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**BISHOP HELLMUTH.**

# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

OCTOBER, 1871.

## RUSTIC JOTTINGS FROM THE BUSH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A CANADIAN PIONEER."

(Continued.)

No. III.

### TEMPTATIONS OF SETTLERS.

A change of country involves much change of circumstances. A prudent man will consider these and adapt himself to his new condition. One quality, especially valuable in a beginner, is a teachable disposition.

"Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit, there is more hope of a fool than of him."

"Seize upon truth where'er it's found,  
Among your friends, among your foes;  
On Christian or on heathen ground,  
The flower divine where'er it grows:  
Neglect the thistle and assume the rose."

How humble, yet beautiful, the comparison applied to himself by that wonder in science, Sir Isaac Newton, "A child gathering shells on the shore, while the great ocean of truth lay before him unexplored."

A gentleman who rose to the highest position as a ship-builder under the British Government, made it his constant practice to consult every working shipwright of intelligence who came in his way as to his views in different points bearing on ship-building, and thereby gathered valuable hints helpful in his profession.

Capt. Cook, the great explorer, mentions in the record of his voyages a valuable suggestion he got from a common sailor,

by acting on which he saved one of his ships when in a sinking condition. The vessel had struck a coral rock and was filling fast. The suggestion of the sailor was called "foddering the ship." A sail was got and covered with grease mixed with goat's manure. Long ropes were fastened to the corners of the sail, which having weights attached to make it sink, was passed over the bows, and by means of the ropes on either side of the ship, was drawn towards the stern until the leak was reached. The ropes were then tightened, and the sail covering the hole made in the ship's bottom was firmly secured. This make-shift served until they reached a place where they could lay the vessel over and repair damages.

Readers of the life of the first Napoleon will call to mind an incident which occurred during the progress of one of his great battles. A private left his place in the ranks, and going to where the Emperor stood, said, "If your Majesty will order an additional force to aid the troops at such a point on the field (naming it), the victory will speedily be ours." No rebuke fell from the lips of his sovereign for such unusual conduct. He merely said to the man, "Who told you my thoughts?" The order was made and the expected result followed. At the close of the action the Emperor inquired for the soldier, intending to reward his sagacity; but the poor fellow had fallen, and was beyond promotion.

Such facts afford valuable examples how great men are not beyond instruction. With what greater avidity should ordinary mortals embrace every opportunity of adding to their stock of knowledge. Conceit is not unfrequently a failing with the new comer. He is apt to pride himself on his old country acquirements, and set at naught whatever clashes with his preconceived notions. The folly of this temptation was illustrated in "Jottings No. II." There are two other temptations which beset the way of the man who starts for himself to carve out a living in the wilderness. He is in danger of idleness on the one hand, and of working too much on the other.

A person who heretofore has always been in the employ of others, and suddenly finds himself his own master and relieved from the spur and promptings of supervision, is liable to be lax in application and prodigal of time. As "the hand of the diligent maketh rich," even so "an idle soul shall suffer hunger." The traveller, in passing the farm of one of this class, does not require to be told a sluggard dwells here. The forest keeps in close vicinity with the house; what clearing has been made is growing over with brush; fences are out of repair; the cattle are miserably housed and as miserably fed in winter, and in summer are left to find shelter from the heat and respite from the flies as best they can. If he enters the hovel a stampede of young ones, with nothing to cover them but their nudity, will follow, making for shelter that does not exist, as the dwelling has but one apartment, which serves for kitchen, dining-room, parlor and bedroom.

The picture within is not inviting; and as our traveller would prefer to pass on, let us do likewise. In contrast, many of the industrial heroes who have come over to possess the land, are in too great haste to be rich. Stimulated by the facts that all profits are their own, and that affluence is attainable by exertion, they go to work too eagerly at the laborious task of clearing the forest and making from the wilderness a farm with ample fields, and the necessary appendage of buildings to house themselves and the abundant yield of these fields. In passing through Canada multitudes of such

men are met, whose own hands have achieved the transformation of a forest-covered lot into a beautiful farm, with residences pleasing to the eye and comfortable in their appointments, with out-buildings to correspond, which bespeak the taste as well as the industry of their owners.

But how often have such men overworked themselves, and made property at the expense of health. "There is that maketh himself rich and yet hath nothing." This class are under temptation, too, to err in another particular—namely, overworking their children. These olive plants round about our table should be too much the delight of our eyes to permit our avarice to tax unduly their tender energies. We thereby rob them of what does not belong to us, and cause ailments felt and deplored in future years; and however valuable and freely given the aid of his wife in the lighter kinds of outdoor work, the pushing settler should aim to exempt her from the more masculine labor of using the axe or rolling logs. Woman's rights should be respected in everything that draws too severely on her strength of body, or trenches on her delicacy of mind. Our daughters should be also very precious in our sight. They were born to be wives. Let them qualify for this honorable estate, and pass from our care uninjured by our cupidity, prepared as fully as our means will allow worthily to fill the high position of ruling their own households.

We have each been indebted to others for the blessing of a wife; even so must others be indebted to us for a like benefit. In this way we repay to society the debt incurred by our connubial relationship. Let us pay the debt, not grudgingly, but of a ready mind and generous disposition.

The number is growing smaller, but still there are too many who believe in the virtue of strong drink as helpful in bush labor. The emigrant should eschew this temptation as he would the Evil One, nor allow cheap liquor or hard work to seduce him into the dangerous practice of tipping. Cheap liquor is very dear in the end, and hard labor made much harder by using it. Vivid pictures of the evils of alcohol to settlers in the bush, crowd the recollection

of the writer. In earlier days when stimulants were considered blessings, a house or barn could not be raised, or even a chopping or logging "bee" made, but whiskey was a standing necessity. Accidents were frequently the result, and if the work of the day was passed in safety, very often revelry and drunkenness at night left the imbibers next morning in a sorry state for the work before them. In a settlement which might be named, a number of neighbors were engaged logging. They, as usual on such occasions, drank freely of the maddening draught. Two of the number, on some trifling difference or old grudge, quarrelled, and one of them raised the handspike in his hand and smote his fellow dead on the spot. Alas, what language can describe, what pen can portray the carnage of this destroyer!

Events thrilling in their nature and fearful in their consequences, transpired not far from the scene of this murder. Funerals, as much as births and marriages, were seasons for drinking. On one of these occasions a quarrel occurred over the open grave, and a free and general fight was then and there gone into. A professional man, whose practice was much injured by his habits, was imitated by his wife in the sin of indulgence. They were a sad example of the debasing influence of drink. Education, refinement, and connections all laid in the dust. One night both retired to bed beastly drunk. The husband on awakening in the morning found his wife on the floor dead, and beside her corpse a new-born child. Remorse stung him to the quick, and within two or three days he took his own life. In the localities where these scenes occurred, were men who professed in words to guide the people in wisdom's ways, but their practice gave the lie to their profession. It was even said on creditable testimony that most unbecoming scenes of indulgence occurred there, after sacramental seasons, in which the officers of churches made merry on the unused wine. The attention of the reader might be called to another neighborhood, and another example of this great evil claim his pity. A solitary settler lived a few miles back from the Ottawa, and toiled in cutting away the

forest. Christmas brought him to the front, to relax his labor and enjoy the usual pleasures of this festive season. When about to return he drank freely of the poisoned whiskey of the tavern, and carried a bottle full of it in his pocket. He tracked his way back, and nearly reached his shanty, when, being overcome, he laid himself down and slept his last sleep. The frozen corpse was afterwards found in the snow, and the quantity of whiskey in the bottle told too plainly the story of the poor man's fate. Among his effects sold, were many tokens of former respectability; and among his books a Bible and Psalm Book bore marks of the love and solicitude of fond friends in Scotland. Alcohol is no respecter of persons; all who look upon the beauty of its color will feel the weight of its power. Instances of this kind might be multiplied to fill volumes; one more at present must suffice. In yet another neighborhood on the Ottawa, an industrious settler had conquered the early difficulties of the bush, and owned a comfortable homestead. Unfortunately drinking practices at "bees" had created in him the appetite for liquor. His love for it became supreme, and all claims of wife and children were sunk in the selfish gratification of this one lust. On a cold night in winter he left the tavern and staggered homewards. An anxious wife spent the night vainly watching for his return, but he came not. Daylight revealed to her his lifeless form stretched on the frozen ground, a short distance from the house. The hapless widow was sister to the tavern-keeper who sold the man the liquor, and a large family to provide for magnified her troubles; but the hard-hearted man sold on. Verily the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

Vanity may be named as another temptation which besets the way of the Canadian settler.

In reality,

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,  
Act well your part—there all the honor lies;"

and it is much to the credit of a man to be the architect of his own fortune—to have risen from being a servant to be himself a master. On the other hand, the avenues

to titles and position in our country are so open that many well-meaning men are tempted to accept offices for which they are indifferently qualified, overlooking that the chief honor of any office is the ability to fill it. A property qualification in Ontario of \$1,200 is required of Justices of the Peace; but the more necessary qualifications of nurture and education are strangely overlooked. Things will not be better until the ballast of intelligence steady our heads, and the title "Esquire" is esteemed an empty name, when the office which gives it has been conferred for political reasons only.

In Canada, for the sake of their votes, men have frequently been made magistrates who could neither read nor write. Under such circumstances, it is small wonder that, in many localities, it is difficult to get Justices to act, and too frequently, when they do act, their administration of law is a libel on their office.

Militia matters are at present under more efficient arrangements. The former order of things consisted more of conferring titles than in providing defence; and we poor Canadians valued these titles much beyond their worth. Every other man you met was Captain, Major, or something else above or below these, and usually without a particle of military knowledge.

Nor are we colonists free from the temptation of desiring to have M. P., or M. P. P., attached to our names. Now, going into Parliament is a laudable ambition, if a fair share of the required ability is possessed, and the motive for desiring to do so will bear scrutiny. Usefulness should be the controlling incentive. When it is, a man will not seek to buy his way to the floor of the House, and corrupt a constituency by wholesale bribery. Any man who buys his seat can himself be bought, and the people who sell themselves may expect to be sold. Too frequently the object in going into Parliament is office and emolument, and too many neglect their ordinary business for the casualties of political preferment, and make shipwreck of their circumstances. Common sense and common honesty are fundamental qualifications in a legislator. The more talent and education the better; and the posses-

sion of means sufficient to make a man feel independent is also desirable. A man may be a very good cultivator of the soil or merchant, but a poor law-maker. Farmers, have a care of mistaking your calling, even if your election be sure. It does appear like a reflection on the yeomanry of the country even to hint that bribes could in any way be a temptation to a man who owns the farm he cultivates. But there is no getting over it; the escutcheon of our honorable profession is tarnished by the countenance we give to bribery at our elections. There are men now occupying high positions in our Parliaments who in their canvass set at naught all law and morality, and who, while loud in talking of what is honest and honorable, have gained the seats they occupy by means of the most unblushing expenditure of thousands of dollars. Shall we continue to stoop to the meanness of being thus bribed, and elect men who are mean enough to purchase us like so many sheep?

Among the temptations which beset the backwoods farmer is, to neglect the day of rest. Accustomed in his native land to attend church, and feel the spur of the good opinion of neighbors, there existed little inclination to desecrate the Sabbath Day. In his new position things are changed and principles tested. To multitudes in the woods, the sound of the church-going bell is music unknown, the voice of the preacher is rarely heard, and the stimulus of example is wanting to prompt in the way of duty. Inattention to dress is often the beginning of lax practice. Hunting and fishing are apt to follow, and ordinary labor eventually be performed by persons who, before emigrating, would have exclaimed, "What! is thy servant a dog that he should do this?" The temptation to indifference in the isolation of the bush is great; but if yielded to, the danger of temporal as well as spiritual damage is certain. All experience goes to prove that in keeping the Sabbath Day holy, there is great reward. One good man who felt severely the trying situation of bush experience on the Sabbath, persisted in the practice of dressing as he had been accustomed to do, frequently making the remark, "We honor God by honoring the

Sabbath." His example of Sabbath Day observance influenced a whole settlement, and he lived to see, not only much of the wilderness become fruitful fields, but a spiritual transformation, in multitudes of his neighbors being turned from darkness to light, and from the bondage of Satan to serve the living God.

Another temptation lurks in the hearts of some to abstain from a religious service conducted by ministers of a different denomination from the one they have been accustomed to attend. Denizens of the forest consult their own best interests by willingness to hear all who proclaim truth, of whatever name. Nor are the differences among Evangelical bodies so great as to justify people in fencing themselves apart, and practically exclaiming each to the other, "I am holier than thou." Let the claimants to the purest faith fix things as they will, there is but one Church, of which every true Christian is a member.

Another temptation worthy of notice is that of running into debt. To have good credit is an honor, and useful but—dangerous. Bills at the store run up by magic, but are not paid by enchantment. Unlike a key, credit is brightest when least used. Not only is it wise to eschew dealing too freely at the store, but to have a special care of the mortgage. High interests cannot be paid from farm profits, and the farm not unfrequently slips from its owner by this method of raising money.

One other temptation shall close our list. It besets the pathway of farmers young and old. Thousands have already been duped. Past experience should teach them wisdom. The temptation now referred to is to being "humbled."

The portion of Canada along the Ottawa is not sufficiently remote to escape very frequent and very close shaves, generally having their origin among our "cute" friends over the border, or those of our own countrymen near the lines. If the country at large has suffered imposition proportionally with the people in this region, the drain on its inhabitants has been immense, and it is high time for every Canadian to put his foot on further Jevies of the sort, whether from natives or foreigners. One very offensive feature in the business is,

that religion is often used as a cloak in furthering rascality, and ministers made tools of in the matter. The enterprising spectators who drive the humbug trade, deal in a variety of articles, such as books, clocks, stoves, maps, soaps, gates, harrows, bee-hives, &c.; but, to do them justice, so far, basswood hams and wooden nutmegs have not formed a part of the merchandise introduced here. It is now very many years since the first imposition was practised in selling the "Book of Martyrs." Its title was very appropriate, for commercial martyrdom has prevailed ever since. This book, the prospectus announced, was to be published in Upper Canada, to be of the best materials and style—price, fourteen shillings. Subscribers were sought, and the canvasser, as became a dealer in such a book, was very meek and pious. He attended prayer-meetings and entered into the feelings and sentiments of the devout wherever he went. Of course he was successful in getting a large list of names. The book was subsequently delivered by another person; but turned out to have been published in Connecticut, and was miserably got up. The subscribers reluctantly took the book and paid their cash. Soon after followed a perfect inundation of wooden clocks—price \$26, or less if you proved stiff.—a difference of \$10 in sales to near neighbors was no uncommon occurrence. The clocks were sold on "tick." Notes were taken with verbal provisoes. A second party collected the notes. Of course he knew nothing of the verbal promises of his confrere, nor did the judge when legal costs were often added to the first cost. The surviving pioneer traveller in the Ottawa Valley will have a distinct recollection how rare it was to enter any shanty, however mean, and however wanting in other furniture, to miss the clock. The "Book of Martyrs," too, very commonly kept it close company, whatever other book was wanting, even the Bible. Nor has the sacred volume escaped being made an imposition. The "Cottage Bible" received a wide circulation, aided materially by the recommendation of its comments by some excellent ministers who did not dream of the consequence of their approval. The work proved

a Yankee "shave," not value for the money, showy in exterior; but, lacking strength in its binding, was soon a wreck. The "History of the World," and the "History of all Nations" soon followed. Both were humbugs; but, as if people loved to be cheated, the same person frequently took all. Stoves of different patterns and qualities were widely scattered. These were excessive in price; but credit secured purchasers, and litigation was the consequence, when interest and costs greatly increased the first cost. Among the articles sold on the credit peddling system were "rights" to make certain articles. These proved to be the climax of humbugs. Bee-hives, harrows, and gates, or rather the "right" to make these within certain limits after a pattern carried round by the vendor, were what were for sale.

Now, no objection can be made to the sale of "rights" simply considered; but pawning on unsuspecting people a privilege they are in no position to use—the virtue of which has been indifferently tried—and making religion a stepping-stone to a bargain, merits reprehension. Please allow a few facts in illustration.

A township on the Ottawa was visited some time since by a party who had for sale the right to make gates and harrows of a certain pattern. He was mild in aspect and meek in speech. He sought out the minister and established his affinity to the denomination of the Church in the neighborhood. The Rev. Mr. D. introduced him as Brother K. Brother K. being now fairly armed, addressed himself to work, and soon snared a green farmer, who gave his note for \$45 for the right to make gates—a right he will leave unused to his heirs.

The next mark sought was a man to invest with the right to make harrows—price, \$25. This proved tough; but where there

is a will there is a way. Brother K. made the acquaintance of Brother R. and pressed him to buy; but the latter staved off manfully. Fortunately for Brother K., there was to be a prayer-meeting in the evening, and he decided to leave further effort to the subduing influence of that religious exercise. He then said, "Brother R., I should like to stop with you to-night." Brother R., afraid of another siege against harrows, declined, observing that they were pretty full, and it would not be convenient.

Br. K. attended the meeting, was fervent in prayer and speaking, in fact was so overcome that tears testified the depth of his emotion, and overcame, among others, Br. R., who on being again asked opened to Br. K. his house and his heart. Their communing was sweet, for they talked much of the things unseen and eternal; but ever and anon, by some clever management, Br. K. came down to earth and earthly things, always falling upon the harrow. He praised its merits, and shewed the great profits his Christian brother would lose by letting slip the present chance of a little fortune. "Try it Br. R.; you will never repent the venture—only \$25, and how many twenty-five's you will make cannot be guessed. You need a start; this will give you one. My word for it, now is your chance. Let me draw up the note—you will have time, and a fraction of your profits will meet my claim."

The note was drawn. Br. R. signed it but repented all night. Next morning he appealed to his guest to be relieved. Br. K. coolly told him to be more careful next time, and took his departure. Br. R. will leave his "harrow right" unused to his posterity. A wise man has said, "Experience keeps a dear school, but it is the only one fools will learn at." It is well if they learn even there.

## THE CHALLONERS :

## THE LAST LEAVES OF A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY MRS. R. ROTHWELL, AMHERST ISLAND.

*(Continued.)*

## CHAPTER VI.

The drawing-room at Donningdean was empty when they entered it; but the servant who showed them in, and stirred the fire which burned in the low grate, said that "master and M— would be down directly." Supposing him to have said "Mrs. Lawrence" Charlotte took no notice. Percie looked out of the window, and Mrs. Falconer seated herself by the fire, in the same chair, and with a screen before her face in the same position, as on that decisive April evening when Allan had found her there so many years ago; not that she was aware of the coincidence—her thoughts were engaged with the reason why Anne should be already with her brother, and in noticing a work-box on the table (Anne's, she supposed) that she had never seen before; so, with an occasional word to Percie, the time passed, until the door opened and Allan entered with a lady on his arm.

A lady—one whom you would not have called a girl, though her age could not have exceeded twenty; but girlishness and that regal carriage—that stately form and self-possession—were inconsistent and irreconcilable. In her first bewilderment Mrs. Falconer saw only a tall figure in sweeping black robes which threw into startling relief white neck and rounded arms; but she had not very long to wonder. Percie turned round at the sound of the opening door; and after giving vent to the very rude and boyish exclamation of "Halloa! what the—" recovered himself, went forward and greeted the stranger as "Miss Duval."

His uncle held out his hand, and the lady smiled. "No, my boy," said the former,

"not Miss Duval now. You may know her as your cousin. Sister Charlotte, this is your niece, my daughter, Elsie Challoner."

Had the earth opened beneath Mrs. Falconer's feet, she would probably have been less surprised; but as in the one case she would have evinced no emotion, so in this did she preserve her self-command; the habit of calmness acquired through a life of self-suppression no occurrence now could break. She saw it all now; a sudden light was shed over the past, and by its help she read the secrets of twenty years. Uncertain how much of her own history her niece did or did not know, she rose and stood regarding her in silence. Allan looked from the one to the other with a strange smile; Elsie fastened her glove with the air of one perfectly sure of herself and her position; and Percie, hopelessly bewildered, stared by turns at all three.

"Do you see any likeness?" asked Allan, breaking the awkward silence. He did not intend it, but he could hardly have used more cutting words.

Charlotte winced, but she answered quietly. "Yes, with one or two exceptions, she is her mother over again."

And yet not so. Elsie Challoner would never be so pretty as Elsie Ford had been; she was not beautiful. She had her mother's transparent complexion and brown eyes; but the skin lacked Elsie's bloom, and the eyes were lit with a fire Elsie's had never shown; her hair, too, instead of the dark waves Mrs. Falconer remembered, was folded round the small head in fair smooth bands, in the Challoner style. But the great difference Charlotte felt at once. Elsie Ford had been a simple, ignorant, innocent, peasant girl, timid and shy. Elsie Challoner was a proud, refined,

highly-cultivated woman, thoroughly conscious of her position and her ability to fill it, and her manner was marked by the perfect ease consequent on her foreign education, and three years' acquaintance with good society abroad. Besides, was she not a Challoner? She knew it; and the knowledge was shown in every movement and every look and tone. Such was Mrs. Falconer's decision after five minutes' conversation with her niece.

"Do you wonder that I brought her home as soon as I could, and do you wonder now that I have lived so much abroad?"

"But what does it all mean?" asked Percie. "Will any one explain? Uncle, mother, why did you not tell me I had a cousin before?"

"I did not, for the sufficient reason that I did not know it," said Charlotte, severely.

"You shall know all about it some day, my boy. Let it be enough at present that though I was married before you were thought of, family reasons prevented my acknowledging it before. Now go and make acquaintance with Elsie as your cousin, not as Miss Duval."

So for a short time a sort of constrained general conversation was kept up, till the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence created a diversion. Of course there was renewed astonishment, and demands for explanations that could not be given then and there. Charlotte had needed none; but Anne had known but little of what had formerly occurred, and her husband nothing. Neither, however, seemed to care much about it, and welcomed the new-comer with a hearty welcome, Mrs. Lawrence looking her over and then saying, "Well, Allan, you always were so strange that I'm not surprised; I'm glad to have a niece, and really you have no cause to be ashamed of her. I hope, my dear, that we shall be good friends."

Elsie took her place at the head of the table and seemed as much at home as if she had sat there all her life. Mrs. Falconer did not know whether to be most pleased or provoked with her. It was certainly humiliating to find that all her efforts, all her care, had been in vain; that though she had succeeded in preventing the mother, the daughter was to reign at Donningdean; but she could not help admitting that Elsie

was well fitted to do so. What her disposition might be, remained to be seen; but there could be no doubt that her character was one after Mrs. Falconer's own heart.

The same thing, you say? By no means. Character is what is formed in us by circumstances, by associations, by the daily companions of our lives. Disposition is that which is implanted in us by nature: those God-given instincts of good, and that inherent propensity to evil which it is the work of education and training to foster and destroy. Character may generally be read in the lines of the mouth; to discover the disposition you must look in the eyes.

After dinner Charlotte sought that explanation with her brother which she so eagerly desired. He readily consented to a few private words, and leaving the rest of the party in social converse, he preceded her to the library.

It was impossible to enter it without the recollection of their former conversation coming to both their minds. Both remembered it well; but how differently circumstanced were they in relation to each other now!

"I suppose, Allan, you have the proofs of your marriage?" were the first words spoken. "You cannot expect me to receive this girl as my niece, and see her dispossess my son of his inheritance, without sufficient assurance of her right."

"Surely not. I am careful of my papers, Charlotte. You will find here the register of my marriage, of Elsie's birth and baptism, and of—of—my wife's death. If these are not sufficient, you may have the evidence of eye-witnesses, whom I can easily procure."

Charlotte glanced over the papers. She had no real doubt; but if she had, she must have been satisfied now.

"Lipscombe!" she suddenly exclaimed. "Were you married there?"

"Yes! Have you not the register in your hand?"

Mrs. Falconer frowned. "Then she did not die when they said she did?"

"What do you mean? Ay, she died—too surely she died."

"Then when were you married?"

"You are wrong as to dates, Charlotte. Look at that register. I married my wife—

yes my wife, I can say it now—two months before you ever saw her, in the July of the year before that in August of which she died. You little thought it was your sister you were patronizing; and that when you thought me trifling with the dressmaker I had a husband's right for all."

Charlotte was silent; it was all clearly proved.

"I thought I took every precaution," she said at last.

"In point of fact there was none to take—Elsie was my wife before you ever knew of her existence at all. You might have discovered it afterwards; I was afraid that you would; but—do you remember the Attic Philosopher and his birds, Charlotte? Like him you searched everywhere, and provided for every danger, except the one that lurked in the corner behind you."

Mrs. Falconer bit her lip. His raillery was harder to bear than reproaches.

"Why did you not bring your daughter to England long ago?" she presently inquired. "She would have been a companion for my father in his latter years."

Allan's brow darkened visibly. "Do you dare to ask me that? Have you forgotten what once took place in this very room?"

"Your daughter was altogether different, Allan," faltered Charlotte. "If I had known—and besides you said you had forgiven."

"I have tried hard; but it was not likely I should forget. One who could do as you had already done, might have been ready with new inventions on occasion; you had told me 'you would not throw away your sword;' when the time came that I might have disclosed all, I remembered the words, and as I had my child's interest to guard I kept the secret whose keeping hurt none but myself. My father old and almost imbecile, your brain so fertile, how was I to know what might happen when to oust my child—Elsie's child—would be so much to the advantage of your own?"

She sat aghast at his bitter words. "Oh, Allan!"

"There, I have done. I have my child and she has her rights, and I am satisfied, and will try to bear you no ill-will. Only remember this for your future guidance,

Charlotte. You thought to gain your point by deceit, but I evaded and deceived you. You endeavored to rule by harshness and severity, and for such to be met by hypocrisy is no unusual occurrence, as you, my worldly-wise sister, might have known."

There was a pause.

"There is one point on which I have not touched," he said presently. "You have been accustomed, and by my silence encouraged, to look on Percie as the heir of Donningdean, and might reasonably complain of his being deprived of it. But I hope that he may yet be its possessor, though it may come to him in another way."

She looked at him enquiringly.

"What do you think of Elsie? is she a fit wife for your son?"

"Are you in earnest, Allan?" said Charlotte, in utter surprise.

"Quite in earnest—never more so in my life."

"With your feelings towards me—."

"Let us accept this way of burying the past, Charlotte. Percie was committed to my care, and I have always regarded him with only less affection than if he were my son. I have his good at heart almost as much as that of my own child, and a marriage between them would, I am sure, conduce to the happiness of both."

"If they come to like each other," suggested Mrs. Falconer.

"Of course. That must be as they choose. Unless he loves Elsie, and unless Elsie truly loves him, it is not to be thought of. But I am in hopes they will."

"I shall be very glad," said Charlotte. "An early marriage with a wife who would have influence over him for good, and whom he loved sufficiently to be guided by, would be the best thing that could happen to Percie."

"Elsie could influence him, I should think, if any one could. She is a girl of strong will, and yet of warm feelings and tender heart."

"You have said nothing to either of them on the subject. I suppose?"

"Certainly not. It would be the surest way of frustrating my hopes."

"These things seldom turn out as they

are arranged beforehand," said Charlotte; "I hope this may prove an exception."

"Why should it not be as we wish? I know that Elsie has no fancy for any one else; why should she not like Percie? Without much partiality, I suppose I may say I see no reason why he should not like her, and I have already given him opportunity, of which I think he seems well inclined to take advantage; it was chiefly for that reason I took him to Paris."

"Well, if he likes Alice, and Alice likes him——"

"Do not call her Alice; it is not her name. She was christened Elsie—Elsie Ford."

#### CHAPTER VII.

The wooing thus strangely arranged in advance by two people who had nothing to do with it, could not begin at once. Percie had but a few days at home, and though he seemed to admire his cousin, and to take pleasure in her society, he did not show any disposition to enter on so serious an undertaking as making love.

The two conspirators were in no haste; they were content to let matters take their course, satisfied that if the result they desired were ever arrived at it must be in the natural sequence of events, and by no efforts of theirs. The subject was not alluded to again between them; no good could be done by talking of it; each knew the wishes of the other, and that they were agreed, and would each forward the plan if possible. There was no occasion to say more—no need for hurry. The deep mourning at Donningdean would for the present exclude Elsie from much of the society in which she might find other suitors, and to the long summer months which they would pass together must be trusted the courtship between herself and Percie, if courtship there were to be.

It may be matter of surprise to some, both that Allan should have proposed the match, and that Mrs. Falconer should so readily have acceded to it. It might be supposed, on the one side, that Mr. Challoner would not be too anxious to unite his daughter to the son of a sister with whom

he had for so long been on such unfraternal terms, and to a young man of such violent and unchecked temper as Percie's was known to be; and, on the other, it might be wondered at that Charlotte, even for the sake of securing Donningdean for her son, should be willing to overlook the fact that it would come to him through the hated Elsie Ford. Neither perhaps forgot these arguments, but with both they were overcome by stronger reasons still. In Allan's nature, Challoner as he was, and resolute as he could sometimes be, there was yet a great mixture of affection and softness. While under the fear of his sister, his principal feeling had been anger, which, though he was Christian enough to know he ought to subdue it, and to endeavor to do so, had induced the coldness of manner, and avoidance of her society which had shown themselves until his father's death had set him free. Like all people who are relieved from great anxiety and at last have their desires gratified, the charitable and forgiving mood was strong upon him; he was willing to forgive his sister and to forget the past. His feelings with regard to his nephew were very strong, and it must be remembered, with reference to him, that while his mother was aware of the whole extent of the evil of his disposition, his uncle was not. With him Percie had always been on his good behavior, and Allan thought him in every respect a fitting and desirable husband for his daughter—rather self-willed and impetuous perhaps; but these were the faults of youth, faults which age and experience, and the influence of a loving and beloved wife, would soon cure. There was another reason still: Percie was not one to set too high a value on money; still, to be suddenly deprived of a fine estate, always regarded as his own inheritance, would be pleasant to no man, and Allan was very anxious that the involuntary injustice to Percie should be, if possible, repaired.

Charlotte also had her reasonings within her own mind. No doubt she did not forget that the wife proposed for her son was the daughter of her old enemy, the factory-girl; and it was not to be hoped but that people would soon discover her ancestry. But, she said to herself, what matter? Elsie

herself was a girl she would be proud to choose for her son, and in the fact of her being her brother's daughter she lost sight of the lowness of her descent on her mother's side. She was a Challoner by birth and name. It was very desirable that Donningdean should be kept in the family; Mrs. Falconer was not at all blind to the increased consequence the increased possessions would give her son, and had, even before her brother mentioned it, felt a pang of disappointment that it must now be lost to him. But far beyond all other considerations was the desire that Percie should be subjected to some more efficacious guidance than her own. She fancied he could love with the same ardor and impetuosity which he carried into every other feeling and pursuit, and out of that love he would yield to his wife what he would yield to no other. Elsie was a spirited and yet amiable girl, just suited to Percie. Mrs. Falconer did not pause to consider whether the union of too high spirits was desirable, or whether it would not be likely to be productive of more strife than harmony. Another dreadful fear beset her. One of the gardeners at Charlote had a very pretty daughter, who, though resident in the village, was occasionally to be seen passing and repassing between her home and the housekeeper's room at the Hall. Percie had been heard to express the greatest admiration for the girl, and, with his uncle's example before him, who could say that he might not be capable of the same infatuation? And what would Mrs. Falconer not have done to arrest such a peril as this? On the whole, the scale sunk heavily on the side of his marriage with Elsie, and Mrs. Falconer earnestly desired that it might take place.

The wonder naturally excited by the sudden appearance of a Miss Challoner, where no Miss Challoner had ever been thought of, soon passed away. In its place remained a universal admiration for Elsie, and a general admission that she was an acquisition to the society in which she had so unexpectedly assumed a place.

She was a fascinating girl, in spite of her want of much beauty. Her manner had a frank fearlessness which was very charming; proceeding as it did from utter

innocence of concealment, and unconsciousness of wrong. No school education, no association with undesirable companions, had lowered the tone of Elsie Challoner's mind. She had been brought up by an estimable governess, under the eye of a careful mother; for a mother in every sense had been the lady under whose care she had been placed. Those who admire pretty-young-ladyisms; those who think that a girl, to be innocent and pleasing, must be for ever on the watch to avoid doing something she ought not to do, might not have agreed with Elsie's father, or have thought Elsie all that might be wished. No doubt there was about her a more lively frankness, she enunciated her own opinions more decidedly, and showed more disregard of those of others than is usual with girls of her age, and she did not blush so frequently, nor was she so often enchantingly confused. What might have confused others she "shook off," and when others might have displayed their conscious innocence by an ingenuous blush, Elsie showed her unconscious ignorance by not blushing at all. Her father had reflected that in order to ensure her never offending against the delicate sensibilities of people half-a-century or so old she must acquire all their knowledge of what she ought to avoid, and had decided that she should run the risk, and remain ignorant until taught by experience, as alas! we all are too soon. Whether he was right or wrong may of course be a matter of opinion; such, at at all events, was the course he had chosen to pursue.

To gain the affections of her niece was the task Mrs. Falconer now set herself to perform; but she did not find it so easy as she had supposed. She had been too long unused to the softnesses of life to be able now to bend her stern nature to daily gentleness and sociability; she had too long forgotten her own youth to be able now to enter into the feelings, to share the hopes, and to sympathize with the imaginations, of a young, fresh, girlish heart—not that she did not use every means in her power, and conscientiously endeavor to love the girl she already looked on as her son's wife; she had Elsie constantly with her, she petted her, she indulged her, she made

her endless and costly gifts, gave her every pleasure she could devise; but in vain. She felt no real affection for her niece; her days for warm affection were forever over; her love was but a hollow pretence after all, and Elsie, with the quickness of perception natural to her, soon discovered that it was so.

It naturally prevented her from giving to her aunt the regard she might have felt. had Mrs. Falconer's professions of attachment been sincere; but under no circumstances could Elsie's affection for her have been very excessive. It had of course been impossible to keep such a girl as Elsie in ignorance of her mother's story; and though, of course, Allan had never breathed a word to his daughter of his sister's deception practised on himself, still the result of even the half-confidences and disclosures he had made, was that there had arisen in Elsie's mind a strong prejudice against her aunt. She believed it owing to her interference, to her harshness and unsisterly conduct, that her mother was not then living, and that she herself had been left an orphan to be reared abroad, and separated half her life from her remaining parent. This was, we know, a most unjust idea. Natural delicacy of constitution and over-exertion had sealed poor Elsie Ford's doom long before Charlotte Challoner had felt an interest in her fate; but just or unjust, and hard as no doubt it was on Mrs. Falconer, the idea possessed Elsie's mind, and colored all her intercourse with her aunt.

Very different were her feelings towards Mrs. Lawrence; with her, whom she instinctively felt to be of the same nature as herself, she was natural; gay, grave, enthusiastic, wilful, mischievous, or confiding, as the mood struck her. Sure of sympathy, she poured into the ear of her Aunt Anne the girlish confidences, the youthful hopes and aspirations which never find utterance except to a heart that we *feel* beats in unison with our own. And one great bond of union between them was the affection Elsie soon evinced for Challie, the sickly young man who, his reading for the bar interrupted by a severe illness, was now under his mother's care at home.

## PART III.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE BITTER HARVEST.

September sunshine, sea-breezes, blue water white-dotted with sails and foam, country people with strange dress and strange tongue, merry children erecting frail fortifications against the advancing tide. young ladies with streaming hair engaged in the perusal of the last new novel, old gentlemen scanning through the glass the distant steamer's smoke, scattered seaweed, shells and pebbles, the white cliff behind, and the sea before—such is the picture the examination of which constitutes the amusement of Elsie and her two cousins, seated on the sand.

Chiefly on Challie's account have they left their homes and made this visit to the seaside; though considered recovered, he is still delicate enough to excite a mother's fears, and change of air having been recommended, they sought it among the fresh and healthful breezes of the western coast. Mrs. Lawrence would not go without Elsie; Mrs. Falconer would not consent that Elsie should go without her son; so on Percie's return from Oxford for the long vacation there was a general flitting from the three homes, to the sea, and here after two months' stay we find them still.

A pretty group they make—the fair face and languid figure of the invalid, as he lounges, partly supported by a cushion, on the sand; the stalwart form and glow of health of Percie, as with superabundant energy he flings the shells and seaweed to right and left; the gentle grace of Elsie, her color heightened by the morning wind and the bath from which she has just emerged, and her long hair—Challoner hair which not even sea breezes will coax into curl—hanging over her shoulders, the ends trailing on the sand. She looks prettier than usual this morning, and it is evident that her cousins think so. Challie looks at her with simple admiration, and grateful affection for all her kindness to him; but the expression on Percie's face is not to be mistaken—Percie is in love.

His mother had calculated rightly that the freedom and constant intercourse of a

sea-side sojourn would afford the most favorable opportunity for the prosecution of her plan. Daily association of the cousins soon brought about the result she wished—to a certain extent at least. There was no doubt as to Percie. Every day she read more and more plainly how deep and strong his attachment was becoming, and she watched eagerly for some symptom on his part that it was returned. But it was an unequal contest. Percie was but a boy, exposed for the first time to the fascinations of an attractive woman, in the dangerous intimacy of cousinship; Elsie was a woman grown, who, through three years' acquaintance with society, had never felt a flutter at her heart. What wonder if, while he succumbed at once beneath her spell, she remained unmoved!

To do Elsie justice she gave him no intentional encouragement. She was perfectly innocent of the nature of Percie's feelings for her, and would have laughed at the idea of loving him. But her manner, as has been said before, was free and unconstrained: cousinship, too, permits a good deal; and Percie took as encouragement and good grounds of success, many a circumstance which was very far from being meant as such. Mrs. Falconer perceived it, and was deeply disappointed; but she remembered that Elsie was a Challoner, and probably possessed the family art of hiding what she felt; and hoped against hope that she might love Percie, though the love was not displayed.

"I shall be sorry to leave this place," said Elsie, breaking a short silence. "I've grown quite fond of it."

"I shall regret it too," said Challie; "I shall always have pleasant recollections of it and of your kindness to me here."

Percie did not express the same feelings, but he plucked a morsel of sea-weed to pieces with an impatient hand.

"Elsie, come a little way along the sand with me; I am tired of sitting still."

Elsie rose. "Will you come too, Challie? Or do you prefer to remain quiet till we come back?"

"I will stay, thank you. You can walk faster and farther without me."

So the two others set out, and proceeded for the first few minutes in silence.

"Why must you be always bothering with Challie, Elsie?" said Percie at last, in no amiable tone. Elsie looked at him in surprise.

"Bothering!" she repeated. "I do not know what you mean."

"I mean why do you never come out with me without him?"

"I do not like to leave him alone. It seems as if we neglected him or wished to remind him that he is an invalid."

"You are very careful of his feelings! I wish you were as considerate for me."

"Really, Percie, I do not understand you."

"You do!" Percie broke out. "Oh, Elsie cannot you see that I want to have you *sometimes* to myself? Do you not know that I want you wholly and for ever? Oh Elsie! I never knew how much you had made me love you until you made me jealous too!"

Elsie was utterly confounded, but she retained her presence of mind.

"If you mean to intimate that you believe me in love with Challie, it is scarcely worth while to contradict anything so absurd; but if, at the same time, you mean me to infer——"

"I mean you to infer that I love you more than all the world—more than my life. Oh, Elsie! dearest, darling Elsie, tell me that you do not love him, and that you love me!"

He would have seized her hand, but she drew it away, scarcely able to restrain a smile at his boyish extravagance, as he threw himself on the ground at her feet.

"Now, Elsie, from this place I will not rise until you tell me you love me, and promise to be my wife some day."

"The first condition is easily complied with. I love you very much."

"How much? Enough to grant my second request?"

"No, Percie. I do not love you—never should love you—in that way."

"Oh, Elsie, do not say so! Dearest, darling Elsie——"

"My dear Percie do not talk any more nonsense now. Believe me it is entirely useless. You have taken me by surprise. I had no idea you entertained such foolish thoughts. Had I suspected it—I love

you as a cousin, Percie, I am—very fond of you; but anything else is quite out of the question. Now let us come back to Challie."

"Challie—always Challie! I believe you have given him what you refuse to me!"

"Percie, I did not think you would be so ungenerous."

"Why will you not love me, Elsie?"

"Really, Percie, I cannot tell. I can give you no reason; but I know that I do not."

There was a pause, broken by Percie at last.

"Elsie, do you love anyone else?"

"Not as you mean, Percie; no one in the world."

"Then I'll tell you what, Elsie. I'll wait patiently, and, now you know how much I love you, you may come to love me. To-day is the 8th of September,—well, I'll wait till this day next year, and then ask you again. I won't tease you."

"That is a sensible resolution, Percie. I hope you will never say anything more about it, because my answer would be the same; but before half the year is over, you will have forgotten all the foolish things you have said to-day."

"Do not imagine that, Elsie. I know you think me only a foolish boy; but I tell you this is the one love of my life. Remember that, and love me if you can."

"And I ask you to forget all about it, Percie, because, ten years hence, if you choose to wait so long, I could only repeat what I have said to-day;" and thinking it high time to put an end to the conversation, Elsie moved away.

Mrs. Falconer soon became aware of what had passed, and knew her hopes were at an end. Percie might hope; but his mother knew that rejected once, he was rejected for good. Elsie was not a girl to change her mind.

"My life has been one of disappointment, Anne," she said to Mrs. Lawrence, whom she had told of her wishes, and to whom she confided their frustration. "In love, in marriage, in my child have I been disappointed, and now the last and dearest plan that I had formed for his advantage and happiness has failed."

"You cannot yet be sure that it has failed."

"I know it. Elsie will never love him, and if he love her in vain, God knows what the effect on him may be. You do not know him as I do."

Mrs. Falconer was already beginning to reap the bitter fruit of the seed sown in Percie's early years. Vainly now did she regret her indulgence, her pride in that spirit, which, disliking to be controlled, she had never endeavored to control—vainly now did she often wish that rather than be as he was, he were like the meek Challie she despised.

The next week they all left the sea. Percie was true to his word, and teased Elsie no more, and she, with the thoughtlessness of youth and her own free, bright nature, shook of the remembrance of that disagreeable morning on the sands, and believed that he, too, would soon forget. She returned heart-whole, as she had left it, to her home to resume her rides through country lanes, her teachings in the village school, her lonely wanderings and maiden musings in the shady garden paths, her twilight songs to her father, untouched by any love save that for him. Frank and fearless, her eyes had never sunk beneath another's glance. Free as the west wind, her heart had never bounded to a whispered word. Happy freedom! unvalued while we possess it, recognized at its true worth when lost.

*(To be continued.)*

THE NEW SONG.

BY J. A. HUME, LACOLLE, P. Q.

"And they sang a new song, saying, 'Thou art worthy to take the Book and to open the seals thereof, for thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign upon the earth.'" Rev. v., 9, 10.

Before this world in form so fair,  
Before our mother earth,  
Before the seas or land or air,  
Obedient sprang to birth;  
Before the mighty Spirit stepped  
On the dark ocean's brow,  
The Sons of God together kept  
Their jubilee as now.  
The morning stars together raised  
Their joyful notes, thus God was praised,  
And "Holy! Holy! Holy!" rung  
Through Heaven's dome from every tongue.  
They praised the wondrous power and might  
Of the Eternal One  
Who dwelt in uncreated light  
With His Eternal Son.  
Cherub and Seraph raised more loud  
On high their joyful lays,  
And louder still from answering crowd,  
Rang out the notes of praise.  
Thus Cherubim and Seraphim  
Pour'd forth their unceasing hymn—  
Thus did they show their grateful love  
To God who ever reigns above.

When suddenly from out that throng  
A stranger voice is heard,  
And angels hushed to hear that song—  
The new song to the Word.  
The notes though low, surpassing sweet,  
Thrilled through the vault of Heaven,  
Ecstatic joy seemed there to meet.  
And highest power given.  
One voice alone the song sustained--

One voice that earthly grief had trained—  
'Twas slaughtered Abel, first to prove  
The wonders of redeeming love.

"Worthy the Lamb," the burden bore,  
"Worthy the Great I Am,  
Worthy the Lamb forever more,  
Worthy, worthy the Lamb."  
It told of earthly griefs and woes,  
Of earthly sorrows passed,  
Of Christ triumphant o'er His foes,  
And the eternal rest.  
It spoke of pains and constant fears,  
Of pardoned sins and dried-up tears;  
Then with the harp and waving palm,  
Ascribed the glory to the Lamb.

Alone he stood, and yet not long  
Had he to stand alone,  
Another joined him in the song—  
Another from earth flown.  
With ranks increasing fast they stood,  
All those who gained the prize—  
All those who washed them in the blood  
Of Christ the Sacrifice.  
Patriarchs and prophets both were there,  
Who gladly joined the holy air;  
Men who on earth to Christ were joined,  
Who served Him there with constant mind.

The holy song begun by one,  
Swelled yet more loud and clear;  
Kindreds and tongues to praise the Son  
Exulting gathered here;  
Until when viewed by him who stood  
On Patmos' lonely isle,  
An innumerable multitude,  
Relieved from pain and toil,  
Around the throne of God they praise  
The mighty Lord, "Ancient of Days;"  
And still the song one burden bore—  
"Worthy the Lamb for evermore."

## LEAVES FROM MY DIARY:

ON A JOURNEY FROM GIBRALTAR TO BADEN-BADEN IN 1856.

BY E. H. A. F.

(Continued.)

JUNE 5th, 1856.—We have now found rest for the soles of our feet at Chambéry, and are quartered in a very tiny, though neat and clean house, called "L'Hotel de L'Europe." We had the usual bother and vexation last night on arriving here with the porters who brought in the luggage, all of them asking as much again as was their due, and a dozen more men having been employed than was needful. Directly after breakfast we sallied out to see the lions of the place, and in search of the wonderful and picturesque. Chambéry is the principal town in Savoy, and the seat of an Archbishop. The city lies west, and nearly equidistant from Lyons and Geneva. It contains many fine churches, and a population of 13 000 inhabitants. The principal products are watches (sent to Geneva) and silk gauze for veils, &c. At the present time (1871) Chambéry is one of the stations on the Mont Cenis Railway. As we were strolling down one of the streets, we encountered a dense crowd, and could not at first make out what it was about; but at length we perceived it to be caused by a long and grand procession which was issuing from one of the churches hard by; this is some "Saints'-day" or Festival of the church, and all the houses are gay with bright-colored flags, rugs, and carpets, which are hung out of the windows looking into the streets through which the procession is to pass. The ladies at the casements thus have a soft rest for their arms as they gaze down on the passers-by; and the town looks very cheerful in consequence. The country all round, and indeed as far as Geneva, is very pretty; much English-looking scenery, and many full-bearing orchards surround Chambéry; while there is hardly a rod of uncultivated land to be seen anywhere.

The crops are heavy, and beautifully clean and free from weeds—and in fact the appearance of things generally speaks much in favor of Swiss farming, although mostly done by women and little children. The peasants seem to be a hard-working race, very industrious withal. The wide Swiss hat appears to be worn alike by men and women here, and the female part of the community wears the inevitable Swiss bodice and short, dark-striped skirt, with large white aprons. We remain here to-day, but resume our wanderings to-morrow.

JUNE 6th.—Alas! another night of torture must be endured, for we started to-day at half-past six p. m. for Geneva. Only one other fellow-passenger appeared as our party re-entered our old friend, the yellow "dilly" with the red wheels. This was cheering, and as we all tucked ourselves into the vehicle we congratulated one another; fondly flattering ourselves that now, at least, we should have plenty of room all the rest of the way, and enjoy ourselves accordingly. *Mais, hélas!* how soon we were to be grievously disappointed! Our companion, poor man, having been *ex route* all last night, was very tired, and slept during the first stage; after this he awoke and entered into conversation with us, showing himself to be a gentleman of a very mild and accommodating disposition, and he did not annoy us in any way. On we jogged, suffering immensely, however, from the intense heat as usual. The name of the first town we halted at was Aix, and now came our misery, for a fresh instalment of passengers appeared, and began crowding into the coach. At last the *conducteur* looked in, and to our joy, said the concern could hold no more, a motion which we all (as we thought) ably

seconded. However, as we were just re-settling ourselves within our now much more limited space, we heard much swearing and forcible language passing between two individuals outside, and a man from the "Bureau" looked in, his visage much distorted with the combined effects of heat and rage, and proceeded to count heads. It was in vain we all hobbled about hoping to make him believe we possessed more than the "regulation number" of those articles, whilst the ladies spread out their dresses in order to fill up any vacant space appearing. Our friend was evidently an "old bird," and not to be done in that manner; and on finding there was still one place vacant, he called out boisterously—*"Ah diavolo! comment est que c'est plein; il y'a encore place pour un; c'est fait pour six."* (How can you say that the coach is full; there is yet room for one person; the carriage is made to hold six.) Accordingly he beckoned to an immensely fat, snobbish-looking individual standing in the background, who advancing, immediately proceeded, greatly to our horror and disgust, to squeeze himself in at the door. In he comes! sprawling all over us, to the vacant place on the off-side of the "Dilly," inflicting so much torture on our feet as he did so that poor E. could not help crying out with pain. Just as the wretch was about to treat another lady in the same way, he lost his balance, and fell down at full length over all our knees. I verily thought my last hour was come, and that I should have been crushed to death. P. naturally now began to wax very wrath, telling him he ought to be ashamed of treating ladies thus, and should have entered on the other side of the carriage. The man replied there were no steps on that side. But still, for all this, had he had any of the feelings of a gentleman he would have got up by help of a chair, or anything, rather than put us to all that inconvenience and annoyance. We found the man, too, had dressed himself, this hot day, in a complete and new suit of Indian-rubber waterproof. Besides the natural and disagreeable smell of these articles of clothing, we had that of garlic, onions, and apples, for the barbarian had seemingly well filled his pockets with these luxuries, with which he regaled

himself unceasingly during all the time he favored us with his much-esteemed company. I fancy I hear him gnawing them still. However, we had to endure this misery for about two hours more, when we reached a town called Armency, where to our indescribable joy he left the diligence. It was now growing dark; but the shops in the streets were all lighting up, and we could perceive this to be a very pretty town. Armency is midway between Chambery and Geneva, and stands on the shore of a considerable lake, much smaller, however, than that of Geneva. It is one of the oldest manufacturing cities in Europe, having extensive glass, cotton, and bleaching works, with an industrious population. The town, too, is one of great antiquity. We regretted not having time enough to see the place thoroughly; for after a short rest and changing horses, we had to go on with our journey. I must not forget to say that the gentleman of the mild disposition, aforementioned, here got out, telling us that he felt so much for our recent annoyance, that he would take a seat on the top of the coach (or *la banquette* as it is called) for the rest of the way, and so give us more room in the *interieur*. Thanking him for his politeness, we each put up our feet on the bench opposite to us, and soon dozed off to sleep, to the sound of the merry bells jingling on the horses' harness, and passed the rest of the night in comparative comfort.

JUNE 7th.—At about five o'clock this morning we found ourselves crossing over that remarkable bridge between Chambery and Geneva—Le Pont Charles Albert. It lies across an abyss of a frightful depth, and is of that kind called "chain-suspension bridges." It is splendidly constructed of iron, but looks as light and fragile as if made of fine wire. It is of great strength; but, in order to avoid accidents, not more than two vehicles are allowed to cross at the same time, and they must walk their horses slowly along it. The scenery just here is very lovely, and at ten o'clock we drove into the yard of the Court office at Geneva. We put up at L'Hotel de l'Angleterre—a very good one, indeed—one of the best in the town. It is luxuriously fitted up, and, of course, rather ex-

pensive in consequence. As usual, we had to pay enormously for the service of the porters who brought in the baggage. Our breakfast was discussed with much gusto, and we found the little light French *brîoches*, or rolls, most delicious. The front windows look on a lovely view of Mount Blanc, and we were astonished to find the lake so like a sea, both as regards size and the roughness of its surface, and its little waves. We determined to put off our sight-seeing until the morrow, being much fatigued and sorely in want of sleep after so much night-work. Accordingly, breakfast finished, we clothed ourselves in light muslin wrappers and threw ourselves on our beds inside mosquito-nets, and we were all soon sleeping a refreshing sleep.

JUNE 8th.—To-day the weather is gloomy and quite a little storm rages on the lake. We, nevertheless, sallied out to see what we could see. The sun being under a cloud, we did not suffer so much from the heat. The rivers Rhone and Arve both run through Geneva, which is the largest and most flourishing city in Switzerland. It contains 41,000 inhabitants, distinguished for their industry, enterprise attachment to liberty and predilection for literature. Geneva produces chiefly watches of all sorts and sizes, musical boxes, mathematical instruments, and articles of jewellery. It is strange to see the Rhone running through the lake clear as glass, and blue as indigo, forming two islands in its passage, on one of which stand antiquated buildings, and the other is laid out as a public pleasure-ground, or *Lustgarten*, as it is called by the natives. The authorities seem to have taken immense pains to lay out the town prettily, and of late years all the old ramparts have been removed, and commodious quays and harbors provided for the lake steamers; also a new stone bridge across the river, and a *jardin anglais*, containing walks, trees, fountains, &c., has been laid out close to the lake, where a military band plays on Sundays and on holidays. The city contains an English Protestant church and many splendid hotels, and is one of the handsomest towns I ever was in; remarkably clean and well-built, too. Calvin died here in 1564, and his pulpit is still to be

seen in the Cathedral of St. Peter here. A fine library also exists, containing 40,000 volumes. Mount Blanc is distinctly seen in fine weather, although fifty miles off. As many charming excursions may be made in the environs, and magnificent views obtained, we resolved ere leaving this spot, to hire a carriage and go and see some of them. We dined this evening at the *table d'hôte*, and were glad to find the room not crowded—only six persons besides ourselves dining here to-day, two of them being Russian ladies, who talked for some time in French; but they began to suspect we could understand that language, and so changed it into German. This they found we understood also, hearing us speak it to one of the other ladies at table. They, therefore, fell into their native language, Russ, and then felt sure we could no longer learn their secrets. The dinner we found to be a very good one, served in the French style. At dessert we had some most delicious ice-creams brought from the restaurant in the "English Garden," which is close by this hotel; but they charged very high for these luxuries, and this is a much dearer place than Turin, we find.

We have spent the whole day in sight-seeing and shopping, being delighted with all we beheld. The shops which displayed the most magnificence and wonders were those devoted to jewellery. But, dear me! one could spend two days, at least, in admiring the beautiful watches one sees displayed in the windows; some of them are ridiculously tiny and of the smallest size ever made anywhere. They are, however, very expensive to buy, and, of course, the smaller the dearer. I purchased a very pretty Swiss brooch, painted on china and handsomely set, a cross, and several trifles made in the Swiss wood-carving; but the fact is, one might spend a small fortune in these pretty trifles.

SUNDAY, 9th June.—This morning poor P. felt very ill—the heat having brought on one of his old attacks, and we did not like to leave him alone. I, therefore, did not go with K. and E. to the English church. On their return we found they had been very much pleased both with the handsome building and the manner in which the ser-

vice was conducted. The church has only been built three years, and thus looks fresh and clean and in good order. Though small, it is quite large enough for the few English resident here. The houses near, and surrounding the church, are nearly all let to English families. In fact, this seems to be the English quarter. K. and E. were also charmed with the personal appearance of our countrymen and women, and it

seemed to be a very nice and respectable congregation, and it was a great treat to hear our dear native language again.

JUNE 10th.—This morning P. feeling quite well again, we chose to push on to our next resting-place; but as this journey produced a few amusing adventures, I will turn over "a new leaf," and, with the reader's permission, relate them another time.

(To be continued.)

## THE LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS.

BY REV. S. T. RAND, HANTSPORT, N. S.

### No. 7.

#### THE CULLOO.—A BIG BIRD STORY.

Not long since the writer saw an account, written some years ago, of the wanderings and sufferings of a man who had been taken captive among the Indians somewhere in the United States. I have forgotten what tribe he was among. Among other marvellous things he had to relate was an account of an enormous bird supposed by the Indians to exist in the country and which they called a *Culloo*. There was a footnote by the editor, which implied that in his opinion the bird was too big even for an Indian legend, and hinting that the captive must have magnified the story a little on his own responsibility. But the editor might have spared his criticisms. Our Micmac Indians have got as big a bird in their Legends as the wildest of fancies ever need to dream of. He can carry a dozen men on his back and provision enough at the same time to last him for a long journey, and can swallow a whole quarter of beef at a mouthful.

Should any one suspect that our humble self is the author or inventor of any part or portion of this exaggeration, there are scores of living witnesses who can be appealed to, separate and apart from us,

and from each other, in confirmation of our innocence. Just ask any Micmac Indian if he ever heard of a monstrous bird called a *Culloo*, and see what he will say. Our story is concerning a tribe of Indians called *Culloos*, who figure as birds and as people just as it suits the times.\*

Before proceeding with the story I may introduce another monster of legendary fame in this connection, called a *che-pitch-calm* (the two last syllables are pronounced exactly like the two English words, *pitch* and *calm*). This is a huge serpent thirty or forty feet in length, having bright red burnished scales, and horns on his head that shine like burnished brass.

Now we know well that there are no serpents in this country that could by any mode of exaggeration be the parents of such a fiction. But there is, or has been supposed to be, a serpent which is described by naturalists as so nearly like this one of Indian fiction that when a few days since I read the account to an intelligent Indian and showed him the picture, in "Brown's Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge," he

\*In Arabian mythology there is a monstrous bird called a *Roc*, of the same fabulous species as the *Simurg* of the Persians. Is the *Culloo* of the North American Indians related to these?

exclaimed at once, "That's a *Che-pitch-calm!*" Here is the account:—

"Three kinds of dragons were formerly distinguished in India. 1. Those of the hills and mountains. 2. Those of the valleys and caves. 3. Those of the fens and marshes. The first is the largest and covered with scales as resplendent as burnished gold. They have a kind of beard hanging from their lower jaw; their aspect is frightful; their cry loud and shrill, their crest a bright yellow, and they have a protuberance on their heads the color of a burning coal."

There really seems to be a point of connection between the inhabitants of North America and those of India. Is it not more than probable that the ancestors of the former knew something of this formidable serpent? and that his appearance and characteristics were so deeply impressed upon their minds that ages have not removed the impression? Many of the older Indians seem really to believe that he is still a veritable inhabitant of their country. Here are facts for the ethnologist.

But I will return from this digression, and proceed with a translation as close as it will bear, from the original that lies before me, as I wrote it down some twenty years ago from the mouth of an Indian woman, of

A BIG BIRD STORY.—A TALE OF ANCIENT TIMES.

There was once a large Indian village (*meskeek oodun*) on the borders of a lake. One day an old woman was walking about in the woods, when she found lying on the ground a tiny little infant, so small that she placed it in her mitten, and in this way carried it home. Believing that she had found a prize in the child, she took it with her next morning and removed far away from the village into the forest, where she erected a small lodge for herself. As she could of course procure no milk there for her child she made for it a kind of porridge of the scrapings of dried raw hide. Thus they dwelt there together.

The child thrives and does well, and in due time is able to run about and play out doors. The foster-mother snares rabbits and they live upon the flesh of these animals.

One day the little boy requests the old lady to make for him a little bow and arrow. She complies with the request, and he goes out and practices with his weapons, and before long succeeds in knocking over a little mouse. Back he runs, leaving the mouse lying where it fell, and announces the important fact. "*Noogumees*,"—Grandmother—"I have killed a huge wild beast. Take your knife and carrying strap, and come and fetch it home."

So they both go out together, and she sees the little mouse lying on the ground, which she takes and ties up in due form, and carries home on her back. The little boy directs her to skin it and make a mat out of the skin to sit upon, and tells her that in time to come, when any trouble arrives, this mat will be the means of delivering her. It will give warning of coming danger, and tell her how to escape. She carefully follows out his directions and makes the magical mat.

Not many days after, he comes running in again in great glee, shouting, "Grandmother, we are highly favored! I have killed a huge wild beast."

Out goes the old woman to see, and finds that he has shot a squirrel. This she conveys to the lodge, skins and dresses, and by his directions, makes another magical mat of the skin. So he goes on, and his next feat is to kill a rabbit, and she goes through the same process with the rabbit skin, making of it a *teeome*—medicine-bag—or *chaom*, which, by means of the inspiring divinity, was to forewarn and defend them from accident and evil.

He now enquires of the old grandmother if she cannot muster some larger weapons for him, something with which he will be able to kill the larger animals, such as moose, caribou, &c. She tells him that she is not sure, but she will hunt round and see. So looking over her traps, she finds a *lutkahmoon*—a stone arrow-head. He now makes a bow of larger dimensions, and goes further away, and comes home at evening with a backload of moose and caribou meat, at the sight of which the old lady greatly rejoices. After this they have plenty of everything, and dwell there in quietness and peace.

But not far off there is a dismal swamp—alas! there are dismal swamps near all human habitations—and the foster-mother warns the young man not to cross over it; because, should he pass over this place, a great calamity would certainly befall them. For a while he remembers the admonition; but his curiosity is aroused, and he itches to know what there can be beyond that place so much to be dreaded. He finally determines to go and see; but, when he is half way over, the difficulties are so great, and his garments and skin are so sadly torn, that he turns back. When he reaches home, he finds the old woman in tears. Her magical mats have informed her of the boy's rashness and disobedience, and she asks him if he has been across the swamp. He assures her that he has not. She tells him it will be the death of them if he goes over, and he solemnly promises that he will not go.

For a while he keeps his promise; but one day, as he comes to the edge of the prohibited place, he resolves to cross over, and does so. He finds on the other side a large deserted camp. He goes into one of the largest and most beautiful-looking of the wigwams, and sees there evidence of some sudden calamity that has deprived the village of its inhabitants. The inmates had been carried off, or had fled while in the act of cooking. The food was there—over and near where the fire had been; but the fire had evidently been long out.

He enters another wigwam. Here the catastrophe had occurred while the people were in the act of eating. The half-eaten dinner is there as evidence of what had occurred. In another wigwam the meal had been finished. He goes into no more of the tents, but returns home.

He finds, on his arrival, that all is known. The old lady is lamenting greatly. "Alas! my child," she says, "why did you go across that place? You have been the death of us both. To-morrow we must go thither."

Next day they pack up and go. They reach the deserted village, select one of the most commodious of the wigwams and put up for the night.

In the evening the young man makes a tiny bow, takes a single hair from the old

lady's head, and puts it on for a bow-string and then makes six little arrows with stone heads. Having prepared his weapons, he lays them by against time of need.

Next morning they see a pair of monstrous bird's claws reaching down through the chimney-hole, and ascertain that a huge Culloo has come to carry them off in his talons. But the young man seizes his little bow and shoots several arrows into the old fellow's breast; thereupon he is glad to beat a hasty retreat, and moves off towards his own territory, which he reaches with great difficulty. There, in his own lodge, he lies tortured with pain and groaning piteously.

Next morning the young man goes in pursuit of the Culloo. He tells his foster-mother\* to keep her eye upon her mat and her pipe. Should they become bloody she may be sure he is killed; but if they show no symptoms of that kind; she may infer that he is all right.

He now starts off, and goes a very long distance, when, on nearing the town where the savage old Culloo rules, he meets a party of young men going off on a hunting excursion. They are talking fast and loud, and laughing right merrily; but as soon as they see him they suddenly change their tune and commence crying bitterly. "Alas! alas!" they say to him; "you have arrived at a most inauspicious time." They go on to explain. The young man's parents and an only sister are in the town, having been carried thither captive by the old Culloo, with many others, whose flesh he devours, placing their wigwams in a circle round his own, and taking them in rotation, eating up a whole family at a meal, and they inform the newly arrived that his parent's turn comes the next day. "You will all be devoured to-morrow." Having given him this information the hunting goes on, and he pursues his journey towards the village.

He presently meets a party of young women going after fir boughs. They too are talking and laughing most merrily, but

\*In Micmac one word stands for grandmother, stepmother, foster-mother, or great-aunt, and is a term of respect. Any old lady may be addressed as *noogumee*, and grand father, *nikskamich*, has a signification equally extensive.

commence weeping most bitterly as soon as they see the young man. They repeat the story he had just heard from the young men, and tell him where his father's wigwam stands, and then proceed to their labors, and he goes on.

On arriving at his father's, he is immediately recognized, and all the household fall a-weeping. "Alas! alas!" they say, "you have come at a most inauspicious moment, for we will all be killed and devoured to-morrow." His sister then proceeds to prepare him some food, and while he is eating a young Culloo comes in and in a sad tone of voice, calling him brother, tells him that the old chief, his father, is very ill, that he has a great pain in his breast, and wishes him to come over and see if he cannot help him. The young man replies: "I shall finish my dinner first, and then I will go over, and will be most happy to exercise my skill upon him. I intend to kill him. Go now and bear that message to your father."

Back goes the "boy," and the old "man" enquires, "What did your brother say?" "He says," is the answer, "that he will not come till he has finished his dinner, and that then he will be most happy to exercise his skill upon you, and that he means to kill you, and he added, 'Go now and bear that message to your father.'"

Meanwhile the young man leisurely finishes his dinner. He then rises up and says, "Now, then, I'll go over and examine the sick man."

Entering the lodge of the old Culloo, he sees his arrows sticking in his breast, and the old fellow says to him, "*Uchkeen*, (my brother), I am in great pain, can you help me." "I think I can," he answers. "It was I who shot those arrows into you, and I have come expressly to finish the job." Having said this, he strikes him dead, and then destroys the whole brood—the whole household. But looking carefully around, he sees the boughs moving in one corner of the wigwam, and perceives that one of the children has crawled under there to hide. "Come out here," he shouts, "and let me kill you." "Brother," the little Culloo answers, "don't kill me; leave me alive and when I grow up I'll carry you about wherever you wish to go." "Ah, I

know you very well," he answers; "you will kill me when you get able, because I killed your father and mother." He answers, "My brother, I will never harm you, if you will spare my life, and when I get large I'll carry you where there are some beautiful girls, from whom you can select a wife." The young man consents to spare him on these conditions, but tells him that should he ever conceive any malicious designs against him, he would be ahead of him, as he will know it beforehand, and will kill him first. He then goes back to his father's lodge and takes the little Culloo (*Cullosees*) with him.

The village of captives being now freed from the dread of the cruel old tyrant, is peaceful and prosperous. Our young hero employs himself in hunting, and provides abundantly for his parents and his sister. The little Culloo is carefully fed and tended, and soon grows up and is able to fly. When he becomes sufficiently expert on the wing, he invites his young master to take a ride on his back through the air. Away they go and take a wide sweep round over the forest, and arrive again safely at the village. Next day Cullosees invites the other to take his weapons and go for moose. He soon finds and kills one, and having dined together off his flesh, the carcass is placed upon the bird's back with the man on top, and the whole is carried home with ease and safety.

One morning the young man says to the Culloo. "Let us go and fetch my foster-mother." Away they go and when the old lady seated in the tent door sees the big bird approaching she is in a terrible fright, expecting of course to be killed and devoured; but directly she hears the call of her foster-child calming her fears, and assuring her that the bird is tame and entirely subservient to his wishes. "Bundle up all your traps," says he, "and go with us to the village. You have nothing to fear. I have destroyed the old Culloo." So they pile all on together upon the bird's back, and are safely conveyed to the village.

After this the Culloo reminds his friend of the promise to carry him where those pretty girls are, and proposes that they start at once. To this the other agrees

and away they go. The Culloo rises up higher and higher into the air until they lose sight of the earth altogether, and then they arrive at another similar place, but surrounded on all sides by a very high steep bluff. There not far from the edge of the precipice stands a very large wigwam. They enter this wigwam and see seated therein two very fair and beautiful young women, with their mother. The mother invites them in, and as if divining their errand and giving her consent, she says: "*Kutakumoo gwale ntlloosook*—" ("come up towards the back part of the wigwam, my son-in-law.")

The old lady now proceeds to prepare them some food. She takes a piece of dried raw-hide and scrapes it fine, and makes a kind of porridge of these scrapings. But the Culloo whispers to his friend not to eat it, as it is poisoned. He tells him to take a stick and stir it round. He does this, and it foams up and shows that there is something wrong about it; whereupon the young man takes up the dish and dashes the contents into the old woman's face. She runs out-doors, claps up her hands to wipe her face and eyes, and away comes all the skin off her face. After a while she comes in again and tells the girls, "You may cook for them, since I cannot please them."

One of the girls now commences operations and soon prepares a splendid meal. She selects choice pieces of beaver meat and moose meat, and soon the hungry guests are eating with a great relish.

The eating process over, and evening having come, the young man selects the most beautiful of the girls, and takes his seat by her side. This settles the whole affair. The two are now man and wife. But before they go to sleep the bride tells her husband that his life is in danger. My mother will kill you as she has already killed a great many of our suitors. He receives the caution and prepares accordingly.

Early next morning, and before they have taken their breakfast, the mother-in-law says to the bridegroom: "You must come out and wrestle with me, as this is our custom with every son-in-law." The young man coolly answers, "All right,"

and prepares for the contest. She puts on a belt made of moose hide, and leads him forth to the very edge of the precipice. The friendly Culloo whispers in his ear and says: "I will sail on the wing below, and if you fall I will catch you and save you." The contest now commences. The parties clinch and the old woman tells her son-in-law to make the first attempt. But he declines. "You are a woman," he says, "and to you belongs the privilege of making the first attempt." She now puts forth all her strength, natural and supernatural; but she fails. It is now his turn, and with one whirl he sends her sheer over the precipice. The Culloo is on the watch below. He sees the old thing coming, but pays no heed but looks the other way and lets her slide.

They now return to the wigwam. The two daughters are very much pleased at the result of the contest: *weledahsijik abitask*. They think themselves well rid of the ugly old hag.

They now all remove from that place and select another camping-ground, where they reside for some time. The two men hunt continually, and the women take care of the meat and keep the "house."

In due time an addition is made to the family circle of a fine little boy, who soon becomes a general favorite and a great pet. But after a time he is the occasion of a great calamity. While the father and his friend are absent in the forest a party of strange Indians passes the wigwam and they carry off the little boy. The Culloo has the knowledge of it before the father. They have come to their lodge in the forest after the day's hunting, and the Culloo becomes ill and cannot eat. "What is the trouble," enquires his friend. "Alas!" he replies, "night before last some strange Indians stole and carried our little brother, and I know not who they are nor whither they have carried him."

Instantly they start for home. While some distance away, they hear the loud lamentations of the women. As soon as they enter the lodge, they hear the sorrowful recital—"Our dear little babe has been stolen and carried off by a party of strangers."

"Brother," says the father to his friend,

"let us go immediately in search of him."

Away they go, and hunt over the forest until they discern the village whither the child has been taken. It is now dark, and a dense fog rests on the village. The inhabitants are engaged in revelry, and are dancing inside of a large wigwam. The two men take their seat near the door outside, and are concealed by the darkness and the fog. A number of men, stark naked, are dancing in a circle round the lodge inside. One of these men is the lost babe; but his father cannot tell him in his state of metamorphosis. So the Culloo tells him to "Watch, and when I say 'grab,' then seize the one before you." He makes one attempt and misses him; but the second time he succeeds, and then they are off in a twinkling.

Meanwhile the women are anxiously waiting at home to know the result of the search. Night has settled down upon them while they wait and watch. Finally, they hear the crying of the child in the distance as he comes along, and soon they have the joy of clasping him to their arms safe and sound.

But they have to proceed with caution in order to break the enchantment that surrounds him. The Culloo gives directions how to proceed. "Don't give him the breast," he says, "until you have washed him thoroughly and put on him clean clothes." This precaution is taken, and after that he is nursed and is all right.

The next evening they prepare each man his bow and each man six arrows with stone heads — *lutkahmoonul* — and strict orders are given next morning that no one shall go out of the tent. By and by the Culloo gives the word to his friend to shoot an arrow up through the top of the wigwam. This is done, and they immediately hear a man tumbling down from the top. Again they shoot, and again they hear a man fall. Each one discharges his six arrows, and every time they hear a man

tumbling down from the top of the wigwam.

The Culloo again cautions the others against going out too soon. After a while he goes out himself; but the men have all come to again and have taken their departure. They have left the marks of their blood, however, and the Culloo tells his friends that they will return in overwhelming numbers, and that they must forthwith leave the place, or they will all be killed. So they pack up and start. They call at the old place and the sister-in-law takes her things that had been left there, then all pile on to the friendly Culloo, who bears them safely down to mother earth again. They arrive at their own village in safety. The old people are wonderfully delighted with their daughter-in-law and the little *mijooahjeech*. They hold a great festival in their honor, and live there long and happily together, and—*kespeahdook-sit*—the story is ended.

## OUR BEST.

BY JOHN READE.

We never do our best. We seldom try

To pass the barrier of comparison.

"As good as, better than some other one—

That is enough for such as you or I."

Or else, "Need we attempt to reach the sky

Where those stars shine?" And so we seek the  
ground

And grovel, as though we our place had found;

Content, if now and then we gaze on high.

To do our best—that is to work as blind

To all but God and let Him judge the work,

If worthy of His gift, nor ever shirk

His work for any thought of human kind.

For as we best serve Him, we best serve man,

By doing, single-eyed, what good we can.

## SAMSON'S RIDDLE SOLVED.

THE LION-CUP *versus* THE LION-CUB.

BY R. WRIGHT.

It is now more than thirty centuries since Samson "twisted" his riddle at the marriage festival in Timnath. Did the Philistines *untwist* it? Has the world ever guessed it? These are questions which should interest every Biblical scholar, and, I am confident, will do so, as they proceed with me in the inquiry I am making. I start with the proposition, confidently stated, that Samson smashed a "wine-press" in the vineyards of Timnath, but rent no "young lion" there: and that the true rendering of the Hebrew text, in the words translated "and behold, a young lion roared against him," is, or should be, "and behold, the *lion-cup* (or 'wine-press') called loudly, inviting him." And to the correctness of this rendering I invite not only the attention of the general reader, but the best oriental scholarship of the country.

And in order to give the true rendering of the fifth, eighth, and ninth verses of the fourteenth chapter of Judges, and at the same time avail myself of brevity in the exposition, I will lay down a few preliminary propositions, from which no well-informed Biblical scholar will dissent:—

1. The Book of Judges is a purely historical narrative, no way allegorical.

2. Samson, being a Nazarite, was forbidden even to touch a dead body.

Some of the commentators on the Book of Judges have been greatly troubled to explain how Samson could have stripped the thirty slain Philistines of their garments at Ashkelon, "without touching their dead bodies," which, as a Nazarite, he was forbidden to do. But *non constat* that he stripped them *after* they were dead. And yet it seems not to have occurred to these commentators, that to go into the "dead body" of a lion and eat honey therefrom was equally a forbidden act by the law of the Nazarites, and much more defiling to his priestly office.

3. Samson's special mission as divinely predicted was to commence the deliverance of Israel from the Philistines.

4. In every instance in which "the spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him" (except that erroneously rendered in regard to the "young lion"), it was with a view to the destruction by him of the property or lives of the Philistines, or to his deliverance out of their hands.

5. Samson being a *Nazarite*, his greatest "enemy" (not excepting the Philistines themselves) was the "wine-press."

6. Stripped of their diacritical signs, vowel-points, and the *matres lectionis*, the

Hebrew words translated "young lion" (Judges xiv. 5) are *KPR-ARTH*; the first meaning either a *cup* or a *cub* (cub of a lion), and the second meaning *lions* (for the word is plural) distinctively. And the proper translation of the text is, the "*cup* of the lions," or "lion-cup," and not the "*cub* of the lions" or "lion-cub."

7. The stone wine-press in Samson's time was cut out of solid rock. It consisted of two blocks of stone, one of which was about ten feet broad and three feet thick, with a receptacle eight feet square and fifteen inches deep, for depositing the grapes, and this rested upon another block or standard, about five feet square, with a wine receptacle four feet broad and three feet deep, and about two feet below the grape receptacle—thus presenting to the eye the appearance of a *gigantic cup* cut from the solid rock. Such a wine-press, with the lower corners of the upper block rounded off to present a pleasing effect to the eye, would bear a striking resemblance to a cup or goblet.

This was the "lion-cup" in the vineyards of Timnath. The dimensions are those given by Robinson of an ancient wine-press found by him, cut out of the living rock. But all vineyards did not furnish a "living rock" from which to cut such a press, and where the stone had to be brought from a distance, it undoubtedly took this form and shape, corresponding with presses known to have been cut from the living rock.

When destroyed this was the most natural place in the world for a swarm of bees to take shelter in, if the upper or grape receptacle only had been destroyed, as the lower or wine receptacle would furnish them as perfect a "hive" as could be cut from the living rock. The saccharine fermentation of the grape is always a most tempting sweet to the honey-bee, and if immediately after the vintage season, there would be this additional temptation to its ordinary rock resort in that region.

This dramatic chant or song (for it is manifestly such in the original) is remarkable for its *puns*, or play upon words. A purely consonantal language gives great scope and facility for this sort of enigma, much greater, in fact, than is possible with a multiplicity of vowel-sounds superadded to those that are consonantal only; and this is true, whether the pun is presented to the ear in sound or to the eye by letter. The solution of Samson's riddle turns, in fact, upon an ingenious pun. The words *KPR-ARTH* are so played upon by Samson, or so "twisted" by him, as to mean one thing in his own mind, and another to his wife and her people. He had actually destroyed the "wine-press" in the vineyards of Timnath. If cut from the living rock, it was a most valuable piece of Philistine property. It was no doubt a matter of

much curiosity and speculation with them to know how it had been destroyed. As Samson rent it "with nothing in his hands," there could have been no external evidences of violence, and they must have supposed that a bolt from heaven shivered or rent it in pieces. At all events, they were ignorant of Samson's miraculous strength, and had not the remotest idea that he could have done it. In putting forth his riddle, therefore, he is evidently tantalizing them with the loss of their wine-press, as he afterwards tantalized them, through Delilah, with reference to the source of his great strength.

What he tells his wife on the seventh day is, that he had rent a *KPR-ARTII* in the vineyards of Timnath, and that he had afterwards turned aside to see its fallen body, "and behold, there was a swarm of bees and honey in it." The play upon the several words used is so ingenious that she understands him to mean a "lion-cub," and not a "lion-cup." For, after she had communicated with the Philistines, they ask not what is stronger than a *KPR-ARTII*, but what is stronger than an *ARE*, using the singular form of the noun for *lion* only, and losing sight entirely of the pun, or *double entendre*, by which the substantial or basis fact of the riddle had been communicated.

And this solution of the riddle does no injustice to the Bible Hercules. Had the wine-press of Timnath been cut out of the solid rock, it would have required a much more Herculean feat to rend it in fragments (make a "fallen heap" of it) than it would to have rent a "young lion." It was, no doubt, in the vintage season of the year when he first went down to Timnath, with his parents. The wine-press might then be full of grapes and flowing with new wine, with no one to tread it. If called the "lion-cup," as it undoubtedly was, it would then literally "roar against him," that is, it would strongly challenge him to an encounter, he being a Nazarite.

The honey-bee, as is well known, is one of the cleanest and most fastidious animals in the world, both in its habits and in the choice of a place to deposit honey. It never entered the carcase of a lion or any other animal for such a purpose, and never *will*, until an Almighty fiat shall change its entire nature and habits. The plea of a miracle, or the interruption of the laws of nature, will not suffice in this case. It must have required a continuous and constantly-working change in the laws of nature, which negatives the idea of a miracle. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego might temporarily abide the violence of fire, with the Lord to quench it, but to become a race of salamanders and permanently live in fire thereafter, would be simply an exchange of one law of nature

for another, without the slightest definitional feature of a miracle attaching to it. It would be simply the transference of the arctic whale to the tropical seas, with such a permanent change in his physical nature as would adapt him to other and different conditions of life. Miracles always cease where nature resumes sway.

But the rendering I have given to the riddle portion of the chant meets all the conditions of the four several distichs in which the "cup-question," or enigma, is anticipated, but, guessed, and retortively answered. For the original *premise*, or antecedent proposition on which the riddle is based, is a poetical distich; the enigma, as put, a poetical distich; the stoïen solution of the Philistines, a poetical distich; and the concessive retort of Samson, a poetical distich.

"Out of the eater came forth meat,  
Out of the strong came forth sweetness."

That is, out of the "wine-press," which consumes (figuratively "eats") grapes by the million, came forth "wine," one of the three leading "meats" of the Bible ("corn, wine, and oil"), and out of the strong (or the "lion-cup," capable of overcoming the mightiest potentates of the earth in a prolonged encounter) came forth sweetness, or the honey Samson had taken and eaten from the "ruins of the wine-press."

This was the riddle as Samson understood it, and as he ingeniously and tantalizingly put or punned it to the Philistines. He as much as says, "Guess; if you can, who smashed your wine-press! I 'twist you this *twister*—give you this pun or *double entendre*—this play upon 'lion-cup' and 'lion-cub'—and let me see if you have wit enough to guess it."

They never dreamt that their "lion-cup" had been rent by human hands. It was too Herculean a feat for any mortal man to accomplish, and nothing short of a thunderbolt from their terrible Dagon could have done it; and so they ineffectually plough with Samson's "heifer" (*honey-jugle* with his wife) to guess the riddle. The Philistines "ploughed" for only seven days without guessing the riddle, but the ingenious writer of the chant has left the world to plough ineffectually with the same "heifer" for more than thirty centuries without guessing it.—*Condensed from Scribner's Monthly.*

## HOW A CITY INVALID WAS CURED BY A NIGHT IN A FARM-HOUSE.

BY AGNES VERNON.

A great many years ago, when I was young, I had been suffering from a low nervous illness, which had reduced me to

such a state of debility that I could hardly creep about, and though in no apparent danger, great fears were entertained that, unless something could be done to restore the tone of my nerves, I should sink into permanent invalidism.

Of course I had the best advice, for I was a petted youngest child, idolized by my father and mother and spoiled by my brothers and sisters; and of course the doctors looked very wise, and sometimes shook their heads ominously. They prescribed a course of tonics and cheerful society, with as much amusement as my poor fragile frame could bear; but it was, all to no purpose. I did not get worse, but then I certainly did not get better.

I quite believe, though it is so long ago that perhaps I can hardly remember all I suffered, that I unconsciously hugged the state of weakness I was in, and really enjoyed all the fuss that was made about me. I did not intend to be selfish, but I was fast making slaves of all around me, and in a fair way of settling into that most disagreeable and odious of all things, a weak, fanciful, affected young lady.

I have heard of a young lady being in such a nervous way, from which there seemed no possibility of rousing her, when her system was unexpectedly restored to its natural healthy tone by the breaking out of a fire in the house where she was staying; the shock and fright completely drew her from the constant contemplation of her maladies, and when she recurred to them she found they had vanished into smoke. I am afraid this was the state I was in, and nothing but a good fright or a great trouble would take me out of my selfish self. Fortunately for me, I was soon to have the former.

As I before observed, every means was tried to make me well, but without effect, and then change of air was recommended as a last resource. Then came the consultation as to what place I should visit. One watering-place was considered too hot, another too cold, another would be too quiet, another not quiet enough; indeed, the difficulties were tremendous. I was to have pleasant enlivening society, but must not be excited. I required to be strengthened, but must never be exposed to the least wind or cold: a mild climate was most essential, but on no account must the air be relaxing. Sea-bathing was absolutely necessary, but my nerves could not support the shock of a plunge into the sea; and if I had a sea-water bath in my own room, all the invigorating properties which would be of so much service to me could not be imparted in so small a quantity of water.

Truly my case was perplexing; and the possibility of change of air without killing me on the spot, or bringing on some dread-

ful illness, seemed quite out of the question; and my last prescription was beginning to be only spoken of with extreme regret from the impossibility of its being carried out.

Things would have gone on in this unsatisfactory manner from week to week, without any chance of amendment, if all the difficulties in the way of the desired change of air had not been removed by an unlooked-for occurrence.

I had a very dear uncle, a country clergyman, who loved me as much as all the rest, but more wisely. He was a bachelor, living in a farm-house in one of the southern counties. All his friends wondered he did not set up housekeeping; but he always said it would be time enough when he married. As every one knew Uncle Hugh was wedded to the lost love of his youthful days, they also knew that answer meant he would never leave the quaint apartments he had inhabited for years in the old-fashioned farm-house.

Now this dear old uncle came to see us unexpectedly, to our great surprise, as he seldom could be induced to leave his hermitage, as we called his country home. As he did not give any reason for his visit, I concluded that, having heard of my precarious state of health, he came solely to see me; and when I was told he was coming to sit with me for a short time, I placed myself in a more languid attitude than usual on my sofa.

It was a lovely evening in July. The day had been sultry, and the heat had certainly tried me very much; but a soft breeze had sprung up within the last hour, and I was feeling more refreshed than I liked to allow when my dear Uncle Hugh came into the room.

I raised my head languidly, expecting him to inquire the first thing after my health. To my surprise he did no such thing, but coming in briskly, kissed me, and said, "Well, Miss Annie, you are enjoying yourself after the heat of the day. I think I will follow your example;" and drawing a settee close to my sofa he threw himself at full length upon it, and gave a little sigh of relief as he gazed out of the window on the somewhat dusky-looking garden of the square in which we lived.

There were pots of lovely flowers in my window, which he soon noticed. These were as bright and fresh as though they were breathing pure country air, for as soon as a plant looked less bright than usual it was replaced by another from an expensive nursery, as it was considered bad for my spirits to have anything near me but the best that could be obtained. There was also a splendid bouquet of hot-house flowers on my work-table by my side. I had a work-table near me because it was pretty, and my favorite vase of flowers looked better on that than anything

else, but I had neither strength nor spirits for work of any kind.

Uncle Hugh looked curiously at the pots of flowers, and then looked up with a half-amused smile as he said, "Upon my word, Annie, your flowers look as though they were reared and kept in the country, instead of the hot, dusty city. I suppose you do not trust them out of your own charge; no handmaiden, however dainty, could give the care to them they require but your little idle self. Well, dear," he continued, while I was getting more and more paralyzed with astonishment, "it is a beautiful and innocent occupation, but innocent as it is, it must not interfere with all your little daily duties to those around you. I have known some young ladies carry love for their flowers to such an extent that there was nothing to be heard from them, morning, noon, and night but something about horticulture; till at last they became so selfish over this one pursuit that they forgot all the duties they owed to themselves and others, and became the most disagreeable and useless creatures I ever came near. But there, Annie," he said, seeing my eyes filled with tears, though from a very different cause to what I supposed he attributed them, "I did not mean to vex you, dear. I don't think you would ever be so silly as to let one fancy get the better of you; but it is well to be warned, for 'forewarned is forearmed,' you know, dear; and if ever you want to look after your flowers, or indeed any other pet amusement, when you ought to be doing something else, just think of poor Uncle Hugh."

I pouted somewhat at this speech, but made no answer, feeling too angry and injured at no remark being made on my illness, to say a word.

The next evening Uncle Hugh came again, and after a hurried greeting said, "Well, Annie, I have settled with your mother that you shall go back with me to my hermitage. The heat of the city seems to have upset you a little, and we all think a little fresh country air and some farmhouse living will set you up nicely, and make you as strong as a milkmaid."

"Uncle, Uncle," I gasped out, "what are you and mamma thinking about?"

"Thinking about, my dear—why, what do you mean? You need not be afraid of putting me to any inconvenience. I know I have a great many silly bachelor habits, but my little niece Annie will put up with them, I know; and I am sure my old Betty will wait upon you—that is, the little waiting upon that you will require—with as much propriety as if you were a princess."

I was fairly nonplussed—Uncle Hugh would not or could not understand why I thought I could not go and stay with him, and it seemed useless for me to try and

explain. I sighed, and almost cried with impatience and vexation, while Uncle Hugh rattled on, quite unconscious of my uneasiness.

"Mind," said he, "I leave by the 10-30 train to-morrow morning. I would not have fixed such an early hour, but you know there is no railway in my remote regions yet; and when we have finished our journey at the great terminus at Green Bank, we have then a good stage-coach distance to go, and after that a nice little trot in my pony-phaeton; so, unless we want to frighten Betty by arriving in the middle of the night, we must start rather early in the morning. Now, good night; I must be off to pack up, and leave you to do the same, for I own it is short notice. But there, you won't want much finery in my hermitage—two or three frocks that will wash, and a straw hat or two, will be quite enough. Good night again," said he, and off he went.

I felt more and more angry, and too indignant to answer, and walked away to bed as feebly as I could, secretly hoping that the excitement and annoyance would make me too ill to rise in the morning.

The morning came, and I felt much as usual—certainly not worse; so I suffered myself to be dressed in sullen silence.

I was very ungracious to every one when I took leave of them; and I now wonder they had common patience with me.

Dear Uncle Hugh came in a brougham, that I might ride easily, though he said nothing about it then. We were soon at the station and off by the train, with little fatigue and no trouble to me—to my great disappointment, for I felt sure I should be sick with the exertion, and require a great deal of petting and attention, which would worry all about me as much as I could desire.

The railway journey was passed as such journeys always are; then came the stage-coach journey, which was very fatiguing, and I was too tired to feel pleased that I was likely to be quite laid up with the travelling, as I fondly hoped I should be when I left home. At the pretty country inn where the coach stopped, Uncle's phaeton was waiting, into which we were soon packed.

The coach journey was not ended till the long summer day was beginning to close in, and the greater part of our drive in the open carriage was by moonlight. It was a lovely country we passed through, in all the flush of summer. I had never been so far from home before, and was fairly entranced under the influence of the beauty of the night and the scene. I leant back in silent enjoyment, and forgot fatigue, illness, and temper.

After a time the scene changed; the country appeared barren, and we labored up many steep hills, and the country look-

ed weird and ghostly in the moonlight. Uncle told me we were crossing the first of the celebrated chain of hills known as the Dipping Hills, from which by daylight there were glorious views. Not long after this we turned a sharp angle of the road, after having descended a considerable hill, and straight before us could be seen in the dim light the farm-house, sheltered in a basin formed by the surrounding hills. Dogs began to bark, but only barks of recognition and delight, for they all knew my uncle, and were greeting him with all their canine powers of courtesy and welcome. A boy opened the gate and led the horse to the door of the house, where old Betty was waiting to receive us. She seemed very pleased to see my uncle, and hoped the young lady was not very tired. We followed her into a low, dark passage, that seemed to be paneled on each side with black oak. There was no light in it but what the moon shed through the open door. Soon, however, a door was opened from one side, near the end, and a bright flood of light streamed out a welcome to us. In an instant we were in the prettiest, quaintest, and most comfortable room, half-study, half-drawing-room, that I ever beheld. I can not describe it further than by saying it was perfect. Only one thing rather startled me—there was a bright fire, though it was the middle of July and the weather was unusually hot.

"Hah!" said my uncle, seeing me look toward the blazing hearth, "you will soon find that we want a fire among these hills, though we are so far south and it is mid-summer. I am glad of the excuse, too, for I like a fire for company, and to burn odd papers when I am in the humor, as I often am in the evening when I am quite alone; but I must not keep you here talking. Here, Betty, take your young lady to her room and bring her down again quickly, for she must be starving."

Betty took a pretty china bed-candlestick from the sideboard, and opening the door, preceded me into the dark oak passage again, and opening another door at the end, I found myself in rather a large kind of hall, lighted only by one window at the side, through which the moon was shining. There appeared to be no lamp; so I suppose that when there was no moon it must have been pitch dark.

"This way, miss, if you please," said Betty, walking on to the end of the hall, away from the window, so that, but for the glimmering light of her candle, she was almost in the dark.

I followed, but wondered where we were going, for I could not see any stairs or any outlet from the hall, except a door in quite a different direction from that which Betty was taking

"Betty," I exclaimed, "where are the stairs?"

"Oh, if you please, miss," replied Betty, "master has had a nice step-ladder put here, for he doesn't like the trouble of going all round to the other end of the house where the stairs are. You see, miss, this door," pointing to the one I had already observed, "shuts master's rooms all comfortably up from the farm folks and all that; and with this nice ladder to go up and down whenever he likes, he is as much to himself as if he had a fine city house all alone."

"Betty," I cried out, "how shall I ever get up and down that place? I never was on a ladder of any kind in my life!" and I fear I began to cry, for the long ladder, without even a hand-rail, looked very formidable, and as I looked up at the square hole in the ceiling, which was the ingress to the upper story, I was fairly frightened.

"Oh, you will soon get used to it, miss; the steps are all carpeted just like stairs," she said, pointing to a scrap of drugget at the edge of each step, which might look a little better than the plain wood, but certainly would not make the ascent more easy.

It was, however, no use to stop and complain, so I was obliged to scramble up in some way, and was safely standing on the upper landing, with rather less trouble than I expected.

Betty then led me to my bedroom, a very large room, with a low ceiling, and looking very gloomy, with an old-fashioned heavy-curtained bed in one corner, and on one side a large oak wardrobe, black with age, the doors of which Betty opened, and began stowing away my things, as my luggage had been already brought up. While she was so occupied I looked about to see where the windows were, for the room was so large I expected to see three or four, but I could not find one. There was the great bed at one end of the room, the wardrobe stretched along the best part of one side, leaving little more than a space for the door, a fire-place at the end opposite the bed, with closet-doors on each side, and on the side opposite the wardrobe were toilet-table, basin-stand, and chairs, with a large looking-glass above them, in a carved oak frame.

At last I discovered a small window in the corner farthest from the bed, at the end of the side where the toilet was placed. I drew the curtain aside, but could hardly see a yard before me. The moon had sunk behind the hills, and the sky, which had been clear and bright, was overcast.

I was beginning to grumble again to Betty, but thought better of it, and being very hungry, I merely observed that I was ready to go down, if she would carry the light. I quite forgot the step-ladder in my

surprise at the paucity of windows in my room, and when the door was opened and Betty advanced toward the square black hole into which we were to emerge, in order to go down the ladder, I fairly started back with horror.

"Oh Betty, Betty," I said, "what shall I do? How shall I go down that dreadful place?"

"Never mind, miss," she replied; "don't be afraid. Here, give me your hand, I will take care of you, my pet. Why, master runs up and down here with his hands full of books and things, a dozen times in the evening sometimes, and almost in the dark, too, for he never will carry a candle. He says it is dangerous, but I think it is much more dangerous to burn papers as he does of nights, and all the sparks and sometimes lighted bits of paper fly up the chimney on to the thatched roof; but there, I suppose they are black enough before they reach the top, for master's study-fire smoked, so he has had a long chimney-pot put up."

"Never mind the chimney, Betty," I said, impatiently. "How shall I get down here?" and I crouched down at the top of the ladder in blank dismay. It was, however, useless to hesitate; down I must go, and down I went; but how I did it that first time I most surely cannot tell.

As soon as I was in the sitting-room again with Uncle Hugh, I began exclaiming about the ladder: but he looked up quietly, as if he did not in the least understand my fright, and only said, "The stairs, dear! Don't you like the stairs; Well, they are rather narrower than those you have been accustomed to, but you will soon get used to them. Now let us have something to eat. I hope you are hungry."

I was indeed very hungry, and made a hearty supper off the country dainties which had been provided for me. I was too tired to talk much, and soon said, "Good night," and went off with Betty to my room.

I managed to mount the ladder this time a little better, but still did it with great trepidation.

Betty was not long settling me in the great bed, and with a "Good night, miss, I hope you will sleep well," she left me.

If I had not been so tired I should have felt very lonely; but fatigue got the better of everything, and I must have fallen asleep in a few minutes.

How long I slept I do not know. I woke with a sudden sense of danger. I started up in bed and called out wildly for my sister; then, with a rush of thought, all the events of the preceding day came into my mind, and I remembered that I was far away from her and all at home. A good cry came to my relief, and I lay down again, thinking I was only frightened at

waking suddenly in a strange place; but no, there was something wrong. There was a vague, undefined feeling of dread, and I sat up and listened, for what I could not tell, as I did not think I heard anything. It was quite dark; the moon had no doubt sunk long ago, and I suppose the black clouds I had observed when looking out of my little window had become more dense. The darkness was such as can only be seen in the country, when the atmosphere has no relief from artificial light.

Suddenly a dash of light shot into my room and disappeared as suddenly, leaving the darkness greater than before from the contrast. A storm of thunder and lightning, I thought; and no wonder, after the heat of the day. I listened for the peal of thunder, but as none came, I comforted myself with concluding that the storm was at a distance, and was just going to lie down again when another gleam of light passed across the window.

I was now thoroughly roused, and shivered with fright. What could be the matter? Was the house on fire? or were there housebreakers trying to make an entrance, and just under my window, too? Oh, horror! What should I do? I tried to think, but could not. Then suddenly thoughts came thick and fast. No doubt it was fire. Uncle had been burning some papers, and the thatch had caught. Should I alarm the house, ring the bell, run down stairs? But if it were robbers and not fire, what should I do? Now I heard stifled voices under my window, then voices a little louder, then flashes of light illumined my gloomy room again. Surely it must be fire: robbers would not talk.

What should I do? If I stayed where I was, I might be burnt in my bed; if I opened the window, I should perhaps be shot down on the spot; if I ran out of the room and gave an alarm, I might meet the ruffians on the stairs. There seemed no escape, no chance of help, and I groaned with fright.

I forgot to ask when I went to bed where my Uncle's room was, or where Betty slept. Perhaps I was told, but I had been too sleepy to hear or remember. Certainly, I did not know.

All this time I heard a low murmur of voices, and flashes of light kept crossing my window. Suddenly there was a tremendous noise at the door of the house, as I supposed—thumping, knocking, shaking, a shrill whistle, a great flash of light, and then total darkness again.

I sprang out of bed, and made my way as well as I could in the direction of the window, as I thought, but found myself walking against the ferber and fire-irons, bruising my feet, and almost breaking my legs. Before I recovered from this, the knocking and shaking of the house door

began again, and I made a desperate effort to reach the door of my bedroom, but I was so out in my bearings that I came crash against the basin-stand instead. Then came another flash of light, which, though it terrified me beyond endurance, helped me to find out the latitude I was in.

At last I reached the door, and tearing it open rushed out upon the landing, when suddenly I remembered the step-ladder. I had only thought of running down stairs; the ladder had quite escaped my memory. Here was horror upon horror. The house was either on fire or beset by thieves, and no one was awake but me, and I could not rouse any one. I stood as if in a frightful dream, spell-bound, with the perspiration starting at every pore.

I thought I heard a door opened and shut stealthily, close to me. I started with fright, and relief at the same time. I thought that some one was coming to murder me, or perhaps help was at hand; but no, it was neither. Then doors were slamming below, angry voices, hushed whispers, hurried footsteps, almost under where I was standing. Oh, if I could but find my Uncle's or Betty's room! Strange they should not hear all this confusion; for, though somewhat subdued, it thrilled through my nerves, and seemed to me as though it would wake the seven sleepers. The agonizing, maddening thought flashed through my mind, that perhaps they had both made their escape at the first alarm, and had forgotten poor me; but such a dreadful thought could not long remain. Uncle Hugh would think of me directly he himself was aware of danger.

My head was throbbing as if it would burst with the intensity of listening and anxiety. I strained every nerve to catch every sound, yet dreading what I might hear next. Once, above the wild confusion below, I heard a rough voice say, "Mind, you will wake little miss." "Little miss," of course, meant me. Oh, perhaps they had robbed Uncle and Betty, and knowing I could have have nothing of value about me, would not molest me. What would become of me, left in this dreadful place all alone? The thieves must be in league with the farm servants, or how could they know anything about me? Worse and worse, there could now be no hope of help.

I had not time to dwell long on this new misery, for sounds of increasing horror were now heard from below—moaning, choking, stifling sounds—as of wretched cattle dying amid smoke and flames; that is, I fancied so.

Had I been a screaming young lady, I should have shrieked long ago in my terror, but with all my nervous nonsense I was never that. Fright always struck me dumb. Now I was not only dumb but motionless,

and should have scared the bravest heart could I have been seen at this moment. My long black hair had come loose from its net, and was streaming in wild disorder over my white night-dress. My face I am sure was colorless, and my eyes were starting from my head.

There was a short lull in the terrible confusing sounds, which was suddenly broken by the most fearful shriek I ever heard, followed by frantic scuffling, like some one fighting for dear life; and (oh! it was a sound which turned me sick, and chilled the blood in my veins, and made my heart stand still) I distinctly heard the words, "Be quiet, or I'll stick you. What d'ye mean by making that row? Hold, hold!—now he's gagged. Heave um in." Then I heard a smothered scream, and a heavy thud, like the falling of a helpless mass, and all was quiet again, but only for a few moments; the same awful sounds were repeated many times, till I prayed that I might faint away, or even die, that I might be spared the agony I was enduring; but unconsciousness would not come. I was fixed to the spot, with every nerve strained to the utmost, and feeling as though I had so stood spell-bound for ages, and should be doomed to stand for ages more.

At last I heard, "There, we've settled 'em all. Now let's be off quiet." The house door was shut gently, and I thought I heard the sound of wheels and horses' feet.

I rushed back to my room—the day was just beginning to dawn. I tore aside the window-curtain, and looked into the court below—but it was empty. I strained my eyes, but could not see any signs of footsteps, or any traces of a skirmish, as I expected. There was not light enough to discern anything distinctly. I fancied I heard receding wheels and horses' hoofs clattering in the distance, but could not feel certain of anything, and I think I was then about to faint. My head turned giddy. I grasped a chair near me, and had just sense and strength enough to summon up all my remaining energy, and make a rush for the bed, on to which I fell; and then I remembered no more.

When I again opened my eyes, I saw Betty sitting by the bed. The sun was streaming in through the little window with all its July strength, making the room look very cheerful, and lighting up the great quaint oak wardrobe, showing it to be a wonderful piece of carving, and by no means gloomy-looking, except as to its color. There might have been a window or two more in the room with great effect, for all the bright summer sun could not take the bed out a perpetual shadow; but still everything looked much more cheerful than the night before.

I looked at Betty with astonishment at first, but by degrees remembered where I was; and when she asked if I had slept well, I rose immediately, and was soon dressed. While I was so occupied not a single incident of the night had come into my mind. I felt tired and bewildered, but thought (if I thought about it at all) that my fatigue was the result of my previous day's travelling.

When I left the room with Betty I started violently at the sight of the hole for the step-ladder, and with a strange feeling of horror, which I could not understand, tried to laugh at my awkwardness in descending. When I entered my uncle's sitting-room I found all the farm household assembled for morning prayer. My uncle beckoned me to his side, gave me a silent greeting and a kiss, and immediately proceeded with the service.

When prayers were over the farmer's wife came to pay her respects to me, hoping I was not too tired—was sure I slept well, as she knew that bed was the most comfortable one in the house. I answered, as I thought suitably, feeling very shy, but was roused from my shyness and every other feeling at the sound of a voice close to me, speaking to my uncle.

Turning sharply round, in fright and terror, though I did not know why, I heard the former say, "We's afeard we made a awful noise last night; but they pigs were that contrary, sum on 'em would run into the house when we was a hoisting of 'em into the cart, and shruck as if stuck. We gagged 'em at last, and chucked 'em into the cart like sacks of wheat. Bill was quiet as could be. Hope little miss didn't hear; but 'spose your reverence told her it was pig-night, so she'd not take fright if she heard a scuffle. They lanterns, too, would flash up in the wrong place."

Then all the night's agony burst upon my mind, and I broke down in a fit of uncontrollable laughing and crying. Everything was explained to me—how the pigs were always taken to market at night, for the town in which they were sold was some miles distant, and it was necessary to leave soon after midnight, in order to be in time for the morning market; how piggies sometimes went off quietly, and how last night they wouldn't; how Uncle and Betty forgot to warn me that there might be a noise in the night, for they were so used to it that if all the pigs had been stuck and had shrieked their heads off, they would not have been disturbed.

Then, between sobs and laughing, I told all my terrors of the night, and in a few minutes laughter predominated, and my uncle pretended to be very much offended that I should have mistaken a set of gagged pigs, doomed to slaughter, for so many human beings.

I have only to add that my nervous ill-

ness was quite cured, though certainly by rather rough means, and such as no one would willingly have used.—*Herald of Health.*

## GOLDEN LINKS.

BY CLARA L. PENDRIES.

"'Tis but the mite, sir, the widow's mite; yet it is given cheerfully; and I dare believe a blessing will follow it wherever it goes."

The widow was wrinkled and bent, and she lived quite alone in a poor little cottage in the large manufacturing town of L. Her limbs trembled with the palsy of years, but her faded eyes brightened as she drew from her purse the small coin, and gave it into the hand extended to receive it.

"A blessing will indeed attend your offering," returned the agent, who was soliciting for a worthy charity; "and believing this, I take it gladly. You, likewise, good mother, will be blessed in giving."

"I am blessed in giving," she answered gently. "My store is scanty, but my wants are few, and I love to help on every noble cause."

The agent bowed respectfully, lifting his hat as he passed out of the yard, and then walked slowly down the street, repeating half unconsciously the words of Jesus, "Verily I say unto you that this poor widow hath cast in more than all they which have cast into the treasury."

"Did ye speak to me, sir?" inquired a stalwart, brown-faced boy, roughly clad and carrying a market basket, as he moved along the sidewalk beside the agent. "Ye might well say that, sir," proceeded the lad with ready speech, "for she has a tough time of it gettin' along, folks say, let alone her helpin' other poor people. I was just awonderin' how she'd even a penny to give away."

"Are you acquainted with her, my boy?" asked the gentleman.

"Acquainted with her!" quoth Jack Flemming, eagerly. "That I am. Everybody in L. knows the widdier Burley. She was rich once, an' used to give a heap, I've heard tell. Then her husband died, an' she got poor, so her son had to support her. Then he died, an' now she jest gets on as she ken! Bless if I know how sometimes."

"Ah, but she is a noble woman, my lad," returned the agent, "a veritable mother in Israel. Think you, we shall find waiting for us in the eternal kingdom as rich a store of treasure as she has gathered there during these years of cheerful giving?"

"You bet we won't!" cried Jack emphatically, as he darted down a side street, the

nearest cut to the grocery where he served in the capacity of errand boy. He ran but a few steps, then slackened his pace and lingered strangely.

"That cut me, it did!" he presently exclaimed, dropping the basket and wiping his heated face. "I an't had nothin' go acrost me like that. I dunno when! Never a crumb in her cupboard 'cept half a slice of bread an' an old blue pertater. 'Twas open an' I peeked in. Wonder if she won't have to go without milk in her tea to-night, while Sue an' I always has all we want, an' Sue gives me twenty-five cents every week to spend as I like. Twenty-five cents for peanuts an' soda water. Here's the cash." And Jack's fingers exploring the depths of an old pocket, drew from thence a dirty, crumpled quarter of a dollar. "I've half a mind to give this to you, chap. I shouldn't jest like to have the fellers know it," proceeded he, hesitating, and looking tealhily both right and left, yet more than half resolved; "but I reckon I shan't be able to relish a peanut this week anyhow? It kinder cut me, it did, to see her fumblin' about in that little purse with them skinny old hands an' she so starved like! I wisht I hadn't seen it!"

But Jack had seen it, and Jack, uncouth, ragged specimen that he was, had a heart quick to feel and ready to respond to every generous sentiment; and that heart soon got the better of the half-shame which this new impulse had awakened, for he bid his basket behind a door and ran quickly back.

The agent was but a short distance in advance. During the interval he had encountered Mr. Belden, the owner of the paper mills, and as Jack emerged upon the highway, the latter gentleman was just putting away his pocket-book with a pompous air, while his companion was making an entry in his note-book, looking meanwhile exceedingly grave and disappointed.

"I say, sir!" cried the boy, breathless and in great haste, lest his good resolution should fail him. "Look a here! I—I want to give this—that is, I—I—if you'll take it, you know!" And Jack's hand, half extended, half held back, displayed in the open palm the tiny bit of scrip.

"Take it, my lad? that I will!" said the agent approvingly. "Gifts like this are worth everything to me because of the faith and hope they inspire. If the rich would only respond as readily and in the same proportion to their means as do the poor!" he added to himself; then aloud,

"Thank you, my good fellow, I believe you have made a sacrifice in giving this. I know what money is to a lad like you. But, my boy, I can promise you, you will receive it all back again, yes, multiplied a hundred fold. You will never regret the gift, never."

"No, sir." Jack's face glowed. He

thrust his fingers through a great ragged shock of unkempt hair, entirely unable to find other relief for his excitement and delight; then ran hastily away.

Quite blindly, however, for he had proceeded scarcely half a square ere he ran against a neat, bright-eyed young girl of about eighteen, who instantly grasped his arm and exclaimed, "Jack! Jack! why, what in the world have you been doing? And where are you going so fast and in such a heat?"

"I—I—why, not much of anything," stammered Jack, very red and greatly confused. "I say, Sue! why an't you in the mill to-day?"

"The machinery has been stopped for repairs this afternoon so we have a half holiday," returned Sue, good naturedly, "and I've just been stopping to call upon Mary Gleason, who is ill, you know. But, Jack, what did you give that man yonder!"

"Give that man yonder!" repeated Jack, trying to look unconscious. "Oh, nothing much, Sue, no harm anyhow."

"No, indeed, I'm sure of that," persisted Sue, "for I saw he was the agent who is trying to get money to build an Orphan Asylum. Did you give him any, Jacky? Don't be asamed of it, dear. I'm quite proud of you if you did."

"Bother!" muttered Jack in exceeding embarrassment. "I—I—yes, if you must know, I wisht you'd been walkin' somewhere else jest then, Sue. 'Twas only the quarter anyhow. O there, I've got to go straight to the grocery." Jack dashed down the street, seized his basket and hurried out of sight, while Sue watched his perturbed departure with a smiling face.

"'Twas real good of Jack," she murmured, "and I'm heartily ashamed of myself." Sue and Jack Flemming were orphans, and the former worked in Mr. Belden's paper mill. The two lived together, and Sue, the discreetest of sisters, aware of the fact that boys must not be held in too great restraint lest they take undue liberty, and trusting her brother for an honest, well-meaning lad, as indeed he was, gave him each week for spending money a quarter of a dollar from the three dollars paid by his employers. The remainder of his wages and her weekly earnings enabled them to rent a cheap room, and purchase the simple necessities of life. Both had to labor hard of course; yet both were young, trustful, healthy, and so happy.

"Yes, I'm positively ashamed of myself," repeated Sue. "It was a great sacrifice for Jacky. He's a good boy and never deceives me, and now he'll not have a penny in his pocket all this week. I really think I ought to give something. I know what a sad time homeless children often have," she added with a sigh. "I ought to be very thankful Jacky and I have always got

along so comfortably. Only to think of the wickedness and sin into which we might have fallen! Now there's the money I put away to buy me a scarf and collar—three dollars," mused Sue. "I don't really need either; twould only be pleasant to have them. And the poor orphans are in actual want of shoes and dresses and food. I verily believe I could'n't enjoy a new collar with thinking of that now, and perhaps I shall never have another such a good chance to contribute. I wonder how Jacky happened to think of giving his quarter! It seems so strange, I verily believe I should have neglected it quite, if he hadn't made me think of it."

Sue unclasped her pocket book, took from the inner compartment two neatly folded bills, stepped hastily forward down the street and gave them to the agent; "It's but a trifle, sir," she said, half apologetically, "but I was left an orphan when I was very young, and I should like now to help other homeless children as much as I can."

"Thank and bless you, my girl," said the good man.

Sue walked on with a light heart, unconscious that any eye save that of the Infinite had marked her simple act. Yet at that instant a lady elegantly dressed in silk and laces tripped down the street. She looked sharply at Sue as she passed.

"I know that girl," muttered Mrs. Crawford. "She works in brother William's factory, and earns, probably, about five or six dollars a week, and has given three, as much as three hundred would be for me."

Mrs. Crawford walked on slowly and thoughtfully. "I havn't three hundred dollars at my command just now to give, but I have a hundred and fifty which I had put away for a new silk dress. What do I need of a new silk? There's my black train silk, my gros-grain walking suit, the brown silk, the lavender party dress—the small stripe and the ashes of roses. Six of them already, and that poor girl probably never owned a frock worth more than five or six dollars. Then my income is five thousand; hers, at most about three hundred. Bless me, how do the poor get along! And I had intended to give twenty dollars for the Asylum! I wonder what Will gave. I mean to ask him. But first, what shall I give? That twenty dollars is too mean to think about now. Shall I do without the dress? What is it to do without but a folly and a vanity? And I call myself a Christian! Ah me! There's something amiss in us that we dare answer to such a holy name, and yet are so foolish, so worldly, so selfish. What shall I give? What do I ask? Dare I neglect my conscience which tells me I ought to give up that needless dress in order to help the starving and the home-

less? One hundred and fifty with twenty added makes one hundred and seventy. I'll do the just thing for once, if only for the shame I feel when I remember some of my past donations."

Mrs. Crawford stopped at the factory and went at once to her brother's counting-room. "Will," said she, "I wish you would write me a check for two hundred dollars on the Eagle Bank."

Mr. Belden opened his check-book. "What now?" inquired he, carelessly, "a new dress, or a love of a bonnet, or a set of jewelry, eh, Fanny?"

"Never mind what now," returned little Mrs. Crawford. "I want the money, directly, if you please. Dresses and jewelry! Absurd! By the way, Will, what do you think I saw just now down the street?"

"Never could guess in the world," answered the stately Mr. Belden, yawning. "What was it?"

"Just this. One of your mill girls, whose name and a portion of whose history I happen to know, a poor young girl, orphaned too, with a younger brother at least partly dependent upon her, actually giving three dollars—three dollars! think of that, Will, more than three thousand would be for you!—to the agent who is in town soliciting for an Orphan's Home. Now isn't that the true spirit of charity?"

"Charity!" growled Mr. Belden impatiently. "The spirit of extravagance, rank extravagance. A fool and his money are soon parted. Don't tell me anything more that you saw, Fanny. The girl ought to go without her supper."

"Possibly she will be obliged to," retorted Mrs. Crawford, quickly. "At any rate, Will, if that is extravagance, it's a kind in- to which you and I stand in very little danger of falling. In fact, we might err a little in the same direction and yet not suffer."

"What spirit of unreason has taken possession of you, Fanny?" inquired Mr. Belden, half amused, half vexed, as he gazed keenly into his sister's face. "Give me back that check, I verily believe you are going to spend it upon the Orphans. Here, I want it. Come back Fanny."

But Mrs. Crawford had laughed and hurried from the room.

"Upon my word, she's done it!" exclaimed Mr. Belden, standing at the office window and watching the lady in the street below. "Actually delivered over the whole check! The mischief's in these women! They're always flying off on a tangent about something. Is she crazy? I wouldn't have had her do it for five hundred dollars, no not for five hundred dollars! 'Twill cost me more than that as it is." And Mr. Belden began to walk back and forth excitedly. He had been

gliding serenely over a sea of self-satisfaction for the last hour, congratulating himself upon the spirit of liberality which had prompted the transfer of fifty dollars from his well-filled purse into the treasury of the Asylum; but the soothing zephyrs had died quite away, and his sails now hung limp and motionless in the stagnant air. "Foolish woman! Rash, extravagant woman! Two hundred dollars! Couldn't afford it!" again growled the irate gentleman. "It will be spread over the town of course. Two hundred from her! Fifty from me!" Mr. Belden indulged in a grimace. "Her income is five thousand; mine seventy-five! Never'll do, never. It will cost me, yes, that silly woman's mad act will cost me one thousand dollars. I call it cheap at that. If I hadn't happened to draw up that check I should never have known it; and then her folly would have damaged me fifty thousand more in the way of credit, public sentiment, and all that! Fact! I must hurry too." Another check was at once written, and the office boy sent to call in the agent. The latter received with much suavity apologies for the amount of the previous donation offered, confessions of having reconsidered the question were made, and would Mr.— please accept this more suitable sum? Of course these generous bestowments were shouted from the housetop, and by reason of them many other wealthy citizens in L. opened wide their purses. But nobody ever spoke of the insignificant gifts of the widow Gurley, and Jack and Sue Flemming, because, forsooth, nobody knew of them. Even had this been otherwise, they seemed hardly worthy a place beside the other more princely offerings. Yet were these not mentioned in the songs of the angels, and their renown shouted from height to height in the land where are eternal mansions, and treasure that waxed not old? I think, too, in the books of heaven the donations of Mr. Belden, Mrs. Crawford and their friends must have been all set down to the credit of poor, hard-working Sue Flemming; and hers with theirs made to swell the interest of rough yet honest Jack's; and all these together somehow added in with the glorious riches awaiting poor old widow Gurley. So welded together in one grand chain are these many golden links.—*Advocate and Guardian.*

#### THE STORY OF A WONDERFUL BOY MATHEMATICIAN.

Mr. Hope, the author of "A Book about Boys," writes in an English magazine:—  
The name of Henri Mondeux was well known in the scientific circles of Paris, in 1841. He was born at Neuve le Roy, near Tours, in 1826. His father was an industri-

ous woodcutter; his mother, *femme de peine* in a farm. When he had attained the mature age of seven his father informed him that it was his duty to work for a living, and he was sent to keep sheep. In his lonely hours in the meadows he amused himself by incessantly counting over little heaps of pebbles, and arranging them in different ways. His talent for rapid calculation was considered by the ignorant villagers as proof positive of diabolical possession. In all monetary difficulties of the little community, he was the authorized referee, as no one in the village could calculate with such amazing rapidity and infallible exactness. The admiration excited by his powers was not unmingled with awe, as the little rascal pretended that he could cast an evil eye on the cattle of those who displeased him. His reputation spread far and wide in the country, and it became a favorite amusement to have him divert the company on *fete* days at the neighboring farms.

One day he met two ladies, who, struck by his appearance, entered into conversation with him. In course of the conversation Henri offered to tell the youngest her age in seconds if she would mention how old she was.

"Nineteen," said the young lady.

Instantly he replied, "You have lived 599,184,000 seconds."

This little adventure being related to Mr. Jacoby, a young and enthusiastic schoolmaster at Tours, he was struck with astonishment, and having verified the calculation, he determined to make the acquaintance of the young shepherd.

Henri spoke first, asking the simple question, "What o'clock is it?"

"It is the half of the quarter of three quarters of twelve," replied Mr. Jacoby.

"Then I can tell you, sir, exactly what time it is," replied Henri; "it is half-past one."

The answer was given after the lapse of a minute. Other questions were given and answered with equal facility, when Mr. Jacoby discovered to his surprise that Henri could neither read, write, nor cipher, and had not the slightest acquaintance with fractions, or any of the ordinary rules of arithmetic.

\* \* \* It was soon known in Touraine that Mr. Jacoby had adopted the strangely gifted child, and visitors came in crowds to verify the accounts they had heard of him.

To satisfy public curiosity, Mr. Jacoby fixed a day on which he would receive all the notabilities of the Department. Henri was in a state of calm delight.

One of the first questions put to him was, "What is the sum of the squares of the first thirty-two numbers?"

After a few minutes' pause he responded, "11,440."

“Not right, not right.”

“O yes it is,” replied Henri. “Stop, I will do it again.” After a minute’s pause he again asserted that he was right.

“No, no,” said the examiner, “you are wrong, my boy; I have calculated it also; one of us is in the wrong.”

“Then it is you, sir,” cried Henri with energy. “I will maintain it to my dying day.”

The examiner, the well-known engineer, Monsieur Bandemoulin, considered for a moment, and then burst out laughing, saying, “The little rogue is right after all.”

He was asked many other questions, and acquitted himself to the surprise of all present.

To vary the monotony of his existence in his new school-life, Mr. Jacoby took Henri walking tours, to exhibit his calculating powers, at the neighboring colleges, and schools. Vendome, Blois, Orleans, Angers, and many other towns were scenes of triumph for Henri, whose acuteness and readiness surprised the most practiced mathematicians of the day. To their amazement they discovered that this untaught peasant boy was no mere calculating machine, but a thorough mathematician in its widest sense. From the depth of his own consciousness he had evolved all the known formulas, and many others entirely original.

He was asked the following question: “In a public square there is a fountain, containing an unknown quantity of water; around it stand a group of people carrying pitchers, capable of containing a certain unknown quantity of water. They draw at the following rate: The first takes 100 quarts, and  $\frac{1}{13}$ th of the remainder; the second, 200 quarts and  $\frac{1}{13}$ th of the remainder; the third, 300 quarts and  $\frac{1}{13}$ th, and so on, until the fountain was emptied. How many quarts were there?”

In a few seconds he gave the answer, and this is the simple process by which he obtained the result: Take the denominator of the fraction, subtract one; that gives the number of persons. Multiply that by the number of quarts taken by the first person—that is, by 100—and you get the equal quantities taken by each; square this number, and multiply by the number of quarts, and you get the quantity in the fountain. Thus:

$13-1=12$  number of persons.

$12 \times 100=1,200$  number of quarts taken by each.

$12 \times 100=14,400$  number of quarts in the fountain.

Again, he was asked: “A father leaves among his children a sum to be divided as follows: The eldest to take 1,000 francs and the ninth part, the second 2,000 francs and the ninth part,—what is the number of children and francs?”

$9-1=8$  number of children.

$8 \times 1,000=8,000$  portion of each.

$8 \times 1,000=8,000$  sum to be divided.

Such were among the simplest questions which he answered with a rapidity and exactitude which sometimes disconcerted his examiners.

Paris was the scene of his greatest renown. Arago, Chateaubriand, Georges Sand, Alfred de Vigny, and many others, received him with enthusiasm. He was feted, caressed, wondered at.

## H Y M N .

BY THE LATE MRS. WEISS.

[Daughter of the late Archbishop of Dublin; composed on her death-bed].

Jesus, I am never weary,  
When upon this bed of pain;  
If Thy presence only cheer me,  
All my loss I count but gain;  
Ever near me,—  
Ever near me, Lord, remain!

Dear ones come with fruit and flowers,  
Thus to cheer my heart the while,  
In these deeply anxious hours;  
Oh! if Jesus only smile!—  
Only Jesus  
Can these trembling fears beguile.

All my sins were laid upon Thee,  
All my griefs were on Thee laid;  
For the blood of Thine atonement,  
All my utmost debt has paid;  
Dearest Saviour!  
I believe, for Thou hast said.

Dearest Saviour! go not from me;  
Let Thy presence still abide;  
Look in tenderest love upon me,—  
I am sheltering at Thy side.  
Dearest Saviour!

Who for suffering sinners died.  
Both mine arms are clasped around Thee,  
And my head is on Thy breast;  
For my weary soul has found Thee,  
Such a perfect, perfect rest.  
Dearest Saviour!  
Now I know that I am blest.

## “WHICH WAS A SINNER?”

She sat and wept beside his feet; the weight  
Of sin oppressed her heart; for all the blame  
And the poor malice of worldly shame  
To her was past, extinct, and out of date.  
Only the sin remained—the leprous stain;  
She would be melted by the heat of love,  
By fires far fiercer than are blown to prove  
And purge the silver ore adulterate.  
She sat and wept, and with her undressed hair  
Still wiped the feet she was so blessed to touch;  
And he wiped off the soiling of despair  
From her sweet soul, because she loved so much.  
I am a sinner, full of doubts and fears;  
Make me a humble thing of love and tears.

## Young Folks.



### EFFIE HAMILTON'S WORK.

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

(Continued.)

#### CHAPTER IV.

By Sympathy's untutor'd voice  
Be taught her social laws to keep;  
Rejoice with them that do rejoice,  
And weep with them that weep.

The heart that bleeds for others' woes,  
Shall feel each selfish sorrow less;  
His breast who happiness bestows,  
Reflected happiness shall bless.

—E. Cartwright.

Feeling somewhat calmed by her determination, Jeanie fell into a troubled slumber; but scarce had the rosy light of morning made its way through crowded roofs to the tiny window of her room ere she awoke, at the same time rousing Effie, for the house was all astir, and the streets already crowded. For a moment the little one looked round her in astonishment; but mammy was there, so Effie had no cause for fear. Oh! that all, whether young or old, felt that sweet abiding trust in their Father in heaven that a little child places in its mother's love! What a happy world this would be!

In a few moments a quick step came along the narrow passage, and the door of the room was thrown open by the landlady, who exclaimed:

"I thought you mightn't hear the breakfast bell, so I came to tell you that when you're ready you can just step down; the coffee's been bilin' this half hour and more. Just make yourselves to hum, and walk right down. How's the young one? rested now? Looks as though she was anyhow; them red cheeks are a caution to city folks, I can tell you. But come right along."

Leading the way with firm, quick steps the worthy hostess passed quickly down the stairs, directly into a long, low room, with floor painted bright yellow, and green and white paper blinds adorning the small-paned windows, where already a swarm of flies were buzzing lustily. One long table ran the length of the room; it was covered by a white cloth and loaded with good things, fresh supplies being constantly added from a smoking kitchen to which a door led, and from which savory fumes were emitted. Around the table some half-dozen men were seated, busily employed in the—to them—all-absorbing occupation of breaking their twelve hours' fast.

The eaters cast curious glances on Jeanie and Effie as they entered, but did not allow themselves in any way to be interrupted in their performances. Effie was shy, and it was some time before she would touch the bread and milk her mother got for her, refusing, much to the hostess' astonishment, offers of sausages and fried cakes. But soon the child, who was too easy and natural to be afraid, began looking about her with interest, and even ventured to give a shy smile at one of her opposite neighbors.

"A kinder nice little un that:" said the man to his companion, as he shoved his chair back and rose to leave the room. "Minds me like of a child I had who took scarlet fever and went right off; wonder what the poor thing is going to do in this fast country; I feel kinder as if I'd be like to help 'em somehow."

"Oh, you're a queer un;" returned the other, "allers feelin' as if you'd like to help some one."

"Well, folks' as helped me in my time Bill, and why shouldn't I help others?"

"I don't know why you shouldn't if the thing's to your mind; each one please himself, that's my motto; but, I say, if you go on like this we'll be late, and the boss will help you, I'm thinking."

The two went out, and soon one by one followed them, until none but Jeanie and Effie were left; then the mother took the little one and sat down with her on the step of the verandah to which the outer door opened. There the two remained in silence—the one lost in sad thought, the other amused and interested by the scenes of city life passing around her. Very soon the pair were joined by the landlady, who, having waited a reasonable time, as she thought, for her guest to make known the particulars of her situation, could restrain her curiosity, and, perhaps, anxiety as to the probability of payment, no longer, and therefore drew near to gain her end, if possible, by a few adroit questions.

"I guess as how you're about tired out with that long journey of yours," she remarked, as, standing in the doorway with her arms akimbo, she eyed the strangers.

"Indeed, I am just tired," returned Jeanie, in a manner not encouraging.

"And you came all the way from Scotland, I guess."

"Aye, a' the way tra'e' our ain countrie."

"Are you all by yourself?" continued her questioner.

"Na, I hae the bairn."

"But have you no men folk along."

"Na, nane but the men about the ship; save, indeed, one gran' gentleman;" replied Jeanie.

"You're coming out. I calculate, to service, aint you? But the young one will be a hindrance. If you could just make up your mind to leave her with me; she's a nice kind of little thing, and might grow up real handy."

"Na, ye shall no part Effie and me. Na, na," exclaimed the mother with hot cheeks.

"Now don't take on; I didn't mean to offend you; I only thought if you were

going to service you might want some one to tend the gal, for there aint many I guess that would take you both," rejoined the hostess.

"There's nae need for it," returned Jeanie, startled from her reserve. "We hae just come to find the gudeman and tak' him back wi' us; and I don't know if I'll e'en wait for that; for it's a great big place and I'd be just lost in it wi' the pair bairn."

"Du tell!" exclaimed the landlady. "Did I ever! Who'd have thought it! And when did your husband come out?"

"Mair than three years syne, and I'm just worn oot grievin' for him; for never a scrape o' a letter hae I had all these years."

"Well, now, I'm sorry for you. It's a hard place to find him in is New York. What's his name?"

"Duncan Hamilton. Maybe now you'd ken something o' the lad," said poor Jeanie, eagerly looking up in her questioner's face.

"Hamilton? Hamilton?—let me see. There's such a lot of all names comes; but somehow I seem to know the name. I'll ask the old man when he comes in to dinner; but in the meantime what are you going to do? If I can help you I'd be glad—I would."

"Thank ye kindly. I hae siller that'll keep me a week or twa wi' ye, gin ye will keep me," said the cautious Jeanie, adding, "and I can just help ye in ony way. I can wash and clear starch wi' the best, I can say truly, and will be glad to do ought."

So it came to pass that Effie and her mother took up their abode in "The Traveller's Rest," and were as happy there as they could be so far from their own dear home. Perhaps it was not the best place in the world for little Effie; but there was an innate purity and innocence about the child that kept her from harm; and, above all, there were her mother's prayers and the protecting, shielding power of Him who loves little children, and, best of all, those who love him as little Effie did, young as she was. Jeanie, even when about her household duties as one of the Merrit family, never forgot the object of her long Atlantic journey—never did she go to rest without having, in some part of the day, with little Effie, wandered as far as she dared in the busy streets, scanning

every passing face, and asking many if they knew "one Duncan Hamilton." Sometimes on reaching home, weary and disheartened, she would feel as if she could not sit down at ease while she knew not where her husband was; yet what could she do? To leave the Merrits, who had been so kind to her, would be to deprive herself of a comfortable home, and with her child wander friendless and shelterless—as unsuccessful, perhaps, as she had hitherto been. There were times when she almost wished she had left Effie at home, as her parents had so earnestly urged her to do; she thought, were she alone, she would care little what privations she underwent, what sufferings she endured; but then, what a comfort the little one was. How dreary, how desolate she would be without her—her winning ways, her loving caresses, alone made life happy.

Thus the weeks and months sped away, long and dreary enough to poor Jeanie—months in which the poor wife's form grew slighter, her cheeks more hollow—months in which "faither and mither at hame" sat and spoke of the absent ones, or mused about them with aching hearts—months in which Effie grew to be quite a little woman, and even helpful in the busy house, in which she lost much of her Highland innocence, though not her modesty, and with the aptitude of childhood gradually exchanged many of her quaint Scotch sayings for American terms, and the Highland accent for Yankee peculiarities. The season, too, changed; summer with its hot days and still hotter nights faded away, and Autumn winds were blowing, and Autumn leaves were falling—not that Jeanie Hamilton saw many of these, but she dreamt of them dropping from the tall trees round the far-off home. But those biting November blasts—ah! she felt them keenly enough,—they seemed to chill her very heart. Still even fiercer winds blew, the cold grew more intense, until, to the inexperienced Scotchwoman, the country seemed a veritable land of ice and snow. Often and often did she wander down to the busy, crowded wharf to watch the ocean steamers come in, gazing with dim eyes at the pale, wan immigrants, yet very seldom

hearing the sweet accent she loved so well, and never recognizing a familiar face; for, numerous as were Irish, German, and even Italian and Spanish immigrants, it was seldom a Scotch family left their "ain countrie" for the unknown lands across the wide Atlantic. Often, too, Jeanie, with Effie at her side, would take the ferry, and crossing to the gay, crowded metropolis, wander as far as she dared, looking in vain for the face she sought among those of every hue and nationality that poured past her in confusing masses, until her eyes swam and her heart ached with that never ending disappointment. Long ago would she have left New Jersey and sought a home in New York, but the Merrits had been very kind to her; besides she had placed an advertisement in a leading paper, and she trusted to find her lost husband more by this than she would have confessed even to herself. So, unwilling to leave her present abode, which she had given as her address, she lingered on; winter meanwhile giving place to spring, and spring melting into summer.

Sorely, sorely was this woman's faith and trust tried, but gracious had her God been to her in finding her a home in a foreign land, and should she doubt him? Unweariedly did she strive to root this same trust in her child's heart, for often she felt as if she would not long be spared to her darling; but she was comforted by the thought that if she died the little one could easily make her way back to old Scotland, and once there all would be well.

It was one hot evening in August when Jeanie, with Effie, set out on her daily search sadder even than was her wont. Little Effie had seen much that day at the "Rest" the mother would fain the child had never known of. It was with a sort of desperate feeling Jeanie made her way to the wharf where, a year before, she had landed so full of hope and confident anticipations of success in her efforts to find her husband. Alas, how bitterly had those hopes been blasted! She would scarcely have hesitated to return with the vessel then lying beside the busy pier, but little by little her hoarded stock of "siller" had dwindled away; week by week the purse—never heavy—had grown lighter, and the

lonely woman's heart heavier, until now there was scarce a shilling left. Mrs. Merrit was kind-hearted and had been very good to the stranger and her child, and of late, when she knew Jeanie's fund was low, had refused all payment for their little room; but the master of the inn was not so generous; and having discovered the fact of Mrs. Hamilton being in arrears, he began to think the Scotchwoman and her daughter were more of a loss to him than otherwise.

For a few weeks Mrs. Merrit had contrived to keep things quiet, but, unfortunately for Jeanie, the poor woman was taken very ill, and that hot August night was lying tossing on a fevered pillow. The following afternoon the husband told the poor strangers that they must look for lodgings elsewhere.

With a sad heart Jeanie gathers together all their little possessions and turns her steps down York street; the ferry is just starting; she is pushed on board amid the hurrying, noisy crowd; soon the boat is in motion, and little Effie, pleased as she always was with the activity, the life and the bustle all around, scarcely heeds her mother; but that mother, sick at heart, faint and weary, has seated herself on her carpet-bag in a quiet corner, and is vainly trying to think what she can do to keep herself and her child from starving for a month or two more; for long before winter comes she trusts to be on her way to her own Scottish home. Roused by the happy thought of "home" she starts in search of Effie, who has wandered a little from her. Jeanie finds her eagerly gazing at the moving mass thronging the streets of New York, on whose shores they will be landed in a moment. Now they are off, and the unwearied ferry boat has again started back while they thread their way through the crowd.

Lonely amid the hurrying throngs, the mother lifts her heart in earnest supplication to Him who is ever near to his people, whether by night or by day, whether alone in the weary wilderness or still more desolate in the crowded city. Surely He will find a home for the destitute, a shelter for the defenceless!

## CHAPTER V.

The blessings which the weak and poor can scatter  
Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing  
To give a cup of water; yet its draught  
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,  
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame  
More exquisite than when nectarean juice  
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.

—*Talfourd.*

Strengthened by her trust in God, Jeanie hastened on. Suddenly she came on Broadway—Broadway with its flashing lights, that were already sending forth their glow over the rude pavements. Mrs. Hamilton had never entered the grand highway before; the noise and the light bewildered her; hurried on by the ever surging stream of human beings, with Effie clinging to her, the poor creature was glad when she found a little clearing in the crowds and was able to escape into Chatham street. Could it be possible that all the distress and misery that, before she had wandered long, seemed to grow up around her, existed within hearing, almost within sight, of the gay resort of wealth and fashion? Lower and lower grew the houses; poorer and more wan the men, women and children; but Jeanie must go on—she must find a home for Effie. Alas, what sort of home was it likely to be, close to the Five Points and the Bowery!

Effie looked wonderingly in her mother's face as some ragged, emaciated child would run past them, perhaps stopping a moment to eye the strangers, or more often hurrying on heedless of a sight so often seen in the narrow, dim streets. Most of the houses were the picture of desolation; turning a corner Jeanie saw in a narrow lane even worse abodes—houses they could not be called; while up the court the noxious, impure air seemed to steam like vapor that hot night. Almost stifled, she involuntarily turned back, and in so doing ran against a rough-looking Irish woman who, with dishevelled hair and bare red arms, was in full pursuit of a carrotty-headed youngster, fleeing from her avenging hands as fast as his little thin legs would carry him.

"Arrah, now, have ye no more manners than to be running against people in that way? Sure and the walk isn't so narrow

as that comes to," vehemently exclaimed the energetic daughter of Erin.

"I didna' mean to touch ye," said Jeanie, a little indignant.

"Then what for did ye do it then? Sure there's enough round here widout any fresh ones comin'. I should think; the whole court is just crowded with young uns, hollerin' like so many wild bastes, and caterwauling wuss than cats. There's just the plague of my life; just see that brat there a grinnin' at me. Aye, ye spalpeen, ye; come here will ye and I'll break every bone in your body, you young rascal, you!

Thinking that it would be useless to apply to such a virago for a home Jeanie sadly retraced her steps until, a little further up, a cross street, looking a little more respectable, met her eye; she turned down it, and, seeing a little girl of about twelve standing at a doorway, she stopped and asked in her kindest voice, if she could tell her where she could find a night's lodging for herself and child.

"Lor, I don't know nothin' but the station," said the girl, grinning; "that's where the most 'spectable people in these parts spend the nights; leastways them as has no homes."

"Oh, I canna gang there," cried poor Jeanie in great distress. "I canna tak' the bairn to sic a place."

"Where do you live?" asked Effie, looking up earnestly at the child that to her seemed so tall and so wise.

"Right up them stajrs with old Yaller Nance; she ain't yaller like my jacket, you know," said the child, holding up her sleeve which was almost the only part of the article whole enough to permit of the color being distinguishable; "but the old witch had the jaundice most five years ago, and folks allers calls her Yaller Nance; she's a queer old thing's Yaller Nance."

"Why couldn't we stop with you?" asked Effie looking up enquiringly at the speaker.

"Lor! stop with me! Old Nance would kill me if I took ye's in; but say, I guess the old woman's gone to a wake and won't be home till morning; if ye'll promise not to tell maybe I would take you in just for the night, seeing as how ye don't like the station; but I tell ye there's as good folks as ye's been glad to get a night there. But,

I say, you can come along, if ye like, and if old Nance does wollop me I guess I don't care."

Jeanie hesitated, but night had drawn her sable curtain over the court—darkness almost unbroken reigned everywhere, and loud sounds of ribald laugh, and coarse oaths coming from the adjoining lanes, decided her, and slowly she crept after her strange guide—Effie, a little frightened, clinging close to her. Along a dark passage the girl led them, up a broken rickety stair, creaking at every tread, and then along an upper passage; stopping at last before one of the many doors opening off it, she unlocked it with a rusty key and ushered her guests in with an air of triumph.

"I guess me and Yaller Nance hain't got such a bad room after all," she exclaimed, "though some folks do turn up their noses at us; and we keeps it just about as clean as most. There did come a kind of missioner lady, here onct, and I guess she thought we might sweep a few cobwebs down; but I can tell yer, me and Nance didn't give her any 'couragement, and I guess she didn't bother herself comin' twice."

If the hostess could have known the thoughts of her silent guest, I fear she would have found her opinion of her "home" little more complimentary than that of the "missioner lady." The room could boast of nothing worthy the name of furniture—an old deal box, two dilapidated chairs, a pot that had seen better days and a frying-pan the worse for wear, were all the room contained; a bundle of dirty straw in either corner was the only thing in the shape of a bed Jeanie could see. With a heart half-broken in its sorrow, she took little Effie in her arms and rocked her there as she used to do in the happy days long gone by.

"But, mammy, I'm so hungry, I canna gang to sleep," cried the child.

"My puir bairn, my puir wee Effie, what can I do?" sobbed the mother, regardless of the observer of her sorrow.

"I say, stranger, if you've got a five cent bit round I guess I could get some supper for the young un," broke in the owner of the little room.

"How much?" asked Jeanie, roused by

the quick eager words of the girl, who with sparkling eyes anxiously awaited the result of her words. What would five cents not buy, and what luxuries! enough for her to share in!

"Five cents," she repeated, "I guess you are green if you don't know how much five cents is; well give us somethin' if you want supper and I'm off."

Carefully searching in an old stocking, while the girl watched each movement with her quick black eyes, Jeanie produced a small piece of silver and handed it to her.

"That's ten cents," exclaimed the girl, turning it over lovingly in her big hands.

"Well just tak' it and buy what you can, and you can hae a sup wi' us; God knows ye look enough as though you needed it."

"Thankee, you're a brick!" said the girl.

In a moment she was gone, taking the precaution to lock her visitors in lest any of her friends should suspect her designs. In an incredibly short space of time she was back, and Jeanie looked with astonishment at the number of articles she had managed to get with that ten cent piece; perhaps she learnt a lesson from that city girl useful to her in after days. First, there was a handful of coals and a piece or two of chip; these the girl put in the wide, dreary fire-place and placed the pot with some water in it over them. In a few moments the water boiled; then was set her thimbleful of tea to draw in an old cracked bowl. Then she proceeded with the most delightful air of hospitality to spread out her good things on the rough box; there were three good-sized rolls, three herrings, a little sugar, a little milk and one currant bun. In a few minutes all was ready and the three sat down. The girl was just bursting out in her loud tones when Jeanie said solemnly,

"Just bide a wee till we ask God's blessing."

Then, bowing her head reverently, while Effie clasped her hands and closed her eyes, she said,

"O God, bless these good things to our use, and make us truly thankful."

With eyes and mouth open wide the girl stared at her strange visitor, but there was some sense of politeness in the rough,

untaught creature that made her shrink from making remark on what seemed so strange to her; she only drew a long sigh when the grace was ended and murmured under her breath,

"Well, I never!"

Effie was delighted with the currant bun which her hostess assigned to her, and even Jeanie almost relished the simple fare; but it must be confessed the lion's share fell to the purchaser of the good things, and fully she seemed to appreciate them.

"I declare to you," she said confidentially, "I haven't had as good a feed for nigh a year; I guess the last time was when old Nance went to Widder Grime's, and I hooked five cents out of a hole she'd hid it in. Golly, warn't she mad! I tell yer she pounded me blue, but I'd ate the herrings you see, so I didn't care; I se used to it, I is."

"What's your name?" asked Effie, somewhat awed by this last announcement, for though she had never known what it was to feel a blow she had not lived in New York streets for a whole year without having seen many a "pounding" bestowed on unfortunate little ones.

"My name? Lor, I don't know as I have any right name; the folks round here call me Solly."

"Solly! that's a funny name; I like it; is Nancy your mammy?"

"Lor, no, I guess not; we ain't no relations as I knows of; I hain't got none I guess; we jist lives together that's all; she finds the room, and I finds the grub," replied the city lass.

"The what?" asked Jeanie, astonished at the word.

"The vittles; things to eat you know, and you see I can't allers get it; but Nance has to pay for the room, and when she comes home—pretty high, too, sometimes—and finds there's no grub, why, she's raging, and goes at me pretty hard sometimes."

"Come, Effie bairn, come to your rest," said Jeanie, grieved that her child should listen to such language, and yet knowing to her sorrow that she must often hear even worse while they remained in the great city; but yet Jeanie was thankful to God, thankful to poor Solly, that she was not wholly shelterless. "Say your bit

prayer," she whispered, and Effie, kneeling down on the bare dirty floor, lifted her childish voice to Him who so loves little children, and asked Him to bless her dear mammy, to bless grandfather and grandmother far away, to bless Solly (she did not even forget her), to bless Effie and make her a good little bairn, for Jesus' sake.

During the prayer, Solly had remained perfectly still, stopping in her work of "redding up," as she styled it, and listening earnestly to Effie's words; but when the child came to her, and lifting her face to be kissed, said, "Good night, Solly!" a sudden rising seemed to come in her throat. Gladly would she have taken the little form in her arms and kissed it again and again, but she dared not, and speak she could not, so she only bent down her cheek for Effie to kiss, and the little girl, a little surprised, perhaps a little grieved, crept quietly away to where her mother had lain her faded shawl over the straw and very soon was fast asleep. Jeanie, too, laid down, and clasping her child closely in her arms, as if to shield her from every harm, gave way at last to grief and fatigue and slept almost as gently and peacefully as her little bairn.

(To be continued.)

## THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

Juan Fernandez was a gentleman of the household of Prince Henry of Portugal at the time when the noble prince was sending out ships year after year to make discoveries along the coast of Africa. Like all other gentlemen who served the Prince, he took the deepest interest in those voyages; and the more because he had once been a prisoner among the Moors in Africa, and had learned their language. Being more a soldier than a sailor, he could not assist his master by taking command of a vessel, and discovering new capes, rivers, and inlets; but he was able to serve him not less effectually in another way, which called for a great deal more courage and address than he could have displayed as a mere navigator.

I have already given some account of the great cargo of slaves brought from the African coast in 1444 by Captain Lançarote and of the heartbreaking scenes which took place at Lagos in Portugal when they were sold, and torn from one another's

embrace. Few Portuguese, I suppose, looked on those scenes without being sorry for the captives. But it does not appear to have occurred to any one that it was wrong to seize innocent people on their native shore and sell them into slavery in a foreign land. The Portuguese were sorry for them very much as a farmer's family pity the anguish of a cow when her calf is taken from her. They wonder perhaps at the strength of motherly love in a beast, and regret that the interests of the farm require the separation of the calf from its mother; but they never think of giving back the calf to the poor cow on account of her bellowing. So the work of enslaving the Africans went on more vigorously than ever, and the Portuguese seem really to have been astonished that the Africans themselves objected to it.

In 1445, the very next year after the great sale of slaves, Prince Henry sent out a valiant squire of his, Gonzales de Sintra, who left Portugal determined to go beyond any one else that had ever sailed down the coast; but at the same time he was willing to pack his ship as full of captives as it could hold. But he met with disaster. Before he reached Cape Blanco, two Africans whom he had brought with him as interpreters, pretending a great love for the Portuguese, obtained the captain's permission to go on shore and see their relations, promising to return. Of course Gonzales never saw them again, and he was a good deal laughed at by his crew for trusting his interpreters.

Smarting under this ridicule, the old chroniclers tell us, he determined to wipe out his disgrace by some brilliant action. So the same night he manned a boat with twelve of his crew, intending to attack a village on the shore, and "take revenge" for the injury which he thought his two interpreters had done him by running away. Near the shore the boat ran aground, as the tide was falling it was soon hard and fast in the sand. Daylight dawned. The villagers to the number of two hundred attacked the Portuguese with spears and arrows, and killed the captain and seven of his men. The rest leaped into the sea and saved their lives by swimming to the ship. Disheartened by the loss of their captain and comrades, the crew hoisted anchor and sailed for Portugal, where they related their sad mishap to the Prince.

Now the Portuguese appear to have thought it particularly "barbarous" in these poor people to have thus defended their lives and liberty against Captain Gonzales de Sintra. It seemed to them the most natural thing in the world for Gonzales to revenge upon those villagers the wrong he fancied he had received; and all Portugal would have rejoiced if he had brought the whole population, men, women,

and children, to Lagos, and sold them at auction. But when the news was spread abroad that they had risen in arms upon a noble Christian gentleman and cavalier, and killed him with a poisoned arrow, the people were shocked at their inhumanity, and the Prince determined to send an expedition for the purpose of "converting those barbarous nations to the faith of Christ"; and, if they would not consent to be baptized, of cultivating peace and friendship with them. It is difficult for us to comprehend how they could have felt so; yet it is all gravely recorded by an historian of the time, who evidently saw no inconsistency whatever in the conduct of his countrymen.

The next summer Prince Henry and his brother prepared three vessels, and directed the captains to go to the very spot where Gonzales had met his death, and there use all their endeavors to convince the people of the excellence of Christianity, and persuade them to be baptized. Priests provided with the splendid garments worn by them in celebrating the mass, and carrying with them crosses and sacramental vessels, accompanied the expedition. In one of the ships went Juan Fernandez, whose knowledge of the language of the Moors, it was thought, would be of great assistance in bringing about their conversion to Christianity. The three vessels sailed on this mission early in the summer, and soon arrived off the place that had proved so fatal to the Portuguese the summer before.

I suppose I need hardly say that no converts were made by these gentlemen. The people inhabiting that coast had a religion of their own,—the Mohammedan,—to which they were strongly attached; and we must own that the conduct of the Christians in stealing harmless fishermen and sleeping villagers was not calculated to recommend their religious teaching. The Moors, it is true, were in the habit of entrapping negroes and selling them as slaves; but although millions of our race have thought it a good thing for other people to be slaves, no one ever liked slavery for himself and his own father, mother, brother, or sister. Hence, the Moors, as we are told, hardened their hearts against the message of the Portuguese, and could not be convinced that they meant them any good. Upon one old Moor, however, a favorable impression was made.

Having heard Juan Fernandez speak much of the goodness and greatness of Prince Henry, this old man said he would like to go in one of the vessels and pay the Prince a visit. The voyagers gladly received him, knowing well that nothing could please the Prince better than to get such knowledge of Africa as this native could impart.

Then it was that Juan Fernandez made up his mind to render the Prince a service which no one had yet dared to attempt. He volunteered to go on shore and be left behind by the ships till the next summer, intending to live among the natives in their own way, and pick up all the knowledge he could of that part of Africa, and of the unknown countries to the south, trusting to the chance of being seen and taken off by some vessel in the course of the next season. His captain consented, Fernandez was set on shore, with no clothes but those he had on, and with a little biscuit, wheat, and dried fish,—enough to last him a few days. He landed near the Ouro River, on the border of the Great Desert, whence, after bidding farewell to his companions, he directed his steps toward the interior, and was soon lost to view.

The three vessels sailed for Portugal. The old Moor who had so much faith and curiosity was received by the Prince with the greatest possible friendliness. He gave him lodgings in his own palace at Sagres. He provided him with handsome clothes in the Portuguese style, and gave him such princely entertainment that the old man was in no hurry to be sent home. The Prince questioned him closely and often respecting his country and his people, and when he had extracted from him all that he knew, sent him back in one of the ships laden with valuable presents, designing thus to spread abroad among the people of the desert a notion of the liberality of the Portuguese and the superiority of their religion. It never seemed to have crossed his mind that the plundering habits of his servants might perhaps influence the benighted Africans rather more than the presents bestowed upon this aged chief. Positively, this good Prince,—one of the best men then living, and one of the wisest too,—had such a sense of the advantage of being a Christian, that he appears to have thought the Africans themselves must be pleased to be carried off and sold as slaves in a Christian country.

It was wonderful what wicked and cruel things the Portuguese did on that coast; but the most wonderful thing of all was that they had not the least idea they were doing wrong. One noble cavalier, within a year of the time when Fernandez landed, caught sight of some women on the African shore. The valiant gentleman had a boat manned, and went in pursuit of this valuable game. He captured a girl of fourteen and a woman of thirty, with her child two years old. The girl of fourteen was got into the boat easily enough; but the woman was so strong and struggled so resolutely, that the crew could not drag her along. Fearing that her cries would bring the natives to her rescue, these ingenious Christians hit upon a way of overcoming her scruples.

One of them took the child in his arms, and walked with it toward the boat. The poor mother seeing this, resisted no longer, but followed her child, and was secured. These were the people whom Prince Henry was so anxious to convert and make friends of; and such were the deeds which his honored and trusted servants perpetrated.

Juan Fernandez, meanwhile, was enjoying the hospitality of the Africans. He had landed, as I have said, on the edge of the Great Desert of Sahara. and he saw before him a vast expanse of level country, thinly covered with grass, and dotted here and there with stunted palms,—a barren prairie, affording but scanty sustenance for beasts, and leaving man to eke out his living from the sea. After parting with his comrades he walked on, carrying his little store of provisions, until he met a number of natives, who led him to one of their villages, treating him on the way with much civility. He found their language different from that of the Moors of Morocco, but still he was able to make himself understood, and he said everything he could think of to win their favor.

Arrived at the village, they took away his biscuit, grain, and fish, and stripped him of his clothes. In return they gave him a kind of blanket, very old and ragged, and not as clean as it might have been, with which to cover himself. It is a hot country,—the thermometer rising sometimes to one hundred and thirty-six in the shade, and to one hundred and fifty-six in the sun,—so that he needed only clothing enough to keep the sun from blistering his skin. Far from offering any objection to this robbery, Fernandez pretended to be quite willing to give up everything he had, telling them that he wished to live among them in their own manner. He must have been a man of a great deal of tact and good-nature, this Juan Fernandez.—one of those men who know how to make themselves at home wherever they go.

When night came they spread before him a strange repast. One of the viands was grasshoppers dried and roasted in the sun; and to this was added some roots and fresh sprouts. For drink they gave him camel's milk, the water on that coast having so much salt as to be hardly fit to drink. Sometimes they gave him lizards to eat, and for bread a kind of pounded seed which grows in that region. Occasionally they shot a few birds, which gave them a great feast, and frequently they caught a few fish in the ocean. It very often happened, however, that for several weeks at a time these poor wretches had hardly any food except the milk of their camels. This was poor fare for a Portuguese gentleman; but Fernandez made the best of it, and put his time to good use in

observing the ways of the people among whom he lived.

All the world now know something about these children of the desert, who were then just such people as they are now. Fernandez found them to be a restless, wandering race, with herds of camels and cattle, and a few swift docile horses, similar to those of the Arabs. When they had remained long enough in one spot to consume all the herbage, and make the region pestilent with the refuse of a camp, then they would fold their tents, and move off with their herds to another spot, not neglecting, five times a day, to stop and say the prayers enjoined by the Mahomedan religion. Living about midway between the negroes' country and the Mediterranean Sea, they were accustomed to send parties, well mounted, to the southward, and there entrap as many negroes as they could, and carry them swiftly northward, and sell them to Christian traders, who conveyed them to Europe. Fernandez found negro slaves among them whom they had kept for their own use, and he also saw in their possession some small pieces of gold, which they said they had obtained in the land of the negroes. Poor as most of the natives were, he found that among them, as everywhere else in the world, there were some rich men, who had good horses, with saddles and stirrups, and whose wives wore rings of gold round their ankles and jewels in their ears and hair. All this, which is so familiar to us now, was most strange to this inquisitive Portuguese, who noted everything he heard and saw, and stored it away in his memory, in order to have a great budget of interesting things for his young prince, if ever he should see him again.

As the winter wore away he got farther from the sea-coast, until at length there were no fish, and he was obliged to be content with camel's milk, lizards, grasshoppers, and such chance game as the arrows of the natives could reach. As the season approached when ships from Portugal might be expected off the coast, he began to be impatient to be nearer the sea. One day while he was walking in the outskirts of the camp, two horsemen met him, who stopped and entered into conversation with him. They said they were on their way to a chief who lived at a distance of several days' journey, and who was a very wealthy chief, with a great number of followers, and plenty of horses and camels. They invited Fernandez to go with them, and gladly consenting, they mounted him upon a camel, and away they rode across the trackless plain.

It was a hard journey for our Portuguese squire. On the road their water gave out, and for three days they had nothing to drink; nor was there anything to guide

them on their way except the stars, the sun, and the flight of birds. At length, after enduring tortures of thirst, they reached the village of this mighty chief, with his retinue of one hundred and fifty ragged Moors and negro slaves. On being shown to the tent of the desert lord, Fernandez bowed low to him. The chief ordered his servants to relieve his maddening thirst with camel's milk, and treated him in all respects so well that he soon recovered his health and good looks. He even grew fat in the camp of this chief, and lost all appearance of a man who had been starved on dried grasshoppers and toasted lizards.

After a while, finding the chief very friendly, he explained his situation to him, and let him know how desirous he was of being near the sea, so that he could be on the lookout for the expected ships. It so happened that the chief had some negroes for sale and a quantity of gold, which, Fernandez informed him, he could sell to good advantage to any Portuguese captain who might come to that coast. The chief, therefore, began to take a lively interest in the coming of the vessels, and he sent Fernandez down to the coast with several of his own men as a guard. Seven months had now passed since he had seen the face of a Christian, and you can easily imagine how anxiously he looked out over the sea, and how impatient he was to descry a sail on the horizon.

In the spring of 1447 Prince Henry prepared three small vessels, and sent them to bring Juan Fernandez home, and as many slaves with him as could be caught. The vessels were separated by a violent storm, but they met on the coast of Africa not far from Cape Blanco, whence they continued their course southward, keeping a sharp lookout for their countryman, and a sharper perhaps for natives with whom they could load their vessels. The poor Africans were beginning to be aware of their danger, and would doubtless have avoided the coast altogether but for their being obliged to catch fish. As soon as one of those dusky fishermen caught sight of a sail, they dropped their fishing-nets and ran as fast as they could into the interior. Observing this, the commander of the expedition manned several boats, and, leaving the vessels behind, rowed along the shore to the island of Arguin, a place much resorted to by the natives for fish, which are usually found in great quantities about islands that lie a little way from the coast. On this island, however, they only found one man and his daughter, whom they captured.

Strange to say, this man told them where they could find some more natives, and they actually took twenty-five, from the information which he gave them. The historian of this expedition tells us that it

was a common thing for these poor creatures, when they had been taken prisoners themselves, to conduct the Portuguese to where they could take more of their countrymen, even their own friends, brothers, wives and children.

The three vessels, in the meantime, kept on their way toward the south, the sailors always looking out for men on the shore. They saw one day a man walking along the beach. Standing in shore as close as they could, they perceived that he resembled in dress and color one of the native chiefs, and they accordingly took him for one who had come down to the coast in order to buy or sell slaves. It was no desert chief, however, whom they saw; but their old friend and comrade, Juan Fernandez, burnt almost black by the sun, and clad in an old mantle which the friendly chief had given him. He was recognized at length, and the vessels resounded with the joyful outcries of the Portuguese. Boats were manned and Fernandez was soon surrounded by his countrymen, who testified at once their delight at seeing him, and their amazement at finding him in such good condition. He soon made his countrymen acquainted with the chief who had been such a good friend to him; and from him they bought his negroes, nine in number, and his gold-dust.

The vessels now set sail for home. On the way they made a descent upon a village, and captured fifty-five natives; so that the expedition not only accomplished the main purpose of bringing home Juan Fernandez, but yielded a large profit besides. The Prince, we are told, was well pleased to hear that the vessels had brought home ninety slaves and a good quantity of gold; but the profit of the voyage was as nothing in his eyes compared with the safety of Fernandez, who could tell him so many strange and wonderful things of the coast which it was the business of his life to explore.

Up to this time Prince Henry had sent fifty-one vessels to the coast of Africa, which had brought home nine hundred and twenty-seven slaves. From Juan Fernandez he learned that his work was scarcely begun; for Africa, according to the account of the Moors, stretched away to the south as far beyond Cape Blanco as that cape was distant from Portugal. At the same time, the Prince and his friends were much encouraged by the profitableness of the last voyages. Year after year, therefore, he continued to send out ships of discovery. One of his captains soon discovered Cape Verde, and others pushed on toward the country of the negroes, and approached the coast of Guinea,—a coast which so many Christians afterwards visited for the purpose of trafficking in ivory, gold, and

men. Scarcely a year now passed without some bold mariner sailing farther south than any one had sailed before, so that almost every year the Prince had to enlarge and correct his map of the world. His captains reached, at length, the land of the elephant, the tusks of which furnished another article of trade. Juan Fernandez, upon another visit which he made to Africa, was so fortunate as to procure a live lion, which he took to the Prince, who made a present of it to an Irish friend. The Irishman took the lion home with him, and this was the first lion, it is said, ever brought to Ireland.

But whatever else the Portuguese might take from the coast of Africa,—ivory, gold, spices, valuable woods, or seal skins,—still their principal object was human beings, the profit upon whom paid the greater part of the expense of these annual expeditions. I will relate one more incident to show how little they thought of the abominable cruelty of this traffic.

At the mouth of a river a sailor one morning caught sight of a small cabin, which seemed to be inhabited. The captain sprang into a boat, five sailors followed him, and they rowed ashore. As they were creeping cautiously up toward the cabin, a little naked boy came out of it, whom they immediately seized; and in it they found his sister, a little naked girl, eight years old. Having thus secured the two children, they proceeded to steal whatever else the cabin contained which any of them happened to fancy,—among other things, a curious shield made of an elephant's ear. As they were returning to the boat with the two children, they saw the father of the family, who was so busy doing carpenter's work that he did not see the plunderers of his household. The Portuguese captain crept up softly behind him, sprang upon him, and seized him by the hair. The African was tall and exceedingly strong. The captain also was a strong man, but so short in stature that when the African stood upright he lifted the captain off his feet. A terrible struggle ensued, the Portuguese clinging to the African's hair as a dog clings to the nose of a bull, and the giant African slinging him about, and exerting all his strength to free himself. The other Portuguese hurried up and held the negro's arms; when the captain, supposing the prisoner was secure, let go his hair. Instantly the negro shook himself free, and plunged into the underwood, where he was soon lost to sight. But the instinct of the father prevailed over the terrors of the man; and while the Portuguese were looking for him in the bushes, he came back to his hut to search for his children. When he found they were gone, he seized his club, and rushed out in a frenzy of grief and rage. He soon met one

of the Portuguese, and after striking him with his weapon seized him in his arms, each struggling to get the other down. A negro came to the aid of the bereaved father, and it would have gone hard with the Portuguese if his comrades had not come up in the nick of time. The two negroes dropped their prey and were instantly lost in the thick forest.

The children were carried captive to Portugal, where there was probably not one man, not one father, nor one tender mother, who felt the enormous iniquity of this outrage. The Prince, we are told, had the boy put to school, intending to educate him for the priesthood, and finally to send him home to preach Christianity to his benighted countrymen! But the lad died before his education was completed.

In the course of years Prince Henry came to understand that this manner of getting slaves was not the best, nor the most humane, and was not calculated to win the poor benighted children of the desert to the Christian religion. He therefore put a stop to it, had a fort built upon the island of Arguin, and let the privilege of trading with the coast to a company of merchants, who were required to buy the slaves, in a regular way, from the native dealers in the interior. Under this system there was less violence and bloodshed, perhaps; but it sent into slavery a great many more Africans every year than were caught in the old way of surprising villages and carrying off the inhabitants.—*James Parton, in "Our Young Folks."*

### MR. NOBODY.

I know a funny little man,  
As quiet as a mouse,  
Who does the mischief that is done  
In everybody's house.  
There's no one ever sees his face,  
And yet we all agree  
That every plate we break was cracked  
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books—  
Who leaves our doors ajar;  
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,  
And scatters pins afar.  
That squeaking door will always squeak,  
For, prithee, don't you see,  
We leave the oiling to be done  
By Mr. Nobody.

The finger-marks upon the doors  
By none of us are made;  
We never leave the blinds unclosed.  
To let the curtains fade,  
The ink we never spill; the boots  
That lying round you see,  
Are not our boots—they all belong  
To Mr. Nobody!

## ANECDOTES OF HORSES.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

A poor soldier was one day walking along the streets of one of our large cities when a dray-horse suddenly started out from the throng of vehicles and trotted quickly up to him. He laid his head on the man's shoulder, whinnied, pawed and testified his delight in every possible way. The soldier saw that the animal was one he had owned before entering the army. He caressed his dumb friend even with tears, and when the owner came up, surprised, to reclaim his property, handed him money enough to buy a dinner of oats for the horse, saying it was all he was able to do for him.

A story has been told of an Eastern monarch who used to disguise himself and travel among his people to ascertain whether his officers ruled justly. At one time when he visited the Cadi and listened to the examination of cases brought before him, one was that of two claimants for a horse. There were no witnesses, and the Cadi asked each man if he should know the horse when he saw him again among a number. He had been put into the Cadi's stable to await the decision. Each answered that he should, of course, as the animal belonged to him. The Cadi took them separately to the stable, and the next morning awarded the horse to his owner and punished the thief. In a private conversation afterward the guest said he supposed the thief did not know the horse, but was answered:

"On the contrary he placed his hand upon him immediately."

"Then how did you ascertain?"

"My object was not to see whether the man recognized the horse, but whether the horse recognized the man. When his true owner came he whinnied and rubbed his head against him, but showed displeasure on the other's approach."

Suppose, boys, the owner had been a hard master, would he as easily have regained his property?

It is safe to assert that no horse kindly and wisely treated from the first days of colthood will be ill-tempered or obstinate. He is made so by cruel or unreasonable conduct. Boys sometimes teach a colt various tricks in play, and the poor animal sees no reason that he should leave off, the moment he is saddled or harnessed, the very things which have won him approval and petting. There is really no need ever to strike a horse severely, and kicking, twisting the bit and spurring him are, if anything, more cruel.

The Arab can do anything with his horse; and why? Because he loves him, and treats him so that the horse knows it

and gives love in return. Arabian horses are famed for fleetness and beauty. An extremely poor Arab owned a very beautiful mare. He used to caress her and talk to her as if she were a child. She slept in the tent with his children and fed from their hands. A wealthy man—if I remember rightly, the sultan or some neighboring prince—saw her, was charmed with her beauty and fleetness and offered a large price for her. It was refused. The offer was increased till it reached an almost incredible sum, but the Arab, poor as he was, did not long hesitate.

"You are rich," he said, "and I have scarcely sufficient food. You have horses and camels, gold and silver, jewels and costly raiment, a magnificent house and servants to wait on you. Now you want my mare, but you shall not have her for *all your possessions!*" And mounting instantly, he rode away at full speed.

An amusing incident occurred some time ago in England, exhibiting the docility of a favorite horse. His owner was entertaining his guests at dinner with accounts of the steed's sagacity and obedience, and said he had no doubt he would follow him up stairs if told to do so. The guests were somewhat incredulous, and the host resolved to put the question to trial. His friends accompanied him to the stable, and sure enough the horse at his master's word left his stall, followed him across the grounds and up stairs into his room. Here was a triumph, but it was short-lived, for no persuasion or force could induce the animal to descend the stairs.

"Anything in reason," was the language of his demeanor; "but this absurdity is beyond me. I shall not risk my bones that way."

He passed the night in the richly-furnished chamber, seeming quite well suited with his accommodations. In the morning renewed efforts to get him down were as unavailing as the first, and at last an opening was made in the wall, a load of straw placed beneath, and the horse compelled to leap through, which he did in safety.

A warm friendship existed between a horse and a small dog kept in the same stable. The dog usually slept between his companion's fore feet. Their master would bridle the one, put the reins in the other's mouth, and tell the dog to take the horse to water. Away Cæsar would trot, his friend following, and when satisfied they would return in the same way.

A cart-horse which had been several times cured by a certain farrier was taken sick one day while at work with other horses. His master had gone to dinner. He went off with the cart through the crowded streets, turning several corners without injuring either cart or harness, and stopped at the farrier's door. The man at

first supposed the owner was near by, but on looking around concluded the horse had come of his own accord. He took him from the shafts, and the poor animal immediately lay down and showed signs of pain. The usual remedies were used, and the horse was soon relieved and sent back to his master, who was anxiously seeking him.

Still another was known, when his shoe was not well set, to return next day to the blacksmith, hold up his foot and in his dumb way plainly demand attention. When the shoe was reset he trotted quietly home.

The doctor's horse would invariably stop on the road if any one called him. She would hear quicker than he, and at first he did not understand her stopping, but supposed it a mere caprice. If he compelled her to go on, she would trot a few steps and stop again, and he always found that some one was trying to overtake him. He learned to respect her opinion and to look out for business whenever Kate stopped of her own accord.

My grandfather was a country physician, and as he had long drives into adjoining towns he kept at one time six horses. That was of course many years ago when six could be bought and kept for about what two would cost now. Among them was one named Romeo, very fleet and handsome, and, as he was perfectly gentle and excellent for either carriage or saddle, a great favorite with the family. The hired man was accustomed to go the rounds of the stalls and put every horse's allowance of grain in his crib. One or another was almost always out at the time. It was soon found that when the absent horse came home his crib resembled Mother Hubbard's cupboard, and grandpa thought the man neglected to put the supper there. He said he did not and held to it, and after a while, resolved to know what became of it, hid himself and watched. Soon he saw Romeo slip his head out of his fastening, walk quietly into the vacant stall, eat all the grain therein, and return to his own place. Repeatedly, too, the gate of the corn-field was found open and Romeo feasting gayly in the corn. Again and again grandpa spoke to the man about it, thinking he must have left it so, but he declared he had not.

One day grandpa was sitting by a window that overlooked the field, and he saw Romeo the rogue go up to the gate, push the latch up with his nose, then reach his head over and draw the gate back till he could walk in, and his master, laughing heartily, told him he was welcome to all he could eat that time.

But the sagacity, courage and affection of horses and ponies have in many instances been of untold value to their owners and others. A little girl of three year-

was playing in her father's grounds and fell into the canal which ran along one side. No one was near, and she would certainly have been drowned but for a pet pony which was grazing in a field close by. He plunged into the stream, and caught the child's dress in his mouth and swam with her to the bank.

Other instances similar to this are reported on good authority.

Years ago, on the loss of a ship (I think it was off the English coast), a gentleman owning a large, strong horse which was an excellent swimmer, mounted him and dashed into the foaming sea to rescue, if possible, some on board. He returned with a man on each side clinging to his boot. He dismounted, blew a little brandy into his horse's nostrils and repeated his attempt with success. Seven times he went and came in safety, thus rescuing fourteen lives, but on again starting, worn almost to exhaustion, a huge wave met him and he lost his balance. The horse swam to land, but his brave, generous rider had given his life in the cause of humanity, and slept beneath the waves.—

*Children's Hour.*

## CHANGE YOUR NAME, OR MEND YOUR LIFE.

An ill-mannered youth once boasted in the hearing of Alexander the Great that he bore the same name as his sovereign. "Then change your name," was the just reply of the indignant monarch. "Change your name, or mend your manners. Do not disgrace the name of your sovereign by coupling with it the conduct of a knave."

How many of those called Christians, upon whom is conferred a worthier name than that of any earthly potentate, need such a rebuke as that of the Grecian monarch. Better not to bear the Christian name, than to disgrace it, and bring upon it the reproach of being coupled with a life of worldliness and sin. The bare name, without the spirit of vital godliness, can be of no profit to its possessor; and this holding out of false colors may be of irreparable injury to some of those for whom the Redeemer shed his precious blood.

God's holy word calls upon every believer to "be careful to maintain good works:" constantly, persistently, always and everywhere to maintain them, not as his own title to heaven, but as the surest way of holding forth the light of life, and winning to the obedience of the gospel, those who, knowing the name they bear, will judge of the religion of Jesus by the reflection they see of it, in the *spirit* manifested by his professed disciples, the *language* of their lips, and the daily tenor of their lives.—*Am. Messenger.*

## THE PRODIGAL CHILD

*Slow, with feeling.*

1. Come home,                      come home,                      You are wea - ry at heart,  
 2. Come home,                      come home,                      For we watch and we wait,  
 3. Come home,                      come home,                      From the sor - row and blame,  
 4. Come home,                      come home,                      There is bread and to spare,

For the way has been dark,                      And so lone - ly and wild.  
 And we stand at the gate,                      While the sha - dows are piled.  
 From the sin and the shame,                      And the temp - ter that smiled.  
 And a warm wel - come there,                      Then, to friends re - conciled,

O                      Prod - i - gal Child!                      Come home, oh,                      come home!  
 O                      Prod - i - gal Child!                      Come home, oh,                      come home!  
 O                      Prod - i - gal Child!                      Come home, oh,                      come home!  
 O                      Prod - i - gal Child!                      Come home, oh,                      come home!

## CHORUS.

*rit.*

come home!

Come home                      Come, oh, come home,  
 Come home,                      come home,                      come home!

## The Home.

### MRS. BRINKERHOFF'S TROUBLES.

BY SUSAN WARNER.

You would not have thought, to look at her, that she had any. Such a fair face of bloom it was; such a tint of peach blossoms, never coarsened by violent emotion; such a delicate transparency of skin, which was not more pure than the character, if the lips told truth; such a child's mouth, of innocence and sweetness, without line that had even begun to grow hard, or an angle that told of its counterpart in the temper; and the eyes—well, they were a woman's eyes, not a child's any longer! Tender and frank and true, they also had a depth to them. A real woman's eye has a veil hung somewhere, behind which hides all of herself that wishes to keep *incog*. You cannot get behind the veil, unless at moments when a gust of feeling drives it aside. So little Mrs. Brinkerhoff's eyes were wise eyes, and busy, just now when our story opens, with some of those hidden thoughts; and on her white brow there is—no wrinkle, for it is fair and smooth, as it ought to be, but just a trifle of a line where her thoughts are knitting it. And over all her head the light brown hair is curling defiance to combs and brushes, past or present; there is sunny good humor in every lock of it. But Mrs. Brinkerhoff is thinking. Opposite Mrs. Brinkerhoff sits her mother, a grown and worn likeness of her; but very much grown and very much worn. It is only some outlines of feature and contour that make you sure you are looking at mother and daughter. She has been telling Esther a long story of the distresses and necessities of a niece of her own, Esther's cousin, in the hope that the telling may lead to something. It has led to nothing yet.

"I thought you could do—I don't know what, I am sure; but give her some help, Esther. She has nowhere to turn."

"I wish I could. I do not see how I can."

"Money will do everything."

"But I have got no money, Mother."

"But, yes, you have. Mr. Brinkerhoff is in good business."

"Mr. Brinkerhoff is in good business. But I am only Mr. Brinkerhoff's wife."

"Quite enough," said the elder woman, with a laugh. "What is his yours, you know, Esther."

"That is one thing. But it is not Betty Morse's. And it is not mine to give her." "Mr. Brinkerhoff will give you whatever you ask him for, I don't doubt."

"Yes; but I don't like to ask him. And to give to other people! It does not make it any better that Betty is my cousin."

"O, I think it does."

"No, it doesn't," said Mrs. Brinkerhoff, with that line in her pretty brow. "I think it makes it harder. I think I would rather ask him for a total stranger than for Betty because she is my cousin. I do not want him to be sorry he married a girl without money of her own."

"He will never be that," said the mother, complacently. "He will never be sorry for anything in connection with you, Esther. He worships the very ground you tread on. It is my belief he will thank you for a chance of showing it."

"I am not going to ask him to show it, Mother. If I had money or means, I would help Betty. She is nothing to Mr. Brinkerhoff."

The gentle-looking little woman could be got no nearer the point to which her mother wished to bring her; and the conference finally came to a close in this unsatisfactory manner. Mrs. Brinkerhoff was left alone. She came back into her pretty drawing-room, after seeing her mother out, and sat down to knit her brows and her thoughts a little more over the problem that had been before her.

It was a pretty drawing-room. The light came softened through green blinds and muslin draperies upon the cool white mat and dainty chintz coverings of the furniture. Here there was an easy-chair of most luxurious proportions; there a sofa-table, heaped with periodicals and books; pretty *tête-a-tête* sofas and solitary *bergères* stood invitingly about in easy socialness. There was a dish of violets and roses on a side-table, making the air sweet; and an elegant work-table, thoroughly furnished and finished, testified to Mr. Brinkerhoff's care for his housekeeper. Her eye fell upon it in the course of these notice-takings and rested intently. All this was hers to do with and to rule as she pleased; more could be had for the asking; and yet Mrs. Brinkerhoff had not a penny of her own, and no kindness that needed money for its perfection could be done by her, were it great or small. True, it might be done at

her request, but it might not; and it would not be always that the request could be made. And, now that Mrs. Brinkerhoff was on the subject, she confessed to herself, what she had only looked at with side glances before—that it was very disagreeable to ask her husband for money every time she wanted a pair of gloves or a new neck-tie. Up and down the white drawing-room the little woman paced slowly, with that placid brow of hers just lined by the work of the thoughts within. She walked for a good while; then stood still and thought; and at last went off, with a quick step and a brow entirely cleared, to hold council with her cook in the kitchen.

Mr. Brinkerhoff's dinner that day was very satisfactory. I do not mean that it was not always so; but this day the combination was good and the skill employed was faultless. Mr. Brinkerhoff liked his soup. And, no matter how well a man appreciates his wife, you may always notice that her charms are heightened by her being the presiding genius at a good dinner. Mrs. Brinkerhoff herself was even specially attentive to her husband to-day; perhaps less than usual to her own reflection.

"Sam, dear," she said, looking across the table at the motions of Mr. Brinkerhoff's spoon, "I have been doing a great deal of thinking to-day."

"Have you," responded the gentleman. "That is what I do everyday."

"I dare say—you. But you know my business does not call for so much."

"I did not know you had any."

"What?"

"Business."

Mr. Brinkerhoff broke a piece of bread as he spoke, and his eyes glanced up and met those of his wife with a smile.

"You think I have no business?"

"Well, what have you, except to look out for me?"

"I wonder if that is all gentlemen know about it?" said Mrs. Brinkerhoff, with a moment's pique at the thought that all her delicate managements went for no more in the mind of the person they concerned. Do men never remember there is a mainspring to their watch till it gets broken? "You think really the house takes care of itself, Mr. Brinkerhoff?"

"I suppose the servants do that."

"And who takes care of the servants?"

"I pay them their wages. Ain't that about all? They know their business, I take it. One of them does, at least. This soup is capital."

Mrs. Brinkerhoff was not an impatient woman. She waited a while, till her husband had found his roast lamb equally good, and spinach and peas served with artistic excellence. She even let the salad come in for its share of approbation before she went on.

"I have a grand proposition to make to you, Sam."

"I shall be very much interested to hear it."

"You did not inquire what had been the subject of my meditations this morning. You would never guess. It was woman's disabilities."

Mr. Brinkerhoff fairly lifted up his eyes with curiosity and his eyebrows with wonder.

"Disabilities!" he repeated. "In what line? Women's. Not yours?"

"Yes, mine."

"Disabilities of what kind, my dear? Such as prevent you from delving in a lawyer's office all day, or taking a counselor's brief into court?"

"Not exactly, Sam. But real and really inconvenient disabilities."

"Pray, go on. I don't know enough of the subject to speak."

"I don't like to hear you wondering what I do with my money."

Mr. Brinkerhoff first looked up in surprise, and then laughed, with a little amused admission of the charge. But he said nothing.

"You are as generous and kind to me as it is possible to be. You know I mean that. But, you know, Sam, it puzzles you, too, how I have spent my money when you have given it."

"It strikes me that it is some of my disabilities," answered her husband.

"I don't like it."

"I don't care a straw about it," said Mr. Brinkerhoff, laughing again.

"But I care very much that you should think me wasteful or extravagant or not to be trusted."

"Trusted! I would trust you with my life. I have."

"But with your money, I mean. That is another thing."

"It isn't your fault that you have not handled much hitherto; and experience comes with use."

"Not in this," said his wife. "Those people know best how to spend money who know what it is worth; and nobody knows what it is worth who has not once felt the want of what it can do."

"Don't I know what it is worth, either?"

Mrs. Brinkerhoff hesitated, and her eye wandered a little.

"Eh?" said her husband, looking up at her again from his pudding.

The little lady was eating none, and her blue eye was full of a whole world of woman's thoughts. It had just rested on a new hanging lamp, of great elegance, which was suspended over the dinner-table.

"Sam," she said, and her manner was so winning no fault could be found with her speech, "if you knew the health and

the rest and the comfort of heart as well as the comfort of body those lamps would have given to a whole family, you would never have hung them up there to do nothing but shine."

Mr. Brinkerhoff glanced as his wife had done, at the lamp, and finished his pudding.

"I am looking out for you," he said, at last. "I cannot look out for everybody."

"Not for me, this time," said his wife, softly.

"Well, as that is not in my line," said the gentleman, as he received from her hand a plate of superb strawberries, "it is something you do not understand, my dear. These contrasts of society are things that follow a natural law. Industry and skill will get on and be comfortable, and shiftlessness and bad habits will *not*; and they are not intended to do it. It was always meant that the distinctions of rich and poor should exist; and they always will, while the world stands."

"Then what should the rich do to the poor?"

"Whatever they like. There is no obligation. But they certainly are not called upon to change places with them."

"It only proves what I said," Mrs. Brinkerhoff responded, as lightly as she could.

"What did you say?"

"I ventured to hint it, that you did not know the value of money. Now all the use I can see in it, for the possessor, is to make him happy."

"Well, that is my doctrine," said Mr. Brinkerhoff.

"Sam, it would make me more glad to bring comfort back to one heart, or health to one life, than to have the most beautiful chandeliers that the art of man ever made."

"I am sorry they don't please you!" said the gentleman, a little dryly, helping himself to cream.

But Mrs. Brinkerhoff only waited; and, after glancing up at her two or three times, he spoke again.

"Why can't you do both things—in reason?"

Mrs. Brinkerhoff smiled, and said: "I can't do anything."

"Why cannot you?"

"Woman's disabilities. You have the money. I could ask you for it; but then it would be your doing, not mine."

"Same thing."

"If it is the same thing, suppose you let me be your almoner."

"Why, you are, Chick. You are at the bottom of all the good I do."

"That is not what I mean. I have been studying this, Sam, all the morning; and now I am ready to lay before you my proposition."

Mr. Brinkerhoff looked up. He was a

handsome man—fit enough, as far as that went, to be Mrs. Brinkerhoff's husband; though in other respects the faces were not matched. There was much more mother wit and delicate faculty in the one at the other end of the table—as to be sure there ought to be, seeing it was a woman's; but there was also a purer brow and a greater simplicity of expression. Mr. Brinkerhoff knew the world. Mrs. Brinkerhoff could hardly be said to possess that knowledge; and what she had of it she threw off from her as much as possible, not liking the taste of it. The gentleman's look just now bespoke some surprise and some curiosity. He intimated that his wife might lay her proposition before him; remarking that he was in the way of such things, hearing them all day long.

But that was not the opening Mrs. Brinkerhoff wanted for hers. She was sagely silent, and seemed to enjoy her strawberries; until as she filled her husband's plate a second time, he broke out with—

"Well, where's your proposition?"

"Waiting for a good time and a kind reception."

"Command both; you know you always do. I am helpless before you."

"Yes; I know what that means. But, Sam, for my proposition. I do not want to send in any more bills for you to pay."

"A capital proposition," said Mr. Brinkerhoff, swallowing his cream contentedly.

"In fact, none that you could make would deserve a kinder reception from me. I wonder that you doubted of it."

"In order to that," his wife went on, "I must have the means to pay them myself."

"Ha!" said Mr. Brinkerhoff. "How should I be the gainer, pray?"

"You would not see the bills, Sam; and that is what bores you."

Again Mr. Brinkerhoff looked up, and his look was scarcely pleasant.

"How would you be the gainer, my dear? That remains to be proved."

"I should not have to ask you for money."

The gentleman was silent, and the lady waited until the fruit was disposed of, and her husband wanted nothing more; and then she brought a cushion to his feet, and sat down there, and gave the whole power of her sweet presence to her words, clasping her hands on his knee and looking up into his face.

"You have not half heard my proposition yet, Sam. It is much larger than you think. As things are, I am merely a machine. I go between the tradespeople and you only far enough to make you trouble; which you cannot always comprehend. Now this is my plan: Let me pay as well as purchase. You will have no trouble at all."

"Only to hand over the tin."

"That will be a pleasure."

"Will it?" said the gentleman. But then he leaned over and took the hands between his that had rested on his knee, and brought his face nearer to the one that made such a pleasant field of vision for him.

"How can I know, or you either, what your dresses will cost till you have bought them?"

"I shall buy according to my money."

"How can I tell how much you want?"

"You are not to tell, nor try even to guess. O, Sam, I do not mean money for my dresses alone, but for all our expenses—all our household expenses!"

"Butcher, and grocer, and all that?"

"All that; and the servants; and my own private expenses; and what I give in charity. Everything, I mean, except your expenses and your charities. All the expenses of the household."

"How should I know what you would want for that?"

"It is nothing about what I want. You can tell, Sam, how much our living ought to cost; how much you can afford or wish to spend upon our living. You can soon tell, if you do not know now, how much a month it ought to be, or how much a quarter. Give me that every month or every quarter, and I will engage to keep within it."

Mr. Brinkerhoff laughed. "You would be bankrupt before the month was out."

"Perhaps not. Try me."

"I don't believe you ever managed fifty dollars a month in your life. Did you?"

"But I can learn, Sam."

"And what will happen while you are learning?"

"No harm. No great harm at least. Try me, Sam."

"What good would all that care do you?"

"It would save a great deal of trouble, Sam; and I think a good deal of money. Now I do not know what I spend, nor what I ought to spend. I only know that the bills come to you, and that you—make a face at them!"

"I have no business to do such an ungentlemanly thing," said Mr. Brinkerhoff, struck with compunction, may be; the face opposite him was so sweet in all its lines.

"Then, Sam, you would have no bills coming in."

"Money would go out all the same, Chick."

"I will render my accounts to you every month or every quarter, and you can see just how I do."

"I know, without seeing, just how you would do. You would be bankrupt before the month was up."

"Sam! Try me!"

"I do not need to try some things."

"But, still, do try me."

"I should have no wife any longer. She would be quite merged in the house-keeper."

"Indeed, I should be a great deal happier than I am now, and have a mind more at ease. Try me, Sam."

"Are you not quite happy now?" said her husband. "Is your mind disturbed?"

"A little—occasionally," said his wife, laughing, "when my bills come in and you wonder at them, or when I ask for money and you wonder at me."

"I never do!" exclaimed Mr. Brinkerhoff.

"O, yes, Sam, you do! Come, you know you do! You cannot imagine exactly what I did with the money you gave me last time."

"Well," said Mr. Brinkerhoff, "an emotion of curiosity may be permitted a poor mortal."

"But it hurts me, Sam."

I am afraid Mr. Brinkerhoff thought more of the delicate little chin, the beauty of which he was considering, than of his wife's words. He looked so satisfied, however, that she went on.

"There is another thing, Sam. We are pretty well off, are we not?"

"Able to butter our bread most days," said her husband.

"Well—there is a portion due from us to those who are not so comfortable, is there not?"

"Don't you give away all you want to give?" Mr. Brinkerhoff answered, somewhat evasively.

"But, Sam, when I give, it is your money; and *that* money you gave to *me*—not to the poor—no to God. So that, really, neither of us does anything; for I have none to do good with, and your good doing is bestowing what I want upon me."

"That is so very metaphysical a statement of our financial relations that it will need some reflection before I can see my way through it," Mr. Brinkerhoff answered.

"I think our charities ought to be separate and distinct," his wife continued. "In my plan that would come about naturally, and each of us would satisfy his own conscience. At least, I hope we would."

"I never liked the idea of separate purses in the family," concluded the head of the house, rising. The conference was broken off. Mrs. Brinkerhoff got no further that day.

But she was a true woman and a brave one, and she had a certain sweet intention of will in her composition, when things were worth it. So Mr. Brinkerhoff heard again of Mrs. Brinkerhoff's plan, and sundry times. He always told her she would certainly be bankrupt within a

month; and as often she persistently said, "Try me." It became difficult to refuse her a gratification on which she had so set her heart; and one evening, when Mr. Brinkerhoff saw disappointment moving the lines of his wife's sweet lips, and making them a little unsteady withal, he gave in.

"I shall have to go into a furious calculation," he said. "How do I know what you will want to spend in a quarter?"

"I want to spend only what you wish I should spend, Sam."

"Ay; suppose I don't know what that is? However, I'll study it up. Let us see. You are to pay everything, eh?"

"Not house-rent, Sam, nor taxes, not that sort of thing."

"Servants' wages?"

"Yes, I think so; for it would save you some annoyance and me too. For the servants come to me first to speak to you; and sometimes I have to speak more than once, you know, because you forget, and then they think I have forgotten."

"Well, servants, and the butcher, and the grocer, and the baker; your dresses, and pins and needles?"

"Of course, Sam; *everything* of my own expenditure."

"I am to pay the tailor, similarly, landlord, and tax-gatherer. How about coal bills?"

"That is done all at once, and more easily ordered by you than by me, perhaps."

"I reckon there'll be something for me to do. Coal and gas. Well, you'll take care of all the rest?"

"All the rest."

"No questions or bills shall come to me for odds and ends not stipulated?"

"Nothing whatever. So you can make your calculations exact."

"Humph! not so easy. But I will try."

Most things can be done when there is a will toward them; and in course of time Mr. Brinkerhoff arrived at a settlement of the question before him, and handed over to his wife a sum supposed to represent the twelfth part of what their yearly expenditure should be, less the coal and gas bills and house-rent. It was a fair supply, and to Mrs. Brinkerhoff appeared very large—much larger than their need. She was sure she could have a good little portion left for the objects she best loved to spend money for.

(To be continued.)

### "THAT HALF-HOUR IN THE MORNING."

How often, hot and weary from complicated cares in kitchen, parlor and nursery, have we scolded poor little Harry with

over-harshness, and sent happy Bessie away with a little quiver around her sweet lips, because mamma felt cross, and everything troubled her. How often have we felt that the passion and injustice of our children were but the reflex of our own? How hard it is to be free from caprice, and to keep broadly defined the principles of right and wrong.

The ordeal of family life is a trying one, and who can be too well prepared for the life of the household? It brings out every varying shade of the character, and children are quick to see and feel. Who would not be as well equipped as possible to disarm the foes that threaten the peace of our homes and the joy of our children?

We have all of us high ideals before which we often stand with averted eyes, grieved, discouraged. We feel how beautiful God has intended the relation of a mother and her children should be,—how full of strong affection, of earnest duties, of tender courtesies, of small, sweet sacrifices, how love and duty should so sanctify the humblest home where children abide that the every-day meals and the common-place tasks might have the grace of a royal banquet, and the service be noble and hearty.

We know that while we are musing the winged hours go by which shall transform our clinging little ones to strong men and grown women. Shall they be cold, hard, selfish men, or pervaded by a fine manliness and an honorable christian character? Shall they be vain, frivolous, self-seeking women, or bright, earnest, growing souls, with a wide out-look into life? We know so much of it depends upon us, and so, when our weakness, and perplexities, and short-comings come in upon us like a flood, we are fain to clasp our hands helplessly and let the high tide of endeavor go by, and drift aimlessly on the flood.

It is not by under-estimating our discouragements that we shall rise. They are many and strong. We cannot hold the vantage ground alone, so we must call in a stronger to help; and it is marvelous, when we think of it, that we poor, tired, over-worked mothers can take hold of the Arm that holds up the worlds and be strong in that wonderful strength.

Do we avail ourselves of it? Is there a consecrated hour in the busy day into which its cares come with unshod feet, and which its cares come with muffled tones—an hour of its noises with muffled tones—an hour of Heaven's own peace, of strength-seeking from on high? Who ever needed the Christ-help—so near, so tender, so gracious like a mother?

And in all the day there is no hour in which that strength can be so well invoked as in the early morning. The dewy freshness around answers well to our rested minds and refreshed bodies; our spirits are hushed and cool; the day is before us, a

white page with a fair binding. What time so meet as this for a communing with God, for a consecration of ourselves and little ones to Him?

Do we plead that the early morning has its peremptory duties which will not allow of it? Then let us rise a half-hour earlier, that the alchemy of prayer and praise may transmute all the leaden moments of the day into golden ones.—*Home and Health.*

## THE CARE OF INFANTS.

BY MRS. H. W. BEECHER.

Young mothers are frequently told—we think very unwisely—"You have no cause for anxiety. Most infants either have their crying spells until they are three months old; or are very quiet and serene up to that period, and then change, and cry, and are restless most of the time, till some months later." Believing this, the young mother tries to possess her soul in patience, and struggles on, waiting for the good time coming. But we think there is always some definite cause for a trouble which robs the mother for months of a large portion of the pleasure her infant should bring her, and makes the new world into which the little pilgrim has just entered, so truly "a vale of tears." The cause once ascertained, there must be some remedy found, through the large experience of so many mothers who have been harassed and perplexed by similar trials.

Often kind friends manifest their affection and interest injudiciously, through their anxiety to see the new-comer, when both mother and child would be much safer for a few days of perfect, uninterrupted quiet. In the early days when an infant should be forming the habit of long naps, and at regular times, and when the mother should be kept from any excitement, these friendly calls begin, and each caller has great curiosity *just* to look at the new baby, or *just* to wake it one moment, to see whose eyes it has borrowed. This incense offered to maternal pride is too mighty, and the mother's judgment bows down before it. If she allows this foolish innovation once, she must twice, and soon a restless habit is formed, and short naps and long cries may be expected. It takes but two or three such friendly visits in the course of one day to excite the child so that sleep becomes impossible; and then, although it is not needing food, when all other means fail to quiet it, what more natural than to put it to the breast? But broken rest and nursing too frequently will assuredly cause pain, and crying will, of course, be the result. In such cases, no remedy may be hoped for until those to whom the child is committed, and who alone should be responsible

for forming its habits, have learned that sound judgment and good common sense must be their guides in the care of their helpless little ones, and not maternal pride.

But, on the other hand, take a child who from its birth is trained in the most sensible manner—washed, dressed, and fed at fixed hours, and laid, without rocking, to sleep in the crib, where no foolish friend, indulgent aunt, or grandmother, is permitted to disturb or see it until it wakes naturally, and is ready for the next meal. All through the day it sleeps, or serenely watches the dancing shadows on the wall, or the bright sun through the curtains; and but for the little, cooing, rippling sounds that occasionally give token of its presence, one hardly realizes that there is a babe in the house. But at night the little one becomes restless, and begins to cry. Every means for quieting it are resorted to. It is patted, trotted, rocked, and sung to, but all is of no avail. What can be the matter?

Let us take this uneasy little mortal. Ah! we see. In dressing it in the morning you pinned the little waists as tightly as you could draw them, so that the body is as round and unyielding as a marble pillar. The morning bath and change of clothes brought some relief from the night's fetters, and for the first part of the day, or if uncommonly strong and healthy, until night, the child may be quiet and endure; but by night release from so many hours' bondage is absolutely needed. How would you like to have your clothes thus bound about you? No room for free breathing, no elasticity of body. What chance for healthy digestion? After many hours during the day of perfect inactivity, what wonder if by night the poor baby feels this compression insupportable? Its little limbs must ache, and the whole body become stiff and numb. But instead of relief, when the child is disrobed and night-clothes substituted, it is only to tighten the bands, and leave it to pass the long hours of darkness as much like a mummy as before.

When we see a child thus bound, we think it would afford us pleasure to act as dressing-maid to the mother long enough to teach her what torture she is thoughtlessly inflicting on her helpless babe. It has no way of attracting your attention and begging for relief but through tears. If the mother was subjected to the same distress for once, she would ever after understand why her baby lifts up its voice like a trumpet to tell her of her sins.

Whenever an infant begins to cry, without any apparent cause, by day or by night, let your first act be to examine its clothing; loosen it, remove the pins, or untie the strings, and see if the lungs have free space to expand, and the body a chance to move every limb and muscle. Rub the body

gently with your warm hand, particularly the back, lungs and bowels, to promote the circulation which the barbarous swaddling bands have all day impeded. Try this remedy, particularly at night, and, unless you again "put on the screws," in most cases your baby will fall into a peaceful slumber, and you may hope for unbroken rest.

But here is another whose garments are all sensibly adjusted, yet its piteous cries are enough to make the heart ache. What is the matter? Touch the little blue hands, and you will find them like ice. Take the child in your lap; draw your chair to the fire; heat a blanket and wrap it about it; lay it on the stomach across your lap, holding the cold hands in one of yours; shake out the foolishly long robes, till hidden somewhere in this mass of flannel and embroidery, you find the numb little toes, and hold them toward the fire till warm. See how it stretches its feet to the fire, and puts the pretty face close up to your warm hands. Many a child who has cried for hours, taxing all the mother's strength and skill, and filling her heart with alarm, will, under this simple treatment, in a few minutes be fast asleep. Only turning a child over in the crib—anything to change its position when you find that it begins to cry or become restless before its nap is finished, will sometimes soothe it to quiet slumber, give it the benefit of a long sleep, and you sufficient time to accomplish many things which must have been laid aside had baby waked too soon.

Endeavor to imagine yourself in an infant's place when it manifests symptoms you do not well understand. You wrap up hands and feet so closely when you lay it down to sleep, that it cannot stir. Could you remain two hours thus fettered without becoming cramped and full of pain? Loosen the wrappings; shake up the pillow and turn it over occasionally that the little head may rest on a cool spot (and, by the way, a good hair pillow, not too full, and well beaten every day that it may not become lumpy, is far more healthful for any child than feathers.) If awake, change its position; or if it has lain long, take it up, toss it gently, and play with it a while to give it a pleasant variety and cause the blood to circulate freely through the whole body.

If these simple methods do not pacify a crying child, it is very probable that some of the above-mentioned causes have produced colic; but do not give the simplest medicine till you have tried what virtue there is in an *enema* of tepid water. Unless the crying indicates the beginning of some acute disease, we have invariably found the effects almost magical, and in no case will it be hurtful.

Never nurse your child when chilled, fatigued, or terrified. The child, however hungry, must wait, or be otherwise fed, until your own system becomes quiet. It must be a very strong child who will not suffer from the nourishment the mother offers while under such disturbance. If your excitement proceeds from fear, go to your husband, or some friend who has the power to soothe or talk you into quietude, before you see your child. If fatigued, sit down and rest; if over-heated, wash your face and hands in cool water, keeping out of any current of air, and become thoroughly cool before you nurse your baby.

If, unfortunately, you have allowed yourself to be overcome by anger, keep far away from the little one till you have asked God to still the tempest, and you feel that by His grace you are at peace. If in such an unhappy state you dare to perform a mother's sweetest duty, your child will bring you to repentance before many hours elapse.

In early youth we were once compelled to watch by a child in convulsions. This was among our first painful experiences, and when absent from home. To our dying day we shall never forget the mother's dumb anguish when told her child must die. We afterwards learned that she had been furiously angry with her husband. The angry voices frightened the child, and to still its crying, even in the fierce heat of her passion, she put the babe to her breast. The physician knew of her ungovernable temper, and, boarding with her, had been the witness of the morning's tornado, and over the suffering little creature, sternly told her that her temper had killed her child. We never saw her but once after that sad trial, but the marks of the penalty which followed so quickly upon her sin were still stamped upon her face.

Mothers do not enough understand or believe these facts, because they are not accustomed to trace the effect to the cause; but a physician who looks carefully into the cases which come under his care, will assure you that this is no fiction. A mother at all times is called upon to guard well her own actions, and to practice much self-denial, for the sake of her offspring, but never more than when her child draws its nourishment from her breast; and never is judgment and care in the clothing, in the fashioning and adjusting of it, more important than while the babe is incapable of making known its wants or discomforts except by crying.—*Christian Union*.

### COAL FIRES.

Serious inconvenience to health is sometimes occasioned by tardiness in kindling

a coal fire; passengers in railroad cars have often undergone incalculable sufferings from this cause.

Before coal kindles it must be heated through and through, made hot enough to blister the fingers in an instant, although still black. It is easy to see that a small bit of coal will get thus heated sooner than a larger one; hence the smaller the coal, the sooner will it ignite.

Coal must be kindled with wood. This wood will give out a certain amount of heat, and no more; and as a given amount of heat is necessary to kindle the coal, the more wood, and the less coal, and smaller the pieces, the sooner and more certain will the fire be lighted.

In the face of these facts, persons are frequently seen in rail cars, when the fire in the stove is low, to put on a large amount of coal, the result being that the more coal put on, the more the fire will not burn, because the small amount of heat is distributed over a large amount of coal, all of which is heated somewhat, but none of it heated enough for ignition. The more a coal fire is stirred, if a little low, the more certain it is to go out.

The best way to replenish a coal fire is to put on a small amount of coal while it is burning well; and after this is thoroughly kindled, and has been red for a short time, add a little more coal. In this way a fire may be kept burning a whole day in a grate without using the poker once; and good housekeepers know that every time a poker is used, the ashes fly in every direction, and valuable time is expended in brushing them up. If a poker must be used, the time to do it is when fresh coal has been thoroughly kindled, for then there is no danger of its going out.

If a coal fire is burning too much, either cover it with some of the ashes which have fallen through the grate (this makes the mass more compact, and diminishes the draught) or if it is desirable to put the fire out altogether, as when going to bed, press the coal down from the top with a shovel or blunt-edged poker.

It has been the custom to use the largest-sized coal for the furnace; this requires a great waste of wood in kindling, besides much time is lost in firing up in the morning, the very time when most heat is wanted, and wanted quickly. It will take less coal, and give incomparably more comfort, to feed a furnace with coal, the largest piece of which is not larger than a hen's egg, only taking care to put on a little coal every hour. Observation and close calculating economy has shown this to all our river boats, tugs, and steamers.—*Journal of Health.*

## HOW OFTEN SHALL I WATER MY PLANTS?

BY JAMES H. PARK.

This is a question so frequently asked of gardeners, and which, to them, seems so foolish, as to tax their patience at times. Yet if they would consider how critical a business the watering of a valuable collection of plants is, and how often a head-gardener prefers doing part of such work himself, rather than trust it to his assistants, they might more readily sympathize with inexperienced questioners. A lengthy business experience amongst those who cultivate plants, assures me that to many the following instructions must be valuable, simple and superfluous as they may appear to the initiated.

Plants cannot be watered regularly for several reasons. They have a season of luxuriant growth, a sudden stoppage by transplanting from the garden, and a standing still for a season. Nearly all undergo a slow sort of hybernation in the early winter, which is followed by a gradual recuperation, and if well cared for, a generous spring growth. Some plants are soft and luscious; others hard-wooded and comparatively sapless. Some are kept in dry and over-heated rooms; others where the atmosphere is cool and retains more of its natural moisture. All these differences effect their requirements so that no recipe as to time of watering could be generally applicable; some plants requiring vastly more water than others under similar conditions, while the same plants need more or less, according to their exposure to atmospheric absorption.

No plant in a pot filled with earth can be properly watered. The earth ought always to be so far below the edge of the flower-pot as to leave space for holding water enough to moisten throughout the whole of the earth contained in the pot. We have had our attention called a hundred times to plants starving in pots heaped full of baked earth, which "wouldn't grow although they were watered twice every day;" and no wonder. Such plants might be watered all day, and would then be barely moistened throughout. Those cultivators—like that famous foreigner who swallowed all his pills at a dose—seem to think they cannot have too much of a good thing, and the more earth they can give the better the plants must grow, not knowing, probably, that the actual amount of earth in a pot does not diminish with the increase of the plant grown therein.

We have seen not a few city garden borders banked up after the same fashion, sloping from fence to walk, and sun-baked until their capacity for shedding water was

almost equal to a duck's back. On the other hand, with the proper amount of earth in the pots, if allowed to get very dry the earth shrinks, leaving an open water-way around it, so that when water would otherwise be a sufficiency of water is applied, it finds a ready outlet from the pot without penetrating the earth. In such cases nothing but successive waterings, until pot and loam are filled with moisture, can suffice. Whenever, immediately after application, water flows quickly from the pot, it is certain that it has not permeated the earth, but has found a readier mode of egress, which should be closed. Sometimes large earth-worms make such outlets. Dragging out by the nape of the neck, and applying salt to the tails of such intruders, has a very salutary effect, if followed by a firm pressure of the surface earth in the pots, so as to close the drains they have formed. Insufficient watering is the most common error of unsuccessful plant growers; but there are others who reverse the matter.

Many, who in the fall take up a few garden favorites to the house, give them twice as much pot and earth as is necessary. When this is done, and water freely applied day after day, the souring of the earth is as certain as the souring of a mortal stomach over fêted. Such plants require little water, but should be kept in a shady situation until they slowly recuperate, and should then be watered only as their requirements show. When plants are stimulated by heat, light, and water, soon after transplanting from the open ground, the result is a poor, weekly growth and permanent injury. When spring opens, its genial influence is felt by all plants, and such as are then in good condition consume water freely. Yet it must not be forgotten that hard-wooded plants, except when making their annual growth, require less water, and must be more carefully looked to; while soft-growing, juicy plants, at this season may be abundantly watered. Only one rule can be given for watering: *Water according to the absorption of your plants.* Give them only what they use. So long as the earth takes readily the impress of the finger, it may be considered moist, and *vice versa.* It is well for plants to get a little dry, as it is for animals to be a little hungry before feeding. But over drying is very injurious. This may be known always by the pale color and total absence of moisture in the pot itself.—*Hearth and Home.*

### SELECTED RECIPES.

**CHICKEN SALAD.**—White meat of 6 chickens, yolks of 12 hard eggs, 3 gills of olive oil, 3 gills of sharp vinegar, 1½ gills

of mustard, 3 teaspoonfuls of salt, 1½ gills of cayenne pepper. ¼ of a pint of rich cream, equal proportion of chicken and chopped celery. Only use cream in the quantity for immediate use.

**POTTED FISH.**—Shad, blue-fish, or any other firm, thick fish can be used. Scale them, cut off heads and tails, and cut them into four pieces, crosswise. Chop five small onions, sprinkle a layer on the bottom of a wide-mouthed stone jar, on them put a layer of fish, packing closely, and spice with black and cayenne pepper, cloves, allspice, whole peppers, and a little more chopped onion; then more fish, and so on, in alternate layers of fish and spice and chopped onion, until the pot is full. Arrange the row on top, spice it highly, and fill the jar with the strongest vinegar you can get. Cover with thick folds of paper under the lid, and bake twelve hours. The vinegar will dissolve the bones, and the fish can be sliced for the table.

**JENNY LIND CAKE.**—Half cup of butter, one teacup of milk, two tablespoonfuls cream, two cups sugar, three eggs, one teaspoonful cream tartar, half teaspoonful soda, and four cups flour. Any spice that is palatable.

**SOUR MILK GRIDDLE CAKES.**—Stir into one quart of sour milk enough flour to make the batter as thick as waffles; add an even teaspoonful of salt and two well-beaten eggs. Dissolve an even teaspoonful of soda, and beat in when ready for frying. This is very good, baked in waffle-irons.

**BUCKWHEAT CAKES.**—Sift together one quart of buckwheat flour and a teacupful of corn-meal. In cool weather make up a moderately thin batter with luke-warm sweet milk; salt to taste. In warm weather it is best to use water, the milk would sour; add half a tumbler of good lively hop-yeast (hop-yeast is best for buckwheat); make it up in a jar (covering closely) at 9 o'clock at night. The next morning beat in three eggs; let it set fifteen or twenty minutes; just before frying, stir in a tea-spoonful of soda, first sprinkling it over the batter. Soda is unnecessary if the batter is perfectly sweet. Eggs are not essential, but are an improvement; a mixture of four parts of buckwheat, two of Graham and one of Indian—makes a more healthful cake and morespongy.

**CHARLOTTE RUSSE.**—Arrange Savoy biscuits, lady fingers, or any kind of light, delicate cake, around your mold in strips. Wash each piece with the white of an egg to make them stick together. When the mold is nearly lined with cake, set the mold in the oven five minutes, to dry the egg and

cement the pieces. Put a pint of milk in the upper part of a farina kettle, with boiling water in the lower kettle; place over the fire; beat four eggs and stir into the milk, letting it just thicken. In another saucepan or kettle, dissolve a box of gelatine in a pint of water and let it boil up as for jelly. Strain the jelly into the custard, turn both into a dish and stir gently till cold. Sweeten a quart of rich cream with a pound of sugar, flavor with vanilla, and beat or churn the cream to a froth, and stir into the custard and gelatine, as soon as it begins to thicken. When well stirred together and cold, pour into your mold; cover the top with a frosted cake, prettily ornamented, if you choose, and set on the ice till ready for use.

Or, put one ounce of gelatine in two tumblers of milk, and boil hard; beat the yolks and whites of six eggs, separately, adding a half-pound of sugar to the yolks while beating, and stir into the boiling milk, till they thicken and form a rich, smooth custard, then stir in the whites beaten to a stiff foam, letting it remain on the fire only long enough to thicken. Flavor with vanilla. Whip a pint of rich cream till stiff, then stir into the custard. When cold, pour into the mold in which the cake has been placed. Set it on the ice till needed.

Instead of lining the mold with cake, plums, strawberries, raspberries, or any other fruit may be arranged around the mold, and the cream and gelatine and custard, when cold, poured into the middle. Set on the ice to harden, and, when cold, the whole turned out. This is very pretty when well made, and delicious.

**VINEGAR IN THREE WEEKS.**—Molasses, one quart; yeast, one pint; put into a jug or keg containing three gallons soft water; tie a thin piece of gauze over the mouth or bung-hole, and set it in the sun. Set it in a warm place in winter. In three weeks you will find good vinegar. More molasses and yeast will make stronger vinegar.

**TO REMOVE GREASE FROM FLOORS.**—Apply a paste of wood ashes; keep it on several days and then wash off.

**TO CLEAN LAMP-SHADES.**—Lamp-shades may be cleansed with soap or pearlash; these will not injure or discolor them.

**TO MAKE CALICO TRANSPARENT AND WATERPROOF.**—Take six pints of pale linseed oil, two ounces of sugar of lead, and eight ounces of white resin; the sugar of lead must be ground with a small quantity of it, and added to the remainder; the resin should be incorporated with the oil by means of a gentle heat. The composition may then be laid on calico, or any other material by means of a brush.

**TO KEEP KNIVES FROM RUSTING.**—Scour them on a board, crosswise, with some dry brick, after having wiped them perfectly dry; and put them away without wiping off the brick dust.

**RIBBONS RENEWED.**—Wash in cool suds made of soap, and iron when damp. Cover the ribbon with a clean cloth, and pass the iron over that. If you wish to stiffen the ribbon, dip it, while drying, into gum arabic water.

**TO WHITEN STRAW HATS.**—Scrape stick sulphur with a knife, mix the powder to a mush with water, plaster it thickly over the straw and place in the hot sun several hours; brush off when dry. An easy and effectual plan.

**TO CLEANSE THE INSIDE OF JARS.**—Fill them with hot water and stir in a spoonful or more of pearlash; empty them in an hour, and if not perfectly clean, fill again and let them stand a few hours. For large vessels lye may be used.

**SMOKY LAMPS.**—Coal oil lamps that are subject to smoking may be improved by putting from two to three table-spoons of coarse salt in them. It will make the light brilliant and clear, and keep the wick clean, besides the prevention of smoke.

**A CANDLE TO BURN ALL NIGHT.**—When, as in case of sickness, a dull light is wished, or when matches are mislaid, put powdered salt on the candle till it reaches the black part of the wick. In this way a mild and steady light may be kept through the night by a small piece of candle.

**TO CLEAN FURNITURE.**—An old cabinet maker says the best preparation for cleaning picture frames and restoring furniture, especially that somewhat marred or scorched, is a mixture of three parts linseed oil and one part spirits of turpentine. It not only covers the disfigured surface, but restores wood to its original color, and leaves a lustre upon the surface. Put on with a woolen cloth, and when dry, rub with woolen.

**TO MEND RUBBER SHOES.**—Get a piece of pure rubber—an old shoe—vulcanized rubber will not do; cut it into small bits. Put it into a bottle, and cover to twice its depth with spirits of turpentine, or refined coal tar naphtha—not petroleum naphtha. Stop the bottle and set to one side, shaking it frequently. The rubber will soon dissolve. Then take the shoe and press the rip or cut close together, and put on the solution with a camel's-hair brush. Continue to apply as fast as it dries, until a thorough coating is formed.

## Literary Notices.

**CHRISTIANITY AND POSITIVISM;** A series of Lectures by Dr. McCosh, of Princeton. New York: Robert Carter & Bros.

Many who make a point to keep up with the times in general reading, feel a little confused with regard to the various scientific theories of the present day. Quotations from Darwin, from Huxley, from Tyndall, appear in newspapers and magazines, and discussions and arguments for and against their peculiar views are plentiful in the periodical literature of the day; and yet the more one reads the more confused the mind seems to become on the subject of what those views are, and how they should be regarded by the Christian. One reason for this is the fact that these writers are extremely guarded in their expressions, and scarcely seem, on many points, to have formed their own views definitely. Another is that the subjects are discussed from such different points of view by the different critics, some looking with religious horror on theories which seem to others, equally orthodox, quite in accordance with the revelations of the Bible. To all who are interested in the subject, we confidently recommend this volume as being well calculated to show the exact state of the question, as well as the fact that religion is not likely, either at present or at any future time, to be overturned by science. As a specimen of the writer's clear and energetic style, we give the following extract from the first lecture:—

So much for Force, with its Correlations. But with the Forces we have the Matter of the universe, in which, I believe, the Forces reside. It is maintained that the worlds have been formed out of Star Dust. Now, I have to remark as to this star dust, first of all, that it is at best an hypothesis. No human eye, unassisted, has ever seen it, as it gazed, on the clearest night, into the depths of space. It is doubtful whether the telescope has ever alighted upon it, in its widest sweeps. Lord Rosse's telescope, in its first look into the heavens, resolved what had before been reckoned as star dust

into distinctly formed stars. But I am inclined to admit the existence of star dust as an hypothesis. I believe it explains phenomena which require to be explained, and which cannot otherwise be accounted for. I allow it freely, that there is evidence that the planets and moons and sun must have been fashioned out of some such substance, at first incandescent, and then gradually cooling. But, then, it behoves us to look a little more narrowly into the nature of this star dust. Was it ever a mass of unformed matter, without individuality, without properties? Did it contain within itself these sixty elementary substances, with their capacities, their affinities, their attractions, their repulsions? When a meteor comes, as a stranger, within our terrestrial sphere, either out of this original star dust or out of planets which have been reduced to the state of original star dust, it is found to have the same components as bodies on our earth, and these with the same properties and affinities. The spectro-scope, which promises to reveal more wonders than the telescope or microscope, shows the same elements—such as hydrogen and sodium—in the sun and stars as in the bodies on the earth's surface. The star dust, then, has already in it these sixty elementary bodies, with all their endowments,—gravitating, mechanical, chemical, magnetic. Whence these elements? Whence their correlations, their attractions, their affinities, their fittings into each other, their joint action? It is by no means the strongest point in my cumulative argument; but it does look as if, even at this stage, there had been a harmonizing power at work, and displaying foresight and intelligence.

As to this material, we must hold one or other of two opinions. One is, that it had from the beginning all the capacities which afterwards appear in the worlds formed out of it. It has not only the mechanical, but the chemical, the electric powers of dead matter; the vital properties of plants and animals, such as assimilation, absorption, contractility; and the attributes of the conscious mind, as of perception by the senses, of memory, imagination, comparison, of the appreciation of beauty, of sorrow, of joy, of hope, of fear, of reason, of con-science, of will. These capabilities may not yet be developed; but they are there in a latent, a dormant state in the incandescent matter; and are ready, on the necessary conditions being supplied, to rise to the instincts of animals—to the love of a

mother for her offspring,—to the sagacity of the dog, the horse, or the elephant,—to the genius of a Moses, a John, a Shakespeare, a Milton, a Newton, a Leibnitz, or an Edwards. Were all this capacity in the star dust, I would be constrained to seek for a cause of it in a Power possessed of knowledge, wisdom, and beneficence, planting seeds in that soil to come forth in due season. But there is another supposition; that these qualities were not in the original matter, but were added from age to age,—it may be, according to law: and if so, they must have come from a Power out of and beyond the star dust, from a Power possessed of reason and affection. I know not that science can determine absolutely which of these alternatives it should take. But take either; and, on the principle of effect implying cause, the mind must rise to the contemplation of a Being who must himself be possessed of intelligence, in order to impart intelligence.

This star dust has a greater heaviness or thickness of parts in certain places than at others; and, by the attraction of its particles, masses of it begin to rotate, and one planet is set off after another; and the planets cast off satellites, or rings; and the sun settles in the centre, with bodies circulating round him. All this has taken place according to natural law; but we infer that there has been a guardian Intelligence guiding and watching the process; otherwise, the heavy parts causing the rotation might have been in the wrong places in reference to each other, and the circling bodies at the wrong distances; and, as the result, a scene of never-ceasing confusion, in which the elements and powers would have been warring with each other, and rendering it impossible that there should appear any of the higher products of life; intelligence, and love.

The earth is now formed, an oblate spheroid, spinning round its own axis, and round the sun. By the action and counteraction of the inner heat and outer cold, there comes to be a solid land, with a corrugated surface of hill and dale, ocean and atmosphere. There follow rocks, deposited by water or thrown out by fire; and, as these are found to come forth, by aqueous or igneous process, in a state of order and adaptation, and are made to serve a beneficent end towards the living creatures, we argue that they are constructed on a plan.

But as yet there has been no life, vegetable or animal. But the protoplasm now appears. We shall let Professor Huxley describe that now famous substance, which he has taken under his special protection, and by which he works such wonders. It is the material out of which all living forms are made, as pottery is from the clay; it is the elementary life-stuff of all plants and all animals. You may see it as well as

anywhere else in the hairs to which the needle owes its stinging power. "The whole hair consists of a very delicate outer case of wood, closely applied to the inner surface of which is a layer of semi-fluid matter full of innumerable granules of extreme minuteness. This semi-fluid lining is protoplasm, which thus constitutes a kind of bag full of limpid liquid." This protoplasm, according to Professor Huxley,\* is "the formal basis of all life. It is the clay of the potter; which, bake and paint it as he will, remains clay, separated by artifice, and not by nature, from the commonest brick and sun-dried clod. Thus it becomes clear that living powers are cognate, and that all living forms are fundamentally of one character." He says that "all vital action is the result of the molecular forces of the protoplasm which displays it. And if so, it must be true, in the same sense to the same extent, that the thoughts to which I am now giving utterance, and your thoughts regarding them, are the expression of molecular changes in that matter of life which is the source of our other vital phenomena."

Now, upon this account of protoplasm, have to remark that the great body of naturalists do not allow that it is correct.

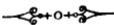
But we may let Mr. Huxley's account of it pass. From his description of it, it is evident that this elementary life-stuff is a very complex body, with very peculiar endowments,—quite as likely to work evil as to work good, and requiring to be directed in order to operate beneficently. It is composed chemically of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen; in one word, of protein. But then protein is not protoplasm; no power known to us can turn protein into protoplasm. Science, at its present advanced stage, cannot change dead matter into living matter.

CANADIAN ARITHMETIC in Decimal Currency, with Metrical Tables, for the use of Schools. By J. H. Richardson. Quebec: A Côté & Co. Pp. 152.

This little treatise has been carefully prepared by a teacher with a view to practical utility. The problems are all new, and no exertions have been spared by the author to ensure the strictest accuracy in every part. The exercises are graduated so as to form a progressive course of instruction adapted to the different classes in schools, and metrical tables of money, weights and measures, are inserted at the end of the work, in the expectation that the metric system will ere long be adopted as the standard throughout the commercial world.

\* Physical Basis of Life.

## Notices.



### THE BISHOP OF NORFOLK, COADJUTOR BISHOP FOR THE DIOCESE OF HURON.

The honor of being elected Coadjutor Bishop for the Diocese of Huron has been conferred upon the Very Rev. Dean Hellmuth, D.D. The following short sketch of the history of one whose name is so well known to all, and who is soon to become the guide and leader of the Diocese, will be of interest to our readers:—

Dr. Hellmuth is of Jewish origin and Polish birth, and his name will add, another to that already long list of men from amongst God's ancient people who occupy distinguished places in both Church and State.

Dr. Hellmuth was educated at Breslau, and it was there that he received his first impressions of Christianity. In 1841, he made a public profession of "the truth as it is in Jesus," going to England for that purpose in order to avoid family dissensions and persecutions.

In 1844 he came to Canada with the highest commendations from many eminent men, including the late Archbishop Sumner, of Canterbury, and from that time he has held various offices of trust and responsibility. For eight years Dr. Hellmuth was one of the Professors of Bishop's College University, Lennoxville, and Incumbent of St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke. He was afterwards appointed General Superintendent for the Colonial and Continental Church Society, in the British North American Colonies. It was while occupying this position that he was chosen by the Bishop of Huron to proceed to England and collect funds for the establishment and endowment of a Theological College in his diocese, appointing Dr. Hellmuth at the same time Archdeacon of Huron. In a marvellously short time the funds were collected, and he returned

to Canada and was appointed Principal and Divinity Professor of Huron College.

The Diocese is indebted to his liberality for the erection of a beautiful chapel in connection with the above College, built as a memorial to his father-in-law, General Evans. In this work he was aided by some members of the family, and a few local friends.

On the retirement of Bishop Cronyn from the Rectorship of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Dr. Hellmuth was appointed Dean and Rector. Amongst his many schemes for the public good may be mentioned the general improvement of the Cemetery, the building of the Chapel, and the establishment of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Dr. Hellmuth had long felt there was a want of an educational establishment of a high character, and after many difficulties he at last succeeded in founding the "Hellmuth College," which was opened in 1865, and has since been constantly increasing in the number of students and scholastic work. Encouraged by the success of the boys' College, Dean Hellmuth's next project was a similar one for young ladies. For the Dean to plan, is to act, and, in 1869, the "Hellmuth Ladies' College" was inaugurated. Under his presidency it has attained the foremost rank, and in intellectual and religious training is unsurpassed by any similar institution in the world. Beautiful in situation, perfect in arrangement and comfort, and possessed of a staff of teachers of the highest class in every department, it not only confers honor upon its munificent founder, but will be a blessing to many generations.

There are few men who would have dared to undertake such a risk unassisted by any government aid, and nothing but indomitable perseverance and patience could have brought such vast undertakings to such a successful issue.

*Hellmuth Colleges.*

The Dean is not unknown in the literary world; many tracts and pamphlets of great merit are the emanations from his pen, and his work, "The Divine Dispensations," a course of sermons delivered in Huron College Chapel in 1865, on the genuineness and authenticity of the Pentateuch, against the Colenso heresy, is possessed of a

freshness and clearness of thought, as well as a depth of theological learning, which entitle its author to a high rank as a theologian and a scholar. Respected and esteemed by all who know him, Dean Hellmuth has pursued his unblemished and useful course, and we predict a bright future for the Diocese of Huron.



HELLMUTH COLLEGE.



HELLMUTH LADIES' COLLEGE.