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NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

Mar.

1877.

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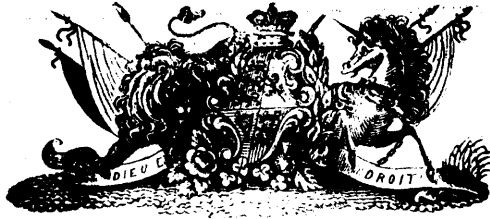
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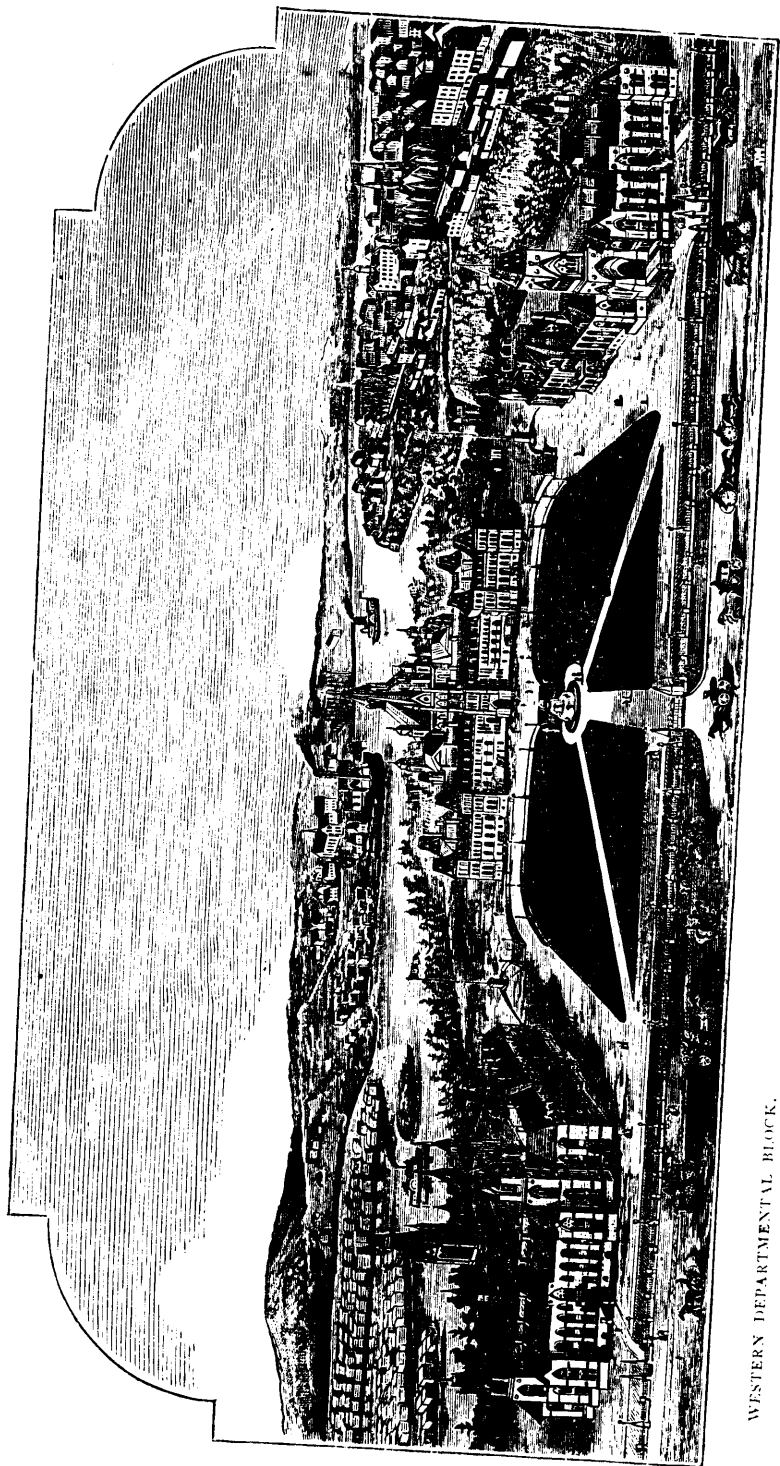
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WESTERN DEPARTMENTAL BLOCK.

PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

EASTERN DEPARTMENTAL BLOCK.

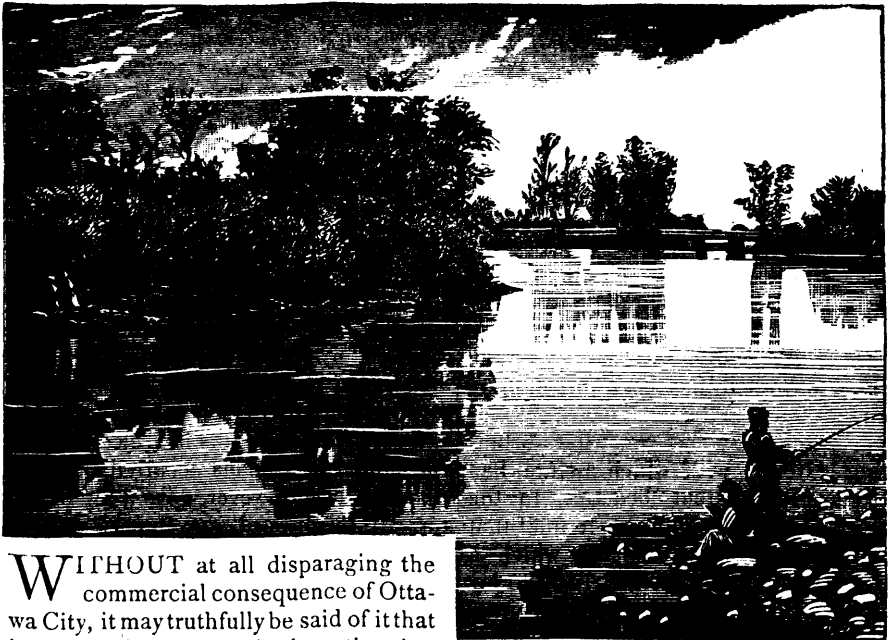
Perspective View of Government Buildings, Ottawa, Canada.

New Dominion Monthly.

MARCH, 1877.

THE CAPITAL OF CANADA.

BY A. M. B., OTTAWA.



SCENE ON RIVER ABOVE OTTAWA.

WITHOUT at all disparaging the commercial consequence of Ottawa City, it may truthfully be said of it that its primary importance, in the estimation not only of foreigners but of our own people, is derived from the fact that it has been constituted the political metropolis of the Dominion. What the motives may have been which inspired Her Majesty's Canadian advisers to counsel—if they really did counsel—the selection of what was then an obscure, rather uninviting, and not very promis-

ing town—what the political exigencies which compelled the passing over of the older and better situated cities—people now never think of enquiring. It is enough for the present day and generation that, Ottawa, having been chosen, time has gradually confirmed the comparative wisdom of the choice



THE CHAUDIERE FALLS AS THEY ONCE WERE.

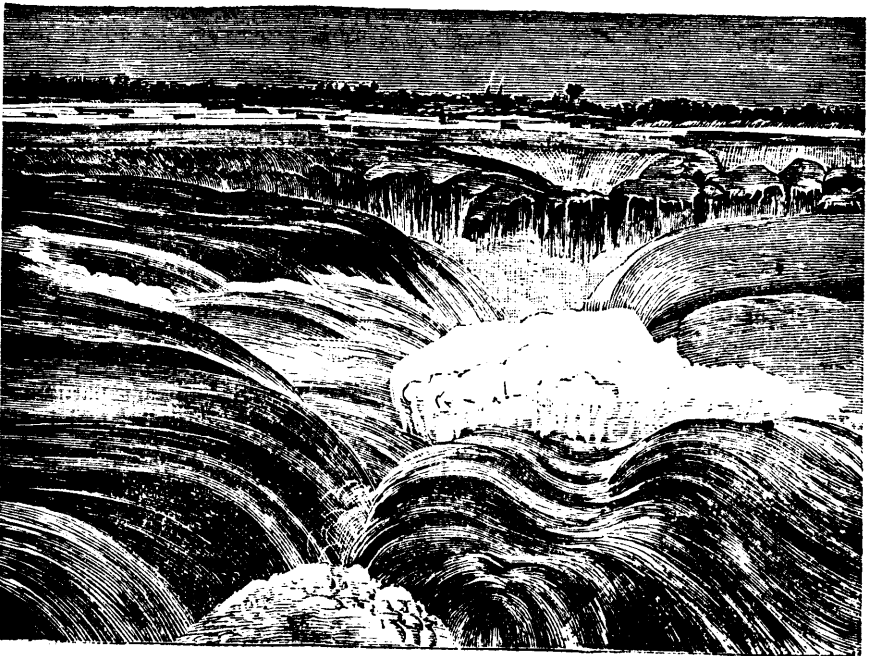
How rapidly and methodically the place has been accommodating itself to its altered circumstances; how earnestly and successfully its citizens have been striving to make it worthy of the great fate which has been thrust upon it; and how well calculated—forebodings, excited by the somewhat forbidding exterior with which nature had disguised its latent beauties, to the contrary notwithstanding—to fulfil that part in the country's history which a young and rising nation, striving to lay broad and deep the foundations upon which is to be reared a great future, most requires of its capital, only those who know its past and understand its present can fully appreciate. To be despised, to be misrepresented, to be scorned, to have even its positive advantages disparaged, and then to be lifted up to the place of honor, to be placed upon the pinnacle of national greatness for which the most beautiful and most favored cities in the Domi-

nion had been sighing; how typical its fate of that which, we are bound to believe, time has in store for Canada herself!

The city of Ottawa undoubtedly would, during the past ten or fifteen years, have made rapid strides along the path of progress had no such adventitious circumstance as its selection as the capital of Canada occurred. That circumstance, however, gave a momentum to its onward movement, and a volume and activity to its commerce within a remarkably short space of time, which unassisted they would have taken a quarter of a century, at the very nearest, to attain. Within the decade covered by the last census, this was the only city on the continent—in the civilized world, if we mistake not—Chicago alone excepted, which doubled its population. That fact, which in all human probability has been recorded of it for the last time, was largely if not wholly accounted for by the influx of the civil service employees consequent

upon the removal of the Public Departments to the permanent seat of Government. Outside of this accession to its numbers, however, it had kept pace with the growth of the country, and was rapidly availing itself of the many commercial advantages which its natural situation had conferred upon it. Its history has been brief but eventful. The settlement of the place began, and that in the rudest fashion, but some fifty years ago, with the construction of the Rideau Canal. That work was under the superintendence of Col. By, of the Royal Engineers, from whom Ottawa derived the designation of By-Town, by which it was known until 1854. How remarkable that the Rideau Canal, which cost so much money, and to which its promoters, and especially Col. By, attached so much importance, natural and military, should already have fallen practically into disuse! Such, however, is the fact. So limited is its traffic, and so great the disparity

between its receipts and expenditures, that two sessions ago the Premier announced it as very probable that the Government would expend no more money in dredging or otherwise permanently repairing it. Projected, though it was, in obedience to the dictates of self-defence, and in order to establish a system of communication between the interior and the head of navigation which would not at all times be at the mercy of our always very greedy and then not very friendly southern neighbors, there were those who from the beginning doubted its utility. Four million dollars was a large amount to pay for a work which railway communication and the improvement of the St. Lawrence system have long since rendered of no practical value whatever. * Either its construction was never called for, or else the abandonment of its maintenance now is an error; which horn of the dilemma to choose the people of this intensely commercial age will have

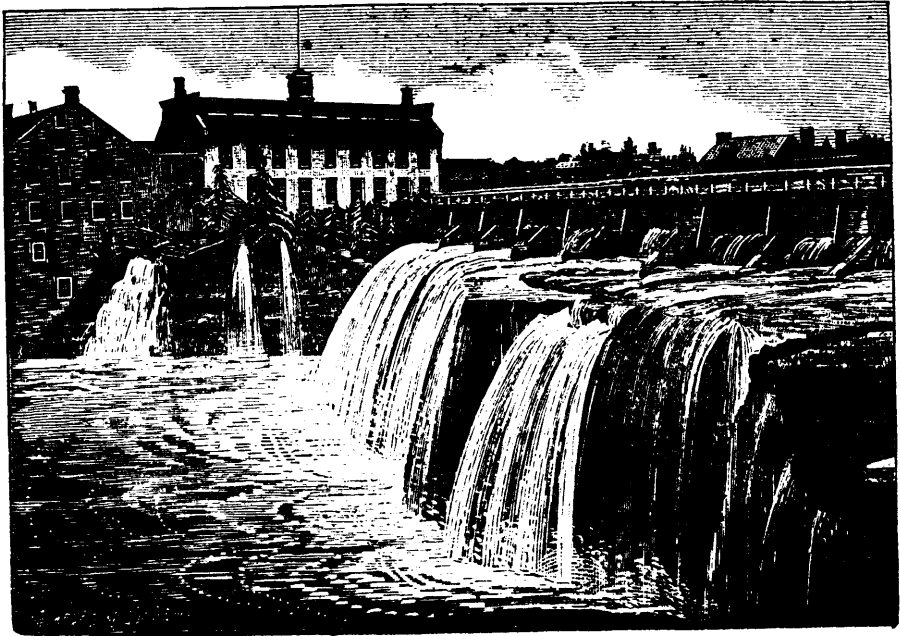


CHAUDIÈRE FALLS IN WINTER.

little difficulty in deciding. There is this comforting reflection to fall back upon, however, that the Rideau Canal made a capital for Canada. First came the cluster of laborers' shanties which formed around the canal's eastern terminus, with the somewhat better buildings in which those traders who furnished the necessaries of life, and the whiskey, that if not necessary was at

them unbroken over the Chaudière Falls, the village soon grew to be a town of considerable importance, and in 1854 became incorporated as the city of Ottawa.

It was two years afterwards, that the decision was arrived at, to choose once and for all some permanent seat for the Government of the United Provinces, and fickle, unreasoning fortune,



RIDEAU FALLS.

least very much in demand, were accommodated. Then came the consciousness to the minds of the more enterprising that By-Town was destined by nature to be a great centre of commerce. Situated at the confluence of the Rideau and Gatineau with the Grand River, each of them draining districts rich in agricultural and timber resources, and just at the point where it became necessary to re-arrange the rafts brought down from the immense lumber region of the Upper Ottawa, on account of the impossibility of carrying

with other deities equally difficult of control, conspired to have the lot fall upon Ottawa. Kingston, celebrated because of Lord Sydenham's partiality for an Upper Canada city, and preferred to Toronto because nearer the centre of the United Provinces, had been tried for two years and abandoned in 1844. Montreal, the commercial metropolis, had also been tried. But the riots over the celebrated Rebellion Losses Bill in 1849—the rotten-egging of the Governor General, the firing of the Parliament Buildings, and the de-

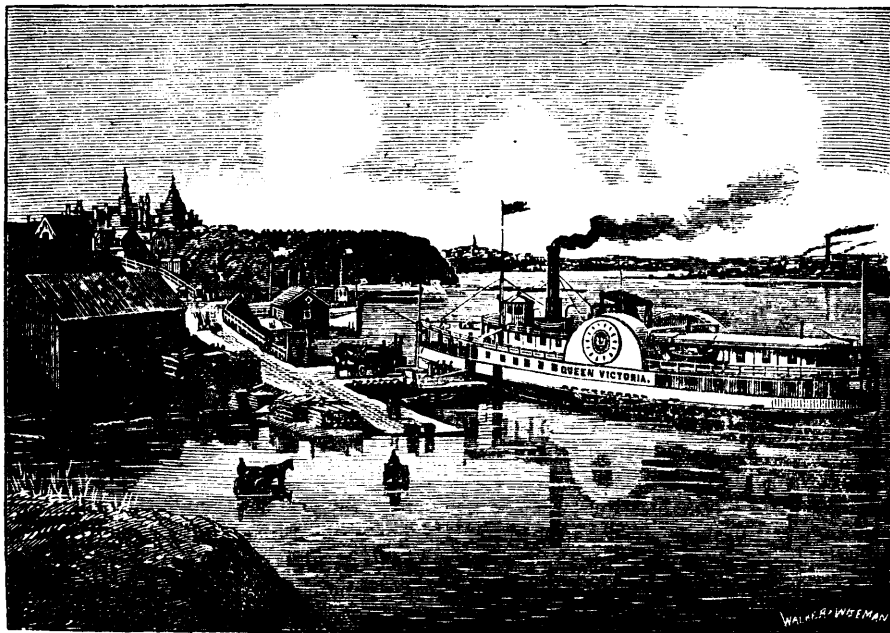
struction of the very valuable national library—caused it to be abandoned also. Then was attempted that most remarkable system of alternately transacting the business of the country in Quebec and Toronto, resolved upon in order to conciliate the friends of Mr. Baldwin in Upper Canada and Mr. Lafontaine in Lower Canada, which prevailed for several years. It was found, however,—it could not very well but be found—that the frequent removal of all the paraphernalia of Government from one city to the other, was so expensive to the country and so inconvenient to the public service, that the choice of a permanent capital was absolutely necessary. There can be no doubt whatever, had the Legislature itself then settled the question, that a majority would have voted for Montreal. Ottawa was not even thought of. The choice, it was supposed, lay between Quebec, Montreal, and Toronto. As Confederation was then mooted, but looking simply to a union of old Canada with the Maritime Provinces, the people of Quebec seemed to think their city, being the principal fortress of British North America, would have been the most suitable place, and they were quite confident it would ultimately be so decided. The Legislature, however, referred the matter to the Queen, and Her Majesty, upon the representations of Sir Edmund Head, fixed upon Ottawa as the site. It was upon this question, it will be remembered, and upon a resolution moved by Mr. Dorion—"that Ottawa be not the Capital"—in amendment to the motion to confirm the choice, that Mr. Brown's two day's Premiership occurred. The "royal will" in the end became the will of Parliament. It is said the Duke of Newcastle, who shortly afterwards visited the country, expressed his astonishment at the selection, and his decided preference for Montreal. The choice of Ottawa he considered a bad one, and he compared the action of the

people of Canada, in removing the seat of Government thither, to that of a nobleman who would desert his mansion in order to occupy as a residence some out-building in his back yard. There was at the time "more truth than poetry" in the comparison. However, one Duke is "as good as another—and perhaps better;" and it is only fair, since the adverse opinion of one has been quoted, that it should be met with the favorable opinion of another. Mr. Charles Roger, F. R. A. S., in his *Ottawa—Past and Present* (1870), tells us that the site of the city was "pointed out by the 'most sagacious man in Europe' (as Lord Brougham styled him)—Arthur, Duke of Wellington—as the most fitting place to become the seat of Government, not for Canada only, but for British North America." "Few persons would have believed," says Mr. Charles Pope, in his *Incidents of Ottawa*, "that the present capital would have been so favored as it has been. When the question of placing the seat of Government at Ottawa was first brought up in Parliament, the spectators in the gallery will remember the speech of a Canadian statesman, who said, 'I tell you candidly, gentlemen, you might as well send the seat of Government to Labrador.' Yet, strange to say, there were not wanting those who, as far back as 1827, predicted that it would be what it is to-day. Sir John Franklin and Colonel By were the prognosticators."

To the construction of the Rideau Canal, as has been said, Ottawa owed its foundation; but, as is always the case with respect to the promiscuous crowd brought together by a great public work, the population for many years afterwards was not remarkable for the respect it paid to the laws of either moral or social order. The "Shiners," as they were called, for a long time made Ottawa a not over-desirable place to live in. Just as if to redeem themselves in the nick of time, however, and to

show they were not so very unfit to be the guardians of the bodies of the "collective wisdom," it is recorded by Mr. Pope that in 1849, when Montreal had practically driven that august assem-

tracts were given out and the work of construction commenced. The contractors engaged to do the work for a total sum of \$527,310; but before the basement storeys had been completed,



MONTREAL AND OTTAWA STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S WHARF.

blage to seek quarters elsewhere, "reason took the place of mob-law (in Ottawa), the shiners learned sense, and as a natural consequence, law and order were restored." How deeply the people of Montreal must regret the indiscretions of those days—that they were not then able to exercise ever so little of that flunkeyism and political subserviency which all good capitals ought to have in stock!

The determination having been arrived at to carry out the decision of Her Majesty, and constitute Ottawa the capital of Canada, plans and designs for the necessary Parliamentary and Departmental Buildings were called for in 1859, and in the same year the con-

more than that sum was expended; and on the 30th June, 1867, the outlay had mounted up to the sum of \$2,723,981. In that was included, however, \$132,221 for fitting up and furniture. These buildings, to which the Public Departments were transferred in 1865, are not excelled by any on the Continent of America for the classic beauty of their design or the ornate character of their architecture, and have the advantage of a magnificent site on Barrack Hill, which brings into bold relief their elegant proportions and greatly adds to the majesty of their appearance. Barrack Hill is an eminence jutting out into and looking down almost perpendicularly upon the Ottawa, from a

height of about one hundred and fifty feet, and commands a perfect view of the city; of the adjoining town of Hull; the Chaudière Falls; the cultivated fields and cosy farm-houses of the Townships of Nepean and Gloucester; the rugged peaks of a branch of the Laurentian Mountains, shooting up heavenwards with such fantastic and pleasing irregularity along the whole range of the northwestern horizon, cradling in the intervening hollows picturesque little lakes in which stately pines and threatening rocks mirror themselves; and a stretch of river scenery which for beauty and variety is perfectly enchanting. The buildings are divided into three blocks—the eastern, the western, and central, and form three sides of Parliament Square; Wellington street, with its splendid array of offices, of banking, building, insurance, and other public corporations, forming the fourth. At the time they were

designed, and even after their construction, there were not a few who regarded these buildings, in respect of size and accommodation, as out of all proportion not only to the existing business of the country, but also to that likely to be transacted within them for hundreds of years to come. That opinion has been completely falsified long ago. Confederation had scarcely been accomplished when it was evident that considerable enlargement would at once become necessary. But Parliament had so often been led to believe that this, that, and the next appropriation for the "completion of the Public Buildings at Ottawa" would be the last, that every conceivable expedient to prevent the necessity of asking still more was resorted to, until, after the advent of the present Government, and the unfortunate destruction by fire of the wooden shanty called the Pacific Railway office, with all its valuable con-



SUSPENSION BRIDGE, SAW MILLS, ETC.

tents, enlargement became a necessity which must be faced. Accordingly, within the past year or two, the Western Departmental Block has been enlarged by the erection of a new wing, with a frontage to the Chaudière Falls, as will be seen from the foregoing engraving. Hitherto the block has been regarded as the least attractive of the three; but the new wing, though its effect is unfortunately somewhat hidden by the older and much less pretentiously designed portion—has nevertheless been a great improvement. The buildings generally are described in Mr. Page's Report to the Minister of Public Works (1867), as of pointed Gothic architecture, after the model of the 12th century. What is the technical title of the style of the new western wing, dependent ventures not to say. That it is Gothic is evident; that it is not pure Gothic is equally evident; but as to what period the modification belongs, those who ought to know do not seem to be agreed. The probable cost of the addition is also one of those things which "no fellow can find out." Estimates have been published purporting to convey at least some approximate idea of it, but they are without authority, and not worth the paper they are written upon. The contractors for carpenter work, painting, plastering, glazing and furnishing are just now busily engaged in fitting up the offices for occupation, for which it is expected they will be ready next autumn. What changes will then take place in the distribution of the Departments has not yet been decided upon. In the western block at present are the offices of the Departments of Public Works, Militia, Post-office, Marine and Agriculture. The completion of the new wing will doubtless see the number added to. This much has already been determined, that the Minister of Public Works, with the large staff under his direction, will be transferred into the new portion on the earliest opportunity. Mr. Mac-

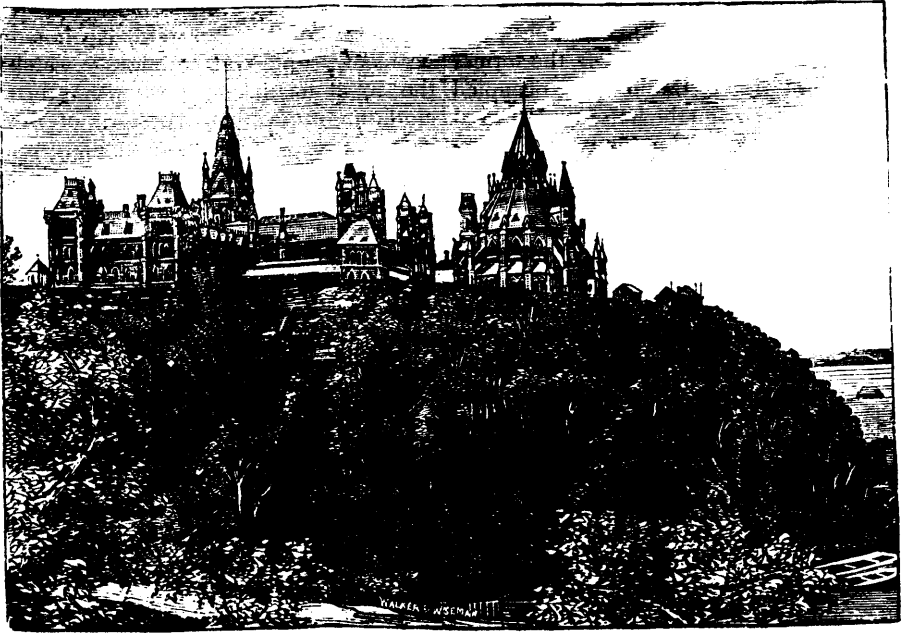
kenzie will then have—what he very much needs now—a commodious room for himself, with a private entrance. The story goes that the Postmaster-General also fancied the new wing, and, had with the concurrence of the Premier, resolved to remove the Post-Office Department thither, but that, in consequence of the opposition of a prominent officer, the resolution was abandoned. Practical experience has developed two rather serious drawbacks in the construction of the Departmental Buildings—want of proper light, and miserable ventilation. The first is inseparable from the style of the architecture; but the modification of that style which has been introduced has in respect of the addition of which we have just been speaking, in a large measure overcome the difficulty. The offices will be larger, too, presumably offering greater facilities for ventilation, and enabling one chief clerk to personally supervise a great many assistants. Whether, however, having so many men together will be a help or a hindrance to the transaction of public business, even with all the advantages of direct superintendence, time must be left to tell. The height of the central tower, (which is not yet complete, although it so appears in the frontispiece, which is copied from the architect's design) has been stated at 275 feet; but that point is not yet quite settled. At any rate, it is certain to overtop, by a good many feet, the tower which surmounts the main entrance to the Parliament Buildings.

The eastern block is regarded by *connoisseurs* as the most classically constructed of the three, the leading entrance, which is from Wellington street, and under the main tower, being an especial feature. About the centre of the wing, facing Parliament Square, the offices of the Governor-General are also reached by a very fine entrance. The Departments of Finance, Customs, Inland Revenue, Interior, Justice, State,

and the offices of the Receiver-General and the President of the Privy Council, are also situated in this block. Official descriptions of this, as of all the public buildings, which are easily accessible, might be quoted with some advantage to professional architects, to whom such matters have a special interest; but to the general reader the engraved illustration given will convey a much more accurate and intelligible idea of their

bers of the two Houses of Parliament, the Supreme Court, and the Library. One of the best and briefest descriptions of it ever published was compiled by Mr. Alexander Robertson, one of the most polished writers in the Dominion, from official plans, for the *Exhibition Annual* of 1875, from which the following extracts are made:—

The main façade presents a centre and two wings, its long lines broken by



THE LIBRARY—VIEW FROM MAJOR'S HILL.

appearance and style than any word picture which could be drawn. If a departure from this rule were permissible or pardonable, it would be in favor of the Council Chamber, with its richly frescoed walls, lofty, moulded ceilings, and handsome carved furniture, expressly made for it at the time of Confederation.

But the Central Block is that around which the greatest public interest centres, containing, as it does, the cham-

seven towers with truncated roofs surmounted with iron work. The central tower, which is very richly finished, has an altitude of 220 feet, and projects its own width from the building. The body of the building is two stories, forty feet high, crowned with truncated roofs with iron ornamental finishings. The main entrance is beneath the central tower, the lower portion of which is arched, forming a portico sufficient to admit the largest carriage. The prin-

cial material used in the building is a cream colored sandstone from the adjoining township of Nepean. It is soft in appearance, but really very hard and difficult to work. For carved work, the Ohio sandstone has been extensively used, and to give variety of coloring the red Potsdam sandstone has been adopted for the arches over the doors and windows. Passing through the main entrance, the visitor enters a lofty vestibule, supported in the centre by a colonade of handsome sandstone pillars. From this spacious antechamber stone stairways lead right and left, the former to the portion of the building occupied by the Senate and the latter to that used by the House of Commons. Following the right hand stairway, the Senate chamber is reached by means of the lobby. This is a wide corridor running round the entire chamber, and hung with the portraits of the former Speakers of the upper branch of the Legislature. The chamber itself is a handsome room eighty feet by forty-five feet, the same dimensions as the British House of Peers. The floor is surrounded by a capacious gallery thrown back over the lobbies, the roof, fifty feet in length, being supported on clustered columns of polished marble, taken from quarries not far from Ottawa. The principal light of the building is from the roof, which is open, of richly carved timber, with glass set in. Handsome mullioned windows, however, surround the galleries, which are filled with elaborate designs in stained glass. At the upper end is the vice regal throne, having on either side of it marble busts of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra. At the lower end, facing the throne, is a full length statue of Her Majesty. At this lower end of the room is also a full length oil portrait of the Queen in her state robes. This picture has long hung in the Canadian Legislative Halls, and was with difficulty saved from destruction in 1849. In the basement

will be found the refreshment and dining-rooms, on the way to which may be seen the corner stone of the building which was laid in 1860 by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. The upper story is entirely devoted to offices and committee-rooms. The House of Commons, in dimensions and structure, is identical with the Senate Chamber. Since Confederation the number of representatives has so increased as to render a change necessary in the arrangement of the seats. The acoustic properties of the Hall were also found deficient, with a view to improve which the room has been lined with green cloth, and to facilitate the work of the reporters of the debates, a gallery for their special use has been erected just above the Speaker's chair." The House of Commons has also a series of portraits (in oil) adorning the walls of its lobbies. The picture gallery, jointly owned by the Senate and Commons, is situated between both houses and is equally accessible to both.

By far the most advantageous view to be had of the new library is from the Major's Hill, as it is called, which has lately been laid out and decorated as a public park, with carriage drives, fishponds, drinking-fountains, &c. It is in reality a continuation of the Barrack Hill, but they are separated by the deep gorge through which the Rideau Canal joins the Ottawa almost opposite the point where the spectator would require to stand in order to command the magnificent prospect represented in the engraving. The library, which was opened to the public just on the eve of the meeting of Parliament, and which is not yet quite completed, is circular inside, with a diameter of ninety feet. Externally it forms a polygon of sixteen sides, at each angle of which is a flying buttress, which joins the wall at a considerable height, with a view to resist the thrust of the vaulted roof. It was originally intended that the roof should be joined, the ribs to be of stones, and

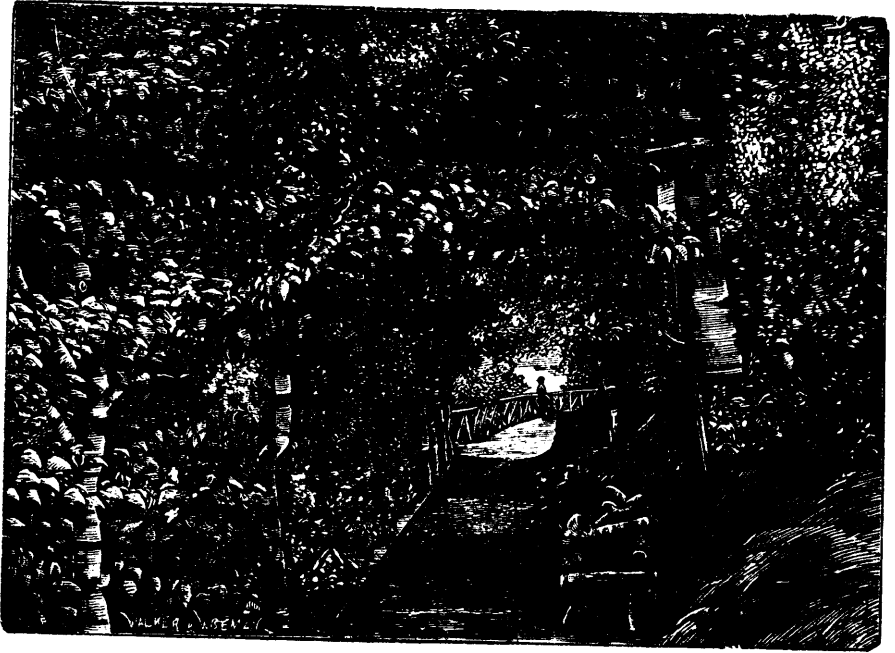
the intervening spaces to be filled in with hollow bricks. Mr. Page, the chief engineer of the Public Works Department, in his report on the Public Buildings in 1867, expressed some fear that the large space and great weight of material in the vault, together with that in the high lantern over it, might lead to serious consequences in case of any imperfection in the works, and his counsel so far prevailed that the plans were changed and an iron roof substituted, which is equally ornate in appearance, equally substantial, and far less dangerous. The design of the building is bold and very effective outwardly, and so far as appearances go, nothing more could be desired in the way of internal ornamentation and arrangement. It is painful to learn, however, after an expenditure of somewhere in the neighborhood of \$300,000, that, instead of having accommodation in this grand structure for such a collection of books as would be in keeping with the population and importance of the Dominion fifty or one hundred years hence, which Parliament and the public fully expected, it has been ascertained with tolerable certainty that the existing stock—neither too large nor too select it must be admitted,—will barely find house-room within its walls. The old library, situated immediately between the two Houses of Parliament and the new building, has been fitted up as chambers for the Supreme Court, and is admirably suited to the purpose. The last sitting of the court was held in it—a sitting as important in its results as any that will probably ever take place, for in some of the decisions rendered there are involved principles which lie at the very bottom of Canadian nationality and prosperity—at the very bottom, be it said, of law and order, of British justice and our common liberty.

Ottawa has the reputation, and probably deserves it, of being the hottest city in summer and the coldest in win-

ter within the bounds of old Canada. Certain it is that here both extremes meet, combining to form a climate so severe as to be a serious drawback to the settlement of the surrounding country. We probably have winter from three weeks to a month earlier than Toronto, and the "inclement season" stays with us at least as much longer in the spring. However, when the snow has once passed away, and the face of nature is open to the genial influence of the bright, warm sun, the progress of vegetation is most wonderfully rapid, and its luxuriance unrivalled anywhere in North America. The streets are unfortunately almost altogether without the shade trees which form such a grateful protection from the scorching summer heat in almost every village, town and city in Ontario beside; but, to those who have the leisure, compensation for this very serious deficiency may be found by resorting to that most delightful retreat—the Lovers' Walk—delightful for the prodigality with which nature has bestowed upon its surroundings her most precious gifts, delightful for the magnificent panorama which is presented to the eye of the beholder, turn which way he pleases. The walk consists of a terraced footway cut into the almost perpendicular side of the eminence from which the Parliament Buildings look proudly down, and winding completely round it. Below, the noble river sweeps majestically about the base of the hill, and from various points may be seen the canal locks and the Majors' Hill; Gatineau village and the confluence of the river of that name with the Ottawa; Hull city, and its saw mills, match factory, and immense piles of lumber; a considerable stretch of the Chelsea Road, with finely cultivated farms skirting it on the south, and hemmed in on the north by the Laurentian mountains, rich in their iron ores that but wait enterprise and capital to develop them; and the Chaudière, with its renowned

falls, its net-work of saw mills and manufactories of various descriptions which have clustered around the wonderful water-power afforded, and its

mire, he hopes himself to win her admiration; and even the rejected suitor, be he of the revengeful, murderous turn of mind, or tragically resigned to his



LOVERS' WALK.

suspension bridge, which spans the Ottawa at a narrow part immediately below the Falls. The Lover's Walk has been most appropriately termed. If love be that angelic, inspired passion which poets and philosophers represent it, there could be no more favored or fitting spot than this in which to cultivate its tender and mysterious influences. There is not an element in human composition, certainly no phase of the amorous element—that might not here find some touch of nature calculated to call it into activity. The romantic lover need sigh no more in vain for elysian bowers in which to woo his goddess, nor the sentimental lover for those charms of nature through which, by teaching his fair one to ad-

fate, will find in the frowning cliffs, and the dark silent waters, the very agents which will best accomplish the burning purpose of his soul. The Government have fitted up the walk with rustic seats in shady nooks at intervals, which, with the cutting out of the path and the preservation of it in good order, was all that nature had left for them to do. For Mr. William Macdougall,—that best-abused of politicians—while Minister of Public Works, is claimed the credit of having developed this choicest specimen of the scenery of the capital.

Ottawa is surrounded by a numerous progeny of villages, having municipal corporations of their own, but the majority of whom must eventually become

part and parcel of the city. Among others might be mentioned Bayswater, Rochesterville, and New Edinburgh. The latter is separated from Ottawa by the Rideau—a river of considerable size, with a course of 115 miles, which falls into the Ottawa over a perpendicular rock a distance of about fifty feet. Its mouth is divided by a small island into two distinct outlets, both discharging an equal quantity of water, and both having a fall of about equal height. In summer the water is so very low as scarcely to cover the rocks, and then there is nothing to show the beauty of the falls, as there is in the spring time, when the river is high. At this latter period, the spot is very attractive, and the falls a source of wonder and admiration to visitors. The water throws itself over the precipice, which is of smooth, even limestone, with a regularity and proportion which have won for it the term "Rideau," or curtain, which both sheets of water in their descent very strongly resemble. On the western bank of the western fall, overlooking the Ottawa, are the lumber manufactories of Mr. James MacLaren, known as MacLaren's New Edinburgh mills. Mr. MacLaren, who is a most energetic and enterprising lumberman and speculator, owns two other similar concerns—one on the Gatineau, and one near Buckingham. He is, besides, largely interested in one or two prominent lumber firms elsewhere. About half a mile distant from the Falls is Rideau Hall, the official residence of His Excellency the Governor-General, a large but not particularly handsome structure, by no means in keeping with the public buildings, and which some of these days it will in all likelihood cost the Dominion a pretty round sum to replace with something better. From every point of the compass it is concealed by dense forest, and not even a flag-tower of commanding elevation marks the place of its seclusion. This is not exactly as it should be.

About a quarter of a mile from the Rideau Falls, in the direction of the Parliament Buildings, is situated the commodious wharf of the Montreal and Ottawa Steam Navigation Company, so well known to the summer visitors of the capital. Perhaps nothing indicates better the vast change which has come over Ottawa than the rapidity with which facilities for transportation have been multiplied within the past few years. Directly connected by rail with the whole Ottawa valley as far as Pembroke, and with Smith's Falls, Brockville and Prescott, it is proposed now, with strong apparent chances of success, to carry another trunk line through from Carleton Place to Toronto, making a direct route between the political capital of the Dominion and of the Province, and, with the assistance of projected eastward branches, greatly shortening the distance between Ottawa and Montreal. Then we shall presently have the Montreal, Ottawa and Occidental Railway from Hull, with some prospect of a bridge across the river, connecting the road with existing lines. But for summer travelling there is nothing to compete, either in the way of comfort or enjoyment, with the river steamers, which have thoroughly kept pace with the times. Indeed, were it not for the inconvenience of transshipment at Grenville, the river would be a much more popular route while it is open than any possible railway line, especially to tourists and those to whom a few hours' time is not an all important consideration.

From Ottawa upwards, the continuous navigation of the river is rendered impracticable by a series, of sometimes frequently recurring rapids. From Britannia to Le Breton's Flats is one continuous rapid, culminating in a fall, or rather falls, known as the Chaudière. How vastly time and the ingenuity of man have altered the surroundings of those Falls, how even portions of the headlong torrent have been subjugated

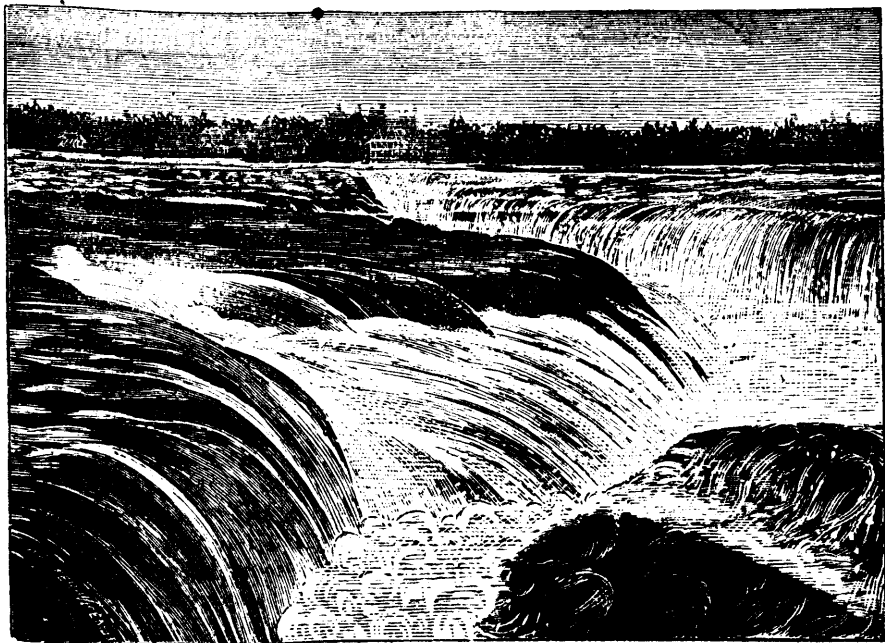
and utilized for manufacturing purposes, can only now be explained by the reproduction of old descriptions and old illustrations along side of descriptions and illustrations of things as they are. Beyond the Falls, the river is cut up into numerous channels by a variety of small, cove-shaped islands, clad with short, thick furze; and, so far as we are able to discern at this time, one of our illustrations represents a view of the Great Kettle from one of these islets, situated at the very mouth of the chasm, upon which now stand three or four of the most extensive saw mills in Canada. In those days, Le Breton's Flats—or "the Flats," as they are now designated,—were almost completely submerged, especially in the spring, with the waters of the river; and in the time of Bouchette (*British Dominions in North America*, p. 81), Chaudière Island, the site of the greater portion of the manufacturing interests of the Ottawa of to-day, and no longer an island except in name, could only be reached by a bridge which the historian praises the Countess of Dalhousie, wife of the Governor-General, for her "heroism" in being the first to cross. So frequently had the structures which preceded it collapsed, that it was probably no mere enthusiasm which impelled Mr. Bouchette to hand down the feat to posterity as an act of commendable daring and bravery.

In another place is shown a view of the Falls as they are at present, and it will at once be apparent to the reader why they have been termed the Chaudière. With a body of water nearly as large as Niagara, but lacking the stately grandeur of that most magnificent of all the cataracts of the world, there is yet a beauty and attractiveness about the former which the latter cannot claim to possess. The scenery around the Chaudière is about as diversified and charming as that around Niagara is tame and uninteresting. The principal fall is some sixty feet high, al-

though it does not appear quite as much to the ordinary observer, especially in spring, when the water seems scarcely to fall in the ordinary sense of the term, but rather to dash with the wild impetuosity of madness against the sides of the narrow rocky chasm into which it is thrown. When the May floods have brought this violence to its climax, and to the roar of the waters is added the combined grating of the thousands of saws which are in operation in the vicinity night and day, the noise is perfectly deafening. The force of the current, though greatly modified in winter, is yet very strong, but does not prevent the spray-clouds which rise up out of the mouth of the seething chasm from forming into an irregular ice-cove, the peculiarity of which is that its apex points to the surface of the water. Here we have the apex of a cove forming its base also. The rock of which the bed of the river consists at this point is remarkably hard, and is worthy of a geological investigation that many have been ready to suggest, but nobody seems to have the time or inclination to undertake. It would unquestionably be most interesting to ascertain what influences combine to draw the waters, which are spread over a breadth of 500 yards immediately above, to a focus at this point—what has produced the "sudden subsidence, the broken, irregular, and extraordinary chasms," as they have been described, which suck into their depths, from every direction, and send out through an exceedingly narrow channel, what nature has provided so suitable an outlet for elsewhere.

The four Union bridges described so graphically by Bouchette—a "succession," as he said, of "varied and beautiful bridges, abutting upon precipitous and craggy rocks, and abrupt islands, between which the waters were urged with wonderful agitation and violence"—are gone down to the grave with the past. They have dropped out of ex-

istence, as have the abrupt islands, and the waters which were "urged" through between them. Upon those very islands, and in the intervening government slides, on the Ontario side, are situated the greater number of our Ottawa saw-mills—those of Messrs. Bronson & Weston, Perley, Pattie,



CHAUDIÈRE FALLS IN SUMMER.

channels, there are now the streets and houses of one of the most populous quarters of the capital of Canada. (Ottawa, it may be remarked, has altogether a population of about 30,000, some seven or eight thousand of whom are French, and about one half Catholic. With the Catholic and Protestant citizens so nearly equal in numbers, the harmony of our civic government is very creditable). The Chaudière, or Flats, being in the vicinity of the mills, is very largely populated with French, who find employment about the mills during summer, and in the shanties during winter. One bridge now suffices to connect Ottawa with Hull and the Lower Canada side of the river generally, and around that bridge, which is approached by another spanning the

John R. Booth, Levi Young, &c., &c. ; while at the Lower Canada extremity are situated the extensive works of Mr. E. B. Eddy.

The Suspension Bridge, as the inscription upon one of its pillars tells, was built in 1849. Six years later the Messrs. Bronson practically began the sawn lumber trade of the Ottawa, having in that year cut the first that was ever exported from this district to the United States market, although deals for the British market had been manufactured on the Gati-neau and at Hawkesbury a few years before. From that beginning the sawn lumber trade increased to such an extent that, in 1873, the cutting capacity of the mills within the city limits alone reached fully 200 millions per season ;

while those in Hull and New Edinburgh, which, commercially, are emphatically a part of Ottawa, reached 125 millions. Two thirds of these amounts, however, would probably cover the average shipments for the five years from 1869 to 1873 inclusive, which were the most prosperous the trade in this section has ever experienced. Since 1873, the amount manufactured has been steadily declining, and very severe losses have been sustained in consequence of shrinkage in values. As is well-known, in order to be in a position to supply the varying wants of their customers, and keep their mills in constant operation, manufacturers were compelled to "carry" large stocks of both lumber and logs. These stocks require years to work them off, and those on hand in 1873, having been obtained at the inflated prices current, have been a source of heavy loss and widespread disaster to holders, in consequence of the steady decline in prices for the past three years. Nor until the raw material—if that term may be used—has been brought down to the same standard of prices which obtains in the sale of lumber, can the manufacturers hope to reap a legitimate profit. More than a living profit they do not expect, at least until the reserves of pine timber shall have become so far exhausted as to bring the supply below the market demand. This a most eminent authority, from whose experience the facts and opinions here related are gathered, regards only as a question of time, although he is not of sufficiently sanguine temperament to predict fabulous riches to holders of standing timber ten, fifteen, or twenty years hence, believing that human beings are sufficiently inventive to find a substitute rather than purchase any article too dearly. That they will be driven to do something, provided the present system of sacrificing timber to neglect and wantonness is not departed from, is sufficiently evident to require but little discussion ;

and that they will find in iron a substitute, equally serviceable and more in keeping with the age, especially for fire-proof structures, ought to be equally obvious.

As the lumber trade has made Ottawa commercially what it is to-day, the probable future of that trade becomes to it a question of most vital importance—a question, it may be, of life or death ; for it is very doubtful, to say the least, whether the utter absence of coal from the locality and the consequent inordinate expense of manufacture here, would ever permit of our producing the iron with which the neighboring mountains are so richly stocked in other than the raw state. A good deal of the future so fraught with mighty consequences will depend upon legislative action, both in Canada and the United States. The timber being held by the Crown, the Government have the right to impose certain dues, and these dues, somewhat onerous as they are at all times, have been particularly burdensome during the depression of the last three years. The aggregate tax amounts to fully one dollar per thousand feet, and beyond all doubt any increase would seriously cripple the trade. So far as the United States are concerned, they at present levy a specific import duty of two dollars per thousand feet upon all rough Canadian lumber that goes into their markets, and, in addition, an *ad valorem* duty of 35-per cent. on planed lumber. This practically amounts to prohibition, as it is ; and any considerable increase would simply shut our Canadian traders out of the only market fit to consume their cuttings, and ruin the trade. A removal of all duties, on the other hand, would revive the trade, and give it an impetus which, at any rate, would restore to Ottawa and the Ottawa valley their normal prosperity. For example, Michigan lumber is largely planed at the mill where it is sawn, and the removal of hostile duties would permit of same thing being profitably done

here, with very obvious advantage to the trade, the country, and the working-classes. Of course Ottawa, with its present and prospective railway connections and large mills, would benefit most largely from reciprocal trade in lumber, and ought in all reason to support a free-trade government.

So much for sawn lumber. As to the trade in square timber, Ottawa, being its head quarters, and the principal source of its supplies, derives large benefits from the operation of that industry also. There are one or two causes which in recent years, however, have conspired to deprive this city of a good deal of its trade in shanty supplies. Lumbermen have found it more profitable to raise their coarse grains and hay upon land in the vicinity of their limits, than to buy in Ottawa as formerly. Besides, it enables them to furnish continuous employment to a good many men engaged in the woods in winter, who would either have to be paid off at the close of the shanty season, or given work in the mills, which latter was not always to be had. The opening up of railway communication, especially the Canada Central, has given lumbermen a choice of market for the purchase of general supplies, which is manifestly a great disadvantage to the local business of Ottawa. Still, the proportion of the trade retained makes the prosperity of the square timber merchants a matter of great consequence to the commerce of this city.

A word as to the causes which have led to the present stagnation, although, in view of all that has been written on the subject, it may almost be superfluous. Immediately after the American civil war, and until the inception of the recent panic, lumber brought such prices that outsiders thought the sure road to fortune ran through a saw mill or a timber limit. The result was that many persons not legitimate lumbermen, engaged in the production and manufacture of lumber, which was sti-

mulated to an extent quite in keeping with the extravagant demands of a highly inflated market. When the crash came, it found not only those adventurers, but the regular operators, with large stocks on hand, which had to be sold in order to meet maturing liabilities. Under the impression, too, that the depression was but temporary, and in order, if possible, to render productive the large capital they had invested in mills and so on, manufacturers kept on producing, if they were able, beyond the reasonable demands of the market; the bad faith with which pledges to reduce operations were generally kept having greatly intensified the embarrassment of the situation. The consequences have been very disastrous. Dealers have been compelled to take what prices they could get. However, partly by the complete failure of some, and partly by the curtailment of business on the part of others, the supply is gradually accommodating itself to the demand; and this, coupled with the probable increase in consumption, gives hope of an early revival of business.

The public institutions of Ottawa are too many and too important to permit of their being treated in this article. Its public schools are in no respect excelled in the Dominion, and it has a Normal School which is already a credit to the Province. It has a collegiate Institute of some architectural pretensions, a fine new post office, county buildings, court house, and gaol, new city hall, bank buildings and printing offices—the Government printing office, on Wellington street, particularly—all of which would give the city a creditable standing among its Canadian confreres, were there no government buildings at all. There are also three Episcopal churches, one Reformed Episcopal, six Roman Catholic (one of them a very fine cathedral), one Catholic Apostolic, one Congregational, two Episcopal Methodist, one Baptist, three Methodist, five Presby-

terian (one French and one German Lutheran). It preserves the shattered remains of a Mechanic's Institute, a flourishing Literary Society, and a somewhat poorly supported but very useful branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. There are two daily evening newspapers, the morning

journal having recently succumbed to the prevailing depression, and the national benevolent societies are not only in a flourishing condition, but are to all appearance fairly equal in resources and energy to the work of philanthropy to which they have set themselves.

MY YOUNG MASTER.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CASTING THE LOT."

Mrs. Russell took Edward back to school herself; they went in the phaeton, with Rolston driving.

The first chance I got, I asked Mr. Russell to take me on at the works, as I wanted to be a bleacher, as my father had been.

"Ah, Willie!" said he, kindly, "I see how it is—you want your wages raised. I saw your mother the other day, and she tells me you send her nearly all your wages. You would not be your father's son if you were not self-denying and faithful; that is true nobility, my boy. I hope Edward may imitate you in these qualities, and he will make me a glad father. We will see whether Mrs. Russell will be willing to spare you from about the house. It seems to me you are generally useful. I'll tell you in a day or two."

Some of Mr. Russell's praise was the worst kind of reproof to me; for I had not been planning for the benefit of my mother, though, as he spoke, I wished I had; but I was thinking of his son, who was more than kith or kin to me, I was so foolish. True, I sent my mother nearly all my wages, but, getting food and clothing both at "The Hazels," what need had I for money?

It was some days before Mr. Russell spoke to me again on the subject. I was more than enough surprised to hear that Mrs. Russell thought I could not be spared. Mr. Russell told me I was to go to the works whenever I was not wanted in the house. My wages were raised, thanks to Mr. Russell, but it was a small part of my time indeed that was spent at the works. I had to help the gardener, I had to drive the car, I had to go to Belfast with Black Bess for things Mrs. Russell wanted—in short I was about the house almost as much as ever, until Master Edward came home at Christmas, and during the holidays I stayed mostly at the works.

Mr. Russell, willing that I should avail myself of every opportunity to get what education I could, made arrangements with Mr. Bell to give me lessons in the evening, and I studied hard, and honestly tried to make the best of my opportunity. I was ambitious to become educated, that I might so lessen the distance between Master Edward and myself.

I began taking lessons from Mr. Bell soon after Master Edward returned to school, going to the cottage every evening for that purpose. I was soon pretty

well acquainted with its inmates. Mr. Bell, it was easy to see, was a gentleman, and had been better off at some time of his life. He was a good teacher, but evidently not in love with his occupation. He was sad at times, but the bagpipes and his pet Maymie were his comforters. Janet was ruler over all the household, and she was worthy of her post—careful, thrifty, managing, and her crossness was so racy and droll that it fell harmless, only amusing those who knew her well. I was, after a time, prime favorite with her, though she often, to use her own expression, “flew at me like a meat axe.” I often had it in my power to do errands for her when I was up at Belfast. I got slips and roots from our garden for Miss Maymie, and in every way possible I tried to show kindness to them all. I soon noticed that Maymie Bell was a favorite with every one. I often saw her, when passing that way, among the little girls that attended school, playing on the green. She reigned a queen among them, and whatever they were, the Lowland lass excelled them all.

I stopped the horse, one day when I was passing, to watch the school girls run a race. They were all ranged in a row, waiting for the word to start. I singled out little Maymie, standing with the skirt of her dress held by one hand, her shy face all aglow with eagerness. When the signal came, one, two, three and away, she skimmed past them as light and fleet as “a wild roe,” her hair tossing into every variety of curl, showing the gold hidden among the brown, her dress falling with every movement into graceful folds, that never could be arranged on purpose. Little Maymie by degrees grew less shy of me, and for my part I thought her a miracle of beauty and talent. She had a lovely voice, not strong, but sweet and low, and she sang Scotch songs as I never heard them from other lips. She was very proud of being Scotch, and admired the heroes and poets of her

country with all her innocent heart. Nothing gave her more pleasure than to enlighten my ignorance by telling me of the daring deeds of Wallace and Bruce. With what delight she would repeat bits of heroic song that praised the land she loved so well! Poetry and novels, mostly historical, were, I am afraid, all little Maymie read at this time.

CHAPTER IV.

I said while
 The moon's smile
 Played o'er a brook in dimpling bliss,
 The moon looks
 On many brooks,
 The brooks can see no moon but this.
 And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,
 For many a lover looks to thee ;
 But, ah, I know there is but one—
 One Mary in the world for me.

MOORE.

As I said before, I was not wanted so often up at the house when the Christmas vacation came round. I was at Belfast when Edward came home from school.

As I was coming home, passing the schoolmaster's house, in the purple sunset of a clear, frosty evening, driving slowly watching for a glimpse of the little lady, I saw Master Edward come out of the gate, and I saw, also, that he had the new pipes across his arm.

“I have got them, Willie,” he said, triumphantly, holding them up for me to see. “I have taken my first lesson today.”

He jumped on the cart beside me, and began to tell me how hard he had studied to secure the coveted bagpipes.

“Old Harke complimented me before the whole school,” said he, laughing; praised me in a set speech for increased industry and application; said that by overcoming carelessness and indolence, by pressing on with such vigor ‘Up the mount of knowledge,’ I had won the approbation of my teachers

and parents. I thought only of winning the bagpipes."

He rattled on about the school, the examination, his scrapes and his prizes, as lovingly, as if but a day had passed since he used to call "Where is my Willie Hazley?" when I was helper, companion and friend, at our fortress in the far green.

I drove home by the lower road that led past the works, and he came with me to the stables, and stood in the door while I put up the mare, but on Mrs. Russell passing through the yard, he left me without another word and went into the house. So we fell more and more apart. I met him sometimes when I was going to Mr. Bell's, coming from his lesson, carrying his pipes, but we never happened to meet there.

I felt very keenly the coldness that had arisen between my young Master and me. I could not remedy it—only endure it. That was the first winter I took particular notice of.

"It was winter wi' nature, and winter wi' me."

Days went on, and when the long summer holidays came round again, I saw that I was entirely supplanted in Master Edward's affections. I often saw him with Mr. Bell in the porch under the woodbine, practicing on the bagpipes, or with Maymie among the flowers. Sometimes I heard the sound of the bagpipes from the baby house, reminding me of the first day we met Mr. Bell, reminding me also of the old happy, silly days when my young Master was the hero I worshipped; when I used to build such magnificent air castles, which he and I were to inhabit together.

Edward's school days slipped by, and he went to college at Belfast. Every day had added new touches to Maymie's beauty, till I thought she could no more be overlooked than the evening star. I often observed strangers in passing turn to look at her—a thing

I never wondered at. I was changed into a tall, strong, quiet young man, having no very definite position at "The Hazels." I had ceased taking lessons from Mr. Bell, but I often went there evenings, and was made welcome by every member of the little household, the grim Janet included.

I think no one could see Maymie often without liking her, she was so bright, so winning, so affectionate, and her shy pretty ways became her so well. I noticed in her an elevation of thought, that made her different from the other young girls of the neighborhood. Every thing noble and brave touched an answering chord in her heart. She was so tender and compassionate, so keenly alive to the sorrows and misfortunes of others, so eager to help, and so ingenious to find ways and means of helping, that "when the eye saw her it blessed her."

I may as well own that I thought of her too often for my own peace. I liked her from the first day I saw her, but I thought of her as one afar off.

I often wished I had some definite position in Mr. Russell's employ. I had good wages, and was able to lay by a little, for my mother did not any longer need help from me; but I had no distinct place in the establishment. I helped Mr. Russell with the books, but I was not bookkeeper. He had a fancy for being his own book-keeper and his own cashier. He liked to know exactly how each man stood on the books, and to pay out the wages, with kind words or words of warning, out of his own hand every Saturday night. I often helped McClure, the manager, or took his place if he was unavoidably absent, but I was not even under-manager. I helped among the men wherever or whenever help was needed, or went to Belfast for a load, but I was not ranked among the men. So that is how I got that practical insight into the business that I have found so useful to me since I have been in business for myself.

If Mr. Bell had been a common schoolmaster, I would have striven hard for a friend's place in his estimation, but it was evident that he was a gentleman, however he had become reduced. As for her, my princess, she would have graced any station. And I—what was I? A retainer of the Russells, a common workman's son. I could only look on at a distance and wish fate had been kinder. If I were only book-keeper or manager, I used to think, perhaps there might be hope. I returned to my old habit of building castles in the air at this time.

One evening I was putting up Black Bess. I had been down to Belfast on some business for Mr. Russell, when one of the men, passing, stopped to tell me that Mr. Russell was very ill. He had been taken ill suddenly, Doctor Canning had been sent for, and had been there all day. While he spoke, a messenger came from the house to tell me to take a fresh horse and go back to Belfast for Doctor Thompson, an old navy surgeon, said to have great skill, and to bring Master Edward home. The cook had tea ready for me, but I could neither eat nor wait. I did not spare my horse that night. The east was not reddening for sunrise when we were coming up the avenue. I was driving the doctor in his gig, and Master Edward had my horse.

There passed a good many anxious days then. There were hurried ridings to Belfast or Antrim after one thing or another; there were consultations of doctors; there were gleams of hope that surely died out again, for the end came, and the kind master, the handsome gentleman, so beloved, so trusted, was laid in his grave with all the pomp Mrs. Russell could command, and more real sorrow than follows many masters to the grave. We were now under the rule of lovely woman, for Mrs. Russell was left sole executrix.

New lords, or ladies either, make new

laws. One of the first acts of Mrs. Russell's administration gave great offence. The grounds had always been open to the public; now this was all changed, the stiles taken away, and notices against trespass put up.

Mr. Edward, whose college duties seemed to sit very lightly upon him, was often at home, and therefore often at Bell's practising on the pipes.

I wondered what his mother thought of that, or if she knew that Mr. Bell had a lovely daughter. But there were few, if any, that could tell what she knew, or what she thought, for she was a woman who kept her own counsel.

After Mr. Russell's death, Mrs. Russell raised my wages, consulted me, and trusted me until I was manager in all but name.

I was made very welcome at Mr. Bell's, especially by the master of the house and Janet. I would have begun to hope that I might perhaps win her, but could I hope that she would think of me when handsome, graceful, talented Edward Russell was almost growing up with her. He had ample leisure, my duties must be done, so I often envied his freedom of ingress and egress to the Eden from which I was all but barred. She will learn to love him, I said to myself. I knew few could help loving him; he had the fatal gift of being able to win love easily. These thoughts made me feel shy of going to the cottage, but I could not deny myself the pleasure of watching for her as I passed the house. If she was among the flowers, and said, "Good evening, Willie," or any other trifling remark, I treasured it up, thought it over, and took comfort out of it in a way that was ridiculous.

I was passing early one summer evening, and she came out of the gate, dressed in white with lilac ribbons and a gypsy hat. Her beauty, to my worshipping eyes, seemed absolutely dazzling. She spoke kindly to me, as usual, and passed on in a contrary direction. As I rode home, a verse of a new song

which I had just learned seemed beating time in my brain.

“ Her dress seemed wove of lily leaves,
It was so pure and fine ;
Oh, lofty wears, and lowly weaves,
But hoddin grey is mine,
And homely hose must step apart
Where gartered princes stand ;
But may he wear my love at heart
That wins her lily hand.”

When I went home and put up my horse, I found it was necessary to go to the far bleach green, and I went at once.

The men were lifting the webs. I noticed, while I spoke to them, that they were smiling to one another. I looked round for the cause, and saw the gleam of a white dress among the hazel bushes. Edward and Maymie were coming up the path I knew so well. I knew who it was before I saw his tall figure plainly, or his fair hair curling down from under his stylish cap. They were walking slowly, her head bent down, he taking care of her in his proud way, putting aside the bushes, helping her over little difficulties with an air of possession ; yet bending deferentially when he spoke to her as if she were a princess.

My heart stood still with pain. I had feared this, almost forseen it, but it was no easier to bear for all that. I must say for myself, that I was troubled most for her sake. I remembered how lightly he had thrown from him the true love of an honest heart. Would the loose friend make the true, true love ?

Would she be to his fancy a Lady Rowena, a Lady Clare, a Hinda, or an Ellen Douglass for the time being, and when she had learned to love him well, find him as faithless as last year's snow if his lady mother so willed ? Would she love him ? Who could help it when brought in daily contact with his lovable nature ?

I watched them with a heavy heart, full of sad forebodings.

But still I could not help owning to myself that there was not such another pair among all the young lovers on

whom the setting sun shone in the length and breadth of fair Ireland.

They went away out of my sight, down the hillside, into the rosy purple light of the setting sun. They were on enchanted ground, walking in the warm light of blissful hopes ; their feet among the lotus flowers, the perfumed air of Paradise breaking round them ; its half open portal luring them on to the promised elysium. My lost princess ! my lost friend ! And I—I went home from my work to “ Guess and fear.”

CHAP. V.

“ When the youth beside the maiden
Looks into her credulous eyes ;
And the heart upon the surface
Shines too happy to be wise.”

ANON.

When I worked among the men I found they had begun to talk among themselves of Mr. Edward and Maymie Bell.

We had one man, Tim Grady, from the south of Ireland, a nice enough fellow, but one who could talk without stopping through a long summer day. Tim, and one James Ray and I were in the far green one day, and Tim began : “ Faith the grass has grown greener, an more purty flowers sprinkled here an there since the young Master, good luck to him, has tuk to stravaigin here, wid the purtiest vourneen bawn that iver set fut on a daisy.”

“ I'd advise you to hold your tongue, Tim,” said James Ray, laughing ; “ the like of us must hear and see and say nothing.”

“ Och, now, where's the harum, James, at all, at all, of spakin a swate word for the beautiful crathur wid the shinin hair an the innocent face ? She puts me in min' so she does, whiniver I look at her, ov the blessed saints ; an' there's not a bit ov pride in her ayther. An' the young Master—did a likelier young fel-

low iver step in black leather? Whin he brings her to the big house, he'll bring a strake ov sunshine that'll brighten it up an' no mistake. Sure they'll be the handsomest pair out an' out that iver tuk hands on the ould sod."

"All right and true," said James, "but we must never let on a wink. Boys will be boys, and we must hold our tongues, and not get the young Master into a scrape. If the handsome old mistress, and handsome she is, and young, too, considering, were to think her only son had begun to look after the girls without leave or license, there would be a pretty kettle'of fish. And the school-master's daughter, too! he should begin with an Earl's daughter at least."

"Oh, to the winds wid such stuff. Av I was the young Master, an' I wish I was, blow high, blow low, lave or no lave, I'd gather to my heart the blossom of beauty, the princess of the world, that should have lived in the grand ould times, an' been queen on the hill ov Tara. An' I'd marry early, an' marry well, wid God's blessin', an' settle down wid the girl I loved. An' sure that same would save many a young jintleman from sowin' extinsive craps of wild oats, a mighty unprofitable sort ov agriculture. If grand ladies would have sinse aquil to their good looks, they'd quit interfarin' wid the true love ov their sons. Sure they'd save themselves, by that same coorse, from raipin the sorrow that whitens their hair an' wrinkles their beauty, before ould age thinks ov comin' their way. God keep the purty mistress, and the young master an' his colleen bawn any way. I'd be the last to raise a ruction among them, an' whin I do just mintion it to me av ye plaze."

"Why Tim," said I, laughing, though I laughed over a sore heart, "you're raising a ruction now about them yourself. Can a slip of a boy, as you know the Master is, not take a walk of an evening with a girl he has known from a child, but you, romantic Irishman as you

are, see courtship, marriage, a small cottage, and a large family in it immediately." I spoke lightly, jestingly, to cover my own uneasiness.

"Och, now, beaisy, Willie! Sure you needn't be comin' over me wid your North Irish caution that away. Haven't I met them many and many's a time? Haven't I seen him wid the heart's love shinin in his eyes, an' trimblin on his tongue too, I'll be bound; an' she, the darlint, wid her head bent down, an' the rosy red comin' an' goin on her cheek wid the even down happiness. It's me that knows the color ov love in the wink ov an eye. A slip ov a boy, wisha! Sure he's comin' an to his twinty; and there's me, I was nineteen the day my Mary, God bless her for a good wife, made me a present ov Nora, the weeshy crathur. Sorra a word ov lie I'm tellin'."

"Well, Tim, we hope you're not setting yourself up as a pattern of wisdom to Mr. Edward," said James.

"Well, in faith an he might do worse than take pattern of Tim Grady in that same, an' marry his first swateheart true an stiddy. An he'll do it, alanna. Mark my words now, though yez are makin fun ov me. The young Master is in love over the ears, an wid good raison, for she's the purtiest heather blossom iver kim from beyant. She's purty enough to have been raised on the Kerry hills, an' by this an' by that, I can't say more for her."

"If the mistress were to hear you, Tim, and believe you—which she would not do—but if she did think there was any danger of a young mistress before she gave the word, what a shindy there would be."

"Many a shindy true love has caused," retorted Tim; but does that prevent it? Ye might as well think to prevent the buds opening in the spring. As the song says," and Tim began to sing his favorite ditty:

"Barney O'Reardon, you thundering Turk.
Is is coortin you are in the blessed noon?"

Come over here, Katty, an, mind your work,
Or we'll see if your mother can't change
your tune."

An' she couldn't do it, boys, an naythur will Mr. Edward's mother," (singing again)

"Youth will be youth, as you know, Mick
Sixteen and twentv for each are meant."

That's the gospel truth Willie, ma bouchal."

This talk was anything but pleasant to me. Ofcourse my air castle vanished away; but that did not cause all the pain I felt. I was sick and sad with apprehension for Maymie. It was clear that Master Edward and she were in the habit of walking together, although I had happened to see them but once. The men were convinced that they were lovers, and that it was necessary to keep the matter secret. I could see nothing but trouble for Maymie Bell in the matter; she must suffer whatever way the affair ended. And I could do nothing to prevent it, although I would gladly

"Have hid her needle in my heart
To save her little finger from a scratch."

After all, I said to myself, I am borrowing trouble. Boy and girl liking often means nothing, leads to nothing, and they are only boy and girl. Edward only nineteen, Maymie could not be more than sixteen. They have been so long acquainted it is natural they should like to be together, but liking is not always loving. Tim is so romantic, he sees a love story where no one else can. Besides, if they should be in love, she is worthy of him, and more than worthy, schoolmaster's daughter though she be.

I tried to comfort myself in this manner, but I could not reason away my anxiety; it clung to me wherever I went. I could not shake it off.

It did not relieve my mind in the least to notice that Master Edward's rambles with Maymie, were planned to suit with Mrs. Russell's absences. I could do nothing, only pray for her, and

I did that many a time—oh, many and many a time!

The summer went into autumn, and still the stolen walks continued. I got accustomed to see them coming up through the plantation, rustling through the falling leaves. When the November winds began to rave I hoped they would stop; but no. Through the winter, on clear cold days, when, as Tim said, "the coast was clear," they were together.

I was glad to hear, as I did accidentally, that Maymie was going over in the spring to Scotland to visit her mother's people. She did go; and her father went up to Belfast with her to see her on the Glasgow packet, and to put her in charge of the captain, an old acquaintance. Her friends were to meet her when the packet came in.

She staid a good while, three months I think, and I missed her very much out of my quiet life. I knew all along that she was not for me; I had told that to myself many a time. I did not know whether it was love or pity I felt most for her. She was motherless. Old Janet petted her it is true, but that was but little in place of a loving mother's care. She had no sister to confide in, to be a companion to her; no strong young brother to stand up for her; no knowledge of the world; and the courteous, music-loving, unworldly gentleman, her father, lived too much in the past to notice what was going on in the present; so, though I missed Maymie, I was glad she was among relations where she would be safer. Mr. Edward was seldom at home either.

Tim Grady remarked triumphantly to me, "how seldom the young Master comes home now whin the blissed darlint isn't in it."

I often went to Mr. Bell's cottage, and I was made so welcome that sometimes I fancied I would have been an acceptable suitor for Maymie as far as Mr. Bell and Janet were concerned.

Mrs. Russell consulted and trusted

me more than ever, seeming to think that if kept in my own place, I was a faithful retainer and a useful servant, and as such she grew to value me in her haughty condescending way.

It was a cold wet spring. I went over to see mother, and got thoroughly wetted. I got wet many a time before and since and got off unharmed, but this time I took a pleurisy, and was lying ill at mother's four or five weeks; and when I got up I was weak for a long time. The first day I was at home again the irrepressible Tim told me of a grand ball at Lindens, of Antrim, and that our Mr. Edward and his mother were both there—she had got over her bereavement to that extent.

It was not quite two years since we had laid the head of the kind gentleman, her husband, down in the grave, but time is a great healer.

Tim and I were going down to the works together, and we saw a gay party of ladies and gentlemen coming from them towards the house.

We took the lower path to avoid them. "These visitors," explained Tim, "came wid Mrs. Russell from Antrim. That tall man wid the big nose is Doctor Powerscourt. He is related to Lord Massarune they say. He has lived over say among the black-a-moors, and is mighty rich. The young lady wid the long black curls, she that's walking wid Mr. Edward, is his niece. She is the biggest fortune in the North, besides bein' ov great English blood. Twinty thousand pounds, my dear, to be paid down on the wedding day, to the man who puts the ring on her before the clergyman an' gives her his name. She's an apple that won't hang

long on the tree, you may take your book oath. The mistress is mighty swate on her, calling on Mr. Edward to show her this and explain that, and much he knows about it himself, an' it's quare if she cares about larnin' to bleach linen. Och, sure, the young Master will be true to the purty blue bell from the country beyant, an' not be tempted wid the dirty money."

"Neverheed talking about that, Tim," said I, "no good can come of our meddling. It might be better for the young Scotch lady, if Mr. Edward did forget her, even if she should have a sore heart for a while. Let us quit talking of it anyway."

"Well, you North people do bate the univarse for caution!" said Tim. "Do you think av I minton things to you, that knows all about thim, I'm going to blare the news over the country side? Sure Mr. Edward doesn't think so mane ov me as all that. Didn't he trust me to make a door for the baby-house, an' a raal windy wid a shutter to it? An' didn't he tell me to do it after hours unbeknownst like? Isn't the baby-house fixed up by me, Tim Grady, till christians might live in it for ever. He goes there an' practices on the pipes even-ins', an' whin he's not there he has the key in his pocket. He used to come there whin I was working at the improvements, an' faith ye wouldn't know the place now at all, though its meself that's sayin' it, an' I knew well by the signs and tokens ov him that he was thinkin' ov his own purty colleen. What does he care for the long-necked girl wid the shalla black eyes! There's no temptation to him, I'll go bail, in the big fortune."

(To be continued.)

“DEATH ARRESTED BY HONOR.”

A STATUE IN THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

(BY J. J. PROCTER.)

There is a soldier who rideth fast,— (The tide leaps in from the hungry sea)— A fisher, who always makes his cast, (Time is the bait for Eternity).	Before him the grave goes, deep as a well ; (The tide leaps up from the hungry sea), After him follow the hounds of hell— (Time is the bait for Eternity).
Under his armor the bones are dry, (The tide leaps in from the hungry sea)— Before his spear-thrusts the armed men fly, (Time is the bait for Eternity).	And he rideth fast to take and to slay— (The tide leaps up from the hungry sea), Who is the knight that shall say him “Nay?” (Time is the bait for Eternity).
His helmet towers o’er a grinning skull, (The tide leaps in from the hungry sea)— But the gauntlets that cover his fingers are full ; (Time is the bait for Eternity).	Out from the lists sprang Youth, and laughed. (The tide leaps up from the hungry sea), “Drink, foe ;” and the visor the goblet quaffed, “What is Time to thee, or to me?”
His cuisses are red with the blood of the slain, (The tide leaps in from the hungry sea)— But his breast-plate gleams with the hue of the main— (Time is the bait for Eternity).	E’en as he quaffed, Youth sank down dead. (The tide leaps up from the hungry sea), But Manhood caught up the lance instead : “What is Time to thee, or to me?”
His horses snuff up the battle from far, (The tide leaps up from the hungry sea)— Pestilence, Famine and Storm, and War— (Time is the bait for Eternity).	Honor about him, and Fame before, (The tide leaps up from the hungry sea), Gallantly man on his foeman bore. “What is Time to thee, or to me?”
These are the “Judgments of God,” but then— (The tide leaps up from the hungry sea)— His favorite steed is “The Madness of Men,”— (Time is the bait for Eternity).	There was life-blood shed on the sandy plain— (Oh, thirsty sands of the hungry sea !) But Fame held the victor’s bridle rein ; “What is Time to thee, or to me?”
Under his charger, whatever it be, (The tide leaps up from the hungry sea)— The stout earth trembles from mountain to lea ; (Time is the bait for Eternity).	“Mine is the vanquished, not thine, oh, Death.” (Out laughed the tide of the hungry sea).

" Take thine own time, oh, Fame, oh,
Breath ;
What is Time to thee, or to me ?"

E'en as he spoke there shone in air,
(The tide leaps up from the hungry
sea),
A rainbow of glory and despair,
For Fame was lost in Eternity.

" Give me the lance," then cried Old
Age—
(The tide leaps up from the hungry sea).
" Wisdom is deathless ; deathless the
sage."
(Time is the bait for Eternity).

His white hairs gleamed in the gleam-
ing west—
(The tide leaps up from the hungry
sea),
" Come," cried the foeman, " wise Age,
to thy rest."
(Time is the bait for Eternity).

Youth and Manhood and Age lay low,
(The tide leaps up from the hungry sea.)
And the victor cried out again for a foe.
(Time is the spray of Eternity).

Under his armor bones rattled dry ;
(The tide leaps up from the hungry sea) ;
Behind him was wailing, before a cry—
(Time is the bait of Eternity).

The great earth shook at his courser's
tread,
(The tide leaps up from the hungry
sea) ;

And beneath its feet were the bones of
the dead—
(Time is the bait of Eternity).

And ever he uttered a hollow shout—
(The tide leaps up from the hungry sea),
" Bring out your champion, oh, Life,
bring out ;
What is Time to thee, or to me ?"

The clouds were stirred in the depths
above ;
The tide fled back to the hungry sea,
And the victor's challenge was answered
by Love,
" Time is the gage of Eternity." . * * * * *

Is it Love that sets with the lance-head
died,
Till Time be lost in Eternity,
With His heart's-blood, gushing from
pierced side,
As the tide leaps out from the swelling
sea ?

Love that sits on the great white horse,
Till Time be lost in Eternity,
And Death that lies at His feet a corse,
As the high tide lies on the breast of
the sea ?

Yea, Lord ! I know there cometh a day
When the tide shall fail, and there be no
sea ;
When Death shall pass like a dream
away,
And Time shall be swallowed up—in
Thee.



BACKWOODS PROVERBS.

BY REV. W. W. SMITH, PINE GROVE, ONTARIO.

Our ancestors were strong on proverbs. Books were scarce ; and not every one could read them, even if they had been more attainable. But the wisdom and experience of the age, had to have an outlet somehow, and the channel was that of the wise saying or proverb. They were repeated, learned, treasured, spoken, handed down—and helped much to mould the character and direct the efforts of many generations. We affect to have got beyond the influence of proverbs ; set ourselves to find glib “ answers ” to old saws—as when the young fellow consoled himself over some disappointment by saying, “ O well, every dog has his day ! ” and was extinguished by the reply, “ Yes, a great consolation for *puppies !* ”

But the backwoods take us back to near the beginnings of society again. We have to make, invent, adopt, and bear everything. And, mind working on mind and matter, even as in so-called more favorable circumstances, much of the outgrowth of thought—sometimes grotesque and fanciful, but always with a *use*—takes the shape of proverbial wisdom ; hammered out between the strokes of the age, or elaborated in the track of the breaking-up plow.

Many blessings are dug out of old antiquarian biography, as belonging to “ the man who makes the songs of a country ; ” and to the possession of this blessing there are as many contradictory claims, as to the authorship of the saying. But to the man who makes the proverbs of a country, there seems to be a fair field, and undisputed prospect—this at least, that if *he* is not remem-

bered, his saws will be—I propose to enrich my country with a few proverbs, which, if they have not yet been current in the backwoods, ought to have been !

“ Who plows well, loves the plow.”

“ The bush-fire does not wait on the pic-nic.”

“ The apple tree worships the sun.”
(All orchard trees bend east, on account, of prevailing west winds.)

“ A skunk buys no musk.”

“ A cool well spring is a quiet neighbor.”

“ Water and weather,
And God to bless.
Makes working and watching
Farmers' success ! ”

“ The hollow basswood bears big leaves.”

“ Like the ash—latest drest and soonest stript.”

“ House on a roadside,
Hears the news ;
House up a lane
Can company choose.”

“ The cradler needs no rocking at night.”

“ Rain makes grass ; the sun makes hay.”

“ The richest soil is nearest the stump ”

“ Beside the road,
Dust for thee ;
Back in the fields,
More to see.”

“ The boy who reads at noon, never ruins at night.”

“ Farming is slow and sure ; business is brisk and brittle.”

“ The lumberer likes the early snow,
However the farmer's feed may go ! ”

“ A bush-road and a Christian should always be getting better.”

"A farmer's clock brings him early to meals, but not to meeting."

"A good house makes good house-keeping."

"First of June
Begins summer's tune."

"The woods, the winds, the waves, and weather, were made for man, but not by him."

"The sun and the clouds for landscapes, and no fee to see them!"

"April flows ;
May grows."

"A good milk-house is three cents a pound on butter: you may either have it or not!"

"The churn and the cheese-press stand near the door of the bank."

"March, fall sleet ;
April, mud feet ;
May, shine sweet ;
June, showers fleet ;
July, more heat ;
August, bind wheat."

"Red cherries can grow among grass."

"A house unfurnished is but half built."

"'One stick at a time,' said the sensible young bride, and the equally sensible crow."

"May springs ;
June sings."

"Don't trust a brook that grows grass." (A brook with grass in the bottom is not a constant stream; and a friendship, or business, that carries its own evidence of instability, is not to be trusted.)

"You can tell a shoemaker by his hair, a carpenter by his shoulder, an auctioneer by his wink, and a farmer by his gait." (The first has hair, whether from the common practise of running the awl through it, or the effects of his sedentary employment, always disintegrated, and never glossy nor matted; the second has his right shoulder lowered by planing at the bench; the third carries his professional oddities into his daily life; and the last, making

himself too often a mere beast of burden, shows his utter weariness in his gait.)

"The farmer buys books when he is old; and then only to look at." (All work and no reading, for many years, disinclines a man for mental pleasures, no matter how rich he may be in his old days, or how fine a house he may make himself.)

"A slander, like a bush-fire, runs and ruins."

"He who would think, must talk, if it were only to himself."

"The greatest noise a pine tree makes.
Is when at last it falls and breaks."

"He may pasture his meadows who may; but he feeds his next year's hay."

"With trees and man, you must always make allowance for the bark—all is not valuable."

"The barn is a safer play-house than the theatre."

"The youngest son, the heir. (The elder sons are generally helped to set up for themselves in the father's lifetime; and the youngest son inherits the "homestead.")

"Court in the parlor; but propose in the kitchen." (Know something of the young woman's housekeeping qualities, before engagement.)

"The fox would rather leave his tail in the trap than his head." (Better a loss that can be overcome—however great it may be—than a loss that is irremediable.)

"April suns do not ripen peaches." (Pleasant things, that leave no permanent good.)

"Knowledge is 'capital' that is always safe."

"Train very carefully the young horse, and the young boy who loves horses." (Under the present constitution of things among us, a love of horses leads to love of "fast" company, and needs to be watched.)

"The lazy man brags up browst." (The moss and twigs of maple and

other trees—in backwoods parlance browst, from the verb browse—have often saved the lives of starving cattle; but only an indolent or improvident man will depend on it. Applied to any “makeshift” which is exalted into a means.)

“Don’t bait your hook when the fish ought to be fried.”

“Men go to Parliament to learn their character.” (Ever so good a man is blackened as soon as he becomes a candidate for public honors.)

“Whoever rules at Ottawa, the river runs the same.”

“Hemlock likes the cold clay;
From a hemlock farm, up and away!”

“Roguary never lives in a log house.”

“Winter moss for winter chinking.”

“The ox comes to the door when the straw-stack’s done.”

“‘The better day, the better deed,’

especially if it rains on Sunday.” (Thus taking up no working time.)

“You may love your own country without hating another.”

“The North-star is trusty: he has no enemy behind him.” (No fear of invasion from the north.)

“Too late for the game to dodge when the trigger’s pulled.”

“Buckwheat is a handy crop; but no man gets rich on ‘handy’ crops.”

“The open fire-place glows in the maiden’s cheek.” (Better for health, though less convenient, than the more modern stove.)

“There’s gold in the swale, if you can only get at it for the water.” (Our wet farms are best; but they must first be drained.)

“Fine days in February are all borrowed from April.”

“Frost is a good road-maker; but he only works when he pleases.”



THE GIRLS' VOYAGE.

(BY ONE OF THEM.)

Now, I really am not going to write any more in this journal till we get to San Francisco, except to tell you that it would rejoice your heart to see how well and happy Amy is looking. She seems as strong as I am now (such a contrast to what she was six months ago, when I thought we were going to lose her!), and has such high spirits that I sometimes look at her with amazement, asking myself "Can this be my Amy?" That serene, pale face of hers that we both love so well, is flushed like the inside of a sea shell, by the rough winds of the Cape, and her brown eyes sparkle with life and gaiety all the time. This voyage is a success so far, certainly, in doing her good, and as for me, I was well enough before I left home, and now I am growing so fat on duff, baked beans, and "salt horse" that Arthur makes me the subject of his frequent merriment, declaring my face resembles the reddest side of a russet apple.

You will think I havn't acquired the art of leaving off, whatever may be my other accomplishments, so I will say good bye, my dear old girl, hoping that you are not entirely out of patience with

Your loving

MARION.

AMY'S STORY.

FEB. 17th, 1870.

At anchor in San Francisco Bay. Our voyage of 110 days came to an end this morning; but as we do not go up to the wharf till evening, I can add a few closing words to you, my dear.

All our friends when they read in the Boston *Transcript* to-morrow, "'Ship Lyra,' Captain Roslyn, arr'd. at San Francisco, after a passage of 110 days," will say with great relief, "Those poor girls weren't drowned off the Horn after all, then! How glad they will be to set foot on dry land!" It is true that I am deeply grateful for the way in which we have been led through the perils of the sea to the western coast of our native country, yet there is such happiness in a sea life that I am loth to exchange it for the bustle of a city, even for a while.

On the evening of the 11th, the captain told us that at ten o'clock, or soon after, we should see Farralone Light outside the Golden Gate, and we on deck in the damp darkness shivered with cold and excitement while straining our eyes to catch a glimpse of the distant spark. It was not more than twenty minutes past ten when from the mast head a sailor cried, "Light ho!" The accuracy of calculation by which a captain after sailing thousands of miles could predict within half an hour the time when a light should appear, made me respect the science of navigation.

Just at sunrise we went through the Golden Gate, and gazed with rapture at the verdant hills that guard the entrance to San Francisco's great harbor, among whose vessels the "Lyra" sailed proudly, and dropped her anchor at last with a vibrating ring of the great iron chain that seemed like an exultant "amen" to a prosperous voyage.

There are friends in the city to whose house we shall go to-night—the Wildings; friends as yet unseen by us (with

one exception), but long known by reputation. Mr. Wilding and my father were close comrades in their boyhood, and in their early manhood studied law in the same office. Then the former went to San Francisco and settled there, and when father died he wrote Arthur a letter of most affectionate sympathy, saying that if ever he could render any service to Herbert Roslyn's children for the sake of his love to their father, nothing would gratify him more. Therefore, when Arthur first thought of taking Marion and myself on a voyage he wrote to Mr. Wilding that we should hope to see him in California some time in the month of February, and an answer soon came with a cordial invitation for us to make his house our home as long as we could remain in San Francisco.

This answer only came a few days before we sailed, and I didn't think of telling you about it, for was not a long experience of ocean life between us and the kind welcome awaiting us on the Pacific coast, causing it to seem very distant and unreal? Now it is a pleasant reality, and Mr. Wilding's son came on board this morning soon after we anchored to assure us of it. To tell the truth, in the excitement of our arrival I had almost forgotten that there were any such people as the Wildings, when I suddenly espied a stout young man with a brown moustache shaking hands with Marion, to whom the captain had just presented him, and bidding her welcome to San Francisco with the cordiality of an old acquaintance. He brought us our letters, which had been sent to his father's care, and we were so anxious to hear from all our friends at home that we were not very polite to him, I'm afraid. He considerably took himself off, promising to return at tea-time in the steam-tug which is to convey us to the wharf, and we were at liberty to read the news. So many letters, and everybody alive and well! What cause for thanksgiving we have!

Your letter of forty pages absorbed our united attention for an hour, during which time we forgot where we were, and lived through the winter with you; going to lectures, symphony concerts, oratorios, painting-class, sewing-schools and tenement houses where your poor friends congregate. You have lived a more useful life lately than that of your sea-faring friends; but perhaps they have laid up health and glad memories that will make them better workers for others in days to come. We will hope so.

I am sorry we missed the grand wedding of the season, Sophie Moore's; and Marion is especially so, for she remembers making mud-pies with her when they were next-door neighbors in K——st., and says they "used to fight like two cats." Such memories would add interest to a wedding ceremony.

I must close this letter, and mail it when we land. Oh, dear! A congenial company have been the captain, officers and passengers of the "Lyra," and who can tell if we shall all sail again together from this port? Mr. Duncan will take command of a ship if he can find one here, I suppose, and if Mr. Fordyce gets a summons from his home he will go there by rail; but I trust these "ifs" will not become stern facts to break up the "Lyra's" pleasant circle.

I hear the shrill whistle of the steam-tug, and we must get ready to go ashore. Already we have donned costumes that are suitable to an appearance in city streets, and the brown faces reflected in the glass certainly harmonize better with our sea dresses of soft, dark flannel than with these light grey ruffles and loopings. Marion fears the Wildings will take us for descendants of the Digger Indians.

We will write more by and by, but not quite such a volume as this, which now closes with love from both your friends,

AMY ROSLYN.
MARION GILMER.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 12th, 1870.

DEAR GUSSIE,—A long drive to-day has left me rather too tired this evening to accompany Marion and the others to a concert, and the rarity of such quiet hours as this one induces me to make the most of my time in writing to you.

If Marion and I had been two long-absent daughters of the Wilding family they could hardly have given us a heartier welcome when we came from the "Lyra" to more spacious quarters in this elegant mansion. Western people know how to make their guests feel at home, without doubt; stiffness and formality are unknown to them, if I may judge from my short acquaintance with San Franciscans, and we know more people now, after being here three weeks, than Mrs. Grantly, our hostess, would know after a three months' visit with us in Boston, I am convinced; for their free and easy ways if they do sometimes astonish a stranger, have a tendency to make the most reserved person descend from stateliness and meet them half way.

Mrs. Grantly is a young widow, Mr. Wilding's only daughter, a tiny creature with wavy hair, and eyes that remind me of a kitten's in their expression, roguishness and innocence being so singularly combined. Her weeds are very becoming, but do not at all give one the idea of an aching void beneath them; nor does the zest with which she enjoys her position as mistress of her father's house compliment the memory of the departed Mr. Grantly. Do not imagine that I mean any unfavorable criticism of the liveliness that makes her a favorite of society. I should probably enjoy life just as much if I were the widow of any one of a dozen gentlemen whom we both know.

Mrs. Wilding died years ago, and the head of the family is a man whose very coat buttons (to quote Marion) express the geniality of his nature. His eldest son, Robert, our first San Francisco acquaintance, devotes himself to us as

if he had no other object in life than to see that our impressions of this city are of the most favorable kind, and from morning to midnight he would escort us up and down these hilly streets if our strength was equal to his good-nature.

The only member of the family whom I have not yet described is "Jim," the youngest son. He is a *real boy*, aged thirteen, and you can easily form your opinion of him from these particulars. Of course he is Marion's faithful knight—boys of his age always are, in return for her undisguised interest in them. I like boys too (some of them), but I don't seem to win their hearts quite as she does.

So much for the family. As to the city, I like it in spite of its steep hills and the scarcity of trees. There is some quality in the air that causes such an effervescence of my spirits that I am in a mood to be pleased with everything.

Only think of calla lilies lifting their creamy heads by hundreds in yards that separate the houses by only a few feet from the sidewalks! and across the Bay in Alameda there is the rich verdure of our June grass, blossoming fruit trees, and a wilderness of ivies and flowers about the houses, although the weather is cool enough to remind us of autumn forests rather than of spring gardens. We spent a day or two there with some pleasant people and drove over to Oakland, also gay with young green leaves and flowers. A lady with whom we took lunch gave me a little century plant which I shall carry with me on my future travels in memory of the freshness and joy of that spring day, however the others may laugh at me for setting my affections on a thing so devoid of any "sweet attractive grace."

To-day Robert Wilding drove his sister, Marion, and myself out to the Cliff House, where we sat on the piazza and surveyed the wide Pacific, rolling almost from our feet far out beyond the Golden Gate. Most people are interested in watching the slimy-looking

seals that bob their round heads out of the water and swarm over the rocks near the hotel; but I did not appreciate them, for the sight of the ocean makes me oblivious to everything else. For once, though, I was willing to turn from it to look at the beautiful green hills through which our onward road wound. They were bright with red, yellow, and blue flowers,—not hiding shyly among the grass and brushes like our fringed gentians or the trailing arbutus, but each one large and erect, nodding its gay head to us as the breeze swept by, and the hills looked as if they were covered with variegated carpets.

I turned back and saw between them a blue strip of sea; then my forward gaze met a grand view of the city and harbor of San Francisco as we suddenly came around the shoulder of a hill. In one of the quiet lanes we left the horses tied to a fence, and spreading the carriage robes in a verdant field camped out there among the scarlet poppies to eat our lunch. I remembered while sitting there that on the 12th of March one year ago I was very ill with diphtheric sore throat, and outside the house snow and ice prevailed with bitter winds. To-day with health restored, the happy memory of 110 days of sea life behind me, and a prospect of much good in store I thought "Truly 'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,' and 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?'" In all hours of life that are marked by a peculiar depth of any experience, either of sorrow or joy, how the Bible words come into the minds of those who love them as the truest expression of their feelings! We do not find it so with uninspired words.

You ask in your last letter if we have seen much of the Chinese element in San Francisco. We have seen numbers of Chinamen in the streets, but knowing that the "Lyra's" bow will soon be pointed toward the Celestial Empire, we thought it would be better

to receive our first impressions of the idolatries and the social life of the heathen in their own country.

Many churches here have Chinese Sunday-schools connected with them, and it is interesting to see the scholars with their loose blue sacks and long queues, listening to some bright young girl, or thoughtful man, as they try to show them the way of Life.

It surprises me to find how the people in San Francisco interest themselves in the vessels that come here. One of them that is remarkable for anything, speed or handsome cabins, for instance, is sure to be visited by crowds; and several times when Marion and I have gone down to the "Lyra" with friends to whom we wished to exhibit "our home" (as we really feel it to be), we have encountered curious strangers prying about the cabins, and evidently regretting that our state-rooms were locked, which we considered a matter for self-congratulation.

One afternoon we took a long walk with Robert Wilding and Mr Fordyce, and decided for novelty's sake to take tea on board the ship, and go to a lecture afterward on our way back to Mr. Wilding's house. The sound of pouring rain on the cabin roof assured us that we need anticipate no lecture, and might as well make up our minds not to leave the ship before morning. The captain came in, and finding us as composedly settled as if we were on a long voyage, instead of being moored to Valjejo street wharf, looked somewhat astonished, but laughingly bade us welcome to his ship, and proceeded to make himself as comfortable as we were.

He had a piece of news to impart, and after teasing us a long time announced that we are to take a passenger to the Sandwich Islands on our way to China, and we *may* be able to make a visit of a few days at Honolulu. Our delight was great at this unexpected addition to the list of foreign ports at which we were hoping to touch

in the course of our voyage; but a passenger!—that would be a doubtful blessing. Some disagreeable person, perhaps, to break up our harmonious party.

"Now don't borrow trouble, girls," said the captain, "before you know whether he is disagreeable, or the concentration of all manly virtues. 'A young man?' Yes, Marion, he is rather young; about the age of your respected cousin, the captain of the 'Lyra.' 'Where am I going to put him?' In the state-room opposite Amy's of course."

"But that is our store-room!"

"I should judge so," said Arthur, opening the door and taking an inventory of its contents. "Rag-bags, magazines, water-proof cloaks, guitar-case, old hats and boots lying about promiscuously! This place has got to be fitted up for Mr. Lewis Curran's state-room, although chaos reigns here now; and, by the way, he must be two inches longer than this berth. What shall I do about that?"

"Cut a hole in the wall at the end of it for each foot, and let him extend them into the pantry," suggested Mr. Fordyce.

"When are we going to see the creature?" asked Marion.

"We will give a party down here on the ship when the moon is full, and ask every one of our San Francisco friends to be present. Mr. Curran can come too, and see how he likes his accommodations and his fellow-passengers."

Arthur's plan met with approval, and we proceeded to write a list of those who were to be favored with an invitation to this novel entertainment—a moonlight party at Vallejo street wharf. I will keep my letter for a few days and let you know how it passed off.

March 16th.—The moonlight last night was all we could wish, and soon after six o'clock dinner, Marion and I started for the wharf, with Mrs. Grantly, Robert and Jim. A small crowd of

friends came trooping over the gangway, half an hour later, and we had a very funny, informal kind of a party. In the lighted cabins our guests amused themselves with music and photograph-albums, or inspected our pretty state-rooms, and wished it had been their happy lot to go on a long voyage in such a ship as the "Lyra." On deck, romantic couples paced up and down, or sat in the bows, looking over the harbor, whose fleet of anchored vessels, as well as the surrounding hills, were brought into soft distinctness by the flood of moonlight; and a party of seven mounted the "spanker-boom" and sat there, making the night vocal.

Marion was enjoying herself upon this elevated perch when she saw a solitary figure ascend the gangway steps, and she sprang down to tell me that "the passenger," that much-dreaded character, was coming on board.

Robert Wilding and Mr. Fordyce were with us when Arthur advanced with a very tall young man whom he introduced as "Mr. Curran, our fellow-passenger."

We had just enough uncomfortable consciousness of the remarks passed two nights before upon this gentleman to make us exceedingly stiff in responding to the introduction, and some time after the captain called me to account for it, begging me not to act as if I grudged him a fortnight's passage on our ship. Therefore I expressed contrition, and took pains to be pleasant to Mr. Curran when I found a minute to speak to him. He had met our stiffness with an equal amount of the same; but when I tried to make amends for our share of it, he unbent, and we had a friendly chat until supper was announced.

Now San Franciscans know what good living is, and I was well aware that ship cookery needs sea appetites; accordingly I sat down to our loaded table with a heartful of misgivings. The supper looked as if it was good,

the people seemed hungry, and my courage revived, until, glancing at Marion, I met her eyes fixed on me with a look that said unutterable things. "If anything is wrong it must be the crab-salad," I thought, a cold perspiration coming out upon my brow as I watched the faces of those who helped themselves to that delicacy, and noticed that no one took more than two mouthfuls, and that the first one caused a look of surprise, the second of disgust. At last I ventured to taste it myself. My first impulse was to exclaim, "kerosene!" for there was a strong flavor of something entirely foreign to the usual ingredients of salad, and it seemed as much like that as anything. Persevering until six mouthfuls were despatched I found the flavor was of raw onions. Mr. Curran was watching me, and as I met his amused glance we both laughed so much that it was half

a minute before I could regain my voice to tell him there was yet time for him to give up his passage on the "Lyra" if he feared a frequent repetition of onion salad during his voyage to Honolulu.

Some of our guests went home directly after supper, and the rest of them, with ourselves, left the ship a little before midnight, everyone saying, "How much more fun this has been than any commonplace party in drawing-rooms!"

In a few days we sail, and Mr. Duncan still retains his post of first officer, for he did not find any vessel that he could take command of in San Francisco, and he told me he had not taken a great deal of pains to find one, being very well satisfied at present where he is.

This is my last letter until we send our mail from Honolulu.

Ever yours lovingly,

AMY.

(To be continued.)



passed down into the cellar, where it burst and dispersed, and left a strong sulphurous smell therein.

“Immediately after the storm was over, upon viewing the breach in the chimney, was found upon a stone in said breach, a bird or fowl, about the size of a small duck, and every way like one, only that it had no feathers, and its wings appeared to be of leather, like those of a bat.

(A most extraordinary phenomenon to be sure, but one which in our day, I fear, would uncharitably be solved by the assumption that the discoverer had imbibed too much bad lager or worse whiskey).

“When it was found, it had some little life in it, but immediately after, died. It was laid on a plate; and an apothecary wrote to the lord of the town, in whose house it was found (who was then in Dublin). The answer was to have it preserved in spirits, but before the return of the post, the bird was all dissolved to water,—even its very bones, so that nothing but water remained on the plate, to the astonishment of the people present.

(Our American neighbors would be apt to term a tale like this now-a-days somewhat “scaly,” but our author of a hundred years ago vouches for its reliability. “As strange,” says he, “as this account is, I have no doubt of the truth of it, as the man that told me it is yet living, and bears a good character.” And then, in the philosophy of the day, in which, by the way, our author appears to have been well read, he goes on to account for and explain the mystery):

“If it be true, how can it be accounted for, otherwise than that this animal (bird) was bred in a different region, unknown to us, and where the air was so fine and thin that it could not even subsist as matter without life in this grosser air of ours? (Plausible, all things considered).

“I suppose that it was conveyed from its own country to the place where

found, by being wrapped up, as it were, in a ball of wind (!) something like our whirlwind balls, (!!) and which was a *tail* or attendant of the flash of lightning that preceded it, and split the house. (Talk about the ingenuity of the nineteenth century after that)!

“Thunder and lightning,” explains our author, “are occasioned by fire, water and wind meeting together; which elements being of so different a nature, they cannot agree, but breed a tumult or eruption in the firmament, and doubtless every flash of fire, or ball, which breaks forth from the main body is forced therefrom by a ball or blast of wind at its tail; which makes it so precipitate that, I doubt not, but were any animal wrapped up in this ball of wind, it might be taken a thousand miles in a minute, and left without hurt, provided no fall ensued after the separation from the ball. (As, in our day, we invariably associate a tail with some living creature or other, it would be interesting to know whether this centenary philosopher regarded lightnings in the same light, and if so, under what species he classes them—with gender, &c).

“How often,” he continues, “do we see and hear of several people or cattle being in company, killed or wounded by lightning, some wounded and not killed, others with no sign of hurt, but yet killed? I apprehend those that have no sign of hurt about them have been struck with the ball or blast of wind which thins or opens the air to such a degree that it instantaneously stops all the avenues of respiration, and leaves the body lifeless.

“I verily believe that if a person, thus struck motionless or dead to appearance, so that there is no external hurt on the body, was immediately (before the blood was cold) taken and tossed in a blanket, or swung backwards and forwards, it would recover him to life, as such exercise would raise an action or motion in every part of the body, and cause a teeming or

friction of the blood or fluid matter through all the veins and blood-vessels, and also cause a motion of the lungs, which would open the trap-door, as it were, of the gullet or wind-pipe, which immediately shuts as soon as the inward parts are motionless or void of breath; and when this door is shut it is an immediate bar between life and death, which may be affected by several causes, such as sickness, or old age, or a sudden surprise, and thinning or making a void space in the air. (Whatever else may strike the reader, he will agree with us that this question is at least a very long sentence. But let him proceed):

' It sometimes happens that a patient recovers shortly after being struck; this is when the void space of the air is narrow, so that it closes again and is ready at the mouth to supply the suction of the lungs at the second or third gasp; in such cases the machine is only sickened, the rapid fluids of the body and lungs are only slackened in motion, and not entirely stopped.

"When the fine machinery of the body is out of order by sickness, the avenues leading to the heart, such as veins, bloodvessels, &c. are in some part or other stopped of their usual circulation by a thick, putrified, corrupted matter, occasioned by cold; that is, the blood or fluids are impregnated with air, (!) which cools and deadens their motion; and though this may only happen to, or in a small part of a vein or tube, yet it obstructs the passage of the rest; and if such obstruction should happen in any of the large tubes near the heart, the danger of death is more immediate because the pressure is greater and the heart more quickly deprived of relief—as all the blood in the veins flows to the heart and causes a lively motion by its heat, which keeps continually *boiling* (!!) and *playing against the lights*, (!!), and by such motion or flapping of the lights, the breath or air is inspired and expired through the throat or windpipe.

"In the throat there is a stopper or catch, that we may term a door, which only opens by the internal air or breath playing upon it; if there be none such within, it shuts; and without, it stays the support of life, which is air. As to old age, the juices of the body dry up as it advances, and the animal spirits gradually slacken in their motion; for the blood that in youth is quick, hot and rapid in its passage through the veins, is, as age advances, slow, cold, and languid; not having heat or force sufficient to play upon the lungs and keep the passage open by a free circulation of air; for we are to consider that the blood running with such swiftness through the veins, causes a friction, so consequently keeps or raises a heat therein; and the hotter the blood is, the thinner and quicker is its motion. It is allowed that the blood of a young person in health, at the heart, is as hot as the water in a *boiling pot*, and keeps *boiling* as such continually (!)

(Macaulay, in his "Lays of Ancient Rome," says, in the prelude to "Horatius :"

"Then none were for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor man,
And the poor man loved the great;"

and we wonder not at such widespread reciprocation of genial and kindly feelings, if the "brave hearts of old" were all as decidedly hot as this philosopher claimed.)

"As to death by a sudden surprise, it can only happen to human beings who have a mind susceptible of great pleasure and anguish. The idea of the mind is infused by an intellectual air through all the parts of the body; their avenues or leading springs are open to the brain, which takes in external matters of sight and sound through the eyes and ears, which are the senses that cause pleasure and pain of the mind.

"Therefore anything that suddenly surprises these delightful organs with

pleasure or pain, instantly stuns or stops all the moving fluids in the body, so that the pulse forgets to beat—that is, the blood forgets to run its usual course, so as to keep the lungs playing; for want of which motion, they clap or close together; and the stopper of the windpipe also closes and keeps out external air (as in the former case) for want of a motion within to force it open, therefore death must ensue.

“As to death caused by a ball or blast of wind, when at the tail of a ball of fire called lightning, as before mentioned, it can only happen by a compact body being very precipitate in its flight, so that it passes through the firmament with such velocity as to make a void space, causing the air to rebound back to a considerable dis-

tance: and as an animal takes its breath once every second of a minute or thereabout, if such an expansion of the air happen near the body of such animals, the interior air immediately rushes out of the mouth into the void space; upon the discharge of which the lungs are expanded in expectation of a fresh supply, but being disappointed by the said vacant space, they close and become motionless; and the door of the throat also closes, so that the support of life is shut out and must doubtless die, without means can be used as above, to cause a new respiration while the blood is hot.”

What would our centenarian philosopher think were he to awake to the knowledge of the present day?



Young Folks.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

BY MOIRA.

I am going to tell you a true story, of something a brave young girl did sixty years ago. But first of all, I want to ask one or two questions. Have you a grandmother—a dear old lady, who wears a cap and spectacles, and sits in a low rocking chair, knitting stockings to keep your feet warm when winter comes? Does she comfort you when you are in trouble, sooth you when you are in pain, and scold you with right good will when you are naughty? If so, she is just like my grandmother. But if you have never asked her to tell you stories about when she was young, I advise you to try the plan now, and see if she cannot relate quite as good stories as my grandmother. One of her stories I have written down as it fell from her lips for the young people who read the *DOMINION MONTHLY*.

HER STORY.

Until I was sixteen years old we—that is father, mother, and five children—lived in Quebec; but about that time mother's health failed, and the doctor whom father brought to see her said that, for the kind of sickness she had, nothing would be so likely to do her good as living in some quiet place, with just her own family around her. Father heard of a farm for sale in the Township of New Ireland; so on the spur of the moment he bought it, and sold off most of our furniture, keeping only what would be useful in the kind of life that was before us.

Well, everything was soon settled up, and one fine October morning we started, sorry to leave our dear old home behind us; but we young ones, at least, were full of excitement, and thought it great fun to drive through the woods, while the air was hazy and soft and the bright autumn leaves cracked under the horses feet. It was all very nice till the road commenced to get rough, and a cold wind sprang up and whistled through the trees. Often we came to a great hill that the poor horses could scarcely drag our heavy wagons up, and when we got down the other side, the ground was full of ruts and hollows that jolted us sadly. At last a wheel came off one of the wagons with the furniture; and, much against our wills we had to leave our luggage in the woods and hurry on. Towards night we came to a little bit of cleared land with a hut in the middle of it, and tired, cold, and hungry, we were only too glad to accept the rough kindness of the people who lived there, and spend the night on a bed of pea straw, with our feet towards the fire.

We spent the next three days jolting along in our wagons, and the evening of the fourth day brought us in sight of our new home, which was a log house with two rooms in it. One was the sleeping-room, and the other a large kitchen with a famous fire-place, that took about half a cord of wood at a time. The land around it was a poor excuse for a farm. It had been owned

by a widow who had not strength to work it, and could not afford hired help, so it had been sadly neglected. Our crop that fall consisted of some miserable potatoes and cabbages—the latter we chopped up, put into a barrel and made "sour kroust" of, and this we used to take as a treat during the winter with our fried pork.

But I must hurry on with my story. Well, here we were eight miles away from our nearest neighbors, and our furniture and stores stuck in the woods. After a great delay father got some men to go with a team of oxen, and in a week's time our goods were restored to us. Father had gone back to the city to join his regiment, and we were left alone with our hired man, who was to take care of the farm and do chores about the house.

Sister Flora, though older than I, was a timid, delicate, little thing, while I was strong in health and full of spirit, and no more like the girls now-a-days than a sun-flower is like a hot-house plant. I staid at home a year and worked like any man, and the farm yielded better the next summer, and mother's health improved, and things seemed to be picking up. About this time the American rebellion broke out. Father was adjutant, and had charge of the government stores in Montreal, and a strong wish seized me to go and join him. I said to myself, father is lonely without any of us, and they don't need me much at home now, so Flora and I went to Montreal and hired rooms and took in sewing, for I was never happy a moment without employment. But do not think that I forgot those at home. They were often on my mind during the long winter, and when March came, father and I consulted upon how to reach them. Their store of provisions must be nearly out, and we feared their stock of money to buy more provisions from the Americans who passed that way, must be very low too. Then there were farm implements

needed for the summer's work. Who was to go? that was the question. Father could not leave his post, and there seemed no prospect but for me to undertake it. Yes; Flora and I must do it.

Perhaps you will think it as crazy a notion as father did for two young girls to go so far, alone, over frozen rivers and roads, covered with the winter's snow. But, feeling strong and ready for even this, with the thought of those dear ones in need, I succeeded in coaxing father to let me do as I wished. Not until the last did my heart fail me, when the horse and cariole stood at the door, and the dog, who was to share our journey, barked impatiently, and Flora and I, ready dressed, bid farewell to father. Over my pelisse I wore a box-coat, and my curls were tucked away under my round fur hat, to give me as manly an appearance as possible. But when father took me, great coat and all, in his arms, and with husky voice and tears in his eyes asked God's blessing on his brave daughter, a real girlish cry broke from me; but I was all right in a moment, and soon we were gliding over the frozen ground with small thought of what was before us.

About noon we stopped at an inn to bait our horses, and some Americans, who were there, commenced whispering to each other that we were spys. I tried to look unconcerned, and told them to come along and search our cariole. I was willing they should, for there was nothing in it but farm implements. I suspect they were afraid of me, at least, they did not give us any trouble.

I remember it was that first day that we met the great cannons, each drawn by six horses, coming up the river St. Francis. For three days we got along very well. Every place we stopped the people treated us kindly. The kindness of one family in particular, we have reason to remember; they kept us several days at their house till we were

quite rested, and then the good man sent his own son with us to the next stopping place.

The young man had instructions from his father not to leave us until we were on the main road, for there was a stretch of woods at this point. But like a great many boys, he thought he could fix things his own way, and undertook to make a bargain with the people at the inn to see us safely over the difficult part of the road. No sooner was his back turned than they tried to get out of their bargain, and refused to go with us unless we gave up all our money. In vain we offered them a part of it, and finally begged of them to lend us snow shoes, and we would leave our horse behind and tramp it. But this, too, they refused; saying that sugar time was coming on, and they needed them for their own use. Without further parley we unhitched the horse from the cariole, and calling our dog, we plunged into the wood. The snow was so deep, that we sunk in many places up to our knees, and the only means we had of keeping the right track was to watch the trees that were *blazed*—that is, pieces were cut out of those that grew on each side of the path. What a day that was; there was a thick crust over the snow that cut through our stout leather boots, and many times the poor horse rolled over and over, and it was all we could do to get him up again.

How often we longed for the sight of of a house or a human being, but there was nothing before us but snow, snow, and dark trees lifting their heads towards the sky. When darkness commenced to close around us, my heart fainted within me. Poor Flora, half dead with cold, fatigue, and fright, declared she could not walk another step, and throwing herself down, cried bit-

terly. You may be sure I had hard work to keep up, but I did, and bidding the dog lie on Flora's feet, I spread our coats over us both, and with the cold ground for a bed and the dark sky above us, we passed the night in each other's arms. But One was caring for us, and next morning, though aching in every limb, we were able to continue our journey.

How we got through that day, I cannot tell you. Many times my poor sister was on the point of sinking down, and I had to keep on urging, cheering and supporting her, for I well knew that if she gave up I might not be able again to rouse her. But there was never a lane without a turning, and sure enough, late that afternoon, when every ray of hope had died out of my heart, and I tottered along supporting Flora's fainting form and praying God in some way to end our misery—I saw—could it be a house? My snow-blinded eyes almost refused to believe it. But my prayer was indeed answered, and staggering to the door I knocked. An old man opened it, and when he saw us, held up his hands exclaiming, "Where on earth did you come from children? Not a creature has passed over the road this winter."

"I know it, but don't ask me any questions now, only do something for my sister."

By this time his wife had come along, and oh, how kind they were to us. They rubbed our stiffened limbs, and dosed us with herb tea, and gave us their own bed.

After we were all right again, which was not for a week or more, the kind old man brought us safely to our journey's end in his own sleigh. So our troubles were over for this time; but I never wanted to go sixteen miles on foot in winter again.

ODD CANADIAN PETS.

The degree to which most of our Canadian wild animals can be domesticated is almost incredible. Grasp an ordinary black or red squirrel or common wood chip-munk suddenly in your hand, and you will be very severely bitten for your pains, the little heart at the same time throbbing violently enough to shake your entire fist, no matter how large or brown or brawny it may be. But submit one of these beautiful little creatures to the influence of kindness and gradual familiarity, and it will positively become tamer than a kitten. The writer speaks from experience, and his experience has extended over a pretty wide range, and embraced a good many different characters.

The best method of capturing squirrels alive and unharmed is by the trick-trap. This is an ordinary little box, about fourteen inches long, ten inches wide and the same in height, enclosed all around except that one of the ends is made so as to slide upwards and downwards. When the trap has been set in position near a squirrel's hole, it is baited with some choice nut food. That is to say, the bait is fastened to a little arrangement near the centre, inside, which communicates by a string with the sliding end in such a manner that, while the bait remains untouched, the end remains open; but, should anything disturb the bait (and of course master squirrel will just do that in trying to secure it) the jarring at once operates upon the string, when down comes the slide, and the inmate is a prisoner. It should have been stated that the opposite end from the slide is enclosed by a wire network, otherwise, were the inside of the box dark, the victim would not enter it. Having secured the prize, it, trap and all, are car-

ried home, and the squirrel is duly transferred to the cage, which it is presumed has been prepared for it. This latter should be about three feet in length, by, say, fourteen inches in height and width, with a wire-work front, and the remainder of the inside covered with tin or zinc, for, until they have become pretty tame, squirrels are notorious for eating their way through wood. A revolving wheel in the cage, too, into which the squirrel can jump, and which is kept in continual revolution by the little creature's attempts to ascend its sides, is an amusing improvement. For probably a month or two after the capture of the prisoner, he will be pretty shy. About that time, however, he will be making bold enough to chatter and eat pretty freely, and then the extent of his attainments afterwards will depend altogether on the nature and amount of attention paid him. The black squirrel, though one would scarcely think so, makes the tamest pet. It may perhaps take a longer time to domesticate him, but once his scruples are overcome, he may be allowed to run at large like a little kitten, when, far from seeking to leave the house, he is much more likely to become a nuisance in it. The writer has seen one so thoroughly tamed in this way that nothing would frighten it. At meal times it was always first not *at* but *on* the table, and, utterly regardless of the fastidiousness of the eaters, feasted itself upon such good things as it could appreciate, sitting up on its feathery tail with all the impudence, and not a little of the appearance of the monkey, and chattering as it toiled. At almost any hour of the day a visitor entering by the kitchen door was usually startled by master squirrel leaping upon his

shoulder and amusing itself by apparently chasing its tail around his neck. In the evenings when all were seated around the kitchen fire, it would amuse itself in the same manner with each in turn, generally bringing its capers to a close about ten every night, when it sought its bed on a shelf immediately above the writer's room door. There it lay until about five next morning, when, with a bound it landed on the bed, made for the sleeper's head, stuck its nose as far as it could get it into his ear, and commenced a series of puffs and blows against which sleep was entirely out of the question. Thus it proceeded every morning at precisely the same time over every person, young and old, in the house, until all were awake and stirring. It is not over four years ago that this little animal was accidentally shot by a passing hunter, while playing itself on the orchard fence. And we may just as well add that there was not a dry eye in that house when the calamity came to be known.

The red and grey squirrel and the chipmunk can also be tamed to an extent that will permit of handling them, if it is done with care, but they can rarely be trusted outside their cages; they are apt to run away to the woods again.

The fox also may be wonderfully domesticated, although it never loses that quickly anxious, nervous look and action which are so characteristic of its wild nature. Our little fellow was taken very young, so young indeed that it could not show any dispositions, good or bad, if it tried. As it grew up, a peculiar, wild odor was emitted from it, and we were obliged to keep it tied up in the wood-shed. We therefore got a little brass collar and chain for it, and fettered it accordingly. For a long time after thus depriving foxy of all company, it took very badly with the situation, making both day and night hideous with its laughing bark. When any of us entered the shed, it immedi-

ately showed all the delightful manoeuvres of the poodle or lap-dog, wagging its tail and jumping all around and over us. A pipe in the mouth was generally made a special object of assault, and leap after leap was made after it until master fox got possession. As time passed however, the wild nature began already to manifest itself. Strangers were noticed as soon as they entered, and an angry flash in its eye on such occasions warned even the people of the house to keep a respectable distance. Notwithstanding that the animal was fed on the best materials it could possibly relish, it one morning broke loose unaware to us, made for a neighboring hen-yard, and slew fourteen of its inmates within an hour, purely for the love of killing. From that time forward we could not recapture it, and therefore, in conjunction with the neighbor in question, voted it a public enemy. So next day we all turned out with dogs and guns to destroy it. After a good deal of search and trouble, near an outhouse about a mile from the village, one of our dogs discovered foxy, and that so suddenly, that it was taken quite unawares,—so much so that there was nothing for it but to show fight by throwing its hind quarters upward against a log and holding its open mouth in readiness between its forelegs. Evidently the dog was not posted in his mission. He rushed upon the animal with a loud yell, but rushed back again next moment with a much louder one, and one of his legs hanging by a mere shred of skin. The fox had, with one snap, severed the bone. Happily, however, a rifle ball put an end to its capacity for any further mischief. Foxes, in order to domestication, must be taken when very young, and of course the only way to affect such a consummation is to discover a nest and dig for them.

Of the beautiful little white, grey, black and spotted rabbit pets, we need scarcely speak. Every juvenile has had

his experience of them, and can perhaps throw more light upon the general subject than we. It may be mentioned, however, that one breeder of the species is quite sufficient for a district, for they are wonderfully prolific, a litter usually consisting of from six to fourteen. Another little fact not generally known: Who has ever seen a pure white rabbit without pink eyes? What is the reason? Simply a lack of pigment or coloring matter in the blood. The very same principle is illustrated by the case of those exceedingly white specimens of humanity with peculiar, colorless hair and pink eyes, whom shrewd Yankee and other showmen exhibit around the country as "Albinos, fresh from Madagascar, &c., &c." It is not at all unusual for one member of a family to be born thus; nor is the peculiarity confined to any particular country or clime. Indeed the last "Albino" the writer had the pleasure of seeing was a regular Irish wench, bred, born and brought up in the county of Kerry, and well she spoke her native brogue.

The racoon makes perhaps one of the best and oddest of pets. Its antics are so comical, sometimes almost human, as it sits on its haunches and eats, plays and toys with its forepaws for all the world like a person. It can, by handling and familiarity, be tamed to an extraordinary degree, and retains the domestic qualities thus acquired even to extreme old age, unless in the meantime somebody happens to hurt or offend it. In such a case it becomes exceedingly revengeful and unrelenting, never forgetting the hand that injured it, and indeed losing all confidence in humanity at large. It is a singular fact, but one repeatedly confirmed, that, however tame a pet racoon may become, if it is once offended so as to become angry, it should at once be disposed of, for it can never again be trusted. The racoon must also be captured young, and this is usually done at nights when the old mother coaxes her progeny into

a neighboring cornfield to steal. Keep the animal tied if you have hens around, for, no matter how well it may be fed and treated, it will kill hens for the pure love of killing.

The Canadian otter makes a splendid pet. We have seen them tamed to such an extent that they ran about the house, in and out, with the dogs, for which they appeared to have a particular fondness. There is, however, a wild smell of the otter which becomes rather unpleasant if it is allowed too much range in the house. Besides their usually playful habits, and neat, clean, tidy appearance, otters are mainly utilized for fishing. Take a tame one, that has been properly trained, down to the water edge, and it will immediately enter and make for the bottom, where it watches its chance, as it travels along from stone to stone, until it catches a good sized fish. It at once then takes its prey ashore, eats the head off, leaves the body for your benefit, and re-enters to repeat the operation. In this way a smart otter, up to its business, will catch from ten to twenty fish per hour, and follow you home quite delighted with its exploits. For several of the earlier fishing experiments, you will require to have a long chain fastened about its neck, with one end to your hand, for it is apt to forget to come back to you until taught to do so. Otters also must be taken when young, although old ones have occasionally been domesticated. They are not, however, easily kept, their food being principally fresh fish.

The wood-chuck, or Canadian ground-hog, may likewise be domesticated sufficiently to admit of its being handled and treated with considerable familiarity. There is little use in trying to dig for it, as for the fox, for it can burrow much faster than you can dig. The best way to capture it is either by the trick-trap like that used for squirrels, or to watch it some day when it is out, and get between it and

its hole. A peculiar feature of the ground-hog is that, on the slightest fright, it will immediately make for its earthy den, and if anybody stands in its way at such a time it will show fight. Usually the young, when able to walk nicely, follow their mother out to pasture, and as she runs for the hole, they, of course, cannot keep up, and may consequently be captured by laying a stick gently on their backs, pressing them downwards against the earth until you have secured a hold of the tail. In the course of a month or so they begin to get familiar, but you can never trust them to run loose, for they invariably make for the woods again. We cannot omit in this connection the experience of an early settler. He was driving his good lady to church one bright Sabbath morning, when all at once they came upon what they considered one of the most beautiful "badgers" they had ever seen. Striped from head to tail with alternate black and white, and altogether lovely, the little creature kept moving about at the roadside, apparently regardless of its admirers. At length the settler got quietly out of his buggy, concluding it to be one of the ground-hogs his neighbors had been telling him about. He was allowed not only to approach it, but to lay his hand upon it, and, in a moment or two, after a little stroking, he raised it gently and put it in his bosom, when all at once—whew! pooh! whoop! he threw it as far as his hand could throw it, and ended his performance with a thorough vomiting spell. He had taken a young skunk into his arms! To add to his chagrin, he had immediately to return home instead of going to church, and had to walk all the way to boot, for his wife could not suffer him near her. And, to end the matter, his clothes had to be buried for four days and nights before they lost their perfume.

The bear makes an exceedingly interesting pet, but always manifests his

wild nature as he grows older. Indeed, when he has nearly attained his full size, he becomes a dangerous playmate. In the winter's early days we had one which had been captured very young, and which we usually kept chained in a comfortable outhouse. Treated with every possible attention, we kept him always rolling fat, and, for many months, he was a source of much amusement. He was so tame that he would rise up on his hind legs as any of us entered, hug us warmly, and then proceed to search our pockets for apples with his great hand-like paws. How delicately and softly these would be extricated, and how cunningly he would eye us as he munched them, one after another, in his massive jaws. As time went on though, he became considerably rougher in his attentions, and showed unmistakable anger if he failed to find what he wanted. Never will we forget the morning a stranger went in to him, and in the twinkling of an eye, he not only had him searched, but had every pocket in his new overcoat ripped completely out. At last Mr. Bruin had to be shot, for he became a terror to us all.

And who has ever before heard of tame fish? Well we had them in a pond under our milkhouse so tame that they would float gracefully into our submerged hands, and permit themselves to be lifted out and examined with scarcely a struggle—great fine trout, most of them measuring from eight inches to a foot in length. And fish can be domesticated easily in this way, by feeding them regularly, and increasing your familiarities by some degrees.

Of birds, the crow makes a somewhat weird, but very constant pet, and when once fairly conquered by kindness, is not easily enticed away by its fellows again. It loves to hover within and around the house, and is seldom absent at meal times. It frequently mingles with the hens in the poultry-yard, and although the latter stand on their dig-

nity on the first encroachment, they soon learn better manners, for one nip of its strong, black beak is far more convincing than a dozen chicken fights. The crow's greatest enemy is the owl, which usually manages to rob its nest of its eggs or young while the parent is absent. A knowledge of this fact is sometimes of great service to the hunter. When desirous to shoot some crows he steals unperceived under some large well-foliaged tree adjacent to the rookery, gets his gun in readiness, and begins, "Ta-who-who, ta-who-who!" which he cries repeatedly in imitation of an owl. The crows immediately be-

come wild with excitement, and begin to gather in from all quarters to slay their common enemy. In a quarter of an hour or so the tree above him is fairly black with hundreds of the indignant birds cawing out their spleen and determination in every note of the gamut, and then he fires promiscuously up amongst them. We have seen as many as fourteen brought down thus by a single shot. Of course the experiment cannot be repeated that night under the same tree, but the hunter has only to move a few hundred yards further away, when he can renew it with equally successful results.

PROUD LITTLE DODY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR THREE BOYS."

(American Tract Society.)

"I always *did* think," said Dody, "that Mrs Baker was about the goodest woman I knew."

"My dear," said mamma, "people are not always to blame for illness. That hip disease came from a fall which she couldn't help. Sometimes people are born with diseases, and they come in many ways for which people are not to blame. When they are ill through no fault of their own, then their sick bodies can serve God by teaching beautiful lessons of patience. Do you see the difference?"

"Yes, mamma," said Dody.

"I heard a minister preach once on 'Thou shalt not kill,' and he said that people who didn't take care of their health broke that commandment, because they made their lives come to an end sooner than God would have ended them."

Dody was full of questions this afternoon.

"God made my head ache a little to pay me for not minding right off, didn't he?" she said. "If I hadn't minded at all he'd have made it ache awfully, wouldn't he?"

"Now I'll teach you another lesson," said mamma. "God lets people punish themselves for their sins."

"I don't punish myself," said Dody.

"Yes," said mamma; "you let the sun come down and make your head ache. If you had disobeyed longer the sun would have made your head ache harder, so that I couldn't have cured it probably with cologne and a fan; you would have suffered all the afternoon till sunset. The punishment of sin is a part of it, Dody, something that belongs to it, and must happen if sin happens."

"Now you have had sober talk enough for one afternoon; and if your head is quite well, you may go and play."

"It is," said Dody; and she went over in the corner to teach two lessons to her doll.

"First, Harriet, you must remember," said Dody, "that when you eat a purpose things you don't agree with, and make your head burn like fire, when there's a cool place you could just as well keep it in, that's wicked sickness, and you're a sixth commandment breaker.

"Second, you must remember that you punish your own self when you're naughty; for when you do a sin there's something fastened on to it that's got to come along too; and if you don't want that you need n't do the sin, "cause nobody makes you, you know."

CHAPTER VI.

TOM COMES.

The twenty-first of June was a day that Dody talked about, morning, afternoon, and evening, and then went to bed and dreamed of at night; for it was going to bring something delightful to her, and that was her only brother Tom, who was away at boarding-school.

The morning of the twenty-first was spent by Dody in gathering flowers and arranging them for Tom, then pulling them to pieces and arranging them over again. The afternoon she spent in looking out of windows and running to the gate.

She knew that he would not come till half-past five; but she kept fancying that she heard the train whistling, and thought it might be ahead of time. The minutes of that afternoon were very long, as minutes spent in watching for some one always are, and at four o'clock it seemed to Dody as if two or three ordinary afternoons had gone by. If she had only known how to tell time it would have been some satisfaction to watch the clock.

"What time is it now, Susan?" she would say, running in from the gate.

"Quarter past four," Susan would answer. "Come, Dody, take a picture-book and forget Master Tom awhile."

But away Dody would skip, and return presently to ask again:

"What time is it now, Susan?"

"Twenty minutes past four," Susan would answer, "and no chance of him for over an hour yet."

But an imaginary whistle would sound in Dody's ears, and off she would go again.

At last the time came when in answer to Dody's question Susan could say "Half-past five." Then she ran and climbed on the gate and stretched her neck over to gaze down in the direction of the depot until she could see Tom's blue coat and brass buttons in the distance.

The train was a little late, and seven long minutes of waiting on the gate were added to Dody's afternoon. When the whistle finally screeched out the news of Tom's arrival, she opened her arms at once to take him in, expecting to see him instantly appear on the spot.

But she had to watch any carriages up the street before she saw their own, with her father and a straight, soldierly, rather fierce-looking youth by his side.

Tom had grown two inches since he went away, and he showed that he felt each atom of each inch. He sat up in the carriage with as cool and composed an air as if he came home from boarding-school on a vacation every day of his life. He glanced at the houses on one side of the street, then at those on the other, as if they were all alike to him, and he had no particular interest in any. Dody could not take her eyes from his face one second after it came in sight; but he never glanced at the little bobbing figure on the gate till the carriage stopped before it. Then he seemed in no particular hurry to get into the clutches of its impatient arms.

He stepped down quite like a man of the world, made a remark about

baggage to the coachman, lifted Dody up from his leg where she was clutching, said, "How are you, Dody?" and then gave her one stinging little kiss.

His mamma fared much better, and Dody devoted herself to papa, who, if he had not been away since Christmas, was glad to see her, and took her on his shoulder and played that he was her car, and landed her on the hall table, which he played was her depot.

"How you've grown, Tom dear," said mamma.

"Haven't I?" said Tom, stretching up, and even making his toes help him to look his tallest.

"And such a wise, old-man look as you've picked up too, you absurd little boy."

"That's Greek," said Tom. "You can trace Greek roots all over my face, mommy. It's shabby of father to make me study it."

In his earnestness Tom forgot the dignity of his new inches, and laid his arm over his mother's shoulder, and said in a tone as soft and wheedling as any of Dody's,

"We'll coax him to let me drop it, won't we, mommy?"

"Not I!" said his mother.

They went up the stairs with their arms around each other, while Dody, who had been looking forward to the day of Tom's coming so long, was left behind; and he had given her only one stinging kiss on the cheek!

If Tom had looked back and beckoned, if he had only looked back as if he thought of her and wondered if she were coming, Dody would have followed. But she was not the little girl to be overlooked entirely.

Emmie Miller might have gone right on; but Emmie Miller never thought of such a thing as that any one meant to snub her. She couldn't take a snub when she got it. But Dody Powers could; there was the difference.

"I s'pose Emmie Miller'd follow him right up," thought Dody, "and be just as sweet to him as if he'd taken notice of her; but catch me! I s'pose if it was Emmie Miller she'd get him

to take notice of her by hanging round; but I don't?"

These thoughts went through her head very swiftly, and by the time they were ended she had run away from papa down the steps to the path.

"Aren't you coming, Dody?" said papa.

"No, papa," Dody answered. "I want to go and look over the gate."

He did not stop to urge her, but went right up stairs to his dear boy Tom.

"Let him go," thought Dody. "Let 'em all go after Tom. Let him love mamma best and treat me like a toad. I can run away, I guess!"

She took her hat and sack from the hall-table, and went out the gate.

This time Dody was not visited by Bible children who shamed her into better behavior; but she met a child whose influence was of the same kind as theirs. She had not passed their own fence when she saw coming the very Emmie Miller who had been in her thoughts. There was a little girl with her; a shabby little girl in a faded calico-dress, without a bit of trimming on it, and a straw-hat that the sun had turned from white to yellow.

"What a looking girl!" thought Dody. "Before I'd go with her!"

Contempt for the poor was one kind of pride that Dody had never had. She was not mean enough to care for differences in clothes, and so long as people were nice, never minded what they had on. But she was ugly now, and wanted to be uglier, and could think of nothing but the shabby little girl to be uglier about.

Emmie smiled and nodded before she reached Dody, and when they met threw her arms around her neck and gave her a hearty kiss. She saw in a minute that Dody was out of temper.

"This is Addie Brown," said Emmie. Dody never spoke.

"Wont you shake hands?" said Emmie coaxingly.

Dody put her right hand behind her. "Good-by, Emmie," said Addie, going away grieved; for she thought

this pretty little girl in the white dress despised her for her poor clothes.

Emmie looked so hurt that Dody expected tears, but they did not come.

“Running away,” said Dody, promptly.

Dearly as she loved Emmie, she could not help liking to shock her. She



“ SHE SAT DOWN ON THE FLOOR AND PUT ON HER SLIPPERS.”

Then she expected her finger to point out and shame her, but the finger did not move. Then of course Emmie would say something about her rudeness to her friend. Dody was all ready with a little, sharp answer, but she had no opportunity to give it, for when Emmie spoke it was not in a scolding tone, and she only said,

“ Where are you going, Dody ?”

enjoyed making contrasts between her badness and Emmie's goodness, and seeing the startled look that came in her soft eyes.

She rather thought Emmie would tell her it was wrong to run away, just as if she didn't know that before ! and advise her going home, as if she'd asked for anybody's advice ! Then she meant to leave her.

But Emmie was far too fond of having a peaceful time to cross Dody in her present state of mind. She put her arm around her and said,

"I'll walk along with you."

That little arm creeping around Dody's waist broke her pride right down, and she gave Emmie a loving squeeze, and felt that she could tell her her troubles.

She was not very much in the habit of pouring her troubles into everybody's ears, as Susy Smith and Fanny Hillard and Kittie Anderson and Amy Deane and half the girls did. But Emmie could get things out of her with those soft ways of hers.

"Emmie," said Dody, "s'pose you had a brother, and s'pose he came home, and s'pose you'd been watching for him ages long, and s'pose you were awfully glad to see him, and s'pose he put on airs to you when he got there, what would you do?"

"I'd coax him up," said Emmie.

"I wouldn't though!" said Dody. "I'd put on just as many airs as he did. I wouldn't let him think I cared for a boy like him."

"Then the more airs you put on, the more he'd keep putting on," said Emmie; "and there wouldn't be any stopping to it."

"If he didn't kiss me but just once on my cheek I wouldn't give him another one, not even if I had a heart full for him," said Dody. "I could have breaked his neck with hugs, I was so glad to see him. But he'll never get another hug from me."

"Never, never, never, not your life long?" said Emmie.

"May-be," said Dody.

"Oh!" said Emmie, looking so shocked and earnest that it seemed to Dody as if everything was for ever ended between her and Tom, all the love and the good times over. She found that she was very sorry for it; that she was even willing to make some effort to bring the old times back.

"What would you do, Emmie?" she asked.

"If it was my Tom," said Emmie, in a soft, shy voice, as if she were half-

ashamed of her confession, "my Tom who'd been away ever since Christmas, I know I'd be so glad to see him I would'n't care how many airs he put on."

"But you have'n't told what you'd do," said Dody.

"I know I'd kiss him," said Emmie, meekly; "and hug him too. I could'n't help it when I hadn't seen him for so long."

"If he did'n't kiss back?" said Dody.

"Never mind," said Emmie. "People don't always."

"If he pushed you away?"

"He wouldn't," said Emmie.

"No, may-be not," said Dody. "But if he looked as if he thought he was a man?"

"I wouldn't care a bit for that," said Emmie. "Boys are always thinking they're men."

"I s'pose, Emmie Miller, if you were me you'd go right home now and make a fuss over him."

"If you love him so much, I don't see how you can help it," said Emmie.

"I'm proud, you know," said Dody, rearing her head like a gay young horse. "Don't you remember the day I told you I was?"

"Yes," said Emmie, looking at her respectfully, for Dody had half succeeded in making her feel that pride was something to be proud of.

"Not a meek little thing like you," said Dody.

And then she remembered how she had been learning that pride was something to be ashamed of and never proud of; how much trouble it had led her into, and then meanly left her to get out of alone; and how she had been setting Emmie up as high as those little children whom Christ blessed, and through whom he blessed all gentle children forever. From looking down on Emmie's meekness, she suddenly looked straight up to it.

"But there, Emmie!" she said, "it's nice to be meek, and it's horrid to be proud. I almost forgot that. You tell me what to do, and I'll go do it."

Emmie's eyes brightened with pleasure when proud Dody stooped to ask

her advice in the settling up of this important matter.

"If you want to kiss him, kiss him," she said. "If you love him, tell him; and don't mind his airs, Dody, 'cause that's the way of boys."

"Well," said Dody.

"Be sure to tell me how it all turns out," said Emmie.

"I will," said Dody, trotting home.

CHAPTER VII.

TOM REIGNS.

They were on their way to dinner when she got back. Tom, tall and straight, and moving like a young soldier with the marching step he had learned at the military school where he had been, was taking mamma to dinner on his arm.

Dody ran into the hall and marched behind him with the same short, regular steps, and as she made some noise with her heels and giggled, too, could not help being heard.

"Why, there's the scrap," said Tom. "What became of it? It didn't know what it lost by not seeing me open my bag."

A present, of course! And Tom had thought enough of her after all to provide a present for her in that far-away place where he went to school.

His left arm was lying as straight as an iron poker against his side. Dody joggled it out of military line and hugged it.

"What's that? Gratitude?" said Tom. "I'll wager my brass buttons the scrap thinks I've got a present in that bag. I thought it might like to see my hair-brush."

But Dody believed in the present still, and she patted his hand, which he kindly let her keep in her two.

"Now comes the tug of war," said Tom at the dining-room door. "You'll have to drop me, Do, or I'll have to drop mother. We can't all get through here abreast."

"Dody may have you," said mamma.

"I know how much she has been wanting you, don't I, Do?"

"How much?" said Tom, leading her to the table, and putting her in her chair, as politely as if she had been of his size. "How much? How much, I say? Where's your tongue?"

"More than you're worth, wasn't it, Dody?" said papa, coming from the dining-room window to help her.

"Did you see that beau-oo-tiful little bouquet on your stand?" said Dody.

"You made it?" said Tom; "and that's the value of your affection?"

"Did you see the big dish of roses on the bureau?" asked Dody.

"Oh, you fixed those, too?" said Tom. "Anything more?"

"No, only those," said Dody.

"Well, that'll do," said Tom. "I'll have to see what I can find for you after dinner."

Tom's wink suggested to Dody nothing short of a French doll that could cry and walk and talk, and open its mouth and show its teeth. She took no interest in the dinner to-day. She thought dessert was a very useless addition to a good dinner of soup and meat and vegetables. It seemed as if they would never get through with their coffee; and at last when they rose she wondered what did possess Tom to go and look out of the dining-room window instead of hurrying up stairs.

Papa and mamma took seats on the piazza, and Tom—yes, Tom followed their example. Dody watched him till he passed the foot of the stairs, and then knew that he had forgotten. If her impatience should wear her to a shadow, she thought, she would never stoop to remind him. She had better manners, she hoped, than to let people think she wanted their presents, or ever had any ideas about the insides of their travelling bags.

But she remembered how she had promised Emmie to make advances and be affectionate and sisterly to Tom. She was entirely left out of the conversation. Tom talked to his father and mother, whom he seemed to consider his equals and quite worth speaking to. He took no sort of no-

tice of her; but she had agreed with Emmie not to mind his airs. So presently she slipped down from papa's knee and moved around to him.

She must get an opportunity to open a conversation with Tom, for perhaps if she should begin with a fortunate remark he might talk to her quite a



"DODY DEVOTED HERSELF TO PAPA."—(See page 242.)

When he had leisure, after he had finished a remark and was resting before the next one, he actually was kind enough to see her, really let his eyes rest on her as if she were not too small for eyes to see. He did not so far forget his inches as to speak; but he let her approach him and lean on his knee.

while. She had a hope—though she would not have acknowledged it to her own self—that if they once opened a conversation it might gradually drift around to presents.

There came a long pause. Dody felt that she must begin then or never. She felt that much depended on her making the right kind of remark to

start with; and she ventured one which she considered polite, and which could not be supposed to be connected in her mind with presents.

"How's your teacher?" Dody enquired.

"Which one?" said Tom, giving her a fixed, grave look that threw her into confusion and blushes. "If you mean Sperry he's healthy, thank you. If you mean Dwight, he's bilious."

"I do," said Dody.

"Do what?" said Tom, throwing her into deeper confusion.

That fixed look of his charmed Dody's eyes. As long as he looked at her so she could not look away, and she leaned on his knee with her lips parted and her eyes set in a stare.

"Well," said Tom, "what'll you have?"

The question was so directly to the point and so unexpected that out of Dody's mouth popped the last answer in the world she would have wished to give. It came of itself. She had nothing to do with it; and deep shame it brought her!

"The present," she answered, almost in the same instant that he spoke.

"That, Scrap, is something you can't keep," said Tom, raising his voice and making gestures, as if she were an audience of schoolboys and the piazza were the school-room stage. "Even while you ask for it the present is gone from you and become the past, and the future steps in to take its place. Choose again."

"Come here, little girl," said papa, "and don't mind his schoolboy foolishness."

Dody minded nothing now but her own shame, and she was very glad to run and hide that on papa's vest. To think that she should have let any one know, above all airy Tom, that she wanted a present!

But airy Tom had a good heart, and when he saw that he had humbled his little sister—whom in his opinion it took a great deal to humble—he felt sorry for her; and two or three martial steps brought him to her side, when he stooped and whispered,

"But I know a better kind of present. Come along with me and let's hunt it up."

She wouldn't lift her face to let him see the shame on it; so he had to take her by storm and carry her off.

She was something of a load, for Tom wasn't such a very big boy, even with his new inches, and Dody was solid substance. But he tugged up the stairs with her, and was rewarded half-way by one of those sisterly embraces that Emmie had advised.

"Let up on that," said Tom. "You'll have me over."

"Now," said he, when they reached the top, in a tone of perfect bewilderment, "what are we up here for?"

"That's none of my affairs," said Dody, tossing her head. "I didn't bring you; you brought me, I should think."

Her feet made a motion to go down.

But Tom took her by the shoulders and looked her in the eye.

"You need a regular course," he said. "You might be made something of, I should think, if I took you in hand. I think there's hope for you; I do, really. But oh, my! how many pegs you want bringing down. I'll tell you what it is, Scrap, you've never learned woman's sphere. Shall I give you some lessons?"

"No, I thank you, sir," said Dody, her feet kicking out again in the direction of the stairs.

Tom held her firmly.

"I will," he said, "free of charge. I'll teach you the sensible doctrines on woman; and when I get you in your place you'll do first-rate. For setting aside your airs, you have good points."

"Airs!" said Dody. "*My* airs! You better talk about airs! You've airs yourself. Emmie Miller thinks so too."

"Does—does she?" said Tom, feeling a little sting; for he thought very well of Emmie, and had sometimes done her such honor as to wonder if she wouldn't make a convenient, comfortable sort of a sister, since she was already in good training, and would save a brother no end of trouble.

Now just the mention of Emmie's

name brought back to Dody her promises, and she threw her arms around Tom and hugged and kissed him in the wildest manner. She even followed Emmie's advice so far as, feeling that she loved him, to tell him so.

"Oh, give us a rest to gasp in!" said Tom. "Whew! ye breezes blow and bring me a breath. She's smothering, strangling me. Murder!"

But, for all his screams, Tom returned Dody's kiss. Yes, actually of his own accord, gave her a bear-hug and a rough kiss, that seemed to have affection in it.

"Now, come on, and let's investigate that travelling-bag," he said. "And some one please tell me what this means! I declare, Scrap, you change so fast there's no keeping up with you. It takes more brains than I can show to tell what you're ever going to do next."

Privately, Tom laid the sudden change in her conduct to his first feeble effort at teaching her her place. It was only a small effort, to be sure—nothing more than impressing on her mind the fact that she had a place to keep. But he thought he saw a result, and felt hopeful of humbling even Dody to that good Miller child's level.

He kept a little account to settle with that good Miller child when the time should come. He didn't fancy her making remarks about him. It was very presuming in small girls of that age to criticise masculine ways.

"So you love me, do you?" said Tom. "Well, that's a confession. Now, Dody, I want to put one good, fair question to you."

They were in his room, and Tom had taken a seat on the bed. Sitting or standing, Tom always kept that fearful straightness. He bent straight like a wooden doll. There was one straight line from his head to his waist, another from waist to knees, and another from knees to feet.

Dody thought he wouldn't look so airy if there were any curves about him anywhere. His arms crossed on his breast like two straight sticks, and

his mouth was a straight line that had a particularly fierce and unbrotherly look. Dody considered it a great disadvantage to a young man to be trained in a military school, and determined that her sons should go to a school where they gave lessons in bending into easy, comfortable curves that didn't scare little sisters.

"Come here," said Tom, moving one finger out in a straight line from the fourth brass-button on his jacket.

Dody walked towards him till the finger dropped. She was near enough then for his eyes to have the proper effect on hers, and the falling finger was a signal that she should move no more.

"Now," said Tom, "you say you love me. A terrible suspicion that it is something in my travelling-bag you love, and not really me, makes me miserable. You never told me you loved me before we spoke of travelling-bags."

Oh, the scorn with which Dody turned away from him! and then glanced back across her left shoulder to look him over from head to feet, as if she despised every morsel of him.

"Wait," said Tom, as she walked off with stately steps. "I haven't finished. I don't say it is so. I only want to know. I ask for information."

There was a change in his voice, which Dody noticed. It sounded more as his tones had sounded in the hall when he was so kind to her. He was putting on dreadful airs, no doubt of that. But hadn't she promised Emmie not to mind his airs? And, promise or no promise, he was her only brother, and her dear old Tom, and she did love him, with all the love that other little girls distributed around among a whole family of brothers and sisters.

And that he should think her mean enough to love him for his presents! Why, it broke her heart. It had made her very angry for a moment; and suddenly it hurt her so that her lips went drooping at the corners as naturally as if she had been Emmie Miller's own self.

"It *is* you," she said. "It isn't all

the presents you could bring me. It is you, Tom, anyway."

"There—there now," said Tom, pouncing on her as a cat comes down on a mouse, "don't go to crying. I'll take your word for it."

But although he was touched and flattered, Tom couldn't be sure that this wasn't a regular girl's trick. "They're up to any dodge to get their own way," he reflected. "I'll make sure of her this time."

He shook her chin kindly, and said: "I believe you, Do. I don't want to think you care for what I bring you the way you care for me; so let's go down stairs and not bother our heads any more about presents. I'll be satisfied that you really like me for myself if there isn't any giving and taking between us."

He looked at her sharply to see signs of wavering love, and his heart and vanity were gratified again by the steadfast look in Dody's eyes. She was really too glad of his friendship to take her disappointment about his present deeply to heart.

"Don't say a word down stairs," said Tom. "I believe that was one of your good points, that you knew how to keep still when I told you to."

Tom was very good to her that evening. He took a little walk down the street and let her keep hold of his hand. He let her ride on his dignified back from the front door to the kitchen, where he went to salute the cook. He gave her a lesson in fencing with croquet mallets; and when the time came for her to say "Good-night," after she had kissed papa and mamma, he stooped and let her kiss him too.

She could not help thinking of the present after she was up stairs, and

wondering what it would have been, and wishing that Tom might have given it to her and yet felt sure of her love.

When Susan had dressed her the next morning, as she opened the nursery-door she stepped over a bundle in the hall.

"What's this, Susan?" she said.

"Well, I declare!" said Susan. "It's something for one of us. Here's a card on it."

She looked at the card, and it bore the printed name of Thomas Powers, Jr. Above the name was written in lead pencil, "Compliments of," and below, "To Miss D. Powers."

"Open it, Dody," said Susan. "It's for you, from Master Tom."

Dody ran back in the nursery, snatched the scissors, sat down on a little stool, and from many wrappings set free a lovely wax baby doll. It had the real teeth she had wanted; its eyes would open and shut; and it could cry if you poked it hard enough in the right place. Its hair was short and yellow, and its dress long and white.

"Susan, how did he know I had every kind of a doll but a baby, and awfully wanted one?" said Dody.

There was, besides, a box with a village in it. There were houses, churches, stores, a town-pump, and trees to make the streets.

Dody often thought it strange that Tom never told her he loved her the way she told him. If she had known how many cakes, tarts, and oranges, from the corner bakery, he had denied himself in that hungry boarding-school life to save pocket-money for her toys, she would have discovered that there are more ways than one of telling love

(To be continued.)

AS WE GO ALONG.

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.

Dick and Dora were travelling Westward. It was before the days (the nights, rather) of sleeping-cars; and being determined to go "straight through," as Dick said at starting, they were not a little fatigued when the darkness of the second night gathered about them.

But, though fatigued, they were by no means out of sorts. They were thoroughly posted as to the changes of their journey; they knew they were right; all that they desired was to proceed as rapidly as possible.

Dora looked smilingly around upon the drowsy passengers.

"Do see that old lady, Dick," said she, with a smothered laugh. "Her head bobs about like the tail of Ned's kite. There! she's down at last. No, she isn't, either. Oh!"

Here the old lady in question straightened herself and looked severely around, as if to reprove all who had even suspected her of an inclination to slumber. Happening to glance toward our young friends, she encountered two pairs of bright eyes. The eyes tried to be polite, but they could not help being truthful. They seemed to say: "We did laugh. We could not help it. We cannot help it now."

The old lady could not help it either. Such a hearty, cosey little laugh as it was, all round, when she had set the example!

"Lucky for us old people that our necks are insured," said she, cheerily; "and lucky for us that we can't see ourselves as others see us. Heads bobbing about like the tail of Ned's kite, eh!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Dora,

with crimson cheeks. "I didn't know you heard."

"Don't worry yourself in the least, my dear. I'm going to try it again. If you can get any fun out of this poor old head, you're heartily welcome to it, I'm sure. You'll need all you can get before morning—I can tell you that."

"We shall soon be 'bobbing around, around, around' ourselves," laughed Dick.

"So you will. Wish I could keep awake to see; but I can't. Good-night to you. Pleasant dreams."

Dora arose from her seat, and walked toward the old lady, taking her long shawl with her.

"Mother *would* make me bring this," said she, ignoring the deprecating gesture. "I don't know why, I'm sure, for we have my water-proof and Dick's overcoat beside. It will make a capital pillow for you. Won't you let me arrange it?"

The old lady demurred, but Dora insisted, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the gray head no longer bobbing and bowing, but reposing peacefully and quietly.

"She's sound asleep now," she said, thankfully, to Dick. "And she wouldn't be ashamed to own it, either."

At this moment, the sound of the whistle announced that they were near a station, and soon afterward there was the hurry and bustle of departures and arrivals.

Among the latter was a plainly-dressed woman, who carried upon one arm a heavy travelling-bag, and upon the other a baby who was screaming at the top of its little voice.

"Dear me!" yawned Dora. "I was just thinking of taking a nap. How provoking!"

"If I'm ever old enough to vote, I'll go for a law to make the women keep their babies at home," said Dick, savagely.

"What a public-spirited, benevolent man he will be!" laughed Dora, pretending to smooth the wrinkles in his forehead with her plump hand.

"Nonsense! But *do* hear that rascally baby!"

"I think he's sick," said Dora, compassionately.

"It's a girl, and she's no more sick than you are. I wish you'd go over and enquire how long she intends to keep up that screeching, because a fellow can't——"

Dora didn't wait for him to finish the sentence. To his intense surprise, she arose and walked down the aisle as steadily as was possible.

Dick watched her anxiously as she talked with the baby's mother. Once or twice, as he caught her eye, he beckoned eagerly, imploring her with frantic gestures to return, but Dora paid no heed. When, at last, she turned to come back, he saw, to his infinite horror, that she was bringing the "rascally baby" with her.

He was really angry now, and he took no pains to conceal it.

"If that baby's going to stay here, *I'm not*," said he, crossly, wrapping his overcoat about him.

"Where are you going?"

"Into another car. I'll find you in the morning. Good-night."

He would have been off, but Dora laid a coaxing hand upon his shoulder.

"Just wait a minute, Dick; I want to tell you something. I thought I'd take the baby awhile, because the mother has a *dreadful* headache, and——"

"No wonder," interrupted Dick, making a hideous face at the screaming child.

"Listen to me. This baby hasn't had a thing to eat since four o'clock."

"Why in the world don't you give it something, then?" cried Dick, making a furious dive for the lunch-basket.

"What a goose you are, Dick! Don't you see that she hasn't a tooth in her head? What she wants is milk, with a little warm water in it, and sugar enough to sweeten it just a little. That's all she eats."

"Who told *you* so much?"

"Her mother."

"I knew it was a girl the minute I heard her voice. I told you so," said Dick, a slight shade of triumph mingling with his vexation.

"They've been travelling two days," continued Dora, ignoring Dick's last remark, "and the mother tried to get some milk at C——. She gave her bottle to one of the table-girls there, but the cars wouldn't wait until she filled it——"

"Of course not," growled Dick. "Just like a woman, expecting a whole train of cars to stop for a bottle of milk."

"So she had to come on without it. And oh, Dick! won't you try to get just a little at the next stopping-place?"

"Me?" enquired Dick in amazement.

"You can take our mug. The bottle's lost, you know. She'll have to do the best she can with this."

"Me!" repeated Dick incredulously.

"Yes, *you*. Don't you know what Aunt Ruth says about doing good as we go along? We can pretend that we're missionaries—*home* missionaries you know."

"Well, give me the mug. Anything to stop this noise!"

The cars stopped. Dick rushed out, mug in hand. Stopping the first man he met in the station, he made his modest request:

"Here! Fill this, please."

"What with?"

"Milk, with a little warm water, and just sweetening enough to sugar it.

The baby's starving. Lost its bottle at C——. Hasn't had a thing to eat—drink, I mean—for hours."

"We haven't a drop," replied the man. "I'm sorry, but you come too late."

"Couldn't come any sooner," replied Dick; "and I *must* have it. Be quick, please, or I shall be late."

"No danger of that," said another man, re-assuringly; "they wait fifteen minutes here. Give me the cup, and I'll go over to Joe Fellerses. His baby's sick since Tuesday, and it's likely they'll be up messin'. I reckon they'll have a drop or two to spare."

It was not without misgiving that Dick gave Dora's pretty mug into the stranger's hand.

"If it's gone, it's gone," he thought to himself. "It can't be helped, and there's no use in worrying."

So he contented himself with looking after the man as long as he could see him, and resolved to wait as patiently as possible until the signal sounded.

"How old is your baby?" asked one of the men.

"Oh, I don't know. It's a very young one."

"Ever travelled with it before?" asked the man, curiously.

"No, indeed!" replied Dick, with flushing cheeks. "Its mother's in the car."

"Take my advice, and leave it at home next time. Travelin' never agrees with these little fellers."

Dick's eyes fairly blazed. "'Tisn't mine!" he roared savagely. Then, suddenly remembering how kindly these men had interested themselves in his behalf, he added, more gently: "Its mother had a headache, so I came."

Just then, Dick's rejoicing eyes spied the man who had taken the mug, coming quickly toward him.

"Here is your cup, youngster," said he. "Joe Fellerses' wife wouldn't use it. Here's a bottle that'll just fit a

baby's mouth—it's one her Johnny's outgrown. She's glad enough to help all the babies along, for the sake of that poor little man of her'n."

"I'm very much obliged," said Dick, heartily ashamed of his late misgivings, and fumbling in his pocket for some change.

"Bless your soul, she don't want any pay. Don't stop for that. If that little feller of yours is as hungry as you make out, the sooner you get back to him the better."

Dick thought so too. He was hurrying from the station when a woman entered, accompanied by a girl apparently about thirteen years old. He would have rushed past them, but the woman spoke:

"Goin' on this train?"

"Yes."

"How fur?"

"To L——," replied Dick.

"There's just where this child wants to go. Now, couldn't you just look after her a little? She won't be no trouble."

Dick looked at the "child." He saw an awkward, ungainly figure, clad in garments of coarse texture, and queer, unblending hues. He saw a pale, thin face, in which a pair of sore eyes seemed to be the fearfully prominent features. They were not pleasant to look upon. He shivered.

"She's goin' there to be doctored," continued the woman. "You see, her aunt, she lives in L——, and she thinks her doctor can help her eyes. I can't go with her, and she's an awful scarey child—'fraid of her shadder. Her aunt 'll meet her at the depot; but if you'll just let her sit somewhere nigh you, and speak a word to her now and then on the way——"

"What if I had such eyes as those!" thought Dick. "I'll do it," said he aloud, grasping his bottle a little tighter. "She can come along with me. We must hurry up. There's the bell."

"Good-bye, Marietta," called the woman, as they left the station. "Be a good girl, There's nothing to be afraid of. Remember that!"

Dick found Dora anxiously awaiting him.

"Where *have* you been? and where *did* you get this?" she cried, seizing the bottle and putting it to the lips of the poor, tired baby, who drank eagerly.

"Joe Fellerses' wife sent it to you with her compliments."

"She's a good woman, whoever she is," said Dora, earnestly; "but——" (dropping her voice) "who on earth have you there, Dick?" as he motioned to the girl to take a seat just behind them.

"That!" replied Dick, carelessly, in a low tone. "That's Marietta."

"Who's Marietta?"

"Our new fellow-passenger."

"What's the matter with her eyes?"

"They're sore."

"I should think so, poor thing. Where did you pick her up?"

"At the station. She's going to L——with us. We're to take care of her."

"O—h!" groaned Dora.

"Don't you know what Aunt Ruth says about doing good as we go along?" inquired Dick, calmly.

"But such a large girl! Can't she take care of herself?"

"She's timid—afraid of her *shadder*."

"She won't be likely to see her *shadder* here."

"We can pretend we're missionaries—*none* missionaries," said Dick, cheerfully.

"I should prefer a good, wholesome looking heathen for a travelling companion," sighed Dora.

"We can't have *everything* to please us," said Dick, pompously. "How quiet that child is!"

"Of course she is. All she wanted was something to eat. See! she's almost asleep—the little darling!"

"You must have been cut out for a

missionary," laughed Dick. "Your little heathen does you credit."

"That's more than I can say for yours," retorted Dora, glancing over her shoulder at the new passenger.

The poor girl was sitting with her back to the light, shading her eyes with one slender hand.

Dora turned quickly. "Dick Wilson!" she exclaimed. "Take this baby, please. I'm going to talk with Marietta."

"Well, put her down easy, so that a fellow can get a good hold."

"Don't you go to sleep and drop her," was Dora's parting injunction.

She took the seat behind Marietta, that the poor weak eyes might not encounter the glare of the blazing lamp. She spoke kindly to her, asking her a few questions, in such a tone of interest that the girl's shyness melted away at last, and she became communicative.

What Dora learned of her circumstances she told Dick early the next morning, almost with tearful eyes.

"She wants so much to go to school, Dick, but she can't. She can't read or sew, and she has to wear blue glasses when the sun is very bright.

"She sleeps well," replied Dick, who pitied the poor girl from the bottom of his heart, but didn't know how to say so.

"I'm so glad she's with us, Dick, because, you see, people don't always take pains to speak to girls when they look disagreeably."

"So am I."

"Wasn't it strange that neither of us knew when the baby's mother came and took her?"

"I dreamed that somebody was thanking me for something. That's all I knew about it."

"They're both asleep now," yawned Dora, looking toward them; "and so is our old lady. Do you know, Dick, I'm almost sorry the daylight is coming, —I'm—so——"

Dick never heard the rest of that sentence, but he rather thought the word was "sleepy."

They were both bright and wide awake, however, when, a few hours afterward, the cars reached L——.

The old lady bade them good-bye with a hearty "God bless you!" The weary mother smiled her thanks, and the baby put out her little hands beseechingly to Dick as he passed. Friends were waiting for them at the depot; but, even in the first cordial

greetings, they did not forget their unfortunate companion.

"Her aunt isn't here," said Dora, anxiously.

"Yes, she is," cried Dick. "There she comes round that corner. She sees her."

And they shouted a cheerful "good-bye" to poor Marietta, who gave them a grateful smile as she disappeared from view. And then, tired and hungry as bears, but for some reason or other feeling very happy, they hurried away.—*St. Nicholas.*

E N I G M A .

Old England's honored dead,
Her soldiers true and brave,
With some of high and noble name—
In me once found a grave.

Just as I stand,—cut off
My last, and place it first,
And see a deed of import vast
Oft done by men the worst.

But oftener yet, perchance,
A passing dread or fear,
A rush of passion to the breast
May bring the tempter near.

Ere reason can assert
Her sway o'er heart and brain,
Impulsive man commits the deed
And loathes himself in vain.

Amongst my parts you'll find—
If ranged with thought and pains,
Yourself—your burden, and your breath,
Some spice, and various grains.

Also the gamester's joy,
Two members of your frame,
An ancient city, and a beast;
Now tell me, pray, my name.

—:o:—

Answer to Charade in last number—"Shamrock."

The Home.

CAREFUL AND TROUBLED.

BY BLUENOSE.

"Good morning, Aunt Hetty," cried bright-faced Josie Stanfield, coming fresh and smiling into Mrs. Farwell's tidy kitchen, about nine o'clock on a fair spring day.

"Bless me, Jo! how you startled me!" said her aunt, who was busily ironing a starched shirt at the great table between the sunny windows, where two little imprisoned warblers hung in neat cages. She turned a flushed and weary-looking face toward her niece.

"How chipper you are this morning, and as cool as a cucumber! If you're coming in, Jo, just step right over the threshold, for I've been scouring it this morning. What with scrubbing and ironing, my back's nearly broken!

"O, I'm only going to stand a minute; my scholars will expect me exactly at the time; I just stopped to ask where your thoughts were yesterday when you marched by the church door so orderly."

"Now Jo, don't make fun of your relations!" said Mrs. Farwell, wiping her heated face with her apron. "I declare I was cross at myself! I can't bear for anyone to see me when I make a mistake like that, and there was Deacon Styles laughing when I turned back; but I was wondering what I could get for dinner to-day, as those Morses were coming. I know it was wicked, on my way to church, but there, what else could I think of, expecting three persons, and no way to

send to town for meat, so before I knew it I was away past the church! Well, they didn't come; they sent me word Sarurday night they'd be here early to-day, and last night they sent word they couldn't come till to-morrow, I always have everything coming in a heap. I couldn't wash till Saturday, and I must iron to-day because company will be here to-morrow."

"Poor soul!" ejaculated Josie. "I'm sure I wouldn't iron till Wednesday, if I were you. What harm will it be if you don't get everything done at just such a time?"

"I never believed in putting things off, Josephine," answered Aunt Hetty, seizing another flat-iron, which upon giving the proper hiss responsive to her touch, was straightway applied to the snowy garment upon the table.

"Well, I wouldn't worry so;" persisted smiling Josie. "Good morning, auntie, I hope you won't get tired to death! If you only would take things easy, how nicely you'd get along!"

"Wait till you get a house of your own to look after, then you'll know about taking things easy!" shouted Aunt Hetty after her.

"Josie! Josie! If Helen Miles is at school, tell her I want her mother to remember the sewing circle on Wednesday, and to have the work all ready. Dear me!" she said, as she turned wearily to her work, "I have the care of everything on my mind, I believe! How I'm to get this great ironing done

and pies made too, before dinner time I can't tell. Let's see, I must make cake in the morning and biscuit. I must have apple and custard pies, one kind won't do, they're such **particular** folks. I'm thankful enough they didn't come to-day, I don't know what I'd have done for a dinner! Ah, there's the silver spoons to be polished, and the knives and forks to be seen to, and I must put water and fresh towels in the guest room! And thus she went on, piling burdens on her own back until she staggered under their weight. Mehitable Farwell was a professing Christian, yet might the Christ-spoken reproof at Bethany apply to her careful and troubled self. She seemed possessed with the idea that to be a good, smart, capable housewife, having the faculty or *gumption* so often spoken of, one must be in perpetual motion—in a sort of ferment, except when she was asleep or in church. She went round her house on the half run, and if her husband called for a clean shirt, or wanted a button sewed on, she fairly flew; and woe to the unfortunate "bairn" who happened to be in her path when she was in a hurry. Grandma Farwell always said Hetty went round as if she had not another minute to live, and sober, steady Joshua would say, "Don't rush, Hetty, there's nobody killed!" but rush she would, just the same. Her eyes wore a strained anxious look as if she had ever a dreadful weight of care; she seemed to think it a sign of thriftlessness; of a lazy carelessness to wear a smiling face; so those large, solemn, tired orbs gave to her careworn, sober face, a look of martyr-like resignation, and it was only when something extraordinary occurred to excite her risibilities that she gave vent to that expression of good nature, a hearty laugh, and then a sigh followed as a sort of apology for her indulgence. Yet she constantly bemoaned her lot, and declared herself the most burdened of mortals. She

shut herself tightly in with housework, and sewing and all sorts of painstaking performances, and then grieved that she could not get out and enjoy herself like others. One could scarcely call her selfish; for she troubled herself with the cares of her neighbors, as well as her own; in fact everything which could possibly be used as a fetter to bind her spirit down to a never-ending routine, she used as such, whether obtained at home or elsewhere. Little trifles were magnified, molehills were made mountains, thousands of unnecessary things were done because they would vex her if omitted, when the doing of them vexed her far more. Josie Stanfield pitied Aunt Hetty and wondered why she could not be laughing and jolly like Aunt Bess Steadman, whose round little body fairly shook when she gave a real good laugh. Mrs. Farwell worked as hard as possible that long, bright Monday. She glossed her shirts after the most approved fashion; she prepared dinner to suit Joshua's taste, gave each child a shaking, washing and fixing up at noon, and sent them off to school again. Then with the coast clear, she made her pies and cake, righted her rooms, and tidied herself for tea. Charlie brought home the monthly magazine at night, but with a self-denial worthy of a better cause she refused to sip any of its sweet honey and stoned raisins for a pudding, should the pies not be as nice as she desired. Joshua read aloud awhile, kind, considerate husband as he was; but her wandering mind heeded it not.

"I must get up at half past four to-morrow morning," she said as she trotted wearily to the pantry with her dishes.

"Better not go to bed at all!" said Mr. Farwell. "Haven't you got time enough in a day to do a day's work without stealing a piece off of the night?"

"I don't see how I can get through my work to-morrow if I don't rise earlier

than usual, Joshua, those folks coming and all!"

"Well, well, have it your own way, only don't get sick abed over it," answered he.

Mrs. Farwell lay awake for an hour, planning her next day's entertainment till her head ached as if it would burst. Then at the first appearance of daylight she rose and vigorously entered upon a round of duties which were for the most part self-imposed. The kitchen was cold and cheerless in the grey dawn, but wrapped in a big shawl she lighted a fire and began her process of bread-making.

"Oh, dear! these blinds ought to have been washed to-day!" said she, as she pinned up the curtain at the window. "There! I've torn a hole in it and that has to be mended this morning! As if I hadn't enough to do already!"

As she kneaded the plump white loaves on the huge board, somebody came to the back door.

"It's I, Auntie, please let me in," shouted Jo's cheery voice. Mrs. Farwell unbolted the door, exclaiming, "What in the world are you doing out so early!"

"As if no one could rise early but yourself, Auntie!" laughed Josie, coming in. "I knew you'd be up before any one else, and I thought I'd run over and tell you that as I've a holiday to-day I would come and assist you this forenoon; I'd as lief as not, and no one need know but what I'm your hired girl. Mother and Kate are in bed yet, they don't imagine I'm over here. Say, do you agree to my proposal?"

"Well, now Josie, you are very kind, and I have oceans of work to do, and everything to worry me, too; but if you have a holiday, you ought to be enjoying yourself in some way, instead of tiring yourself out in my kitchen."

"Nonsense, I shall like the change. I don't do enough housework anyway. Kate does everything home, and won't

even let me make my bed, so I shall come after breakfast; good-bye," and off she darted. Two hours later, when breakfast was over, the dishes put away, and the twin boys washed and packed off to school, she made her appearance, wearing an immense "domestic apron" and a very pleasant countenance.

"Where shall I begin, Auntie?" asked she.

"I don't know myself; there's so much to be done in such a short time!"

"I once read a poem in the *Witness*, called "Do the next thyng," an old Saxon title, and I always think of those words when everything is piled up before me, and I scarcely know what to do first. If we do the nearest thing and keep doing it our pile of work will soon vanish."

"But they're all next things!" persisted Aunt Hetty; "however, dinner's the most important event of the day to me; so I'll make a pudding, and you can prepare the vegetables."

"Are you going to make a pudding with these tempting pies in the pantry?"

"Oh well, it seems to me I haven't got them sweet enough; and then you know they will want as great a variety as possible; that's half they come for, to get a good dinner. I know them! I ought to make a meat pie, too. There! I don't believe I've got pickles enough for dinner! What shall I do?"

"Aunt Hetty, what do you suppose they'll care whether you have pickles or not. It's all nonsense worrying yourself about getting so many dishes ready. They want to see *you*, and not a great display of eatables, and you too tired to speak to them! Have a few dishes nicely cooked, and your load of care will be that much lessened."

"I want them to know I can cook a dinner as well as anybody!" answered Mrs. Farwell, beating eggs with a vim.

"There's the parlor windows to be washed, and I must do up my muslin tie, and I must make tea and coffee and biscuit."

"Do you take tea and coffee when you are by yourself, Auntie? I know you do not, so what's the use of making so much work. It's a warm day, and they are'n't old ladies needing to be kept awake, and I'm sure a little raspberry syrup will be just the thing for dinner. As to biscuit, your bread is always delicious, and will do for bread and biscuit both."

"But I shall feel all the time that I should have made them; it will trouble me all dinner time. They'll expect them, I know."

"Nonsense! you poor tired soul, do save yourself all you can. If you *must* make them, wait until tea time."

Aunt Hetty drew a deep sigh, and beat the frothy mass with desperate energy.

"They'll be here, of course, before I get ready; I've to braid my hair and change my dress, and I can't bear to be hurried so!"

"I don't believe they'll come so very early, and you mustn't sigh so. Don't you know that every time you sigh, a drop of blood leaves your heart?"

Josie spoke in a solemn tone, and her face was more solemn. Aunt Hetty gave a faint smile, and then as she glanced from the window, exclaimed suddenly, "Sakes alive! There's old Uncle Goodwin's wagon, and that's Aunt Abby's forty year old bonnet! Now, of all things, that they should come with the Morses. She deaf as can be, and he an everlasting talker! And I'll have to light a fire in the parlor and dining-room, too, I suppose, she's such a cold creature, and we'll roast this warm day! I know there isn't wood enough cut. Oh dear!" She almost flung down the bowl, and went to the back door.

"Are they getting out?" asked Josie, who was rubbing up the water kettle.

Aunt Hetty came back, looking relieved. "No, the wagon has gone on out of sight. It wasn't they after all, so I suppose you will say I should

have kept still till I was sure who they were. Old Hiram Jenkins and his wife, from Germantown, going to help some one eat sauer kraut, I suppose! There, those hens are out! What's the use of Joshua's sowing things, I wonder, when the hens scratch them right up! Now I must go and get them in. It's just the way!" and off she rushed, returning in a twinkling.

"There was only one out after all; she got through an opening somewhere. How it scared me! Josie, did you tell Helen about the sewing circle?"

"Yes, Aunt; that will be all right, I've no doubt."

"Well, I do hope she won't forget the cutting. I don't know how I'm going to do if she doesn't. We'll be in a pretty fix to-morrow if there's no work ready, and I'll get all the blame. Mrs. Gray is offended about something that one of the ladies said, and I suppose she'll stay away from the circle on that account. I have everything to annoy me; not a minute's peace can I get."

"Now, Auntie, you know if you do your duty as far as you possibly can, you've nothing to do with the duty of the other ladies. What good will it do you or the circle, for you to be worrying over every little thing that you can't help?"

"'Bear ye one another's burdens,'" answered Mrs. Farwell, gravely.

"I don't believe the Lord means for us to fret ourselves over people's shortcomings and misdoings, so that we are constantly sighing and mourning, not able to enjoy the beautiful things he gives us!"

"The knob has come off of the pantry door, and I can't get it on again, and the cat will be sure to get in and steal something!"

"We'll put her out of doors."

"But we must have the window open, and she comes right in."

"We'll watch her motions then," replied Josie, smiling.

"Do look at Ellinor! She's going

up to the Oaks, right in the middle of the forenoon, with a white apron on, sauntering along as easy as possible, while I have to slave at home! Well, I can find plenty to do without taking morning walks, if the old lady is ailing and lonesome, Joshua goes every week. His mother would rather have him come than me, anyway. People can't say I neglect my housework, or let my children go dirty or ragged."

"Why does anyone say that of Mrs. Farwell?" asked Josie, looking admiringly after the little neatly-dressed lady, who, clad in the daintiest of morning wrappers and white aprons, was tripping up the village street to the house of old Mr. Farwell. She could see a tiny pot of jelly in her hand;—Ellinor was always making some delicacy for the old folks.

"N—no, I don't know as they do; but how in the world can she get her work done so as to have time for walking in the forenoon? She must neglect something."

"Yet I have always noticed that everything in her house is remarkably neat. She takes matters coolly, without worry or flurry, leaving things for another time that cannot be done in one day. She has a small girl, too, I believe."

"Yes, I believe in one doing one's own work. I tried to keep a girl once, but oh, the dirt and disorder! While she was here she never took a stick to a crack when she washed the floor, and always washed the dishes with her hands! I want to do my own work, and then I know it's done properly. What's that!" Something in the pantry fell with a crash, making Mrs. Farwell rush in that direction in double quick time.

"There now! that mean cat has got in spite of us, and knocked down my stone-china soup tureen! It's broken to pieces, ladle and all," sobbed she, sinking down into a seat and burying her face in her ample apron.

"I have more than my share! Whatever can I do now without that splendid tureen?"

"But you weren't going to use it to-day, Auntie, and after all you don't use it much, and won't miss it the same as you would some other things."

"I'm just sick about it, there! All this work and fuss, and company coming, and then that lovely tureen smashed! I can't endure it!"

"Well, Auntie, there's only one sure way of getting rid of your troubles, and that is by praying over them or about them, casting your burdens on the Lord!"

"Josephine Stanfield!" cried Mrs. Farwell, dropping her apron, and giving Josie a look of severe astonishment, "How can you talk so irreverently? Pray about a broken tureen!"

"Why not?"

"Do you suppose the Lord wants us to trouble him with foolish things like that? He's a great and holy Being, and we are to come to Him with reverence, I think."

"He bids us cast our burdens on Him, and it certainly was a burden to you to have your valuable dish broken, wasn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose so; but I never would think of praying about it."

"I believe if we went oftener to our Father with our little wearing cares we should be far happier than we are. Just see how beautifully these glasses shine, Auntie! Everything is going on swimmingly now; so forget your mishap and get ready to welcome your guests who will soon be here, it is likely."

Aunt Hetty went to the window with an anxious look in her ever-anxious eyes.

"I hope the children won't stop to play in the brook when they come home at noon. The water is dreadfully high now. I can see it rushing from here. Just as likely as not they'll both be drowned! There's Ellinor again! She's sauntering back as if she had no dinner

to get or anything to do! I wish I could have such good times."

"She takes her good times as she goes along."

"So it seems; but I can't. I want everything done just so before I can go anywhere or enjoy myself a bit. You don't know half of the work I've got to do this spring, Josie. I'm going to quilt four bedquilts, one a white one, in little fine diamonds and shells, and after they're done I'm going to sort my rags. I've two or three barrels full, and they've to be picked over and dyed all colors, and cut up fine, for I'm going to hook a crumb-cloth like that handsome bought one of Susan Jones. I expect my back will ache, and likely enough I'll be sick abed before it's done; but make it I must, and before house-cleaning too! The house is awfully dirty this year; but I can't afford to hire help. I must drag through myself.

"Oh Aunt, I'm tired of hearing you talk about working! You plan ahead so far and such piles of work! Enough for ten women, I'm certain."

"It's hard work I can tell you; but I must do it and rest afterward."

"You'll be too tired to enjoy it then; you'd better take a day once in a while and go visiting to divert your mind, or only do half of your hooking and quilting this season.

"I must do the whole. Nobody about here does half the work that I do. It's my luck to have so much on hand that I can't get clear of it!"

The hour of twelve drew near, and preparations had arrived at a state of completion. The long table was laid with an imposing array of shining silver and glass, and the whitest of white dishes. Josie arranged a spring bouquet, as she called it, for the centre, and the scarlet flannel mats, edged with tiny china buttons, made a lively appearance. The meat pie was of a charming brown tint, and the vegetables, properly smoothed and peppered filled the pretty

oval dishes on the stove. Gravies, sauces, all were in readiness; the mistress of the house was arrayed in her gray merino and muslin tie with its brodered edges properly diverging from the gilt pin in the centre, and the twins had passed the dreaded brook in safety, and were taking their noontide meal at the kitchen table, so as to be "out of the way." Aunt Hetty was in a fluster; the guests had not arrived.

"Now won't it be too bad if they don't come after all, when I've gone and taken so much pains with everything! They'll never be here now, I know, and what can I do with all this good dinner! Joshua's gone in the woods and can't be home till three o'clock. If he was here we'd sit right down and have dinner. How can people disappoint a body so!"

"They'll come yet. There are plenty of things that can happen to hinder one's going anywhere, Auntie."

"They're coming over yonder. I see Sallie Morse's white bonnet. I'm glad everything is ready, though it's too bad Joshua can't be home to cut the meat."

"I'll run home now and get dinner with mother and Kate. I'm not fit to see strangers. And after dinner you set the dishes out here on the table, and I'll run over by and by and wash them all up for you, so you can enjoy your friends' society without anything to trouble you."

"O I could get along; but if you've a mind to wash them, you may. Tell your mother to run over after dinner and see my company."

"O she can't, Auntie," laughed Jo. "She has got thirty-four meals to get by the last of next week, and dishes to wash as many times, and twenty-two beds to make and—"

"Jo Stanfield, I believe you're crazy! go off this minute!" cried Aunt Hetty, running to the front door to meet the Morses who were alighting from their carriage; laughing Mrs. Sophia, fat Mrs. Maria, and stylish Miss Lizzie

who entered with many exclamations of delight and friendly interest.

"Just like you, Hetty, everything in apple pie order! I daresay you have been up since four o'clock, toiling like a bee to get us a dinner, when we only want to see you and have a good time!" said Mrs. Sophia. "I know you of old!"

"Well!" said Miss Lizzie "we won't find fault with her after she has gone to the trouble to prepare for us, will we? I certainly am remarkably hungry, and I daresay you will do ample justice to the dinner yourself!"

Rotund Mrs. Maria averred that she would as lief have bread and butter as anything else if there were only enough of it, whereat Miss Lizzie declared she could enjoy a good dinner as well as anybody.

"What a nice little organ!" exclaimed Mrs. Sophia, when they had partaken of the bountiful repast and seated themselves in the snug parlor. "You play, I suppose, Hetty."

"Me! goodness, no! how can I play when I've a husband and two boys to look after, besides everything to do about the house, and out of it too for that matter!"

Mrs. Morse smiled, "just like I used to be!" she said, "I daren't play in the morning for fear some one outside would hear me, and think I was no housekeeper, so it nearly led to my giving up music altogether. But I thought it over one day, and resolved that I would enjoy myself at any time I chose, no matter what people said; as I knew my own affairs best; so now I have a few minutes at different times during my work, and I find that it rests me.

"I believe in taking the world easy!" said Mrs. Maria.

"Yes, Aunt," said Lizzie, "every one knows that you don't worry yourself thin, anyway!"

Three o'clock came, and Joshua had not made his appearance. Aunt Hetty began to fret again. "Something must have happened to him! He oughtn't to have gone in the woods alone! I daresay he'll cut himself like Tom Parsons, and be brought home helpless, and then what am I to do! And you all here, too!"

Thus for the next half hour did Mrs. Farwell bewail Joshua's absence so unaccountably prolonged she judged, and thus did she fret until her guests almost wished they had remained at home.

"I used to worry just so, once, Hetty. You must give these things up. What's the use in vexing one's self with what can't be helped?"

"But sigh she would and trouble she did, until she had in her imagination brought Joshua home in a wounded condition, put him in bed, sent for the doctor, and tended him night and day for several weeks, besides conjuring up numerous attendant evils.

By and by Uncle Joshua's cheery voice was heard in the kitchen calling for Hetty to give him his dinner, and she, glad of heart, yet feeling that her guests were amused at her unnecessary trouble, sped away to find out what had detained him.

"I thought you were killed, maybe," said she.

"Killed, tut! When will you stop that foolish worrying!"

Yet worry on she will, spite of beseechings, warnings and protestations, hurry on will she, with flying feet over life's dusty way, until in her weary haste the pebble over which she stumbles becomes to her vexed soul a mountain, the grasshopper becomes a burden. Onward from noon till eve without cessation, until the tired feet step into the grave, where they can no longer tread the round of drudgery—there they *must* rest.

RUFFLES VERSUS READING.

BY MRS. A. M. DIAZ.

Perhaps some day the community may come to perceive that woman requires for her vocation what the teacher, the preacher, the lawyer, and the physician, require for theirs; namely, special preparation and general culture. The first, because every vocation demands special preparation, and the second, because, to satisfy the requirements of young minds, she will need to draw from almost every kind of knowledge. And we must remember here, that the advantages derived from culture are not wholly an intellectual gain. We get from books and other sources of culture not merely what informs the mind, but that which warms the heart, quickens the sympathies, strengthens the understanding; get clearness and breadth of vision, get refining and ennobling influences, get wisdom in its truest and most comprehensive sense; and all of these, the last more than all, a mother needs for her high calling. That it is a high calling, we have high authority to show. Dr. Channing says, "No office can compare in importance with that of training a child." Yet the office is assumed without preparation.

Herbert Spencer asks, in view of this omission, "What is to be expected when one of the most intricate of problems is undertaken by those who have given scarcely a thought as to the principles on which its solution depends? Is the unfolding of a human being so simple a process that any one may superintend and regulate it with no preparation whatever? Is it not madness to make no provision for such a task?"

Horace Mann speaks out plainly, and straight to the point: "If she is to prepare a refecation of cakes, she fails not to examine some cookery-book or some manuscript receipt, lest she should convert her rich ingredients into unpalatable compounds; but without ever having read one book upon the subject of education, without ever having sought one conversation with an intelligent person upon it, she undertakes so to mingle the earthly and celestial elements of instruction for that child's soul that he shall be fitted to discharge all duties below, and to enjoy all

blessings above." And again, "Influences imperceptible in childhood work out more and more broadly into beauty or deformity in after life. No unskilful hand should ever play upon a harp where the tones are left forever in the strings."

A recent number of "The Popular Science Monthly" contains an account of experiments made in Jamaica upon the mental capacity for learning of the different races there existing. The experimenter found, he says, "unequal speed," but saw "nothing which can be unmistakably referred to difference of race. The rate of improvement is due almost entirely to the relative elevation of the home circle in which the children live. Those who are restricted to the narrowest gauge of intellectual exercise live in such a material and coarse medium that their mental faculties remain slumbering; while those who hear at home of many things, and are brought up to intellectual employments, show a corresponding proficiency in learning."

This, and the editor's comments, bear directly on our side—that is to say, the culture side. The editor says it is inevitable "that the medium in which the child is habitually immersed, and by which it is continually and unconsciously impressed, should have much greater value in the formation of mental character than the mere lesson experiences of school. Home education is, after all, the great fact; and it is domestic influences by which the characters of children are formed. Where men are exhausted by business, and women are exhausted by society (or other means), we may be pretty sure that but little can be done to shape and conduct the home with a reference to the higher mental needs of the children who live in it."

Now, who, more than any one, "shapes and conducts the home?" Who creates these "domestic influences," this "medium in which the child is habitually immersed?" Woman. In the name of common sense, then, throw open to woman every avenue of knowledge. Surround her with all that will elevate and refine. Give

her the highest, broadest, truest culture. Give her chances to draw inspiration from the beautiful in nature and in art. And, above all, insure her some respite from labor, and some tranquillity. Unless these conditions are observed, "but little can be done to shape and conduct the home with reference to the higher mental needs of the children who live in it."

I once heard "Grace Greenwood" tell a little story which ought to come in here, for our own object is to make out as strong a case as we possibly can. We want to prove that mothers must have culture because they are mothers. We want to show it to be absolutely necessary for woman, in the accomplishment of her acknowledged mission. When this fact is recognized, then culture will take rank with essentials, and receive attention as such.

"Grace Greenwood" said that a friend of hers, a teacher "out West," had in her school four or five children from one family. The parents were poor, ignorant, and of the kind commonly called low, coarse sort of people. The children, with one exception, were stupid, rough-mannered, and depraved. The one exception, a little girl, showed such refinement, appreciation, and quickness of apprehension, that the teacher at last asked the mother if she could account for the striking difference between this child and its brothers and sisters. The mother could not. The children had been brought up together there in that lonely place, had been treated alike, and had never been separated. She knew the little girl was very different from her brothers and sisters, but knew not the reason why. The teacher then asked, "Was there anything in your mode of life for the months preceding her birth, that there was not in the corresponding time before the births of the others?" The mother at first answered decidedly that there was nothing; but after thinking a few moments said, "Well, there was one, a very small thing, but that couldn't have had anything to do with the matter. One day a peddler came along; and among his books was a pretty, red-covered poetry book, and I wanted it bad. But my husband said he couldn't afford it, and the peddler went off. I couldn't get that book out of my mind; and in the night I took some of my own money, and travelled on foot to the next town, found the peddler, bought the book, and got back before morning, and was never missed from the house. That book was the greatest comfort to me that ever was.

I read it over and over, up to the day my child was born."

Also would come in well here that oft-told story of a pauper named "Margaret," who was once "set adrift in a village of the county.... and left to grow up as best she could, and from whom have descended two hundred criminals. The whole number of this girl's descendants, through six generations, is nine hundred; and besides the 'two hundred,' a large number have been idiots, imbeciles, drunkards, lunatics, and paupers."

Friends, to say nothing of higher motives, would it not be good policy to educate wisely every girl in the country? Are not mothers, as child-trainers, in absolute need of true culture? In cases where families depend on the labor of their girls, perhaps the State would make a saving even by compensating these families for the loss of such labor. Perhaps it would be cheaper even in a pecuniary sense, for the State to do this, than to support reformatory establishments, prisons, almshouses, and insane-asylums, with their necessary retinues of officials. Institutions in which these girls were educated might be made self-supporting, and the course of instruction might include different kinds of handicraft.

It was poor economy for the State to let that pauper "grow up as best she could." It would probably have been money in the State's pocket had it surrounded "Margaret" in her early childhood with the choicest productions of art, engaged competent teachers to instruct her in the solid branches, in the accomplishments, in hygiene, in the principles and practice of integrity, and then have given her particular instruction in all matters connected with the training of children. And had she developed a remarkable taste for painting, for modelling, or for music, the State could better have afforded even sending her to Italy, than to have taken care of those "two hundred criminals," besides "a large number" of "idiots, imbeciles, drunkards, lunatics, and paupers."

Let us leave for a while this matter of child-training, and consider the other part of woman's mission,—namely, "making home happy." It would seem that even for this the wife should be at least the equal of her husband in culture, in order that the two may be in sympathy. When a loving couple marry, they unite their interests, and it is in this union of interests that they find happiness. We often hear from a wife or a husband remarks like these: "I only half en-

joyed it, because he (or she) wasn't there ;" "It will be no pleasure to me unless he (or she) is there, too ;" "The company were charming, but still I felt lonesome there without him (or her)." The phrase "half enjoy" gives the idea ; for a sympathetic couple are to such a degree one that a pleasure which comes to either singly can only be half enjoyed, and even this half-joy is lessened by the consciousness of what the other is losing. In a rather sarcastic article, taken from an English magazine, occur a few sentences which illustrate this point very well. The writer is describing a honeymoon :—

"The real difficulty is to be entertaining. The one thirst of the young bride is for amusement, and she has no idea of amusing herself. It is diverting to see the spouse of this ideal creature wend his way to the lending library, after a week of idealism, and the relief with which he carries home a novel. How often, in expectation, has he framed to himself imaginary talks,—talk brighter and wittier than that of the friends he forsakes ! But conversation is difficult in the case of a refined creature who is as ignorant as a Hottentot. He begins with the new Miltonic poem, and finds she has never looked into 'Paradise Lost.' He plunges into the Reform Bill ; but she knows nothing of politics, and has never read a leading article in her life. Then she tries him, in her turn, and floods him with the dead chat of the town and an ocean of family tattle. He finds himself shut up for weeks with a creature who takes an interest in nothing but Uncle Crosspatch's temper and the scandal about Lady X. Little by little the absolute pettiness, the dense dullness, of woman's life, breaks on the disenchanting devotee. His deity is without occupation, without thought, without resources. He has a faint faith in her finer sensibility, in her poetic nature : he fetches his Tennyson from his carpet-bag, and wastes 'In Memoriam' on a critic who pronounces it pretty !"

In cases of this kind, the half-joy is strikingly apparent. We see that a husband possessing culture is likely to be lonesome among his poets and his poetry, his works of reform, and his lofty ideas, unless—she is there too.

If it be said that learned women are prone to think lightly of home comforts and home duties, to despise physical labor, to look down on the ignorant, let us hasten to reply that learning is not culture, and that we want not learned mothers, but enlightened mothers, wisely educated mothers.

And let us steadfastly and perseveringly assert that enlightenment and a wise education are essential to the accomplishment of the mother's mission. When the house-father feels the truth of this, then shall we see him bringing home every publication he can lay his hands on which treats intelligently of mental, moral, or physical training. Then shall we hear him saying to the house-mother, "Cease, I pray you, this everlasting toil. Read, study, rest. With your solemn responsibilities, it is madness thus to spend yourself, thus to waste yourself." In his home shall the true essentials assume that position which is theirs by right, and certain occupations connected with that clamorous square inch of surface in the upper part of the mouth shall receive only their due share of attention. For in one way or another, either by lessening the work or by hiring workers, the mother shall have her leisure.

And what will women, what will the house-mothers, do when they feel this truth ? Certainly not as they now do. Now it is their custom to fill in every chink and crevice of leisure time with sewing. "Look," said a young mother to me, "I made all these myself, when holding the baby, or by sitting up nights." They were children's clothes, beautifully made, and literally covered with ruffles and embroidery. Oh the thousands of stitches ! The ruffles ran up and down, and over and across, and three times round. Being white, the garments were of course changed daily. In the intervals of baby-tending, the mother snatched a few minutes here and a few minutes there to starch, iron, flute, or crimp a ruffle, or to finish off a dress of her own. This "finishing off" was carried on for weeks. When her baby was asleep, or was good, or had its little ruffles all fluted, and its little sister's little ruffles were all fluted, then would she seize the opportunity to stich, to plait, to founce, to pucker, and to braid. Wherever a hand's breadth of the original material was left visible, some bow, or band, or queer device, was fashioned and sewed on. This zealous individual, by improving every moment, by sitting up nights, by working with the baby across her lap, accomplished her task. The dress was finished and worn with unutterable complacency. It is this last part which is the worst part. They have no misgivings, these mothers. They expect your warm approval. "I can't get a minute's time to read," said this industrious person ; and, on another occasion, "I'll own up, I don't know

anything about taking care of children." Swift, speaking of women, said that they "employ more thought, memory, and application to become fools than would serve to make them wise and useful;" and perhaps he spoke truly. For suppose this young mother had been as eager to gain ideas as she was to accomplish a bias hand, a French fold, or a flounce. Suppose that, in the intervals of baby-tending, instead of fluting her little girls' ruffles and embroidering their garments, she had tried to snatch some information which would help her in the bringing up of those little girls. The truth is, mothers take their leisure time for what seems to them to be first in importance. It is easy to see what they consider essentials, and what, from them, children are learning to consider essentials. The "knowingness" of some of our children on subjects connected with dress is simply appalling. A girl of eight or ten summers will take you in at a glance, from topmost plume to boot-tap, by items and collectively, analytically and synthetically. She discourses, in technical terms, of the fall of your drapery, the propriety of your trimmings, and the effect of this, that, or the other. She has a proper appreciation of what is French in your attire, and a proper scorn of what is not. She recognizes "real lace" in a twinkling of her eye, and "all wool" with a touch of her finger-tips. Plainly clad school-children are often made to suffer keenly by the cutting remarks of other school-children sumptuously arrayed. A little girl aged six, returning from a child's party, exclaimed, "O mamma! What do you think? Bessie had her dress trimmed with lace, and it wasn't real!"

The law, "No child shall walk the street in a plain dress," is just as practically a law as if it had been enacted by the legal authorities. Mothers obey its high behests, and dare not rebel against it. Look at our little girls going to school, each with her tucks and ruffles. Who "gets time" to do all that sewing? where do they get it, and at what sacrifices? A goodly number of stitches and moments go to the making and putting on of even one ruffle on one

skirt. Think of all the stitches and moments necessary for the making and putting of all the ruffles on all the skirts of the several little girls often belonging to one family! What a prospect before her has a mother of little girls! And there is no escape, not even in common sense. A woman considered sensible in the very highest degree will dress her little girl like other little girls, or perish in the attempt. How many do thus perish, or are helped to perish, we shall never know. A frail, delicate woman said to me one day, "Oh, I do hope the fashions will change before Sissy grows up, for I don't see how it will be possible for me to make her clothes." You observe her submissive, law-abiding spirit. The possibility of evading the law never even suggests itself. There is many a feeble mother of grown and growing "Sissys" to whom the spring or fall dressmaking appears like an avalanche coming to overwhelm her, or a Juggernaut coming to roll over her. She asks not, "How shall I escape?" but, "How shall I endure?" Let her console herself. These semi-annual experiences are all "mission." All sewing is "mission;" all cooking is "mission." It matters not what she cooks, nor what she sews. "Domestic," and worthy all praise, does the community consider that woman who keeps her hands employed, and is bodily present with her children inside the house.

But her bodily presence, even with mother love and longing to do her best, is not enough. There should be added two things,—knowledge and wisdom. These, however, she does not have, because to obtain them are needed what she does not get,—leisure, tranquillity, and the various resources and appliances of culture: also because their importance is not felt even by herself; also because the community does not yet see that she has need of them. And this brings us round to the point we started from,—namely, that the present unsatisfactory state of things is owing largely to the want of insight, or *unenlightenment*, which prevails concerning what woman needs and must have in order rightly to fulfil her mission.

DAINTY DISHES FOR THE DELICATE.

BY MRS. MARY F. HENDERSON.

I believe it is the general practice now to give a patient, in almost every kind of illness, food that is very nourishing, yet very digestible, that the system may become strengthened to throw off its disease.

The three events of the day to the sufferer are the three meals. How gratefully is it remembered if they have been delicately and carefully administered ! Let the mother or the wife prepare them with her own hands ; let her never ask an invalid what he will have to eat, but with thought and ingenuity strive to vary the bill of fare each day, always providing proper nourishment. This is an art in itself which can be delegated to no one. It is worth as much to the suffering and beloved patient as is the medical prescription of the physician.

Never leave an article of diet in the sick-room ; it is a good means of destroying the appetite, which should be encouraged and not weakened.

Whatever is served, let great attention be paid to giving the dish, after it is properly cooked, a dainty appearance. Place it on the choicest of ware in the house, with the cleanest of napkins, and the brightest of silver, even if that consists only of a tea-spoon.

If tea and toast be served, put the tea, freshly drawn, into the daintiest of tea-cups. Every family might well afford to buy one little, thin china cup and saucer, to use in case of illness ; put a square of loaf-sugar into it. A few drops of cream are easily saved for the patient's tea from a small quantity of milk ; and cream in small quantities is considered more digestible than milk.

All cooks think they can make toast. There is about one person in ten thousand who really does know how to make it ; who actually appreciates the difference between a thin, symmetrical, well-yellowed, crisp piece of toast with the crust cut off, and just from the fire, and a thick, unshapely slice, unevenly crisped on the outside, and of doughy softness in the centre. One is digestible ; the other is exceedingly indigestible.

Of the laxative articles of diet, undoubtedly one of the most important is oatmeal porridge.

The chemists say, "Oatmeal stands before all other grains in point of nutritive power." I do not mean to serve gruel, but a thicker preparation, of considerable consistence, which is more palatable. Put a heaping tablespoonful of this on a thin saucer ; pour some cream over it ; then sprinkle over this a little granulated sugar. Now place the saucer on a little salver, on which is spread the whitest of napkins.

Always remember that in cooking any of the grains, as, for instance, corn-meal, oatmeal, hominy, cracked-wheat, etc., let them be thrown into *salted boiling* water. This makes very great difference in the flavor of the dish. Make everything in small quantities, so that the patient may always have his dishes *freshly* made.

In regard to rice, Dr. Lee remarks : "We regard rice as the most valuable of all the articles of food in cases of the derangement of the digestive organs. It nourishes, while it soothes the irritable mucous membrane ; and while it supports strength, never seems to aggravate the existing disease. For acute or chronic affections of the alimentary canal, rice-water for drink and rice-jelly for food seem peculiarly well adapted, and appear to exert a specific influence in bringing about a recovery. These preparations are invaluable also in convalescence from acute fevers and other maladies, and in the summer complaints of young children."

Jellies made with gelatine or calf's feet are very appetizing, but must not be relied on as furnishing much nourishment. I copy a short article from Booth's "Chemistry" on the subject :

"Gelatine in domestic economy is used in the forms of soup and jelly as an aliment ; but though experiments seem to show that when mixed with fibrous, albuminous, and caseous substances it becomes nutritive, this conclusion is yet doubtful ; for the theory of respiration proves that histrose, which produces the gelatine, has accomplished its part in the animal organization, and can no longer afford sustenance thereto. One fact, however, seems positive, and that is its inability alone to yield nourishment to carnivorous animals. The feeble nutritive power of a

gelatinous matter seems to be owing to the destruction of its organization."

On the same subject of the dietetical value of gelatine, Professor Youmans says: "It is regarded as a product of the partial decomposition of albuminous bodies in the system, but as incapable of replacing them when taken as aliment. The French attempted to feed the inmates of their hospitals on gelatinous extract of bones. Murmurs arose, and a commission, with Magendie at their head, was appointed to investigate the matter. They reported gelatine as, dietetically, almost worthless."

Graham bread, corn bread, or the Boston brown-bread, made with part rye flour, are much more nourishing than breads made from bolted wheat. The whiter the wheat flour, the more starch it contains, and the less gluten, which is separated in bolting, and which is the nutritious or flesh-producing portion. The rich Boston brown-bread is especially good cut into thin, even pieces, with a little cream poured over it.

The value of corn-meal for invalids who are thin and incapable of maintaining their natural warmth is scarcely appreciated. Indian-corn contains a large percentage of oil, which is nourishing and fattening. Fat is the heat-producing power.

As to the meats, it seems to me a mistake that that from the ox, with his wholesome food, cleanly habits, sweet breath, and clear eye, is not considered the most wholesome and digestible of aliments. No meat is so tender and juicy as the cut from the tenderloin or the porter-house steak.

Pork should be avoided in every form by invalids.

I cannot but believe that rare-cooked, tender beef is the most valuable dish in the culinary *répertoire* for invalids; yet Dr. Beaumont, after experimenting with St. Martin, ranks venison, when tender and in season, as the most digestible and assimilable of meats. He classes mutton second; then beef. Lamb is less digestible than mutton. Veal should be avoided as well as pork. Fatty substances are also difficult of assimilation. Poultry is less digestible than beef. Then, again, the manner of cooking beef has a great influence on its digestibility. The best modes are broiling and roasting. Potatoes roasted or baked are digested an hour sooner than potatoes boiled.

Before beginning the receipts for especial dishes, I will copy a little story, which furnishes

an illustration that the simplest modes of cooking are, after all, the most satisfactory.

"The Vicomte de Vaudreuil, when appointed *chargé d'affaires* of France to the Court of St. James's, brought over with him a young cook, an *élève* of the highest schools of the *cuisines* of Paris. This young culinary aspirant to fame, shortly after his arrival in London, obtained permission of his master to go and witness the artistic operations of that established *cordons-bleu*, Monsieur Mingay, the cook to Prince Esterhazy, who had been brought up under the Prince Tallyrand's famous *chef*, Louis, and previously under that most *bleu* of all *cordons*, the great Carême. On the *élève's* return, the Vicomte, hearing that his cook was in a state of astonishment from something he had witnessed in Prince Esterhazy's kitchen, summoned him to his presence, and said, "What is this culinary miracle, which I have heard astonishes you, and casts into the shade all other triumphs of the art?" Vatel's follower replied, "Oh, Monsieur le Vicomte, when I entered the *cuisine* at Chandos House it was near the time of the prince's luncheon, for which his excellency had ordered something which should be very simple and easily digestible, as he was suffering from languor. The *chef*, Mingay, accordingly cut from under a well-hung rump of beef three slices of fillet, and rapidly broiling them, he placed the choicest-looking in the middle of a hot dish, and afterward pressing the juice completely out of the remaining two, he poured it on the first! Oh, Monsieur, how great the prince! how great the cook!"

TEA.

Tea is best, made fresh in the sick-room. A little *tête-à-tête* china service is a pretty ornament for a bedroom, and it is a convenient and tasteful arrangement for serving tea to invalids. If one has no little tea-pot like that belonging to the service here referred to, a small one of some other kind is desirable.

Put two tea-spoonfuls of tea-leaves into the small tea-pot; pour two teacupfuls of *boiling* water over it; cover it closely, and let it steam for a few moments.

With a small table at the side of the invalid's bed, it is a decidedly pleasant little diversion to make tea in this manner, being sure at the same time that it is perfectly fresh. However it is made though, do not present a cupful of tea to a sufferer with a part of the tea spilled into the saucer.

To avoid having fat left in the soups, it is safer to allow them to get entirely cold, when the fat can be easily skimmed off. Just enough can be heated each time the soup is served.

BEEF TEA OR ESSENCE OF BEEF.

Cut, say, a pound of perfectly lean beef into small pieces, put them into a wide-mouthed bottle (a pickle-bottle answers the purpose), cork it tightly, and put it in a pot of cold water in which there is a saucer at the bottom. Heat it gradually, then let it boil slowly for two or three hours, when all the juice will be drawn out of the meat.

Now pour off the juice, season it with salt carefully, as it requires very little. When it is cold, skim off all the globules of fat.

This is an invaluable aliment for invalids who are very ill, or for weak infants, when they need much nourishment in small compass. This beef tea can then be given by the tea-spoonful at regular intervals, administering it as medicine.

ANOTHER BEEF TEA (for Convalescents).

Soak three-quarters of a pound of small-cut pieces of lean steak (say a cut from a round steak) in a pint of cold rain-water for half an hour, squeezing the beef occasionally; then put it on the fire, cover it, and boil it slowly for ten minutes, removing the scum. Season with salt, and serve hot. Serve Albert biscuit, or thin wafers with it. The addition of a little boiled rice makes a pleasant change.

BEEF JUICE.

Choose a thick cut of fine, fresh, juicy steak without fat. Broil it over the coals for only a minute, or long enough to merely heat it through-out. Put it over a warm bowl set in a basin of hot water; cut it in many places, and squeeze all the juice with the aid of the meat-squeezer. Salt it very slightly. It should be served immediately, freed from every atom of fat, and accompanied with a wafer cracker.

CHICKEN BROTH.

Cut up a fowl, and crack the bones. Put it into three pints of cold water. Boil it slowly, closely covered, for three or four hours, or until the meat falls in pieces. Strain it, then add two table-spoonfuls of rice which has been soaked for half an hour in a very little warm water, also a chopped sprig of parsley, if you have it. Simmer it for twenty minutes longer or until the rice is thoroughly cooked. Season with salt and pepper; but not too highly.

Serve with crackers, which should be broken into the broth the last minute.

CHICKEN CUSTARD.

Ingredients: One half-pint of chicken broth, beaten yolks of three eggs, a little salt. Mix well, and cook it in the custard-kettle (as for boiled custard) until it has thickened. Serve in custard-cups.

CHICKEN PANADA.

Roast a small chicken, and take out the breasts, or use more of the meat if preferred, and add a little salt; chop it as fine as possible, pound it, and pass it through a colander. Soak half the amount of the crumb of French rolls, or good bread (not too fresh), in tepid milk; squeeze it nearly dry, and mix it with the chicken. Thin it with a little strong chicken broth (which may be made with the remainder of the chicken) or with boiling water. Serve it in a custard-cup, to be eaten with a spoon. For convalescents, a very little finely minced parsley may be added.

MOLD OF CHICKEN JELLY.

Cut half a raw chicken into small pieces, and break the bones; put it on the fire with a quart of cold water. Boil it slowly until it is reduced to less than half; season with salt and a little pepper, if the invalid is not too ill for pepper. Strain it first through a colander, then a jelly-bag, into a mold or a bowl. If the chicken is quite tender, broil carefully the breast of the other half of it; cut it into dice, or put it whole into the mold or bowl, and cover it with the liquid. When the jelly has hardened, scrape off the layer of fat at the top of the mold before turning the jelly on a little oval platter.

CHICKEN AND CEYLON MOSS.

Cut a small fowl (two pounds) into small pieces, and put it over the fire with three pints of cold water, four ounces of Ceylon moss (which can be obtained at the drug-stores), and half a tea-spoonful of salt. Boil all together an hour; then strain it through a jelly-strainer or napkin into little cups or molds.

MUTTON BROTH

may be made in the same manner as chicken broth, allowing a quart of cold water to each pound of meat.

VEAL AND SAGO BROTH (*Marian Harland*).

Ingredients: Two pounds of knuckle of veal cracked to pieces, two quarts of cold water, three table-spoonfuls of best pearl sago soaked

in a cupful of cold water, one cupful of cream heated to boiling, and the yolks of two eggs beaten light.

Boil the veal and water in a covered saucepan very slowly until reduced to one quart of liquid; strain, season with salt, and stir in the soaked sago (having previously warmed it by setting for half an hour in a saucepan of boiling water, and stirring from time to time). Simmer half an hour, taking care it does not burn; beat in the cream and eggs. Give one good boil up and turn out.

BEEF AND TAPIOCA BROTH.

Soak one pound of beef, cut into pieces, in a quart of cold water for half an hour; then boil it slowly, keeping it closely covered for two hours. Strain it. The last half hour, add half a cupful of tapioca (which has been soaked an hour in a little water), a small sprig of parsley, and a thin cut from an onion. When done, remove the parsley and onion; season with a very little pepper and salt, and two or three drops only of lemon-juice. When just ready to serve, put into the soup an egg, carefully poached in salted water, the white being merely set.

If patients are not too ill, any kind of beef soup made from stock, ought to be advantageous.

HOW TO PREPARE AN UNCOOKED EGG.

This is a delicate, strengthening and valuable preparation for an invalid.

Beat well the yolk and a tea-spoonful of sugar in a goblet. Add to this mixture the white of the egg beaten to a stiff froth. Stir all well together. It should quite fill the goblet. Flavor the egg with nutmeg, or it is very palatable without any flavoring at all.

TAPIOCA JELLY.

Ingredients: One cupful of tapioca, four cupfuls of water, juice and a little of the grated rind of one lemon, and sugar to taste.

Soak the tapioca for four or five hours in the water. Sweeten it, and set it in a pan of boiling water to cook an hour, or until it is thoroughly done and quite clear, stirring it frequently. When nearly cooked, stir in the lemon; and when done, pour it into little molds. Serve with cream sweetened and flavored.

SEA-MOSS BLANC-MANGE.

Wash the moss well, and soak it for half an hour or more in a little cold water. To half an ounce or a handful of moss allow one quart of water, or rather of rich milk, if the patient can

take milk. When the water or milk is boiling, add the soaked sea-moss, and sugar to taste. Let them simmer until the moss is entirely dissolved. Strain the juice into cups or little molds. Many boil a stick of cinnamon with the water or milk, but the simple flavor of the sea-moss is very pleasant. It may be served with a little cream and sugar poured over it.

ARROWROOT JELLY OR BLANC-MANGE.

Add two heaping tea-spoonfuls of best arrowroot, rubbed smooth with a little cold water, to a coffee-cupful of boiling water or rich milk which has been sweetened with two tea-spoonfuls of sugar. Stir and boil it until it has thickened. It may be flavored with lemon-juice if made with water, or it is very nice without flavoring. Pour it into a cup or little mold. Serve with cream and sugar poured over, or with a *compote* of fruit around it.

RICE JELLY.

Mix enough water to two heaping teaspoonfuls of rice flour to make a thin paste; then add to it a coffee-cupful of boiling water. Sweeten to taste with loaf-sugar. Boil it until it is transparent. Flavor by boiling with it a stick of cinnamon if the jelly is intended for a patient with summer complaint; or add instead, several drops of lemon-juice if intended for a patient with fever. Mold it.

Vanilla should never be used for flavoring any dish for an invalid. Homeopathic books can never say enough about its poisonous effects on even healthy and *robust* persons.

RICE-WATER FOR DRINK

is made in the same way, in the proportion of a table-spoonful of rice flour to a quart of boiling water.

JELLY AND ICE (for Fever Patients).

Break ice into small pieces about as large as a pea; mix with it about the same quantity of lemon jelly, also cut into little pieces. This is very refreshing.

PARCHED RICE.

Parch rice to a nice brown, as you would coffee. Throw it into a little boiling salted water, and boil it until it is thoroughly done. Do not stir it more than necessary, on account of breaking the grains. Serve with cream and sugar.

MILK PORRIDGE.

Put a dozen raisins into two teacupfuls of milk. Bring it to a boil; then add a heaping teaspoonful of flour rubbed to a paste with a

little cold water or milk ; boil it three or four minutes. The raisins may not be eaten, yet they give a pleasant flavor to the milk ; in fact, they may be taken out if the dish is intended for a child.

For a change, the well-beaten white of an egg may be stirred into the preparation *just after* it is taken from the fire, and, again, the raisins may be left out, and the porridge simply flavored with salt or sugar, or sugar and nutmeg.

BEEF SANDWICH.

Scrape very fine two or three table-spoonfuls of fresh, juicy, *tender* uncooked beef ; season it slightly with pepper and salt ; spread it between two thin slices of slightly buttered bread ; cut it neatly into little diamonds about two and a half inches long and an inch wide.

MILK TOAST.

Toast one or two thin slices of bread with the crust cut off ; if there are two slices, have them of equal size. When still hot, spread evenly over them a very little fresh butter, and sprinkle over some salt. Now pour over a small tea-cupful of boiling milk, thickened with half a tea-spoonful of flour, and salted to taste. If the invalid can not take milk, the toast may be moistened with boiling water. Serve immediately. It is a very appetizing dish, when fresh-made and hot.

PANADA.

Sprinkle a little salt or sugar between two large Boston, soda, or Graham crackers, or hard pilot-biscuit ; put them into a bowl ; pour over just enough boiling water to soak them well ; put the bowl into a vessel of boiling water, and let it remain fifteen or twenty minutes, until the crackers are quite clear and like a jelly, but not broken. Then lift them carefully, without breaking, into a hot saucer. Sprinkle on more sugar or salt if desired : a few spoonfuls of sweet, thick cream poured over are a good addition for a change. Never make more than enough for the patient at one time, as they are very palatable when freshly made, and quite insipid if served cold.

Toasted bread cut into thin even slices may be served in the same way. This is also a good baby diet.

A panada may be also made by adding an ounce of grated bread or rolled crackers to half a pint of boiling water, slightly salted, and allowing it to boil three or four minutes. It may

be sweetened, and flavored with nutmeg, or the sugar and nutmeg may be simply sprinkled over.

BEEFSTEAK.

Cut out the tender part of the beef from a porter-house or a tenderloin steak. The slice from these steaks, if large, can be cut into two, as it is sufficient for two meals for an invalid. Let it be three-quarters of an inch thick ; trim or press it into shape (it should be oval in form). Broil it carefully over a hot fire, cooking it rare : the inside should be pink, not raw. To cook it evenly without burning, turn it two or three times, but do not pierce it with a fork nor squeeze it. It does not require over two minutes to finish it. Do not put pepper and salt over it until it is cooked, as salt rubbed on fresh meat contracts the fibres and toughens it. However, as soon as it is cooked and placed on a little hot oval platter, sprinkle salt and pepper over it ; then, placing a small piece of fresh butter on the top, set it into the oven a minute to allow the butter to soak into the meat : it only requires a small piece of butter. Beefsteak swimming in butter is unwholesome, and as slovenly as it is wasteful.

If an invalid can eat beefsteak, he can generally eat some one vegetable with it ; and to make the little plump, tender morsel of beef look more tempting, garnish it with the vegetable. If with potatoes, bake one or two equal-sized potatoes to a turn. When quite hot, remove the inside ; mash it perfectly smooth, season it with butter, or, what is better, cream and salt, and press it through a colander. It will look like vermicelli. Place it in a circle around the steak.

If with pease, when they are out of season, the French canned pease or the American brand of "Triumph" pease will be found almost as good. One can, if kept well covered, should furnish three or four meals for an invalid. Merely heat them, adding a little salt and butter. Do not use much, if any, of the juice in making a circle of them around the beef.

If you garnish with tomatoes, make them into a sauce, as follows : After cooking and seasoning them with salt, add pepper, turn off the watery part, add a little stock, if you have it (however, it is nice without it, if the word stock frightens anybody), and press it through the sieve. Pour it around the steak.

If with Lima beans, cook them with parsley. Lima beans, as well as string-beans, green corn, and onions, should not be trusted, in severe

cases of illness. A few water-cresses around a steak would not be injurious to a convalescent.

MUTTON-CHOP.

Scrape the bone, and trim the chop into good shape; this adds much to the appearance, and requires but little time for one chop. Rub a little butter on both sides, and broil it carefully, having it well done; season it as explained for beefsteak. It can be garnished in the same way.

BREAST OF CHICKEN.

Choose a tender chicken, and cut out the breast; season it, rub a little butter around it, and throw it on a fire of live coals which is not too hot. Watch it constantly, turning it around to cook evenly on all sides. If skilfully done the surface will be very little charred, and the inside meat will be more tender and juicy than if cooked in any other way. Cut off such parts as may be much crisped. Season with butter, pepper, and salt. Form the breast into a cutlet, with the leg. Rub it with butter, and broil it carefully on the gridiron. Garnish it with rice steamed with rich milk. It is especially nice with tomato-sauce.

CHICKEN BOILED.

The second joint of a leg of chicken thrown into a little salted boiling water, or into stock, makes a delicious dish, with a chicken-sauce poured over it. I think this second joint is more tender, and has more flavor, than the breast.

VENISON STEAK.

A tender cut from a venison steak should be broiled the same as a beefsteak. It is nice with mashed potatoes (*à la neige*), or currant-jelly, or a tomato-sauce around it.

TO PREPARE A BIRD.

I remember the effects of a quail so well, eaten when very ill, that I have a decided disinclination to mention the word "bird" in association with "invalid dishes" at all. But there is a difference in the tenderness of birds, of course; and, then, a bird need not be swallowed

whole, if one should be ever so hungry. If a bird is to be served, be sure that it is a tender one. Broil it carefully, or cook it whole in this manner: Put it into a close-covered vessel holding a little boiling water, and place it over a very hot fire; steam it for a few minutes; then brown it in the oven, basting it very frequently. Serve a tomato, or currant-jelly around it.

INVALID'S BILL OF FARE.

(When a laxative diet is not objectionable).

BREAKFAST.

Oatmeal porridge. A poached egg on toast.

DINNER (at half-past twelve o'clock).

Beefsteak and mashed baked potatoes; toasted Graham crackers.

Dessert: Sea-moss blanc-mange.

TEA.

Boston brown-bread cut into slices, with cream poured over. A baked apple.

BREAKFAST.

Hominy grits; a mutton-chop, with tomato-sauce.

DINNER.

A chicken broth, quite thick with rice, and some pieces of chicken in it.

WAFERS.

Dessert: A raw egg well beaten with sugar.

TEA.

Milk-toast.

BREAKFAST.

Oatmeal porridge. The second joint of a leg of chicken cooked on the coals and served with pease around it.

DINNER.

Beef broth, thick with tapioca. Graham wafers.

Dessert: Boiled parched rice, with cream.

TEA.

Corn-meal mush, with cream and sugar.—
From "Practical Cooking and Dinner Giving."

AN EASY EMBELLISHMENT.

Everybody desires to have a beautiful home within, whatever be its ugliness or barrenness without ; but everybody can not afford the means which they think essential to the provision of this beauty, and so, from day to day, they creep on without it, deeming it sufficient excuse for the absence of the desired effect that indeed they want it, or mean to have it, and letting the house remain in the meanwhile so unattractive that its children, once out of it, seldom long to return to it, so far, at any rate, as pleasure to the eye is concerned.

Yet there is an embellishment within the means of almost the very poorest, and one which will render the plainest house lovely ; that never tarnishes, never soils, never tires ; is always fresh and full of interest, and as full of beauty, too, as the richest tapestry that ever left the Gobelin loom, or was wrought by the fingers of any mediæval princess and her maidens—and that is the decoration of blossoming plants. The old idea of their poisoning power has long been altogether abandoned, and their care, on the other hand, brings health. A child may slip them, root them, rear them, and the pots best for them may be had at sixty cents the dozen. Less than fifteen minutes a day will keep them in grateful health, and their presence will transform a poverty-stricken and tasteless home into a very bower.

It will be of no consequence then whether the floor be covered with Brussels or with ingrain, or be bare, with a rude drugget in the middle ; whether the chairs be velvet, or hair-cloth, or cane ; whether the tables be buhl, or pine : nature will have given the room such a beauty that one will not look for art. Who will heed the absence of lace or of satin damask curtains—curtains like Mrs. Potiphar's, of "every color of the rainbow, and carpets that look as if the curtains had dripped on them"—if the window is latticed in and out with a Madeira vine just breaking into its creamy plumes of tiny blossom ? If a second window-frame be draped up and down and round about with the sturdy ivy, growing with such luxuriance as to give one a certain gladness to see anything so enjoy its life, the curtains of Solomon's cedar house were less

desirable, if one could not have both. Other windows of the room, or of other rooms, may have the basket swinging from its hook, and brimming over with greenery, if not with blossoms, with great clusters of ground myrtle hanging down like grape bunches, with German ivy and flaming nasturtiums, Wandering Jew, and matrimony—all of them the common flowers of the country, and to be procured of one good wife or another without money and without price, but none the less lovely for that, as sky and water are none the less lovely for being common sights. What could be finer in effect against the sky, if there is a casement that permits it, than a pot of calla lilies, with the magnificent luxuriance of their arrowy leaves, and all their grace and strength of outline, and with their white Cleopatrian flower. If you give the plant its native Nile-like warmth and moisture by watering it with exceedingly warm water, it will reward your effort by blossom in quick succession the livelong winter, the plant only asking to be cut down and laid away on its side when summer comes, to rest till another season. Here, in this corner, too, where the sunshine reaches an hour or two every day, a stately wax-plant may lift its tropical leaves and great star-shaped flowers, a column of dark glossy green, till it divides and encornices the ceiling with its long sprays—the best that wealth can do, if costlier, can be no lovelier ; the most wonderful fresco can do no better than imitate such natural decoration ; and what it is well to imitate, it is better to have. In another corner, perhaps—we are simply trying to show what may be done with flowers—a home-made bracket is fixed, and from this hangs a basket of full-flowered rosy or golden oxalis or azure lobelia, that has blown somewhere else in the heat and sunshine, and has been transferred to the corner when coolness and less light were better for it ; or else a spider-plant sends out its white thread from the centre of its torrid-looking spike of long, narrow leaves, and the thread curls itself to the light, and breaks forth with a second crown of gaunt green thorns and strings of tear-like blossoms. Here an ole-

ander, with half a hundred rosy and ineffably fragrant flowers, brings south and summer into the room ; here an old abutilon, with its scarlet bells, like a crowd of little Chinese umbrellas, makes itself a part of a picture ; and here, wherever they can touch the life-giving sun, the need of whose beams they show only more visibly than we ourselves do, on shelf and ledge and table, are primroses, fuschias, calceolarias, chrysanthemums, roses, making a mosaic of more vivid color and harmony and grace than is to be found on painters' canvas or in jewelers' frames.

It needs only a little attention early in the year to secure all this wealth of beauty ; and the pots and brackets once taken in, as soon as the warm house air and the sunshine concentrated through the panes surround them, they begin to push out their young shoots, bright, green, and thrifty, and for the rest almost take care of themselves, asking nothing but a little water to drink. A handful of smilax planted in any slight box in the late summer, and allowed to twine up some long strings till toward the black frost of October, will be a pleasure during the whole winter ; for, boring some holes and suspending the box by cords through the holes, and drawing away the strings up which the stems have twined, the long wreaths of the smilax will coil about the box till they entirely cover it, and hang in delicate semi-transparent sprays that thrill one with their beauty whenever they are glanced at. It costs twenty cents and five minutes to plant a couple of tuberose bulbs ; and a little later they will stand up like holy perfumed papers, and make the place sweet as a chapel where incense burns. No vases will be so beautiful as some glasses of hyacinths

are, purple, golden, pink, and blue, these single and those double, as roses, yet the vases might cost a fortune and half the lifetime of their artificer, and the hyacinths will not cost half a dollar, and Nature works for us in the night to bring them to perfection. A library of natural history with cabinets of specimens, it will not be denied, is an invaluable possession ; but the quick intelligence has a portion of that cabinet of specimens in the fernery that any handy, beauty-loving girl can make with her mosses and spleenwort and maidenhair and linnæa planted in an earthen milk pan and glassed with a clock case, so that its mimic world is ours even while we are so shut away from it that, like the garden of old, its dew is sufficient to itself, and it requires little or no watering.

In short, flowers supply the place of half the articles of luxury and cost with which the wealthy furnish their parlors. They prevent observation of the absence of much ; they supply the place of more ; they are tapestry, furniture, and ornament together. The moment one enters a house where flowers are cherished, one is usually aware of a certain atmosphere as gentle and sweet as the atmosphere of the flowers themselves ; refinement seems to belong to the place in which such gentle creatures flourish, and affection and tenderness seem to belong to the place as well, in the sense of the care given to these delicate things, in the sense of gratitude for their abounding beauty. To such a place brothers will be proud to bring their friends, and their sisters will not be ashamed to receive them. There winter may blow and whistle without, but summer is radiant and blossoming within.—*Harper's Bazar.*



Literary Notices.

TEN YEARS OF MY LIFE: By the Princess Felix Salm-Salm, (Detroit, Belford Bros.)

This is a work of no ordinary interest. The ten years from 1862 to 1872 were remarkable for two great wars, the American civil war and the Franco-German war. In the interval between these two, occurred the reign of the ill-fated Maximilian in Mexico, and the revolution which led to his execution. In these three conflicts the Princess Salm-Salm, in one way or another, took part. Everywhere her position enabled her to become acquainted with the leading persons, and to be an eye-witness of the most important events. She is thus in a position to give an inner view of these important struggles, and her comparative criticisms of the respective advantages of the American, German, and French systems of warfare, are specially interesting. Our extracts will give the reader an idea of her work and character, premising that, as she informs us in the preface, she had, at the time of writing, scarcely passed her thirtieth year, and that her hair had turned grey since her husband's death. The meeting described in the first extract took place after the battle of Bull Run.

PRINCE FELIX.

I shall have later an opportunity of speaking of the persons belonging to Blenker's staff and corps, and return from this digression to the tent of the General.

We had not been long there when we heard the sentinels present arms, and the curtain at the entrance of the tent was thrown back. An officer entered returning from an inspection of the outposts, reporting to the General, who then presented him to the ladies as the chief of his staff,—*Colonel Prince Salm.*

The Prince was then a man of thirty years.

He was of middle height, had an elegant figure, dark hair, light moustache, and a very agreeable, handsome face, the kind and modest expression of which was highly prepossessing. He had very fine dark eyes, which, however, seemed not to be very good, as he had to use a glass, which he perpetually wore in his right eye, managing it with all the skill of a Prussian officer of the guard.

Though the movements of the Prince were elegant and pleasant, he could not get rid of a certain bashfulness or embarrassment, which, however, did not make him appear awkward, but which prejudiced the ladies in his favor far more than boldness and assurance in his demeanor would have done. In speaking, even to gentlemen, the Prince had always a smiling, pleasant expression, and one could see at once that he was an extremely modest, kind-hearted man.

I felt particularly attracted by the face of the Prince, and it was evident that my face had the same effect on him. He addressed me in his polite and smiling manner, but, alas, he did not speak one word of English, and as I did not understand either German or French, and only very imperfectly Spanish, of which he had some superficial knowledge, our conversation would have been very unsatisfactory without the assistance of the more universal language of the eyes, which both of us understood much better.

Prince Felix zu Salm-Salm was a younger son of the reigning Prince zu Salm-Salm, whose now mediatized principality is situated in Westphalia, belonging to Prussia. The capital of this principality is Bocholt, but the family are now residing in the town of Anholt, where they have a very fine old castle. The Salms belong to one of the oldest dynastic families of Germany. Of its many branches that of Salm-Salm is the principal line.

The father of the Prince was a very kind and excellent man, whose memory is still blessed by his former subjects. He was also a very indulgent father, and as Felix was rather his favorite son he was always very generous to him, and perhaps too lenient. Being rich, he supplied him always with ample means, and the consequence was that the young Prince became rather extravagant in his habits, never learning the value of money.

Still very young, Prince Felix was made an officer, and served in the cavalry. In the Holstein war he distinguished himself by his bravery, especially in the battle of Aarhus, where he was left with seven wounds on the battle-field, and made in that state a prisoner by the Danes. The King of Prussia rewarded his bravery by

sending him a sword of honor, which distinction he rated higher than any other he received afterwards.

The family of Salm-Salm are Catholics, and though they have become subjects of the Crown of Prussia, they, like other Catholic princely families of those parts, observe the practice of sending their members not only to the Prussian but also the Austrian army.

Though his gracious Majesty, the present Emperor of Germany, kindly tried to dissuade Prince Felix from taking such a step, other influences unfortunately prevailed; he resigned his place in the Prussian army, and entered that of Austria.

The old Prince zu Salm-Salm died, and his eldest son Alfred, the present reigning prince, became his successor. Prince Felix was handsomely provided for, but being very young and improvident, he lived in Vienna in an extravagant manner, which very soon exhausted his means, and delivered him over to the tender mercy of sharpers and money-lenders, who always are very eager to oblige young, reckless and thoughtless noblemen belonging to families reputed as rich. Not used to penury, the Prince, accustomed to satisfy all his wishes, signed every paper laid before him, even without reading it, if he only got some money; and he told me that he not rarely accepted bills to a large amount which were presented and paid, though he had never received a penny for them.

The family of the Prince was of course not willing to pay such recklessly contracted debts. The position of the young spendthrift in Vienna became at last too hot; he went first to Paris, and at last to America, where he arrived in 1861, after the outbreak of the war, provided with letters of recommendation from the Crown Prince of Prussia to the Prussian Minister at Washington, Baron von Gerolt zur Leyen.

The Baron, following his instructions, and still more the prompting of his kind heart, did all he could for the Prince, and in consequence of this he found everywhere a very kind reception. The modest Prince was quite terrified when he was offered the command of a brigade of cavalry, which he, however, declined, because he did not understand the language, which was indeed a great drawback. He expressed a wish to serve with his countrymen, and General Blenker was glad to receive him as the chief of his staff. Maybe that the old German Freischärler felt flattered to have a German prince under his command.

I need not tell a love story. Everybody has experienced similar emotions, and my affair did not differ from the usual course. When I left General Blenker's camp I left behind an enamoured Prince, whose feelings were far from being indifferent to me. We saw each other again; the sweet malady increased, and the Prince proposed.

AMERICAN LADIES.

It is said that ladies have a very great influence in the United States, and I think it is so.

I suppose, however, that it is more or less the case everywhere, for everywhere men are at the head of affairs, and everywhere the strong sex are weak.

I might say a good deal about this influence, and the manner, means, and ways in which it is gained, maintained, and used; but for what purpose should I do so? The ladies are in the secret, and if the men do not know it, they may be satisfied with the frequently quoted saying that 'ignorance is bliss.'

A reason why the influence of ladies in America is even greater than in other countries may perhaps be that they are as a rule very pretty and clever, and that they understand better how to control their hearts than is said to be the case in other parts of the world. To keep the heart cool is, I suppose, the key to the American ladies' secret.

These have, however, an advantage over their sisters in other nations which is of the greatest weight; for, to outbalance the disadvantage that American gentlemen are not quite so foolish as those of the French and other European people are reputed to be, they are not only extremely generous, but also very discreet in reference to ladies, and even if tricked and deceived by them perhaps in the most cruel manner, they do not revenge themselves by exposing their perhaps imprudent fair enemies. An American gentleman—of course I speak only of *gentlemen*—would never betray the secret of a lady, and one that should sin against this sacred law would not only be morally lynched by the ladies, but lose caste with the gentlemen.

I have frequently had an opportunity of noticing and wondering at the audacity with which American ladies put this gentlemanly virtue to the test, and of admiring the stoical composure of men who have not even smiled or showed their astonishment when ladies in their presence ventured protestations and assertions the falsehood of which none knew better than they did.

A COMPARISON.

The soldiers did not grudge the generals their luxurious habits; they found an amusement in such festivals, and were sensible enough to understand that they could not all partake in them. It would have been different if the Government had been stingy towards the army, but that was by no means the case. "Uncle Sam" opened his strong boxes, and the army was paid and supplied with provisions in a manner quite unheard of in Europe. If accidents inseparable from such a war prevented the arrival of provisions for a time, there was always plenty, and not only the main necessities of life, but things were furnished which never appear in the stores of a German army, and which would be there considered as preposterous. Though the immense distances and the bad state of the roads made this branch of the service extremely difficult, the practical sense of the Americans surmounted all difficulties, and soon after the commencement of war things in the commissariat of the army went like clock-work. The rich

American people did not care if some hundreds of millions were perhaps squandered; trade in the North States was as brisk as ever; nay, on the contrary, war, instead of hindering, seemed to increase it. Money was circulating more freely than ever, and instead of suffering, the country, and especially the cities, seemed to improve by the war.

The soldiers lived well, for they were paid well. Everything was furnished to them liberally by the Government; nothing was deducted from their pay, which amounted even for private soldiers to fourteen dollars a month. Everything was done for the soldiers of the nation by the National Government, the utmost care taken to procure for them all possible commodities, and private industry speculating in that direction was never hindered except by the requirements of discipline. The connection between the army and home was carefully considered, and the postal arrangements were wonderfully regular, notwithstanding the enormous distances. Virginia alone is as large as all Germany, and the distance from the Mississippi to New York as great as the whole length of Europe.

It was indeed interesting to observe the wonderful celerity with which the Americans proceeded. "Adams's Express Company" and the telegraph were institutions which I might say followed the skirmishers. At the same time, with the first tent generally grew up a shanty with the firm of "Adams's Express," which conveyed parcels of every size to the army and throughout the Union. In America it was thought desirable that the soldiers should know what their comrades were doing hundreds of miles off. One of the first things done was, therefore, the arrangement of a very regular newspaper service. Stations were established between the camp and the next railroad or steamship landing, and newsboys on horseback, nearly disappearing between papers, came in full gallop and brought the welcome sheets to the soldiers, who bought thousands of copies, paying with pleasure double prices and more.

A department highly important for the comfort of the soldiers is that of the sutlers, and I frequently wondered how miserably this branch was arranged in the German army, which in other respects is so far superior to any other. I shall speak of this and many other things in their place, but only mention here that the care for the extra and private comfort of the soldiers was in the American army not left to such low and destitute wretches as we have seen disgracing the German by their rapacity. The sutlers were regularly appointed and enrolled, and wore uniforms, and many of them were very substantial people, kept well-supplied stores, and had many subordinates and agents. Of abuses and other inconveniences in this respect, I shall have occasion to speak later. Liquors were prohibited in the American army, which would appear quite intolerable to German soldiers; but with Americans it was necessary, especially in regiments where the Irish element prevailed. Germans are reasonable in the use of liquor; Americans, I am sorry to say, are in general not; and

besides it must be considered that discipline in an army formed like the American could not be maintained in the same manner as in the German army.

In comparing the sanitary arrangements in Germany and in America, one must not forget that Germany is not larger than many an American State; that the whole United States have not more inhabitants than Germany, and that scarcely half of them were on the side of the Union. It must further be taken into consideration, that in Germany and in France towns and villages are close together, whilst they are very few and far between in those States which were the principal seat of the American war. Great and admirable as were the noble efforts of the German nation in behalf of their soldiers, the Americans had the great advantage over them of being far wealthier, and that they without difficulty could raise sums which could never be brought together in Germany.

The two great societies which did most in supporting the sick and wounded soldiers were the "Sanitary Commission" and the "Christian Commission," whose activity extended over the whole vast theatre of war, and whose efficacy can never be praised sufficiently. At every station and military port were to be found agents and depots of these two benevolent associations, each of which had many millions of dollars at their disposal. No railway train, no transport steamer was to be found, on which were not to be seen immense piles of boxes, addressed "Frederick Law Olmstedt," or "Christian Commission." Mr. Olmstedt stood for a long time at the head of the Sanitary Commission, and he had the merit of setting the immense machine going. He was still a young man, but his exertion in behalf of humanity exhausted his strength, and when he retired he had grown old in these few years. He added this fresh merit to that by which he distinguished himself in New York, for that city is mostly indebted to him for its world-renowned Central Park.

The agents of these commissions did not wear fine uniforms, nor live in sumptuous quarters, nor drink claret and champagne; they did not inspect the hospitals with glass in eye, and perfumed handkerchief to nose; though mostly gentlemen used to all the luxuries of life, they had no other thought but how best to fulfil their voluntary duty, and often I saw them with their own hands, accustomed to the finest kid gloves, carrying boxes and bales like common workmen. They did not do so in hope of promotion or gain, or of a decoration; their names were scarcely known, and if known soon forgotten; but seeing all this, I learnt to love and respect the Americans.

The American people were never satisfied of having done enough, and all possible means were employed in collecting money. Great sanitary fairs were held in all great cities; merchants and manufacturers sent in their gifts, some ladies their work, and other ladies attended to the sale of these articles, which were paid for extravagantly, and for weeks these fairs were crowded to excess by visitors. One fair in New

York, lasting for about five weeks, brought about five millions of dollars, and comparatively small Washington contributed one million and a half.

The Government, in justice to this spirit, showed themselves not less liberal and careful. Though bound by duty to save as much money as was possible, it was never done at the expense of the soldiers, and especially not at that of those who had become sick or crippled in the service of the country. There were no students or other young men forming voluntary companies to assist on the battle-field, as we had them in France, for, as I said before, young men were rare; but notwithstanding this, the wounded on the battle-fields were more promptly attended and far better cared for than was the case in the French war. Each battalion—about equal to a Prussian company—had a number of portable bedsteads or stretchers, and two conveniently and practically built ambulances; and whenever a battle was imminent, hundreds of these vehicles were brought together ready for use. The wounded were not thrown into rough peasant cars, and jolted to death before they reached the next hospital. Those that were in a state to be transported at all were laid in a covered ambulance, which rested on soft springs, was provided with a good mattress, a cask of water, and one of wine, and everything else which might be required. Those that had to be operated on were placed in large hospital tents, each of which had room for twelve or more persons. These tents were built upon the battle-field itself, or, circumstances not permitting, as near as possible. They were airy and most convenient, and their use has been adopted in many European armies. They are preferable to any other arrangement which possibly could be made for severely wounded men, and especially to those low, narrow, and most abominable houses to be found in small German or French villages. The luxury of cleanliness seems to be utterly unknown there, and the smell of dozens of years together, with a stratum of filth, covers the walls and ceilings, for whitewashing is never thought of. The wounded, placed often on mouldy straw on the filthy or partly-rotten flooring, are as badly off as possible.

The many navigable rivers in America were also a great convenience, and of the greatest importance in the war. There are very few rivers in Germany or France which would carry such large transport steamers as I saw in America, even on streams of which the names are scarcely known in Europe. These rivers were highly important for the transportation of troops and provisions, and they were so for sanitary purposes. Large steamers, such as run on the Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio, Hudson, or on the Northern Lakes, were arranged as floating hospitals, offering all the conveniences of a great hotel. It is difficult to give Germans an idea of such ships, for thousands of them have never seen the sea, and think a Rhine steamer a most wonderful concern. What would they say to ships four or five hundred feet long, on which stand two-storied buildings reaching nearly from one end to the other, surrounded with verandas

and balconies, containing hundreds of small bedrooms, and halls in which three or four hundred people can sit very comfortably to dinner? Where the shipping on such rivers is interrupted by rapids or rocks the practical Americans have built canals alongside of them, as in the case for instance with the Upper Potomac and the Susquehanna, and many other rivers.

AMERICAN VERSATILITY.

The Americans are a very intelligent nation, and I frequently wondered at the ease with which they adapted themselves to all kinds of occupations. This may be noticed throughout the whole country, and in all branches. Young men, who have attended, perhaps for years, a shop, are made Government clerks in the Treasury, or the Interior Department, or War Office, and after a few weeks they understand their duties quite as well as men in Germany who have visited for six years a college, studied as long at some university, and served for as many years without pay in some public office before being thought fit to occupy the place of an auscultator or assessor. The proof of this is that affairs in the Ministries at Washington are carried on quite as well and regularly as in any office in Germany. An *employe* in Germany who loses his place considers himself, in most cases, ruined for life, whilst an American Government *employe* in such a case—which, in fact, occurs very frequently—thinks very little of it, and looks out at once for some other occupation. Nobody is tied forever to a certain trade or branch; in this respect Americans are very versatile.

BAZAINE IN AMERICA.

The fate of Marshal Bazaine would not fail to call for our sympathy if he had done only what a rather prejudiced court found him guilty of, but he has forfeited all claims to sympathy by the manner in which he behaved when in Mexico. Though our religion teaches us that all bad actions are recorded and will find their punishment after death, it is always satisfactory if fate overtakes bad men in this life, and I regret that my poor husband did not live to see how Mexico and its noble Emperor were revenged on this bad, cruel, brutal, and mean man, and his crafty master.

The French officers treated the Mexicans with the utmost arrogance and contempt. Gentlemen who met them in the street were insulted and kicked off the sidewalks without having given any offence. Ladies dared not venture going in the street for fear of being annoyed by their low importunities. Their cupidity was insatiable, and their behavior in the country when on some military expedition surpasses anything which we read in old books. Their name will be hated forever in Mexico, and their humiliation and punishment by the brave Germans will without doubt have been heard with rejoicing in that country.

Bazaine behaved there as if he was the Emperor and Maximilian his subordinate. Every-

body trembled before him, and even the French though they feared him, did not love and respect, but rather despised him. So at least did all honorable men amongst them.

He was not only arrogant, brutal, and cruel, he was also rapacious and mean, and employed the lowest artifices to enrich himself. It was well known in Mexico, not only amongst the inhabitants but also by the French officers, that he owned in the city two shops, a grocery and another, in which French goods, as dresses, lace, silks, &c., were sold. He became extremely rich by this trade, for he found very cheap means of transportation, and did not pay any duty. His goods were conveyed as arms, ammunition, and the like, at the expense of the Government.

To screen his fast-growing fortune it was said that he married an enormously rich Mexican lady. This is utterly false, for the girl he married was poor.

JIMMY.

Moreover, our expectations in reference to the treachery of our Mexican troops were fulfilled on the morning of the surrender. The rascal who commanded them, a Colonel Peralta, went over with his whole regiment of cavalry to the enemy.

When we were assembled in the market-place, ready to evacuate the town, I was there also with Jimmy. Now, that dog is a very intelligent dog. Having accompanied me through the whole American war, he had learnt that guns are dangerous engines, and that when shots are fired from them mischief is done. He therefore has a most sensible dread of guns and shots because he is very fond of life, and of roast veal, and beefsteak and cutlets, and other things which make the existence of a dog agreeable, and which he is desirous of enjoying as long as possible. When he saw in the market-place so many shooting engines, the poor darling became frightened, and ran home to his old quarters, hiding himself in the bed. I am sure many sensible men would like to do the same before a battle, if they only could muster courage enough to run away like Jimmy, who has no prejudices.

When I noticed the absence of my pet I was in despair, and as the dog would not have trusted anybody else, dear, kind Salm went back himself to fetch him. When he came out of the house he met some of the enemy, who had entered already, against the agreement, but seeing the colonel of the Imperial forces with such a fine dog under his arms, they were awe-struck, and saluted him respectfully.

Now, had Jimmy not been so cautious, he would have been killed long ago, instead of sitting now demurely at my side, having reached in its thirteenth year a reputation few dogs can boast of. His beautiful head has been caressed by three emperors, and his four-legged soul has been sanctified by the touch of most holy cardinals and archbishops, not to speak of presidents, senators, simple highnesses or generals. If he should die before me, I will have his life-size

statue made in black marble, and order in my last will that it be placed over my grave—or on the top of my ash-urn, if I should be burned, as I hope I shall.

UNDER FIRE.

It was about four o'clock p.m., and after having taken a cup of coffee with the General, I mounted my horse to return to Mexico, in order to hear what the foreign officers had to answer to the proposition of Diaz. As it was broad daylight, and the garita I came from was about four miles from Guadalupe, I resolved to enter Mexico by the Garita de Guadalupe. An escort, led by an officer, accompanied me as far as they could venture, and fixing my white handkerchief to my riding-whip I rode at a gallop towards the garita.

When I passed a little bridge in front of the fortification, so close to it that I could distinguish the faces of the soldiers, the sentinel fired a shot at me, which I took as a hint to stop. I therefore stopped, expecting that the officer would send out some men to examine me. I saw them line the breastwork, but had no idea what they were about, when suddenly they fired a volley at me. The bullets whizzed round my head, one even grazing my hair, others striking the ground around my horse. At this I was more angry than frightened, for it was so stupid to fire at a single woman—as if I could have stormed their battery! My first impulse was to rush upon the cowards, and send my whip round their long ears; but when I heard behind me the clatter of the hoofs of my escort, who advanced to my assistance, and saw the soldiers in the battery reload their guns in great hurry, I would not endanger others, and turned round.

My little black Mexican horse darted off like an arrow, and I bent my head down to his neck. The wretches sent another volley after me, but fortunately they did not wound either me or my horse.

As I heard afterwards the battery was manned with raw recruits—Indians—who did not know anything about the meaning of the white handkerchief attached to my riding-whip, and when I came on the officer commanding was just taking a drink. Marquez heard that they had fired on a flag of truce, not knowing, how that it was I, and the officer was punished.

Twenty-five men and five or six Liberal officers came to meet me; all were very much concerned, and would scarcely believe that I had not been wounded. As I would not again risk a volley, I resolved to enter the garita where Colonel Campos commanded, and General Porfirio Diaz was kind enough to give me an escort of ten men.

Before, however, we reached the garita I was overtaken by a tremendous thunderstorm and rain, which thoroughly drenched me, and, instead of going to Mexico, I went to Tacubaya, where I was received by Madame Hube with open arms, for her husband had told her on what kind of adventures I had been out.

EXECUTION OF MAXIMILIAN.

I was like one distracted during all that time, and day and night I revolved in my head how the Emperor might still be saved. I frequently saw Mr. Iglesia, but each time I left him I became more and more convinced that the Emperor was lost beyond hope. Again I tried to obtain another delay of eight days, on better grounds than those of Baron Magnus, though rather weak also, until I should receive an answer from President Johnson, whom I knew well, and whom I would urge by telegraph to send another more energetic protest against the execution of the Emperor. But Mr. Iglesia told me, and so did President Juarez later, that a further delay could not be granted, and that they regretted much to have yielded to the request of Baron Magnus, as the President had been accused of intentionally prolonging the agony of the Emperor, a reproach made him especially by the foreigners, who called him a cruel, revengeful, and barbarous Indian.

The last day before the execution now came; the Emperor was to be shot on the following morning. Though I had but little hope, I was resolved to make another effort, and to appeal once more to the heart of that man on whose will depended the life of the Emperor, whose pale face and melancholy blue eyes, which impressed even a man like Palacios, were constantly looking at me. It was eight o'clock in the evening when I went to see Mr. Jarrez, who received me at once. He looked pale and suffering himself. With trembling lips I pleaded for the life of the Emperor, or at least for delay. What I blamed in a man—in Baron Magnus—might be pardoned in a woman. The President said that he could not grant it; he would not prolong his agony any longer; the Emperor must die to-morrow.

When I heard these cruel words, I became frantic with grief. Trembling in every limb and sobbing, I fell down on my knees and pleaded with words which came from my heart, but which I cannot remember. The President tried to raise me, but I held his knees convulsively, and said I would not leave him before he had granted his life. I saw the President was moved; he as well as Mr. Iglesia had tears in their eyes, but he answered me with a low, sad voice, "I am grieved, madame, to see you thus on your knees before me; but if all the kings and queens of Europe were in your place I could not spare that life. It is not I who take it, it is the people and the law, and if I should not do its will the people would take it and mine also."

In my raving agony I exclaimed, he might take my life if blood was wanted. I was a useless woman, but he might spare that of a man who might still do so much good in another country. All was in vain. The President raised me up, and repeated to me that the life of my husband should be spared; that was all he could do. I thanked him and left.

In the ante-room were more than two hundred ladies of San Louis assembled, who came also

to pray for the lives of the three condemned—Maximilian, Miramon, and Mejia. They were received, but had no more success than myself. Later, Madame Miramon came, leading in her hands her two little children. The President could not refuse to receive her. Mr. Iglesia afterwards told me that it was a most heart-rending scene to hear the poor wife and the innocent little ones praying for the life of their husband and father. The President, he said, suffered equally at that moment from being under the cruel necessity of taking the life of a noble man like Maximilian, but he could not do otherwise. Madame Miramon fainted and was carried out of the room.

The trying scenes through which the President had gone that day were too much for him. He retired for three days to his room and would not see anyone. I could not close my eyes that night, and went with many other ladies of our party to church to pray for the condemned.

In the course of the morning the telegraph conveyed the sad news that the execution had taken place, and that all was over.

SCHLOSS ANHOLT.

We arrived in Anholt on January 11, at ten o'clock p.m., and all my fears were speedily removed by the very kind manner in which I was received by my husband's brother and his numerous family.

Prince Alfred zu Salm-Salm, Duke of Hoegstraeten, Rhein and Wildgraf, &c., &c.—all his titles may be seen in the Almanac of Gotha—is, notwithstanding all his pompous titles, a very simple, unpretending, kind, and very polite man, who did not look upon me as a stranger, but treated me from the first moment as a sister, so that I felt at once at home.

Schloss Anholt is an extremely old, extensive, imposing-looking castle, built around a tower, which stood there before the Christian era, having been erected by the Romans.

The house contains very fine halls, with an armory and other relics of olden times, and above one hundred rooms. All this is very fine and noble, but it did not altogether correspond with the ideas I had about a princely palace. Used to the luxurious dwellings of the rich people of North America, everything appeared to me somewhat primitive and as it were uncivilized. I wondered at the uncarpeted staircases and rooms, where only patches here and there covered the dark oaken flooring, which was made so slippery by beeswaxing that I found difficulty in walking, and really fell down on entering my bedroom.

There do not exist in North America such feudal dwellings, and as there are no feudal ideas to be found either, I did not look exactly with the same feelings of pride and satisfaction on this simplicity as the members of the family. Modern elegant dwellings, however, may be procured by every rich cheese-monger, but such grand halls, solid staircases, &c., are to be found only in the seats of noble old families.

If I felt somewhat disappointed in reference to

Castle Anholt, the people living there all did their best to make me comfortable and feel at home. Prince Alfred, though Prince and Duke, did not differ in his manner and behavior from other well-bred gentlemen, and his daughters were quite natural, kind, and good-hearted girls, with no stupid pride or any other nonsense about them.

PRUSSIAN MILITARY SYSTEM.

To foreigners it seems extremely hard that young men have to interrupt their career for such a long time to play at soldiers. National economists are indignant that so many hands are taken away from industry or agriculture, calculating to the penny what damage is done by it to the country. Though these calculations may be very correct, these adversaries to the Prussian military system forget that this loss is more than sufficiently compensated for by the improvement of these hands; for the agriculturist and tradesman will be sent back to his home endowed with qualities which enable him to follow his occupation with far greater success than before. He does not learn only how to handle his gun and to practice the goose-step; he has to undergo a course of education which makes him in every respect a better man. Care is not only taken to improve and complete what he has learnt in his rural school, his bodily development is likewise considered. Besides this, and that is highly important, he becomes used to order and cleanliness, and by intercourse with his comrades his views are enlarged and his whole tenor of life improved.

After having served his time with his regiment a young man will, in most cases, return much altered and improved, and as his connection with the army is not ended yet with his term of actual service, this salutary influence will always be refreshed by his annual return for a few weeks to some military body. Up to a certain age this connection with the army is continued; he belongs to the Landwehr, and in case of war he has to join his regiment at the shortest notice.

The examination through which officers have to pass is rather difficult, and no influence whatever can make it more easy. I know princes who found it too hard and could not become officers. I know even a case, where a count connected with the most influential persons, had to enter the army as a private soldier for three years, because he was not able to pass his examination as a volunteer!

It is therefore not to be wondered at that the epaulette is the key to every society. Everybody knows that an officer is a gentleman, which is by no means the case in all other countries. This favored position of the military officers in Prussia is the necessary and natural consequence of its military system, and also the reason why many noblemen and others who have means enough to live independently remain all their life long in the army.

AN OFFICIAL NURSE.

I went on August 1, to Coblenz, where Mr. von PommerEsche gave me most readily a

ticket of legitimation for Miss Runkel. If I had intended to go only as a simple nurse to the war, I might have done so now; but that was not my intention. I wanted to be in a position to do more and to be officially attached to the staff of the army like an officer. Everybody to whom I spoke about it shrugged his shoulders and declared such a thing to be impossible. It is, however, my belief that the only way to success is not to believe in impossibilities, and further it is one of my practical rules, if I wish a thing always to ask it directly from the highest authority.

The highest person in the army in which Dr. Busch was surgeon-general was General von Steinmetz, its commander-in-chief. He had been described to me as an extremely strict and rough man, of whom everybody was afraid. My experience taught me that these rough men are frequently very reasonable, and I was resolved to try my luck with the dreaded general.

Early in the morning I went to his headquarters, where my request to see the general seemed to create quite a consternation. Not being frightened at all I insisted, and an officer, though shaking his head and shrugging his shoulders, was induced to take in my card, and to the surprise of everybody I was admitted.

The commander of the First Army, General von Steinmetz, was a very kind little man with snow-white hair, with large blue eyes, and a look like that of the eagle. When we sat down I commenced to explain what I wished, namely to be permitted to accompany the staff on horseback and to be allowed forage and quarters for my horse and myself. I of course supported my rather extraordinary request—almost unheard of in a Prussian army—with all reasons and statements at my disposition, and in the most wonderfully broken German. The general did not say a word, but suddenly rose and rang the bell,—not to show me out as I feared for a moment, but to send for his quartermaster-general. When that officer appeared the general asked whether it was possible to grant my request, and it was granted on the officer's declaration that it certainly could be done if His Excellency would order it.

STEALING SOUP.

On August 11, I was all the morning with the professor in the hospitals assisting him in some wonderful operations. As many of the wounded in the citizens' casino required good and strong beef soup, and other strengthening food, and Dr. Busch said, "they must have such things or die," I went to the kitchen of the King and coaxed the head cook, who at once promised to attend to my wishes, and after a time I went over with a soldier carrying some large pails, which the brave chief of the royal kitchen batteries filled with delicious broth, fortified by good beef merged in it. As nobody was at hand to carry it, and the royal headquarters were not far across the street from the casino, I carried two of the pails myself. Just when I was crossing the street, a car-

riage swept round the corner with His Majesty the King in it. Though not ashamed of my work, I felt rather embarrassed at being caught thus, and put the pails down behind me, screening them with my dress, when the King who had seen me, stopped the carriage and descended. He came towards me, grasped my hand, and said very kind words which I shall never forget. Smilingly looking around me to discover the cause of my embarrassment he saw my two pails, and when I told him that I had stolen them from his kitchen for his dying brave soldiers, the expression of his face became still kinder, and he said that I had done quite right, and that I was at liberty to rob his kitchen to my heart's content.

DEATH OF PRINCE FELIX.

On August 18, the day of the battle of Gravelotte—of which we then of course knew nothing—my feeling of dread became alarmingly oppressive, for I had had the most fearful dreams about battles, and felt almost sure that something had happened to my husband. Until the 20th, we heard in Saarbrücken only vague rumors, but when I went on that day with Dr. Busch to Saarlouis, where we had to wait at the station several hours, many trains with wounded arrived from the battlefields near Metz. There I saw a wounded soldier from the Augusta regiment; he belonged to the battalion of my husband, and told me that they had been in the battle of the 18th and behaved extremely bravely, but he pretended not to know Felix was wounded. I however felt an indescribable anguish, and when we late in the evening returned to Saarbrücken, and I went to bed, I saw in a half-awake vision, poor Felix dead at my side, with a fearfully still, pale face.

Early in the morning on August 21, I called on Mad. von Berenhorst, who was in Saarbrücken to nurse her brother, Major von Nettlebeck. She had also a son in the troops before Metz, of whom she heard that he was wounded, and she was going to the front with us, for at last we were ready to start.

When I was about leaving my quarters Professor Busch came and told me that my poor husband was killed! He was mortally wounded on the 18th and died after three hours. Poor little Prince Florentine was dead also.

I shall not attempt to describe my feelings, for words would be insufficient. All I can say is that I wished to be dead also, for I felt utterly alone and forsaken, and life a burden. I had, however, to fulfil a sacred duty, a promise made long ago in America, and repeated solemnly when my husband left me. He wished that in case he should be killed I should bring his body to Anholt, and have it buried at the side of his father and mother.

THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA AND ST. JOHN.

They were all noblemen, and mostly wealthy; owners of great estates; princes, counts, and barons with a long pedigree, living mostly in their castles. Leaving the management of their estates and households and the care of their broad

acres almost always to their stewards, they lived an easy life, were used to command as masters,—in a word were aristocrats to the core. Now they were called to fulfil the traditional duties of their order, of which perhaps only very few, if any, had a definite idea. To expect such services of them as were required centuries ago from members of their order was out of the question. They were now great lords, and Christian humility is not the first among their virtues. If they condescended to accept an office it could be only one becoming their social position.

There were amongst them many who earnestly wished to do good service, and even some who made themselves extremely useful, descending from their stilted and using their hands and feet like other men; but, alas, with most of them the will was better than the capacity, and the more they did the more harm and confusion resulted from it.

Most of the stores and magazines were placed under the care of some knight of these orders. An immense quantity and variety of things were sent in, and it was expected that they should be distributed judiciously. To arrange and keep in order such stores, and receive goods and send them off required a certain business routine and exertions which were utterly out of the depth of most of these noblemen, and any clerk of a mercantile house would have beaten them in this.

Many were satisfied with having their stores always well filled, not daring to distribute anything before fresh supplies had arrived to keep them so, not caring whether here or there something was urgently required. Used to patronize, they often distributed the stores more according to favor than to necessity; and complaints about partiality and injudicious division were very frequent, creating great dissatisfaction amongst the many associations, who at last found it more to the purpose to send practical men with their convoys of goods, who judged for themselves where help was required, instead of delivering their things into the depots of the knights and leaving the distribution to them.

I was lucky enough not to be detained anywhere long, and we arrived after eight days at Jouy, for all the stations were extremely crowded and the rails stopped by trains with wounded or provisions for the army.

I urged on Dr. Busch the necessity for work, and asked him what there was to do and what was wanted. "We have here five hospitals," he said, "crowded with men severely wounded, and everything is wanting." The poor wounded had no properly cooked food, and it was my first care to establish kitchens for them. The difficulty was to find proper female assistance, for though there were plenty of voluntary nurses, they were for the greater part mere voluntary nuisances, with their crinolines, plumed bonnets, and mincing manners. They were, I might say, female knights of St. John, for what I have said of these was still more applicable to most of those female *Schlachten bummeler*, who never forgot that they "volunteered" a duty, and despised rules and orders; and above all discipline

and punctuality. Instead of arriving at seven o'clock in the morning, they came at ten or eleven, or remained away, just as they pleased, making earnest doctors wish that they had remained at home altogether, though others flirted with and protected them.

These fine ladies, amongst whom were some with a "von" before their names, were quite indignant if I expected them to assist in the kitchen, to cook, or to perform other duties, by which they thought themselves degraded. They were always quarrelling amongst themselves, and the hospitals in which they attended were far different from that one in which four sisters from Coblentz were nurses.

I told Professor Busch that I wanted regular sisters of mercy, instead of voluntary nurses, and it was resolved to procure them. I therefore applied to Count Hompesch, a knight of Malta, who was stationed in Covny, and most readily complied with my request. Sisters from the order of St. Vincent de Paul arrived soon, to replace the voluntary nuisances, and things improved in a wonderful manner. These sisters did not flirt and look out for husbands, for they had done with the world; they were not ashamed to do menial services, and did not quarrel amongst themselves. Quietly and obediently they did what was required of them by their superiors, and even those doctors who were inclined to take the part of the voluntary nurses had to admit that they themselves and the wounded profited greatly by the change.

Now I arranged that in each of the hospitals a kitchen was established, and also a store-room, from which the patients' wants could be satisfied at once, whilst formerly the nurses had always to apply to some Johanniter, which caused delays and other disagreeable things.

Not long after my return from Jouy and Ars-sur-Moselle, Baron Edward Oppenheim arrived from Cologne, with a great omnibus filled with many things, which I had told him were especially wanted.

As he was better pleased with my manner of distribution than with that of the knights of St. John, he confided them all to me, and they were the first foundation of the magazine I established, for the example set by Baron Oppenheim found many imitators. Deputies from Elberfeld, Barmen, Hamburg, Bremen, Crefeld, and other places, arrived with an abundance of supplies. There was an immense number of bottles of fine wines, barrels of spirits, bales of tobacco, cigars, woollen and linen clothes of every kind, &c. The knights of St. John became rather jealous and annoyed when these gentlemen arrived with the special order to deliver their gifts into the hands of the Princess Salm, and under no circumstances into those of the knights, who had

made themselves rather unpopular by the supercilious manner in which they often treated the brave men who volunteered to bring these supplies to the army, which was by no means an easy or a pleasant task. My stores were therefore replete with every kind of good thing, whilst the depots of the knights remained distressingly empty. Many of them reproached me with accepting those provisions instead of letting them be sent to their depots, which had been established to receive them; but as many of the delegates declared that they would rather take their supplies back if I refused them, I should have acted very foolishly in doing so. Some of the knights condescended to request me to lend them part of my abundance, as they were ashamed of the emptiness of their store-rooms, and I did so; but not one of them demeaned himself so much as to remember such debts.

GOOD ADVICE FROM THE POPE.

The Pope had been already informed of my intention and person. He said he did not think I had a vocation for a nunnery; he advised me to reflect on it somewhat longer, and to stay at least one year more in the world, to see whether I would not change my mind. This advice of the Holy Father was extremely kind, his clear mind anticipated what would happen; he read my character, for indeed I changed my mind, and before the year had passed I did not think any more of burying myself in a nunnery.

CONCLUSION.

What I experienced and saw during these ten eventful years I have described simply and truthfully, expressing my opinions perhaps with too little reserve; whether they are worth anything is a question which will be answered by others, and I have only to excuse myself for speaking too much of private affairs, which have really nothing to do with the great historical events which form the frame of my narrative. If I have failed in this respect, I have no other excuse than that I have acted, as it were, in self-defence. Some persons, taking advantage of my unprotected position, have amused themselves with commenting on my doings, or not doings, throwing out hints and suggestions which might create prejudicial opinions about me in persons whose judgment is not indifferent to me. To set them right I had to make known some facts which I otherwise might have withheld. If these facts are not always agreeable to the persons concerned, I cannot help it; everyone has first to look out for himself. I am not a person to suffer in silence.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE Rev. Barnard Smith, author of the text books on Arithmetic, so extensively used in Canada under the name of Smith & McMurchy's Arithmetic, died on January 5, at his Rectory, near Oppingham, in England.

MR. ARTHUR NICHOLS has written a popular geological treatise in a clear and simple style. In treating upon the *graphite* of the Laurentian rocks, he suggests the substitution of the name *Eodendron* as indicative of its vegetable origin. This is more of a hardy guess than a scientific designation, as no proof exists of such an origin, no signs of structure having yet been found, as in the case of *Eozoon*.

LORD GEORGE CAMPBELL has written a racy account of the cruise of the "Challenger." He is not much of a scientist, and does not trouble his readers with profound questions of biology, but he gives such details of the cruise as will interest non-scientific readers.

COL. DODGE'S book, "The Hunting Grounds of the Great West," has met with favor in the English Reviews. It is extremely interesting from the long experience of the writer in military service on the plains. His work is full of valuable scientific information, as well as of stirring adventure. The picture he draws of the Indians is a gloomy one—fierce and indomitable savagery exasperated to fury by false dealing on the part of the whites, with only one possible solution of the difficulty—the utter extermination of the Indians.

MR. JAMES STEVENSON'S valuable paper on the "Currency of Canada after the Capitulation," originally read as a lecture before the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, has been published as a separate pamphlet. The currency of America has been thoroughly elucidated from a historical point of view. It was treated in a paper by Mr. Dawson, of Montreal, which appeared in the *Canadian Monthly*, in April, 1872, and was reprinted in the *New York Bankers' Magazine* in February, 1874. In 1874, Prof. Sumner, of Yale College, published his excellent book on the same subject. Mr. Stevenson has, however, chosen a field almost peculiarly his own, and two years ago wrote a paper on the card money of Canada, of which this present paper is a complement. It is not generally known that paper money had been fully experimented with in Canada before the English Colonies commenced to use it. Mr. Stevenson's two lectures are valuable and original contributions to Canadian history.

DR. ELAM'S slashing attacks on the Evolutionists, which appeared originally in the *Contemporary Review*, have been reprinted in a volume entitled "Winds of Doctrine." He asks some questions which, judging from the heat

evolved in the effort, his antagonists find it difficult to answer. Dr. Elam has dropped the semi-apologetic manner we are so familiar with, and has carried the war into the enemy's territory.

THE *Contemporary Review*, founded twelve years ago by Mr. Strahan, has passed into the hands of a company, and in consequence the editor, Mr. Knowles, has been dismissed. He has started a new periodical to be called "*The Nineteenth Century*," and, under the supposition that the *Contemporary* is to be managed on a more narrowly evangelical basis, a number of the regular contributors have seceded to the new magazine. Among them are Cardinal Manning, Prof. Huxley, W. R. Greig, Matthew Arnold, and Herbert Spencer. A lively correspondence has been carried on in the *Times* between Mr. Strahan and Mr. Knowles. The former repudiates the notion that the *Contemporary* is to be made more narrow, and endeavors, somewhat unjustly, to belittle Mr. Knowles's influence as editor. Mr. Strahan's letters are wanting also in candor in asserting the change of ownership to be merely nominal.

EVERY successful book has a crowd of imitations written by members of that horde of mean spirited literary dangles who seek to hang their worthless productions upon the skirts of any really original and clever writer. "Helen's Babies" is not a wonderful work, though a bright and original one, and now we have a namby-pamby echo of it, "The Annals of a Baby," published by Carleton, and "Some other Babies very like Helen's, only more so," published by Roberts, of Boston. Writers whose abilities are only sufficient to enable them to become parasites upon the works of abler men, should be compelled by law to adopt some more dignified and useful calling.

MADemoiselle DE LARAME, better known by her *nom de plume* of "Ouida," has a new novel in press: "Ariadne," to be published in America by Lippincott, of Philadelphia. Now that the authoress has entered upon the holy estate of matrimony, we trust she will not put in practice the peculiar moral maxims of heroines of her previous works "Chandos" and "Granville de Vigue."

ALTOGETHER, the best book on Russia is that just published by Cassell, of London, in 2 vols. It is written by Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, and will give the reader a clearer insight into that most inscrutable people—the Russians—than any other extant. His account of the abolition of serfdom, and of the communal constitution of the villages is unusually clear and instructive.

MR. KNOWLES' new magazine, "The Nine-

teenth" Century, is to be published by Longmans. The first number will contain papers by Cardinal Manning, Rev. Baldwin Brown and Sir John Lubbock, a Roman prelate, a Congregational minister, and a free-thinking banker. Mr. Tennyson suggested the title of the magazine.

BULOZ, the editor, and, in reality, founder of the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," is dead. He was a shepherd boy in his youth, then a journeyman printer, and at last the most successful editor in France. He never wrote himself, but he had the faculty of finding out those who could write, and of drilling them into writing about subjects which interested the public. A man without illusions—his eye on the main point always, and consequently successful. Was it in spite of, or because of, the coarseness of his temper and manners?

THE ancient Etruscans still continue to stir the bile of the *Savans* of London. Rev. Isaac Taylor, Capt. Burton and the Rev. A. H. Sayce, keep filling up the columns of the literary papers with communications about them. Inasmuch as everybody is equally ignorant about this remarkable people, everybody is equally positive. Meantime sensible readers will wait until something new is discovered on the subject, and skip the controversy,

A NEW "Magazine of American History" has been started in New York, under favorable auspices, and has reached a second number. Such a publication is much needed to clear away the mythology which at present obscures the revolutionary history of the United States.

A MR. HADDART writes in the "*Quarterly Journal of Science*," advocating evolution by expansion as against evolution by natural selection. The "expansion" is due it seems to the "innate force or faculty of development," a "subtle force too potent to be disturbed by extraneous influences." This does not render the mystery much clearer. If he had lived fifty years ago he would have called it a "*fluid*." Nowadays anything we do not understand is a force, excepting when it is a "*vibration*."

DR. FARRAR, the author of the "Life of Christ," is at work upon a book of a similar nature treating upon the History of the Church in the Apostolic times. The "Life of Christ" was a most successful book. It was written with a scholarly adherence to the authorities extant, and pervaded by the local coloring which travel in the holy land alone can give. Most of the other lives, like Renan's and Beecher's, were written from out of the inner consciousness of their authors.

MISS HELEN TAYLOR, step-daughter of John Stuart Mill, has been returned by a large majority to the London School Board, in spite of great efforts made by the High Church clergy and other advocates of religious education as opposed to secular. Her friends gave her a public dinner, at which Sir Geo. Campbell, M. P., presided. Female suffrage was advocated by some of the speakers, and

Miss Taylor's election was hailed as an indication of the coming millennium, when men shall be put in their proper position of ostensible as well as practical subjugation.

If the Inquisition had burned Galileo without giving reasons, it would have saved the Roman Church much trouble. Mr. Sedley Taylor is taking up the whole matter anew in the Academy. In fact the Holy Office took a deal of pains in the matter. Galileo's theories were put into the form of two propositions:

1.—The sun is the centre of the world and altogether stationary.

2.—The earth is not the centre of the world nor stationary, but moves bodily with a diurnal motion.

These propositions were laid before the most learned theologians of the time, and were pronounced "false and absurd in philosophy and formally heretical." It was bad enough for such learned doctors to get astray in philosophy and theology, but the Roman authorities seem to have neglected to serve Galileo with an injunction and then to have punished him for contempt of court, which is much the same as to condemn a man without serving him with a writ.

THE third series of "The Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers" has just appeared. It is edited from original papers from the archives of Stonyhurst and Ascott, by a Jesuit priest, and exhibits a state of affairs in England, in the sixteenth century, not very creditable to our Protestant forefathers. The only palliation for these persecutions is the fact that the Pope, by his bull of excommunication and dethronement of Elizabeth, did his best to make Catholics rebel, by absolving them from their allegiance. The English Catholics were better Christians than the Pope.

MAJOR LEVESON, better known as the "Old Shekarry," died in 1875. After serving in India and through the Crimean War—where he volunteered for two assaults, and was present at Inkermann—after serving Garibaldi in Italy, and after killing, at various times, 876 bull elephants, besides lions and tigers innumerable, without receiving a scratch, he was shot in the head by a negro in a skirmish in Western Africa. The iron bullet defied the best surgical skill to extract it. But the vigorous constitution of Leveson bore up against the injury through ten years of pain. The latest production of his pen has just been published in 2 vols. 8vo., under the title of "Sport in Many Lands."

THAT "*Cruz*" of philologists, the Basque language, has occupied the pen of the Rev. Wentworth Webster. He has collected the legends of this singular people, and finds the old fairy stories and myths of the Aryan race, common also to them. It is curious and interesting to know that the ancient Iberians used to amuse their children with such stories as "Cinderella" and "William Tell," the names only being different.

THE Autobiography of Harriet Martineau, is nearly ready for publication.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Many questions arise in the mind of the inexperienced writer who wishes to place his thoughts before the world—questions concerning paper and ink; questions concerning folding and wrapping; questions concerning addressing and posting; and, more serious still, questions concerning subject and style. In the hope of assisting the young writers who contribute to THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY to come to correct conclusions, we will devote a little space to this important subject.

To take up first the questions with regard to form, we wish to say that legibility is of the first importance. That a manuscript may be easily read, it is desirable that the paper should be white and firm in texture, that the ink should be black, and that the letters should each be well-formed and unmistakable. Poor paper and watered ink are distressing alike to the reader and the printer. The paper should, of course, be written on one side only, and if the article is of any length, the sheets should be fastened together at one corner in sets of convenient size. In writing proper names, quotations, or unusual expressions of any kind, it is important to make each letter as distinct as if it were printed. It is wise before mailing an article to read it over carefully, with the special intention of finding whether there are any words in it which are so carelessly written as to mislead the printer, or it is not impossible that you may find your best points spoiled. In poetry it is especially necessary to write plainly, as the whole piece may be condemned on account of one word being mistaken for another. In preparing the ms. for the mail no letter or other communication for the publishers should be inclosed with it, as that subjects it to letter postage, but it

should be placed inside a wrapper, with the ends left open, when the rate will be but the trifling one charged for book post. Each ms. should be accompanied by a letter sent separately, and each letter should be dated and give the name and address in full, with the name of the article or story sent at the same time, and also the *nom de plume*, if any be used. The name and address of the writer should also be given on the ms., that there may be no room for any mistake. Difficulties and complications often arise from neglect of these simple rules, as an illustration will show. Among a dozen mss. lying open for consideration at one time, there will be a story by "Flora," a poem by "Daisy," an essay without any signature, and a sketch by X. Y. Z. Of the letters accompanying these, perhaps not one mentions either title or *nom de plume*, or even indicates whether the paper sent be prose or poetry; how, then, is it possible for the editor to make sure which contribution is referred to in any one letter? With regard to addresses, too, it is very common for writers to take for granted that because they have received one or more letters from the publishers their address need not be repeated, and thus a tiresome search among files of letters or old memoranda is made necessary. Another mistake is to complicate matters by putting inquiries or statements intended for the publishing office into letters addressed to the editor. This almost inevitably produces delay, as the whole letter cannot be answered by any one person. The true way is to write about each matter on a separate sheet, so that it can be attended to in the department to which it belongs, and then filed for reference. If the letter which accom-

panied each MS. treated of that and nothing else, it would, as a general thing, greatly expedite the sending off of the answer. Mss. left by the writers at the office of publication should invariably be accompanied by a letter, containing name and address, so that the writer may be communicated with as soon as the decision is arrived at.

Having disposed of the principal questions likely to arise concerning form, we turn to points of matter and style. As to matter, the ordinary mistake of young writers is to attempt to produce something like the school "compositions" by which they gained applause in their younger days; and abstract essays on "Spring," "Happiness," and such-like subjects are the result. These are of absolutely no value. It is, however, easier to say what not to write about than to indicate subjects. The writer is by far the best judge of topics. People who can write on *any* subject, are not those most likely to be successful. Some subject in which the writer is specially interested, or of which he knows more than other people, is likely to be the thing of which he can treat to most advantage. With regard to stories, again, it is a little difficult to specify exactly what is required, but we may say this, that if there be nothing in a tale which is calculated to make its readers either wiser or better in some one respect or another, that tale is not likely to suit us.

The style should be simple and clear, sentences should be short, and the paragraphs carefully marked. Quotation marks and other points should not be neglected, and the MS. should not be mailed until it is as perfect as the writer knows how to make it. It is astonishing how careless many writers are in these matters. The editor is frequently invited to "correct all mistakes," or the thoughtless assertion is made, "If this is accepted, I will do much better next time." In serial

stories the reader will be surprised to learn that it is rare for the writer not to change his or her mind with regard to the names of the personages in the course of the tale. The "Arthur" of the first chapter becomes "Alfred" by the tenth, or perhaps the names are used interchangeably throughout. A careful reading of the MS., would avoid this curious error. With regard to *noms de plume*, there is of course wide room for the exercise of taste, but it may not be out of place to hint that such names as "Daisy" and "Flora," before alluded to, are slightly undignified, and lead the reader to expect a second rate, or school-girl production. On the other hand, initials, especially if fancy ones, hardly distinguish a writer satisfactorily, and anonymous productions lose the advantage they might gain from being known to be from the pen of some writer whose former papers have pleased the reader.

An important question, especially with young writers, is "How soon after mailing my MS. may I expect an answer?" If very inexperienced, the writer allows one day for the important packet to reach the editor, another for it to be read, and another for the answer to come, and if the latter does not arrive on time, he rushes to the conclusion that the paper is lost, or watches the mails until sick with hope deferred. Others will allow a week or ten days to elapse before writing a second time, and we may say, in passing, that it is no harm to write to know if the MS. has arrived safely, as instances have been known, though rarely, of papers being lost in the transit. The experienced contributor is, however, prepared to wait a month or six weeks for his answer, without impatience. So many things are to be taken into consideration in preparing the monthly bill of fare for the magazine readers, that it is often impossible for the editor to decide speedily which papers can or cannot be made available, and after the letter

containing the decision is written, various delays may occur before it is mailed, especially if it is to contain a remittance. This suggests, further, that it is important for lady writers to give christian name or initials in full, as unless this is done it is impossible to make out a post office order in their favor. This will explain some recent delays which must have seemed unaccountable to the authors.

After an article is accepted, quite a number of months may elapse before it

is printed. Indeed, if it is too late for the month for which it is specially adapted, a year will probably elapse before it appears. In any case it can hardly appear for three months, as numbers are made up long before the date of publication, and various reasons may prevent its appearance for a while longer. Articles intended for a special season should, if possible, be sent in three months previously, that arrangements may be made for their due appearance.

Chess.

SOME CHESS OPENINGS.

THE KING'S KNIGHT'S OPENING.

WHITE.

BLACK.

- 1 P. to K's 4th. 1 P. to K's 4th.
2 K's Kt. to B's 3rd.

Staunton's Handbook says of this opening, whose name is obtained from White's second move, that it is "one of the most popular and instructive of all the various methods of commencing the game. The Kt., it will be observed, at once attacks the adverse Pawn, and the defence recommended by the leading authors of Europe, is for Black to reply 2. Q's Kt. to B's 3rd." The same authority gives the specific appellations to the most important varieties of attack and defence, included under the general denomination of the King's Knight's opening as follows.

• THE DAMIANO GAMBIT :—

1. P. to K's 4th. 2. K. Kt. to B's 3rd.
P. to K's 4th. P. to K. B's 3rd.

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE :—

1. P. to K's 4th. 2. K. Kt. to B's 3rd.
P. to K's 4th. P. to Q's 3rd.

PETROFF'S DEFENCE :—

1. P. to K's 4th. 2. K. Kt. to B's 3rd.
P. to K's 4th. P. to K. B's 3rd.

THE COUNTER GAMBIT IN THE KNIGHT'S OPENING :—

1. P. to K's 4th. 2. K. Kt. to B's 3rd.
P. to K's 4th. P. to K. B's 4th.

THE GIUOCO PIANO :—

2. K. Kt. to B's 3rd. 3. K. B. to Q. B's 4th.
Q. Kt. to B's 3rd. K. B. to Q. B's 4th.

CAPTAIN EVANS' GAMBIT :—

2. K. Kt. to B's 3rd. 3. K. B. to Q. B's 4th.
Q. Kt. to B's 3rd. K. B. to Q. B's 4th.
4. P. to Q. K's 4th.

THE TWO KNIGHTS' DEFENCE.

2. K. Kt. to B's 3rd. 3. K. B. to Q. B's 4th.
Q. Kt. to B's 3rd. K. Kt. to B's 3rd.

THE KNIGHT'S GAME OF RUY LOPEZ :

2. K. Kt. to B's 3rd. 3. K. B. to Q. Kt's 5th.
Q. Kt. to B's 3rd.

THE QUEEN'S PAWN'S GAME, OR SCOTCH GAMBIT :—

2. K. Kt. to B's 3rd. 3. P. to Q's 4th.
Q. Kt. to B's 3rd.

THE QUEEN'S BISHOP'S PAWN'S GAME IN THE KNIGHT'S OPENING :—

2. K. Kt. to B's 3rd. 3. P. to Q. B's 3rd.
Q. Kt. to B's 3rd.

Of the different openings specified, perhaps the best is that termed the "Giuoco Piano," which results in many beautiful and instructive games. The following is one played between Mr. Horwitz and Mr. Staunton.

WHITE. (Mr. H.)

BLACK (Mr. S.)

1. P. to K's 4th. 1. P. to K's 4th.
2. K. Kt. to B's 3rd. 2. Q. Kt. to B's 3rd.
3. K. B. to Q. B's 4th. 3. K. B. to Q. B's 4th.
4. P. to Q. B's 3rd. 4. K. Kt. to B's 3rd.
5. P. to Q's 4th. 5. P. takes P.
6. P. to K's 5th. 6. P. to Q's 4th.
7. K. B. to Q. Kt.'s 5th 7. K. Kt. to K's 5th.
8. P. takes P. 8. B. to Q. Kt's 3rd.
9. Castles. 9. Castles.
10. P. to K. R's 3rd. 10. P. to K. B's 3rd.
11. Q. Kt. to B's 3rd. 11. P. takes K. P.
12. B. takes Kt. 12. P. takes B.
13. K. Kt takes P. 13. Q. B. to Q. R's 3rd.
14. Q. Kt. to K's 2nd. 14. P. to Q. B's 4th.
15. B. to K's 3rd. 15. P. takes P.
16. B. takes P 16. B. takes Kt.
17. Q. takes B. 17. B. takes B.
18. Kt to Q. B's 6th. 18. Q. to K. B's 3rd.
19. Kt. takes B. 19. Q takes Kt.
20. Q. R. to Q's square. 20. Q. to her B's 4th.
21. Q. R. to Q. B's square. 21. Q. to her Kt's 3rd.
22. P. to Q. Kt.'s 3rd. 22. Kt. to K. Kt.'s 6th.
23. Q. to her 3rd. 23. Kt. takes K. R.

And after a few moves, White surrenders.



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TERRIBLY SARCASTIC FATHER:—" Now, I must bid you good-night, Mr. JOHN, for I have an engagement. But say, why don't you stop and take breakfast with us some mbrning; you always go away *an hour or two before it is ready.*"
—*Harper's Weekly.*

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

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The following is the list, subject to correction, of the prize winners in the competition ending January 15th, last:—

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1. J. Crichton, Que.....	\$152.40	\$50
2. R. Phillips, O.....	123.55	40
3. C. H. Sparrow, O.....	103.55	30
4. D. W. Morrison, Q.....	81.67	20
5. C. W. Butt, Q.....	72.44	15
6. W. N. Mogle, N.B.....	60.10	10
7. A. Amos, Ont.....	55.60	5
8. W. Gray, O.....	53.11	5
9. P. Ewing, O.....	46.89	5
10. Mrs. R. Johnston, O.....	45.70	5
11. A. Martin, O.....	44.35	5
12. Peter McMillan, O.....	37.00	5

This list will be open for correction for a few days only, when the prizes will be sent to the successful competitors.

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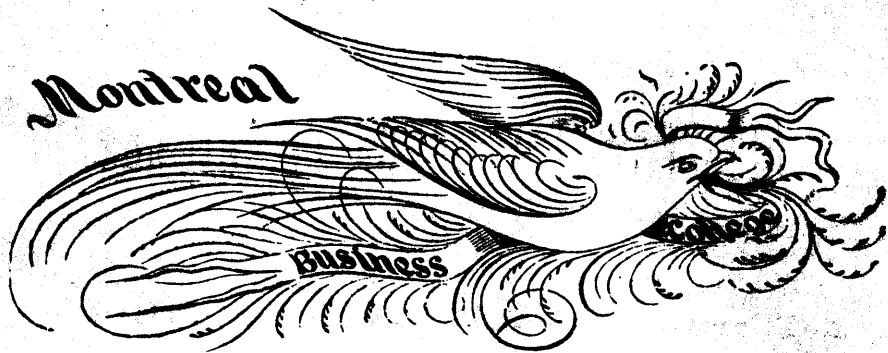
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