or care what it was, she drank it all as he held the glass to her lips.

Then she sat up, and pushing back her hair with both hands, she said slowly,

"Dr. Ross, what was it you gave me?"

"Only a glass of wine. You fainted, you know."

"Only a glass of wine!" She said it over and over as if to herself. "Only a glass of wine! May God forgive you for what you have done! I had rather it had been poison."

All that day she kept her room.

Mrs. Ross was sent for to take her place by her mother's bedside.

"My bairnie's ill," Janet said apologetically, "and naebody but mysel' can please her, ye ken."

All day long she begged and pleaded with Janet for wine, for brandy.—"Any thing that will stop this craving," she said piteously.—"O Janet! The devil in me is roused—what shall I do?"

"Pray, my bairnie, pray. Gin the guid Lord doesna help ye, na mortal can. And he will. I ken it as weel as if I saw it wi' my own e'en. Pray, Miss Margaret, dear."

"You pray, Janet; I can't."

"Get down upo' your knees then," and she knelt, and Janet poured out earnest, heart-felt petitions for this poor child, cursed with inherited sin.

Toward night she fell asleep, and Janet sat at her bedside and muttered to herself,

"My puir bairnie! Gin I had been there, this wouldna have happened. Thae doctors will be meddlin' wi' what they ken naething aboot."

When she had seen Margaret in bed for the night, she fitted the key into the door as if to lock it.

"You need not lock me in, Janet," said Margaret, wearily. "I am quite myself now. I think the trouble is all over for this time."

When she was left alone she rose, and wrapping a heavy cloak about her, she opened her Bible and read—eagerly as a thirsty man looks for the spring in the desert. In her eager search for comfort she saw these words:—"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."

With a groan she closed the book. "To him that overcometh—" "Ah! yes," she said, "but shall I ever overcome? Father above, have mercy!" Again she opened the Bible and read:—"And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

"That is what I want," she said; and kneeling down with the open book before her, and her finger on the precious words, she claimed the offices of this advocate between her offended God and her sin-stricken soul. She asked with childlike simplicity that God would forgive her sins because Jesus Christ the righteous had died to purchase pardon for her; and so the dove of peace settled down upon her. Simply, trustingly, she had believed the promise, and now she had a feeling of wonder that she could look up to the

great Father without fear. The barrier sin had built up, had been broken down, and peace, sweet as it was strange to her, came into her soul.

Suddenly a great fear fell upon her. "I believe my sins are pardoned," she said; "but if I am tempted so again, will it not be the same thing over again? Oh! I wish I had some talisman against this evil." She mechanically opened the Bible that lay in her lap, and read:—

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee." How like rain upon the parched earth those words were!

"I can do that," she said humbly. "I can trust. And it is not *give* peace, but *keep* in peace. Ah! Lord, thy goodness is past finding out." And so she lay down to rest, and sweet sleep stole over her weary frame, while angels guarded her slumbers, and there was joy in heaven over a repentant sinner.

The days went away slowly, but not unpleasantly to Margaret until it was Christmas eve. She had not seen Dr. Ross since that eventful morning. He had been called away by important business, and Dr. Lynn took charge of his patients. Christmas eve he came back and his first call was to Mrs. King. He found her dying. Margaret had no word, not a look even, of recognition for him. Her whole being was centred in the thought that she was losing her mother—that mother who had grown dearer to her in the querulousness of her illness than she had ever been before. Just in the gray dawn, with a long-drawn sigh, soul and body parted, and Margaret King was motherless.

The funeral was over at last, and on the evening of New Year's day Margaret sat before the fire alone—God and her own heart only knew how much alone—in the wide, wide world.

A ring at the door startled her, and the next moment she rose to have her hand taken by Dr. Ross, while his brown eyes looked straight down into hers. She lifted her heart to God in one wild, passionate cry for help, for she knew that her hour of trial had come.

"Margaret," he said, "you are all alone in the world now."

"You do not need to tell me that, Dr. Ross; I know it only too well."

"I did not come to tell you that, Margaret King. I came to tell you that I love you—love you as I never loved mortal woman before."

"Don't I pray—don't say any more," said Margaret, pleadingly.

"You must hear me. Whatever you have to say when I have done, you must listen to me now. You wonder that I say I never loved woman so before, but it is true. You know, I suppose, that I once had a wife. I swore before God's holy altar to love and cherish one of the most innocent and guileless creatures that ever man took to his heart. May God forgive me, but I never loved her. My mother was anxious to see me married and it mattered little to me, for I had never loved any one; so I won her pure heart, and made her my wife. She died in my arms when we had been married only a few months, loving me to the last. I don't think she ever guessed how very far she was from satisfying the craving of my heart. For months your face has haunted me, by day and by night. God knows I tried hard enough not to love you, but I own myself conquered. Every fibre of my being thrills to the sound of your voice—the touch of your hand in mine sets my veins on fire. Margaret, I don't believe ever man loved woman as I do you."

She lifted her face from her hand, which had covered it.

"Do you love me well enough to leave me in peace—never to speak to me again while we two live?"

"Too well, by half. I cannot leave my darling in the cold world alone. As my wife, you shall have the loving care that you know you so much need. Margaret, come!"

He passed his strong arm around her and drew her towards him; but she sprang away from him, and with a low moan her head dropped to the arm of the sofa.

"My precious darling!"

A shiver of pain swept over the slight frame—that was all.

"Margaret, speak to me. For God's sake, look up and don't let me think you are dead."

She lifted her great grey eyes, with a haunted look in them, to his for a moment.

"Oh! Doctor Ross, in mercy leave me; you don't know how you torture me. I dare not be your wife. Now let me go."

For answer, he put both arms round her, and held her fast. For a moment her woman's heart pleaded hard for him and for herself; then she struggled to free herself, and he at once released her. She tried to speak, but the poor pale lips quivered, and she could only look dumbly up into the brown eyes that held her in their fascinated gaze.

"Margaret, you dare not say you do not love me; what else can keep us apart?"

As he spoke, he gently drew her to a seat beside him. She clasped her hands tightly in her lap, and turning partly away from him, said,

"Don't touch me—don't look at me, and I will try and tell you. It ought to be proof to you that you have touched my heart closely, when I can open this sepulchre for you to gaze into. My father died, not as people said, of heart-disease, but of—" she paused before the terrible words would come—"of *delirium tremens*. I have a brother wandering somewhere over the earth, a wretched outcast—that too caused by drink. But that is not all. The curse has touched me. Five years ago, I suddenly wakened to the knowledge that I had acquired an appetite for it. It was always on our dinner-table, and I being delicate, my physician ordered it for me and I took it: took it until I was—don't shudder at the word—a drunkard!

"When I saw it, I quit the use of it at once, and not a drop of anything that could intoxicate has passed my lips since, and I thought the demon in me dead, until you gave me that wine and roused it again."

"Margie, darling," he interrupted, "you are weak and nervous, and are unnecessarily alarmed at this. It is impossible that a pure woman like you—"

"Stop!" she said, her gray eyes fairly ablaze. "Had I not to be locked in my room all that day? Had I not to be held in bed part of the time! Oh! I tell you it is no weak woman's fancy. The craving in me was so strong that I believe I would have sold my soul for one glass more. Ask Janet—she took care of me."

"Well, even granting it all, that does not touch my love for you, nor your's for me. Come to me, Margaret. You will be safer with me than here alone."

"A month ago I might have done it; for I think a strong, true, perfectly sober man might help me, but I dare not trust you."

The words were spoken firmly. Her weakness was past—she had conquered herself. A flush of anger dyed his dark face; but it was only for a moment.

"Tell me what you mean, Margaret," he said very gently and tenderly. "I do not understand you."

"I heard you advocate the drinking of intoxicating liquors; I saw you drink a glass of brandy at the bar of a low tavern."

"When? Where" he asked in bewilderment.

"You do not remember that day as well as I do," she said, a dreamy look coming into her eyes.

"Do you remember that you met me in the street one day a little less than a month ago, just as you came out of Connor's?"

"Ah! yes; I do remember thinking how pale and worn you looked, and I remember too the look I read in your eyes, the first gleam of hope you ever gave me—indeed the only one. But that one kept my heart warm all the time I was gone."

Margaret was annoyed that he would not see what she wished him to.

"Well, Doctor Ross, I dare not promise to walk through life with a man who would be my worst tempter."

"I would never tempt you, Margaret, never offer it to you. Believe me, I would have every respect for the fancy you have about it."

"Alas! it is no fancy," she said, sadly. "But since you force me to say it, I must tell you that I would have constant fear for *you*. Oh! if you love me, give it up, Doctor Ross."

He smiled down upon her, very kindly, but as one might upon a child.

"There is no fear for me; I have perfect control of myself."

"Will it always be so?"

"I think so. If I find myself in danger, I can stop at any time, you know."

"Stop now, then."

"Margaret, you are unreasonable. I am willing to comply with any reasonable demand, but I cannot have *all* my actions controlled, even by the woman I love."

"Then leave me."

"Do you mean to refuse me?"

"I must, unless you promise."

He caught her in his arms, and held her with a vice-like grip, while he whispered, his cheek resting on her head, "Oh! Margie, my darling, my darling, why will you break my heart!"

She struggled away from him.

"Can't you see, Allan Ross, that in doing it I am breaking my own? In mercy go."

He walked slowly toward the door. With the open door in his hand, he turned and said,

"I may see you sometimes, Margaret?"

"No. Heaven help me! I dare not see you. Don't speak to me—don't look at me if we meet in the street."

And so without a good-bye, he went out into the bright starlight night.

The holidays over, Margaret again took her place as teacher which had been kept vacant for her during her mother's illness. Bravely she took up the burden of her life—for it was a burden, this living with all the light gone out of her life save what shone upon her from above. But that was not a little. Not the uncertain, flickering flame of human love, but a strong, steady light that kept her—if not joyful, at least in "perfect peace," as she had asked. At first her path seemed hard, but it daily grew easier, for she knew she had done right. Then her interest in the little people she was teaching deepened, and life seemed worth living, after all.

And Dr. Ross—was he happy? People said he was darker, and more stern and morose than ever; although none guessed the cause but his mother. Night after night, she lay listening to his steady tramp in his own room until long after midnight; and sometimes she heard the clink of glass that made her shudder, for she was beginning to share in Margaret's fear. She went often to see Margaret, and once she ventured to plead with her for her son, but to no purpose. Since that New Year's day he had attended church regularly, morning and evening, every Sabbath, and his mother argued favorably from that.

Poor woman! She never guessed his reasons. He moved his seat so that he could see the choir, and feasted his eyes upon Margaret King's face, and listened in a dreamy rapture, to the maddening music of her voice that his

quick ear could so easily distinguish from the others. That hour in church was the only happiness he had, and he grew to wish there could be a Sunday in the middle of the week. Sometimes he met her in the street, but she never looked at him.

When the June roses were in bloom, there came a letter from Elsie Gordon, in which she told Margaret that she was Percy Hammond's promised wife.

"He would never have cared at all for me, Margie," she wrote, "if you had not refused him. But I think he does really and truly love me now, and I am very happy. By-the-way, how is that grave old Dr. Ross getting on? You never mention him in your letters."

And Margaret replied to the letter, warmly congratulatimg both Elsie and Percy, but never mentioning that grave old Dr. Ross.

It was the third Sabbath in July—a warm, bright morning, and Margaret King stood before her mirror tying the black ribbons that made her pale face so much paler by contrast. She heaved a sigh of relief as she said to herself,

"Four weeks of a holiday! How I shall revel in these old woods!"

A strange minister occupied the pulpit that day, and Mr. Small, the leader of the choir, was particularly anxious about the music. It fell to Margaret's lot to sing a long solo in the first anthem. Her voice rose clear and sweet as a bird's, attracting all eyes to her, until near its close her eyes wandered for a moment over the faces upturned towards her, and she met Allan Ross' eyes with the old, irresistible look of love in them. Her voice faltered, gathered itself up again, and then broke entirely, and she sat down. The choir, with great presence of mind, took up the anthem where the solo should have ended, and finished it; but "that sweetest voice of all" was not heard again that day.

"It was the great heat," one of her friends declared; "and you know one is so much hotter in mourning."

But Dr. Ross knew better. It was a day of triumph for him. All day long his heart kept whispering to itself, "She is mine still—heart and soul."

He knew she would not go to church in the evening, so he betook himself to the woods instead of to the house of worship.

He was slowly following a path beaten by the patient cows in their daily walk to and from the spring, when he came upon something that suddenly stopped him. It was the figure of a woman in black, sitting—almost lying upon a green bank, her head resting upon her folded arms on a moss-covered log at her side, while her whole frame quivered and shook as if in mortal agony. A curious smile, half pain, half triumph, lighted up his face for a moment; then he came softly to her side and bent over her.

"Margaret!"

There was a world of tenderness in that one word. She rose quickly to her feet, and stood before him.

"Margaret, my own, why will you torture your poor heart so?"

She sat down upon the grass again, and covered her face with her hands.

He stooped over her, and taking her hands in his, lifted her to his side, supporting her with his strong right arm.

"Margaret, come to me and let me make you happy. I would move heaven and earth to save you pain."

"Then stop drinking. I have watched you all summer, and the habit is growing upon you."

He drew coldly away from her.

"So you saw fit to play the spy upon my actions! You must allow me to say, Miss King, that I consider myself capable of taking care of myself. I am not ashamed to say I take my glass of toddy at night. It ensures me a good night's rest, and a little relief from the torturing thought of a woman I have blindly, madly loved; and who

for a mere whim, is breaking my heart —and her own. Margaret, we cannot be happy apart, and yet you will not come to me."

"I dare not."

For a moment their eyes met, neither showing any sign of yielding; then he turned angrily away, and for the second time they parted without a good-bye.

Before another Sabbath came, the house Margaret King had occupied was adorned with a big, staring card that told to all passers-by, it was, "To Let;" and the Mapleville people had lost all trace of the school-teacher, and her faithful servant, Janet. But Doctor Ross made numerous visits to the city in which her uncle lived, feeling sure she was there, and hoping for at least a sight of her face in the street.

"If I can see her," he said to himself, "I will promise anything she asks; but until I find her," and he ground his heel into the pavement,—"until I do find her, I shall keep to the only comfort I have left." And he laid his hand on his breast pocket, where he carried a brandy flask.

Once the carriage in which she was, passed him in the street, but he was looking in another direction after a lady whose height and carriage reminded him of her, and so did not see her. By such mere chances do people miss each other!

Another day he called at Mr. Gordon's house and enquired for Miss King, risking a good deal in his determination to see her. The servant stared at him in blank amazement, and with a curt, "She is not here," shut the door. He could not tell whether she had been there at all, so he gave up the search, and went home,—he and his brandy bottle.

He happened to be in Ottawa when the House opened, and with a friend found himself in the crush in the gallery. They crowded and pushed him until he, not caring where he went, was forced near the front, when a glance downward showed him a face, among the ladies on the floor of the House, that transfixed him. A perfectly colorless face, shaded by masses of rippling chestnut hair, with a patient, but pained look about the sweet mouth.

"Do you see that lady in white, with Mrs. Percy Hammond?" said a gentleman at his side to his companion. He elbowed his way nearer the front as he spoke.

"By Jove! She's a beauty. Who is she?"

"Miss King, Mrs. Hammond's cousin. I never saw a handsomer woman, but she is proud as Lucifer, with no more heart than an iceberg."

Doctor Ross smiled to himself as he thought how little they knew of her heart.

"Is she a relative of Tom King that we had such a row with at the Russell last night, I wonder? He's a gentleman—or was once."

"Yes, his sister, I am sorry to say; but I daresay she does not know he is in town. Poor Tom? He's a sad case."

He heard no more, but never left his position until Margaret King's face was no longer to be seen.

That night as he was preparing to retire he heard a most unearthly cry in the next room, and then a confusion and a heavy fall. He stepped out into the hall, and heard some one say,

"Go for a doctor—be quick."

"I am a doctor. What's wrong?" he asked.

"Come in here."

He went in, and found three strong men holding, or trying to hold a writhing, struggling man down to the bed.

"We've been watching him all day—been trying to kill himself," hastily explained one of the gentlemen. "I am afraid he has succeeded at last," he added, looking at the stream of blood slowly oozing from a gash in his arm.

An examination convinced Doctor Ross that the wound, of itself, need not produce fatal results. But it was so

difficult—indeed almost impossible to keep him quiet, that he feared the worst.

Very gently, remembering all the time that he was Margaret's brother, he dressed the wound. Weakened and quieted by the loss of blood, he lay as helpless as an infant, and sending away the crowd that had gathered round the door, the doctor prepared to spend the night alone with him. He slept a little, an uneasy, half-waking sleep, and his watcher studied his face as he dozed. It must have been a remarkably handsome face once; but dissipation had left its terrible brand on every feature. A strong feeling of repulsion came over him as he looked at it, and then he caught himself wondering if any one would ever look so at him.

"I never was handsome," he said to himself. "What a beast I would be, if I should get like that!" He rose softly and went to the mirror. He was horrified to find, as he thought he did, some traces of the curse in his own face.

"It is only that ghastly lamp," he muttered as he went back to his seat, but still it made him uneasy.

Suddenly the patient opened his eyes—dark gray eyes very like those Doctor Ross remembered so fondly—and asked in a whisper,

"Do you ever drink brandy?"

He started, but answered composedly.

"I suppose you want some, but I cannot give you any. It might be death to you."

"No, I *don't* want it—not that I fear death much; it can't be worse than this life. But do you ever drink it?" trying to raise himself on his elbow as he spoke.

"Yes, sometimes," he answered carelessly. Doctor Ross was above prevarication.

"Did you ever have the blue devils?" his questioner went on.

"What do you mean?" said Doctor Ross, haughtily."

Tom King laughed a low, unmusical laugh.

"So you don't know what I mean? You will, though, if you keep on drinking brandy. That's the way I found out all about the blue devils. When I couldn't get brandy, I drank gin, rum, whiskey—anything that would make me drunk. It was rum I had been drinking the first time I saw His Satanic Majesty—Good God! what a night that was!" and again that low, hard laugh echoed through the room.

Doctor Ross began to feel uncomfortable, and he reached for his medicine case. Taking a bottle from it, he began sifting a fine white powder into a glass. Tom King looked over his shoulder, and read "Hydrate of Chloral" on the label.

"You are not fixing that for me, Doctor."

"Yes, it is your medicine."

"Well, I don't require it, thank you. I suppose you think I don't know what it is. I'm not going to sleep—I'm going to keep you company for one night. Perhaps it is my last, and I'm seized with a strong desire to deliver a temperance lecture. Come and sit down."

The gray eyes were fixed pleadingly upon him now, and he could not resist them, so he resumed his seat close to the bedside.

"Do you see this?" said the sick man, drawing a handsome flask from under his pillow. "The stuff that has gone through this, has ruined me, soul and body. Have you a mother or sister?"

"I have a mother," said the Doctor shortly.

"So had I once, and a sister—angels they were, too; but this cursed whiskey lost them to me—lost me everything, even my manhood and my soul." And then in broken tones, with many a bitter oath interspersed, he told Allan Ross the story of his wasted, ruined life, following his downward course step by step; "until now," he said, "I am at the bottom, I can sink no lower."

In the morning Doctor Ross sent a note to Percy Hammond's office, telling him he feared Tom King had not many days to live, and asking if Miss King would like to see her brother.

For answer, Mr. Hammond brought Margaret herself. She gave the Doctor her hand without meeting his eyes, as he opened the door of Tom's room for her, saying simply,

"Let me go in alone, please."

Reverently the two men stepped aside, and she passed in. Mr. Hammond went away, and for a long time Doctor Ross kept guard in the hall, busily thinking over the history of that poor wrecked life that had been left bare to his gaze. At last, Margaret opened the door.

"Doctor," she said, "I think he ought to have something. Will you get me his medicine?"

As he came in, Tom King's eyes, lighted with something akin to hope, were lifted to his face, and he said eagerly,

"Oh! Doctor, how can I ever thank you sufficiently for sending for Margie? I thought I had killed her years ago. I can't tell you how precious a sight of her face is to me!"

"And to me," Doctor Ross could have added, but he did not.

Through the remainder of that day those two watched in the sick room. The Doctor scarcely spoke at all, leaving the brother and sister to themselves. As evening came on, Tom grew restless.

"Can I do anything for you?" said the Doctor, coming to his side.

"Yes, if you will. I like you, Doctor. Promise never to touch this body and soul destroying poison again. It's too late for me now, but not for you. Will you grant a dying man's request?"

Doctor Ross trembled, and his lips grew white, but his voice was firm as he said, "I will."

His eyes met Margaret's as he gave the promise, and she felt that it was given as much to her as to her brother. She walked to the window and the Doctor came and stood at her side.

"It will be a terrible struggle," he said; "I don't know if I can conquer; but I will or die in the attempt."

"Do not try in your own strength, Doctor Ross. Ask God's help."

"Do you think He would help such a wretch?"

"I know he will. Remember, I have been over this ground," and her voice grew unsteady at the recollection. "He is a strong tower and a rock of defence."

"Did prayer help you?" he asked, almost in a whisper.

"It was everything to me. I was—oh! so weak; but the Lord was, and is my strength, and I conquered completely. Since I saw you, I have not tasted, and I have no longer that craving for it."

"Thank you; you don't know how you have helped me. Pray for me."

"Be sure I will, every day, every hour."

Mr. Hammond came for Margaret then, promising to bring her back early in the morning. Doctor Ross went to his room early, leaving his patient quiet and inclined to sleep. About midnight he was roused by a rap at his door and a frightened exclamation,

"Doctor, do come at once."

The first sight that met his eye on going into the sick room was a pool of blood on the floor, while it was spurting in jets from the arm of his patient that hung over the bedside. One look at the pallid face told him it was too late to do anything.

"It's all over, Doctor," he said feebly. "Poor Margie! God bless her." There was a quick gasp, one or two hard-drawn breaths, and poor Tom King's wrecked life was ended.

Dr. Ross took the early train for home. He felt that he needed rest and quiet for the battle before him. He told his mother all, and going to his own room, he poured into the fire every

drop of liquor he had there, Then, almost for the first time in his life, he prayed. It was a wild, incoherent prayer that God would help him now. So merciful is our God that the feeblest cry for help, put up in sincerity and faith, never remains unanswered.

It was, as he had told Margaret it would be, a terrible struggle ; but he never flinched. Day after day he fought his enemy, never allowing himself to taste, or even look at it, if he could avoid it. When the temptation grew too strong for him, he locked himself into his room and prayed. He never forgot Margaret's advice. He studied the Bible too, and little by little he learned to make the promises his own. He could not receive them at first with childlike simplicity as she did ; but he came, in time, to grasp them with a firm faith that seldom faltered. And so he conquered. He was not a man to do things by halves, so he banished it from his prescriptions, and lost no opportunity of advocating —not so much temperance, as total abstinence.

" For such as I," he said," and there are many such, it is the only safe course."

As might be expected, he met with scoffs and jeers. It injured his practice too ; but he did not alter his course, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that his influence saved some from the ruin to which they were tending.

Some of his old and best friends, too, who had latterly employed another physician, now came back to him, and told him that now that he had become a sober man, they had rather trust him than any other.

The summer with its burning heats, passed, and September with its cool hazy, dreamy days came. It was a glorious Sabbath morning, and Margaret King had taken her place among the worshippers in a crowded city church when a face at the door attracted her attention. It was a dark face, but an indescribable light seemed to play over it as with bared head and reverent mien, he entered the house of God. It was the one face that held its place constantly in her faithful, woman's heart. She watched him come slowly up the aisle and take his seat, and then from her position partly behind a pillar, she saw his eye run over the sea of faces as if in search of a familiar one. Up and down it went, but never rested on her. She was thankful for that.

The sermon was a plain, simple one, treating the blessed gospel truths that are so precious to hungering souls. She watched him all through it, and saw how he became so absorbed in the message the man of God was delivering that he forgot everything else ; saw the dark face light up as she had never seen it before, and she knew that for him the battle was fought and the victory won. When she bowed her head in prayer at the conclusion, her whole heart went up in one psalm of thanksgiving to God ; and as she walked home, she thought, " I can be happy now, if I never see him again."

But she did see him again.

The next day he called at her uncle's house, where her home had been since Elsie's marriage. He was slowly pacing up and down the long drawing-room when she came in. He took her hand and led her to a seat, and then stood looking at her, neither of them speaking.

At last he said.

" I came to tell you how I have been saved. If there was human agency in it, to you and yours are my thanks due. But just now in the newness of the joy at my marvellous escape, I can only thank God."

A flash from her eyes to his told him how thoroughly she understood that feeling.

Calmly and quietly he went over the battle ground again, telling her of his struggles and his successes, of his weakness, and where he had gone for strength.

"And now," he said, "I feel secure. Not in my own strength—this is my stronghold: 'Trust ye in the Lord for ever: for in the Lord JEHOVAH is everlasting strength!'"

"Do you know," she said, a bright smile lighting up her face, "that is the twin to the text that was my talisman. Oh what comfort that verse did give me! 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee!'"

There were a few moments of perfect silence after that—one of those times when heart speaks to heart, and silence is more expressive than words could be. When he spoke again there was a quivering of his firm lips, a tremulousness in his voice, and a mist in the brown eyes bent so lovingly on the pale, pure face of the woman before him.

"Margaret," he said, "my life is not half a life without you. Can you make it complete? I do not ask if you can love,—I know your heart is mine; but can you trust me now?"

Her answer was low, but he heard it.

"Entirely, Dr. Ross."

"And you can give your future into my hands without any misgivings? You can come to me with that perfect confidence without which, dearly as I love you, I dare not take you? Can you do this, Margie?"

"Yes, Allan, I trust you perfectly."

He drew her closely to him, and reverently touched his lips to her forehead. And so two lives were made one; and they two, who had been under the curse, went resolutely to work to help others to escape from the toils of the demon Strong Drink—the curse of this fair Canada of ours.

THE GIRLS' VOYAGE.

(BY ONE OF THEM.)

(Continued.)

AMY'S STORY.

"ROYAL HOTEL," MACAO,
Nov. 5th, 1870.

In a great, barn-like room of this ambitiously named house I am whiling away the hours of a rainy day, my friend, by writing to you. Marion and I are spending a few days in the Portuguese town which is chiefly associated in the public mind with the poet Camoens, who for a satire upon the Viceroy of Goa was banished from his home, and died here in exile. (Marion looking over my shoulder makes an objection: "You seem to take it for granted that Gussie is not a well-informed young woman. Do you imagine she never heard of the man and his stupid 'Lusiad?'" "Not at all," I reply, "but I merely wanted to help her realize just where we are, and to fix the associations upon her mind.")

Mr. Dowling, "our fairy godfather," transported us hither, and invited Mr. Duncan to be one of the party. The latter, in his joy at escaping from the ship for a season, left his sedateness behind, and became like a schoolboy just off for a holiday, and during our three hours' voyage from Hong Kong in the steamer "White Cloud" we were all extremely merry. Macao is built around a crescent-shaped bay upon the sloping hillsides, and by its row of white and cream-colored houses on the curving Praya, contrasting effectively with the deep blue of the waters that break against its granite sea-wall, European travellers say they are reminded of some Italian town on the Mediterranean. The "Royal Hotel" stands upon the Praya, and from its front balcony we have the most stirring view afforded by this quiet town, from which the tide of commerce has been ebbing for many years, leaving it now a pretty watering place, where people from Hong Kong and Canton come for rest and the refreshment of its ocean breezes. In the evenings we look out on a more peaceful scene, as moonlight falls softly upon the sails of junks and sampans in the harbor, and transforms a white plastered fort at one end of the crescent into a marble palace gleaming among the heavy foliage.

On our way here from the steamer through the hilly streets I saw from my sedan two women with a pole resting on their shoulders, and a trunk suspended from it. "Mr. Dowling!" I cried in some dismay, "do the women carry the baggage in Macao?" Then I saw my own initials on the trunk, which was poor consolation, but I was glad there were no heavy things in it for the sake of the poor barefooted porters toiling up the hills. Our chair coolies were ordered to wait outside the hotel while we went to our rooms and rested; then we resumed our seats and explored the outskirts of the town by the light of a setting sun.

The road led us to the summit of steep crags, where there was a wide view seaward, and far below among the rocks the waves broke in showers of spray. The rest of the way was less attractive, and through the heart of the town we came back to our hotel in

time for a late dinner. There was not a crowd of guests sojourning there, we knew, yet I had not expected to see only a party of young men at the table beside ourselves and the host. One of them was a French count, and their conversation was in French,—decidedly frivolous, Marion and I considered it; and even with our slight knowledge of the language, it was evident that remarks were being made upon the "Americaines." That was rather trying to our composure, and I thought it fortunate that neither Mr. Dowling nor Mr. Duncan understood French, for the former would have been seriously annoyed at having his charges subjected to such impertinence, and I am sure Mr. Duncan would have been incensed. During the progress of these observations and of the courses our host, Senor De Graça, became uneasy, and in a low tone enquired of Mr. Duncan if the young ladies spoke French. His answer was, "I believe not," but he did not add that we could understand it tolerably; it is quite likely that he was not aware of the fact, and De Graça continued his dinner with an air of relief.

We adjourned to the balcony, and the moonlight made Marion restless to go up to the cliffs we had passed before dinner, so our dear old guardian told Mr. Duncan he might escort us there. As for himself that would be too much of a scramble after the events of the day. It was a scramble, certainly, for after mounting the hill to the sharp edge of tho cliff we went down over the rocks to the shore, Mr. Duncan helping us, one at a time,—not without peril to all our necks. Once down there we did not repent of our rashness, for the waves came curling softly in, almost to our feet, and the sea shone in the light of a great golden moon, and we sat still in the shadow of a crag, quieted by a sense of the beauty before us.

Suddenly, with an English accent, these words broke the silence: "Yes, I think I know all about them. They must be the girls I heard of in Hong Kong who came to China on their brother's ship, that big one moored over on the Kow-Loon side, you know. He's one of the pious kind, they say; preaches to his men on Sundays, and goes to the hospital to talk to the sick sailors. A religious sea-captain! He must be a queer prig." "A natural curosity, I should say," said another voice. (The talkers were a little higher up than we, and our crag screened us completely.) "Mais les demoiselles," said a third person," ne pensez vous—" "As for the girls themselves," interupted the first speaker; but the expression of his opinion was cut short by Mr. Duncan, who rose hastily and pitched a great stone in to the sea, thereby startling the intruders into silence. Then he said distinctly, "I think it is time for us to return." The strangers had a chance to retreat, of which they were not slow to take advantage, and a little gurgle of laughter from Marion followed them. I tried to keep her from such an outbreak, though I felt inclined to join in it, and she declared I half strangled her. Our faithful friend was more provoked than amused at this little episode, and a remark about "those impertinent fellows" came from under his moustache as he gave us a helping hand to climb up to the road. The day's adventures ended with an experience of rats in our room, a great, bare place, where the little furniture there is hides away in the shadows, and over the uncarpeted floor an army of rats, we thought from the sounds, took lively exercise in the darkness. If there were only two or three they must have been monstrous ones, and they raced about as a herd of cattle might scour a prairie, while we actually quaked in our high bed. I lit a candle at last, thinking it would be worse to have our foes attack us unseen, and as I did so a large rat

disappeared through a hole in the bottom of the door. Then I stuffed a brown veil into the hole to prevent the return of the rodent, and went peacefully to sleep, for his companions were less formidable. In the morning the hole was open—the veil gone! Mr. Dowling handed it to me when we met at breakfast, saying he found it on the floor of the hall. *We* knew how it came there, but refrained from any explanation.

With a pleasant old Portuguese guide named De Silva we made an early start to find the curiosities of Macao, and he led us first to the Catholic Cathedral, then to see a grand ruin, that of St. Paul's Church, whose façade is standing with a portion of its side and back walls; but where worshippers once knelt on the marble floor within, a little grove has grown up since fire made a ruin of the building, and the leafy branches bend over graves, for it is now used as a cemetery. A very long, wide flight of steps leads up to the stone courtyard before the church, and from that point of view I first saw the noble façade, venerably gray, and so perfect that it gave me no idea that the church was a ruin until I had innocently exclaimed, "What a remarkably beautiful shade of blue the curtains are in those windows!" and was informed by my amused companions that I was looking through the apertures at the sky beyond.

We visited the Barracoon, where the poor coolies are kept while waiting to be shipped to other lands; and the Protestant burying ground, a spot chiefly interesting to us because of the grave of Dr. Morrison, the first missionary to China. He rests there from his labors, and surely his works do follow him.

There is no place in Macao where travellers go with more interest than to Camoens' Gardens, where shadiness and seclusion are suggestive of meditative poets, and irregular paths winding among the trees afford bright little glimpses of the sea. The exile's tomb is there, near a grotto in which he doubtless passed many a homesick hour, and as we turned away after reading its inscription I noticed Marion's woe-begone face and her weary, dragging step. "Amy," she said in a despairing tone, "I suppose you feel just the way you ought to—in the spirit of the place, and all that?" "Cameons' certainly does seem very real to me," said I, and just now these words of Mrs. Browning were in my mind, very naturally suggested by a thought of poor Catrina dying at home while her heart was here in exile with her poet,—

> 'On the door you will not enter
> I have gazed too long—adieu!
> Hope withdraws her peradventure,
> Death is near me, and not you.
> Come, O lover,
> Close, and cover
> These poor eyes you called, I ween,
> "Sweetest eyes" were ever seen!'"

"Oh, dear me!" she rejoined in a state of deeper despair, "why can't I get up some nice, suitable feelings? I don't care anything about the man and his Catrina—I'm too tired and sleepy to see any more sights, and in future years I shall reproach myself for having stood here before his tomb with no more emotion than if it it were a great hen-coop! However, it can't be helped now, and one comfort remains to me; there is Mr. Duncan, he isn't at all concerned about Camoens' I know, yet he does enjoy these rural walks, and I can't even do that, because of those rampaging rats last night which destroyed my slumbers."

After this wail from our Marion we left the gardens, and proceeded through the city streets to see whatever De Silva chose to show us. Only one thing more I will mention, a peep into a gambling house, and at a table where stood a breathless group watching some mysterious performance with small stones, or pieces of ivory; and when a gain for one and loss for another was

decided there were exclamations from all, and some face among the crowd acquired a deeper shade of wretchedness, yet fixed its gaze upon the table as if attracted by a fatal spell.

After dinner and a nap we took an open carriage and went to the summit of a hill at one extremity of the island to visit the church of "Our Lady of Sorrows." A rude wooden cross stands before its portals, and our guide told us that a sea captain during a violent storm vowed that if he were saved the mainmast of his vessel should be transformed into a cross and placed in that spot, which was done when he reached the shore in safety. From the parapet surrounding the church there is a glorious view of all Macao, the sea, and the hills of the neighboring land; and we rested there for a long time, scarcely heeding that the afternoon was slipping away, and De Silva longing to drag us away for fresh sights. We should have returned to Hong Kong to-day if it had not been for this drenching rain and Mr. Dowling's rheumatic liabilities, and I do not object to this delay as much as I should if we were not getting used to the rats at night, but our resources in this hotel are limited to a jingling piano and a musty backgammon board. Marion and Mr. Dowling are using the latter now, and I ought to go and relieve her, for more than one hour of that game would be severe discipline for her. The count and his party have betaken themselves to other scenes. They behaved very well at table after the first evening and hardly glanced at us. So no more from Macao, I will continue after we are in our floating home again.

HONG KONG HARBOR,
Nov. 16th.

After this letter there will be no more dated in like manner, for at last the welcome order has come for the "Lyra" to proceed to Manilla, there to be loaded with sugar, as hemp declines to fall after all this waiting, which has been so much more profitable to *us* than to the vessel's owners. It has caused us some impatient feelings in the intervals between our various excursions, for Hong Kong has not been wholly delightful; yet now as the time approaches when the "Lyra's" tall masts will cease to be one of the familiar objects in this harbor, and the scenes and friends who have known us here shall know us no more, we find that many pleasant things coming up day by day make us inclined to linger. We have told you nothing of the typhoon that agitated these waters a few weeks ago, and fully satisfied our curiosity respecting the storms which are the greatest dread of navigators in eastern seas. I have seen some elderly skippers shudder when Marion or myself thoughtlessly expressed a wish that we might "see a real typhoon," and if it could be so terrible in a sheltered harbor, what must such a tempest be to those exposed upon the open ocean! For several days previous to the typhoon the forces of nature seemed to be gathering for an outbreak. A strangely wild sky, sudden gusts of wind and dark waves crested with white, instead of the usually tranquil waters of the harbor kept us on the watch for something out of the usual course of things. The "Aphrodite" was then in port, and we were invited one evening to dine on board of that steamer to meet Captain Croby's wife and a few city guests, but waves and wind were so threatening that to go in our open boat was out of the question. The captain hailed a sampan, and we were about to embark in it when its owner informed us that he feared "one welly bad typhoon come—all the sampans go in safe place and stay all nightee;" therefore, as we saw no way of returning from the "Aphrodite," we gave up our anticipated pleasure and sat on deck in the darkness listening to the increasing gale. "It is a typhoon, and no mistake," were the first words I heard in

the morning, and with the dashing water and motion of the vessel we could have easily imagined ourselves at sea. The wind shrieked and whistled through the rigging, the rain poured down, and the "Lyra's" girls wrapped themselves in waterproofs and sat on the upper steps of the companion way, watching the wild scene, and enjoying it in a way that was almost wicked, I thought afterwards when we heard that over one hundred Chinese were drowned that day in the harbor. Anchored so far from the city as our ship was, and with only a few near neighbors, there was no real danger for her, although she dragged her anchor, and the captain and mate appeared somewhat concerned about what she might do if the typhoon increased, and while we inconsiderate young things were rejoicing in this strife of the elements there was great suffering and loss of life at the city quays. From houses on the Praya the inhabitants could see sampans tossed up against the stone wall, and Chinamen struggling in the waves, while great blocks of granite were dislodged from the solid masonry, and it was difficult to render any aid, one of the merchants told us, even to those who were perishing before their eyes.

When days went on again under bright blue skies with a suggestion of autumnal coolness in the air, and the recent typhoon had nearly ceased to be the prevailing topic of social converse, our vessel was honored by a call that was far beyond common events, and has led since then to some of the greatest pleasures we have known in Hong Kong. The callers were two English ladies, which made the fact of their coming all the more remarkable, as there was not even the attraction of a common country to draw them all the way across to "Kow Loon side" to visit strangers on an American ship, and the only reason for their appearance was that an acquaintance of theirs spoke of us as people who would appreciate and enjoy the hospitalities of their beautiful home. "Who is my neighbor?" is a question that seems to be asked very often in this colony. "What are these people to me? Why should I have anything to do with them? They are not on the same level in society with myself,"—is a free translation of the question. But these new friends of ours, Mrs. Carleton and her sister Miss Barrett, would say, "Our neighbors are any whom we can make happier by our society, or help in any way." Accordingly it was upon their general principles that they invited us to tiffin and croquet; but it was not formally that the invitation was passed—they were as gushing, Marion declared, as if we had just come from their friends in Great Britain. After this prelude you may imagine us setting out on an appointed day to find Mrs. Carleton's house, and our coolies bore us up through almost perpendicular streets to a road which is the highest in town, on the very edge of the mountain. There we travelled up and down for a long time, uncertain as to the place of our destination, and this afforded us a glimpse of a deep gorge in the hills, through which a stream, crossing our way, ran under a pretty stone bridge into a grove of pines below, and in the opening, at the lower end of the gorge, was framed a lovely little landscape—a bit of the harbor with the hills beyond, and a white church spire in the foreground.

At last the house we sought was found: a one storied bungalow, perched on the highest spot of any house in the colony, and commanding a view that is bewildering in its variety and beauty. The ladies were sitting on the front verandah with their work, and we rested there until the announcement of tiffin, a meal that is most favorable to pleasant conversation, as it is apt to be unsubstantial, and may be regarded rather as a pastime than an affair of

moment, particularly when a few of our sex gather around the board to sip delicious tea and peel bananas, after disposing of a first course of cold chicken and its accompaniments.

Arthur and a few other gentlemen joined the feminine party upon the verandah before the afternoon was far advanced, and the servants brought out little tables and handed around that beverage with which all who live in this land are wont to refresh themselves so frequently that you might suppose the vital principle to be contained in every cup of tea.

An adjournment to the croquet ground was proposed, and upon a level, velvety platform cut out of the steep mountain side we played until the rosy flush of sunset on the hills and clouds had faded into a graver tint, and a new moon appeared over the sharply defined edge of the Peak behind us. Then we took leave of our hostesses and their other guests, having first accepted invitations to two croquet parties, one at the barracks and one at the residence of a merchant in the city.

Croquet assemblies, sometimes ending with dinner parties, became the order of our days and evenings for a while, and when we were beginning to be tired of them new diversions succeeded. "We take tea on the 'Great Northern' to-night," announced our captain one day at the dinner table. "Who and what is the 'Great Northern?'" was our natural enquiry. "The steamer that came out from England to lay the telegraphic cable between Hong Kong and Shanghai, and you will have an opportunity of laying in a store of solid information, my children," said he. Assuredly it was not for lack of opportunity if we did not lay in such a store that evening, for the captain of this steamer took us to the telegraphic apartment where there was an electrician ready to explain everything to us; then we were shown the machines for laying the cable, and Marion's head, she told me, was in a whirl from inability to comprehend half we had seen and heard. Perhaps other heads in the party were in the same condition. At tea we made a few new acquaintances; the one we liked best was an English lady with so unusual a name that I will not undertake to spell it for you. She was very friendly, and asked us to come the next night to her house, where a choral society would meet for a weekly rehearsal, and the idea of hearing any real music again after so long a deprivation sent us home with hearts bounding gaily, like our boat, as it bore us over the waves.

In the clear moonlight of a November evening three perplexed Americans might have been seen in sedan chairs hunting the city streets for a house of which the owner's name, even, was a matter of doubt to them. To our no less perplexed coolies we gave a name that sounded as much like the right one as it could without being that, and after going back and forth and up and down we began to think that dinner and music were not for us that evening, when a stream of gaslight crossed our way from an open hall door, and there stood our friend in her floating white robes. She was looking out to discover the cause of the commotion in her quiet street, for when six bearers are uncertain where to carry their passengers they discuss and argue the question so clamorously that you might suppose a serious quarrel was going on. That dinner had been delayed for us, I should think was quite probable, and those who at last took their places around a board brilliant with silver, glass, and flowers were "12 piecee man," as a Chinese waiter would say, which includes the ladies.

Selections from Mendelssohn's "Four Part Songs" formed the evening's programme. I had a chorus book, and oined occasionally in those joyous

melodies which carry the thoughts away to green fields and forests. My "other half," Marion, kept herself in a secluded corner behind the singers, and was so earnestly engaged in conversation with a stout British officer, who stood beside her in the shadow of a window curtain, that I wondered more than once or twice what their argument could be. It concerned the first question in the Westminster Catechism, "What is the chief end of man?" she told us as we were walking down to the boat. "Didn't he consider that rather a novel subject to discuss at a party?" we asked her. "Perhaps so, but I didn't force it upon him at all," Marion said. "We fell into the argument quite unexpectedly and naturally, and he pursued it with so much interest that I did not take any pains to change the subject." "Well, little girl," said Arthur, encouragingly, "I don't believe he got any too much of it, or he would not have responded so heartily afterward when I invited him to call on us. You will have a chance to ask him the second question if you wish to."

Our next move was a picnic to Douglas Castle; a nautical picnic, in one sense (although the company went by land to the other side of the island), for it consisted exclusively of seafaring people—plenty of captains, the wives of two, and the daughter of one of them, beside a delegation from the "Lyra;" and with heavy provision baskets we went to that mysterious castle by the sea. I call it mysterious because everything about it is a mystery to me. If it was built for a home (though its great rooms are so unhomelike) why is it deserted now, save by one or two servants or keepers? Silence reigns there, except on days when pleasure parties like ours awaken its echoes and explore its lofty halls and chambers. It is reported that a newly married pair, not caring to take a long wedding tour, yet desiring to spend a part of their honeymoon away from the noisy city, came to Douglas Castle for that purpose, but two or three days of its ghostly silence and damp, chilly atmosphere sufficed, and the bridegroom declared when they came back to everyday life that it was too lonely to be endured any longer. None of the apartments were cheerful enough for our merry dinner party, and a long table was spread in a very draughty verandah, where the sea wind, which could not spoil our cold viands, sharpened the appetites and brightened the wits of all. Hong Kong influences had contaminated every one of us to some degree, as was proved by our beginning to gossip when hunger was partially appeased. Innocent gossip it was, and entirely good-natured. The subject thereof was a German bride who has caused a pleasant excitement in the community by coming all the way from the Fatherland to meet her lover, the captain and owner of a pretty bark, which is one of our nearest neighbors. One morning it made such a gorgeous display of flags that the public was led to enquire what could be the news from Germany, but it was known before many hours that the captain's wedding, not patriotism, was the excuse for his vessel's festive array. The German girl is said to be radiantly beautiful, and "Who has seen her?" was the question at our table. "I met her in the gardens on 'Band afternoon,'" said one. "I saw her through a spy-glass from my deck when she first went aboard the bark," confessed another, and he added that she was "a picture." "She is as pretty as she can be to stay in her skin," proclaimed old Captain Bird, and this peculiar testimony, given with authority, closed our discussion of the bride for that time, at least.

"You are all noisy enough up there," some one called from the road below, and in a moment young Mr. Weir, of the house of Gainsborough &

Co., joined us on the verandah, asking if a land-lubber could be admitted to such a gathering of "salts." "I walked up the Peak this afternoon from the city," he said, "and coming down on this side heard your voices before the castle was in sight, so I had to stop here to see what the fun was. And here is Miss Roslyn," continued Mr. Weir, "the very person I had made up my mind to see to-day, as I have an important request to make of her." To be short, my Gussie, he wanted me to present a prize, called "The Ladies' Purse," at the yearly Regatta, which was to occur in a few days. The time-honored custom that it should be presented by a young member of the single sisterhood brought difficulties this year, for there are few white damsels in Hong Kong, and two of them had rejected Mr. Weir's proposal on the ground that they had performed the part before. As a last resort, therefore, he thought that "Miss Roslyn" might do, and that young lady reluctantly consented to oblige him, if he would promise to write a short speech for her to commit to memory, and deliver when the successful oarsman should appear for his prize. He said he would do so, and we dispersed in small detachments. Some of us went up to the white turrets on the castle roof and watched the sun dip into the China sea, and when evening shades fell over us the rovers assembled, and our procession took up its line of march.

Regatta day came, and no sign of a speech from Mr. Weir; not even an opening sentence,—and how was I to know what sort of things Hong Kong ladies said on such occasions? He had promised to write it for me "word for word." "Vain indeed are the promises of man!" said Marion, but putting our three heads together we wrote a speech at last and I committed it to memory. We went on board the "Australia," a great English steamer anchored by the race-course, where the *élite* of the city came also to witness the performances and dispose of a cold collation. The sight of about two hundred strangers made me feel smaller than Mrs. Tom Thumb, and I longed to shrink into an atom and hide in Arthur's pocket, for stares were never bestowed with more effrontery than they were upon me that afternoon,—and it was not my imagination, truly. There were a dozen good friends of ours among the crowd, and one or two of them managed to divert me so pleasantly that I forgot my nervous fears, and ceased my mental repetition of the speech. Suddenly I became aware that a small space was cleared around me, and the prominent figures in it were myself and a young man who had on a flannel boating-shirt, and he stood there looking embarrassed, yet expectant. It was a wonder that I did not forget what I had to say to him, but I launched out upon my speech, groping meantime in my pocket for the blue velvet purse, heavy with gold sovereigns. This I extricated and held out to the youth, who seized it eagerly, and muttered a few words of gratitude. *I* was the grateful one to have the ordeal over, and all I wanted was to escape from the "Australia." Instead of that, the chairman of the Regatta Committee handed me down to the saloon and gave me the seat of honor at his right hand, a most uncoveted position; still, as my mind was relieved, I could do what politeness required of me in paying attention to the eatables, and listened with some amusement to the talk and toasting.

There will be now only a few days before our departure for Manilla, and yesterday, our last Sunday here, we took leave of a place that is to me the dearest in Hong Kong—the quiet chapel, where so many times we have been taught and encouraged. Dr. Legge preached from this text—"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few," and as we passed out under the

stone arches to go down among the busy multitudes I seemed still to hear his closing appeal, "Will you not, my friends, each one of you, ask the Lord to send you out as a laborer into His great harvest field, the world?" On the row home, though the sky was nearly covered with gray clouds, the eastern hills were brilliantly illuminated by the setting sun, which was invisible to us, and the sight made me think of Christians living in the light and joy of the Lord, independent of the clouds of trouble, witnessing to all of that peace passing understanding which comes from the glory of His presence.

We were standing this afternoon on Mrs. Carleton's smooth green sward, engaged in a game of croquêt, when some one said, "There goes the 'Great Republic,'" and I dropped my mallet to see the American mail steamer leave the harbor on her way to our native land. Six steamers have come and gone since we arrived in Hong Kong; each one bringing to us pleasant news from our absent friends, and bearing to them accounts of our happiness here! Goodness and mercy have followed us continually, and when we sail for other foreign shores there will be a song of praise in our hearts as we look back over these six months in China.

(To be continued.)

Young Folks.

ALLIE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

"What's the news from Aunt Fanny, mamma?" said Allie, who had spent the last five minutes of the breakfast hour in folding and unfolding her table-napkin and regarding with looks of interest a letter which Mrs. Wright was leisurely reading.

"Nothing very bad I'll be bound," remarked Tom, "for I have been comparing mamma's satisfied, placid expression with that of her eldest daughter, whose face at present bespeaks inordinate curiosity and impatience."

"What about yourself, Tom? Do you take no interest in Aunt Fanny's welfare?" asked Mr. Wright.

"Most certainly, papa, but I have learned to curb my curiosity."

"That is all very fine, young man; but, mother, you are keeping us all in suspense," and Mr. Wright pushed away his coffee cup, and folding his arms, assumed a listening attitude.

"Well, as a reward for patience, I will read an extract which has interest for Allie in particular, and the rest of us in general. Aunt Fanny says: 'As Allie's birthday comes next Saturday, I very much wish that she and all of you would celebrate it with us. Uncle Jacob intends taking us in the large waggon, which holds more than you can muster, so we will let Allie choose some young friends to fill the vacancies. Tell the girls there are quantities of lovely flowers and ferns in the woods, and Uncle has put up a fine swing. Ask Allie to keep her voice in trim for singing, as we want her to try the new piano. And one thing more, remember we have two spare bedrooms, and shall be delighted to keep some of you over Sunday.'"

"Oh, how perfectly delightful of Aunt Fanny! Mamma, can we all go?"

"Good, good! I'se goin' too!" burst simultaneously from Allie, Winnie and little Ben. When they had subsided, Tom's voice was heard,

"I am afraid my feelings will not allow me to attend this birthday festival."

"Why, Tom, won't you go to my party?" said Allie, in a disappointed tone.

"I should like to honor this assembly with my presence, but there is a serious drawback. Of course a certain swain who is enamored of my fair sister will be present, and, of course, he will assist her over slippery places and suspend her shawl over his shoulder, and prattle silly nothings, while your humble servant trots on behind, playing solitaire with the lunch basket. How can any one, knowing the deep affection which I entertain for my sister Allie, think that I am not justified in refusing this invitation?"

Of course, every one laughed,—how could they help it? But when the others had left the room Mrs. Wright called Tom back.

"Tom," she said, "you should not speak so; it puts silly notions into Allie's head."

"Well, mother, I won't any more—that is if I can help it. Oh, dear, what

a good-for-nothing fellow I am, and still I try hard to be better! But it seems such up-hill work, just a continual struggle, and most days made up of errors and stumblings."

Tom spoke as if he was in earnest, and somehow his hand stole into his mother's, and his eyes sought hers with the helplessness and trust of childhood's days.

Half an hour later Tom stole out of the room in a strangely subdued frame of mind, looking with a thoughtful expression, that augured well for certain new-formed resolutions, at a tear that sparkled upon the brown hand his mother had carried to her lips before releasing. Down the long hall danced Allie, humming a lively air. Enviously Tom glanced at the radiant face, untouched by care, and brighter than usual in prospect of a coming pleasure. Allie brought up suddenly in front of him.

"Why, Tom, you look as though you had been to a funeral! What's happened? Is anything the matter with your hand?"

"I wonder if the nail on my little finger has grown long enough for a good quill!" remarked Tom meditatively.

"Oh, if that is all that troubles you, I may reserve my sympathy," laughed Allie, running down stairs, apparently satisfied with the answer. Not so with Tom's conscience—

"It seems to me I am a regular sham," he said aloud, after shutting and locking his door. "I don't act one bit as I feel. I wonder if anybody else ever felt like this! Now there's mother, it just seems natural for her to be always good. Well, it's a puzzle to me how a woman like mother came to have such a good-for-nothing son."

Tom's meditations were cut short by a tap on the door, and Allie's voice asking if he would like her to put those buttons on his coat now.

"That is always the way," muttered Tom; "whenever I get a good streak and try to reason out things, some person is sure to interrupt me."

"All right, Al," he called out. "Any time next week will do." But thinking better of it he went after the retreating form of his sister. While the buttons were being restored to their places, they talked and laughed over, and planned for the birthday party, till all Tom's uncomfortable feelings sped away, and he felt quite himself again.

For the next few days Allie's studies did not receive too much attention, and every spare minute at home was spent by her in putting dainty touches to her new hat, and making up bewitching little bows of ribbon and lace, for which her nimble fingers had a special knack.

Hurrying home from school Friday afternoon, she dashed upstairs to her room, intending to finish a piece of lace-work, when her mother's voice recalled her.

"Allie, dear, I want you to keep baby for an hour or so. I really should go and see Mrs. Ray; she has been confined to the house more than a week, and none of us have even been to enquire for her."

"Very well, mamma," said Allie, but the bright face clouded over as Mrs. Wright, without appearing to notice it, gave whispered directions concerning little Daisy, who was now sleeping peacefully in her cradle.

Left alone with her charge, Allie's reflections took a self-pitying turn. In consequence, she soon believed herself a much-abused girl, and was in anything but an amiable frame of mind when Daisy's waking cry and outstretched arms called appealingly for attention.

Just then Tom came bouncing into the room. "Al," he said, "come down and have a game of bagatelle. We ought to practice up for to-morrow, because Uncle is a crack player, and Ned Wenton has been posting himself

on the side shots lately, so we will have stiff opposition."

"I only wish I could, Tom, but mamma left baby for me to mind, and she has just wakened up, so of course I can't leave her."

"Bring her down stairs then; she will be amused watching the balls," said Tom, jumping the little one till she crowed with delight.

Allie looked undecided. She felt it was scarcely what her mother would approve of. It was a raw, chilly day for the season, and as the dining-room opened on a veranda where the children usually played, it was almost impossible to keep the door shut for long at a time. On the other hand, if she wrapped little Daisy in a shawl, and was very careful to keep draughts out of the room, there might be no danger. Then an hour at bagatelle with dear old Tom, instead of poking up in the close nursery, was a temptation. Bagatelle won, and the brother and sister were soon in the midst of an exciting game; while seated up at the table in a high chair, wee Daisy eagerly watched the red and white balls spinning up and down the board. Presently Winnie put her head in the door to ask if mamma was there, 'cause she wanted some money to buy a new arithmetic.

Mamma is out, Winnie. Do shut the door, because Daisy is here, and I am afraid of her taking cold."

Winnie obeyed, but not many minutes passed before Benny trotted in, leaving the door wide open.

"Me want somfin to eat," said the child.

"Well, go and ask Bridget for a biscuit," said Allie, adding as she shut the door, "One would think those children had been brought up in a barn."

By this time Daisy began to find the part of spectator monotonous, and was growing fretful; this, together with little warning sneezes, decided Allie upon returning to the nursery with her little charge.

Soon after Mrs. Wright came in, but as she asked no questions involving an account of the afternoon, Allie decided there was no use in telling that she had brought baby down stairs; for mamma might fancy she had taken cold.

When tea was over, and the younger ones safely stowed away, Tom petitioned for bagatelle.

"Father, won't you play a game with us?"

"Not to-night, my son—I have some letters to write."

"Mamma will—do, mother, and be my partner," said Winnie; "that old mending can wait."

"Not if you feel tired, mother," said Tom.

"Oh, I shall not hurt myself, but Winnie and I will require to do our best with such experienced opponents." So the mending basket was put away, and the weary mother entered with heartiness into the enjoyment of her children.

That night before retiring Allie arranged all her "chicken fixings," as Tom called them, ready to be donned in the morning, stuck a tiny bit of plaster on an invisible scratch, put her front hair upon eight pins, and went to sleep with two knobby outgrowths at the back of her head, from which were expected to come long beautiful curls.

Next morning, about an hour earlier than the usual time for rising, Allie wakened to find her mother bending over her, and speaking in low tones.

"Allie, my child," she said, "will you dress as quickly as possible, and give papa and the others breakfast?"

"Why, mamma, what's the matter? Are you ill?"

"No, dear, only tired out; I have been up all night with Daisy. She had a bad attack of croup, but she has just fallen asleep."

"Oh, mother," almost screamed Allie, "is she very sick? Is there any danger?"

"Hush, Allie, don't get so excited. No, thank God, the danger is over. The doctor has just gone, and I feel as if I must get some rest or I should not have called you so early; and you know Uncle will be along about noon."

"But we won't go, mamma, and leave poor Daisy," said Allie, who was dressing hastily and with trembling fingers; for yesterday afternoon's carelessly performed duties loomed up before her, and troubled her.

"I shall remain with papa and Daisy, but the rest of you must go. It won't do to disappoint Aunt Fanny; besides, there is no occasion for your remaining. Now you must try to take my place; see that papa has everything comfortable, and assist Bridget all you can, for she has extra work to-day."

Before leaving the room Mrs. Wright kissed Allie tenderly, saying, "Many happy returns of the day, dear. I feel sorry to give you so much to do this morning, but I am sure you will try to be cheerful over it; for you know pleasures seem all the sweeter for the remembrance of duties well performed."

As her mother was leaving the room, an impulse seized Allie to tell all, but something held her back; and she thought to atone for past neglect, and apply a salve to conscience, by carefully carrying out her mother's wishes.

As the morning advanced Allie's spirits gradually rose. With the exception of a little hoarseness Daisy appeared as well as usual, and about noon Mrs. Wright came down stairs quite refreshed by her nap. Soon after Uncle Jacob arrived, and the next hour was one of bustle and excitement, in getting the young folks equipped. By the time they set out Allie had put dull care aside and to all outward appearance was the gayest of the gay.

Most of the young folks had frequently shared with the Wrights the pleasures of a day at Oak Farm.

The place received its name from two noble oaks that had sheltered many generations beneath their spreading branches. They kept the sun away from the west side of the house, and took up room that might have been more profitably used,—so the neighbors told Uncle Jacob. But to him they stood like old friends, and no axe should be laid to their roots while he lived. Many a light-hearted company had gathered beneath their friendly shade, for there during the summer the evening meal was always spread.

The front yard was like a huge sweet-scented bouquet, a perfect wilderness of old-fashioned flowers such as we all love at heart, but some people seem ashamed to cultivate in the trim city flower bed. Then there were vegetable and fruit gardens and orchards; besides farm-yard and stables well stocked with various representatives of the animal creation. A mile beyond the farm there was a stretch of pine woods, where flowers, ferns and wild fruit grew in abundance; and about the centre of the wood a little stream ran like a silver thread. It was usually dried up during the hot season, but recent rains that had revived the grass and flowers, and lent an emerald hue to the moss-covered roots of the oldest trees, had filled the tiny stream.

No wonder that the young Wrights looked upon Oak Farm as a kind of paradise, and counted the days spent there among the happiest.

"Where did you get those lovely carnations, Allie?" said Clara Wenton, as the girls were making themselves beautiful in the best bedroom.

"Grew them, to be sure," said Allie, who had just laid upon the toilet table the contents of a paper cornet, she had been guarding carefully on the way out. Clara watched her twining delicate blossoms and sweet-scented geranium leaves in her golden brown hair, envying meanwhile its abundance and rare hue, and the bright hazel eyes and pink-tinted cheeks that it shaded; for Clara's eyes were a dull gray, and her straight

brown hair lacked the lustre and beauty of her friend's.

"Do I look pretty?" said Allie archly, as she turned from the glass.

"Perfectly lovely! You always do, Ned says."

"Pshaw! little flatterer, just come here and I'll metamorphise you," and producing a pipe stem from her pocket Allie soon made little curls and frizzes on Clara's forehead, and arranged some blossoms which she had reserved to brighten up the pale dull face. Allie rather enjoyed doing favors for other people, especially when she could see good results so quickly.

"I have just prepared a cold lunch, as I thought it too warm for you to enjoy dinner," said Aunt Fanny, as the young folks seated themselves before a well-spread table.

The viands substantial and dainty disappeared surprisingly fast, in spite of the heat. When the appetites began to flag Uncle Jacob placed in front of him the birthday cake, which, occupying the centre of the table, had drawn many admiring glances.

"Did you build that, Auntie?" said Tom, regarding the frosted structure critically,

Aunt Fanny nodded smilingly, while Uncle Jacob carefully removed and placed upon Allie's brow a wreath which encircled it.

"We chose those flowers, dear," he said in a low tone, "because they are an emblem of what we would have wished for our little Allie had she lived."

The wreath was formed of lilies of the valley, with dark green ivy leaves for a background, and all pronounced it very beautiful. But Allie did not enjoy her coronet as well as if it had been composed of roses or geraniums; for although she was far from realizing all the pride that was in her heart, the pure humble little flowers seemed to whisper, "You are not worthy to wear us."

Tom, thinking she was embarrassed by receiving so much attention, proposed a tour of inspection.

Uncle Jacob was nothing loth to exhibit the well-conditioned occupants of his stables to the young gentlemen; while Aunt Fanny conducted the girls through a labyrinth of kitchens and pantries, and initiated them into the mysteries of butter and cheese making.

Between the swing that Tom kept going until his arms ached, and bagatelle, game after game of which was played with growing enthusiasm, the afternoon was fast drawing to a close, when Aunt Fanny suggested that if they wanted to spend any time in the woods, they had better be off, as it was a good mile walk to get there.

As Tom had foretold, the lunch basket fell to his lot, Ned Wenton being too much occupied with Allie, and the younger boys of the party too full of play to think of offering assistance.

Aunt Fanny regretted that a lame ankle would prevent her from undertaking the walk, but she appointed Tom to take charge of the others, saying she could trust him to bring them all safely back.

At this Ned Wenton, who was in advance of the others with Allie, elevated his nose, and asked in a low tone if her aunt thought they were children to be led by Tom.

"Aunt Fanny thinks a great deal of Tom, and besides he knows the road better than the rest of us," said Allie, coloring with vexation, and declaring inwardly that nobody, not even Ned, should abuse Tom.

She was very quiet for a long time; thinking thereby to punish her admirer, who made extra exertions to be amiable, and had just succeeded in coaxing her back into good humor when they reached the little stream.

"An impassable barrier to our further progress!" exclaimed Ned, "Shall we attempt to ford it, or would an impromptu bridge be advisable?

The branch of that fallen tree would just about reach across."

"A bridge by all means," said Allie, fanning herself vigorously with her hat.

By this time the rest of the party came up and stood viewing Ned's work.

"You are not going to cross there, Allie?" said Tom.

"Why not?" answered Allie, who had made up her mind to do that very thing.

"Because that branch is not safe, and I am sure it's better to have a little longer walk around than to run any risk."

"Pshaw, the water is not deep enough to drown me if I did get in, and the rest of you can go around if you are frightened," said Allie gaily, stepping out upon the insecure bridge.

Tom felt vexed, partly at Allie's choosing to take Ned's advice and company instead of his, and partly at the implied thrust at his bravery.

He had not heard her defending him to Ned a half hour before, or perhaps he would not have felt so badly.

"Do as you please, then," he muttered, taking Benny by the hand and striding off.

But he had not proceeded many yards when a sharp cry recalled him. The branch had broken just as Allie reached the centre of the stream, and she had fallen violently backwards. Her pretty new hat floated away, her dainty dress and best boots rested against the mud in the bottom of the stream; but worse than all, she had twisted her back in trying to save herself from falling, and lay quite insensible until the boys attempted to raise her, when a cry of pain broke from her. Again she became unconscious, but though they laid her upon the grass and tried by rubbing her to restore animation, her stiffened limbs and the pallor of her face seemed so like death, that the rest were greatly frightened, while Benny sobbed piteously.

With a face almost as white and fixed as the one over which they were bending, Tom worked away and directed the others. But, as all their efforts produced but a partial return to consciousness, and this was accompanied by moans of pain, they concluded that it would be impossible to move Allie without a conveyance. It was decided, therefore, that, leaving two of the party with her, the rest should return as quickly as possible to the farm.

In broken sentences and not without tears they gave an account of the accident, while their scared faces told more plainly than words that there was serious cause for alarm, at least in their estimation.

Although these sad, unexpected tidings made Aunt Fanny tremble all over, her presence of mind did not forsake her, for scarce a moment was lost in dispatching a messenger to town for Allie's father, mother and the family physician, and in preparing a carriage for the poor girl whose birthday had seen such a sad termination. After careful examination the doctor said that he hoped the injury to her back would not prove serious; it was impossible to tell the extent of it for a time; at present he thought there was more cause for alarm from the fact of her remaining so long in wet garments. His fears were not without foundation, for all night long Allie tossed about in burning fever, and morning found her dangerously ill, raving in delirium and unconscious alike of pain and danger.

Then succeeded days and weeks of watching and anxiety, during which Allie, hovering between life and death, seemed to wish only for her mother's ministering care, and grew restless under any other hands, however gentle they might be. Consequently, Mrs. Wright took up her abode at the farm, and Tom was appointed superintendent of affairs in the town house.

Poor Tom! his studies went to the winds, and he was obliged to give up

all hopes of obtaining a prize at the next examination; but like a brave, unselfish boy, he yielded his own wishes for the good of the rest, and filled, or tried to fill, the vacant places in the disorganized household. At last, after weary weeks, one day while Tom was carving dinner for the younger ones, Aunt Fanny surprised them with a visit.

"Well, really, this is a sight for sore eyes. Just draw up a chair and have some dinner, although it is not very tempting, for this is wash-day," exclaimed Tom, bustling about to do the honors.

"Why, my boy! who has been initiating you in household affairs?"

"Oh! Bridget gives me lessons, and seems to find me a promising pupil. But, Aunt Fanny, what about Allie? It seems so long since I heard anything, and I have felt so anxious about her back," and Tom's voice shook.

"Well, you may rest easy on that point, Tom, for the doctor says these weeks of rest are just what was needed for her back, and now that the fever has subsided he apprehends no further danger. She only requires care, nourishment and time to make her once more our own bright Allie. And now, Tom, your uncle is waiting at the hotel, and you are to go back with him, for your sister is wearying for you. Don't say no, for I have come in on purpose to take your place—that is if you will trust me," and Aunt Fanny laughed. So Tom went.

Never had the ride to Oak Farm seemed so long as it did that day, when poor, patient Tom was craving for a sight of the sister who seemed dearer than ever since death had so nearly separated them. His mother, pale with long vigils, met him upon the threshold, and after talking with her for a few minutes he crept up-stairs, first removing his boots. This was an unnecessary precaution, for scarcely had he reached the top step when a feeble voice called out, "Tom, Tom, come here; I want you."

Could that little form, with small, colorless face, with deep, languid eyes and close-cut hair, belong to his bright, beautiful sister Allie? Were those tiny, emaciated hands stretched out to him once shapely and dimpled, and clever alike with needle, piano and croquet mallet?

Tom gazed until a mist came before his eyes, and swallowing hard he brought out: "How are you, little woman? better eh?"

"Oh, yes, a great deal better; but why did you not come before? I wanted you so much, Tom?"

"Well, in the first place, I understood that you spent most of your time in sleeping and could not appreciate society; and, in the second place, I have been cook, bottle-washer, captain of the waiters, nurse and porter all combined, in a certain house in town."

Allie smiled faintly.

"Poor Tom! and what has Bridget been doing?"

"Bridget! oh, she makes a capital assistant with such a worthy head as I, and condescends to pronounce me a marvel in the art of broiling steak and making hash, to say nothing of my genius in the nursery."

"But, Tom," said Allie, with trembling lips, "if you have been doing all this, where have your studies come in? You will lose the prize and it's all my fault," and Allie cried quietly.

This nearly upset Tom, so to hide his feelings he rattled on; giving an amusing account of his trials and blunders at housekeeping. But when he rose to go, saying she had talked and listened quite enough for one day, Allie held his hand tight and said she had something to confess.

"Well, confess away, little sister—I'm ready to hear."

"Tom," said Allie, the color coming and going with the effort it cost her, "I want to tell you, as I did mamma,

that I have been proud, and selfish, and foolish, and have caused you all a great deal of trouble; but if I am spared, I mean to try and live a true, earnest life. You will help me—won't you, Tom?"

"We will help each other, Allie dear," said Tom, adding softly, "Mother says God must have sent us all this pain and anxiety and weariness for some good purpose; and it will have served its end if we sit more constantly as learners at the feet of Him who is 'meek and lowly in heart.'"

MOIRA.

A VISIT TO THE BEAVERS.

AN EXCURSION.

Fred and Willie Ross were spending their summer vacation at the farm of their Uncle George, enjoying themselves as only school-boys can who are confined to the hot, crowded city for the greater part of the year. Moreover, with Aunt Jessie to minister to their varied wants without evincing the least degree of weariness or impatience, and Uncle George to enter with as much zest as themselves into their boyish pastimes, in his leisure hours; to say nothing of the almost endless sources of amusement at their disposal when alone, it would have been strange, indeed, had the time passed otherwise than pleasantly.

The time had been when the holy names of "father," "mother," had been shouted by two such boyish voices, and the farmhouse had re-echoed to the music of their joyous laughter. Merrily they started forth on the afternoon of that eventful day to fish in the river close by, smiling as the fond and anxious mother bade them "be careful." Evening came;—an upturned boat and two floating hats told the sad tale but too truly. Days afterwards the lifeless forms of the two lads were drawn up, clasped in each other's arms, and placed beneath the shade of a favorite oak. Years had passed since that terrible day, and the halo of a Father's love had gilded o'er the thick darkness which then o'ershadowed their lives; but never could "Aunt Jessie" or "Uncle George" cease to remember their loved ones, or look upon a young lad without intuitively feeling a yearning fondness for him.

Thus it was that Fred and Willie found themselves greeted warmly upon their arrival, and treated with unlimited indulgence during their visit; and in justice to them we must add that they never willingly abused the kindness so freely bestowed. It was a gala day with them when Uncle George went with them on one of their grand excursions, for he had so many curious things to tell of everything they saw, and thoroughly understood the art of combining amusement with instruction.

Very glad were they, therefore, when one day, while at dinner, he offered to join them, and, if they wished, to take them to see some beavers at their interesting work.

To this they joyfully assented, as, though they had heard somewhat of beavers, they had never seen one. So off

they started, telling stories, picking flowers, or watching the nimble squirrels, and other objects of interest, as they marched on up-hill and down, over brambles and through the woods, until they reached a spot at the foot of a hill, where a cool fountain gushed forth, and Uncle George proposed they should rest under the shade of some trees close by, and partake of the ample luncheon Aunt Jessie had considerately provided them with.

Both boys were fain to accede to this, for their toilsome walk had made them both tired and hungry, although neither would acknowledge said facts in words. A merry repast it proved, and no sooner was it ended than the boys declared their willingness to proceed at once. They passed through the woods, until, having reached the outskirts, Uncle George informed them that they were at the end of their journey, and bade each place himself behind a tree, and look towards the river, which, from that point, was but a short distance off, charging them to keep "still as mice" in the meantime.

This they at once did, and saw what appeared to them such a comical sight that Fred burst into a loud laugh, notwithstanding the warning injunction given by his uncle. Running through the water, was a sort of fence made up of the branches of trees placed some distance apart at the bottom, but meeting at the top, and plastered over with mud, moss, grasses and stones, intermixed in such a manner as evidently contributed to its strength, and gave it the appearance of a stone wall. Perched upon this, and faithfully working was a curious-looking little animal. He was a little brown fellow, about two feet long, with a blunt nose, and a broad, flat tail, which he flapped once in a while against the wall, as if to test the strength of his work. His ears were round and short, while his lips were thick and clumsily shaped. They watched him for some time; first, he would nibble, nibble, nibble, at the branch of a tree, until it fell to the ground,—always taking care that it should fall towards the water; then taking it between his teeth, and walking on his hind legs and tail, he would drag it to the place where it belonged, and weave it very skillfully in among the other sticks, quite as well as they could have done it themselves, and better too, I think.

It was the sight of this promenade that had induced Fred's laughter, which came very nearly frightening away the beaver; but cautiously peering in every direction, he after a little consideration, resumed his task. Quite a long piece of the wall was already built, and it looked so neat and finished that the boys found it difficult to believe that it had not been reared by human hands.

It was built convex towards the stream, of regular sweep, and all its parts were of equal strength.

In answer to their enquiries as to its use, Uncle George told them that "the beaver builds his house at such a depth as will resist the frost in winter and prevent it from freezing to the bottom.

"In small rivers, such as this, where the back supplies are liable to be dried up by the frost, and the water necessarily drained off, the beaver is wonderfully taught by instinct to provide against such a calamity by thus erecting a dam from one side quite across to the other. By this means the water is prevented from running away, and is kept of sufficient depth to allow their houses to be built near.

"If there is but slight motion in the stream the dam is almost straight; the curve being increased according to the rapidity of the current in order that greater resistance may be offered. The branches used in forming the wall often take root and spring up, forming a kind of natural hedge, which, I have seen, in some cases, grow so

tall that birds have formed their nests among the branches."

His house, as is usually the case, was found near by, but Uncle George would not allow them to interfere with it in any way.

"Wait a little," said he; "we shall find some deserted houses before long, if I am not greatly mistaken."

And he spoke truly, for after walking along the shore some distance they met several, which—no little animal evidently depending on it for shelter—they were permitted to tear to pieces that they might see for themselves how, and of what they were made. So, taking off their shoes and stockings they waded out into the water until they came to one of the houses. They found it consisted of the same materials as the dam, viz., branches, mud, stones, and moss, all plastered together. It was about three feet high, and had three apartments, or rather, it was three separate houses, separated only by partitions, for they had no communication with each other except by water. In the centre of each apartment a hole had been left, through which the animal could easily jump down to procure food, or for other necessary purposes. The walls proved to be very strong indeed, and both boys had to exert their full strength before any impression could be made.

"Not too strong, however," said Uncle George, laughing, "to defend them from the wolverine, who is their greatest enemy, excepting man."

Fred, who was now paddling around the stream nearest the shore, declaring it was prime fun, presently espied some holes in the banks, which he thought must be the home of some other animals. But these belonged to the beaver also, Uncle George said, and were sometimes used to eat their food in—a sort of dining-room, in fact—and also as places of retreat when their houses were attacked and their safety endangered.

"I think it is a great shame that such clever little creatures as these should be killed, and their nice houses destroyed," said Willie, as they scrambled up the bank to prepare for their walk homeward.

"It does seem a pity," Uncle George assented, "but they are very useful. You know their fur is used for various purposes. Besides this, their flesh is declared by hunters and trappers to be delicious food."

They now rose and started for home, the boys asking questions of all kinds, relative to the habits of the animal that had so interested them.

"I do not see," said Willie, thoughtfully, "how they obtain their food in winter when the water is frozen solid above their houses."

"During the summer," Uncle George answered, "they cut off a large number of branches from such trees as they prefer, and drop them into the water opposite their houses, keeping it fixed by stones thrown on the top. The bark of these branches constitute their winter's food to some extent, but they subsist more largely still on a peculiar root, not very unlike a cabbage stump in appearance, which grows at the bottom of most lakes and rivers."

"They do not live," he added, "in their houses during summer, but rove about until a little before the fall of the leaf, when they return to their old habitations, and lay in their winter stock of wood. They generally wait until the frost commences before repairing their houses, and never finish the outside coating until the cold begins to be severe. If a new house is required they begin to fell the wood early in the summer, but do not build until quite late."

"Have you ever hunted them yourself?" asked Willie.

"I once, when quite a young man, joined in a hunting expedition with a number of others, some of whom were

Indians and experienced trappers," answered his uncle.

"Tell us all about it, Uncle," said both boys in the same breath. "It must have been famous sport."

"For us it certainly was," said Uncle George, laughing; "but, whether the beavers enjoyed it as well, I leave you to imagine. We started out armed with spears and other necessary instruments, and having arrived at a collection of their houses, we proceeded first to stake the river all the way across, to prevent them from passing. This done, the more experienced of the number walked along the edge of the banks, knocking repeatedly against the ice with a chisel attached to the end of a staff four or five feet long, with which each was provided. Those accustomed to it can tell at once by the sound when they strike opposite any of the holes which form the beavers' retreats, and an opening was made in the ice, large enough to admit an old beaver. In this way they proceeded until all, or at least, as many as possible of the holes had been discovered. While this was being done by the principal men, the others, including myself, were busy breaking open the houses, and I assure you we found it no easy work, for some were five or six feet thick, and one no less than eight feet thick on the crown. We could easily tell when the beavers retreated to their holes in the bank for shelter, by attending to the motion of the water. This being seen, the entrance was blocked up with stakes of wood, after which the animal was despatched with a spear, and drawn up by the hand, if he could be reached; if not, by means of a hook fastened to the end of a stick intended for that purpose. Sometimes, however, they are caught in nets, and in summer very frequently in traps."

Fred, who was very fond of animals, and possessed pets of all kinds, now wished to know if they were ever tamed.

"Yes," said Uncle George, "I had one given to me, which had been trapped, when I was a youth. At first I confined it in a wire cage, but afterwards it became so tame that it would answer to its name and follow me around like a dog. If I were absent it evidently missed me, and, upon my return, always showed unmistakable signs of pleasure. We were often amused by the little fellow's antics, and, one day, on returning, found that he had woven the branches given him to nibble upon, through the bars of his cage, forming a dam; having filled up the holes by pieces of carrots and other vegetables, given as food, bitten into the required size and shape. Before this he sat with a satisfied air, as though he had performed as necessary a task as the same would have been had it been erected in a lake or river. This feat was afterwards repeated several times in our sitting-room, where I kept him during the winter; the dam being made up of such articles as he could contrive to lay hold of, thus showing that the beaver, ingenious and clever as he most assuredly is, must be guided entirely by instinct, and not by reason."

As it was getting quite late, Uncle George proposed that they should quicken their pace, which resulted in their arriving home just in time for the ample supper prepared by Aunt Jessie.

The boys thanked their kind uncle for his treat, and begged that he would go soon on another excursion, declaring that they had just had a "splendid time" and learned "ever so much" about beavers.

AMONG THE JACKS.

A FABLE.

It was blowing what a sailor would call a stiff sou'-wester', and the Union Jack was floating from one of the forest of masts which bristled up about the docks of one of the most renowned seaports in the world. Flap, flap, flap went the flag, while a large Newfoundland dog lay on the deck of the good ship "Pelican" and watched it intently. The "Pelican" was lying to for repairs, and being accustomed to travelling, Pedro found the delay very irksome. It is true he had made the acquaintance of a good many dogs about the docks, but they knew nothing of the countries he had visited, and he longed for a companion who was travelled like himself. The Union Jack he knew had travelled far and seen much, and therefore he resolved to scrape an acquaintance with it if possible.

"It is rather windy up there, Mr. Union Jack," he called out; but the flag flapped away and took no notice.

"As you are in a better position to view the ship than I am I thought I would make bold to ask you how long you thought it would be before we would be ready for sailing?" he called out again, thinking it had not heard his first remark; but still it went flap, flap, flap, and took no notice.

"Hallo! there, are you deaf?" he repeated crossly.

"No, Mr. Pedro, I am not deaf, neither am I accustomed to associate with dogs, or any such grovelling creatures. I am a creature of the air, and I look upon it as a great piece of presumption on your part thus to address

'The flag that's braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze'"

said the Union Jack in a supercilious tone, and it spread its gay bars to the breeze and flapped away.

"Upon my word you put on airs enough to be a creature of air; but you are nothing but a piece of printed rag, to make the best of you," said Pedro saucily.

"What! how dare you insult me!" said the flag, fluttering with rage. "Are you not aware that I am one of the great Jack family which is renowned the world over. I have a cousin who is one of the kings of the earth!"

"Oh, indeed! What is he the king of?—the Cannibal Islands?" asked Pedro, mockingly.

"The Cannibal Islands!" repeated the Union Jack, contemptuously. "He is king of the world, or the greater part of it, during the winter. His name is Jack Frost."

"Oh, I beg your pardon; I thought you meant King Calico, on account of your being made of calico, you know," said Pedro in a jeering tone.

"Your impertinence is beneath contempt; but it serves me right for condescending to converse with one of your low vulgar class," returned the Union Jack in a lofty tone.

Pedro addressed several jeering remarks to it, but as it took no further notice of him, he wandered off in search of more congenial company. Before going very far he met with a group of dogs, to whom he recounted his little tiff with the Union Jack. The dogs were all in a high state of indignation on account of being looked down upon with such contempt by "a few yards of bunting tied to a flag pole," as they expressed it. And con-

sequently it was not long till there was quite a crowd of dogs collected on the deck of the "Pelican" jeering and laughing at the Union Jack, who fluttered and flaunted and spread its gay colors to the winds without deigning to take the slightest notice of them.

"Hallo! Jack Bunting, how is it that such a swell as you are submits to be boxed about by the wind in that style?" snapped an impudent little Scotch terrier.

The Union Jack was in a furious temper. It had imagined that it was impressing thousands by its graceful beauty and its elevated position as it streamed over the mast-head, and here was a contemptible little cur taunting it for being boxed about by the wind! Oh! it was too much!

"I know what I shall do," mused the Union Jack when the dogs had grown tired and wandered off to their respective homes, or to their haunts among the docks. "I know what I shall do; I shall bring these dogs' noses to the grinding stone by surrounding them with the great Jack family one of these moonlight evenings. Nothing goes down with the vulgar like distinguished birth. I can imagine I see the humiliation of these dogs when they find that I really am related to a king and to some of the most celebrated characters in literature," and the Union Jack chuckled as it laid its plans.

"I would like to speak to you, Mr. Pedro, if you are at leisure," said the Union Jack the next morning as Pedro lay curled upon deck, while the sun flashed over the sea and streamed in through the tall masts.

Pedro was quite taken by surprise to hear himself so politely addressed by the haughty Union Jack; but being naturally a good-tempered, civil sort of a dog, he answered politely,

"I am at your service, Mr. Union Jack."

"It is my intention to give a banquet this evening on board the 'Pelican,' to which I am going to invite all the Jack family, and I would be happy to have the pleasure of your company and that of as many of your friends as you can gather together," continued the Union Jack.

"Thanks, Mr. Union Jack, I shall be happy to avail myself of your kind invitation, and I am sure my friends will be delighted to do the same," said Pedro.

The dogs were all taken by surprise on receiving the Union Jack's message, and they immediately began to regret the shower of jibes they had treated him to the evening previously. But when they were assembled on the deck of the "Pelican" at the appointed hour their host returned their friendly greetings in such a cool, contemptuous manner that their regrets began to die out.

"I will tell you what it is, my friends, my private opinion is that our friend, the Union Jack, has invited us here to insult and humiliate us by parading his fine relations before us; but if I am not mistaken, he will be the humiliated party before the evening is over," said a sage old spaniel, shaking his head.

The dogs had not been long assembled when their attention was attracted by a lumbering sound which proved to proceed from an arch of brick, which was slowly approaching through the moonlight.

"There is no person admitted into this assembly excepting a member of the great Jack family," called out the Union Jack loftily.

"Well, good sir, as I am a Jack arch, I claim to be among the privileged ones. I came early so that I would be here in time for the rest of the family to pass under me," returned the arch, taking its place a few yards from the banqueting table.

The approach of a tall white figure, which brought a cold whiff of air with it, caused the company to stare and the Union Jack to swell with family pride.

"This, my dear friends, is my near kinsman, Jack Frost, king of the frozen North. It is he who is keeping mankind from approaching the North Pole. Our brave seamen have had many a fierce battle with him, but he has always proved conqueror. Many a brave man has left his bones in his dominion," said the Union Jack in a boastful tone.

In the meantime all the dogs had their eyes fixed upon the new-comer, whose hoary head and streaming beard were all covered with rime and all aglitter with icicles; he stalked silently and majestically beneath the arch, gathering his glistening, snowy robe about him, and fastening his cold hard gaze upon the now shivering company. A loud thundering noise in the neighborhood of the arch here for a moment diverted the attention of all present, and a large block came tumbling into their midst.

"I before remarked that there was no person admitted into this assembly excepting one of the great Jack family," said the Union Jack angrily.

"Well, sir, as I am a Jack block, I must say with the Jack arch that I claim to be among the privileged ones. I thought this would be a good time to tumble in, as I would serve as a throne for His Majesty Jack Frost."

After giving each of the dogs a malicious pinch in the nose, and blowing his cold, frosty breath on them till they shivered, Jack Frost enthroned himself on the Jack block. Though it is usually considered a high honor to sit in the presence of majesty, it must be confessed that the dogs did not appreciate it.

"If that is being a cousin to a king, I would rather be cousin to a hedgehog," growled Pedro to his next neighbor.

The tooting of a trumpet in the distance caused all eyes to turn to the arch, when in swaggered a youth in a sky blue coat and scarlet trousers.

"Allow me to introduce Jack the Giant-killer, whose history all of you who are at all conversant with literature have of course read," said the Union Jack.

Jack the Giant-killer was followed by a youth carrying a little bag of beans in his hand.

"Jack and the bean-stalk!" announced the Union Jack with a flourish.

Next came a little boy with a pie under his arm.

"Jack Horner!" said the Union Jack.

Then came a youth in a round jacket, rubbing his head in a rueful manner. "I beg your pardon!" said the Union Jack, looking at him doubtfully.

"Why I am Jack that went up the hill with Gill, you know," said the new comer.

"Oh, certainly, we all know you; walk in Jack, of Jack and Gill notoriety," said a voice from behind.

And in skipped a fantastically dressed fellow in a pair of long, pointed shoes, one of which he stuck in Jack Frost's face in a flourishing and derisive manner, to the horror of the Union Jack.

"Come along, Jack, and we will see what can be done towards mending your crown," said the latest arrival, giving Jack a smart box on the ear.

"Ahem! I beg—" began the Union Jack.

"Oh don't bother me with your begging. You are a beauty to give an entertainment to your relations when you don't know half of them by sight! I am Jack Sauce, and I am going to stand here and announce the guests as they arrive," he said, stationing himself beside the arch.

"Jack of all trades!" he shouted the next moment, as a little man, who was alternately pegging a boot, hammering the lid of an old tea kettle, and stitching the sleeve of a scarlet jacket, passed under the arch.

"Here is a fellow who has broken his crown; can't you do something for him?" said the self-constituted master

of ceremonies, pointing to the suffering youth.

The pegging, tinkering and tailoring were immediately thrown aside, and Jack of all trades immediately produced a case of sticking plaster and a pair of scissors and went to work.

In the meantime Jack Sauce had been successively announcing: "Jack-a-lantern," who floated here and there in an uncertain sort of way; "Jack Tar," who appeared to be a jolly good fellow; "A Jack tree," whose boughs were greedily devoured by Jack Frost as soon as they approached him; a kitchen Jack, Jack of the hedge, Jack of the clock house, a Jack boot, a Jack-daw, a Jack plane, Jack Smith, a chimney Jack. Then came a succession of Jacks, as fast as it was possible o announce them; and a black, ghastly-looking coat of mail came clanking in, followed by a bunch of blazing fat pine sticks and several clumsy machines and parts of machines of which the company did not know the use. Then came "Jack Ketch," in an impressive tone, from Jack Sauce, as a tall, masked man, with a halter in his hand, walked in. The dogs began to titter; to be cousin to a hangman was a high honor truly.

Then came Jack dandy, Jack-a-lent, Jack pudding and Jack straw, four of the veriest fools that could be found walking out doors. The dogs laughed outright as the creditable family connections sang and shook their empty heads, and danced about among them as if they had gone mad.

Jack-in-the-box was now announced, and increased the mirth of the company as he popped out of his box with his hunchback and his long nose and imperial mustache, and then popped in again.

"Jackanapes," now shouted Jack Sauce in a ringing tone as a large ape sprang in and began to gambol about among the fools. Roars of laughter resounded on all sides.

"Ha, ha, ha! I thought you despised such grovelling creatures, Mr. Union Jack," said Pedro.

"Ahem! I think we are all assembled, Mr. Jack Sauce," said the Union Jack, who was becoming alarmed as he viewed the motley crowd.

"Ahem! I am afraid you are mistaken, Mr. Union Jack; here are Jack of Hearts, Jack of Spades, Jack of Diamonds, and Jack of Clubs," replied Jack Sauce as the four court cards came waddling in, and stood regarding those present with a stupid stare.

"And here, as I live, is high low Jack," he continued, as a number of court cards which kept skipping about here and there made their appearance.

"Jack Stones," repeated Jack Sauce, as five little grey stones came hopping in after them. "A boot Jack, a Jack knife, a Jack saw, Jack the son of John, who is one of a numerous family, and who has come to contribute to the banquet," went on Jack Sauce as a very ordinary-looking man made his appearance and walked to the banqueting table, on which he placed a leather cup filled with cider apple sauce. "A Jack filled with apple Jack," sang out Jack Sauce.

A young pike, a plate of brown biscuit and half a pint measure were placed beside them.

"Two more Jacks and some black Jack!" called out Jack Sauce again.

A Jack towel was now announced amidst the laughter of the dogs.

"Ha, ha, ha, ho, ho, ho! I wish I was first cousin to a dish cloth!" they laughed.

"Really, Mr. Jack Sauce, I am sure we are all assembled," said the Union Jack, severely, for it was now in a towering rage at being so disgraced before the dogs.

"Really, Mr. Union Jack, you are mistaken, for here is your kinsman the Jackass only just making his appearance."

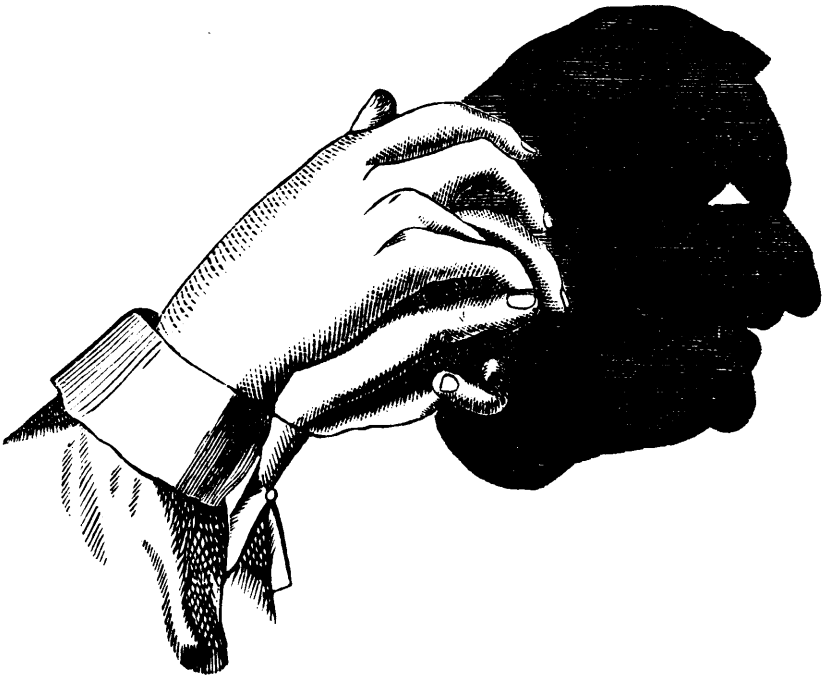
Roars of laughter shook the "Pelican,"

as a great stupid-looking jackass thrust its head through the arch with a loud bray.

Here Jack Frost disappeared, after flashing a look of scorn at the Union Jack, which was so enraged that it left its guests to entertain themselves, which they did in rather a hilarious manner, the dogs all agreeing as they walked home that they had never enjoyed themselves so much in their lives.

"My friends," said Pedro at parting, "my friends, civility costs nothing, and if the Union Jack had given me a civil answer when I asked him a civil question, he would have been saved all the mortification he experienced to-night, and I hope you will all take warning by his shortsightedness and never attempt to shine in the reflected glory of others, for by so doing we are much more likely to excite the ridicule of the world than to gain its respect."

SHADOW PICTURE.



PUZZLES.

ENIGMA.

My whole is a creature you sometimes may see,
But which from your presence right swiftly will flee.
Just take off its head, and directly behold
A thing to the artist more precious than gold.
If its parts you'll transpose, and arrange with much care,
A sale and a lease are both found to be there;
An ocean, a terror, you'll find, and a sheep,
As well as a creature that lives in the deep.
A mountainous country lies hid in the name,
While the basis of government dwells in the same. E. H. N.

DIAMOND.

A consonant; a germ; food; fowls; relating to a theory which refers the structure of the solid parts of the earth | to the action of fire; the office of a clergyman; a soft look; a remark; a consonant. DICK SHUNARY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

CHARADE.

A *bay* may be *water*, a *bay* may be wood,
Both old as creation, and once pronounced *good*.

What sound is more frequent than *O*, with a laugh?
Or what when the goblet of sorrow we quaff?
At the left of a decimal, any can tell,
A *cypher* will never its magnitude swell.

The fisherman's *net* is the source of his gain,
Through danger and hardship, through peril and pain.

When the roll of the musketry fails in the fight,
And the charge of the sabre, all flashing and bright;
When the hope of the leader burns feeble and low,
How oft does the *bayonet* master the foe! E. H. N.

REBUS.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

HOW TO MAKE A HOLE THROUGH ONE'S HAND.

Our sight is not always to be depended upon, and a very odd experiment, illustrative of the fact, may be performed by any one in possession of two hands and a sheet of paper. Take the paper—stiff writing-paper

will answer best—and roll it so as to form a tube about an inch in diameter. Apply the tube to the right eye, and look steadily through it at any convenient object; at the same time keep the left eye open. Now, place the left hand, with the palm towards you and the fingers pointing upwards, by the side of the paper tube and near its lower end. The strange sight will be seen of a hole—a clearly defined hole—through the palm of the left hand.

We may proceed to a still more curious spectacle. For this a real opening opposite the left eye is needed, and as it would be inconvenient, to say the least of it, to punch a piece out of the left hand, take a sheet of paper and make a hole in it, a quarter of an inch in diameter. It should be made about the same distance from the edge of the paper as the apparent hole was from the edge of the hand. Hold this paper up beside the tube just as the left hand was held. Look intently into the tube, and the little hole of the paper will be seen floating within the aperture formed by the tube. Both holes will be transparent. Each eye obviously transmits different impressions to the brain; but that organ seems to exercise no discrimination whatever in regard to them. The illusion is a strange one, and a good example of the pranks we are liable to have played us by our binocular vision.
—*Cassell's Magazine.*

THE KIT-TY, THE SPAN-IEL, AND LIT-TLE MAS-TER BOB-BY.

There's a won-der-ful lit-tle Kit-ty
(And I hope there are but few),
That can nev-er be *quite* con-tent-ed,
What-ev-er she tries to do;
But it's *mew, mew, mew.*
M—E—W.

And there's al-so a fun-ny span-iel,
That I'm cer-tain has made a vow,
That none of the dogs shall be qui-et,
If *bark-ing* will show them how;
And it's *bow, wow, wow,*
W—O—W.

But I know of a boy in jack-ets
That is nois-i-er, you'll al-low,
Than pus-sy, or e-ven dog-gy;
And I *think* I can hear him *now.*
Crying, *ow, ow, ow,*
O—W.

There's ex-cuse for a pus-sy's mew-ing,
And a dog with his bow, wow, wow;
But Bob-by should leave off jack-ets,
And set about learn-ing how
To stop, *ow, ow, ow,*
N—O—W.
—*Wide Awake.*

The Home.

KITTY THE WAIF.

BY M.

"Please, ma'am, do yer want a servant?" Such was the question addressed to me by a ragged-looking little urchin of about ten years of age. She was pale, thin, and with that peculiar pinched look which told of scant meals and biting cold—an old battered hat, that had once been good; and was evidently a gift from some one, a ragged shawl, a still more ragged dress, neither shoes nor stockings, though we were now in "drear" November—altogether a most deplorable-looking object, and as any one would suppose, totally unfit for a servant.

"Why, child, what could you do? you are so young."

"Oh, indeed, ma'am, I'm not young at all; I'm near ten, so I am."

"So I am"—that settled her nationality at any rate; no need to ask *where* she was born, so I contented myself with asking *when* she had come to Canada.

"Last May, please ma'am, an' I does so want to get a place afore winter comes. Yer see they tells me as it's orful cold here in Canady."

"Yes, indeed, poor child," I thought, "cold enough even for those who are well clothed and fed, whilst for such as you it is little else than death. Perhaps my pity for her was written on my face, perhaps it was only my silence that encouraged the child, at any rate she again urged her request, and that so earnestly that I compromised matters in my own mind by taking her on trial for a week.

"Hattie," said my husband on coming home that evening, "there is a beggar in the back yard; have you anything to spare the child?"

I laughed. "Why, Harry, that is my new servant."

"W-h-e-w," whistled my husband. "Rather above her business I am afraid you will find her, and altogether 'too fine' for service."

"Now, Harry, you must not laugh at her. Poor little thing, she is alone in the world, and I am going to try and help her."

"Help her, Hattie, by all means," and Harry was serious enough now, "but do not take her into the house; send her to one of the institutions, where she will be well cared for, and if you wish for a servant hire one that understands her work, and will be of use to you."

"I am well aware she would be well cared for at any of our institutions," I answered, "still I cannot help thinking she will learn more with me."

"But think of the trouble to you! Why not—as I said before—hire a trained servant, one who has already been in service, and can really help you?"

"Because, Harry, so far as my experience goes, such a thing as a good servant is not to be had. I do not mean to say there are none, but there are none to be had, because the really good ones are all in place, and are too highly thought of to wish to leave the homes they are now in."

"Strange, for the papers teem with advertisements!"

"I know it, and yet engage any one of those advertising and you will agree with me that they give far more trouble in a house than help. You know, dear, how many I have tried, and at length decided upon doing my own work, with the assistance of a char-woman once a week. I get on very well so, Harry, and will not keep little Kitty if you would rather not, but she looks intelligent, and I think I can make her useful."

"Very well, dear, do as you like; only if your spoons are missing some fine morning, do not expect me to replace them."

"You incorrigible man," I replied laughingly, "do you expect a mite like that to steal spoons? No indeed; candies or cakes would be 'metal more attractive' there, I think."

Harry said no more on the subject,—he rarely interfered with me in my household arrangements, but, man-like, he had the idea that good servants were as plentiful as blackberries, and that all mistresses had to do was to stretch forth a hand and gather them. He could not understand that the same girl who would answer him so respectfully, and seem so willing when he was near, would (at the best) be quietly indifferent to her mistress's orders, and frequently rudely disobedient; he could not understand, I say, nor could any man, unless he changed places with his wife for a while. But though he could not understand these things he never interfered, other than to support my authority whenever it was necessary that I should appeal to him, by which means I had far less trouble than most of my friends; still I disliked having to do this, and at length determined upon being my own Biddy. One whole year had passed over my head since I first formed my resolution, and not once did I regret it. My house was small (though that even was a fault in the eyes of some of my former *helps*); my three children were old enough to go to school; my husband not one of the exacting kind, and so I easily managed to get through my work.

Nor did my health suffer, as so many of my friends predicted; on the contrary it improved, for rarely now did I suffer from those distressing nervous headaches, which are so frequently caused far more by worry than work.

One thing alone did I find inconvenient—I had no one to attend the door for me; no matter how I might be employed, I must either answer the bell myself or leave it unanswered. After spoiling one or two batches of bread ere I could persuade a canvasser that no matter how cheap his wares, nor how good, I really did not want them, I came to the conclusion that I would only open my door when I could do so without damage to bread or cakes; but this plan worked badly too, and I found that friends whom I valued had more than once been thus refused admittance. Then again I was very much of a prisoner for the same reason, having to lock up my house whenever I went out, and something of this passed through my mind when little Kitty first accosted me with, "Do yer want a servant?" "Surely," I thought "she can do that much for me, and at any rate the poor child shall have a home, if she is deserving of one."

Bed-time came, and I sought my "giantess," as Harry would persist in calling her. She was sitting on the door-step, rocking backwards and forwards and singing softly, whilst a contented purr from beneath the ragged shawl told that the lullaby was intended for pussy.

"Come, Kitty, I will show you where you are to sleep."

"Yes, ma'am," and she arose immediately—no hesitation, no lagging. "Come," thought I, "she at any rate is obedient," and Kitty rose considerably in my estimation. I had made a

bed for her in a room near my own—she was too young to put into what had been the servant's room, and as I overlooked her taking the bath which I had prepared for her, I gave her her first lesson in neatness.

"Now mind, Kitty, that you fold your clothes, so, every night, and lay them on this chair. See, I have given you a fresh suit, and shall take these away to be washed, after which we can see if they are worth mending. In the morning you must get up so soon as you are wakened, dress carefully, fold your night-dress, so, tidy your washstand, and then come to me in the kitchen. Do you think you can remember?"

"I'll try, ma'am."

Then after a little talk with Kitty just such as I had each night with my own children, about the Saviour they loved and tried to serve, I left her. Next morning she was up betimes, and really was of more use to me than I had supposed she would be. Even Harry condescended to say that, now she was properly clothed, she was rather a nice-looking child, and my children were well pleased that I should have some one in the house with me. Time passed on. Kitty was an apt scholar, yet even so, I had to teach the same thing over and over again, and had to put up with many a failure before she succeeded to my satisfaction; still there was an improvement, and as the weeks rolled on I became aware that if only Kitty remained with me till grown up, I should indeed have that much-to-be-desired thing, a trained servant. Just about this time Kitty asked permission to have half a day to herself.

"What do you want the time for, Kitty?"

"I jes wants to go an' see how the old places looks, ma'am."

"But if I let you go, will you be sure to come back?"

"Oh, ma'am, I couldn't stay away—no, not if I was to try ever so," and the child's blue eyes filled with tears. I was satisfied she would return, and so willingly granted her request. We had all learned to love her by this time, and should have been sorry to have her go back to the old, hard life she had led before coming to us. Neatly dressed in her Sunday suit, Kitty set off, fully alive to the importance of a "day out;" and taking my work, I sat down to await the return of my husband and children. Being Saturday, all were home early, and the time passed quickly and happily till the waning daylight reminded us of tea-time.

"Why, mother, where is 'giantess?'" asked Bob, my eldest.

"Run away, Hattie?" queried my husband, with a comical look.

"No, she has not run away. Kitty has merely gone out for the afternoon."

"And, Mammy dear, do you really think she will come back. I should be sorry to lose her. Poor child, how ragged she was that first day! I wonder you were not afraid to take her into the house."

"So your father seemed to think too, Nellie, for he feared her making away with the spoons."

"Poor little 'giantess!' But do you know, Wattie, she will soon deserve the name, for she is growing fast."

"Yes, plenty of food and a comfortable home are doing wonders for her,"—this from Bob.

We were now at the tea table, and soon busy discussing the good things, when the front door opened, and in another moment Kitty was before us, her eyes bright and sparkling, her whole face lighted up with joy and gladness, while she dragged after her an uncouth-looking girl of about fourteen, dirty, ragged, poverty-stricken to a degree that I had not supposed possible here.

"Ther's another for yer to take care on! My, aint I jes glad!" cried Kitty, as she dragged the girl towards me; the child's usually quiet tones were

raised, and her eyes danced with excitement.

"Why, Kitty, what do you mean?" I asked as quietly as I could, for Harry's face was a picture just then, in his almost vain attempts to preserve his gravity.

"Oh, ma'am, she's jes awful bad; her father drinks, an' beats her, an' she aint got clothes, nor anything, an' I told her what you done to me, an' so I brought her too."

"Well, well, take her to the kitchen now, Kitty, and we will see what can be done." I was thankful when the door was closed on the retreating pair, and I could no longer hear Kitty's glad "Didn't I tell yer, now!"

"Harry, what am I to do?" at length I asked.

"Rather, what am *I* to do, I think; for according to appearances, my home will soon be turned into a refuge, in which case I shall not be needed."

"With Kitty as *runner*, you might do a good business, mother," said Bob in his gravest manner.

"Must we be awful bad before you let us in?" saucily asks my youngest; "for if so, I am *bowled out*."

"Never mind them, mammy dear," said Nellie, with a toss of her pretty head. "Neither papa nor the boys could do as much as you have done for Kitty."

"You are about right there, Nellie," said papa, with a pleased look at his 'girlie;' "but to be serious, Hattie, what do you intend to do about your new arrival?"

"I really do not know; I cannot keep both, and yet I cannot bear to shake that child's faith in me."

We talked the matter over during our meal, but could come to no satisfactory conclusion, till at length Nellie said: "Suppose you let her stay a week, and in the meantime try to find a place for her?" and so it was decided.

The next day I started off to look for a place for Kitty's friend. The poor girl's tale was a sad one; but, as she said, I knew there were many "worse nor herself." With no mother, a drunken father, and no work to be had, hers was indeed a wretched life. Many a time had she gone supperless to bed, only to be wakened by curses and blows. Of housework she was entirely ignorant; neither could she wash or iron, and my heart misgave me that I had undertaken a hard task in finding a place for her. Many there were who wanted help, but they were so situated that they could not spare the time to train a girl, and so did without. At length I found what I was in search of, and in good spirits I returned home. Ere night-fall Jane was in her new home, promising, in her great gratitude, to do her best to "larn" what was taught her.

Another month went by. Jane was doing well, and Kitty was radiant over her share in the work. "I brought her to yer, now, didn't I?" she would say, her face rippling over with happy laughter; but when she asked for another "day out," adding, "An' I'll bring yer a real bad one this time," I was obliged to cry "Enough." Poor little Kitty, how disappointed she was! Real tears of sorrow rolled down her cheeks, and it was pure grief, not temper, that kept her at home.

Summer was now drawing on apace. The schools would soon be closed, and my children at home all day. They would not like my being so engrossed with household cares that I could give but little time to them—neither was it good for them. Kitty was very handy; but after all, what could a child of barely eleven do? Why not take in another of her "awful bad" ones? I asked myself this question over and over again, then at length spoke to my husband.

"Don't forget what I told you about a refuge," was all his answer, but I knew I might do as I liked; so Kitty was told she might bring me a young

girl as soon as she met with one. In two or three days' time Kitty brought me one, and I again began the work of training. Mary Davis was very different to either Jane or Kitty ; she was a very delicate girl naturally, and her health was further impaired by living in the stifling dens which the poor have to put up with. Idle, many would have called her, but I think her natural weakness had much to do with it ; at any rate, when Mrs. Worth, a rich invalid, who had taken a fancy to Mary, said how glad she would be to have her, I saw it was for the girl's good, and willingly consented. But now a thought struck me, and I determined to consult one or two tried Christian friends upon the matter. I am not going to trouble you with all that took place before our plans were in real working order, but will merely tell you what we endeavored to do, and how we set about it.

Six of us determined to set ourselves to the work of finding homes for such girls as needed them, and our mode of action was as follows: We undertook to receive into our house the first girl we could get, no matter how bad her character might be, and endeavor by God's help, to reform her, and fit her for a servant's place in some respectable family. Though determined to refuse none, on account of character, yet we had very little fear of being troubled by the really depraved—unless, indeed, they were earnestly desirous of reformation, in which case we should be only too glad to help them, and we were right, for our next rule kept away all such.

We gave no wages till such time as the girl had reached sixteen ; or if of, or near, that age when first coming to us, then till she had served two years satisfactorily. This rule we adhered to most strictly, and found it one of our greatest helps, keeping away those who would have made a bad use of their money, and those who would have sent their children merely that they (the parents) might receive the wages. Then, again, children have to be trained in carefulness of dress as well as other things, and if a mistress gives clothes to her young servant instead of money, she has a greater power of guidance over that girl with respect to those clothes than if they had been bought with ordinary wages. A servant girl spends two months' wages on a new dress ; very likely it is unsuitable for her in many ways, but the money was hers, and she spent it as she liked ; the under-clothing may be in rags, but no matter there is the dress, and fine weather or bad it is put on. Suppose a mistress speaks to such an one when she sees her going out in her best dress when there is certainty of rain, and what is nearly always the consequence ? The advice is utterly unheeded at best, and sometimes even rudely thrust aside ; but if the clothing is provided for the child, it is not only better, more suitable, and more plentiful than what moderate wages could buy, but it likewise strengthens the bonds between mistress and maid, giving it more the feeling of parent and child, and allows of closer supervision of the wardrobe.

The girls received must be Protestants, and must attend church once every Sunday at least.

Now came the rules which we knew would be irksome to us, but we were in earnest about our work, and so determined upon them.

If any of us discovered another poor waif, willing to serve, but none willing to take her, then if we could get a good home for the one we had already trained, we must part with her and take the new one.

"There, ladies," said our minister's wife when we got as far as that rule. "I fear we shall have hard lines there. But what else can we do ? If we really wish to advance the work, we must expect to bear a large share of the

trouble; but if not—if our object is merely to get good servants for ourselves, why there is no need of any society or rules; we can each take a girl and do as we please with her."

"No, no; let it pass," cried we all, and it passed accordingly: but I resolved mentally that I would never part with my little Kitty, no matter how many others I might be obliged to take.

Each member was to subscribe twenty-five cents per month, and each person procuring a servant through us was to pay $1. This was to form a fund from which assistance might be given to those who were really in need of what their children could earn.

So much for our rules, now for our success. Five years now has our society been doing its quiet though useful work, and over a hundred girls are now in service through its means. At first it was very hard work—we had so constantly to give up those we had partly taught, and take in new ones; but after awhile that passed by—the selfishness of the proceeding was felt, and we had no more trouble that way. Then arose another: some one started the idea of a training-school, and we were hardly thought of because not in favor of it. Here, too, we were firm, and our work goes steadily on.

But why were we not favorable to a training school? Because no school, however good, can train a girl so well for service as she can be trained in a family; and the expense of her training could be used to far better purpose in supporting the sick and infirm. Also the fact of a number of girls, of the class we desired to reach, being together, and only under control of a matron, could not be as beneficial to them as being separated from their old associates, and surrounded by persons of an entirely different sphere. So we replied when questioned, and whether convinced by our arguments or not I do not know, but the training-school is still a thing of the future.

Do not suppose that success always attended our efforts; we were frequently disappointed, and in more than one case all our efforts ended in total failure. Yet we were not discouraged. One alone saved would have been recompense sufficient, and we could count our number by scores. I said one hundred *are* in service; I should have said *were*, for several of our number now have homes of their own, and bid fair to be man's greatest blessing—a good wife.

But we have still another thought in connection with our work, and perhaps we may yet be able to carry it out. It is to be allowed to have such children as are sentenced to the Reformatory taken into service instead, on the same terms as our voluntary servants were taken, and if they prove too difficult to manage, that we may have the privilege of returning them to the officers. Whether we shall ever get the permission, and, if obtained, whether the work will be a success, remains to be seen; but we are hopeful in the matter, and particularly in the cases of boys, if only we can get them homes in the country.

Five years is a long time and brings many changes, and chiefly so to the young; and as I look upon my grown-up son, my daughter Nellie, so soon to go to her own home, my saucy Ned, now a big lad of seventeen; when again I enter my kitchen and see the tidy, competent young girl that reigns supreme there (for I can assure you I am not needed to overlook), I ask myself can it be possible that but five years have elapsed since Kitty's childish request to be allowed to bring "a real bad one this time," first set me thinking how we could benefit such?

Kitty is no longer the uneducated girl she was; Nellie has taught her to read, write and keep accounts; constant association with us and occasional correction has rendered her mode of speaking grammatical, though she does

not know a rule—and forgive me for thinking that in her state of life she is as well without knowing. Her clothes are neatly made and mended by her own industrious fingers, and she is now learning the use of the sewing-machine. Such is my Kitty, my little waif, blown to me by a providential current of air. We do not consider her merely a servant; we look upon her more as our humble friend, while she bears us all the affection of a child of the house.

"Giantess" is still Harry's pet name for the trim little maiden, who hardly reaches above his elbow; and whenever she may decide upon following my Nellie's example and entering a home of her own, the husband may feel sure she will "Look well to the ways of her household, and eat not the bread of idleness!"

MY LADY HELP, AND WHAT SHE TAUGHT ME.

BY MRS. WARREN, AUTHOR OF "HOW I MANAGED MY HOUSE ON £200 A YEAR," ETC.

(*From the Ladies' Treasury.*)

(*Continued.*)

Chapter V.

To Ellen's astonishment the saucepans were soon cleaned with the aid of the broom; those that resisted it had a tablespoonful of soda and cold water put into them, were put on the fire, and the contents boiled till the burned matter came off easily. Miss Severn took care to impress the fact upon the girl that all saucepans, excepting those in which meat had been boiled, must, directly after using, be filled with cold water till the time came for their cleaning. For instance, she was told that rice, potato, corn-flour, and similar things would dry on to a saucepan if cold water was not put into them, and thus time be wasted in softening it again; that all dishes having had milk puddings and pastry in them should be put into a pan of cold water, rims downwards, in order to soak off all that adhered to them, and never to use hot water for the purpose, for that only hardened it; and that a little cinder ash on a rag or a bit of sand-paper would rapidly take off all the discolorations caused by milk and other matters burned on to the edge. The last process was to put the saucepans before the fire to dry, to wipe the iron covers inside and outside, and to polish the tin covers with a greasy rag, and lastly dry brick-dust. Finally, Ellen was told to turn the saucepans upside down upon the saucepan rack, and to hang each cover on a nail above.

"Now, Miss Anna, to my mind the covers ought to be put on the saucepans to keep out the dust, and not to be stuck above 'em."

"You are wrong there, Ellen. Observe that the rack is open, composed of laths, each set two inches apart; now, if the saucepan is turned down on these open spaces, the air, which purifies all things, will enter and keep the saucepans sweet."

"Oh, my!" was Ellen's exclamation; but she did not understand the matter at all; she simply looked at Miss Severn's face with a curious expression.

A further examination of the kitchen produced a copper vessel, badly tinned, which had been used some months back for preserves, but which had never been cleaned. This, of course, was covered with the deadly poison, verdigris. It was a work of some time to convince the girl that had she eaten any food cooked in this unclean vessel she would have been poisoned.

"Why, whatever is ver—I don't know what you called it, Miss Anna?"

"Verdigris—you know what rust on iron is?"

"Of course I do."

"Verdigris, then, is the rust of copper. Iron rust is not injurious, but copper rust is a deadly poison. I do not like to have such utensils used at all. A careless little body might, by neglecting to clean them, poison a whole family. Without a moment's delay this sauce-pan must be cleaned. Get some vinegar, rotten-stone, and oil; or, if there is no rotten-stone, get a greasy rag, and rub it all over. Stay; let me see, you have no cuts on your hands, or the verdigris will poison them."

"Oh, dear, there's the master, Miss Anna; and we've got no potato chips! Missis has opened the door. The fire is clear—that's a blessing."

"Now, then, for the potato chips—you have washed them?"

"I've washed the potatoes, but not the chips—there's none."

"We'll soon make some. Get a small frying-pan and the lard; see that the pan is clean. Let me rub with paper after it is heated on the fire. There, you see, Ellen, the edge is not clean; the black would run down and make the potatoes dirty. It must be well washed with soda and boiling water, and be rubbed dry, particularly round the edge; the bottom of the pan is often tolerably clean, but it is round the edge where the mischief is; as soon as the pan is heated the old dirty grease runs down and spoils the cookery. Now for the chips.

"Fill the pan half full of lard, and put it on the fire to boil. Now you shall have your first lesson in frying.

"The fat must be boiling, *and plenty of it*, and the articles to be fried must be as dry as possible."

"How do you know when the fat is boiling, Miss Anna—when it makes a great noise?"

"No, the reverse of it. *When it is quite silent.* When fat hisses, it is because the water contained in it is being boiled out of it in the shape of steam; but if you let it remain a moment after this the fat will burn. So you must stand ready with the article you are going to fry, and put it in quickly, as I am now doing with these slices of potato, which will soon be converted into chips."

"Oh, my! what a lot of fat for such a few slices of potato!"

"Yes, that is true; but you will see that this fat will not burn because there is so much of it, and that it will do for frying potatoes or anything else in it for six or eight times. Now get a large dish, put it before the fire with a sheet of doubled paper upon it, get also the egg-slice, that I may take up the chips. See, I lay them on the paper, not one on the other, but each piece separately, so that they shall not be soft and pappy, but dry, and not too dry. For this reason I sprinkle a very little salt over them, and lightly put a sheet of paper over the top. Now for a nice hot dish ready to put them in at the last moment. They must not be covered, or they would be soddened. Get a pan of hot water; I am going to strain and throw the fat into it. This you will set by till it is cold, or till to-morrow, when I will look at it."

"Must lard always be used for frying everything in, Miss Anna?"

"Oh, dear, no. Any kind of dripping excepting mutton dripping will do; not that, because it so easily gets cold. But oil is the best of all; and next to that of lard or bacon dripping—oil, because it holds a greater heat than any other fat, and consequently the frying is better and quicker done. All frying should be rapidly done.

"Now you understand this, or will do so in time. Bring the parsley out of the larder. You see how I pick it, in nice sprays, and wash it, first in a basin of warm water, then instantly in cold water. Shake it about well, and throw it on this dry cloth, then spread it upon this sheet of paper. It will dry quickly; then pop it into the oven on this sheet of paper, and in a few moments it will be beautifully crisp. This washing of the parsley should have been done when it first came in, not picked off the stems, because then you are able to put it in a jug of water as you would flowers, and it is then ready for use in a moment."

"I never saw parsley washed before. I thought 'twas always clean."

"No vegetable is dirtier than parsley; it is full of dirt and insects, which no cold water will touch, but which is made instantly clean by the application of warm and then cold water. Look at this warm water in which the parsley was washed."

Ellen again took refuge in, "Oh, my! isn't it dirty!"

"The steak must now be cooked very quickly. Bring the gridiron, put it on the fire, make it hot, and rub it first with paper, then remove, and rub it well with a clean dish-cloth. Now put it on the fire again, and with this little bit of suet rub the bars well; this to prevent the meat sticking to the bars. I hope the steak is a tender one; if not, there is little use I have ever found in beating it."

"Now put on the steak, and the dish, in which it is to be served, before the fire. In two minutes stick the fork into the thin edge of the steak, and turn it, and again in two minutes do the same, and so continue turning every two minutes till the steak is half done."

"But what for, Miss Anna? what a fuss! Can't you let it be till 'tis done on one side, and then turn it?"

"If I were to do this all the gravy would rise to the top, and in turning would fall into the fire; but by continually turning it the gravy is kept in the centre of the meat. Now when it is half done I take it upon the dish, press it well with a knife on both sides, rub a little butter over, pepper it, and put it again on the gridiron for a few moments, turning it only once. When it is done take it on the dish, rub a little more butter over it, then some salt, and now any sauce that is liked should be added. Not one instant must it remain after this, but be served at once; the potatoes, with the crimped parsley on the top of them, hot as possible, but not covered; the steak covered. Run away with it, Ellen, and the hot plates. You say that Mrs. Newton has laid the cloth."

"Yes, Miss Anna, I saw her do it; but won't you go up and see the master?"

"To-morrow, perhaps, not to-night."

Mrs. Newton came down in about an hour and said her husband was astonished to have such a meal. "He asked who had done it. I told him that it was a superior young person, whom I hoped we should be able to retain. 'Whoever it is,' he said, 'she understands her business much better than any lady-help would do.'"

"Don't you think, Miss Severn, that you had better come and see him? Will you bring up the coffee? Besides, I really don't like to ask you to stay in the kitchen; you certainly ought to sit with us for an hour or so."

"My dear Mrs. Newton, I thought it was understood fully between us that I choose to be in the kitchen; that I do not wish to interfere with, and will not interrupt, the social evenings of husband and wife. I will put it in another light: I will say I have a mission in this life, and my mission is to teach such girls as Ellen how to become good servants. I am quite sure it is easier work, and less detrimental to health than real missionary work. The coffee I will show Ellen how to make, and bring it up myself."

So, with this, Mrs. Newton departed, but could not help feeling what a useless weight she herself had always been, waited upon by servants, and knowing not a single thing of domestic management. "But there is one thing," she mentally said, "I can learn, and I will. I wonder if Miss Severn sings and plays. I dare say she does. She looks as if she knew everything."

As soon as Ellen had cleaned the table in the dining-room, Miss Severn said, "Now, then, for the coffee. Get me the coffee-pot and the coffee. I want both the tin coffee-pot and the silver one."

Ellen brought the ground coffee. It had been ground a week previously, as Ellen remarked, because it was handier than to be always fussing at the mill.

"Have you no whole coffee, Ellen? This is dead and flavorless."

"Oh, yes, there's a lot in this tin."

Miss Severn took a teacupful from it, and put it on a plate in the oven till it was warm through, then put it in the mill and ground it, and the aromatic fragrance diffused itself all over the kitchen. Upon this, when put into a hot tin coffee-pot, she poured a little more than two breakfast-cups of boiling water, then rapidly poured out into the teacup and back into the coffee-pot twice, then set for five minutes by the side of the fire, but not where it could boil, or the sides of the coffee-pot burn. Within ten minutes the coffee, pure as wine, was poured into the very hot silver coffee-pot, over which a "cosey" was placed, and it was thus taken up, with hot milk scalded in a jug placed in boiling water.

"I always boil the milk in a saucepan," said Ellen.

"I should think it was never drunk then; it must have been greasy, and with a taste of the saucepan."

"Master never did drink it; perhaps he won't yours."

Miss Severn took the coffee on a much dis-

colored silver tray, knocked at the door, and entered with the coffee, which she laid before Mrs. Newton, who half rose to meet her, but, recollecting herself, sat down again. Mr. Newton looked up furtively from his book, but took no further notice till after Miss Severn left the room. Presently he said, "This young person of yours knows how to make coffee. I wonder in what school of cookery she has graduated. Her face somehow seems familiar to me."

No suspicion crossed his mind as to "the young person's" antecedents. Miss Severn returned to the kitchen, to the washing up, and the cleaning of the copper saucepan. It required many kind and cheering words and much personal help to bring Ellen to the close of the first day without littering the kitchen, and over the saucepan it was almost a case of tears. The vinegar, rotten-stone, and oil were there, but the willingness to clean was gone.

"Do let me leave it till to-morrow, Miss Anna. I am so tired."

"I would not leave it till to-morrow, Ellen. Don't you see it has been left by some one for so many 'to-morrows,' till the labor of cleaning falls upon you and myself, and between this and to-morrow somebody might be poisoned with the verdigris; and we, having knowingly left it about, might be accused of having done it wilfully. Then what would happen? The work, whatever it may be, that we don't like to do, had always best be done at once, and then there is one less trouble for us."

"But I am so tired, Miss Anna."

"Well, let us do the work, and I will tell you a story about some very industrious little bodies, without whose aid you could not properly clean that saucepan."

"Oh, my! I've heard tell of the fairies. The pixies my mother calls 'em. I wish they'd clean the dirty thing."

"Neither the fairies nor the pixies. Wash the saucepan first with vinegar, and scrub it well. Then rub it well with oil, every crevice, and then for the 'pixies.' Take up the rotten-stone. Now, what do you think that is?"

"It looks like dirt; I suppose it is."

"No. Rub the saucepan well and listen. That rotten-stone was once alive. It is the dead skins or coverings of millions of little creatures that had to work daily and nightly for their living, as you now do daily."

Ellen looked at the rotten-stone aghast. "Miss Anna, you're making fun; it's too bad, I didn't think you would tell me such nonsense."

"I tell you, my girl, what I say is truth, or, rather, the cleverest men we have say it is so. There are several kinds of this polishing material, formed of the dead coverings of insects which have a hard, flinty shell upon their backs, and when they died the shells were left, but could not perish with their bodies, because these shells, which we cannot see without a miscroscope—they are so small—were formed of a flinty material that cannot perish. There is a kind of polishing earth found in Prussia, in a square inch of which there are nearly two billion of shells of insects. Now, if you were to count one, two, three, and so on, for two years, night and day, and not cease a moment, you could not count that number.

Ellen took up the rotten-stone, examined it closely, and again asked, "Was it really once alive?"

"Yes, be sure that it was. You have seen mites in a cheese which do not look alive?"

"Yes, but they are though, for some of 'em come to hoppers, little white worms that hop about."

"Then you can have an idea of how thousands and millions of living creatures can be contained in a small space."

"But what work can these mites in a rotten-stone do?"

"They are not mites in the stone, but the stone itself is nothing but the dead bodies of mites, as you call them. The work they found to do was to eat or suck up all the flint they found in the water in which they existed, and so nourished their bodies with it that when dead their outer covering or shells became useful to man, including yourself.

"Let us wash up the dirty things, and make the kitchen tidy; no litter, mind, everything in its place; but you must first have a place for everything, and I don't think you have that. Your brushes and brooms are thrown down anywhere, your cloths are in confusion—dirty and clean together—and your cupboards are all untidy. We must find proper places to-morrow for all those things; meantime you wash up the plates in hot and cold water, while I will the silver and the glasses."

"Why must I have hot and cold water both? Why won't hot water do?"

"Because, if the plates are put while hot into cold water, any dirt that sticks to them comes

off, or remains on so visible that in a moment you can see whether they are clean or not. This rinsing also saves you the trouble of wiping cups and saucers. They are better turned upside down only rinsed, than wiped on a dirty cloth,—a practice too often done. Now you will wash your hands, arms, and face, put on a clean apron, and we will have supper.

At the supper table Miss Severn directed Ellen to ask God's blessing—a thing the poor girl had never heard of. She taught her also to eat her food in a pleasant, nice manner; no biting of her bread, no cutting it on the cloth, no putting her knife in her mouth.

Just then Mrs. Newton came into the kitchen with a glass of brandy and water, and some cake on a plate, and offered it to Miss Severn, who declined taking it, saying, "I never drink anything but water, except tea and coffee."

"But oblige me by taking a little of it. I shall think it so unfriendly if you do not."

"I must beg to be excused, not only now, but always, and even at the risk of displeasing you, for I never take anything of that kind. I am glad to say that Ellen is disposed to give up her beer if you will kindly add to her wages the money it now costs, which, she tells me, is sevenpence a week, for I have been saying to her that thirty shillings a year is worth saving."

"Dear me! does it come to so much? I never thought of it before. Oh, yes! I will give her the money with pleasure, but will pay it with her wages, for I fear if she gets it weekly the money will soon be spent."

"If you would kindly tell me at what hour you would like breakfast, and what you will have cooked, it will save time in the morning, and Ellen and I will know what to do."

"Mr. Newton breakfasts at eight o'clock. I ordered some whiting, and suppose they have come; he would like also a rasher of bacon and some scrambled eggs. But you and I can have our breakfast when he is gone to his chambers."

Miss Severn looked pained as she said, "I wish, my dear lady, you would be good enough to let me remain altogether in the kitchen. If I am to stay with you it must be so. I cannot come and sit with you, but of course you will come here at any time, and I do wish it to be clearly understood that I and Ellen will always take our meals together. I have not the slightest objection to wait upon Mr. Newton and yourself, or your friends. I cannot in the least see that I am losing caste in any way; on the contrary, I feel that being of use is infinitely preferable to droning my life out. I must work for my bread as thousands better born than myself are obliged to do, and I neither see nor feel disgrace in the matter. So, from this hour, I take up my position in your house as a useful help, and none the less a lady. Without such a girl as Ellen I could not get on at all. I could not carry coals, because I am not strong enough; I could not clean steps, because it is outside work in a civilized place; but even that I would not object to if dire necessity compelled me, but it does not, and I choose to go where a young servant is kept rather than to a place where there is none. If you will let things go on in the manner I wish them to do, all will be well. I will be your lady-help; but if not, the very unpleasantness and inconvenience of standing upon debatable ground, not knowing my place in a house, will make me very uncomfortable."

Mrs. Newton said no more; the brandy and water and cake were left, and, wishing Miss Severn and Ellen good-night, she went to bed.

The brandy and water was thrown away. The cake was held out as a reward to Ellen for the next day's obedience. The cleaning of the kitchen progressed till all was in order. Then the doors and fastenings of the windows underwent examination, the sink-traps were made tight, and a weight put over each to prevent any odor from rising in the night; and when all was secure both sat down, and Miss Severn read the third verse from the sermon on the mount, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

"Now, I want you to learn that verse, Ellen, and on Sunday I will try to explain it to you."

In a very few words, Miss Severn, kneeling, with Ellen at her side, asked forgiveness of the All-Father who is ever present, asked for blessing, asked for protection from evil thoughts and from calamities which might befall in the night, and, finally, commending the whole household to God's care, she rose, and, shaking Ellen by the hand, wished her good-night. And so ended the first day's work of the lady-help.

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

PETER THE GREAT. By John Lothrop Motley. *Harper's Half-Hour Series.*

This essay, which originally appeared in the *North American Review* in 1845, is likely to have considerable circulation in this convenient form, on account of the interest which is at present taken in Russia, as well as on account of the celebrity of the writer, who has so recently passed away.

THE JOURNEYMAN SHIP-BUILDER.

One day, in the year 1697, the great Duke of Marlborough happened to be in the village of Saardam. He visited the dock-yard of one Mynheer Calf, a rich ship-builder, and was struck with the appearance of a journeyman at work there. He was a large, powerful man, dressed in a red woollen shirt and duck trousers, with a sailor's hat, and seated, with an adze in his hand, upon a rough log of timber which lay on the ground. The man's features were bold and regular; his dark-brown hair fell in natural curls about his neck; his complexion was strong and ruddy, with veins somewhat distended, indicating an ardent temperament and more luxurious habits than comported with his station; and his dark, keen eye glanced from one object to another with remarkable restlessness. He was engaged in earnest conversation with some strangers, whose remarks he occasionally interrupted while he rapidly addressed them in a guttural but not unmusical voice. As he became occasionally excited in conversation, his features twitched convulsively, the blood rushed to his forehead, his arms were tossed about with extreme violence of gesticulation, and he seemed constantly upon the point of giving way to some explosion of passion, or else of falling into a fit of catalepsy. His companions, however, did not appear alarmed by his vehemence, although they seemed to treat him with remarkable deference; and, after a short time, his distorted features would resume their symmetry and agreeable expression, his momentary frenzy would subside, and a bright smile would light up his whole countenance.

The Duke enquired the name of this workman, and was told it was one Pieter Baas, a foreign journeyman of remarkable mechanical abilities and great industry. Approaching, he entered into some slight conversation with him upon matters pertaining to his craft. While they were conversing, a stranger of foreign mien and costume appeared, holding a voluminous letter in his hand; the workman started up, snatched it from his hand, tore off the seals and greedily devoured its contents, while the stately Marlborough walked away unnoticed. The Duke was well aware that, in this thin disguise, he saw the Czar of Muscovy. Pieter Baas or Boss Peter, or Master Peter, was Peter the despot of all the Russias, a man who, having just found himself the undisputed proprietor of a quarter of the globe with all its inhabitants, had opened his eyes to the responsibilities of his position, and had voluntarily descended from his throne for the noble purpose of qualifying himself to reascend it.

The empire of Russia, at this moment more than twice as large as Europe, having a considerable extent of sea-coasts, with flourishing commercial havens both upon the Baltic and the Black Sea, and a chain of internal communication, by canal and river, connecting them both with the Caspian and the Volga, was, at the accession of Peter the First, of quite sufficient dimensions for any reasonable monarch's ambition, but of most unfortunate geographical position. Shut off from civilized Western Europe by vast and thinly peopled forests and plains, having for neighbors only the sledded Polack, the Turk, the Persian, and the Chinese, and touching nowhere upon the ocean, that great highway of civilization—the ancient empire of the Czars seemed always in a state of suffocation. Remote from the sea, it was a mammoth without lungs, incapable of performing the functions belonging to its vast organization, and presenting to the world the appearance of a huge, incomplete, and inert mass, waiting the advent of some new Prometheus to inspire it with life and light.

Its capital, the *bizarre* and fantastic Moscow, with its vast, turreted, and venerable Kremlin; its countless churches, with their flashing spires and clustering and turbaned minarets glittering in green, purple, and gold; its mosques, with the cross supplanting the crescent; its streets swarming with bearded merchants and ferocious Janizaries, while its female population were immured and invisible, was a true type of the empire; rather Asiatic than European, and yet compounded of both.

The government, too, was far more Oriental than European in its character. The Normans had, to be sure, in the eleventh century, taken possession of the Russian government with the same gentlemanlike effrontery with which, at about the same time, they had seated themselves

upon every throne in Europe ; and the crown of Ruric had been transmitted like the other European crowns for many generations, till it descended through a female branch upon the head of the Romanoffs, the ancestors of Peter and the present imperial family. But though there might be said to be an established dynasty, the succession to the throne was controlled by the Strelitzes, the licentious and ungovernable soldiery of the capital, as much as the Turkish or Roman Empire by the Janizaries or Prætorians; and the history of the government was but a series of palace-revolutions, in which the sovereign, the tool alternately of the priesthood and the body-guard, was elevated, deposed, or strangled, according to the prevalence of different factions in the capital. The government was in fact, as it has been epigrammatically characterized, "a despotism tempered by assassination."

RUSSIA'S FIRST SEAPORT.

Peter understood thoroughly the position of his empire the moment he came to the throne. Previous czars had issued a multiplicity of edicts forbidding their subjects to go out of the empire. Peter saw that the great trouble was that they could not get out. Both the natural gates of his realm were locked upon him, and the keys were in the hands of his enemies. When we look at the map of Russia now, we do not sufficiently appreciate the difficulties of Peter's position at his accession. To do so is to appreciate his genius and the strength of his will. While paddling in his little skiff on the Yausa, he had already determined that this great inland empire of his, whose inhabitants had never seen or heard of the ocean, should become a maritime power. He saw that, without seaports, it could never be redeemed from its barbarism, and he was resolved to exchange its mongrel Orientalism for European civilization. Accordingly, before he had been within five hundred miles of blue water, he made himself a sailor, and at the same time formed the plan, which he pursued with iron pertinacity to its completion, of conquering the Baltic from the Swede, and the Euxine from the Turk. Fully to see and appreciate the necessity of this measure, was, in the young, neglected barbarian prince, a great indication of genius ; but the resolution to set about and accomplish this mighty scheme in the face of ten thousand obstacles constituted him a hero. He was, in fact, one of those few characters whose existence has had a considerable influence upon history. If he had not lived, Russia would very probably have been at the present moment one great Wallachia or Moldavia—a vast wilderness, peopled by the same uncouth barbarians who even now constitute the mass of its population, and governed by a struggling, brawling, confused mob of unlettered boyards, knavish priests, and cut-throat Janizaries.

It was not so trifling a task as it may now appear for Russia to conquer Sweden and the Sublime Porte. On the contrary, Sweden was so vastly superior in the scale of civilization, and her disciplined troops, trained for a century upon the renowned battle-fields of Europe, with a young monarch at their head who loved war as other youths love a mistress, gave her such a decided military preponderance, that she looked upon Russia with contempt. The Ottoman Empire, too, was at that time not the ricketty, decrepit state which it now is, holding itself up, like the cabman's horse, only by being kept in the shafts, and ready to drop the first moment its foreign master stops whipping ; on the contrary, in the very year in which Peter inherited the empire from his brother Theodore, 200,000 Turks besieged Vienna, and drove the Emperor Leopold in dismay from his capital. Although the downfall of the Porte may be dated from the result of that memorable campaign, yet the Sultan was then a vastly more powerful potentate than the Czar, and the project to snatch from him the citadel of Azof, the key of the Black Sea, was one of unparalleled audacity.

But Peter had already matured the project, and was determined to execute it. He required seaports, and, having none, he determined to seize those of his neighbors. Like the "king of Bohemia with his seven castles," he was the "most unfortunate man in the world, because, having the greatest passion for navigation and all sorts of sea affairs, he had never a seaport in all his dominions." Without stopping, however, like Corporal Trim, to argue the point in casuistry, whether Russia, like Bohemia, being an inland country, it would be consistent with divine benevolence for the ocean to inundate his neighbor's territory in order to accommodate him, he took a more expeditious method. Preferring to go to the ocean, rather than wait for the ocean to come to him, in 1695 he sailed down the Don with his vessels, and struck his first blow at Azof. His campaign was unsuccessful, through the treachery and desertion of an artillery officer, named Jacob ; but as the Czar through life possessed the happy faculty of never knowing when he was beaten, he renewed his attack the next year, and carried the place with the most brilliant success. The key of the Palus Mæotis was thus in his hands, and he returned in triumph to Moscow, where he levied large sums upon the nobility and clergy to build and sustain a fleet upon the waters he had conquered, to drive the Tartars from the Crimea, and to open and sustain a communication with Persia, through Circassia and Georgia.

Thus the first point was gained, and his foot at last touched the ocean. Moreover, the Tartars of the Crimea, who had been from time immemorial the pest of Russia—a horde of savages, who "said their prayers but once a year, and then to a dead horse," and who had yet compelled the Muscovites to pay them an annual tribute, and had inserted in their last articles of peace the ignominious conditions that "the Czar should hold the stirrup of their Khan, and feed his horse with oats out of his cap, if they should chance at any time to meet"—these savages were humbled at a blow, and scourged into insignificance by the master hand of Peter.

EDUCATION BY TRAVEL.

Having been hitherto unrepresented in any European court, he fitted out a splendid embassy extraordinary to the States-general of Holland —Lefort, Golownin, Voristzin, and Menzikoff being the plenipotentiaries, while the Czar accompanied them *incognito*, as *attaché* to the mission. The embassy proceeds through Esthonia and Livonia, visits Riga—where the Swedish governor, D'Alberg, refuses permission to visit fortifications, an indignity which Peter resolves to punish severely—and, proceeding through Prussia, is received with great pomp by the king, at Königsberg. Here the Germans and Russians, "most potent in potting," meet each other with exuberant demonstrations of friendship, and there is much carousing and hard drinking. At this place Peter leaves the embassy, travels privately and with great rapidity to Holland, and never rests till he has established himself as a journeyman in the dockyard of Mynheer Calf. From a seafaring man, named Kist, whom he had known in Archangel, he hires lodgings, consisting of a small room and kitchen, and a garret above them, and immediately commences a laborious and practical devotion to the trade which he had determined to acquire. The Czar soon became a most accomplished ship-builder. His first essay was upon a small yacht, which he purchased and refitted upon his arrival, and in which he spent all his leisure moments, sailing about in the harbor, visiting the vessels in port, and astonishing the phlegmatic Dutchman by the agility with which he flew about among the shipping. Before his departure, he laid down and built, from his own draught and model, a sixty-gun ship, at much of the carpentry of which he worked with his own hands, and which was declared by many competent judges to be an admirable specimen of naval architecture.

But besides his proficiency, so rapidly acquired, in all maritime matters, he made considerable progress in civil engineering, mathematics, and the science of fortification, besides completely mastering the Dutch language, and acquiring the miscellaneous accomplishments of tooth-drawing, blood-letting, and tapping for the dropsy. He was indefatigable in visiting every public institution, charitable, literary, or scientific, in examining the manufacturing establishments, the corn-mills, saw-mills, paper-mills, oil-factories, all of which he studied practically, with the view of immediately introducing these branches of industry into his own dominions; and before leaving Holland, he spent some time at Texel, solely for the purpose of examining the whale-ships, and qualifying himself to instruct his subjects in this pursuit after his return. "*Wat is dat? Dat wil ik zien,*" was his eternal exclamation to the quiet Hollanders, who looked with profound astonishment at this boisterous foreign prince, in carpenter's disguise, flying round like a harlequin, swinging his stick over the backs of those who stood in his way, making strange grimaces, and rushing from one object to another with a restless activity of body and mind which seemed incomprehensible. He devoured every possible morsel of knowledge with unexampled voracity; but the sequel proved that his mind had an ostrich-like digestion as well as appetite. The seeds which he collected in Holland, Germany, and England bore a rich harvest in the Scythian wilderness, where his hand planted them on his return. Having spent about nine months in the Netherlands, he left that country for England.

His purpose in visiting England was principally to examine her navy-yards, dock-yards, and maritime establishments, and to acquire some practical knowledge of English naval architecture. He did not design to work in the dock-yards, but he preserved his *incognito*, although received with great attention by King William, who furthered all his plans to the utmost, and deputed the Marquis of Caermarthen, with whom the Czar became very intimate, to minister to all his wants during his residence in England. He was first lodged in York Buildings; but afterward, in order to be near the sea, he took possession of a house called Sayes Court, belonging to the celebrated John Evelyn, "with a back-door into the king's yard, at Deptford;" there, says an old writer, "he would often take up the carpenter's tools, and work with them; and he frequently conversed with the builders, who showed him their draughts, and the method of laying down, by proportion, any ship or vessel."

It is amusing to observe the contempt with which the servant of the gentle, pastoral Evelyn writes to his master concerning his imperial tenant, and the depredations and desecrations committed upon his "most boscaresque grounds." "There is a house full of people," he says, "right nasty. The Czar lies next your library, and dines in the parlor next your study. He dines at ten o'clock, and six at night; is very seldom at home a whole day; very often in the king's yard, or by water, dressed in several dresses. The best parlor is pretty clean for the king to be entertained in." Moreover, in the garden at Sayes Court, there was, to use Evelyn's own language, a "glorious and refreshing object, an impregnable hedge of about four hundred feet in length, nine feet high, and five feet in diameter, at any time of the year glittering with its armed and variegated leaves; the taller standards, at orderly distances, blushing with their natural coral;" and through this "glorious and refreshing object" the Czar amused himself by trundling a wheelbarrow every morning for the sake of the exercise!

He visited the hospitals, and examined most of the public institutions in England; and particularly directed his attention towards acquiring information in engineering, and collecting a body of skilful engineers and artificers to carry on the great project which he had already matured, of opening an artificial communication by locks and canals, between the Volga, the Don, and the Caspian—a design, by-the-way, which was denounced by the clergy and nobility of his empire as "a piece of impiety, being to turn the streams one way, which Providence had directed

another." His evenings were generally spent with the Marquis Caermarthen, with pipes, beer, and brandy, at a tavern near Tower Hill, which is still called the "Czar of Muscovy."

During his stay in England he went to see the University of Oxford, and visited many of the cathedrals and churches, and "had also the curiosity to view the Quakers and other Dissenters at their meeting-houses in the time of service."

THE CHEATED ENGLISHMEN.

The Czar, before his departure from England, engaged a large number of scientific persons, at the head of whom was Ferguson, the engineer, to accompany him to Russia, to be employed upon the various works of internal improvement already projected. To all these persons he promised liberal salaries, which were never paid, and perfect liberty to depart when they chose, "with crowns for convoy put into their purse;" although in the sequel, the poor devils never got a rouble for their pains, and those who escaped assassination by some jealous Russian or other, and were able to find their way "bootless home, and weather-beaten back," after a few profitless years spent upon the Czar's sluices and bridges, were to be considered fortunate.

One of the disadvantages, we suppose, of one man's owning a whole quarter of the globe and all its inhabitants, is a tendency to think lightly of human obligations. It is useless to occupy one's mind with engagements that no human power can enforce. The artificers, being there, might accomplish their part of the Czar's mission to civilize, or, at least, Europeanize Russia. This was matter of consequence to the world; their salaries were of no importance to anybody but themselves. It is odd that these persons were the first to introduce into Russia the science of reckoning by Arabic numerals, accounts having been formerly kept (and indeed, being still kept by all shopkeepers and retail dealers) by means of balls upon a string, as billiards are marked in America. For the Czar to have introduced an improved method of account-keeping by means of the very men with whom he intended to keep no account at all seems a superfluous piece of irony; but so it was. He had, however, a nicer notion of what was due from one potentate to another; for, upon taking his departure from England, he took from his breeches-pocket a ruby wrapped in brown paper, worth about £10,000, and presented it to King William. He also, in return for the agreeable hours passed with Lord Caermarthen at the "Czar of Muscovy" upon Tower Hill, presented that nobleman with the right to license every hogshead of tobacco exported to Russia by an English company, who had paid him £15,000 for the monopoly, and to charge five shillings for each license.

AN ACTIVE MONARCH.

Right or wrong, however, Peter was determined to *Occidentalize* his empire. The darling wish of his heart was to place himself upon the sea-shore, in order the more easily to Europeanize his country. In the meantime, and while awaiting a good opportunity for the "re-annexation" of Ingria, Esthonia, and Livonia, provinces which had several centuries before belonged to the Russian crown, but had been ceded to, and possessed by, Sweden for ages, he began to denationalize his subjects, by putting a tax upon their beards and their petticoats. Strange to say, his subjects were so much more patriotic than their master that the tax became very productive. Peter increased his revenue, but could not diminish the beards or petticoats. He was obliged to resort to force, and by "entertaining a score or two of tailors" and barbers at each gate of Moscow, whose business it was to fasten upon every man who entered, and to "cut his petticoats all round about," as well as his whiskers, he at last succeeded in humanizing their costume—a process highly offensive, and which caused the clergy, who naturally favored the Russian nationality upon which they were fattened, to denounce him as Antichrist. At the same time, he altered the commencement of the year from the 1st of September to the 1st of January, much to the astonishment of his subjects, who wondered that the Czar could change the course of the sun. He also instituted assemblies for the encouragement of social intercourse between the sexes. But his most important undertakings were the building, under his immediate superintendence, assisted by the English officers whom he had brought with him, of a large fleet upon the Don, and the junction of that river with the Volga. About this time he met with an irreparable loss in the death of Lefort, who perished at the early age of forty-six. Peter was profoundly afflicted by this event, and honored his remains with magnificent obsequies.

Both coasts of the Gulf of Finland, together with both banks of the river Neva, up to the lake Ladoga, had been long, and were still, in possession of the Swedes. These frozen morasses were not a tempting site for a metropolis, certainly; particularly when they happened to be in the possession of the most warlike nation of Europe, governed by the most warlike monarch, as the sequel proved, that had ever sat upon its throne. Still, Peter had determined to take possession of that coast, and already in imagination had built his capital upon those dreary solitudes, peopled only by the elk, the wolf and the bear. This man, more than any one, perhaps, that ever lived, was an illustration of the power of volition. He always settled in his own mind exactly what he wanted, and then put on his wishing-cap. With him, to will was to have. Obstacles he took as a matter of course. It never seemed to occur to him to doubt the accomplishment of his purpose. For our own part, we do not admire the capital which he built, nor the place he selected; both are mistakes, in our humble opinion, as time will prove and is proving. But it is impossible not to admire such a masterly effort of human volition as the erection of Petersburg.

THE MAGIC CITY.

Before the close of the year 1702, the troops of the Czar had driven the Swedes from the Ladoga and the Neva, and had taken possession of all the ports in Carelia and Ingria. On the 16th of May, without waiting another moment after having possessed himself of the locality, he begins to build his metropolis. One hundred thousand miserable workmen are consumed in the first twelve months, succumbing to the rigorous climate and the unhealthy position. But "*il faut casser des œufs pour faire une omelette;*" in one year's time there are thirty thousand houses in Petersburg. Never was there such a splendid improvisation. Look for a moment at a map of Russia, and say if Petersburg was not a magnificent piece of volition—a mistake, certainly, and an extensive one; but still a magnificent mistake. Upon a delta, formed by the dividing branches of the Neva—upon a miserable morass half under water, without stones, without clay, without earth, without wood, without building materials of any kind, having behind it the outlet of the Lake Ladoga and its tributary swamps, and before it the Gulf of Finland contracting itself into a narrow compass, and ready to deluge it with all the waters of the Baltic, whenever the south-west wind should blow a gale eight-and-forty hours, with a climate of polar severity, and a soil as barren as an iceberg—was not Petersburg a bold *impromptu?* We never could look at this capital, with its imposing though monotonous architecture, its colossal squares, its vast colonnades, its endless vistas, its spires and minarets sheathed in barbaric gold and flashing in the sun, and remember the magical rapidity with which it was built, and the hundred thousand lives that were sacrificed in building it, without recalling Milton's description of the building of Pandemonium:

"Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation,.....
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze; with bossy sculptures graven;
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equalled in all their glories, to enshrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
Stood fixed her stately height; and straight the doors
Opening their brazen folds discover, wide
Within, her ample spaces o'er the smooth
And level pavement."

Within a few months after the foundation of Petersburg and Cronstadt, Peter had the pleasure of piloting into his new seaport with his own hands a vessel belonging to his old friend, Cornelius Calf, of Saardam. The transfer of the seat of government, by the removal of the senate from Moscow to Petersburg, was effected a few years afterward.

ONLY A TYRANT AND CITY-BUILDER.

It was because his country was inhabited by slaves, and not by a people, that it was necessary, in every branch of his great undertaking, to go into such infinitesimal details. Our admiration of the man's power is, to be sure, increased by a contemplation of the extraordinary versatility of his genius, its wide grasp, and its minute perception; but we regret to see so much elephantine labor thrown away. As he felt himself to be the only man in the empire, so in his power of labor he rises to a demi-god, a Hercules. He felt that he must do everything himself, and he did everything. He fills every military post, from drummer to general, from cabin-boy to admiral; with his own hand he builds ships of the line, and navigates them himself in storm and battle; he superintends every manufactory, every academy, every hospital, every prison; with his own hand he pulls teeth and draws up commercial treaties—wins all his battles with his own sword, at the head of his army, and sings in the choir as chief bishop and head of his church—models all his forts, sounds all his harbors, draws maps of his own dominions, all with his own hand—regulates the treasury of his empire and the account-books of his shopkeepers, teaches his subjects how to behave themselves in assemblies, prescribes the length of their coat-skirts, and dictates their religious creed. If, instead of contenting himself with slaves who only aped civilization, he had striven to create a people, capable and worthy of culture, he might have spared himself all these minute details; he would have produced less striking, instantaneous effects, but his work would have been more durable, and his fame more elevated. His was one of the monarch minds, who coin their age, and stamp it with their image and superscription; but his glory would have been greater if he had thought less of himself and more of the real interests of his country. If he had attempted to convert his subjects from cattle into men, he need not have been so eternally haunted by the phantom of returning barbarism, destroying after his death all the labor of his lifetime, and which he could exorcise only by shedding the blood of his son. Viewed from this position, his colossal grandeur dwindles. It seems to us that he might have been so much more, that his possible seem to dwarf his actual achievements. He might have been the creator and the lawgiver of a people. He was, after all, only a tyrant and a city-builder.

Still, we repeat, it is difficult to judge him justly. He seems to have felt a certain mission confided to him by a superior power. His object he accomplished without wavering, without precipitation, without delay. We look up to him as to a giant, as we see him striding over every adversary, over every obstacle in his path. He seems in advance of his country, of his age, of himself. In his exterior he is the great prince, conqueror, reformer; in his interior, the Muscovite, the barbarian. He was conscious of it himself. "I wish to reform my empire," he exclaimed, upon one occasion, "and I cannot reform myself." In early life, his pleasures were of the grossest character; he was a hard drinker, and was quarrelsome in his cups. He kicked and cuffed his ministers, on one occasion was near cutting the throat of Lefort in a paroxysm of

drunken anger, and was habitually caning Prince Menzikoff. But, after all, he did reform himself; and in the latter years of his life his habits were abstemious and simple, and his days and nights were passed in labors for his country and his fame. He accomplished a great deal. He made Russia a maritime country, gave her a navy and a commercial capital, and quadrupled her revenue; he destroyed the Strelitzes, he crushed the Patriarch, he abolished the monastic institutions of his empire. If he had done nothing else, he would. for these great achievements, deserve the eternal gratitude of his country.

LITERARY NOTES.

MR. WILLIAM LONGMAN, of the great publishing house of Longman & Co., is dead. He was not only a good business man and a publisher of note, but a scholar and an author of several valuable works of history. He took an interest also in local public matters. His death is much regretted by a large circle of friends.

MR. EDWARD JENKINS' new book "Sutchanee and Dilloo" will be published early in the autumn.

THE report that the arms of the Venus of Milo had been discovered has not been confirmed. Explorations are being actively carried on in the Island of Milo, and many beautiful works have been found. The Venus of Milo was considered by Powers to be a far finer statue than the Venus de Medici.

GUSTAVE DORE is engaged in a series of illustrations for Ariosto, and is also modelling an enormous vase ornamented with 150 figures intended for the great exhibition.

A LIVELY DISCUSSION is going on between the Rev. Messrs. Taylor and Sayce, two eminent Assyriologists, concerning the phonetic value of a certain cuneiform character in Acadian, which was the dead language of the ancient Babylonians and perhaps the court language of King Nimrod. One thinks it was pronounced *dib*, and the other *lu*. The striking similarity of sound no doubt leads to confusion. No wonder the Babylonians got "mixed" at the building of Babel.

AN AMERICAN "citizen," George Wilkes by name, finding that the "British nobility" are trying to claim Shakespeare as a member of their effete aristocracy in identifying him with Lord Bacon, has nobly come to the rescue in a book entitled "Shakespeare from an American point of view." He demonstrates most triumphantly that Bacon did not write Shakespeare's plays. Some day we shall have a book to prove that Spurgeon did not write Swinburne's poems. Since the forty-seven identifications of Israel with England we begin to feel giddy—everybody is turning out to be everybody else.

BUDDHA has at last gone the way of all other great men. M. Sevart has written "*Etudes sur la Legende du Bouddha*" to prove that he is a solar myth. Abraham and Samson and David, and everybody else of any importance in ancient history, have been shown to be solar myths, and Jacob only is a lunar myth; he is the midnight sky. It is unjust that the sun should be such a monopolist of heroes.

SHAKSPEARE'S "Romeo and Juliet" has been translated into modern Greek and published at Athens.

VICTOR HUGO is engaged on a work upon the *Coup a'Etat* of December, 1851, based upon his diary kept at the time.

DR. WILLIS has just published a detailed study of the relations between Servetus and Calvin, which resulted in the carbonization of the former theologian. He has studied the question from original documents, and makes out an awkward case against Calvin. Servetus was a restless fellow, and nothing short of such a process would ever have kept him quiet.

MR. J. A. Froude is engaged in the *Nineteenth Century* in exploding the sanctity of St. Thomas à Becket. He has taken plenty of space to do it in. The last number contains his third instalment, and there will be one or two more—a very interesting and instructive series of papers, for they show how near twelfth-century sanctity borders upon ambition.

CHAIRS for Professors of Talmudic and Rabbinic literature are now established at Paris, Leipsic, Strasbourg and Cambridge.

THE LIFE of Columbus has just been written by the Rev. Father Knight, of the Society of Jesus. The good father thinks that Irving, being a Protestant, could not, in his beautiful life of the great discoverer, properly appreciate the lofty motives which actuated him, or the sublime vocation which made him the "herald of the faith" to the New World. The poor Caribs soon understood all about the Gospel which Columbus brought, and so did Montezuma of Mexico, and the Incas of Peru. But then they were not Protestants.

REV. JOSEPH COOK'S lectures on Biology will shortly appear, and his lectures on Transcendentalism will be published in November. They will be valuable as showing that there is a "more excellent way" of dealing with the great scientific bugbear than abusing it. Bad language is not used in the best circles of lay society now, and symptoms of its abatement among clergymen are very welcome. Soon, we hope, politicians will commence also to amend.

SAMUEL WARREN, author of "The Diary of a Late Physician," is dead. He was in his seventieth year.

MRS. BAGSTER, widow of the late Samuel Bagster, founder of the well-known Bible House, is still alive in her hundredth year. The Queen recently paid her a visit.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY is about to come out as a novelist. The name of his book has not transpired yet, but it is to be in two volumes. We are curious to know whether Louis Riel or the King of Ashantee is to be the hero. Sir Garnet is a very versatile man, and a good specimen of that army which, as they say in after dinner speeches, can "go anywhere and do anything."

"THE BURNING OF THE CONVENT" is the title of a story by Mrs. Whitney, founded on the destruction of the Ursaline Convent at Charlestown by a Boston mob in 1839. It is meeting with a large sale in the United States.

THE APPLETONS have published Peter's History of Connecticut, or rather they have republished it, for it has been out of print for a century. It is a very healthful sign that at last the Americans are becoming strong enough to bear a little truth about the history of their Revolution, and to suspect that the saints were once all on one side and the sinners on the other.

WE ARE glad to learn that Prof. Seeley is busily engaged in writing a history of the life and times of Stein. As an account of the regeneration of Germany after its breaking up by the first Napoleon, it will be most interesting, for the foundations of the system were laid by Stein, which in our day visited upon Napoleon the Third the sins of his great namesake and predecessor.

THE *Nineteenth Century* has reached a circulation of 18,000 copies monthly. A very great success for a monthly magazine at half a crown.

THE POPULAR NOVEL OF THE SEASON is "That Husband of Mine." The author deserves much credit for choosing so suggestive a title, and the publisher for advertising the book so well. "That Wife of Mine," by the same author, is in press. The title of the second wants the charming naturalness of the first, for the critical faculty is not so largely developed in the male sex.

MR. FREEMAN has published "The Ottoman Power in Europe," a companion volume to his "Saracens." His views are now well known. He thinks that Russia and England should have acted in harmony. If Russia's designs were good, then it would have been well for England to have shared the glory; if, on the other hand, they were evil, England has lost her best chance of counteracting them. But such a union was impossible from the hereditary suspicion in the English mind concerning Russia. It would have been more feasible to attempt to reconcile Orangemen and Ribbonmen.

DR. PUSEY'S "Commentary on the Minor Prophets" has at last been completed. It is matter of congratulation for all that his life has been spared long enough to complete this most important work. It is unique in English Biblical literature, for whatever crotchets Dr. Pusey may have indulged in, his superiority as a Hebrew scholar is unquestioned.

SIR TRAVERS TWISS is preparing a new edition of Braeton on the "Laws and Customs of England."

Chess.

(Conducted by J. G. ASCHER, Montreal.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to the Chess Editor of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY Magazine, Box 37.

A. L. (Woodford).—Such games at large odds as you speak of are not common, and cannot always be obtained. Try your hand at game No. 15 in this number. The most instructive practice is to play over carefully *any* printed game, and endeavor to reason out the object of each move.

H. E. B., New York.—Shall be glad to hear from you.

B. R. F., St. Louis.—We have placed your journal on list of exchanges.

J. W. S.—Accept our thanks for your contributions.

G. J. Slater.—Many thanks for your problem which was received too late for insertion in this number.

GAME—No. 13.

A sparkling little game, which we take from the *London Field*. The notes are by Mr. Steinitz.

PHILIDOR'S DEFENSE.

WHITE.	BLACK.
Rev. G. A. Macdonnell.	*Mr. Gunzberg.*
1. P. to K. 4.	1. P. to K. 4.
2. Kt. to K. B. 3.	2. P. to Q. 3.
3. B. to B. 4.	

This move was successfully introduced by Mr. Steinitz in the Dublin Tournament against the present leader of the White.

	3. Kt. to Q. B. 3.
4. P. to B. 3.	4. B. to Kt. 5.
5. P. to Q. 4.	5. P. takes P.
6. Q. to Kt. 3.	

The attack here commenced is utterly unsound, and evidences a misapprehension of the spirit of the position. Clearly P. takes P. was the only right course to pursue.

WHITE.	BLACK.
	6. Q. to Q. 2.
7. B. takes P. (ch.)	

He ought to have been satisfied with recovering the P. by Q. takes Kt. P. His eagerness to gain another P. causes his speedy ruin.

	7. Q. takes B.
8. Q. takes P.	8. K. to Q. 2.

The proper reply, which outwits the adversary.

9. Q. takes R.	9. B. takes Kt.
10. P. takes B.	

White disregards the warning entertained in Mr. Gunzberg's clever play in the last few moves, and is now pushed into the trap which he had innocently laid for his adroit though youthful opponent. About the only thing to be done was to bring the Q. Kt. out to Q. 2, and endeavor to fight a lost battle somewhat longer with a Rook against two minor pieces.

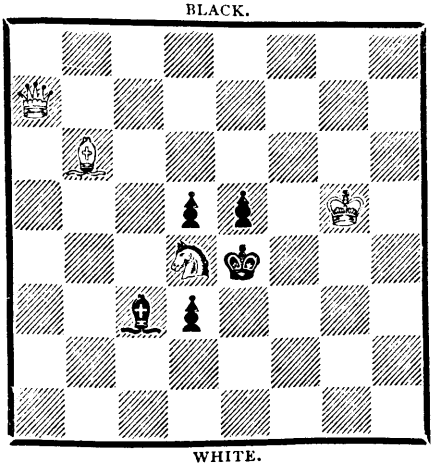
	10. Q. takes P.
11. R. to B. sq.	11. P. to Q. 6, and
Resigns.	mates in 2 more moves.

Such an early break-down is very rare.

PROBLEM No. 10.

By C. W., of Sunbury (India).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 14.

Played at the meeting of the Canadian Chess Association, held in Montreal, in 1874.

SICILIAN OPENING.

WHITE. *Jackson.*	BLACK. *Hicks.*
1. P. to K. 4.	1. P. to Q. B. 4.
2. P. to Q. 4.	2. P. to K. 3.
3. Q. Kt. to B. 3.	3. P. takes Q. P.
4. Q. takes P.	4. Q. Kt. to B. 3.
5. Q. to Q. sq.	5. K. B. to Q. B. 4.
6. K. Kt. to B. 3.	6. K. Kt. to K. 2.
7. K. B. to Q. 3.	7. K. Kt. to his 3.
8. Castles.	8. Castles.
9. K. P. to K. 5.	9. Q. Kt. takes P.
10. Kt. takes Kt.	10. Kt. takes Kt.
11. B. takes R. P. (ch.)	11. K. takes B.
12. Q. to K. R. 5. (ch.)	12. K. to K. Kt. sq.
13. Q. takes Kt.	13. Q. P. to Q. 4.
14. Kt. to K. 2.	14. K. B. to Q. 3.
15. Q. to K. R. 5.	15. Q. to K. B. 3.
16. Q. B. P. to 3.	16. Q. Kt. P. to 3.
17. Kt. to Q. 4.	17. P. to K. Kt. 3.
18. B to K. Kt. 5. (*a*)	18. Q. takes Kt.
19. Q. to K. R. 6.	19. Q. to K. Kt. 2.
20. Q. to K. R. 4.	20. Q. to K. R. 2.
21. Q. takes Q. (ch)	21. K. takes Q.
22. B. to B. 6.	22. K. R. to K. sq.
23. P. to K. B. 4.	23. B. to K. 2.
24. B. to Q. 4.	24. B. to Q. B. 4. (*b.*)
25. Q. R. to Q. sq.	25. B. to Q. 2.
26. K. R. to K. B. 3.	26. B. takes B.
27. Q. R. takes B.	27. Q. R. to Q. B. sq.
28. P. to Q. Kt. 3.	28. K. to Kt. 2.
29. P. to K. Kt. 4. (*c*)	29. P. to K. 4. (*d.*)
30. Q. R. takes P.	30. B. to Q. B. 3.
31. P. to Q. B. 4.	31. B. takes R.
32. P. takes B.	32. P. to K. 5.
33. R. to K. 3.	33. Q. R. to Q. sq.
34. P. to K. B. 4.	34. Q. R. takes P.
35. K. to B. 2.	35. Q. R. to Q. 7. (ch.)
36. Resigns.	

NOTES TO GAME 14.

(*a*) Utterly unsound. We fail to understand by what process of reasoning White ever could have imagined any equivalent attack could be gained by this wanton loss of a piece.

(*b*) And so ends any vestige of attack that White might have consoled himself with.

(*c*) White plays vigorously to obtain a foothold in his opponent's territory, but it is all only a flash in the pan.

(*d*) Well-arranged forward march.

GAME—No. 15.

Skirmish played in Quebec during the present session of the Canadian Chess Association.

WHITE *Ascher.*	BLACK. *Sanderson.*
Scotch Gambit.	
1. P to K. 4.	1. P. to K. 4.
2. Kt. to K. B. 3.	2. Kt. to Q. B. 3.
3. P. to Q. 4.	3. P. takes P.
4. B. to Q. B. 4.	4. B. to Q. B. 4.
5. P. to Q. B. 3.	5. P. to Q. 6.
6. P. to Q. Kt. 4.	6. B. to K. 2. (*a*)
(*a*) A novelty, and a bad one.	
7. Q. to Q. Kt. 3.	7. Kt. to K. B. 3. (*b*)
(*b*) There is nothing better to do. P. to Q. 4 would be worse than useless.	
8. B. takes P. (ch)	8. K. to B. sq.
9. Castles.	9. P. to Q. 3.
10. P. to K. 4.	10. P. takes P.
11. K. R. to K. sq.	11. K. B. to Q. 3.
12. Q. B. to K. Kt. 5.	12. Q. to K. 2.
13. K. B. to Q. B. 4.	13. P. to K. R 3.
14. Kt. to K. R. 4. (*c*)	
(*c*) Threatening to win Queen if Knight is taken.	
	14. Q. to K. sq.
15. K. B. takes P. at Q. 6.	15. R. P. takes B. (*d*)
(*d*) He should have played Q. Kt. to Q. 2, then White's reply would doubtless have been B. takes K. Kt. followed by Q. Kt. to Q. 2, and afterwards to K. 4. with a won position, but the move in the text is suicidal.	
16. Kt. to Kt. 6. (ch.)	16. Resigns. (*e*)
(*e*) Loss of Queen.	

CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION.

The Sixth General Annual Meeting was this year held in Quebec. The tourney opened on Tuesday, the 28th August, in the rooms of the Quebec Chess Club, and up to the time of our going to press is still unfinished. The prizes consist of $75, divided in amounts of $30, $20, $15 and $10, besides some other awards in the shape of a gold medal, set of chessmen, and a meerschaum pipe. Although we approve of the liberality of the Quebec Club, who chiefly contributed these prizes, still we think their *large number* detracts somewhat from the honor of their achievement, there being a prize almost for every player. The attendance has been limited, but spirited. The following gentlemen entered the list for games, the arrangement being each player to contend one game with every other player:

Messrs. Howe, E. B. Holt, Hicks, Sanderson, Henderson, J. W. Shaw, D. R. McLeod, J. White, E. T. Fletcher, E. Pope, Dr. Bradley.

The score at the present stands thus :

	Won	Lost	Drawn.
Howe,	5	0	2
Hicks,	3	0	1
Holt,	4	1	1
Sanderson,	3	1	2
Henderson,	3	3	1
Fletcher,	1	2	1
Shaw,	3	4	0
McLeod,	0	4	0
Pope,	2	6	1
Bradley,	0	6	0
White,	3	0	3

We can safely predict first prize for Howe and second for Holt.

On Wednesday night, the 29th ult., the Quebec Club handsomely entertained their visitors with a sumptuous supper, which was attended by several Quebec gentlemen who feel an interest in the royal game. After the cloth was removed, several toasts were drunk with song and all honors, and responded to "right merrily." "The health and prosperity of the Montreal Chess Club" found an able champion in Dr. Howe in its acknowledgment. Mr. McLeod eloquently responded to the toast drunk in honor of his own—the Quebec—club. Professor Hicks, in the course of his speech, advocated the introduction of chess into the Canadian public schools, which he considered would be a step in the right direction, moulding the minds of youth to habits of reflection and pleasant study.

Messrs. Shaw, Sanderson and Henderson supplied their quota of lively talk, interspersed with songs and recitations, and the company broke up at an early hour in the morning, after having spent a delightfully pleasant time.

GAME PROBLEMS.

GAME—No 15.

AT THE ODDS OF QUEEN'S ROOK AND MOVE.

Remove White's Queen's Rook.

Black.	White.
Mr. J. S.	*Ascher.*
1. P. to K. 4.	1. P. to K. 4.
2. B. to K. B. 4.	2. B. to K. B. 4.
3. K. Kt. to B. 3.	3. Q. Kt. to B. 3.
4. P. to Q. B. 3.	4. P. to Q. 4.
5. K. P. takes P.	5. P. to K. 5.
6. P. to Q. 3.	6. P. takes K. Kt.
7. P. takes Q. Kt.	7. Q. to K. 2. (ch.)
8. Q. B. to K. 3.	8. B. takes B.
9. P. takes B.	9. Q. takes P. (ch.)
10. K. to B. sq.	10. P. takes Kt. P. (ch.)
11. K. takes P.	11. B. to R. 6. mate.

We insert the above game, recently played, merely as a study for beginners, and as the commencement of a series to be entitled "Game Problems." In a future number we shall point out the weak points in Black's play, which occasioned his speedy loss ; meanwhile we shall be glad if any of our correspondents (amongst our youthful readers) will try on their own account. We shall acknowledge communications whether correct or not.

The next session of the Canadian Chess Association will be held in Montreal, in August, 1878. Election of officers for ensuing year :—Dr. Howe, President ; Thos. Whorkman, Esq., M.P., Vice-President ; J. G. Ascher, Secretary and ex-officio member of Committee. Prof. Hicks, J. Henderson, J. W. Shaw and W. Anderson, Committee.

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER."

Policeman:—"NOW THEN—MOVE ON! THERE'S NOTHING THE MATTER."
Boy in crowd:—"YER NEEDN'T TELL US THAT; *you* WOULDN'T BE HERE IF THERE WAS!"—*Fun*.