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# THE

# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY

# FOR 1873.

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## PART II.—JULY TO DECEMBER.

Montreal:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
218 AND 220 ST. JAMES STREET.

1873.

PRICE: ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM

# INDEX TO PART II. FOR 1873.

# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

JULY, 1873.

## JOHN KANACK'S EXPERIENCES.

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

### PIONEERS.

There are people who are naturally pioneers, and can never be much else; and it is difficult to see how a new country could do without them. They "squat," and claim pre-emption rights; they "take up" good lots, and make a beginning on them; they seem on the highway to independence and substantial wealth. But a restless longing comes over them—they are "crowded;" too many neighbors come, game, fish, and wild fruits are farther to search for,—and most of all, some one comes with ready money to buy out their improvements, and then the pioneer succumbs. He pushes back into some newer settlement, or even in advance of it, and repeats his former experience.

John Crow was by nature a pioneer of this kind. He was born and bred in the woods, for his father was a pioneer before him. But what was forest then was an old settlement when I first knew him. How to net suckers and spear mullets, how to track bears and "tree" racoons, to catch foxes and minks, to find sassafras or slippery elm, to know where were the best plums and fox-grape, or to find a good "shingle pine" without seeing the blaze that made him a trespasser—these and many other accomplishments of a similar kind, marked him as an ingrained backwoodsman. Following the bent of his nature and training, he had no sooner married, than, to use his own expression, "he took his wife under his arm, and with nothing but his axe, went back into the bush." Where he pitched his tent, was, as far as he had any information, fifteen miles from the nearest settler. To many men, this fifteen miles of monotonous and trackless bush would have been so disheartening, as to compel their coming into civilization again. But Crow had not overlooked the matter of an outlet for himself. He squatted at the forks of a pretty little river, from whence he had, with two or three portages only, canoe navigation down to "the settlements." There was pine on what he called his "lot," and on the unsurveyed hills around, and a good mill-privilege on one of the forks close by his shanty. The river that gave him a slow but easy communication with the outer world by canoe in summer, also made a level, though very tortuous, sleigh-road in winter. I asked him how much he cleared on his lot. He was obliged to confess he had stopped when twenty acres were under cultivation. "You see," he replied, "there was no right market for anything we raised, and there was no use in growing stuff just to give away." But there were two facts far more potent than the one he mentioned. One was that a pioneer's aim is not to raise a large quantity of wheat, or of anything else, and he was a pioneer; and the other fact was that a tavern was opened only a mile or two away after the township had been surveyed, and John Crow fell into the snare he was

ill suited to resist. When neighbors at last came and settled round him, he began to talk and feel, as backwoodsmen always talk and feel, about "not having elbow room," and about "folks getting *stuck up*," and thought he would be obliged to "go back" further. But when at last he sold out, he came back to the vicinity ot his native place instead of going further into the woods, and there it was I found him.

It was much better for his family. His girls, with wild facesand unkempt hair, flying over fences like deer, and harrying every berry patch within three miles, were still not altogether out of the reach of civilizing and refining influences. They could not altogether escape the influence of the Common School; for one and then another would find her way for a short space between berry-time and nut-time to the school. And in the universal and ever-continued scarcity of domestic help of all kinds, one of them would be sure to be at some neighbors helping, or keeping baby.

The question whether a woman will rise in the social scale or not, depends on whom she marries. If he rises she will rise with him; if he sinks, she can scarcely otherwise than sink with him. If Jenny Crow had married an industrious and high-principled man, she might have adorned and benefited society. But she had never had a good house to take care of, and had never become a tidy housekeeper. She had never either had books or papers to read, or an intelligent man to converse with, and had obtained no amount of general information. She never had been mistress of a house to which she felt she could invite anyone, and so was never invited elsewhere herself. I have seen women, far more capable than she, hopelessly dwarfed for life by being tied to a husband who had as little growth or improvement in him as a dry stick. Such a one may strnggle for a time; but the fatal lethargic influence around her is too much at last, and she sinks down, with only an occasional burst of the old energy, into the stranded wreck we see. A wreck all the more sad, as we see no outward evidence of unseaworthiness; only we shake our heads at the thought of a ship ever sailing again, after so long rotting on the beach.

To get a pioneer "out of notion" of buckwheat as a crop, or planting potatoes in hills, would be like turning the sun backward. I have seen them, when in the process of events they had ceased to be really pioneers, by their farms becoming well cleared-up and smooth, still planting potatoes in "hills"; but planting them with such precise rule that they could set them up both lengthwise and crosswise with the plow. Ofcourse by leaving them in drills they could have double the crop; but then they began with *hills*, when the hoe only could be used among the stumps; and it was hills still. But a pioneer can always be distinguished by a patch of buckwheat. To "pay in buckwheat straw" is a proverb quite current elsewhere than among the class of whom it is truest; but it nearly touches the pioneer in a tender spot to be popular with him. Your true John Crow likes to come with his bushel and a half of buckwheat to the mill just in the middle of a gristing day, and have his *grist* sandwiched between two good samples of fall wheat. He thinks the half bushel that the mill always has in its throat, will help all the better to make his cakes palatable; being none the worse for a little admixture of flour. The neighbors said that Jenny Crow and three of her girls stood at the corners of the big flat-topped Vannorman stove when the buckwheat cakes were baking, and, all lifting at once, would flop over on the other side a cake nearly as big as an Indian blanket! But when I got older, I had grave doubts about the truth of this blanket-tossing; the parabolic curves necessary to effect it were too intricate!

There is a peculiar handiness about buckwheat, as a crop, that will always be in its favor; especially with hand-to-mouth farmers. It may be sown when it is quite too late for other crops. Any time in June will do; and late is better than early. A neighbor amused me much by telling how he startled an old man in June, 1812. He had learned at "the village" that war was declared; and was tearing along the road as fast as his legs could carry him, to take the news home. Seeing the old man

engaged in a field as he passed, he shouted over the fence, "The 'Mericans has declared war!" The old man dropped his seed-bag, and held up his hands in astonishment. "What do they mean," he exclaimed, "by declarin" war just now, when everybody is busy sowin' their *buckwheat!*"

Two other marks of the backwoods pioneer Crow had in perfection. He believed in all kinds of charms and signs; and he was full of homely proverbs. He knew what kind of a little black spider it was that was a sure cure for ague; and he could take a forked hazel switch, and, stalking over a farm, point out exactly where water could be found. In his skilful hands, the fork of the inanimate twig would irresistibly bend toward the hidden stream! And as to beginning a new enterprise on *Friday*. Such a thing was not to be thought of. And the moon! "Whoever has the *hang* o' the *moon*," said Crow, "knows a good many things that'll be useful to him all his life; and when you *know* somethin', you *have* somethin'; and it is just as easy to fill your head as to fill your stomach, and it lasts a good deal longer!"

Our folks did not like the Crows; and John did not come often, but when he came to borrow. Now it may be easily thought by the uninitiated that a man could not get much "the better" of you in borrowing; that if you found he did not bring back the thing he had already borrowed, just "shut down the gates on him," and deny him! But what would you do with a man who wanted to "borrow your name" on a note of two dollars he was going to be sued for? Or wanted to borrow a fine shirt to wear on a "visit?" and afterward told you "that shirt was kinder *tender*, and come apart a good deal in the wash." Or would send to borrow a pair of woollen socks; and instead of returning them (!) let you understand they had got "some considerable holes in them, and Jenny hadn't any of the right yarn." Or how would you either refuse, or get any return for "a drawin' of tea"—or, "a few nails," or "a board to nail on a hole in the roof, till he could get time to make some shingles?" Or when his children came to *borrow* "a mess of red currants," and wanted to know if you would take raspberries for them? when you knew the last wild raspberries were gone—or when they wanted to borrow a little of that sheep you killed last night; "and pa wants to know if you'd take the *vally* of it in dried meat out of the Store?" how were you going to protect yourself? The fact was, if he was a neighbor at all—and he was, and a kind-hearted one—you had to put up with all this. John was really a liberal man, especially in respect of future or contingent things. Once he was helping us to mow away wheat in the barn I had often thought what a fine thing it would be to have that big mow full of wheat-sheaves all my own! Perhaps that day I had said so—I don't know, but John began wishing he had the same mow full of *gold*. "And what would you do with it?" I asked. "Well," said he, "I know what I'd do with some of it; I'd give you half a bushel of it!" I thought at the time it was very liberal—half a bushel of gold—it would buy a farm. But I thought again, it was not much among the thousand millions whence it came! I do believe he spent much of his time in dreaming. And I do not doubt but that his dreams, gay and fantastic as might be some of their colors, were largely tinged with sombre shades. It is a serious thing for a man to have lived the chief part of his days and done nothing. To have the higher aims of his early youth flitting from him now so far that he feels he has indeed given up the pursuit. The world has done nothing for him; it never does for those who do not order it about and drive it—and as for Eternity, how dark it seems to a man who has never begun to live for it!

Meanwhile Montgomery was growing. Not only in height and strength, but in judgment and intelligence. We cannot always judge of a boy by the father he has. If there was something of moral worth or stability in the original stock, it is very likely to assert itself in the child, notwithstanding any lapsing into vice or idleness on the part of the father. And if the man, no matter how reformed now, was naturally worthless, his son will be

certain to show the old inherent vices. All this, when I afterward came to think of it, made me wish that Crow might still become a useful and happy man; for, judging by his son, there surely had been something of moral stability in him, as implanted by nature; but I had to confess he had fallen far and much.

The prohibition of intercourse did not extend to the boy. I could make as much of him as I chose, and though I was older, the difference was more than made up in the delight it afforded me of being a teacher. Next to the delight of having some one to answer your questions, is that of having some one to whom you may give answers. Montgomery began where boys often begin, when they get some one to reply to their questionings. He asked wistfully about solemn things of most tremendous import, till I would look round before I answered, afraid to give voice to such awful truths. The first thing he really learned of me, by way of a general principle universally applicable, and therefore worth a thousand isolated truths, was something I myself had learned not long before, and therefore it occupied a large space in my mind—that no man has all wisdom, and every man may be asked questions he cannot answer. Our first belief is wrong, that our parents know everything; our second error is as bad as the first, that we ourselves know everything. In this game of enquiry, as in other games, the third time is right, that *nobody knows everything!* In this game of question and answer, the teacher learns as much as the scholar, for the questions that reach him, suggest trains of thought he never took up before; and like many other teachers, whether in school or elsewhere, he has to study hard to keep ahead of his pupil. In fact, we both got into the way of asking "Why?" about everything, and putting that one word of interrogation has been a mine of wealth to me since. Whether the mediæval wiseacre who first invented the interrogation mark meant to copy a shepherd's crook, I don't know; but just as a hooked stick may be used to bring creatures and things to us that would be otherwise out of our reach, so with this little hook (?); whether it be in our writing, speech, or thought, we can bring a great many things near us.

The pleasant thing outside this asking and seeking, and yet connected with it, was that the father became interested in our juvenile discussions, and gradually seemed to awaken, if not to new thoughts, at least to new aspirations. He sometimes came in with startling questions. Once he said quite suddenly, "Boys, would you like to change places with me? I would with you!" We both looked at him in surprise, scarcely knowing what to say; in fact we had just been wishing we were *men*, and not boys. But then to take his place! no, we felt we could not risk that. Our idea of manhood was a character so perfect that we could not possibly have enemies, for everybody would love us; a fame so great that all the world would know us; with cares so light that neither head nor heart should ever ache; and happiness and success waiting upon us at every turn, and dropping flowers upon us. It seems strange to me, now, that I never thought how it was that if such things were attainable, none seemed to attain them. But all sides of a question are never seen by the young mind, only the sunny sides. Crow said he would like to be a boy again, and he would try and be a good boy. "And," said he, "I would'nt drink, nor smoke, nor swear (I don't now, only when something provokes me mad), and I wo uld'nt go shootin' on Sundays, nor to horse-races any day, and I'd go to school, and I'd read books, and I'd stay at home o' nights, and I'd be better to my poor old mother, and I'd try and remember God." Montgomery looked unutterable things—had his father really forgotten all these? The father went silently away, and then the boy, with a white face and eloquent eyes, asked me if I thought there was anything of all this his father could do even now. "Yes, everything except two: to go to school, for it is too late for that I suppose, and to do better for his poor mother, for she is dead." "Well," said Montgomery, "I'm his only son, and he often says, 'every crow thinks its own bird whitest,' and I'm 'his white-headed boy,' and after the confession he has made to-night, and he says, 'An honest confession is good for

the soul,' I think he would not be angry with me if I not only try to be good myself, but try to get him to be good too. But as he says again, 'Birds of a feather flock together,' and as long as he has no work to do, he will go to the tavern. Has anybody round here a small farm to rent, where it would not need much money to make a start?"

A man who wants to rent a farm in Canada will always find one, and no sooner had Montgomery persuaded his father to take a place, than plenty were to be found. There are always old farmers ready "to retire," though most of them regret it afterwards, and there are always little queer out of the way places that can be rented cheaply. One of these latter John Crow got. It was such a queer place, with such a queer house perched on a "hog-back" ridge, that it was little wonder somebody bestowed the name of "Crow's nest" on it, which it bears to this day. The sharp "hog-back" ridge descended easterly. On the south of the ridge lay a considerable flat of excellent land, very much overgrown with thistles. On the north side, a similar flat of a little higher level. The western boundary was a good piece of maple and elm bush. The farm consisted of but fifty acres, and there was no barn, only an old skeleton of a driving-house, and no fences worth speaking of; no wonder he got it low. And he knew enough to take it at an unusually long lease, ten years, and thought no harm could come of having it inserted in the lease that he might purchase it at any time during the ten years at a certain price named.

The very looking for a farm brightened him up. He no longer seemed to be a mere "stowaway" on board the ship of the world, but one of the crew, having his work to do, and helping to navigate the vessel. I know how I felt myself when I first had an interest in a piece of land. It seemed to me that I had driven down my stake, and had a home now. And one thing Crow decided on wisely; I don't know whether it was from some one's suggestion, or by his own thought, but having a family of girls, he determined on not raising wheat, where they could not (without making themselves more masculine than even he could bear) help him; but resolved to raise all sorts of "garden sass" and fancy stuff, where his girls could find appropriate (if not congenial) work. In truth he was more forward in his part of the scheme than they were; for they were little trained to any kinds of steady work, and were not quite sure about "pa's farming."

So, as he had no rent at all to pay the first year (in consideration of his having to make some new fences), and had but little outlay, he managed to live, and still to get out in the fall a great number of black currant and other bushes, with asparagus and strawberry roots; and large beds of many kinds of herbs; with a very large number of rooted cuttings of good vines; and a variety of other things. And the girls began to be "broken in" to the lighter labor of the rake and the weeding-hoe; and John Crow was a happier man than he had ever been—which is not perhaps saying very much; yet happiness, like many other things, is largely a matter of comparison and imagination. It is a pity so volatile, and yet so plentiful a commodity, is not more largely possessed by all our neighbors and ourselves.

# GRAIGSE LEA AND ITS PEOPLE.

## CHAPTER X.

### MEDICAL PRACTICE.

"Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths
To steal away their brains."
*Shakespeare.*

"Doctor here?" enquired a man with foaming steed, and in a breathless tone, stopping at the Weston "Arms" just as twilight was deepening into dusk.

"Yes, sir," the smiling landlord answered; "anybody sick?"

Without heeding the question, the newcomer flung himself from his horse, tying him to the post, while one of the idlers at the door sprung in to warn the doctor, who, glass in hand, was delivering a very foolish speech to some of his cronies who were scarcely more sober than he, of the arrival of a man in haste wanting him.

"Tell him (hiccup) I will not be (hiccup) —be disturbed. I am on important business."

"He'll go to Dr. Fergus," suggested a bystander.

The suggestion had the anticipated effect. Straightening himself up, the doctor looked round with a ludicrous attempt at being dignified. "Shew him in," he said; "I can attend to my own business."

Buttoning up his coat closely and drawing on his cap, the doctor, putting some cloves in his mouth, went forward and stood leaning at the bar, just sufficiently conscious to know that any attempts at standing alone might result in failure. He had scarcely done so ere the stranger entered.

"Dr. Angus?" he said, questioningly and hurriedly. The doctor bowed his acknowledgment of the title, and the man went forward and gave in a very clear and lucid manner a statement of the symptoms of his son, who was dangerously ill, concluding by requesting the doctor to mount his horse, which was ready saddled at the door, and go in person.

"Bad case. Very sorry. Can't go. Case in the village I cannot leave, not for half an hour, sir. If you will go to my house and ask my wife to give you my case, I—I will have some powders mixed which will give instant relief when you come back. I will go myself in the morning."

The stranger went off, and having thus released himself from his eyes, the doctor relaxed some of his dignity amid the "Bravo doctor, beat Fergus yet!" of his companions and staggered rather than walked to a little grocery that was on the other side of the street. Winking to the shopman, he went to the end of the counter and asked him to put up for him a quarter of a pound of magnesia and a quarter of carbonate of soda, and to give him a sheet or two of brown wrapping paper. The shopman did as he was directed, and the doctor staggered back to his place at the bar-room table. With great precision he cut the brown wrapping paper into small squares with his finger, putting inside a few grains from both of his parcels, and folding them up as powders.

In answer to the queries of his companions, who were aware that his stock of physic was at its lowest ebb, he gave them some long Latin names as those of his ingredients. A straightening of the relaxed muscles of his face showed his consciousness of the return of the stranger.

"Very dangerous compounds," he said as he proceeded deliberately with his cutting, folding, and mixing; "must be very careful."

"How are they to be administered?" asked the stranger, receiving about twenty of the powders from the hands of the doctor.

"One every two hours in a little warm milk" were the directions. "I will be there myself in the morning."

"What do you think is the matter?" asked the man, anxiously stooping forward.

"Scarlet fever," answered the doctor, authoritatively.

"Is there any danger, think you?"

"Not as much as there might be," answered the doctor with a growl. "Go about your business or the lad 'ill be dead ere you reach him."

Thus admonished, the man sprung to his horse, but ere the sound of the galloping feet died in the distance, the doctor, overcome by the unusual effort, was sound asleep.

Accustomed to this termination of his orgies, two of the innkeeper's sons dragged rather than carried him to an outhouse, where the carriers and pedlers who frequently stayed at the inn, slept, and tossing him into one of the beds left him there to sleep off his drunkenness. It was nearly noon ere he awoke on the succeeding day, with dizzy, confused brain and aching limbs. The engagement of the previous night and indeed its events were forgotten, and although reminded of it, he was in no state nor humor to fulfil it. It was fortunate for the doctor's reputation that the turn of the disease had been reached ere he was sent for. A strong constitution and nature unaided did the work which the confiding friends attributed to the powders. Two days thereafter the father returned to ask some more of those powders from the doctor, as they had already done so much good. This time the doctor was (a rare occurrence) sober, and did not choose again to risk the chance virtues of magnesia and soda. A purchase, or rather loan of some medicine from his more careful, practical medical brother, enabled him to send a compound which was more likely to benefit.

But not so fortunate was he always in his carelessness. The providential discovery of the contents of a vial which he had sent to a patient as castor oil, but which in reality was laudanum, while it saved his patient's life, rent his already tattered reputation fearfully. *Delirium tremens* seized upon its victim. In his frenzies it was unsafe to approach him, unless he were securely tied. He made several attempts at his own life and that of his wife and children, and recovered from one attack to be only a drivelling, palsied idiot. His wife, who had pawned everything that was valuable in the house, at last sold her own clothes and his and those of their children to gratify her fearful appetite, and finally, in despair at her condition, put an end to her miserable existence. The poor idiot and his children became inmates of the poor-house. The appetite which had ruined him did not desert him when it had ruined him. He would watch at the little grated window to see if he could see any of his old acquaintances, when he would beg from them most piteously, even going on his knees to ask them, to procure him a glass of gin. A most miserable wreck was he with his bloated blue face, his idiotic sunken eyes, his feeble crouching gait, his trembling, palsied limbs.

But the Weston bar was as much thronged, its landlord was as smiling, his daughters as gay and h earty as when he had been amongst them evoking smiles by his ready wit.

James Forbes in his family had not escaped the curse which seems to follow the liquor traffic. The bleared and watery eyes, crimson, pimpled faces, of his oldest son, might have hinted at present and coming trouble from him; the bold, hardened faces of his daughters, so ready with the jest and repartee, were a painful contrast to the modest, pleasant looks they had worn when first they stood behind the bar. The domineering, hard-featured dame who stood with arms akimbo gaudily dressed, giving orders or watching her daughters—surely she could not be the bustling but kind-hearted wife who had borne James Forbes his children and reared them carefully to manhood and womanhood in the thatch-covered, cosy farmhouse, their previous home. The oldest daughter, Jane, was about to be married to a James Maxwell, a son of one of their old neighbors, who, through their influence, had become, if not yet a regular drunkard, on fair way to reach that conclusion. Had any one suggested to pretty Jeanie Forbes the possibility of her ever marrying a drunkard when first she came to Weston, she would have shrank in disgust from the idea, and would

have answered in the spirit if not in the language of Hazael.

"Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" But familiarity had bred indifference, and she could join the laugh which would be raised at her lover's expense when he was, as they expressed it, "half seas over."

Did they ever think, I wonder, these girls and their calculating, money-making parents, living in utter neglect of the outward forms of religion (James Forbes had found he could not serve God and mammon), how many ruined, degraded men might point the finger at them and say, "It was you that first taught me to love the intoxicating bowl. It was your lip that first urged it upon me." God keep us from having the souls of others to answer for!

Jeanie was married and left her father's house, but only for a season. James Maxwell, returning one moonlight night a few months after his marriage from Weston in company with James Forbes's oldest son, attempted to cross the river in a small boat. The passage was not with the smallest care dangerous (a woman was the usual ferryman); but the young men were intoxicated. Whether they had quarrelled, and by scuffling upset the boat or not, could never be ascertained. The empty boat was found next morning a mile or two below where they had crossed, wafted down by the stream. It was a month before the bodies were recovered. They had in all probability with angry words on their lips, bitter feelings in their hearts, degraded almost to the level of brutes by their own appetites, gone unprepared to answer for the deeds done in the body.

But James Forbes drew out corks and bungs, poured out glasses as heretofore, counted his pennies and pounds, and in all respects seemed the man he was. Affliction brings God's children nearer Him, but drives the perverse but further on the downward way.

Jeanie Maxwell again took her place behind her father's bar, and ere many months had passed bantered as freely, laughed as loudly as ever. The rest smiled as sweetly, proffered glasses as temptingly, read novels as untiringly on Sabbaths as ever.

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## Chapter XI.

### SKATING.

"In my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood."
—*Shakespeare.*

The air was cold, bitterly so. A fall of snow had been followed by a very severe frost, which turned every puddle into dry if slippery footing, and had cast a glassy mantle over Duddingstone Loch. The students had found time from their studies to watch the thickening process going on so silently under the clear sky, and prophesied that unless a rapid thaw came, the loch would be perfectly safe by Saturday. Those who had skates already, hunted them up and put them in working order; and those who had not, found plenty inviting their acceptance at the shop doors and windows. The baker's and confectioner's windows promised almost unlimited supplies of good things of every description, and the dry goods establishments and toy shops invitingly displayed "Christmas novelties" and "Gifts for the season," within the reach of every purse, and suited to the gratification of every taste. Mistletoe branches and scarlet-berried holly presided in the fruiterer's windows over oranges, figs, almonds, etc. Edinburgh had certainly donned her holiday attire. Students whose means permitted them to visit friends saw visions of happy gatherings by the fireside, cracking nuts and eating apples and shortbread, more precious to them than the display before them; saw in imagination the Christmas table groaning under its roast beef and turkey, plum pudding and mince pie, or it might be looked forward to a "haggis" and oat cake. Whatever was expected they were cheerful faces that crowded the depots of the Edinburgh and Perth, Edinburgh and Glasgow, etc., railways; while poor students, who had no homes to go to, or who could not afford the expense, looked longingly at the tempting windows, as in threadbare coats they walked swiftly along, determined to make up in out-door exercise, should the

weather continue propitious, what social pleasures their back room on the third story denied them; others again looked to the holidays as so much time to study to catch up with or get ahead of their class; while those who resided in the city had the prospect of enjoying all pleasures combined, happy Christmas gatherings in the evenings and abundance of out-door bracing exercise in the day-time.

Saturday came without a thaw, clear, bracing and frosty, and while it was yet early, old Duddingstone was covered by troops of skaters eager for their favorite amusement. It were laughable to describe the attempts of unskilled performers to be daring and easy in their most ridiculous discomfiture, their unavailing attempts to get on their legs again after being down, or the anxiety with which they shunned the vicinage of skilful skaters, who took a malicious pleasure in bearing down upon them. But we have not time. Among the earliest arrivals was Grahame Drummond, with a circle of his college chums, who were "swells" in their way. Their rapid evolutions, their curvetting and turning, their fine bearing and high spirits, often called forth a buzz of applause. Foremost and fastest was Grahame, on whom, with his open, frank, manly face, lighted with the glow of health and enjoyment, his dark chestnut curls lifted off his neck by the breeze, broad-chested and firmly knit, few could look without a feeling of admiration and love. Alfred Hamilton and Maude and Robert were there, the first and last among the skaters. Maude was accompanied by her aunt and a young timid girl, a friend of hers from St. Andrews, who would scarce venture on the ice.

The ladies walked round thoroughly enjoying the sport, occasionally joined by Robert, who, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes for the fiftieth time pronounced the day "glorious" and the fun "jolly." Mr. Hamilton mingled amid the throng of ladies and gentlemen that literally swarmed on the loch in the afternoon, graceful and gentlemanly-looking, exchanging a nod here, throwing a sparkling *bon mot* there, but taking care never to be long out of sight of his ladies. A burning, pleased flush swept over Maude's face and neck as Grahame, in passing near her, respectfully lifted his cap. Was it fancy, or did his face really reflect the blush? The sun had gone down red and fiery in the west ere Grahame and his companions thought of returning home.

"Let's go in and get something hot," suggested one of them as they passed a small public-house where "Ale, Wine and Spirits" were announced for sale.

"Yes, let us. 'Pon my honor I am almost froze. I shall not be able to do justice to the gov'nor's turkey unless my digestive organs undergo some process of calefaction," responded a fair-haired, stout fellow whose head and shoulders were at an angle of 45° from the rest of his body.

This remark meeting with a chorus of "Yes, yes; come along," the party entered the low door excepting Grahame.

"Hallo, Drummond, where are you going to?"

"Going home," responded Grahame cheerfully. "Mrs. Russel's dinner hour is six, and I have barely time to get there."

"Pshaw, you'll be time enough. We'll take the 'bus down. Come in."

"No. I do not drink liquors of any kind, and I do not wish to countenance drinking in others."

"Eh, that's it, is it? Gentlemen, stay a moment: allow me the pleasure of introducing Parson Drummond, Temperance Lecturer, just come from above or below, which is it? with new and startling revelations."

"I have the honor to wish you good evening, gentlemen," said Grahame, the high Drummond blood rushing through his veins at the contemptuous tone of his companions. Those who had entered the house came out to see the cause of delay, and several of them stepped forward and urged Drummond to stay with them if he would not partake.

"It certainly is shabby treatment of us," said Frank Clinton, a baronet's youngest son, "after spending such a pleasant day together to spoil it all at the close by being churlish."

"Let's hear your reasons, Drummond; that's the least you can do."

"Gentlemen, I have only to say," replied Drummond firmly, "that I am very sorry

to do anything which has even the appearance of discourtesy; but in this case I should violate my solemn pledge and disown my principles by joining you. That reason to gentlemen will be sufficient."

"Hear! hear! *encore!*" came sneeringly from the braggart who had taunted him before.

"If our principles are not good enough for Grahame Drummond, the paragon, we will take care that he be not contaminated by our evil example, and would prevent the recurrence of any further incivility to ourselves by releasing him from his engagements with us during the remainder of the holidays. What say you, gentlemen?"

"That it will be nothing more than is due both to him and ourselves," replied a friend and echo of the former speaker. The rest, with whom Grahame was a favorite, would have spoken for him, but some were too indolent; others were afraid of the sarcasms of Arnolds.

Drummond again bowed a haughty good evening, but was joined by Frank Clinton, who was indignant at the sneering tone and insulting manner in which Arnolds had ostracised his friend.

"Possibly General Arnolds will also excuse me from my engagements for the holidays, as I scarcely choose to submit even to his dictatorship," he said, proudly, as he turned away and joined Drummond. The rest of the party, considerably damped in spirit and enthusiasm, entered the saloon, the master of which had been watching the discussion from a window, though from the low tones in which it was carried on he could catch no words.

"I am sorry you came, Clinton, in one way, and in another I am glad," said Grahame, after they had proceeded some distance.

"Wherefore glad and wherefore sorry?"

"Sorry because your interference on my side will expose you to the hate and insult of Arnolds, who, braggart and bully though he be, has a great deal of influence over the fellows of our set, and who, in a thousand and one ways, without directly committing himself, may annoy you. Glad because I do not think that the moral and physical good which this day's skating has done you and all of us would by any means be increased by the vile compound and associations such a place as that would furnish."

"Well, I believe you are right. As for Arnolds, I care nothing for him. If he attempts to bully it over me as he can over those other fellows let him look out, that's all. But tell me, Drummond, I did not know you were a teetotaler."

"Neither I am in the common acceptation of the word,—that is to say I am not a member of any league or society. I have subscribed to no pledge."

"What pledge did you allude to, then, when you spoke that time? How your eye flashed!"

"A self-assumed pledge. Certain circumstances which I need not particularize more than to say that they occurred in our family, early impressed upon me the fearful tendency of indulging in the use of spirits to any degree, however limited, and especially the pernicious influence of the respectable drinking customs of society. I was a mere boy when the events to which I refer took place, but the impression they left on me is one which is daily getting stronger and stronger."

"But everybody drinks. How do you expect to live if you won't take wine?"

"I don't know that it is necessary for the support of the physical organs. I know that it destroys them most frequently."

"But in society I mean. Would it not be impolite to refuse to drink wine with a lady should she ask you?"

"I would not refuse; I would merely ask to be allowed to drink in water, just as you might without offence ask leave to take a favorite wine if the one she drank was unpalatable to you."

"But water is different. I should not like to brave the well-bred stares which such a request would cause at our table, but I am sure mother and father would be glad if you could bring Alf over to your way of thinking. I am really ashamed of him, he has such a dissipated look."

"I am afraid you can scarce expect him to relinquish an appetite which has become second nature to him as long as he sees you all at home, without any particular inclination for it, but merely out a dread to go against the rules the world has set

down, persist in using liquors when you know that they are leading him to ruin." Grahame spoke earnestly and gravely; he felt very much interested in Frank's brother. His fine manly character, his brilliant talents, recalled his own father as he had been pictured to him in his early career. He dreaded for him as fearful an end.

Frank walked thoughtfully by his side for a few minutes and then spoke.

"Do you really think that my abstaining might have any effect on Alf?"

"I do not say that it will. I think it might. It is surely worth while trying."

"I will think about it."

They had now reached the Canongate and further conversation was suspended as they stepped quickly through the poverty-stricken crowds that lined its streets or glided with shrivelled hungry look and tattered garments in and out of its "closes."

"By the by, Drummond," asked Clinton, as they stepped out of the omnibus that had taken them from the South bridge to within a few squares of their residences, "who was that beautiful girl you bowed to to-day in the loch?"

"A Miss Hamilton, daughter of Hamilton of —— Academy. You have heard of him."

"Oh yes, I have heard father and Alf often speak of the splendid articles he writes in the —— *Review*. She's very beautiful. Such eyes!—I was fairly dazzled when she lifted her long lashes. What color are they?"

"How should I know?" retorted Grahame a little impatiently; he was not well pleased that she had been noticed.

"Why, I thought you knew her. Her pale cheek became absolutely crimson when you saluted her."

"I should think it no wonder if you were watching her, your eyes expressing your thoughts."

"How bitter you are; I meant no offence, I assure you, but where did you get acquainted with her?"

"At Graigse Lea, Mr. Russel's place in the Highlands. Her father taught there before he came here, and I was a pupil of his."

"Well will you introduce me?"

"If Miss Hamilton is willing, certainly," returned Grahame with a little pique in his tone. He did not wait to account for the feeling which made him unwilling to introduce his friend. He only knew that he felt annoyed.

"Well I shall keep you to your promise first opportunity. *Au revoir.* We have just time to dress for dinner."

*(To be continued.)*

## THE "HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS."

BY ANNA SHIPTON.

Far upon a shining shore,
Where no noisy breakers roar,
Is my home—for evermore.

Earth's possessions lost their spell,
In the joy no tongue can tell,
When I bade the world farewell.

Bright the portion I shall share,
Fair the mansion! oh, how fair!
For my Father reigneth there.

As the wild waves wander by,
Let me check each rising sigh,
In my heart continually.

For I walk the swelling flood,
Washed in Jesus' precious blood,
And my home—my home with God!

Soul! bend meekly to thy cross,
Counting all earth's gain as loss,
And her fairest treasures dross

Bright and yet more clearly shine
Through the clouds, sweet home of mine,
Then no more shall I repine.

Jesus Christ has gone before,
Christ the Way, the Light, the Door,
I enter—and go out no more.

# HESTER'S ORDEAL.

BY MRS. R. ROTHWELL.

(*Concluded.*)

"Hester looked at them, puzzled. 'What are they?' she said; 'what does he give me money for?' I counted them over,—there was over sixty dollars in tens and fives. 'I'm glad he has so much to give you,' says I; but I felt kind o' sick, for I knew he hadn't that much money in the world, and the whole thing was queer. I looked at Hester, and I saw she didn't feel right, for the color was going out of her face. 'I think he's made a mistake, Mrs. Bourne,' she says, in a low voice. Then what does Jessie do but put in her word. 'Hester, what was he doing down to Story's to-night?' I could have bit my tongue out before I'd have spoke the words, though folks say 'tis a sharp one, and though the same thought was in my mind. Hester turned as white as a sheet, and just put up her two hands as if we'd offered to strike her; she did'nt say a word for a minute or two, and then she folded up the notes in the paper. 'I'll give it back in the morning,' she says; 'he's made a mistake, that's all;' and then she went off to bed, but it wasn't much sleep the poor thing got, for her room joined mine, and I heard her tossing and moaning for the little was left of the night.

"We'd just done breakfast the next morning, and Hester was setting by the dishes, when Tom Levin came in; I could'nt think there was anything wrong, he looked so cheerful and so well. 'Good morning, Mrs. Bourne,' says he to me; 'What did you think of the performance last night? Could you guess at any of us?' 'Well,' says I, 'I could a' made a guess at one, even if she hadn't left us a token to know her by; there's not many old women would tell a girl's fortune whose fortune's settled already.' So he laughed; 'I might have known you'd guess me,' he said, but just then Hester came out of the kitchen and took off his attention. 'Het,' says he, kissing her (they never minded me), 'I made a mistake last night in what I gave you. What was it?' 'I'm afraid you did, indeed, Tom,' says Hester, very grave, and a look as if she was going to faint coming over her face. 'There's no need to look so solemn,' says Tom; 'here's what I meant for you,' and he took out of his pocket a little collar with a ribbon to it, in a parcel just like the one he'd given her, and put it round her neck. 'Now what was it I gave you in mistake?' Hester did'nt answer, I doubt she could'nt speak; but she just looked up half a minute in his face and put the notes in his hand. You never seen a man turn such a color as he did when he saw the bills—not white, but a kind of dull yellow, like a corpse. 'My God, Hester!' says he, 'don't tell me I gave you these!' and his hand shook as if he'd had the ager. 'No more nonsense,' says I boldly, though I was as much frightened as any one. 'Tell us what you mean; don't you see Hester's scared out of her wits? What's the matter?' 'Do you mean to say you've not heard?' says he, and his voice sounded quite strange-like. 'Story forgot his cash-box in the store last night, and it was robbed, and them's the notes.'

"I don't know which of us felt the worst. I guess I looked pretty white, but Hester just gave a kind of a little cry and sank down on the chair with her eyes shut; I thought she was going to faint, but she did'nt. For a minute I really thought he'd stolen the notes, but Hester knew better. A woman's heart is a wonderful thing; you'll rarely find her take to loving a man that she knows to be bad, but when once she does love him it takes a deal to make her think him so, whatever others may do. So I was'nt a bit surprised when Hester

opened her eyes and smiled at Tom as sweetly as she ever did in her life. 'Tom, dear,' says she; she could'nt get any farther, but he seemed to know what was in her mind, and answered her as if she'd finished her speech. 'You're right, Hester; I never saw them bills, I'll swear, till you put them in my hand.' Then her face brightened up, and she seemed quite at ease—more than I was, I freely confess.

"Well, then, Tom told us all about it. It seems Story had had the cash-box down the day before to put in it the money for a quantity of furs he'd sold in the afternoon to a fur-trader, and that at the time there was a lot of men hanging about the store, Tom among them. I asked him who the others were, and he mentioned Nick Murphy, Jem Carter (the man he boarded with), and two or three more. It was just falling dusk at the time and there was a good deal to do. Nick was helping Story some, and went into the back shop for something some one wanted before the store was shut. Tom had bought Hester's collar off him and had it papered up just a minute or two before, and he came away leaving the others there.

"'But how did the notes get in your pocket!' said I. 'Was you in the store afterwards?'

"'Yes,' says he, 'that's the worst of it. I went down again for some matches and found the store locked, just as Hester did; while I was at the door listening I heard a noise in the yard and went round, and there was Nick Murphy sitting on a log, scraping an axe helve. "What brings you here?" says I. "Nothing particklar," says he. "I come down for this axe-helve I shaped out here to-day.' "Ain't you goin' round with us to-night?" I asked. "No," says he, "I've got something else to do." Just then we saw the back-door was ajar! "Golly!" says Nick, "let's go in and get a drink." It ain't often any one gets a treat at Story's expense." I thought he was joking, but when he said it again, I told him I'd just as soon rob the store at once; and it was then I heard Hester at the door and came round to her."

"'Then you left Nick Murphy in the yard?' said I. 'And how long did you stay with Hester? And did you go into the store again?'

"'Well, I suppose I stayed away ten minutes altogether, and when Hester went back I went to see what Nick was doing. The door was open, so I knew he'd gone in, and I followed him for fear he should get into mischief.'

"'You'd a deal better have minded your own business,' says I. 'I've always told you keeping company with that vagabond would bring you no good. But go on.'

"'Nick was in the front store getting a bit of sand-paper to rub his helve. "Nick," says I, "Story 'll have you up for robbing the store!" "Go to the —— says he; quite savage. "Ain't you here as well as me?" Then he turned civil all in a minute, and said, "Never mind, we'll go now; I'll pay Story for the paper to-morrow. Look here, you left your collar this afternoon," you see the parcel is just like mine, and I took it without thinking with my own in my pocket all the time, and we came out together and I went home. That's all I know about it.'

"'That's enough I hope, said I.' You're in as nice a fix as ever I heard of. Was that all the money was in the cash-box?'

"'Good land no,' says Tom; 'there was over three hundred in bills, besides silver.'

"'Well do you see how you've been tricked?' says I. 'Don't you see Nick got you in the store and gave you a share of the notes that they might be found on you while he got off safe with the rest? Do you suppose he'll confess to having been in the store last night as you do? He's safe now, and he's cute enough to keep so, you'll see.'

"'I'd better take these bills down at once to Story's and explain,' says Tom.

"Now this was just what he should'nt have done. You see there was something of a grudge between the two men; folks said Story had wanted Hester Soames very badly; I don't suppose he ever exactly asked her to break off with Tom, or even thought she would, but he let it be seen what he thought of her, and was angry enough that she wouldn't take the hint,

and was true to Tom who hadn't as many cents as he had dollars. It did'nt make him very sweet to Tom, though for that matter he never was over sweet to anybody, being a short-mannered, sour-tempered man, and if he was honest himself it was as much as he was. Well, I didn't want Tom to go to him; there's no doubt it was a lame story, though Hester and me believed it, and I knew the two men would quarrel over it as sure as they lived. Now a man can't quarrel easy with a woman, and first I proposed that Hester should go, but Tom wouldn't hear of it. "Hester shan't go for twice the money," says he. Then I offered, but the long and the short was that after a little more talk he marched off himself, as obstinate and as lofty as you please, leaving me full of fear for the consequences, and poor Hester crying her eyes out.

"Just what I expected happened. Story didn't believe Tom's account, and Tom got angry; Story grew savage, and accused Tom of stealing the whole and bringing back part as a blind; Tom called Story a blackguard, and dear knows what besides; and Story swore he'd have the law of Tom, and the next thing we heard was that Tom was taken up for having the bills unlawfully in his possession.

"I dare say you know better than me, sir, all that would have to be done in such a case, so there's no need for me to say all the fuss there was with examinations and witnesses and summonses, enough to turn anybody's brain. When it came out that Hester would have to be chief witness against Tom on the trial, I really thought she would have lost her senses; she never slept a wink nights, and a chitmunk would have starved on all she ate. If she had any hopes of Nick Murphy she soon lost them, for on the magistrate's examination he swore, and brought Jim Carter to swear, that he'd never left home after coming up from Story's the first time. Hester had'nt seen him, and of course Tom's account went for nothing, so there was nothing to do but commit Tom for trial.

"There was many people advised Hester to get out of the way before the trial, her own mother among them, who came home after a while. You look surprised, sir, but it's a thing that's been done before now, and in this neighborhood too, and there was many that would have kept Hester safe and snug if she'd have consented; but she's as honest as the light, is Hester, and wouldn't hear of it. 'I don't deny, Mrs. Bourne, she said to me, 'that its very hard, and it'll make me very miserable if I have to say anything against Tom and help to bring a sentence on him that I know he don't deserve; but it's best to face the truth, and speak it too. The truth may hurt us sometimes, but a lie can never do us any good. If I was to hide it might seem as if I thought Tom guilty myself, when God knows I believe he's as innocent as I am.' I could'n't say a word when she spoke so noble, though I'm not at all sure I could have done the same.

"Well the trial came on at Millburgh; I suppose it was all done right, but I don't understand such things, and it seemed a great confusion. Certainly the case was a pretty plain one against Tom as they made it out, but then, as I said, how could the jury know the truth? They heard just what Story's lawyer chose to tell them: they were all Millburgh men, who knew nothing beforehand of the ins and outs of the matter, or the characters of the parties concerned; if they had they'd have known better than to listen to Nick Murphy as carefully as to Hester Soames. That's the way—you can't always judge of the truth of things from outside facts; and as long as you have a jury of strangers you're not likely to get a fair verdict—in *my* opinion, and Mrs. Bourne looked defiantly in the fire and shook her head till her gold earrings twinkled, as she thus threw a doubt on the infallibility of that bulwark of liberty —trial by jury.

"As I was saying they made out a plain case against Tom; many a man's been hung on less evidence, and we soon saw how it would end. I don't suppose there was a soul in court didn't pity Hester; it was she had to speak to seeing Tom hanging about the store in the dusk and to receiving the notes from him, and she spoke the truth gravely and quietly, though you could see the words was like red-hot iron in her mouth; she didn't cry any, but she looked awful pale, except when

she first saw Tom in the dock, when her face turned a deep red for a minute. I don't know whether he expected she'd bring him off; he looked up at her quite cheerful at first, but when he found her evidence was all going against him he seemed to get kinder angry, and didn't look at her again. Nick Murphy and his friend swore to the same as they'd done before; them that knew them of course knew they were swearing false, but that didn't make the jury know it; and, to make a long story short, they found Tom guilty, and the judge gave him two years in the penitentiary; it would have been more they said but for the good character he had always borne (there was plenty to swear to that), and its being his first offence. *I* should have thought an untainted character would have been reason enough for not suspecting him, and believing his word; but it seems that's not the law.

"I was glad enough when it was over, and I could get Hester out of court. She wouldn't go further than the porch, however. 'I'll stop here,' says she, 'and see him as they bring him out.' I told her 'twas no use, for they wouldn't let her speak to him. 'We'll see,' says she, and I stayed, for I couldn't deny the poor thing that small comfort if she thought it one. Its a very inconvenient court-house at Millburgh; all the prisoners have to go in and out by the same door as everyone else, and though they say every year it's to be altered, it's never done. Well, Hester and I waited considerable of a time, but at last Tom came out; he didn't seem to see any one, but stared straight ahead, with a kind of look in his face that scared me; Hester kind o' screamed and jumped forward; I tried to hold her back, but before I could stop her she had pushed through the crowd, and had her arms around his neck.

"Well there was a scene! The women cried, and if the men did not I guess it was not that they did not feel like it. There was a constable on each side of Tom, but they never interfered, but let the two poor things have their own way for a while. Tom seemed angry at first; he tried to push Hester off, and he spoke surly. 'What's the good of crying over me?' says he; 'you might have got me off if you'd had a mind; but you've done for me now.' But she clung to him. 'Tom dear,' she said, 'I had to speak the truth; you could not have loved me any more if I'd sworn false, could you?' 'It's little difference about that,' says he; 'it ain't much matter what I think of you now. I'm going into jail as honest a man as any in this town, and it's odds but I come out as bad as the worst.' 'Oh Tom,' says Hester, 'don't say that! I know that you're innocent—every friend you have knows you're innocent.' 'Fine talking,' says Tom; 'do you think a man can be ruined and not mind it? If an innocent man gets the treatment of a guilty one—loses good name, and hopes, and wife all at once'—at this Hester smiled a little, and the least bit of color came back into her face. 'Why, Tom, who can take me from you? Don't you think you'll find me when you come back, whether it's two years from now, or ten?'

"Well, you never saw such a change in a face as came over Tom's at that. 'Hester, do you mean what you say?' says he, short and thick. 'If I come back to you no worse than I go, will you have me still? Will you show that you believe me innocent? It will be the saving of me, Hester, I didn't care what became of me; but I can bear the sentence, unjust as it is, if you'll be true to me. Has God sent you to save me?' Hester looked up and whispered something very low. I was next her, and even I only heard the last words, 'if ought but death part thee and me.'

"It didn't take long in reality, though I've taken a great while to tell it; but by this time the constables seemed all at once to remember themselves, and the two had to part, but Tom was a different-looking man from what he had been ten minutes before. They'd have liked a kiss I daresay, but that was not to be had there in the crowd, so they shook hands and said good-bye. Tom went one way, and Hester and me came home.

"There's no more to tell, sir. Since that she's lived at home as usual, quiet and cheerful, though not so gay as she used to be. She got leave to write to Tom and to hear from him once a month; they say its not a common thing, but the chaplain of

the jail was interested in Tom and her and got the privilege for them. That one I gave her to-night is almost the last she'll have, for Tom's sentence will be out in April, and then he'll come home."

"I suppose Hester will keep her promise?" I asked after thanking Mrs. Bourne for her tale.

"I guess *so*," she replied, unutterable affirmation in her tone. . "When the seasons go backwards Hester Soames will go back of her word and not before."

"She is a brave girl, and a faithful one," I said.

"You may say so, sir. If it hadn't been for her there's no knowing what might have become of Tom. Folks are often made bad by being believed so. Poor Tom! he deserved to be sent to jail about as much as I did."

"But if the jury found him guilty,"—I began.

"Oh, don't tell me of the jury!" said Mrs. Bourne impatiently. "What must they be that couldn't tell an honest man from a rogue when they saw him? But no one believed their verdict except the judge, that's one comfort."

I did not feel disposed to enter on a crusade in defence of the Millburgh jury, worthy men as I have no doubt they were. I ventured to ask, however, whether anything had occurred since either to clear Tom or to criminate anyone else. Nothing, I was told; but everybody knew that Tom had spoke the truth and that Nick Murphy was the culprit; and I would not, if I could, have disturbed the belief.

It is now five years since I first made acquaintance with Mrs. Bourne and heard her story. Business has taken me past her house frequently since, where I never fail to pay a visit, and where I have had the pleasure of one or two interviews with the heroine of her tale, Hester Soames no more. "She's as happy a wife, sir, and he's as good a husband and as steady a man as is to be found in the township," said Mrs. Bourne the last time I saw her. "She deserves it—and he feels and owns what he owes her. But for her he might have been ruined; but he says that in his greatest danger and desperation he was saved because she trusted him; and she's never had, and I guess she never will have, any reason to repent her faith."

## SCHOOL LIFE.

I sat in the school of sorrow;
The Master was teaching there;
But my eyes were dim with weeping,
And my heart was full of care.

Instead of looking upwards,
And seeing the face divine,
So full of the tenderest pity
For weary hearts like mine,

I only thought of the burden,
The cross that before me lay,
So hard and heavy to carry,
That it darkened the light of day.

So I could not learn my lesson,
And say, "Thy will be done;"
And the Master came not near me
As the weary hours went on.

At last, in my heavy sorrow,
I looked from the cross above,
And I saw the Master watching,
With a glance of tender love.

He turned to the cross before me,
And I thought I heard Him say,
"My child, thou must bear thy burden,
And learn thy task to-day.

"I may not tell the reason,
'Tis enough for thee to know
That I, the Master, am teaching,
And give this cup of woe."

So I stooped to that weary sorrow;
One look at that face divine
Has given me power to trust Him,
And say, "Thy will, not mine."

And then I learnt my lesson,
Taught by the Master alone,
He only knows the tears I shed,
For *He* has wept His own

But from them came the brightness,
Straight from the home above,
Where the school-life will be ended,
And the cross will show the Love.

—*Selected.*

# NOTES OF A HASTY TRIP.

FROM THE LETTERS OF C. C.

FRIDAY, June 7th, 1872.—Left Liverpool at 10 a.m., passing through a beautiful country, teeming with life. We passed occasional bogs, even on hill tops and deeply ditched, but owing to the nature of the soil they apparently cannot be drained. Railway is here built on piles; we did not see a single boulder or stone of any kind, except those used for works and brought from elsewhere, on the whole road to Manchester, where we arrived at 11.15 a.m. Miles travelled from Quebec, 3,062; weather variable; railway very easy. Went to see Manchester Cathedral, founded in the 14th century by Thomas de la Warre, enlarged in 1422, repaired in 1638, and again in 1770, partly paved with very old tombstones, carving antique and curious, beautiful stained glass, used as barracks by Oliver Cromwell, now under repairs. Visited Peel Park and Museum and Free Library, Saw a canoe not ticketed, so asked a noble Britisher what that thing was, but he didn't know. Afterwards walked into the Salford Roman Catholic Cathedral—a very inferior building for the country. Visited the Exchange—very handsome, Prince Consort Memorial, Town Hall, Reform Club, &c.

SATUDAY, June 8th, 1872.—Went to Pendleton to see a coal shaft, but this being a half-holiday we were too late to go down the shaft. In the afternoon K and I took the bus to the Bellevue Gardens at Gorton. The principal objects of interest were among the animals, polar and grizzly bears and camels, tropical birds building nests, and elsewhere flowers, steam circular velocipede, penny steamers, large dining rooms and a dancing hall with upwards of 1,000 people dancing at a time, mazes and Alpine scenery with fireworks illustrating Napoleon's passage of the Alps. Weather showery.

SUNDAY, June 9th, 1872.—In the morning attended the Rev. Alexander Maclaren's Congregational Church, Union Chapel, Oxford Street. Mr Maclaren, who is considered the best preacher in Manchester, is a spare-built man of pleasing appearance, his actions and manner are energetic, full of *vim;* the church, which is always crowded, is large and comfortable, attendance about 2,000. In the afternoon R. H., W., K., and I went to Stockport, six miles distant, to see its large and celebrated Union Sunday-school, the largest in the world. The system was introduced in 1784 under a Committee of Churchmen and Dissenters with paid teachers. The present building was opened in 1806 and is 44 yards long, 19 yards wide and four stories high, contains 58 teaching rooms, and a large hall capable of holding upwards of 3,000. Besides the centre school, are four auxiliary schools added subsequently, the total cost being £20,000. The school is vested in trustees and managed by a committee of about 25 gentlemen chosen annually. The children attend different churches in rotation, principally Congregational, and are taught in school writing with Scripture texts; and Bible reading and lessons. There are three libraries, containing altogether about 4,000 volumes. The annual cost of the maintenance of the school is about £1,000, and is raised by endowments and contributions. The number of scholars in the centre school is 4,000, average attendance 3,000, in the branch schools 1,000—making a total of 5,000 scholars, besides 450 teachers. The school is composed almost wholly of children of workingmen. We arrived at the school half an hour early, watched the children come in and afterwards were conducted to the Committee room, introduced generally, and then to the hall, where I was invited to open the exercises. I chose as

reading lesson part of 21st Chapter of John; made some remarks on the authority for Sabbath-school work, and gave a few ideas about Canadian schools. W. and H. afterwards addressed the school, the scholars being very attentive throughout. The school is held morning and afternoon, 9 to 12 a.m., and 2 to 4 p.m. After the opening exercises, in which the junior scholars do not join, the scholars separate to different rooms. The school, irrespective of the boys and girls, who are always kept separate, is managed in three divisions: the first class of those over 20 years, and possessing a certain degree of knowledge; the middle division of those over 13 or 14 years of age, and also with a certain degree of knowledge, and the junior division. The maximum number in a teaching room is about 35; each room has its superintendent and staff of teachers, and a junior division class room comprises all ages, from the little ones learning their A B C to a Bible Class, and scholars are promoted to higher divisions in order of merit, for which examinations are held quarterly. The rooms are bare-looking, furnished only with ordinary wooden benches, without backs. The singing does not amount to much; very few papers are distributed, and then only to certain classes, and at their soirees a slight admission fee is charged; the teachers are volunteers and are almost entirely drawn from the first division; they teach morning and afternoon five hours—a considerable self-sacrifice. The mayor of the town is a Room Superintendent. The school has four entrances and staircases, and I saw no confusion, although the scholars were noisy in coming in; altogether I was much pleased.

Monday, June 10th, 1872.—D., H., K. and I rose at 5.30 a.m., and walked to Pendleton, three miles distant, to see a coal mine of Messrs. Knowles & Son, where, having secured the services of a couple of guides, we embarked in two empty coal boxes, each about four feet square, suspended over the mouth of the pit by a chain band four inches wide by three quarters of an inch thick, and of such a length that while we were suspended over the mouth of one pit, the other end reached the bottom of an adjoining pit, where five boxes similar to ours were being loaded with coal. The operation is thus constantly going on, one pit sinking the empty boxes while the other raises full ones. Having been most carefully cautioned to stand erect and keep any part of our persons from projecting beyond the edge of the boxes—instructions rather unnecessary, as we were all more or less nervous, and clung to each other tenaciously for mutual support and to prevent toppling over—the signal was given, the engineer touched the spring and instantly we shot or rather dropped down the pit—at railway express speed, as we were afterwards told. My first sensation was as though the box had fallen beneath me; my very being seemed to rush to the crown of my head, producing a feeling of light-headedness almost to faintness—in fact a feeling of goneness, which soon changed until I fancied I was rising instead of falling; the boxes or cages swayed to and fro, and it became pitch dark. In one minute and a half we reached the bottom of the shaft, nearly 600 yards, where we disembarked and looked upwards. The shaft, which is circular and built up round with stone like a well, only smooth, is about 10 or 12 feet in diameter, though to us the mouth of the pit appeared no larger than an ordinary dinner plate. We were now conducted several hundred yards along one of the tunnels, which like all the others in the pit was well paved and vaulted like a railway tunnel, and through several doors, on opening which the sound of the wind was like a noise made by the mighty rushing of waters. This wind or air enters the mine by the shaft we descended, and is forced through every part of it and up the other shaft, which is only about a dozen yards from it, though not immediately connected with it, by means of a powerful engine. The mine is thus kept very fresh, and is besides lighted throughout with gas. After a few minutes' walk we reached a place where was some exposed coal which we were allowed to pick with the small miner's pick. A little further on the mine took a steep, downward bend or grade of about 600 yards, and then along the lower level 1,700 yards to the vicinity of the miners at work, about 2 miles from the mouth of the pit. A double railway track is laid along each tunnel,

worked on a similar principle to the pit shafts, by powerful engine works, which we were allowed also to inspect. Each train of coal cars contains from 3,000 to 4,000 tons of coal, and the noise produced by the full trains coming up and the empty ones going back, is very similar to that produced by railway trains. All the miners, about 700 in number, ascend out of the pit at night, except in a very few instances where one or two have remained, at most, one day and two nights in the mine. We were shown a fine heavy black horse that had lived seven years in the mine, and there were others that had been there twelve or fourteen years. There are wells of water in the mine used for various purposes; we tasted some and had a spitting tournament forthwith, as the water has a strong, very disagreeable salt taste.

This mine has been in operation about 20 years, and we were in the fourth tier or bed of coal. The other three tiers above us, our guide said, were choked up, as very soon after a mine is deserted the floor rises and the ceiling sinks; we were also told that many other beds existed under this one, and by this time we were ready to believe anything. The ascent of the shaft did not produce nearly the same feelings as its descent, although we went equally fast; but, strangely enough, the sensation was that of descending instead of ascending. We soon reached the top, brushed ourselves, made donations, &c., and reached our hotel at 9 o'clock, in time to do full justice to a steaming breakfast.

We left at five o'clock p.m. for Sheffield, where we arrived at six o'clock; the scenery along the road was very fine, at one time we were riding on the crest of a high hill, at the next moment almost we were deep down in a valley; the country fences were entirely built of a very dark stone, and contrasted with the universal green. In passing through a tunnel three miles long, an Irish passenger grew frantic with excitement, believing that some one had shut us up somewhere, and in turn counted beads, cried, implored and swore, and would if possible have jumped out of the car.

Reaching Sheffield we put up at the Royal Hotel. Weather showery. Miles 3115.

TUESDAY, June 11th, 1872—K. and I rose at six o'clock to see the Sheffield Barracks, about two miles distant; they are about the finest and largest in the Kingdom, and house two regiments of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, and about 80 families; besides the barracks and armories, are parade grounds, chapel, gymnasium, washing and cooking houses, stables, &c., &c., the whole surrounded by a high wall with buttresses.

After breakfast G. H. went with us to the Botanical Gardens, a private concern, where I noticed in particular a fine collection of tropical plants, the celebrated and huge Victoria Flower of the Amazon, whose leaves are pan-shaped. The one we saw was about six feet in diameter. The Acacia and large Fuchsia Trees were also noticeable. We wandered round the beautiful grounds, and admired the groups of trees so varied in size and shade as to form beautiful contrasts.

At noon K. and I started in a hansom for Chatsworth House, otherwise known as the Palace of the Peak, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, and the handsomest castle and palace in the realm, not excepting the Queen's, situate at Vaslow, in Derbyshire, and a little over twelve miles distant from Sheffield. The road lay through a rocky and picturesque country, where large moors are kept by various noblemen for the especial purpose of grouse shooting, although I fancy the land is good for nothing else. Having left our hansom at the Wheat Sheaf Inn, we entered the Palace grounds, which are well laid out and form a considerable park. We saw several herds of deer scampering about among the trees and along the banks of a small river that meanders through the park, and in half an hour reached the main entrance of the House, Palace, or Castle, generally called the Palace, where we were received by a pompous footman and conducted to the grand hall, there to be placed in charge of another servant (N.B.—We used four guides in order to see the whole place; this is to obtain just so many fees). This hall is built of various colored marbles, the walls and ceilings richly gilt and covered with oil paintings by the best artists, and a magnificent marble stairway leads up

from its further end. In the hall was a rather curious and richly furnished canoe, a present to the late Duke (the present Duke, whose son is the Marquis of Hartington, Postmaster-General, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, &c., being the seventh Duke of Devonshire) from the Sultan of Turkey. The next place we entered was the chapel, which, as well as the hall, was built in 1688, and is a gem of beauty, being one mass of costly colored marbles worked in various patterns, and with the pulpit, walls and ceilings richly chased, plated and worked with gold, even surpassing the London Parliamentary Buildings; but to attempt any detailed description of this, or any of the other rooms, would be too tedious. We passed through the State Bed Chamber and adjoining chambers, whose walls are of embossed Russian leather, richly gilt, and in which we were shown a table of malachite, a sort of blue crystal, a present from the daughter of the Emperor of Austria to the Duchess; also a clock and vases of the same mineral, from the Emperor himself; a Turkish travelling bag, rather larger than M.'s trunk; the Coronation Chairs of George IV., and two other kings and a queen of England; Henry the Eighth's Rosary; a Fiddle painted on a cupboard door, but which I took to be real until informed that it was the masterpiece of Gibbons, the Painter-in-Chief (so to speak) of the Palace, and many other noteworthy objects; also the Statuary Hall, Sketch and Picture Galleries, where were many of the works of the Old Masters, and among others "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time," and "Laying down the Law," the latter by a white spaniel, in an assembly of dogs; the Library, Floral Hall, &c. We were next conducted through the gardens proper, covering 100 acres of ground, and finding employment for 80 gardeners, magnificently laid out by Sir Joseph Paxton (who also laid out the Park), with rocky precipices and smooth lawns, artificial waterfalls over 200 feet high, cascades, and scenery of very varied character. In one place was a copper tree, with branches, twigs, &c., complete; our guide told us to watch it, and it was well we did so, for suddenly, from the point of every twig, and from many blades of grass, jets of water flowed, making a most beautiful sight; while in another place, vast boulders of rock swayed and turned at our touch. We saw a beech wood hedge, 20 feet high and very narrow, and in the conservatory were coffee, banana, bamboo, india-rubber, cocoa-nut, palm, and other tropical trees of large size, in blossom and bearing fruit. At one side of the Palace is a small lake, with the Emperor's fountain in the centre, throwing a jet of water 260 feet into the air, and near by are three young oak trees, planted by the Duchess of Kent, the Queen's mother, Queen Victoria, and the Prince Consort, respectively. The Palace has gas and water works in connection with it. We returned to Sheffield at seven p.m., and at half-past eight repaired to Sir John Brown's great Iron and Steel Foundry, the largest in the world. The works cover upwards of forty acres of ground, and give employment to more than 4,000 men. Here are manufactured the iron joists or turrets for land and sea defences, iron plates for ships, steel rails, car-wheels, &c., &c. The sparks emitted from the fierce blow-pipes resembled a grand display of fireworks; steel melted like wax, and was poured into moulds, then again reduced to a white heat, and the glowing mass, by means of ten-ton hammers and forty ton rollers, turned into the various shapes above mentioned. The steel manufactured is Bessemer's. We saw plates of solid iron, for several turrets in course of construction, 20 feet long, 11 feet broad and 8 inches thick, and yet we were shown some of those enormous plates pierced by cannon balls. The sight of so many workmen wheeling about masses of molten metal, the tremendous heat, and the terrible thumping of the hammers, made an impression on me not soon to be forgotten. We watched the proceedings about three hours, and returned home.

*(To be continued.)*

# A DAY AT SMITH'S CORNERS.

THISTLE FLATS, June 26th, '73.

FRIEND JOHN,—Flattered by the kind expression in your last letter that anything I write you is interesting, for want of a better subject I will give you a faithful account of my manner of spending a day at Smith's Corners, and you may take this one day as a fair specimen of those that just now make up my life. Of the circumstances that induced, or rather compelled me to teach a district school, I will say nothing now, but explain them to you at some future time.

I rise in the morning, tear myself from the clasping arms of Morpheus (that always hold me closer as daylight approaches) about six o'clock There are no conveniences for the toilet in the square box where I have passed the night, so I rub my eyes vigorously with my pocket-handkerchief, smooth my locks with my pocket-comb, and at once seek the family sitting-room and the family wash-dish; this last-named convenience is a tin vessel capable of holding fully two quarts of water!—just now it is scarcely so large, as something must be deducted from its size on account of the incrustations collected upon its sides from many previous ablutions performed therein. Having washed myself as well as the quantity of water will permit, I make for the family towel, which hangs on a roller behind the door; but, as I do so, a terrible remembrance flashes vividly across my mind. Yesterday, at eventide, I heard *pater familias* peremptorily command Darius William to "wash them dirty hands;" the boy slunk reluctantly to the wash-dish, dipped his hands timorously in the water, rubbed them thickly over with yellow soap, and then wiped them on the towel, which had been used by a family of eight for four or five days. On that identical towel your poor friend must wipe his dripping face. I strive to restrain myself from exercising what newspapers and doctors call the "olfactory nerves," and pick for the cleanest and driest corner, and having secured it, wipe myself on it with closed eyes. I smooth my hair again, before a glass that reflects my face in much the same manner as the bowl of a bright spoon, and by the time my elaborate toilet is made, the order is given to "set by," which accordingly we do, I wishing we could eat breakfast out of doors, everything there looks so fresh and bright and sweet compared with the dinginess of indoor appearances, that have nothing to attract one. The dining-room is a bedroom for two or three members of the family, besides which all the cooking is done in it. Kitchen, dining-room, and bedroom is a combination which I particularly dislike. The good lady of the house was, as she expressed it, "most out o' bread," so she has baked us buckwheat pancakes, and the odor arising from the baking of the same does not add to the purity and sweetness of the atmosphere of this dining-room and dormitory. My seat at table is about a yard from the huge cooking stove, so that I do not suffer any inconvenience from cold.

The bill of fare for breakfast, which scarcely ever varies, is as follows: Bread, generally sour, potatoes or buckwheat pancakes, fried salt pork, butter at this season of the year better fitted to be sold by the quart than the pound, and a weak decoction of the commonest of green tea.

My host feeds himself with a small well worn butcher knife, and exhibits as much dexterity in the use of it as a professional knife-swallower. I sometimes fairly tremble with apprehension for his safety while watching the feats he per-

forms with it. My hostess sits with her sleeves rolled up,—to be out of her way, I suppose.

The conversation is almost exclusively confined to the father of the family, who looks as solemn as a meeting-house, and is, beyond doubt, "the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

The children do not eat till we have finished our meal, and they hover around us with eager childish appetites shining in their eyes, till the father commands them, in tones of thunder, and eyes of lightning, which threaten to *strike*, to "take cheers and sit down," which they slowly do, casting meanwhile such wistful glances at the table that what little relish I have for my meal is about destroyed.

The meal over, there remain fully two hours and a half till school time, which I scarcely know how to spend, as the state of my health will not allow me to study, and the evening is my favorite time for reading. If I were a female teacher, I suppose I should make up my bed, or do a little needlework; but fancy me, with my six feet of masculinity, doing either! I put a book in my pocket and saunter forth in search of amusement or adventure,—I might remark that the last-named article is a very uncommon one in this part of the country.

A few yards from the house, I meet black Rover, a faithful retainer of the establishment. He would have been a fine-looking dog had it not been for his very small allowance of tail. I asked his owner, one day, the reason of his deficiency in that particular.

"Well," said he, "when the critter was a pup, he used to be etarnally a runnin' after his tail, an' makin' such a tormented nise that I couldn't an' wouldn't stand it, so one day I catched him and sliced off a piece of it with a chisel; he run after it some after that, but seein' it was further off of him than afore, he soon got tired and give up chasin' it," and the dolt laughed as if he had told me an excellent joke, instead of a piece of downright and disgusting cruelty. My friend, have you never wondered at the amount of cruelty a man may use towards the creatures (I mean dumb creatures now) that are unfortunate enough to belong to him, and apparently be considered none the worse for it by his neighbors? I have, and can account for it only, by coming to the conclusion that the duty of kindness to animals is held in too low an estimation, and that it is not taught to children as it should be; they should be taught to cultivate it as thoroughly as they would a regard for truth, which, I am sure, they are not. But to return to my walk. With the dog, who is a staunch friend of mine, at my heels, I take my way down a narrow lane, bounded on either side by fields of waving grain, that are rapidly ripening in the June sunshine. The lane leads me into a little patch of woodland, the sugar bush of the farm. I find a mossy seat at the foot of a large and beautiful maple, and draw my book from my pocket. There is nothing to spoil my enjoyment; I am in a pleasant mood; the mosquitoes have not yet begun their ravages; they are lying late after last night's feasting and revelry. A low cool wind blows over the fragrant fields from the blue lake beyond; in fancy I see its ripples glitter in the sunshine, and hear the tiny waves wash the pebbly shore. Trickling sunbeams drop in shining showers, and tremble through the leafy thicknesses of the trees. My book suits the morning; it is a volume of Bryant's poems, cool, clear and sweet. I read—

> "In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
> In the resplendence of that glorious sphere;
> And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
> Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?"

In such music I forget the dismal house, the unappetizing breakfast, and the small annoyances that infest my life, and read on, with pauses of sad yet happy reverie, until I find, by looking at my watch, that there remains but half an hour till school time, so I return to the house, get the little basket containing my sumptuous dinner, consisting of two pieces of bread and butter, and a piece of very tough apple pie, the whole enveloped in brown paper, and with this *piece de resistance* against the attacks of hunger, take my way to the schoolhouse—a little frame building, a mere shell, affording very little protection to its occupants against the scorching rays of the midsummer sun, or

the bitter blasts of winter. There is not a single tree near it; no playground, excepting the dusty road and the thistle-studded corners formed by the "snake" fences. The inside of the building is worse than the outside; it has a low ceiling, seats without any backs to them and ingeniously constructed so that the pupils may not face the teacher without considerable inconvenience. At one end of the room is a sort of rude pulpit, where the instructor may stand and hold forth, for there is no seat provided for him. I am given to understand that the trustees of this school section do not approve of teachers sitting to instruct their pupils; in their opinion "it looks too much like doin' nothin". Several dilapidated maps, with a many "cotton islands" (as the children call them) on their surfaces, hang against the walls; a wooden bucket and a rusty tin cup stand on the end of one of the seats, with a cracked stove in the middle of the floor, completing the furniture of the room.

When I reach the scene of my daily labors, part of my little flock are assembled; they greet me with shy smiles and bashful "good mornings," and one dear little red-cheeked lassie, more fearless than the others, runs to meet me, and puts her chubby little hand in mine. As it is time to begin school, I rap with a stick against the door frame, for we have not yet arrived at the dignity of a bell. My little troop come in willingly, leaving the tracks of their little dusty bare feet on the floor as they take their places. There are twenty of them, from twelve years old to mere babies who ought to be at home with their mothers, for they go to sleep regularly every day.

People who talk and write about children as if they are little angels, dear little guileless creatures too good for this world of ours, are those surely who do not know much about "the little folks." My pupils, I think, are neither better nor worse than children generally are, and I assure you they are neither angels nor cherubs, but dear little human beings, lovable enough, and with large capabilities for good, yet full of pranks and naughtiness. I have come to believe if a boy is not mischievous, in either a greater or less degree, he is not healthy, and is not destined to live long.

I give my school a very short lecture as to their rule of conduct for the day, during which they look demure as Quakers, and one curly-headed little urchin slyly pinches the boy next to him, by way of giving due emphasis to my remarks. Just now I deem it best to be supremely unconscious of this little by-play, and go to work. With the three R's—Readin', Rritin' and 'Rithmetic, —the morning passes away; noon spell comes, I refresh myself with the contents of my basket, and compose myself to read for a short time; I am only interrupted seven times. "Teacher, Sary Mills is hittin' me," in a doleful voice from a little girl at the door; again, "Please, teacher, may Jimmy Carr and me go for a bucket o' water, it's all drunk up?" "Teacher, may I go home at three o'clock to-day, Ma's goin a visitin', and she wants me home to take care o' the baby?"

With reading and interruptions the hour passes away. I dread the afternoon; the heat is then most intense; the children are tired with the morning's work and the hour's play; but we get through our day's work pleasantly and peaceably, and with their tin dinner-pails in their hands, and satisfaction in their hearts, my little barefooted flock trot home—boys and girls together—almost as free from care as the white clouds sailing across the summer sky. I sit and ruminate for a while, grow sad and moody, then get up, lock my school-room door, and saunter leisurely homewards, if I can use the expression "homewards" in connection with a place that has very little of anything homelike about it for me. When I arrive at my boarding place, I find my hostess in deep distress. The baby has not had his sleep out, and will not leave his mother's arms; if she attempts to put him down, he screams fearfully. Her clothes, she says, are boilin' and need to be taken off the fire (let me here remark, that I know now why Josh Billings talks about "clean boiled rags"); her bread wants working up—she says it will be sour if it isn't worked over soon. I expect it will; it generally is, and it is time the supper was on and cooking.

John and the hired man will soon be home from the field, hungry and thirsty, and the poor overworked woman says, "John don't never make no kind of allowances for a woman's work gettin behindhand, or the baby's bein' cross; no matter how much driven I am, he must hev his meals at a sot time, or there's a fuss right away."

Out of pity for the poor woman, I take the heavy child from her arms, and do my best to keep it quiet—succeeding beyond my most sanguine expectations, by allowing it to pull my mustachios, and play with my watch. The mother, meanwhile, with a sigh of relief, goes on with her work, and by straining every nerve and muscle of her weary frame, succeeds in having the supper nearly ready when her husband returns from his day's work. He too is tired; hard work has not a soothing effect on the temper. He glances at the partially set table, a frown darkens his face, and he growls out, "Always the way, I don't see how it is you can't never git a meal o' victuals ready at the right time." The words are hard and ungracious enough; but the tone in which they are said, and the look that accompanies them, make them still harder for the tired woman to bear. She retorts sharply, and her eyes fill with tears. I suppose now for a while we shall have nothing but sulky looks; they are generally either snarling or sulky.

Finally, the supper is announced as ready, and we "set by" again.

The bill of fare is slightly varied this evening; instead of sour bread, we have warm biscuits, yellow with that much and deservedly abused saleratus, and some green seedy dots, swimming in sweetened water and denominated "green currans." They may be green "currans;" I am willing to believe they are, but not to eat any of them. The wife eats her meal, and pours out the tea, with the great baby on her lap, who is always making sudden dives and grabs for articles on the table, while the husband eats his in sulky silence, not even helping his wife, as he does the hired man and myself, to what is on the table. The uncomfortable meal over, there remains between two or three hours of daylight for me to dispose of. I take my book and saunter out again. I find a seat under a tree, near the house, and begin to read; but I cannot keep my attention on the pages before me; I keep thinking of the sad and weary woman in the house. I wonder if her husband wooed and won her with tender words, and promises of lasting love; if he even thinks of the vows of the marriage ceremony, or of her fair, fresh face, when she left her father's house to become his wife. She is far more intelligent than her husband, and sometimes says very bright and witty things; but very seldom, for her spirits are well-nigh crushed beneath her burden of household cares, ill health, and her husband's unkindness. I do not think he is quite aware how unkind he is, but like so many men, he seems to regard his wife as a mere machine, invented for the sole purpose of ministering to his wants, and as such requiring neither kindness, consideration, nor encouragement.

I am startled from my cogitations by the sound of the baby screaming vociferously and a little flaxen-haired girl of three crying by the door. Thinking that perhaps the mother is not in, I go to see what "can the matter be." I find a slender little girl of six trying to walk about with the great struggling, screaming baby in her arms; he has made himself, as his mother would say, "as stiff as a poker," and his poor little nurse can scarcely hold him, and great tears are running down her cheeks because he won't be quiet; the little one outside is crying because the other two are crying. I take the baby, and succeed in persuading him to compose himself; he grows flexible again, and condescends to amuse himself by poking his finger in my eyes. I ask the little girl, Melinda Jane, "where her mother is?" "Up to the barn-yard, milking," the child answers; "but she is coming now." Yes, here she comes, carrying two full and heavy pails of milk, while her husband is up at the "bars" smoking and talking to some of his neighbors. I keep my charge till his mother strains and sets away her milk, washes the milk-pans, and runs up and down the cellar steps half-a-dozen times, and then resign King Baby to her arms. After much rocking and coaxing he is obliging enough to go to sleep, and the mother's

toils begin again. She washes the supper dishes, sweeps the house, undresses, washes and puts the three children to bed. Poor mother! and poor children! she has scarcely time to teach them their little prayers; to hear their little confessions of wrong-doing through the day; or to give them the dear motherly words of love and comfort. Other duties demand her time and care. There are numberless little "chores" to be done. Pancakes to be set to rise for the morning's breakfast; butter to be worked over for the market to-morrow, the children's clothes to be mended, and so on, *ad infinitum;* and at nine o'clock she sits down with a weary sigh. "Oh dear! I thought I should have spun half a day's work to-day, but I declare I haven't drawn a single thread." I advise her to go to bed and rest, and, bidding her good night, retire to my dormitory.

Being more tired than usual, I go to bed at once, and the mosquitoes cluster around me affectionately, singing like sirens; now a soprano solo falls on my unraptured ears; then a harmonious duet melts and mingles itself above my head, followed by an aggravating chorus of perhaps twenty, very likely forty, fine amateur or rather professional—yes, after mature deliberation, I decide to call them professional—mosquito-singers. Let me here remark, that I should not so much object to the serenades of these musical insects, if it were not for the sanguinary rests with which they intersperse their melodies; these rests they employ in endeavoring to drain my system of what novels call the "life current," and newspapers the "sanguinary fluid."

I endure the torture as long as I can, then rise, light my lamp, and indite this epistle to you, and as it has run out to such a length, I will not impose any added tax on your patience, but will close by subscribing myself, yours, &c.

GEORGE RICHARDS.

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# THE DIAMOND FIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### NATURAL HISTORY.

"Africa, if not celebrated for a great variety and quantity of plants and trees, makes up for it in her wild beasts. It can boast of larger, more ferocious, and more valuable animals and birds than any other division of the world. There are the huge elephant, the tall giraffe, the blood-thirsty lion, the morose rhinoceros, and the stupid ostrich, with an infinite variety of bucks and birds." The above is from an old, but very reliable author, Gosford, who travelled in South Africa in 1812. But of late years the native tribes have obtained firearms, such an unremitting crusade is carried on against the game, that every year it is decreasing, goes further north, and will eventually be found only in the torrid regions of the continent. At one time lions, elephants, and rhinoceri were met with all over the present Cape Colony. An old story is preserved in the archives of Cape Town, which informs us that once upon a time a rhinoceros was discovered mired in the marshy edges of the Salt River, which flows near the town. The people, much excited, seized their rifles and ran to the spot, but its terrible cries and desperate exertions to extricate itself from the mud, made them open upon him at long range. Warming in the attack, they closed in on the beast, but still their bullets bounced from his hide like so many peas. It was really very discouraging, and they were on the point of giving up, when a young Dutchman cried, "Wacht en bigte" (wait a bit). He then drew his long cheese knife, and with much courage straddled the monster, and very coolly proceeded to open up the impregnable hide, but the terrible pain of this operation

lent new strength to the infuriated quadruped; with a mighty snort, which made Mynheer turn white, he reached the bank, and with a rush tore into the thorny scrub along the river edge. Luckily the bushes took charge of the rider, and when his astonished friends had recovered their senses, their game had gone, while their courageous companion, all bloody and torn, hung twixt heaven and earth. Now, such animals are not found within a thousand miles of the Cape. The only game the boers have are three kinds of buck, and it requires much patience and hard riding to be a successful hunter south of the Orange River. North of this, herds of various kinds of "boks" are to be seen running and leaping in the freedom of their prairie home. The springboks have a singular antipathy to human beings and their tracks, and will never step in a roadway or path if possible; they will spring across any common waggon road with the greatest of ease, and one of the exciting incidents connected with post-cart travelling is to watch the bucks bounding across the road ahead, or running nimbly over the "veldt." They are small, delicately formed creatures of a brownish color, and are appropriately named from their wonderful strides. Their flesh is at all times greatly in demand in the mining camps, as it is tender and savory, much resembling Canadian venison. The farmers often make a business of hunting them, scour their district over, and as each animal is shot, its flesh is cut into long strips, hung over poles and dried. This is called "beltong," and is the best dried venison in the world. The only other grass-feeding animal at all common is the "wildebeeste," a hybrid resembling both a buffalo and deer in its build. The flesh is considered a great delicacy by the Colonists, and is more like young tender beef than anything I have eaten. These, with a few wood-buck, are all the eatable game I saw while in South Africa.

One day the ground was so wet we found it impossible to *sift it*; so Jones and I scoured up an unfortunate double-barrelled fowling piece which had passed through the ordeal of the Cape Town custom-house, at the cost of a pound a barrel, and then came to Du Toit's Pan ignominiously to rust, having on the journey up only brought down one miserable baboon, whose untimely end we much deplored. The gun being in working order, we provisioned a Kaffir for twenty-four hours, and shouldering our piece off we started. In our short-sighted way we expected *very* likely to fall in with a few springbok, a pigeon or two, and perhaps some "small deer" to fill up the game bag. To render success doubly sure, we engaged the services of a *noble* hound, kindly lent for the occasion by its master, who warranted it "to point, set, or tackle anything dead or alive we might chance to meet." After a tedious forenoon's walk we reached the low range of hills which bounded our vision when at home. Jones was on the *qui vive*, cocked the gun, and advancing very cautiously among some big rocks, suddenly gave a shout, and dashing along, blazed away with both barrels. Lucky man! We had bagged a Mur Cat, a small animal like a prairie dog of the West. This gave us great encouragement, and we were pressing on to continue the sport, when our Kaffir rubbed his abdomen very significantly, and pointing to the sun pronounced the word "scoff." "Very well," said Jones, "let's eat, and something may come this way while 'January' is filling up." So down we sat and were enjoying our frugal lunch, while the black was skinning the cat, which boiled over the fire would give him a noble dinner. A minute after we heard a rush of wings, and three stately "asvogles" (vultures) came sailing over our heads. Jones never spoke, as his mouth was full of bread, but seizing the long-suffering gun, rose up and fired wildly at our aerial friends. A miss. The other barrel frightened them away altogether, and eating commenced again. In an hour January had devoured the cat *in toto*, and we made a start, intending to beat up a small bushy place with the help of our intelligent Kaffir and dog. After an hour s hard work, nothing appeared, so we reluctantly took the homeward route, hungry and tired, while January couldn't help grinning very audibly at our astonishing manœuvres. As we marched gloomily on, we approached a tall and widespread "kamel dorn" tree, shading the desert plain in a very dis-

mal way. The black seeing our utter incompetence, now took charge and said, "Boss, asvogel," pointing to the tree; and from the smell of carrion which enveloped the lonely object, we were not much surprised to see about 20 enormous vultures lazily dive out of the tree and perform all manner of graceful swoops before vacating the premises. Taking the gun, I managed with careful and deliberate aiming to fire into the midst of the flock, and our valuable dog, a minute after, was bleeding from the nose and retreating swiftly from a wounded bird. The hound evidently had enough; but Jones' curiosity was aroused to ascertain the appearance, size, &c., of this African scavenger; so dropping the game bag, he walked swiftly over to it, and, stooping down, began examining the plumage. Poor man! The bird objected very strongly to such liberties, and, making a vicious plunge, opened her beak and took him by the wrist. A groan and a yell combined startled the Kafir and me out of all propriety. "Quick, quick, it's biting me. It's broken my wrist. Oh! Oh!" We ran up and found him *hors de combat*; his coat ripped, his hand bloody, and his wrist mangled and torn. It was actually a severe wound, and giving the gun to the Kaffir, who immediately put another charge of duckshot into our game, I went to work and bandaged up my partner's lacerated arm. By this time the bird was dead, and we examined him at our leisure. He was fully 5 feet from tip to tip of wing, and had tremendous muscular power. His feathers were of a brownish grey color, while underneath his wings were quantities of down, really the finest and softest I ever felt. Beyond these items we learned nothing, and upon asking our "boy" whether he wanted to eat him, he very emphatically refused, adding it was "buoyna skillum" (very nasty). So we extracted a few quills for future pens and left the dead to his distant friends. Our jaded and dilapidated party was making the best of the way home, steering a due course for the distant camp fires; our dog had gone on before, and I shouldered the gun, while the dead silence was broken only by our footfalls; as we rose a slight elevation, my heart gave a great bound, for there to the right was some beast—not far away either. "There's a buck, Jones," I whispered. "Yes," he said, "I see it. Crawl up near him through the bush, and let him have it between the shoulders. Now take a careful aim," and away I went through thorn and scrub, until I could indistinctly see the animal amid the gloom. I had a splendid shot, for it stood stock still, and gave me every chance. Bang, bang; and two prolonged howls convinced me my victim was no buck; it was of a much more domestic class. Could it be?—yes, I had shot the unlucky dog—there he lay dead! Jones kept hollooing: "Did you hit it? What is it?" But I couldn't open my mouth. Perhaps the reader has sometimes been completely taken down. His proud ideas of self totally demolished, then he can imagine my feelings as my partner and the Kaffir came crashing through the brush. I will long remember the peal of laughter which rose over that *noble buck*—and the roars and postures of that heathen. He actually began to dance over our departed comrade and kept saying "moey, moey" (good, good). I dreamt that night of hunting valuable bloodhounds, and after each successful shot, of handing a ten pound note to some exasperated being who claimed the animal as his; and the sad reality next morning saw me plank down the extreme price of that "valleyble critter" as his owner designated him. I never went hunting again, while the *canicidal* fowling-piece was disposed of immediately.

A pleasant bedfellow is a scorpion. The little dear curls his spiteful tail snugly down to his back, and plunges into the mazes of quilt, blanket, or mattress with the most perfect "I'm at home" *nonchalance*. Having made his nest, he calmly waits for your caloric power to make it pleasant, and while your midnight snore reverberates through the tent, implying a revival of strength, mental and physical, the scorpion takes his repose also. Next morning you lazily awake and with one or two rolls which arouse your unseen companion, you get up, and having dressed proceed to hang out your bed-clothes. Here comes the double blanket, and with a gentle shake to free the dust you also drop out an object which makes you turn pale.

Your broad boot heel crushes it to atoms, while, thank Providence, its curved tail did not make its deadly thrust when you were unconscious. They are from one and a half to three inches in length, of a light brown color, and have an enormous pair of claws, with which to seize their prey. Their tail arches over their back, and is armed with a sting, which is inserted into anything the claws may grasp. Numerous instances are on record of both whites and blacks dying from its effects. The Kaffirs' remedy is to suck the poisoned part, and is generally successful if done immediately after being stung. They were very numerous in the claims, and occasioned much fear among the natives, whose bare feet and unprotected legs formed a fine field for their operations.

Another African plague is that of ants. A greater variety and more destructive kinds can nowhere be found. The white ant inhabits conical-shaped mounds of 2 to 4 feet high. They are very numerous outside of Du Toit's Pan, and occasion much bewilderment to pedestrians out of the path. On a dark evening I once knocked my head against several before clearing the plain, and one night a drunken boer driving home to the New Rush, got out of the road, ran full tilt against a large ant-hill, upset his cart, fell out and broke his neck. On smashing into one with your foot, myriads of ants come out, and they actually make a noise with their nippers, their rage is so great at your intrusion. A few days after if you return, the hole is closed, all fresh-plastered and sunbaked. The earth thus prepared is used all through the country as floors for houses. No one thinks of having a wooden floor. It is entirely unnecessary. He breaks up 3 or 4 antheaps, gives the lodgers a day to move their household goods, and then carts the abandoned tenements to his own, where it is moistened, and plastered over the ground. It soon hardens, and very little of it comes away in dust. The red or fighting ant lives underground, and is both brave and cruel. They are wonderfully active, and one of them will seize a great beetle by the wing or leg, and pin him to the ground. Others come out, and combining they drag the unfortunate insect down to a cruel death. They also attack the ground spiders, who invariably travel hard if many red ants are around. They are cannibals, and will coolly eat a weak kinsman if game is scarce. Another species delight in boring into chests, beams, &c., and are the dread of the colonists. Often some corpulent person takes a chair only to come to grief among its ruins; or the bedstead which supports the happy dreamer, succumbs to their continued borings, and collapses to his infinite surprise and disgust. In fact ants are the same below ground as flies are above, unapproachable, unconquerable, ubiquitous.

One morning Jones pointed out a heavy cloud away in the east. "We are going to have rain, it's coming up fast," so he marched down to the tent and put on his coat. On coming back to the claim, his weatherwise predictions seemed about to be realised. A dark, black line was scouring towards us, and obscuring the sun, and in our ignorance we were preparing for the coming drops; when the whirr of wings and the cries of "locust" informed us as to the nature of the visitation. They flew low in dense thick columns, and some alighted on every green spot about us. As far as the eye could see, above, below, around, were locusts. Every step you took, hundreds flew up into your face, while the pat, pat, as they struck against you, was suggestive of a shower of small brick-bats. The Kaffirs were in their glory, and disposed of quantities in their pouches. They informed me they were very good when fried, and sure enough our "boys" had fried grasshoppers for dinner. The aroma from the frying-pan was agreeable; and I had hard work to dissuade Jones from trying them. The next day more came flying by, and at the end of the week the plain was as brown and bare as any ploughed field. The boers dread them, and when they approach, the family assemble and beat a tattoo on all the tinware available. This may save the garden, but the sheep pasture is always ruined. I can imagine no more dreadful scourge than a continued residence of locusts in any country. For after depriving the inhabitants of their food, they die in such multi-

tudes as to taint the air and produce pestilence. This has happened several times among the widely scattered tribes of South Africa.

The ostrich is the most curious creature that inhabits the country. It has characteristics of the *mammals* and *aves*, and by the Arabs is called the "camel bird," from its living in the desert. At present it is domesticated by the boers, and in various places I have seen from twenty to fifty of them in great enclosures. They are fed on grass, bushes, and any garbage or filth is acceptable. But their swallowing all manner of material, iron, glass, stone, &c., is apocryphal, A bird may now and then wish to improve its digestion, and consequently takes a few strong pills; but it eschews a diet of old shoes, glass, &c., as much as we do. Some amusing stories are handed down of their freaks. "Once, when the ostrich was still a rare sight in Europe, a woman, on hearing of the arrival of a batch of these birds, and being anxious to obtain a sight of them, hastily shut up her house, taking the key of the door in her hand. No sooner, however, had she arrived on the spot where the birds were kept, when one of them stalked gravely up to the lady and snatching the iron instrument out of her hand, deliberately, and to her great horror, swallowed it, *actually shutting her out of her own house!*"—(*Anderson.*) They are reared for their tail feathers, and 55 ostriches will thus support a family very comfortably. In fact a lazy man should embark in this speculation. The birds grow the feathers, and all he has to do is to sell them. The deserts of Arizona and Nevada offera fine field to the ostriculturist, and I hope yet to see all our incorrigible loafers putting their indolence to some account. The natives manufacture parasols from the black feathers, and use them much as we do. "It is a beautiful sight," says Harris, "to behold a savage whose skin, somewhat coarser than the hide of a rhinoceros, and might vie in point of color with a boot, protecting his complexion by the interposition of such an umbrella."

The ostrich is the prairie chicken of South Africa, but, unlike it, cannot be eaten except by Hottentots. The egg, however, is used very generally. It tastes like rancid butter tempered with hen's eggs, and usually is made into an omelet, for when boiled it's *rather* strong. The shell of one of them is a quarter of an inch thick. The egg itself is larger than a two-pound loaf. In fact the shell would hold the loaf and then have room for butter and hard boiled hen's eggs at each end; and thus you could carry your lunch, if not in a nut shell, at least in that of an egg. It possesses a very hard enamel. One day we had one and wishing to preserve it in shape, concluded to bore into one end. But it defied peg-awls and pen-knives, so we took it to a carpenter near by, and with the finest bit he had, we just managed to graze it. Then taking the next larger, we followed up the advantage, and made a small hole. In this we used up a complete set of bits—the last one went crash down into it, and splashed the yolk all over us! "Ugh," said Jones, as he wiped his face, "catch me boring into any more such eggs."

After a year's residence in Africa, I saw no other wild birds or beasts, than those described in this chapter; and the tide of civilization is advancing so fast over our globe, that, next century, the wild, the strange, and the vicious of the animated creation must be sought for only in our great Museums and Zoological Gardens.

THE END.

# NILE LETTERS.

The following extracts are from the private letters of a Montreal gentleman, who has recently ascended the Nile :—

"CAIRO, Jan. 11, 1873.

"Our drive from the Custom House in Alexandria to the Hotel Abbat presented much of novelty to us. We passed through narrow streets, crowded with camels, dromedaries, donkeys, Turks, Italians, Arabs, and I know not what. On either side were wretched recesses, some six or eight feet square, used as shops. The articles for sale—calicoes, various materials for clothing, copper utensils, pipes, tobaccos, fruits, fresh and dried, and provisions—were piled up in most irregular fashion. Of the food department I can only say—ugh! The hotel is very fair; I have been in many worse. On Saturday, 4th, we came to Cairo, the country almost a dead level. The villages consist of hovels built of bricks and mud, or mud alone, supported by stalks of a long cane grass which grows profusely. All rest on mounds, apparently artificial, to keep them above the water, which must often saturate, if not cover the ground. Very few houses appear habitable by an Englishman. Four hours and a half brought us to Cairo. Finding that Sheppard's was quite full, we went to the Oriental, and were tolerably comfortable there, the table being very good, until Monday, when we found room at Sheppard's and plenty of company. We have here met ———, very agreeable people, whom we knew in New York. They have returned from an attempt to go to the first cataract. The restrictions upon travel had not been removed when they were up, and they could not pass Thebes. They are very doubtful about our getting up, though there is an official intimation that we may go as far as Kerosko, somewhere between the first and second cataract. Colonel Stanton tells me that ere we get there the restrictions will be entirely removed, but there is no certainty, of course.

"Mohamed-el-Adli, the dragoman whom Colonel Stanton sent us, seemed to be a suitable man, so we partly engaged him in Alexandria. He came with us to Cairo, and we have now signed a contract, binding him to take us up the Nile and are to pay him what appears to be an exorbitant sum. We have a boat to ourselves, and have to pay about the same as if we were a party of four or five. Our Nile trip, if we can go to the second cataract, will cost us, with extras, not much less than £700. If we do not pass the first cataract, it will cost something over £500. Those who want to save money should not come to Egypt. There are steamers which leave, I think weekly, for the first cataract, stopping at certain specified points of interest. The passage money is, I believe, about £46 up and back to Cairo, the time occupied being twenty or twenty-one days. I don't know how passengers fare, but I confess that the dahabéah life has a temptation for me just now. Besides, we have no object in being back here before April, which is soon enough for Palestine.

"Our boat has been repainted and cleaned; a new carpet and new curtains, and furniture covers of our selection, have been provided. Our dragoman is said to be lavish in his expenditure, and apparently expects us to be so too—so that we have every prospect of being very comfortable. Our letters will be forwarded from the British Post Office here to Thebes. When we get there we will instruct the official there what to do with them after we shall have gone farther up.

"The climate here is delightful. The temperature during the day is about 62 degrees in the shade. My pretty little thermometer, which I got at Dancer's, in Manchester, was unfortunately broken in my portmanteau. It had the Fahrenheit

and centigrade scale. I could not replace it at Venice, but I purchased a Reaumur and centigrade there. I will use the centigrade side, and give the equivalent in Fahrenheit when I remember to do so. It is a pity that any other scale than the centigrade is used. Freezing point is zero and boiling point 100 degrees.

"We think of going on board our dahabéah on Tuesday next, and perhaps moving a few miles up the river to some point at which our box may easily reach us when it comes. This day week we must necessarily be within a few miles of Cairo. There are to be great festivities next week and afterwards attendant on the marriages of some half dozen of the Viceroy's sons and daughters. A ball next Saturday will be followed by breakfasts and dinners without number. Preparations are being made for illuminations and races (I should like to see a dromedary race) and other amusements. We are not likely to see much, if any, of the entertainments. We do not think that there will be much worth seeing. The ball must necessarily be European chiefly, as Mahomedan women do not dance in public, and most, of course, are strictly confined to their houses. Married women never leave them.

"I wish I had more patience in writing. I know that I generally refer but scantily to matters and scenes of much interest. To give a correct description of a street in Cairo would require more time and more space than I can afford for a single letter. The details you can get, vastly better than I could give, in Lane's admirable book. I can but tell you 'how it strikes a stranger.' From my next you shall learn what we have seen in and around Cairo. Our dragoman has just come to tell us it is time to go to the Palace of Gezireh, which, being interpreted, means, I believe, Island Palace."

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"CAIRO, 17th Jan., 1873.

"Dear W——. I think that my letter of last week had something of the nature of a foundation on which I might build what I had to say about Cairo. Well, Cairo for the most part is quaint enough, neglected enough, and dirty enough, even for your severe anti-modern taste: but Cairo is apparently about to undergo a great change. A new town is being laid out—as far as I can judge very well laid out. The engineer has ideas beyond straight streets terminated by the horizon, and crossed at right angles and equal distances by other straight streets similarly terminated. Many large, handsome houses are being erected, but the greater number must necessarily be of a very plain style. There is not private wealth enough here to make a magnificent city.

"Our first whole day here was Sunday, 6th, when we attended two services in a large room appropriated for the purpose in the 'Grand New Hotel.' On Monday, 7th, we made some purchases for our dahabéah, and in the afternoon we visited the mosque of Mohamed Ali Pacha in the citadel. It is built outside and inside of Egyptian alabaster, very inferior however to that which decorates some of the churches in Rome.

"After putting on slippers over our boots we entered a court paved with marble, and surrounded by alabaster columns. The interior of the mosque is imposing. The roof consists of a central dome, surrounded by four semi-domes, and a smaller dome at each corner. The marble floor is covered with Turkey carpets. The tomb of the founder is in one corner, protected by a high grating. An enclosed staircase leads to the gallery, where alone females—and females only—are allowed. Two lofty minarets surmount two corners of the building, whence five times a day the faithful are called to prayer. On the eastern side of the interior of this as of other mosques is a small semi-circular recess, indicating the direction of Mecca. Below the citadel stands the old mosque of the Sultan Hassan, which must have been a much more magnificent building than that to which I have already referred, but it is utterly neglected, and in any northern climate would very soon become a ruin. In the centre of the court connected with the mosques is a covered reservoir of water, at which the worshippers wash before praying. I believe that Christians are not allowed to attend the Friday services of the Turks, but there is no difficulty in entering there on other days provided slippers are used.

"The Museum of Antiquities at Boulak

contains a very interesting collection of mummies, idols, vessels, statues, trinkets, ornaments, &c. I may here mention that what we call Cairo comprehends three cities, viz., Cairo, Old Cairo, and Boulak, which last is the port on the Nile, the others being at least a mile or two away from the river. In Old Cairo there are a good many Coptic (so called) Christians. A convent (called Coptic by our guide, though it may perhaps be Greek) covers a spot where rested the Virgin Mary and Joseph with the infant Saviour during their sojourn in Egypt. The chapel is a very curious specimen of a place of worship. A very old carved screen, inlaid with ivory, crosses the nave, and a second screen conceals the altar. There is no image or crucifix, but there are several paintings of Joseph, Mary, and the Saviour. In approaching this place from the high road we first passed through a doorway, seven or eight feet below the level of the road, into a narrow lane not many feet wide. The houses are similar to those in the old parts of Cairo, with projecting windows on the first floor, and windows projecting still further on the second. The latter in some instances come almost into contact with those on the opposite side of the street. The people appeared as wretched as all their surroundings.

"Between Cairo and Old Cairo the ground is heaped in irregular mounds. It has all been turned over for bones to be exported to England. So the Egyptians treat the remains of their ancestors! How dreary is the country around Cairo! Except where artificially watered, there is absolutely no vegetation whatever; not a solitary blade of grass or leaf of any green thing to be seen. The mosque which contains the tombs of Mohamed Ali's family is used as all these tomb mosques are—for purposes of worship. There are many tombs in this, all of them decorated with gilding and colors. The mosque of Amer is approaching a condition of ruin. A large square area is surrounded by columns. On the east side there are six rows. On the west most of them have fallen or been removed. The worshippers assemble among the columns which support a building above. Near the entrance are two columns about ten inches apart. It is said that only a true believer in the Koran can pass between them. I tried and failed.

"The Nilometer at one end of the Island of Rhoda is a square well about the size of an ordinary room. The sides and the column in the centre indicate the height of water, which, when the river is rising, is proclaimed daily throughout the city. The maximum height of water is a gauge of the next harvest.

"In the Turkish bazaar my dragoman insisted on my buying two amber mouthpieces for pipes. I demurred. He showed me two which I could get cheap—only three pounds. I decidedly objected, but finally took two smaller ones for two pounds. It appears that one must be prepared to offer pipes to persons who may visit us, and, further, to make them presents of tobacco.

"We met a marriage procession—a number of musicians; then a procession of friends and relatives, men and women; then a number of little girls, two and two; and lastly the bride under a pink canopy, supported by four men. She was completely covered by a red embroidered shawl, tightly bound round her, giving her liberty to walk; but she could see nothing. She was supported and guided by a female friend on each side. Of course this girl had never seen her intended husband; nor he her. But if she is not up to the description given of her, he has a right to send her back."

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CAIRO, Jan. 17, 1873.

"Dear W———. Heliopolis, the On of Scripture, is (or rather its site is) several miles from Cairo. The only noticeable object left is a large obelisk. Obelisks seem to have been generally set up in pairs, marking the entrance to a temple. Between the obelisks and the doorway of the temple were rows of sphinxes or other sculptures. The level of the ground now is about six feet above the base of the obelisk. Most of the obelisks in Rome were taken from this site. The road to Heliopolis is for the most part lined with shade trees—very large acacias, from which just now hang long seed pods, giving the trees a good deal the appearance of laburnums. Every tree has to be regularly

watered. The vegetation on either side, all sustained by daily irrigation, consists of fields of young wheat and clover, some grape vines, the prickly pear, lemons, oranges, and a few plantations of trees for building and other purposes. The water is raised from wells by oxen, mostly in a very primitive fashion. Near Heliopolis is a very old sycamore tree, of which our guide told us that 'When Jesus Christ came here with His mother and Joseph, the tree was dry, but when they rested it became green, and it will now be green forever.' Near it is a well which is said to have been changed from salt to fresh at the same time.

"The Mohammedans are by no means free from superstitions. Near the edge of one of the flat stones supporting the tomb of the Sultan Bangook, is a hole about six inches deep, worn by the abrasion of a small, hard boulder, which nearly fills it. Persons who are ill come here and pour into the hollow a little water, which they drink after grinding a little of the stone into it; whether the cure follows always I cannot say. In the Mosque of Amer or Omer there is a column which bears the mark of the hand of that Caliph. Certain veins in the marble miraculously appeared and still remain; they represent the Arabic words which commanded Amer to go to Mecca. Once a year blood trickles down the column, which childless wives come to touch with their tongues. My guide had not seen the blood himself, but he had been assured of the miracle by a person who had seen it. The mosque containing the tomb of Kædbai is of elegant proportions. The dome and minarets are very graceful indeed. It is a custom here for wealthy people to build mosques. There are about four hundred in Cairo; many of them almost in ruins. Leave Cairo in any direction and you are at once in the Desert. There is no vegetation immediately around the city.

"On Friday 10th (Mohammedan Sunday), we drove to the mosque of the dancing dervishes, a large square hall surmounted by a dome. A circular space about forty feet in diameter was enclosed by a railing, leaving a space outside for spectators. A gallery above corresponded with the space for spectators below. The dervishes came in separately and leisurely. The principal man took his position on a rug, Turkish fashion, with his back to Mecca. The others, twelve or thirteen, stood against the rail to his left. A low, plaintive sound drew our attention to musicians in the gallery, who commenced the proceedings by what appeared to be a hymn. Then all the dervishes sat down, and leaning forward touched the ground or tried to touch it with their foreheads. Then more music—a drum and three or four instruments like clarionets gone mad, hautboys perhaps, not made in London or Paris. The chief rose and turning to the right, marched slowly round the circle, the others all following. When he came to the point from which he started he turned round and bowed to the one next him, who did the same to his follower, and so on. This was repeated several times; they then laid aside their cloaks or loose outer garments and one after another began to whirl; the left foot seemed to be used as a pivot, the right as a propeller, both touching the floor quite flat. Their skirts, adapted for the purpose, spread out at an angle of forty with the floor. Not one ever seemed to touch another, yet they continued this motion for ten or fifteen minutes, and resumed it after an almost momentary interval for nearly as long again, the players upon instruments vigorously performing all the while. The dervishes looked very grave, and after about three-quarters of an hour retired as they entered.

"From this mosque we drove quickly to another of the howling dervishes. This was another square hall with a dome. I don't know how much of their ceremonies had passed before we entered, but we saw as much as we cared to see. The devotees formed three-fourths of a circle against one of the sides. They were not all dervishes. About one-third were persons of different occupations, who supposed that there was some merit in joining in the ceremonies of the day. When we entered, one fellow, whose long hair and loose garments led me at first to think he was a woman, was whirling very rapidly in the centre. All of the others were throwing themselves backwards and forwards so

violently that the long hair of the dervishes flew from front to back and from back to front almost at full length. They uttered a curious guttural sound at each forward motion. After this had continued some time, the grave-looking chief in the centre laid hold of the whirling fellow, and placed him in the circle, where he joined in the action of the others. With scarcely an interval they began more violently than before with a different utterance. By-and-by, one man foaming at the mouth was taken hold of by two others, and laid on the floor in an ecstacy or epileptic fit, combined possibly with a little sham. Another left the ring, and, with a race of five or six yards, ran his head against the wall, which, however, was not a stone one. I thought that if I were to use my head as a ram I could have done more damage to the wall and to myself than he did. Two more lay exhausted or in fits on the floor when the performance ended. This is gone through, I believe, every Friday. I never witnessed a more painful or degrading sight. G. had to leave the place before the conclusion. Well, we have fanatics among ourselves, who, if they were not restrained by a purer light, would run into like excesses."

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"CAIRO, January 17.

"Dear W——,—The Palace of Gezireh, where a grand ball is to take place to-night, is decorated and furnished with exquisite taste. The style is Eastern—Byzantine, I suppose—governed by French taste of a high order. The other day we witnessed the procession of presents from the bridegroom to his intended bride. First, about half a regiment, preceded by their band; then silver trays, beautifully decorated and loaded with the costliest presents—jewels, plate, and I know not what—each borne between two soldiers. There were between a hundred and a hundred and fifty trays. Then came a troop of cavalry, another band and more soldiers. It is said that the Viceroy is spending £1,500,000—some say £2,500,000—on these marriages. The first sum would seem to be vastly more than he ought to spend.

"On Wednesday, 15th, we went to the Pyramids of Giezeh, the largest being distant six or eight miles. We ascended that of Cheops, helped by two Arabs, holding each hand, and occasionally propelled by another Arab from behind. I was not previously aware that the surface of the Pyramids had ever been smooth, yet there seems to be no doubt of this. A fourth of the distance from apex to base of the second Pyramid is still smooth or nearly so. The stones which filled the triangular spaces, or what are now steps, have been removed for the purpose of building mosques, &c., in Cairo. The original height of the Pyramid of Cheops was 480 feet. About 20 feet have been removed, leaving a space where civilized idiots can write their names, or have them cut into the stone, or chip off a little bit to take home. We were not so much annoyed by Arabs as we anticipated. The Sphinx is much larger than I had supposed, and is all cut out of solid rock, very much mutilated. On Tuesday we took possession of our dahabéah (Nile boat), where we feel ourselves very much at home and fare sumptuously every day. I think we have been fortunate in our dragoman. He is extravagant in his charges, but everything is done for our comfort, and under his catering our table groans with good things. For luncheon to-day we had cold turkey, boned fowl, cold meat, jelly, apple-tart, a delicious cake, Stilton cheese, and ten dishes of dessert. You may imagine what we may become before our return if we do justice to these viands.

"Dahabéah 'Titania,' Cairo, Jan. 20.

"I was fortunate enough to arrive in Cairo this morning just in time to see the procession of the brides. I don't know whether they were only the three daughters of the Viceroy, or the three brides of his sons as well. First came two persons on horseback, then a third carrying a small bag of coins, from which at intervals he threw handfuls among the crowd. Then there were two very handsome carriages, containing the brides, I suppose, but there was provokingly little of them to be seen. Next came a dozen or twenty broughams carrying Circassian slaves of the ladies. These were well dressed, and as far as I

could see did no discredit to the name of Circassia, You might have supposed they were all dressed for a ball, if ladies here went to balls. On Saturday night we went to a ball at the Gezireh Palace. The Prince *héritier* received the guests and shook hands with the ladies. Then we marched up and down the magnificent rooms, among *such* a crowd. Of course no Egyptian ladies were there—only European ladies. But there were many Turkish men, not a few of them in slippers. At midnight the supper rooms were opened. We went in and sat down, more to see than to eat and drink, and immediately left in our small boat for our dahabéah. They had only commenced to dance, which means that about twenty ladies and as many gentlemen, all Europeans, were whirling round upon a beautiful mosaic floor in a fashion not very much more sensible than that of the dancing dervishes whom we saw a few days ago.

"This evening we go to a fête consisting, I believe, of fireworks, with such light refreshments as oranges and other fruits, lemonade, wines, I suppose, and what not. This will be our last Cairo festivity during this visit. Oh! what a delightful climate —68 deg. in the shade and no danger of rain, although we have some clouds now and then to protect us from the sun. There is an immense crowd of visitors here, and carriages are at a premium. I have heard of £40 for the hire of one carriage for a week, and I know that £17 was given for the use of one for three days."

A European lady writing home adds the following description of a great festivity on the 22nd, when the bride of the Viceroy's eldest son appeared for the last time before proceeding next day to her husband's house. Of course ladies alone were admitted:—"When we entered the great saloon we found the Queen-mother sitting on her throne, dressed in Oriental style; on one side of her was the head wife of the Viceroy, and on the other her granddaughter, a girl of about fourteen. A French lady belonging to the household presented us to the Queen, who bowed affably, and then we sat down amongst the other European ladies who were grouped round the room. The saloon was full of women dressed after many different fashions. There were the wives of the Viceroy, his married daughter, the wives of many pachas with splendid European dresses and trains literally covered with lace and jewels, and with their faces showing a considerable amount of paint. There were other women with ill-fitting, badly-made dresses of rich silk—dresses of a fashion half Eastern and half European—and with diamonds put anyhow on their heads. Others wore loose, flowery dressing-gowns, with silk handkerchiefs tied turban-like round their heads. Then there were black women, with arms and legs bare, and gold bands or bracelets on the upper part of the arm and round the ankles. The janissaries are pretty young girls with hair cut short. They wear a little black velvet jacket embroidered in gold, with trousers reaching to the knee to match, a velvet cap with a diamond ornament, and each of them has a little unsheathed sword. They were running about the room all the evening trying to keep all those noisy women in order, and to prevent them from worrying the European ladies. Some of the slaves got under the chairs and took hold of our feet to examine our shoes, felt the stuff of our dresses, &c. The saloon was handsomely furnished with silks, velvets, brocades, and large looking-glasses, and was lighted by an enormous number of wax candles, in silver and gold candelabra. When we were all seated round the room the ceremony began. All the women that worked on the Princess's trousseau passed one after another before the Vice-Queen, and received a present of a Persian shawl. As each received it she began to dance and to roll herself on the floor, uttering words of thanks and blessings on the Princess and her family. This noisy business lasted nearly an hour, and then the eunuchs, certainly not less that 500 in number, placed themselves in two rows, each holding a silver candlestick. They formed a passage from the entrance door to the door of another drawing-room, which was kept clear of the slaves. After a few minutes of something like silence we heard the mingled sound of violin, tambourine, and flute, and the bride's procession appeared. First came twelve women dressed, though not elegantly, in satin or silk, playing the instruments we

have mentioned. The tune was monotonous, and by no means harmonious. Then there were eight dancing girls in pink gauze with white spangles, and with flowing hair. They were not pretty, but were rather graceful, and moved along dancing, or rather bending and twisting themselves, in time with the music. The bride followed, supported by four other maids or slaves. She wore an Oriental dress with a long train, which was held up by four little black girls; her face and head were ornamented with jewels and small gold coins, and her hair was down, but covered with a veil of silver thread. As it is the fashion for the bride to wear as far as possible all her presents of jewellery on these occasions, the poor girl had three diadems on her head, bracelets up to her elbows, and brooches and other ornaments on the front of her dress. She walked along very slowly, and it seemed as if she would have fallen had she not been supported by the four girls. A little slave walked near her, holding a silver tray full of small gold coins, a handful of which the bride threw over her back from time to time, for good luck it was said. A crowd of women followed the bride, but they were stopped at the entrance to the other room by the eunuchs, who closed the door after the musicians, dancing girls, and bride had entered. Into this room the European ladies were admitted a few at a time, and found the bride sitting on a throne with the mother of the Viceroy (who preceded them) on her right, and the mother of her future husband on her left. We were each in turn presented to the bride. Then all kinds of dances were performed by the same dancing girls, while other younger ones, sitting on the floor, threw little golden coins about the room, which we were all expected to pick up for good luck. Some time elapsed before all the European ladies had been presented and the dances were finished. Then the bride was again led through the crowd in the large saloon and conducted to her rooms, crying bitterly, and looking ready to faint. When she had left we all bowed to the Queen-mother and to the wives of the Viceroy, and then made our way down stairs, amidst the pushes and screams of the slaves, to another large room, where stood low round tables spread with sweetmeats, fruit, and cake. Then we went to the place where the cloaks had been left, and, after much difficulty, having found our wraps, were again taken in charge by the same eunuch who had accompanied us on our arrival, and who conducted us along the corridor to the carriage. The impression left on our minds was that nothing could be more magnificent in the way of dresses, jewels, lights, &c., but that amidst all the splendor there was a total absence of both dignity and order. The number of Eastern women present was said to be about 2,000, but there were very few who could be considered handsome. All would have looked better in more purely Oriental dress. The whole spectacle was most interesting for its novelty, but not one which we should often desire to behold. The festivities terminated on the following day with a grand procession of the bride from Kasr-el-Ali to her husband's palace. The whole of these festivities from first to last were to be repeated on the occasion of the three other marriages."

## SCANDERBEG.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The battle is fought and won
By King Ladislaus the Hun,
In fire of hell and death's frost,
On the day of Pentecost;
And in rout before his path
From the field of battle red
Flee all that are not dead
Of the army of Amurath.

In the darkness of the night
Iskander, the pride and boast
Of that mighty Othman host,
With his routed Turks, takes flight
From the battle fought and lost
On the day of Pentecost;
Leaving behind him dead
The army of Amurath,
The vanguard as it led,
The rearguard as it fled,
Mown down in the bloody swath
Of the battle's aftermath.

But he cared not for Hospodars,
Nor for Baron or Voivode,
As on through the night he rode,
And gazed at the fatal stars
That were shining overhead;
But smote his steed with his staff,
And smiled to himself, and said,
"This is the time to laugh."

In the middle of the night,
In a halt of the hurrying flight,
There came a Scribe of the King
Wearing his signet ring,
And said in a voice severe,
"This is the first dark blot
On thy name, George Castriot!
Alas! why art thou here,
And the army of Amurath slain,
And left on the battle plain?"

And Iskander answered and said,
"They lie on the bloody sod
By the hoofs of horses trod;
But this was the decree
Of the watchers overhead;
For the war belongeth to God,
And in battle who are we,
Who are we, that shall withstand
The wind of His lifted hand?"

Then he bade them bind with chains
This man of books and brains;
And the Scribe said, "What misdeed
Have I done, that without need,
Thou dost to me this thing?"
And Iskander answering
Said unto him, "Not one
Misdeed to me hast thou done;
But for fear that thou shouldst run
And hide thyself from me,
Have I done this unto thee.

Now write me a writing, O Scribe,
And a blessing be on thy tribe!
A writing sealed with thy ring,
To King Amurath's Pacha
In the city of Croia,
The city moated and walled,
That he surrender the same
In the name of my master, the King;
For what is writ in his name
Can never be recalled."

And the Scribe bowed low in dread,
And unto Iskander said,
"Allah is great and just,
We are but ashes and dust!
How shall I do this thing,
When I know that my guilty head
Will be forfeit to the King?"

Then swift as a shooting star
The curved and shining blade
Of Iskander's scimitar
From its sheath, with jewels bright,
Shot, as he thundered, "Write!"
And the trembling Scribe obeyed,
And wrote in the fitful glare
Of the bivouac fire apart,
With the chill of the midnight air
On his forehead white and bare,
And the chill of death in his heart.

Then again Iskander cried,
"Now follow, whither I ride,
For here thou must not stay.
Thou shalt be as my dearest friend,
And honors without end
Shall surround thee on every side,
And attend thee night and day."
But the sullen Scribe replied,
"Our pathways here divide;
Mine leadeth not thy way."

And even as he spoke
Fell a sudden scimitar stroke,
When no one else was near;
And the Scribe sank to the ground,
As a stone, pushed from the brink
Of a black pool, might sink
With a sob and disappear;
And no one saw the deed;
And in the stillness around
No sound was heard but the sound
Of the hoofs of Iskander's steed,
As forward he sprung with a bound.

Then onward he rode and afar,
With scarce three hundred men,
Through river and forest and fen,
O'er the mountains of Argentar;
And his heart was merry within
When he crossed the river Drin,
And saw in the gleam of the morn
The White Castle Ak-Hissar,
The city Croia called,
The city moated and walled,
The city where he was born,—
And above it the morning star.

Then his trumpeters in the van
On their silver bugles blew,
And in crowds about him ran
Albanian and Turkoman,
That the sound together drew.
And he feasted with his friends,
And when they were warm with wine,
He said, "Oh friends of mine,
Behold what fortune sends,
And what the fates design!
King Amurath commands
That my father's wide domain,
This city and all its lands,
Shall be given to me again."

Then to the Castle White
He rode in regal state,
And entered in at the gate
In all his arms bedight.
And gave to the Pacha
Who ruled in Croia
The writing of the King,
Sealed with his signet ring.
And the Pacha bowed his head,
And after a silence said,
"Allah is just and great!
I yield to the will divine,
The city and lands are thine;
Who shall contend with fate?"

Anon from the castle walls
The crescent banner falls,
And the crowd beholds instead,
Like a portent in the sky,
Iskander's banner fly,
The Black Eagle with double head:
And a shout ascends on high,
For men's souls are tired of the Turks,
And their wicked ways and works,
That have made of Ak-Hissar
A city of the plague;
And the loud, exultant cry
That echoes wide and far
Is, "Long live Scanderbeg!"

It was thus Iskander came
Once more unto his own;
And the tidings, like the flame
Of a conflagration blown
By the winds of summer, ran,
Till the land was in a blaze,
And the cities far and near,
Sayeth Ben Joshua Ben Meir,
In his Book of the Words of the Days,
"Were taken as a man
Would take the tip of his ear."

— *Atlantic Monthly.*

# Young Folks.

## AUNT ELLEN'S STORY.

BY M. A. L.

The snow-covered ground sparkled and glistened in the moonlight, giving forth a crisp sound, indicative of frosty winter weather, when crushed beneath the foot, and the stars shone brilliantly in the clear cloudless sky. It was a beautiful night, yet one that made a person appreciate a warm fire and the comforts of a well-provided home. I pulled the curtains together with a half shudder, and drew my chair close to the little open fire that graced the pleasant parlor of my aunt, at whose house my sister Kate and myself were spending a few weeks in the winter of 18—. Our own home was in the city of Quebec, but winter or summer we were always ready to leave it for a short sojourn at the home of our farmer uncle, which was situated in the pleasant township of S———, and in one of the most agreeable locations to be found in the whole Eastern Townships.

Kate and I always enjoyed our visits, for our uncle was one of the most pleasant and genial of men, and our aunt—but what can I say of our aunt? to our thinking she was as near to perfection as human nature can hope to become; and our little cousins were the best of children.

I sat looking dreamily into the fire, tired of glancing from the calm features of my aunt to the merry face of Kate, who sat in a most unusual silence petting the big house cat, or toying with her bit of bright fancy-work.

I noted as I had never before the quiet, restful look upon my aunt's face. It could never have been called a handsome face, even in the first flush of womanhood; yet there was a look superior to mere outward beauty on the broad smooth brow, expressive mouth, and in the clear blue eyes. She sat with her gaze riveted on the sparkling fire, the light softly falling on the rich masses of her brown hair plainly dressed, and I wondered what she was so intently thinking about,—if her thoughts had travelled back to the times of her girlhood, of which we knew but little, or if present events so absorbed her attention. I was pondering this question when Kate suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, aunt Ellen, you know I have a great liking for stories, and this is just the time for story-telling. Frankie and Mary are safe in bed, and you will have time to tell us a nice one before uncle's return. Please do." Aunt started from her revery, and replied with a smile, "I am but an indifferent story-teller, nevertheless I will call all my powers to aid me, and try to entertain you for a short time, if Mary wishes it too." "Oh, yes, indeed," was my quick reply. "What shall my poor tale be about?" Auntie enquired. "People you knew when you were a girl, or better still, something about yourself," Kate answered. "Please tell us about yourself," I said, "I should so like to know if you thought and did as we think and do, and I should like to know where you became acquainted with uncle,—that is if you would like to tell," I suddenly added. Aunt Ellen smiled a little at my request, then said:—

"If you so much desire, I will tell you a little about myself, and what I thought and did. It seems not long ago since I was a girl like you, Mary. Fourteen years are long to look forward to, but short enough to think upon when passed. It is ten years since I came to live here, four years older than yourself. I did not do as you do, for my

father was a poor man; he was, or rather is, a man of good education, of upright principles, a Christian, steadfast, honest, yet one who as far as this world's riches are concerned was destitute indeed; but his heart was warm and open, and of his little he was ever ready to give to those still more needy than himself. My mother was a gentle and refined lady; she came of a proud family, who in their anger against her for marrying a poor man, thenceforth cast her from them. I was their oldest girl and third child.

"From my mother's ancestors, but not from my mother herself, I inherited a proud, haughty disposition, a love for all the beauties and luxuries of life, and an inordinate ambition; still I was possessed of a warm, loving heart. The narrow sphere of life in which I lived fretted and exasperated me even as a child. I kept my thought and feelings tightly locked in my own heart, and there they lay and grew with my years. 'Pride, the never-failing vice of fools,' was my greatest enemy, and the destroyer of much of my happiness. Perhaps, if I had given expression to my thoughts, they might have flourished less rankly, but I was not given to telling my feelings, even to my mother, whom, above all and everyone, I loved.

"My daily life was an active one. I assisted my mother in her household duties, and these in a farmer's house are never light. I attended the district school, and afterward the village Academy, sufficiently to enable me to obtain a diploma for teaching common schools. I was an apt scholar and something of a favorite with both teachers and pupils, and formed many acquaintances but few friends—and never one to whom I showed my true self; to them I was a careless, rather reserved girl, who seemed to love her books better than the pleasures that so many schoolgirls prize; but it was only in seeming, for deep in my heart surged waves of angry impatience against the life I lived; wild longings for something I did not possess. I wanted all the pomp and gaiety of fashionable life; it chafed my proud spirit to toil. I knew, and it was bitter knowledge, that I possessed no beauty, and was too poor ever to acquire those accomplishments which render so many women attractive. There was an aching void in my heart that seemed never to be filled. It seemed to me that I walked my way alone, for my father was a man of few words, even of affection to his older children, and my mother's life was filled with many cares, for two more daughters and three sons had been added to her little band.

"My sister—the older one but two years younger than myself—were bright, happy, beautiful children, different in every respect from myself. I loved them too, and tried to feel pleasure in their joy, but still there was a feeling in my heart—perhaps you will call it jealousy; I am afraid it was—told me they were happy and loved, and, though I did not wish them to be otherwise, I longed to be the same, and imagined because they were so much more lovable than I, that my parents must love them better. I wished to be called pet names, and caressed as they were, and as I saw other children; and often my heart ached and my eyes filled when I heard my father talking to his dearlings, as he called them, while I was always plain Ellen. I wanted him to manifest some interest in my studies, to praise my success in my classes; but I longed in vain. I do not think he ever thought of it,—he loved me; he knew that I was doing well, and I was not one who seemed to need such encouragements; but I felt differently. Sometimes after I had passed an examination with credit, and won the commendation of my teachers and schoolmates, I have shed bitter tears, and said to myself that I would gladly give up strangers' praise if only father or mother had said they were glad and proud of me.

"Ah well! my schooldays passed away, and at eighteen I held a teacher's diploma. Now that I had what I had so toiled for, I shrank from entering upon the life I had chosen, and gladly consented to remain at home during the winter assisting my mother, while my sisters attended school. In the spring I commenced teaching. You who know but little of a township's district school, can have but a faint idea of my situation. All classes, all nations, mingled together, varying from five to fifteen, or even seventeen or eighteen years of age.

Over such a collection it is no easy matter to maintain the proper order, and at the same time listen to the various lessons, and assist in their preparation; not to mention the settling of many childish quarrels, and the binding up of sundry cuts and bruises. I at least found my task a hard one. Had I been able to obtain a livelihood in any other way I should have abandoned teaching altogether; and then, too, I had chosen it, and my pride would not let me withdraw, and so I toiled on. Sometimes I have closed the door to my schoolroom, and thought as I walked to my boarding-place, often a mile distant, that let me once get my liberty, and I would never cross the door of a schoolhouse as a teacher again; yet after a little rest, I found myself once more at my old station. I knew that it had been a burden to my father to educate me sufficiently to fill even the place I did. *I* was no longer really needed at home, for my sisters were now old enough to fill my place, and neither of them had the least desire to leave it. Two years I taught with but short intermission. At the end of that time, after an unusually hard term, I went home firmly resolved to give up my teaching. I was worn down both in body and mind. The change at first seemed delightful, but as my strength returned my home life became as irksome as my school teaching. My eldest brother had left home some time before for the prairies of the West. He of all my brothers was my favorite, and I missed his voice and presence in the house; the other members of the family had grown used to his absence, but the longer I stayed at home the more I seemed to feel his being away. My sisters and brothers, now nearly all grown to youth's estate, found no lack of company among the young people of the neighborhood; but to me they seemed indifferent companions. Much of the blame lay with myself; I was rather unsociable, and lacked that genial warmth which makes a person beloved in any place. Some four or five months passed away, and I began to think of seeking some employment, as my health was now fully restored, and I felt I must no longer remain a useless member at home. Just at this time I received a letter from one who had been my dearest friend at school, containing an invitation for me to spend a few weeks with her. I gladly accepted the invitation, and in a few days I found myself at my friend's house in the pleasant little village of R———. My visit was a pleasant one. Mattie, or Mrs. Bently, for she had been some two years married, was urgent for me to remain some time with her, longer than I had planned. However, before the time I had set for my departure came, a situation was offered me in one of the village schools, which I accepted, and thus I found myself once more engaged in my old occupation. My duties were rather lighter than they had been many times before, and my home was with Mattie at her request. I began to throw off my reserve and mingle more freely with people, and on the whole my time passed very pleasantly. During the winter I became acquainted with a young man who was spending some time at his uncle's, a warm friend of Mr. Bently's. As time passed on, I became conscious that this young man sought and seemed to take pleasure in my society. Now, had that been all I am afraid I should not have felt very badly, for he was handsome, gentlemanly, of good principles and upright character, and above all a Christian man. I had sense enough to appreciate all these qualites and respect their possessor; but this was all I wished to do, and it was with a feeling of horror that I found he was becoming more to me than a mere acquaintance. Then came a long bitter struggle with that besetting sin, my pride. Should I, who had always laughed at and despised the life of a farmer, and even wondered how my mother could have married one, now tread in her steps? No, my haughtiness rose up in rebellion against it; then again my reason and love pleaded differently, but I smothered them, and for two or three weeks kept myself wholly at home. But at last one beautiful evening, Mattie dragged me out to a small evening gathering at the house of one of her friends, and there I met this gentleman. In the course of the evening we met and he mentioned the fact that he was to leave the place in a few days, regretted that I was ill the last evening he called at Mr. Bently's, and asked permission to pay me a parting visit before he left, which request I could

not well refuse. I went home early that evening, suffering from a severe headache, and again I fought my battles over again. The next day came and went like some horrible dream, and I was just able to get home. I remember seeing the doctor by my bedside the next morning. Then came a blank.

"When I awoke to reason my mother stood beside me. I had been sick two weeks of a fever then prevailing in some parts of the town. Very slowly I came back to life under the tender care of my mother and Mattie. But it seemed as if the fever had burned up some of the passions in my breast, or that the soothing touches of my mother's hand, and the power of her loving words had taken away some of the bitterness in my heart. As I lay day after day, I thought over my past life; acts I had long forgotten rose before me; I had been far down into the dark valley, my feet had pressed the bank of the river of death; but I had come back again to life. I shuddered when I thought how near I had been to death. What if I had never awakened to life? I asked myself the question, but I shrank from the answer. My whole thought had been for this world—I had never thought of any other. I shuddered at myself, at my sin-laden soul, and shed bitter tears of repentance. 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' How softly sounded my mother's voice as she read, and how sweet appeared those blessed words! 'Come unto me! Yes, Lord Jesus, I come,' my whole soul cried in answer: 'take me, cleanse me; for such as I Thou bore the cross, endured the shame; my soul is sin-laden, but Thou wilt not cast me from Thee.' —— And so at last at my Saviour's feet I found rest, sweet soul-rest that this world can neither give nor take away. I felt that I had indeed passed from death unto life. My mother rejoiced with me; she joined her prayer of thanks with mine, that I had at last found the Friend of all friends who had cheered her so many long years. Oh the love of our blessed Saviour! How changed seemed everything to my eyes! I no longer saw as I had seen. The crown of life that fadeth not away seemed more precious than earth's riches now, and for it I resolved to strive.

"At last I could sit up, and even move around my room; and in a short time more I should be able to leave for home. As I sat one day thinking of many things, but mostly of the wonderful love of our blessed Lord, Mattie came into my room bringing a letter and as she put it into my hand said, 'This letter was left here for you the day after you took ill, but I thought I would wait until you got quite strong before I gave it to you.' Well, there is little need to tell you who the writer of it was, or how I answered it. My pride had vanished. I did not refuse to become a farmer's wife, and so I went home to stay a little while, until I should leave for a new home, where we intend to live so long as we both need an earthly abiding place. So when the last summer month came I came here to live, happy in my husband's love, and happier still in the love of One who laid down His life that we might live. Oh Mary, Kate, He is waiting for you, for His love is broad enough that all who will come may come. But ah! there are your uncle's bells; I can talk no more to-night."

"Thanks, aunt," said Kate; "I suppose uncle was that young man?"

"You are right in your supposition; let me stir the fire, my dear, that it may burn brightly to welcome him."

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## PHILIPPA.

### Chapter VII.

#### IN THE CELL OF THE GREY LADY.

"Blood must be my body's balmer,—
While my soule, like peaceful palmer,
Travelleth toward the Land of Heaven,
Other balm will not be given."

*—Sir Walter Raleigh.*

Elaine tapped softly on the weather-beaten door of the cell. It was merely hollowed out in the rock, and built up in front, with a low door and a very little window.

"Who is it?" asked a soft voice from within.

"Elaine and Annora," replied the little girl.

"Come in, my children."

Motioning Philippa to wait for her an instant, Elaine lifted the latch and entered, half closing the door behind her. Some low-toned conversation followed within the cell; and then Elaine opened the door, and asked Philippa to enter. The Grey Lady stood before her.

What she saw was a tall, slender, delicate figure, attired in dark grey. The figure alone was visible, for over the face the veil was drawn down. But Philippa's own knowledge of aristocratic life told her in an instant that the reverence with which she was received was that of a high-born lady. It was plain that the eremitess was no peasant.

Elaine seemed to know that she was no longer wanted, and she drew Annora away. The children went dancing through the wood, and Philippa, desiring Lena and Oliver to await her pleasure, shut the door of the cell.

"Mother," she began—for recluses were addressed as professed nuns, and were indeed regarded as the holiest of all celibates—"I desire your help."

"For body or soul?" was the reply.

"For the soul—for the life," said Philippa.

"Aye," replied the eremitess; "the soul is the life."

"Know you Guy of Ashridge?" asked Philippa.

The Grey Lady bowed her head.

"I have confessed to him, and he hath dealt hardly with me. He saith I will not be saved; and I wished to be saved. He tells me to come to Christ, and I know not how to come, and he saith he cannot make me understand how. He saith God loveth me, because He hath given me a very desolate and unhappy life; and I think He hateth me by that token. In short, Father Guy tells me to do what I cannot do, and then he saith I will not do it. Will you teach me, and comfort me, if you can? The monk only makes me more unhappy. And I do not want to be unhappy. I want comfort—I want rest—I want peace. Tell me how to obtain it!"

"No one wishes to be unhappy," said the eremitess, in her gentle accents; "but sometimes we mistake the medicine we need. Before I can give you medicine, I must know your disease."

"My disease is weariness and sorrow," answered Philippa. "I love none, and none loveth me. None hath ever loved me. I hate all men."

"And God?"

"I do not know God," she said, her voice sinking. "He is far off, and will come no nearer."

"Or, you are afar off, and will go no nearer? Which is it?"

"I think it is the first," she answered; "Guy of Ashridge will have it to be the second. I cannot get at God—that is all I know. And it is not for want of praying. I have begged the intercession of my patron, the holy Apostle St. Philip, hundreds of times."

"Do you know why you cannot get at God?"

"No. If you can guess, tell me why it is."

"Because you have gone the wrong way. You have not found the door. You are trying to break through over the wall. And 'he that entereth not by the door into the sheep-fold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."

"Explain to me what you mean, Mother, an' it like you."

"You know how Adam sinned in Paradise?" asked the Grey Lady.

"When he and Eva disobeyed God, and ate of the fruit of the forbidden tree? Yes, I have heard that."

"He built up a terrible wall between him and God. Every man, as born into this world, is on the hither side of that wall. He knoweth not God, he loveth not God, he careth not for God."

"But that is not the case with me," objected Philippa; "for I do wish for Him. I want some one to love me; and I should not mind if it were God. Even He were better than none."

The Grey Lady's veil trembled a little, as Philippa thought; but she sat meditating for an instant.

"Before I answer your last remark," she said, "will you tell me a little of your life? I might know better how to reply. You are a married woman, of course, for your dress is not that of a nun, nor of a widow. Have you children? Are your parents living?"

"I have no child," said Philippa: and the Grey Lady's penetration must have been obtuse if she were unable to detect a tone of deep sadness underlying the words. "And parents—living—did you ask me? By Mary, Mother and Maiden, I have but one living, and I hate—I hate him!" The passionate energy with which the last words were spoken told its own tale.

"Then it is no marvel," answered the Grey Lady, in a very different tone from Philippa's, "that you come to me with a tale of sorrow. Where there is hatred there can be no peace; and without peace there can be no hope."

"Hope!" exclaimed Philippa, bitterly. "What is there for me to hope? Who ever cared for me? Who ever asked me if I were happy? Nobody loves me—why should I love anybody?"

"'God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.'"

The words fell like cooling water on the hot fire of Philippa's bitterness; but she made no answer.

"Had God waited for us to love Him," resumed the eremitess, "where had we been now? 'We love Him, because He first loved us.'"

"He never loved me," answered Philippa, mournfully.

"He loved me so much," said the Grey Lady, softly, "that He made the way rough, that He might help me over it; He made the waters deep, that He might carry me through them; He caused the rain to fall heavily, that I might run to Him for shelter; He made 'mine earthly house of this tabernacle' dreary and cold, that I might find the rest and light, and warmth of His home above so much the sweeter. Yea, He made me friendless, that I might seek and find in Jesu-Christ the one Friend who would never forsake me, the one love that would never weary nor wax cold."

Philippa shook her head. She had never looked at her troubles in this light.

"But if the way be thus rough, and yet you will walk in it alone, though your feet be bleeding; if the waters be deep, and yet you will strive to ford them unaided; if the house be drear and lonely, and yet you will not rise up and go home—is it any wonder that you are sorrowful, or that you do not know Him whose love you put thus away from you? And you tell me that God's love were better to you than none! Better than none!—better than any, better than all! Man's love can save from some afflictions, I grant: but from how many it can not! Can human love keep you from sickness?—from sorrow?—from poverty?—from death? Yet the love of Christ can take the sting from all these,—can keep you calm and peaceful through them all. They will remain, and you will feel them; but the sting will be gone. There will be an underlying calm; the wind may ruffle the surface, but it cannot reach beneath. The lamb is safe in the arms of the Shepherd, but it does not hold itself there. He who shed His blood for us on the rood keepeth us safe, and none shall be able to pluck us out of His hand. O Lady, if 'thou knewest the gift of God, thou wouldst have asked of Him, and He would have given thee Living Water.'"

"They tell me of that Living Water, one and all; and I would fain drink thereof; but I am in the desert, and the well is afar off, and I know not where to find it." Philippa spoke not angrily now, but very sorrowfully.

"And 'thou hast nothing to draw with, and the Well is deep.'"

"That is just what I feel," said Philippa, earnestly.

"Yet it is close beside you," answered the Grey Lady. "The water is drawn, and ready. All that is needed is your outstretched hand to take it. Christ giveth the Living Water; Christ is the Door by which, if any man enter in, he shall be saved; Christ is our peace with God. You have not to make peace; for them that take Christ's salvation, peace is made. You can never make peace; it took Christ to make it. Your salvation—if you be saved at all—was finished thirteen hundred years ago, God hath provided this salvation for you, and all your life He hath been holding it forth to you—hath been calling you by all these your sorrows to come and take it. So many years as you have lived in this world, so many years you have grieved Him by turning a deaf ear and a cold heart towards His great heart and open hand held forth to you—towards His loving voice bidding you come to Him. Oh grieve Him no longer! Let your own works, your own goodness, your own sufferings, drop from you as the cast-off rags of a beggar, wrap yourself in the fair white robe of righteousness which the King giveth you—which He hath wrought Himself on purpose for you,—for which He asks no price from you, for He paid the price Himself, in His own blood. He came not to live, and work, and suffer, for Himself, but for you. You complain that none loveth you: all these years there hath been love unutterable waiting for you, and you will not take it."

It seemed to Philippa a very fair picture. Never before had the Garden of God looked so beautiful to her who stood waiting without the gate. But there appeared to be barriers between it and her, which she could not pass: and in especial one loomed up before her, dark and insuperable.

"But—must I forgive my father?"

"You must come to Christ ere you do anything. After that—when He hath given you His forgiving Spirit, and His strength to forgive—certainly you must forgive your father."

"Whatever he hath done?"

"Whatever he hath done."

"I can never do that," replied Philippa, yet rather regretfully than angrily. "What he did to *me* I might; but——"

"I know," said the Grey Lady quietly, when Philippa paused. "It *is* easier to forgive one's own wrongs than those of others. I think your heart is not quite so loveless as you would persuade yourself."

"To the dead—no," said Philippa huskily. "But to any who could love me in return——" and she paused again, leaving her sentence unended as before. "No, I never could forgive him."

"Never, of yourself," was the answer. "But whoso taketh Christ for his Priest to atone, taketh Christ also for his King to govern. In him God worketh, bringing forth from his soul graces which He Himself hath first put there—graces which the natural heart never can bring forth. Faith is the first of these; then love; and then

obedience. And both love and obedience teach forgiveness. 'If ye forgive not men their trespasses, how then shall your Father which is in Heaven forgive your trespasses?"

"Then," said Philippa, after a minute's silence, during which she was deeply meditating, "what we give to God is these graces of which you speak?—we give Him faith, and love, and obedience?"

"Assuredly—when He hath first implanted all within us."

"But what do we give of ourselves?" asked Philippa in a puzzled tone.

"We give *ourselves*."

"This giving of ourselves, then," pursued Philippa slowly, "maketh the grace of condignity?"

"We give to God," replied the low voice of the eremitess, "ourselves, and our sins. The last He purgeth away, and casteth them into the depths of the sea. Is there grace of condignity in them? And for us, when our sins are forgiven, and our souls cleansed, we are forever committing further sin, for ever needing fresh cleansing and renewed pardon. Is there grace of condignity, then, in us?"

"But where do you allow the grace of condignity?"

"I allow it not at all."

Philippa shrank back a little. In her eyes, this was heresy.

"You love not that," said the Grey Lady gently. "But can you find any other way of salvation that will stand with the dignity of God? If man save himself, then is Christ no Saviour; if man take the first step towards God, then is Christ no Author, but only the Finisher of faith."

"It seems to me," answered Philippa rather coldly, "that such a view as yours detracts from the dignity of man."

She could not see the smile that crossed the lips of the eremitess.

"Most certainly it does," said she.

"And God made man," objected Philippa. "To injure the dignity of man, therefore, is to affront the dignity of God."

"Dignity fell with Adam," said the Grey Lady. "Satan fatally injured the dignity of man when he crept into Eden. Man hath none left now, but only as he returneth unto God. And do you think there be any grace of condignity in a beggar when he holdeth forth his hand to receive a garment in the convent dole? Is it such a condescension in him to accept the coat given to him, that he thereby earneth it of merit? Yet this, and less than this, is all that man can do toward God."

"Are you one of the Boni-Homines?" asked Philippa suddenly.

She was beginning to recognize their doctrines now.

"The family of God are one," answered the Grey Lady, rather evasively. "He teacheth not different things to divers of His people, though He lead them by varying ways to the knowledge of the one truth."

"But are you one of the Boni-Homines?" Philippa repeated.

"By birth—no."

"No," echoed Philippa, "I should think not, by birth. Your accent and your manners show you high-born; and they are low-born varlets—common people."

"The common people," answered the Grey Lady, "are usually those who hear Christ the most gladly. 'Not many noble are called;' yet, thank God, a few. But do you, then, count Archbishop Bradwardine, or Bishop Grosteste, or William de Edingdon, Bishop of Winchester and Chancellor of England,—among the common people?"

"They were not among *them?*" exclaimed Philippa in contemptuous surprise.

"Trust me, but they were,—two of them at least; and the third preached their doctrines, though he went not out from them."

"I could not have believed it!"

"'The wind bloweth where it listeth,'" said the Grey Lady, softly: but she hardly spoke to her visitor.

Philippa rose. "I thank you for your counsel," she said.

"And you mean *not* to follow it?" was the gentle response.

"I do not know what I mean to do," she said honestly. "I want to do right; but I cannot believe it right to deny the grace of condignity. It is so blessed a doctrine! How else shall men merit the favor of God? And I do not perceive, by your view, how men approach God at all."

"By God approaching them," said the eremitess. "'Whosoever will, let him take the Water of Life freely.' But God provideth the water; man only receiveth it; and the will to receive it is of God, not of man's own deed and effort. 'It is God that worketh in us.' Salvation is 'not of works, lest any man should boast.'"

"That is not the doctrine of holy Church," answered Philippa, somewhat offended.

"It is the doctrine of St Paul," was the quiet rejoinder, "for the words I have just spoken are not mine, but his."

"Are you certain of that, Mother?"

"Quite certain."

"Who told you them?"

The Grey Lady turned, and took from a rough shelf or ledge, scooped out in the rocky wall of the little cavern, a small brown-covered volume.

"I know not if you can read," she said offering the book to Lady Sergeaux: "but there are the words."

The little volume was no continuous Book of Scripture, but consisted of passages extracted almost at random, of varying lengths, apparently just as certain para-

graphs had attracted her when she heard or read them.

"Yes, I can read. My nurse taught me," said Philippa, taking the little book from her hand.

But her eyes lighted, the first thing, upon a passage which enchained them; and she read no further.

"Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."

(*To be continued.*)

## THE BABY ON THE PRISON STEPS.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Nearly two hundred years ago, people passing by one of the prisons in England might have seen, on any warm, sunny day, a woman seated on the stone steps with a baby in her arms.

It was a poor, feeble little thing, and those who looked attentively at it used to think that it would never live to grow up to repay the care its mother bestowed upon it.

Her heart was very sad, as she sat there rocking her baby in her arms, trying to still its feeble cry, for her husband was shut up in those gloomy walls, and it was but seldom that the keeper of the prison would allow her to see him.

But you must not think that he was a wicked man because he was a prisoner; for in those days people were put in prison as often for loving the truth as for committing crimes.

The King of England and his Parliament had passed a law that persons must not meet together to worship God in any other place than the churches which they established, and that no one must preach unless they had given him permission.

Many of the people thought this law unjust, and would not obey it; so they had meetings of their own where they could hear the Word of God truly explained by godly men. These meetings made the Government very angry, and the people who were found attending them were put in prison. This baby's father was one of those who had been found at these meetings, and so he was in prison with many others.

After months of imprisonment, during which time the baby and his mother were constant in their visits to the prison, the father was released, but he was obliged to leave the country, and so for many years was separated from his family.

Still the little puny baby lived and grew, though very slowly. Almost as soon as he could speak he would go to his mother with any money which had been given him, and say' "A book—buy me a book!"

His mother taught him from the Bible, and he early learned to love the Saviour. When he was only seven years old he commenced to write verses. His mother had some doubt whether some verses which she found in his handwriting were really his; so, to prove that he could write them, he composed an acrostic on his name. I will give you the last verse, that you may know of whom you have been reading; for, if you take the first letter of each line you can form his name:

"Wash me in Thy blood, O Christ!
And grace divine impart:
Then search and try the corners of my heart
That I, in all things, may be fit to do
Service to Thee, and sing Thy praises too."

Not very good poetry, you will say, but then you know he was only seven years old, and he wrote better verses afterward, as you all know, if you have read his name, for it is the same Isaac Watts who has written so many of the hymns you learn to sing.

It was not until he was quite old that he wrote those, however, for his early years were chiefly spent in study. Indeed, his father did not approve of his verse-making, for after he was permitted to come home, he took charge of his son's education. One day he was about to punish him for making verses when he should have been studying, when Isaac stopped him by saying:

"O father, do some pity take,
And I will no more verses make."

He kept his word, and wrote very little until he left school.

His health was always very delicate, and though he studied for the ministry he was able to preach but little—most of his time was spent in writing. He had a delightful home in a small village a few miles from London, in the house of Sir Thomas Abney. He went there to spend a few weeks, and he remained there thirty-six years; for the delicate infant, whom no one thought would live to be a year old, lived to be seventy-five years of age.

And his mother, by her tender care of him, was probably the means of sparing the life of the greatest hymn-writer the world has ever known. I daresay that you will find that some of the hymns you love best to sing were written by him. Such as "There is a land of pure delight," or "When I can read my title clear," as well as many others, which you will find in your hymn book. He was quite an old man when he wrote the "Divine and Moral Songs for Children," which have been published in every form, from little paper books to handsomely-illustrated volumes bound in gilt.

I wonder if he thought of the time of which his mother had told him, when she used to sit with him in her arms on the

prison steps, when he wrote the cradle-hymn:

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber!"

Very likely he had been walking in the beautiful garden attached to the house where he lived so many years, when he wrote the hymn:

"How doth the little busy bee,"

or, just returned from the streets of London, when he wrote:

"Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see."

Isaac Watts has been for many years now singing the praises of God in far more beautiful strains than he ever thought of here, and still his words are used in the devotions of thousands, who hope to join him in singing the "new song" in our Father's house above.—*Little Kitty's Library.*

## GARRY LONG'S HEART.

Robin's father had dressed him, brushed his soft hair, laid him carefully on the sofa beside the window, where he could look into the bit of a garden, drawn up the plaid shawl almost to his chin, and kissing him once, twice, thrice, on his cheeks, his eyes and dear baby mouth, had gone off to his business as usual for the whole long day.

Robin's chin quivered, although he was six last birthday and would soon be a man. But he was weak yet. Only two months ago he had been attacked by a great red monster, called Scarlet Fever—always lurking around to spring on unwary little children; and though he routed the enemy, it was probable he would carry the scars of battle all the rest of his life. In fact, the little feet, once so busy, had lain quite helpless ever since, and every morning little Robin, looking at them wistfully, would say, "I shall walk to-morrow, papa?"

And papa, always turning away a little, would answer, "I hope so, my baby," and then Robin, smiling patiently, would be carried to the same old spot.

I should have told you that Robin's mamma died more than a year ago, and that he and his father boarded with Mrs. Long, a kind-hearted woman, who often looked in on lonely little Robin, and brought his dainty meals with her own hands.

You might think Robin's life in this one little room would be very dull and monotonous; but on the contrary, his days were crammed with excitement, and events of the deepest interest, as he thought, were constantly chasing the faint color to and fro in his cheeks.

That might have been because he had a great joy and a great terror.

A soft gray bundle, mounted on four snowy paws, blue-green eyes, a pink nose—that was the joy, though the name that Robin knew her by was Silver Toes.

Now, Silver Toes was the most charming companion in the world. She never was low-spirited; she never cried for new playthings. A spool and a string a fortnight ago had appeared to her the most fascinating amusement in the world, and it was just as fresh and enticing at the hundredth trial as at the first; and Robin, watching and applauding with glistening eyes, was quite of her opinion.

After the spool diversion, Silver Toes would spring to Robin's breast, and gravely receive a lesson from his picture-book, or perhaps the boy would tell her all his little plans—what he meant to do when he could walk again; how he would earn money and buy her a new ribbon, and perhaps when he grew up he would marry her, for "Silver Toes," he would say, "I have no doubt that you are an enchanted princess, and if any one should cut off your ears and tail, you would turn into a beautiful young lady."

Whereat Silver Toes would wink her eyes, as if she quite appreciated the joke, and Robin, screaming with delight, would hug and pet her till they were both tired, and, snuggling down under the shawl, went to sleep together.

In short, that charming Silver Toes was "a joy for ever," for which little Robin daily offered his baby thanksgivings.

Often, however, this happiness had a rude interruption. The door would suddenly burst open, and there would dawn upon Robin's troubled vision a coarse, gray suit of clothes, terminated below by a pair of muddy boots, and above by a mop of shaggy hair, through which twinkled a pair of keen, restless eyes. This was the terror, and its name was Garry Long.

Garry always burst in as if he were first cousin to a whirlwind, and then as for talking, I am sure any cotton-mill would have made its fortune if it could have got his tongue for a shuttle.

Burst! whirr! clatter! while Robin's head began to ache, and his heart beat fast. I couldn't begin to tell you all the Terror did to deserve his title. Of course he always forgot Robin's name to begin with.

"Good-morning, sparrow, peacock, catbird!" he always said; and when the poor child faintly suggested "Robin,"

"Ah, yes, Robin, Cock Robin, to be sure. And when do you bring home your bride, Jenny Wren?"

All this, though most ridiculous, was cruelly in earnest to weak, nervous Robin, who, try his best, could not restrain his tears at the exquisite satire of being taken for a bird who was going to marry a little feathered wife.

Then, seeing the swollen eyes, Garry would take another turn.

"Ah! I beg pardon, it's a girl!" and seizing a bit of paper, "My dear Miss Chimney Swallow, let me put your hair in curls;" and straightway there were two little horns each side the white forehead, and Robin was trembling from head to foot at this new indignity.

Then Garry would make a tour of the room. In five minutes everything would be in confusion, picture-books scattered, Robin's treasure-box upset, his bit of orange put far beyond his reach, and finally, when Garry could think of nothing further, he finished off by catching a few flies to pull off their wings.

Then Robin could not keep still any longer.

"Please don't, Garry! Oh, doesn't it make your heart ache to—"

"Heart!" interrupted Garry; "I haven't any to ache!"

"Why everybody has a heart," cried astonished Robin.

"Everybody but me, then," returned Garry, complacently. "I haven't any. Mother says so every day, and I'm glad of it, they're such a bother. You can't have half so much fun. It makes a perfect spoon of a fellow to have a heart."

"A what?" cried Robin, with dilating eyes.

"The biggest kind of a spoon," reiterated Garry.

"A soup-ladle?" queried troubled Robin.

Garry gave a whoop like a Comanche, and stood on his head in an ecstasy.

"That's it. Now you would'nt like to see me turned into a soup-ladle, would you?" and with another whoop and summerset he was gone.

This was a mystery too profound for Robin, so he let it slip away on a deep, deep sigh. But that night there was something added to his usual little simple talk with the Lord:

"Dear Father in heaven, did you know you had forgotten to give Garry a heart?" And then he waited in undoubting faith that the omission would soon be supplied.

This was more than a week ago. On the morning when our story begins, the Terror arrived earlier than usual. Silver Toes, whose existence had been kept a profound secret since the day of her arrival, was just in the midst of the maddest waltz with her spool partner, when a roar was heard on the stairs.

"Quick! quick! Silver Toes!" screamed Robin; and nimbly as kitty sprang, her tail was not fairly under the shawl when Garry burst in.

"Who were you talking to, Cock Robin?" but Robin could not speak for the beating of his heart.

"How queer you look!" continued Garry, looking at him curiously, while Robin grew hot and cold by turns, lest that dear Silver Toes should stretch out an imprudent paw.

"What have you got in your hand under the shawl?" said that dreadful Garry, the next minute.

"Only my picture-book," faltered Robin, drawing it out.

"Oh, I thought it was something nice you were trying to keep from me."

A fever spot burned on Robin's cheek.

"Hark!" said Garry, suddenly; "what's that noise?"

"That big blue fly on the window-pane, maybe," said Robin, very loud and fast.

"No such thing," said Garry, suspiciously. "It's a cat purring somewhere! Where can she be? If there's anything I hate, it's a cat. I kill them whenever I find them."

Could any words express the breathless, supreme anxiety of that moment? Garry's keen eyes were searching every corner. Unhappy Silver Toes! why couldn't she know she was purring like a steam-engine?

"Did you ever hear me sing, Garry?" piped poor Robin in his desperation, and without waiting for an answer, he began,

"Jesus loves me, this I know,"

straining his quavering little voice to drown that terrible purr.

"Hush!" said Garry; "I'd rather hear a young rooster learning to crow."

Poor Robin laughed so loud: "That's a real good joke, Garry, I—"

"Stop, can't you?" cried Garry. "Now I've lost track of that cat. I'm sure she wasn't *far* off;" and he came toward the sofa again.

"My heart is breaking!" murmured Robin. Then, in his desperation, a bright thought struck him.

"Oh, Garry, papa told me such a nice story!" he began eagerly. "There was once a dog who—"

"Nonsense! Do you think I care for your baby stories when I'm most twelve years old? No, I'd a sight rather kill that cat!"

Robin's last gun was fired. He lay back with a queer, numb helplessness creeping over him. Oh, why hadn't "our Father" given Garry a heart?

But just at this dreadful moment Mrs. Long called loudly, and Garry did not dare disobey, though he went unwillingly enough, putting his head back to say, with a frightful grimace,

"I hate you, Robin."

"I know it," said poor Robin, faintly. He had been told so many times.

"You're such a bother to everybody," said the boy. "I'll bet a copper, now, I'm just wanted to go after milk for your supper, you lazy toad! What do you suppose you were made for, eh?"

Patient Robin shook his head mournfully.

An hour afterward, Garry stole back without his boots, and peeped through Robin's keyhole.

"I thought so!" said he, triumphantly; for, alas! quite unconscious of the "Terror," there was Silver Toes dancing her maddest, while Robin was murmuring, with tears of delight.

"Was there ever such a cunning cat?"

"What if I should burst in on them now!" thought Garry; "What a scrambling there would be!" and he fairly rolled on the floor at the thought of such an exquisite joke; but just then his mother called again, and Silver Toes was spared a few hours longer.

The next day, as Garry was again stealing up the stairs, he met Robin's father and two other gentlemen on the landing. They were all looking so very grave.

"No," said Dr. Newton as Garry passed, "he will never walk again."

"But there is no need to tell the poor little fellow," added kind Dr. Brown. "Let him be happy as possible the little while he has to stay."

What! Garry couldn't believe his ears. It couldn't be possible that Robin wasn't going to get well. He ran to his mother.

"Yes, I've feared he was failing this long time," said the good woman, weeping, "and you would have seen it too, if you had any heart."

Garry walked away whistling.

That afternoon Robin awoke from troubled sleep, and stretched out his hand for Silver Toes, but she wasn't there. He raised himself a little and called anxiously, but there was no answering patter of feet. The door of the room was slightly ajar; could Silver Toes have crept through? Robin gave a hasty glance through the window. Alas! the mystery was solved. Up in the highest branches of the pear tree sat poor Silver Toes, with high-curved back, while below, watching her with the fiercest eyes, was Garry's savage dog! And as if this were not peril enough, just then Garry himself, with his dreadful whoop, burst from the door. It was like a nightmare. Robin tried to speak, but no sound came from his dry lips. "He 'hates cats,' and hasn't any heart," thought the wretched Robin to himself; and just gasping,

"Dear Father in heaven—Silver Toes" —he fell back faint upon the pillow.

There was a confused sound—barking, scolding, piteous mewing; then all was still.

"She's gone!" said Robin, trembling all over. "Our Father didn't save her; but it's all right," added the poor little soul, trying to smile up into the blue sky. "Perhaps some mamma was praying for a little dying baby just then, and Silver Toes is only a kitten;" but the great tears swelled and rolled.

The door opened softly. "I don't want any supper to-night, Mrs. Long," said Robin, with his face turned to the wall.

The steps came nearer the sofa. Something sprung lightly upon Robin's breast; something very soft brushed his cheek. Trembling like a leaf, Robin opened his eyes, and there sat the precious Silver Toes, gravely making repairs on her best gray silk with her little red tongue.

But stranger than all, there stood the "Terror," working his hands nervously, trying in vain to say something.

"I'm sorry—I'm sorry that—" but he could get no further.

Robin looked at him anxiously a moment, then caught both his hands with a cry of joy: "Has our Father given you a heart, Garry?"

"Yes, Robin," said the boy, simply.

"And you don't mind being a—a—"

"'Soup-ladle?' No!" cried Garry, laughing hysterically. "Whatever you want me to be. You must tell me what is right."

"I can't tell you much," said humble Robin, "but in a few days, when I am better, we'll talk about it when we're taking walks together—real long journeys into the woods, you know;" he chuckled merrily at the thought.

Garry's new heart choked him; he couldn't speak. But a very few weeks later, when he was again bending over the sofa with sobs and tears, he said,

"Robin, dear Robin."

The little child, who was indeed going a long journey, and whose hand was already clasped in that of the dearest Friend, turned back a little with a smile of sweet surprise.

"*Dear* Robin!" repeated he.

"Yes, *dear* Robin," sobbed Garry; "you must tell your Jesus that I want Him to take my heart and hold it fast, *fast*."

So Robin's short life had not been in vain.—*Helps Over Hard Places.*

## THE GATE OF DEATH.

BY MARY E. ATKINSON.

It is a baby's hand
Knocks at the gate of death,
And we who love him, stand
Weeping with bated breath,
Waiting to see it ope
For the little feet to pass
In through the gate of hope,
To the throne on the sea of glass.

Alas, the death-mists close
Around the frail life's goal;
Else should we see what glory glows
Around the entering soul.
Nor saint nor seraphim,
But the one who loves him best
From his mother's arms receiveth him,
And lifts him to His breast.

How safe the baby soul
God's fair world entereth,
To dwell, while happy ages roll,
Beyond the gate of death!
Lord, open Thou our eyes
To see their blest estate
Who live with Thee in Paradise,
The other side death's gate!—*The Advance*

# The Home.

## NEEDFUL SCIENCE AND TRAINING.

That women need as much and even more scientific and practical training for their appropriate business than men, arises from the fact that they must perform duties quite as difficult and important, and a much greater variety of them. A man usually selects only one branch of business for a profession, and, after his school education, secures an apprenticeship of years to perfect his practical skill; and thus a success is attained which would be impossible were he to practice various trades and professions.

Now let us notice what science and training are needed for the various and difficult duties that are demanded of woman in her ordinary relations as wife, mother, housekeeper, and the mistress of servants.

First, the department of a housekeeper demands some knowledge of all the arts and sciences connected with the proper construction of a family dwelling.

In communities destitute of intelligent artisans, a widow, or a woman whose husband has not time or ability to direct, on building a house, would need for guidance the leading principles of architecture, pneumatics, hydrostatics, calorification, and several other connected sciences, in order to secure architectural beauty, healthful heating and ventilation, and the economical and convenient arrangements for labor and comfort. A housekeeper properly instructed in these principles would know how to secure chimneys that will not smoke, the most economical furnaces and stoves, and those that will be sure to "draw." She would know how dampers and air-boxes should be placed and regulated, how to prevent or remedy gas escapes, leaking water-pipes, poisonous recession of sewers, slamming shutters, bells that will not ring, blinds that will not fasten, and doors that will not lock or catch. She will understand about ball-cocks, and high and low pressure on water-pipes and boilers, and many other mysteries which make a woman the helpless victim of plumbers and other jobbers often as blundering and ignorant as herself. She would know what kind of wood-work saves labor, how to prevent its shrinkage, when to use paint, and what kind is best, and many other details of knowledge needed in circumstances to which any daughter of wealth is liable: knowledge which could be gained with less time and labor than is now given in public schools to geometry and algebra.

On supposition of a *yard* and *garden*, with young boys and domestic animals under her care, she would need the first principles of landscape gardening, floriculture, horticulture, fruit culture, and agriculture; also the fitting and furnishing of accommodations and provision for domestic animals. And to gain this knowledge would demand less time than young girls often give to picking pretty flowers to pieces and saying hard names over them, or storing them in herbariums never used. And yet botany might be so taught as to be practically useful.

Next, in *selecting furniture*, a woman so instructed would know when glue and nails are improperly used instead of the needed dovetailing and mortising. She would know when drawers, tables, and chairs were properly made, and when brooms, pots, saucepans, and coal-scuttles would last well and do proper service. She would know the best colors and materials for carpets, curtains, bed and house linen, and numerous other practical details as easily learned as the construction of "bivalves" and "multivalves," and other particulars in natural history now studied, and, being of no practical use, speedily forgotten.

Next, in the *ornamentation* of a house, she will need the general principles that guide in the making or selection of pictures, statuary, in drawing, painting, music, and all the fine arts that render a home so beautiful and attractive.

Next comes all involved in the *cleansing*, *neatness*, and *order* of houses filled with sofas, ottomans, curtains, pictures, musical instruments, and all the varied collection of beautiful and frail ornaments or curiosities so common. Every girl should be taught to know the right and the wrong way of protecting or cleansing every article, from the rich picture-frames and frescoes to the humblest crockery and stew-pan. And this would include much scientific knowledge as well as practical training.

Next comes the selection of *healthful food*, the proper care of it, and the most economical and suitable modes for cooking. Here are demanded the first principles of physiology, animal chemistry, and

domestic hygiene, with the practical applications. Thus instructed, the housekeeper will know the good or bad condition of meats, milk, bread, butter, and all groceries. And a class could be taken to market or grocery for illustration, as easily as to a museum or the field for illustrations of mineralogy or botany. All this should be done before a young girl has the heavy responsibilities of housekeeper, wife, mother, and nurse. The art of cookery, in all its departments, has received more attention than any other domestic duty in former days; but at the present time no systematic mode is devised for training a young girl to superintend and instruct servants in this complicated duty, on which the health and comfort of a family so much depend.

Next, in providing *family clothing* and in the care of household stuffs, she will know how to do and to teach in the best manner plain sewing, hemming, darning, mending, and the use of a sewing-machine, thus cultivating ingenuity, dexterity, and common sense in judging the best way of doing things and deciding what is worth doing and what is not. She will exercise good taste and good judgment in dress for herself and family, in the selection of materials, in the adaptation of colors and fashion to age, shape, and employments, and in the avoidance of unhealthful and absurd fashions; and she will have such knowledge of domestic chemistry as is needed in the cleansing, dyeing, and preservation of household clothing and stuffs.

Next comes all involved in the *care of health*. This again involves the first principles of animal and domestic chemistry, hydrostatics, pneumatics, caloric, light, electricity, and especially hygiene and therapeutics. A housekeeper instructed in these will have pure water, pure air, much sunlight, beds and clothes well cleansed, every arrangement for cleanliness and comfort, and all that tends to prevent disease or retard its first approaches. And her knowledge and skill she will transmit to the children and servants under her care, while the dumb animals of her establishment will share in the blessings secured by her scientific knowledge and trained skill.

Next comes the care of *family expenses* in all departments of economy, and in which science and training are also demanded: to this add the enforcement of system and order, hospitalities to relatives, friends, and the homeless, the claims of society as to calls, social gatherings, the sick, the poor, benevolent associations, school and religious duties.

Not the least of the onerous duties of a housekeeper is the training and government of *servants* of all kinds of dispositions, habits, nationalities, and religions.

All these multiplied and diverse duties are demanded of every woman, whether married or single, who becomes mistress of a house.

The distinctive duties of *wife and mother* are such that both science and training are of the greatest consequence, and a dreadful amount of suffering has resulted from want of such proper instruction. One of the most important of these duties is the care of new-born infants and their mothers. Thousands of young infants perish and young mothers are made sufferers for life for want of science and training in the mothers and monthly nurses.

Then the *helpers in the nursery* have a daily control of the safety, health, temper, and morals of young children; and a conscientious, careful, affectionate woman, instructed in the care of health and remedies for sudden accident, is a rare treasure. These arduous duties are now extensively given to the inexperienced and the ignorant. It is a mournful fact that more science and care are given by professional trainers to the offspring of horses, cows, sheep, and hogs, than to the larger portion of children of the American people. Thus comes the fact that the mortality of the human offspring greatly exceeds that of the lower animals.

The most difficult and important duties of a woman are those of an *educator* in the family and the school. In the nursery, children are taught the care of their bodies, the use of language, the nature and properties of the world around them, and many social and moral duties, all before books are used. Then it is a mother's duty to select the school-teacher, and so to supervise, that health and intellectual training shall be duly secured, To this add the duties of training and controlling the helpers in the nursery and kitchen, and to a housekeeper and mother the duties of an *educator* stand first on the roll of responsibilities.

But the most weighty of all human responsibilities to rest upon every housekeeper, whether mother or only mistress of servants, are those which are consequent on the distinctive teachings of Jesus Christ; for, as the general rule, it is the mistress who is the chief minister of religion in the family state.

It is for want of facilities for the proper scientific training of women for these multiform duties that they are so generally not educated to be healthy, or economical, or industrious, or properly qualified to be happy wives, or to train children and servants, or to preserve health in families and schools, or to practice a wise economy in the various departments of the family state. It is for want of such scientific training that the most important duties of the family, being disgraced and undervalued, are forsaken by the cultivated and refined, and, passing to the unskilled and vulgar,

secure neither honorable social position nor liberal rewards. The poorest teacher of music, drawing, or French has higher position and reward than those who perform the most scientific, sacred, and difficult duties of the family state.—*From Miss Beecher's "Housekeeper and Healthkeeper."*

## TEMPTATION.

BY MRS. REV. C. F. WILDER.

One afternoon, as I was grieving over my sins, and particularly my besetting sin of impatience, I sighed and wondered if ever the time would come when I should be so consistent a Christian as not to lose my own self-respect, or feel that I had degraded myself in the eyes of my family. I thought over the many years that I had been trying to lead a new life; of the struggles after peace; the desire to reach the delectable mountains, "where the air is pure, and everthing beautiful, and one can see far away in the distance;" but if that "stronghold" could not be reached, with longing eyes I turned to look towards the arbor made for the refreshing of weary travellers, where rest could be found, and I could say, "I have grown humble; I am patient; I have conquered my besetting sin." That I, who professed to have given myself a free oblation to the Lord; who had offered all my sins, confessing and bewailing them; who had offered all that was good, though it was so little, and had dared hope that the Master had cleansed me from moral corruption that I might be more acceptable unto Him. I had besought Him to take from my heart all pride, unbelief, self-love, murmurings, anger, and impatience, and now——I bowed my face in my hands, that I might hide my blushes of shame from the light of day.

How I hated myself for the cross and impatient words spoken that day to the children, to the best of husbands, and to my one faithful servant, who looked the astonishment the others felt. I had awakened, that warm spring morning, with a nervous headache; then my first thoughts, instead of being those of thankfulness for another day, and for home and loved ones, were, "Oh dear it is baking day!" Everything went wrong; the fire would not burn; the bread had risen too much; and the children were cross. After breakfast, when we knelt at family prayers, my thoughts would continually wander to the sour bread, to the pies that must be made, to the cake, the meats and puddings that were to be cooked for Sunday, and the mountain of Saturday work; and when I rose from my knees, instead of being strengthened for my day's work, I was pressed down with its burdens.

If I had told the Lord just how I felt, and carried my burdens to Him, I know that they would have seemed lighter, and I should have received strength to bear them. As I sat in the quiet of the twilight, with my sewing on my lap, I thought of all this, and of a preventive for such evils. "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." Good Thomas à Kempis said, "We must be watchful, especially at the beginning of temptation; for the enemy is more easily overcome if he be not suffered to enter the door of your hearts, but be resisted without the gate at the first signal given; therefore, withstand the beginning, for an after remedy comes too late." This matter of resistance to temptation may make strong characters; but as a general thing, one can't resist very long, and that is why we have so much need to "watch that we enter not."

I have had about the same discipline that all the sisters in our great army have had. I have a nervous temperament, like many of them. I have had many cares and trials during the twenty years of my married life, like them all; and it was only of late that I had begun to see the difference between nervousness and ill-temper, and to realize that I could not be a consistent Christian and work too hard. I don't believe that there are many women that can.

Most of our cross, fretful, fault-finding Christians, who are a disgrace to that name, are the nervous workers of the age—women who care for home, and do the work of housekeeper, cook, and seamtress—do the work that three women ought, beside having the mother-care of a large family of boisterous children. No wonder that we half the time believe the heavens to be brass, and our God has forgotten to be gracious. We must answer our own prayers when we can, as God does not work miracles in our behalf.

"Let me see; when did temptation first knock at the door of my heart?" I thought. It is Saturday, and I run back over each day to the last one of peace, and it was on the Sabbath. On Monday—well it was Monday, and T. W. Higginson once said that an American woman considered it her duty to wash in the morning of that day, and make calls in her black silk in the afternoon; and I had done that, with the exception of wearing the black silk, as I had none to wear, having made mine over last season for my oldest daughter. On Monday night the baby was sick and slept but little, but ironing must be done on Tuesday, because I like it done and out of the way the first part of the week. Of course company came to dinner, and I could not help that extra work, but I could have helped going out on Monday afternoon, and getting so tired and unfit for the labors of the next day.

"But," self-will pleaded, "I don't feel like sewing on Mondays, and what could I do? I like to 'make every minute tell.'" "You could have read and rested,'" said my good angel. "But the calls must be made, and when could I have made them? That was so much time gained," said self-will, ashamed to yield to conscience. "But if, by resting, you would have saved such a day as this, would it not have been more truly time gained?"

I began to promise myself that I would not do more work than I could do, and not get so weary in body and mind; and as the gas was lighted, I took up the sewing from my lap and began to place the fourth (!) ruffle upon Emma's dress, thinking this is part of the unnecessary work that helps keep the outer gate of the soul open to temptation.—*Selected.*

## A LITTLE DOMESTIC MATTER.

We often wonder if it ever occurs to the majority of men that their wives have an interest in the family finances. In many cases, certainly, no such thought seems ever to have entered their heads, and the results are evil, in many ways. When two people marry it is fair to assume that they wish to be happy, and that each intends to labor to that end. They have certain resources, and count upon an income of so much. They have been accustomed to a certain style of living, and the nature and extent of their wants are determined by their circumstances.

Now the natural and proper thing for them to do is to so regulate their mode of living that their expenditures shall fall within their income, and at the same time satisfy their wants as fully as people in their circumstances can afford to have them satisfied. Indeed every married pair must do this if they are to get on at all in life. We all want more than we can have, but we want some things far more than others, and with a limited ability to buy, we should select for purchase from the whole list of coveted comforts, those things which are most essential to our happiness and well-being. But to do this judiciously it is necessary that there should be a complete understanding between the two purchasing powers; that each shall know the extent of the means at command, so that the expenditures of each may be regulated accordingly.

In too many families the wife knows nothing whatever of the husband's income. Some men think it none of their wives' business. Others wish to spare their wives the trouble and annoyance incident to money matters, and some are weak enough to desire that their wives may think them richer than they are. In all such cases it is probably true that "the money question is a sure rock of offence," as an esteemed lady correspondent thinks it is in the majority of families. The wife, deceived, uncertain as to the income of her husband, either spends more than she should, or, in terror of transcending the unknown limits of the family exchequer, denies herself many things which she ought to have and can afford to buy.

Women are not fools, and the majority of them are more careful of the future than men are. The wife who would knowingly wreck her husband and herself by extravagance is the rare exception to an almost universal rule. But while the husband wears broadcloth and smokes three or four twenty-cent cigars a day, the wife, who has no other way of guessing at his income, is certainly not to blame for thinking that he can afford her all of the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. Should he tell her plainly what their income really is, she would in almost every case deny herself all luxuries, and match any little retrenchment he might make in the matter of cigars or patent-leather boots, with a far greater saving from her own bills.

The woman equally with the man—nay, the woman far more than the man, is interested in the preservation of the family solvency, and the laying by of savings. Extravagance on the part of either means ruin to both, but the ruin brings a sorer sorrow upon the woman than upon the man. Poverty makes little alteration in his work or in his surroundings during a great part of every day, while it stares her constantly in the face. Painfully close economy always falls upon the wife's side. The man must be dressed comfortably and decently, in order that he may go to his work; but the wife who stays at home, can cut her own expenditures down to the starving point with nobody the wiser, and hence, where ruin has come, she is always the greater sufferer. Is she not entitled, then, to a fair chance to do her best for the prevention of that ruin? As the one most interested, is she not entitled to know, from the very first, just how much money her husband has, just how much he can make, and just how much he expends, in order that she may regulate her share of the spending accordingly? Is it just, is it fair, is it wise that she shall be made to walk in the dark and then be censured for stumbling?

Extravagance and economy are only relative terms, depending for their meaning upon the condition of the bank-account of the person using them, and every man who desires his wife to practice economy should at least give her the data from which she can determine what is and what is not meant by the term. There are many things which every family should have, but which any family can do without, things which go

to make home pleasanter, brighter, and happier than it otherwise would be, and these it falls to the lot of the wife to buy. If the family be able to have such things, the mother fails in her duty to her children, to her husband, and to herself when she excludes these from her list of purchases. On the other hand, if the family income will not warrant the indulgence, the wife who buys them is guilty of extravagance. But if she is left in ignorance of the exact length of the family purse, how is she to do her duty in the matter?

We men are very unjust to the womankind, and that, too, when we mean to be kindest oftentimes, and this is one of the ways in which we are most apt to do them wrong. Every marriage should be a complete partnership of heart, purse, and life. We know of no moral law which gives the husband any right that his wife has not, and that family is a badly-regulated one in which the husband is supposed to graciously *give* the wife the money she spends. No family is safe in which there is not a perfect unity of purpose and a complete harmony of action, and this can never be secured if the wife be kept in ignorance of the financial condition of the family, or be taught to think that the money made and used is less truly hers than her husband's. —*Hearth and Home.*

## WANTED—A HOME.

Nothing can be meaner than that "Misery should love company." But the proverb is founded on an original principle in human nature, which it is no use to deny and hard work to conquer. I have been uneasily conscious of this sneaking sin in my own soul, as I have read article after article in English newspapers and magazines on the "decadence of the home in English family life, as seen in the towns and the metropolis." It seems that the English are as badly off as we. There, also, men are wide-awake and gay at clubs and races, and sleepy and morose in their own houses; "sons lead lives independent of their fathers and apart from their mothers and sisters;" "girls run about as they please, without care or guidance." This state of things is "spreading social evil," and men are at their wit's ends to know what is to be done about it. They are ransacking "national character and customs, religion, and the particular tendency of the present literary and scientific thought and the teaching and preaching of the public press," to find out the root of the trouble. One writer ascribes it to the "exceeding restlessness and the desire to be doing something which are predominant and indomitable in the Anglo-Saxon race; another to the passion which almost all families have for seeming richer and more fashionable than their means will allow. In these, and in most of their other theories, they are only working round and round, as doctors so often do, in the dreary circle of symptomatic results, without so much as touching or perhaps suspecting their real centre. How many people are blistered for spinal disease, or blanketed for rheumatism, when the real trouble is a little fiery spot of inflammation in the lining of the stomach! and all these difficulties in the outworks are merely the creaking of the machinery, because the central engine does not work properly. Blisters and blankets may go on for seventy years coddling the poor victim; but he will stay ill to the last if his stomach is not set right.

There is a close likeness between the doctor's high-sounding list of remote symptoms, which he is treating as primary diseases, and the hue and outcry about the decadence of home spirit, the prevalence of excessive and improper amusements, club-houses, billiard-rooms, theatres, and so forth, which are "the banes of homes."

The trouble is in the homes. Homes are stupid, homes are dreary, homes are insufferable. If one can be pardoned for the Irishism of such a saying, homes are their own worst "banes." If homes were what they should be, nothing under heaven could be invented which could be a bane to them, which would do more than serve as useful foil to set off their better cheer, their pleasanter ways, their wholesomer joys.

When we ask who can do most to remedy this,—in whose hands it most lies to fight against the tendencies to monotony, stupidity, and instability which are inherent in human nature? then the answer is clear and loud: It is the work of women, their "right" divine and unquestionable, and including most emphatically the "right to labor."

To create and sustain the atmosphere of a home,—it is easily said in a few words; but how many women have done it? How many women can say to themselves or others that this is their aim? To keep house well, women often say they desire. But keeping house well is another affair—I had almost said it has nothing to do with creating a home. That is not true, of course. Comfortable living, as regards food and fire and clothes, can do much to help on a home. Nevertheless, with one exception, the best homes I have ever seen were in houses which were not especially well kept; and the very worst I have ever known were presided (I mean tyrannized) over by "perfect housekeepers."

There is an evil fashion of speech which says it is a narrowing and narrow life that a woman leads who cares only, works only, for her husband and children; that a high-

er, more imperative thing is that she herself be developed to her utmost. Even so clear and strong a writer as Frances Cobbe, in her otherwise admirable essay on the "Final Cause of Woman," falls into this shallowness of words, and speaks of women who live solely for their families as "adjectives."

In the family relation so many women are nothing more, so many women become even less, that human conception may perhaps be forgiven for losing sight of the truth, the ideal. Yet in women it is hard to forgive it. Thinking clearly, she should see that a creator can never be an adjective; and that a woman who creates and sustains a home, and under whose hand children grow up to be strong and pure men and women, is a creator. Into the home she will create, monotony, stupidity, antagonisms cannot come. Her foresight will provide occupations and amusements; her loving and alert diplomacy will fend off disputes. Unconsciously, every member of her family will be as clay in her hands. More anxiously than any statesman will she meditate on the wisdom of each measure, the bearing of each word. The least possible governing which is compatible with order will be her first principle; her second, the greatest possible influence which is compatible with the growth of individuality. Will the woman whose brain and heart are working those problems, as applied to a household, be an adjective? be idle?

This is too hard? There is the house to be kept? And there are poverty and sickness, and there is not time?

Yes, it is hard. And there is the house to be kept; and there are poverty and sickness; but, God be praised, there is time. A minute is time. In one minute we may live the essence of all. I have seen a beggar-woman make half an hour of home on a door-step, with a basket of broken meat! And the most perfect home I ever saw was in a little house into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. A thousand dollars served for a year's living of father, mother, and three children. But the mother was a creator of home; her relation with her children was the most beautiful I have ever seen; even a dull and commonplace man was lifted up and enabled to do good work for souls, by the atmosphere which this woman created; every inmate of her house involuntarily looked into her face for the key-note of the day; and it always rang clear. From the rose-bud or the clover-leaf which, in spite of her hard housework, she always found time to put by our plates at breakfast, down to the essay or story she had on hand to be read or discussed in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She has always been and always will be my ideal of a mother, wife, home-maker. If to her quick brain, loving heart, and exquisite tact had been added the appliances of wealth and the enlargement of a wider culture, hers would have been absolutely the ideal home. As it was, it was the best I have ever seen. It is more than twenty years since I crossed its threshold. I do not know whether she is living or not. But, as I see house after house in which fathers and mothers and children are dragging out their lives in a hap-hazard alternation of listless routine and unpleasant collision, I always think, with a sigh, of that poor little cottage by the seashore, and of the woman who was "the light thereof;" and I find in the faces of many men and children, plainly written and as sad to see as in the newspaper columns of "Personals," "Wanted—a Home."—*From "Bits of Talk about Home Matters," by H. H.*

## MOTHER HOPE'S POTATOES.

"I grew so tired of boarding at West Falls," said Janet, knitting away at her thread stockings, while Mother Hope moulded bread just inside the pantry door. "It was beef-steak and potatoes, always potatoes, sodden or fried, for breakfast, dinner, and tea. I never mean to see a potato when I keep house."

"It's the cook you must send away, not the potatoes," said Mother Hope, briskly. "Not one woman out of a hundred understands a potato. It is the most delicate of vegetables; just what salmon is among fish, and sponge biscuit among cakes. Just because it is so delicate it wants nice cooking, and gets the worst."

"But take old potatoes, aunt, and you, even, can't make them good."

"I'd like to see a potato that *dared* to be poor in my hands! I never could submit to have potatoes and squashes and beef-steaks have the spoiling of my dinner if they chose. I am a missionary in my kitchen, or a despot rather. I suppose you fancy you've had new potatoes to eat ever since you've been here? They're a year old, every one of them. We don't dig potatoes till the middle of July."

"I thought uncle had uncommon luck to raise such large early ones. But how can you convert your vegetables, for they're always perfection?"

"Potatoes are easy. The boys 'sprout' them all early in April, and that stops their 'running down' to water, as Professor Henry calls it, at least, in a measure. I let them stand in cold water all night before using. By-the-way, the boys bring up half a barrel at a time, and wash them at the pump in a tub with a broom. It's just five minutes work for them, and then the're put into a bin in the pantry. Saves me a world

of steps! I always rinse them in the morning with a whisk broom; it cleans them better than fingers can do. They are put in a coarse cotton bag into boiling water to cook, with a tea-spoonful of fresh lime. The bag keeps the scum which the lime will raise from settling on the potatoes. Nice English housekeepers tie their beef in a bag to boil. In half an hour my great early roses come out like snow, light, and falling to pieces. They are tempting to look at as well as eat. If I want them mashed, I run them through my vegetable strainer, to take out those unaccountable lumps which come in old potatoes, add a cup of milk, salt and pepper, and cover with beaten egg. This has to brown thoroughly in the oven, for I like to give my people an appetite by looking at their food. Don't be afraid of your oven. French cooks never send out such pallid bakeries as we do. My stove has one sheet-iron oven on purpose for browning things quickly—my own addition."

"How can you bake such old potatoes?"

"My dear, the natural way of cooking potatoes is to bake or roast them. Their ends are cut off, of coarse, and they are rinsed with great nicety. I bake them in grandmother's bake-kettle, or, at least, one I had made like it. First, there's a layer of coals in the kettle, then one of ashes, and a false bottom of sheet-iron over, to keep the potatoes clean; the cast-iron cover is heaped with coals, and set on the hearth. You never knew such fragrance from potatoes as when that cover comes off in twenty minutes. Sweet corn is no better. If you haven't a bake-kettle, because you don't know what is good, take out your stove hearth, rake a clean bed of coals into the pan, cover with ashes, and cook your potatoes there, wiping the ashes off with a damp cloth afterward. Bread, meat, and vegetables gain an unaccountable sweetness by cooking next the coals so. Cook things with a fierce heat, if you want the soul of them. That's the secret of frying potatoes. Keep the lard all but burning. Potatoes *à la Parisienne*, as you get them at city restaurants, are cut, raw, into stripes, not slices, as small as three matches, say, and fried brown in three minutes. The lard doesn't soak into them, and they grow light as biscuit. Drain them in a sieve a moment before serving. The American idea of fried potatoes is cold boiled ones, sliced, and browned in butter. If quickly done they compete with French ones. Cold mashed potato makes a breakfast dish, beaten up with half a cup of cream and two eggs, cut in slices like mush, and fried brown, to eat with gravy. My potato salad is cold potatoes cut evenly fine, but not quite to mince, with one-third as much minced cold beef, and a little fat bacon chopped to meal. These are mixed with salt, pepper, mustard, pepper-grass or cress, and, if I want an extra dish, a box of sardines, cut fine, with the oil poured in. This is pressed in the ice-box till supper, and cut like cheese, to eat with bread and pickles. This differs from the potato salad of the restaurants, which is cold potato, with a salad dressing of oil, mustard, and vinegar, with a flavor of chopped onions and parsley. Then, my potato starch is more delicate than maizena for puddings and creams. We grate old potatoes, raw, into clean water, let it stand overnight, wash the settlings three times, pouring away the water, not the sediment, each time, and dry what is left. For thickening soups and sauces nothing is so fine, and it is the healthiest article known for dyspeptics."

"Aunt, suppose we have some potatoes to-day!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

## BUTTER MAKING.

No one should have anything to do with milk who does not fully understand that perfect cleanliness is an absolute necessity, and any deviation from it an unpardonable sin. It is in the dairy that one must be a Pharisee. Pails, pans, skimmers, butter prints, and churns, after use, should be always thoroughly scrubbed in clean hot soap-suds—never fear your hands, they will soon become used to the heat. Keep a small, white scrub-brush with which to scour the seams, corners, handles, &c., of all utensils used about milk, particularly the *strainers* in the pails. After this has been faithfully done, rinse well, then pour over all a large kettle-full of boiling water; let them stand in it a few moments, and then wipe with clean towels, and turn on a shelf or stand, out-doors, where the sun can sweeten them perfectly. A tub, or large pan, should be kept expressly to wash milk things in, and the brush, wash cloth, and drying towels should be marked, and never used for anything else; being well washed, scalded, and hung to dry out-doors every time they are used. "Too much trouble to be so particular!" say you? Nothing is ever well done without time and trouble; but the satisfaction of seeing the result ought to be ample compensation.

In hot weather it is well to *scald* the milk when first brought in. Have a kettle of boiling water over the fire; strain the milk into a tin pail kept for the purpose, and set it into the kettle till it becomes scalding hot, but be sure and take it off before it "*crinkles*" or "*scums*" over, else the butter will have an unpleasant taste. We do not think the butter is quite as perfect when milk is scalded, but the cream rises much more rapidly, and the milk does not sour so soon, a very important consideration, unless one has a cool cellar,

with a spring of cool water running through it.

In cold weather skim the milk when thirty-six hours old. More butter may be obtained if kept forty-eight hours, but what is gained in *quantity* is lost in *quality*, if kept so long. In hot weather it can seldom stand over twenty-four hours. Every minute the cream remains, after the milk begins to change, is an injury to the butter.

"The cream is not *ripe* enough to churn," is a common remark among dairy women. We think they misjudge often. In cold weather we churn while the cream is as sweet as that which we use for coffee, only much thicker, and the flavor of the butter justifies the method. In very warm weather we cannot prevent the cream from changing a little, although we churn every day, and the effect of this change on the flavor, is the chief difference we find between June butter and that made in the hot and sultry months of July and August, but a little extra care makes the difference scarcely perceptible.

As soon as the butter "comes," it must be well washed down from the sides of the churn, and "brought together." If very warm, we put a piece of ice into the churn, and leave it ten or fifteen minutes before taking the butter out into the butter bowl, which should have been in a tank of cool running water all night. After gently pressing out the buttermilk, we throw in a handful of salt, more than the butter requires, as we fancy it causes the buttermilk to run off more freely, and with less working, which if too long continued, or done roughly, injures the grain of the butter. We then gently mix the salt through the butter, pour in part of a pail of ice-cold water, work the butter through that, pour off and add more, repeating this till the water leaves the butter with scarce a tinge of the buttermilk. Taste and see if more salt is needed after the washing; then, pressing the butter with the ladle till all the water is removed, bring it into a compact ball, cover it with a clean cloth, and place in the ice-box till morning, when it must be again broken up and worked over, so that no water or buttermilk can remain. Then, stamping what is needed for use till next churning, put it into a dish, cover with strong brine, in which a little saltpetre has been dissolved, and pack the remainder into the butter-pail, pounding it down hard, and also cover with brine.

We think this method, carefully followed, will secure the best of butter the year round. Most of the butter found in the market is ruined by the amount of buttermilk left in. No brine or care can keep such butter, even tolerably good, a week.

## HOW TO BEAUTIFY YOUR ROOMS.

The first condition of success in furnishing either a large or a small room is that there must be no overcrowding. This is absolute. When outline is lost, beauty, as a matter of fact, is lost also. We must all know many drawing-rooms in which perhaps the worth and beauty of each individual thing is indisputable, on entering which the first thing that strikes one is a sense of incongruity, What might have been an art collection is degraded to the level of an old curiosity shop. Most women are born with a love of beauty. But generally, unless this love is cultivated and trained, it runs to waste, and fritters itself away upon small things. Women go into a shop and hover over a counter for an hour, engrossed in the purchase of fifty minute things, each one of which is pretty enough in itself if taken up in the hand and inspected; but not one of which can be clearly defined at a distance of two yards, and not one of which repays the trouble of the minute inspection. These are packed away in shiny cabinets that are blazing with ormolu scroll-work, on spindle-legged whatnots that seem to be designed for no other earthly purpose than to be knocked down at brief intervals, and on mantle-pieces that confuse one's vision and muddle one's brain during the long periods when the need of being near the fire forces one to face it. It is a better and higher system of economy to buy two or three good bronzes or marbles, on which the eye can always rest with pleasure, than to spend ten times the sum on a heterogeneous mass of the particolored rubbish which many accumulate, in "order," they call it, "to take off the naked look of their room." Better the naked look ten thousand times than the false decorations.

## THE SUN FOR CLOTHES

I have used nearly all the soaps that are so extensively advertised in our papers, and find many of them very good: yet I do not think, as a general thing, our linen is any cleaner or whiter than our grandmothers' linen was, and they depended on the old-fashioned soft-soap, made of wood-ashes, and on a plot of green grass where the sunshine could visit their outspread garments. I do not mean to say that the brand of soap used in washing makes no difference, but simply that with clear soft water in abundance, a good quality of soap, and a plot of ground for bleaching, linen everywhere may be kept as white as snow. In summer I rarely use hot water in washing. The water for the first suds is warmed, and the clothes put in it over night. Then in the morning they are washed, rubbed over

with soap, and laid in the hot sun. By the time the last tubful of white clothes is spread out on the grass, the first, which have been turned over in the meantime, are ready to come in. They are washed in clear water, passed through the blue water starched, and hung on the line to dry. I always dissolve my soap, before washing, in a basin of hot water.

## OBEDIENT BABIES.

"Why, now, Uncle William, you don't mean that, do you? You are not so absurd as to talk about making a baby obey you?" So said my lively young sister-in-law, as she held her six months' old lovingly in her arms. "You do not intend to say that I am to begin my family government—oh, I am half afraid of the word—right away with this little pussy, whom I have nestled up to me now?"

"Well," I answered, "my dear, it does look at first glance rather absurd; but I suppose that you intend to have some government in your household and just a little, at least, of family training, don't you?"

"Why, yes; you know I do. What sort of a family would it be if it had neither training nor government?"

"About what time, then, do you propose to begin the government and to start the training?"

"I have not fixed the time yet," she replied, looking up to me with half surprise, as if my question had started a new thought; and then added, "but I suppose both ought to begin just as soon as a child is able to understand what you want."

"How soon is that?" I asked; and I was pretty sure what the answer would be, for my little sister-in-law is bright and intelligent, and has a baby, that, like all young mothers, she fully appreciates as being a child remarkably forward and knowing. "Your baby, I believe, is about six months old. He is, of course, too young to show many signs of intelligence. You can hardly make him understand anything yet."

Her eye looked quickly into mine, and just a little flush was in her face as she said, "You do not know how bright he is. He shows intelligence every day, so much that sometimes I think that he knows all I say to him."

"But you do not mean to tell me that he ever makes you think that he has any will of his own?"

"Yes, I guess so; he was not many days old when his father saw him crying passionately in my arms, and said, teasingly to me, 'The baby has inherited his mother's temper and will.' I told him that that was a part of his paternal inheritance. However that was, we both concluded that it did not take long for a baby to give evidence of wanting to have his own way."

"But did you ever make him understand what you wanted him to do? He is too young for that, is he not?"

"You do the little fellow injustice again, Uncle William. I want you to understand that this baby knows more than you think." Then catching my eye, she added, "I see what you are aiming at. Yes, he has shown me clearly that he can understand me. Yesterday I was struck with it. I wanted him to go out for an airing with his nurse, as he does every day. We were putting on his wrapper. He stood the leggings and the cloak pretty well, but when it came to the hood and the tying it under his fat chin, he rebelled. He turned his head from side to side, and when we insisted on his keeping still and the strings being put under it, he kicked and set up one of his good cries, not of pain or uneasiness, but just a good, loud, passionate yell. You know, old bachelor as you are, what the difference is between the cry of pain and of passion from a baby."

"Oh, yes, I know fully what it is, for I had a deep experience of it on the boat yesterday, as my reading was all disturbed by the frantic yelling of a baby that insisted on scratching the face of a meek little girl at his side, and made known his displeasure at being hindred in the pleasant amusement by flouncings and cries that set the boat in an uproar. I know the difference."

"I thought that it was only wilfulness, and as he had done just so day after day before, kicking and crying till nurse and I were all in a perspiration. I resolved to try if the course of things could not be changed. So I stopped, looked at him sternly, tapped his chubby hand with my forefinger sharply, and said, 'Baby, hush! Baby, be still!' To our half wonder and half amusement, he looked at me for an instant with a sort of surprise, and as I repeated my command, suddenly ceased his crying and kept perfectly still till hood and cloak was adjusted. This morning, when the going-out time came, I heard the beginning of the same out-cry, but just as soon as he saw me at his side, and heard my voice telling him to hush, he kept as still as a mouse."

"I rather think, then, that he knew what you wanted, and that his will must give way to yours. Do you not think so?"

"It certainly looks very like that, but I had not philosophized about it."

"You have, my dear, I think, made a discovery of infinite moment, if you take and act on all its meaning. You did not think it, certainly your baby did not know it, but you gave him yesterday his first idea of law. You began your family government. You taught him obedience to you,

to yield his will to a higher, God-appointed will. You began not one moment too early. Probably that little incident, so casual and seemingly unimportant, will have a bearing on all his future existence. It surely will, if you, as a wise mother, go forward in the same straight path."—*Uncle William in Christian Weekly.*

## WORK IN THE VINEYARD.

I heard a woman say yesterday, "I am a poor man's wife, and labor for my own family all day long, and am too weary to labor in God's vineyard." Does she not know that her family is her portion of the vineyard? Hers is a high and holy work; not much of sheaf-gathering, but sowing, pruning and cultivating. She who makes a tidy, cheerful, hallowed home for husband and family, is doing a great work. A true, pure woman, who loves God and tries to train her children for him, is not living in vain. She is not only doing what she can, but what she ought to do. And the wife and mother who is one only in name, whose chief aim is to shirk the duties belonging to her responsible position, who votes house-keeping a bore and the care of her children a nuisance, and so delegates these duties to servants, nurses, and teachers, in order to be able to have leisure to invent ways for fashionably killing time, spending money, and keeping her hands soft and white, and her ringlets in the style; this woman is doing what she *can*, but alas! to blight and wither and make desolate her "vineyard ground."—*Exchange.*

## YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

Now, young housekeepers, are you going to commence so, and run along in the same old groove your neighbors and friends are running in? You are afraid of being called unfashionable, are you? I do wish folks would get over the humbling idea that reunion of friends and interchange of friendship means victuals and drink, hurry, bustle, and preparation. I do wish we could get away from that everlasting idea of cook, cook, and eat, eat. I don't mean starve, but let alone the extras, uncalled for and unneeded, and just come back to plain, wholesome fare, and there will be more books studied, and newspapers read and paid for, than now. Teach folks, by your own conduct, that we do not visit them to increase their labor, or to give our stomachs extra work on indigestible solids, and do not calculate to have them do so. That's the way to begin. Don't fuss in the kitchen and fume in the pantry, my housekeeping beginners, over needless work, but take time to read, study, and keep yourself tidy for husband and children's eyes, and, my word for it, you'll take double the comfort in solid realities that you ever will in senseless parade.—*The Household.*

## THE BUTTON CORD.

Have always ready a button-cord for sewing on coat and pantaloon and other large buttons. Make the cord by threading into a No. 2 needle, two full length, waxed, linen threads, as made, by cutting a skein once. Bring all the four ends together, leaving the eye of the needle in the middle of the double thread; then holding the needle between the thumb and finger of the left hand, with the fore finger of the right hand, roll towards the left the portion of the threads nearest the needle on the palm of the left hand, and then wind that twisted portion around the thumb which holds the needle. So proceed till all is twisted; then stretch it once or twice with a sudden snap, make a knot in the end, and the four-fold cord is ready to meet any "button-off" emergency. Four stitches will hold the stoutest button. It is well while boots are new to put two stitches to each boot button, running on the wrong side from one to another, without cutting the cord. It is well also to keep needles threaded for smaller buttons.

## TO CRYSTALLIZE FLOWERS.

Dissolve eighten ounces of pure alum in a quart of soft spring water (observing the same proportion for a greater or less quantity) by boiling it gently in a close tin vessel over a moderate fire, keeping it stirred with a wooden spatula until the solution is complete. When the liquor is almost cold suspend the subject to be crystallized, by means of a small thread or twine, from a lath or small sick laid horizontally across the aperture of a deep glass or earthern jar as being best adapted for the purpose, into which the solution must be poured. The respective articles should remain in the solution twenty-four hours, when they are perfectly dry.

When the subjects to be crystallized are put into the solution when it is quite cold, the crystals are apt to be formed too large; on the other hand, should it be too hot, the crystals will be small in proportion. The best temperature is about 95 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer. Among vegetable specimens that may be operated on are the moss rose of the gardens, ears of corn, especially millet seed and the bearded wheat, berries of the holly, fruit of the slow

bush, the hyacinth, pink, furze blossoms, ranunculus, garden daisy, and a great variety of others; in fact, there are few subjects in the vegetable world that are not eligible to this mode of preservation. The fitness of this solution for the purpose may be ascertained by putting a drop of it on a slip of grass, and seeing if it crystallizes as it cools; if so the solution is sufficiently strong. Then twist round a sprig or plant, a cinder, a wire ornament of any kind, some cotton, or still better, some worsted. After being immersed as already directed, the surface of the whole will be found covered with beautiful crystallizations.

## SELECTED RECIPES,

FRUIT PUDDINGS.—Take two baskets of raspberries, and one of red currants, and squeeze or press all the juice out of them. Mix a good tablespoonful of maizena, or corn-flour, (more of arrowroot), with a little milk or water: pour the fruit-juice to it, adding a little more water, if the juice is rich enough to stand it; sweeten to taste; stir it till it boils, and pour into a mould. Use the following sauce for it: A cream-jug full of milk, boiled with half a vanilla-bean in it, and a little sugar; pour it to the well-beaten yolks of two eggs in a little more milk, and beat it again just to boiling point. Let it cool.

ICE-PUDDING.— Six sponge-cakes,, four eggs, one pint of cream, a little vanilla or essence of lemon, and a little powder loaf-sugar; soak the cakes in new milk, beat the other ingredients together, and add to the eggs cream; beat all smooth together, and freeze. The mould it is put in should be ornamented with cherries and orange chips. Nesselrode pudding is the above with no flavor but vanilla or ginger, and no fruit.

HALIBUT.—Cut it in slices about a quarter of an inch thick; wash and dry them, season with Cayenne pepper and salt; have ready a pan of hot lard, and fry your fish in it till of a delicate brown on both sides. Some dip the cutlets in beaten egg, and then in bread-crumbs, and fry them. When done in this manner it should be cut rather thinner than according to the first method. Or heat your gridiron, grease the bars, season your fish with Cayenne pepper and salt, and broil it till of a fine brown color. Lay it on a dish and butter it.

LEMON CREAM.—Take a pint of thick cream, and put it to the yolks of two eggs well beaten, four ounces of fine sugar, and the thin rind of a lemon; boil it up; then stir it till almost cold; put the juice of a lemon in a dish or bowl, and pour the cream upon it, stirring it till quite cold.

PUDDINGS WITHOUT EGGS.—Rice, large pearl sago, and tapioca, are best when made without eggs. Sprinkle a little of any one of the above at the bottom of a pudding-dish; add a little sugar, and fill up with milk; stir well before placing in the oven. To the sago add a small piece of cinnamon, broken up. The rice must bake quite four hours, the sago and tapioca about three. Skim milk will do, if you cannot spare new milk.

ORANGE-TART.—Grate the peel of one orange, and put the juice with it (keeping away the pips), also the juice and peel of half a lemon, quarter of a pound of sugar, two ounces of butter, carefully melted, two eggs, leaving out one of the whites; beat them well together, and having lined a tart-tin with thin paste, fill it with the mixture, and bake it a quarter of an hour, or a little more, if requisite.

FRENCH CUSTARD.—Boil one quart of milk, sweetening it to your liking—but first boil a small piece of vanilla in a gill of water, and strain it into the milk. (If you use the extract of vanilla, this will be unnecessary.) Beat separately the whites and the yolks of five eggs. After the milk boils, take it from the fire and stir the whites of the eggs into the milk, and then skim them off and lay the froth on a plate; and then take a small portion of the hot milk and add it to the yolks of the eggs, and after this mix the whole of the milk in. Put it over the fire and let it simmer. Pour the milk into a pitcher, fill your custard-cups, and place a portion of the whites of the eggs on the top of each cupful of the custard.

CREAM TOAST.—Boil the milk in the tea-kettle boiler: when hot, mix the flour in cold milk, strain through a sieve, and stir in rapidly; add the butter and salt to taste; let it boil five minutes. Toast the bread, pour the cream over it, and serve.

HOMINY GRUEL.—Mix the hominy in the milk; boil in the tea-kettle boiler; salt to taste. Good for invalids and children.

TO USE COLD LAMB.—When lamb or mutton is left in good shape—and it is the fault of the carver if it is not always left neatly—cut off some chops; trim off the greater portion of fat, and saw or cut off the end of the bone. Heat a platter and pour into the centre some nicely cooked fresh green peas, or in winter, canned peas. Heap them in the centre in the shape of a pyramid; brown the chops quickly over a bright fire, season in a hot plate with pepper, salt and butter, and then arrange them around the peas, the small end laid up on the pyramid of peas. Garnish the

edge of the dish with slices of hard-boiled eggs, each circled in a fringe of curried parsley. Serve hot.

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RAGOUT OF LAMB.—Cut the knuckle-bone off a fore-quarter of lamb, lard it with little thin pieces of bacon; flour it, and then put it into a stew-pan, with a quart of stock or good gravy, a bundle of herbs, a little mace, two or three cloves, and a little whole pepper. Cover it close, and let it stew pretty fast for half an hour. Pour off all the liquor; strain it; keep the lamb hot in a pot till the sauce is ready. Take half a pint of oysters, flour them, fry them brown, drain of, clear all the fat that they were fried in, and skim off all the fat from the gravy. Then pour it on the oysters, and put in an anchovy. Boil all together till it is reduced to just sufficient for sauce; add some fresh mushrooms, and some pickled, and the juice of half a lemon, or a spoonful of pickle. Lay the lamb in the dish, pour the sauce over it, and garnish with lemon.

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TO USE COLD CHICKEN.—Two receipts, one is called "fried chicken," and the other "chicken fritters." For "fried chicken," cut the chickens into quarters, and rub each quarter with yolk of egg. Mix some bread-crumbs with pepper, salt, nutmeg, grated lemon-peel, and shred parsley; cover the chickens with this, and fry them. Thicken some gravy with flour, and add Cayenne pepper, mushroom catchup, and a little lemon-juice. Serve the chicken with this sauce. *Chicken Fritters.*—Make a batter with four eggs, some new milk, and rich flour; to this add a pint of cream, some powdered sugar, candied lemon-peel cut small, fresh lemon-peel grated, and the white parts of a roasted chicken shred small; set these altogether on a stove, and stir well for some time. When done, take it off, roll out the mixture, cut it into fritters and fry them. Put sugar on a dish, lay the fritters on it, strew sugar over, and serve them hot.

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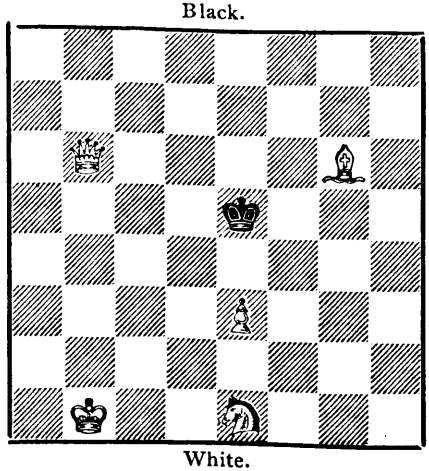
RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—Carefully pick six pounds of fine, ripe raspberries, and pour on them four pints of the very finest vinegar. Leave them thus for four days, frequently stirring but not mashing the fruit so as to bruise the seeds; then place a piece of clean washed linen or flannel in a sieve, and filter through it the vinegar; to each pint of juice add two pounds of loaf-sugar; put it into a glazed jar or pan, which place in hot water, and keep there till the juice boils thick and syrupy. Let it become cold, then bottle it. The whole process should be carried on in a glazed kettle or earthen vessel.

# CHESS.

Problem No. 3.

Black.



White.

White.—King at Q. Kt. sq. Q. at Q. Kt. 6th. B. at K. Kt. 6th. Kt. at K. sq. P. at K. 3rd.

Black.—King at K. 4th.

White to play and Mate in two moves.

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## THE KING'S KNIGHT'S GAME.

(*Continued.*)

In our last we examined briefly the principal variations arising from the first player's moving K. B. to Q. B. 4th at his 3rd move, and afterwards proceeding to develop his game by bringing out his pieces into good position, without endeavoring to obtain any other advantage at first, beyond retaining his advantage of the move.

We continue this month by giving the most generally played opening moves in a branch of the above game, which is called the "Ruy Lopez," or "Spanish Opening;" in which the first player moves K. B. to Q. Kt. 5th at his 3rd move, threatening, as opportunity occurs, to win the adverse King's Pawn by exchanging his Bishop for the Knight which supports it, or to confine the Knight when the second player advances his Queen's Pawn.

| WHITE. | BLACK. |
|---|---|
| 1. P. to K. 4th. | 1. P. to K. 4th. |
| 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. | 2. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. |
| 3. K. B. to Q. Kt. 5th. | |

There is a great difference of opinion among authors of Chess treatises and hand-books as to the defending player's best course here; we shall simply give examples of the principal defences recommended, leaving the student to take his choice from amongst them.

1ST DEFENCE.

3. P. to Q. 3rd.

Objected to by some as it confines the K. B. and allows White to double a Pawn at once by the move following:—

| | |
|---|---|
| 4. B. takes Kt. | 4. P. takes B. |
| 5. P. to Q. 4th. | 5. P. takes P. (best.) |
| 6. Q. takes P. | |

White has a slightly freer game; but Black, we think, might play:—6. B. to Q. R. 3rd, or bring out his K. Kt. having P. to Q.B. 4th in reserve, and, at least, equalize the game in a few more moves. White might have varied his 6th move by playing Kt. takes P. which Black could have answered by Kt. to K. 2nd, afterwards compelling the Kt. to retreat.

2ND DEFENCE.

| | |
|---|---|
| | 3. K. Kt. to K. 2nd. |
| 4. Castles. | 4. K. Kt. to Kt. 3rd. |
| 5. P. to Q. B. 3rd. | 5. P. to Q. R. 3rd, |
| 6. B. to R. 4th. | |

Better than taking the Kt. which frees Black's game; after which Black has a choice of two lines of play; either,—6. P. to Q. Kt. 4th, compelling the Bishop to retreat and then,—7. K. B. to Q. B. 4th, or K. 2nd, in order to Castle; or, to play—6. P. to Q. 3rd, liberating his Q. B., but allowing his Pawns to be doubled as in the first defence.

3RD DEFENCE.

3. B. to Q. 3rd.

This is very seldom adopted, and is generally considered bad, as it retards the advance of Black's Q. P. and also confines the Q. B.

4TH DEFENCE.

| | |
|---|---|
| | 3. P. to Q. R. 3rd. |
| 4. B. to R. 4th. | 4. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. |
| 5. Q. to K. 2nd. | 5. P. to Q. Kt. 4th. |
| 6. B. to Q. Kt. 3rd. | 6. K. B. to Q. B. 4th. |
| 7. P. to Q. R. 4th. | 7. Q. R. to Q. Kt. Sq. |
| 8. P. takes P. | 8. P. takes P. [best. |
| 9. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. | 9. P. to Q. Kt. 5th. |

The game is about even.

5TH DEFENCE.

| | |
|---|---|
| | 3. P. to Q. R. 3rd. |
| 4. B. to Q. R. 4th. | 4. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. |
| 5. Castles. | 5. P. to Q. Kt. 4th. |
| 6. B. to Q. Kt. 3rd. | 6. B. to Q. B. 4th. |
| 7. Kt. takes P. | 7. Kt. takes Kt. |
| 8. P. to Q. 4th. | |

and White regains his piece with a somewhat freer game. In this last variation, if White plays:—

| | |
|---|---|
| 4. B. takes Kt. | 4. Q.P. takes B. (best.) |
| 5. Kt. takes P. | 5. Q. to Q. 5th. |

recovering the Pawn with a better position.

6th DEFENCE.

| | |
|---|---|
| | 3. P. to Q. R. 3rd. |
| 4. B. to R. 4th. | 4. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. |
| 5. P. to Q. 3rd. | 5. B. to Q. B. 4th. |
| 6. P. to Q. B. 3rd. | 6. P. to Q. Kt. 4th. |
| 7. B. to Q. Kt. 3rd, or Q. B. 2nd. | |

and the game seems about equal. We slightly prefer White's position.

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SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 1.

| White. | Black. |
|---|---|
| 1. K. to K. 6th. | K. to Q. sq. (or A.) |
| 2. R. to Q. B. sq. | K. to K. sq. |
| 3. R. to Q. B. 8th. | Mate. |

A.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. K. to K. 6th. | K. to K. B. sq. |
| 2. R. to K. Kt. sq. | K. to K. sq. |
| 3. R. to K. Kt. 8th. | Mate. |

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SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2.

| White. | Black. |
|---|---|
| 1. Kt. to Q.R. 4th ch. | K. to Q. Kt. 4th. |
| 2. B. to Q. Kt. 7th. | K. takes Kt. (forced.) |
| 3. B. to Q. B. 6th. | Mate. |

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. H., INVERNESS, P.O.—Correct about the King's move. The best work on Chess for beginners is, probably, "Staunton's Hand-book."

# Literary Notices.

CALIBAN: The Missing Link. By Daniel Wilson, LL.D., Prof. of History and English Literature, University College, Toronto. London: Macmillan & Co.

To the general reader the most interesting part of this scholarly work will not be the working out of the idea that Shakespeare's Caliban supplies the "Missing Link" between man and ape. It is true that this forms the basis of the work, but several of the most interesting chapters are, in fact, essays upon quite distinct though kindred topics. The Caliban of Shakespeare, developed afterwards by Browning into a rather different being, leads the author into discussions about "The Tempest," and Shakespeare's writings in general, the Commentators and the Folios, Religion among Savages, Ghosts, Witches, and Fairy Folk Lore, with other similar subjects, all of which are treated suggestively rather than exhaustively. At the close of the volume are given notes on "The Tempest," and on "A Midsummer Night's Dream,', which offer to the reader's judgment a number of improved readings. We cannot attempt to give the argument of the work, which will be valued by all Shakespeare scholars, but we will give an extract from the chapter "which discusses the universality of the belief in the supernatural":—

The search for defined or consistent creeds on such matters of enquiry and belief, among nations in widely differing stages of progress, is apt to prove illusory, and among savage races is vain and deceptive. We transmute their ideas in the alembic of our own creeds and opinions, and obtain results unconsciously adulterated by prejudice and misconception. We are trying in prosaic literalness to do what the poet Browning has done with the Caliban of Shakespeare: to enter as it were into his brain, and think his own thoughts, wholly unaffected by those of the actual thinker. It seems to me sufficient for all that is attempted to be deduced from such beliefs that the rudest savage does realize the idea of man's spirit as something at least ethereal, capable of leaving the body, of existing apart from it, of haunting the deserted dwelling, or hovering round the grave. With a very vague conception of what is implied in the idea of immateriality, his belief in the invisible ghost or spirit does realize the essential ideas of an immaterial existence, a spiritual life with the personality perpetuated apart from the body, and surviving death. Whether that survival shall be regarded as temporary or eternal is much more a matter of definition of the instinctive belief, than essential to its universality or significance as one of the most characteristic attributes of human reason.

So soon as we reach the stage of minutely defined beliefs and formulated creeds, they prove to be full of inconsistencies; and before the printing-press superseded tradition and came provided with ready-made opinions for all, the interblendings of ecclesiastical dogma and popular folk-lore resulted in conceptions singularly quaint and even grotesque. The instinctive belief is one thing; the defined ideas, whether formulated into vulgar beliefs, or into written creeds, are of a wholly different nature. The mediæval doctrine of purgatory, so curiously interwoven into Shakespeare's 'Hamlet,' is an illustration of the intermingling of those diverse elements; and hence the strange extravagances which it involves. It had been adopted into the teachings of the early Church, had modified the whole prevailing ideas of a future life, and when developed by the opinions of successive generations, had been reduced to a dogmatic form by the teachings of centuries. This intermediate state of the soul accordingly affected the superstitions of thousands, long after it had ceased to be a part of their accepted creed.

It is curious, for example, to turn to the current popular ballads of Presbyterian Scotland, and to note how ineradicable have been the impressions produced on the popular mind by the ancient faith, in spite of the vigorous crusade of ecclesiastical discipline and public opinion conjoined, for upwards of three centuries. Pasch, Yule, Halloween, Fasternseen, Rudeday, Whitsunday, Candlemas, and other rustic anniversaries, all survive as relics of the ancient

faith; and are mostly commemorated still by an unpremeditated yet universal consent, according to the Old Style. Such a faithful popular tradition thus running counter alike to modern almanacs and creeds, has not unreasonably been advanced as confirmation of the authenticity of the ballad-poems in which the same ideas have been transmitted, mainly by oral tradition. But there also the supernatural beliefs of earlier generations have proved no less tenacious than such ecclesiastical traditions. In "Tamlane" and "True Thomas" the apparition of the Queen of Elfland gives the special character to these old ballads. But the Scottish elves peopled the scaurs and dens of a wild country which for centuries had been the scene of bloody feud and violtnce, and reflect in their sombre hue the characteristics of their source. They were esteemed a capricious, irritable, and vindictive race very different from the airy haunters of England's moonlit glades. The Scottish Elfin Queen is in part the embodiment of the same gloomy superstitions which begot the witch-hags and other coarse imaginings of the national demonology. Nevertheless the Queen of Elfland and her mischievous elves are generally designated the Good People: the canny prudence of the Scot leading him to apply fair words in the very naming of such testy and capricious sprites. Even in the indictments of ecclesiastical courts this is adhered to, as in that of Alison Pearson, convicted at St. Andrews, in 1586, of witchcraft, and consulting with evil spirits. She is charged with "haunting and repairing with the gude neighbors and Queene of Elfland, thir divers years by-past, as she had confest;" and, among other things, she had been warned by one she met in Fairyland to "sign herself that she be not tane away, for the teind of them are tane to hell everie year."

The Scottish Elfin Queen is, accordingly, a very different character from the sportive Mab of Shakespeare's Mercutio, who gallops night by night over lawyers' fingers, courtiers' knees, and through lovers' brains; and only becomes "the angry Mab" when, as she drives o'er slumbering ladies' lips, she finds "their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are." Still less does she resemble the ethereal Queen of Shadows, Titania, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Her elfin court has indeed its deceptive pleasures, its glamor, and its green-wood revels; but she and her elves are the vassals of hell; and in the fanciful ballad, as in the prosaic indictment for witchcraft, are described as paying their tithe, not annually indeed, but every seven years to the devil. Tamlane, for example, tells the Earl's daughter, who meets this wanderer from Fairyland "among the leaves sae green"—

> "And never would I tire, Janet,
> In Fairyland to dwell;
> But aye, at every seven years,
> They pay the teind to hell;
> And I'm sae fat and fair o' flesh,
> I fear 'twill be mysel."

The ballad of "Tamlane" is mentioned in the "Complaynt of Scotland," printed at St. Andrews in 1549, and undoubtedly embodies the superstitions of a much earlier date.

But it is more significant for our present purpose to see reflected in the early Scottish ballads the popular ideas of spirits, ghosts, and apparitions of the dead haunting the scenes of their unexpiated crimes, or the grave where the murdered body had been laid. The resemblance between these ill-defined, incongruous ideas and some of those already referred to as characteristic of the savage conception ofdeath and the departed spirit, is unmistakable. But besides the apparitions of the dead who can find no repose in the grave till expiation has been made for some deadly sin, or of the victim of crime whose unresting spirit wanders abroad, like that of the murdered Dane, demanding vengeance, there are characteristic types of national superstition: as where the dead are disquieted by the mourning of loving ones refusing to be comforted because they are not; or again where rest is denied them till they recover their plighted troth. In "The Wife of Usher's Well," her three stout and stalwart sons, sent by her over the sea, are scarcely a week gone from her when she learns that they are drowned. In her agony at their loss, she prays that the winds may never again be still, nor the floods be calmed, till her sons return to her "in earthly flesh and blood." The dread prayer disturbs the rest of her sons, and the result is thus set forth in homely simplicity:—

> "It fell about the Martinmas,
> When nights are lang and mirk,
> The carline wife's three sons cam hame,
> And their hats were o' the birk.
>
> It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
> Nor yet in ony sheugh;
> But at the gates o' Paradise,
> That birk grew fair enough."

And so the three drowned men remain, till the dawn approaches, with their mother tending on them in her short-lived joy, as seemingly her living sons restored to her. She lays them to rest with all a mother's tender care, wraps her mantle about them, and sitting down by their bedside, at length yields to sleep, ere the red cock's crow warns them to begone. They cannot tarry longer from Paradise; but their consideration for her is indicated with touching simplicity by their urging one another to linger to the latest moment on her account:—

" Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the gray ;
The eldest to the youngest said,
'Tis time we were away ;

'The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channering worm doth chide ;
Gin we be miss'd out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.'

'Lie still, lie still but a little wee while,
Lie still but if we may ;
Gin my mother should miss us when she wakes,
She'll gae mad ere it be day.'"

In the confusion of ideas as shown in the birch gathered at the gates of Paradise, the penance dreaded in case of their absence being discovered, and the chiding of the grave's channering or fretting worm, there are striking illustrations of the undefined blending of conceptions of an immaterial existence wholly apart from the body; with the difficulty, as common to the mind of the English peasant as to that of the Australian savage, of conceiving any clear realisation of the disembodied spirit, or of death distinct from the "wormy grave." The same homely pathos and tenderness intermingle with a like confused interblending of the grave and the spiritual life, in "Clerk Saunders," "William's Ghost," and other Scottish ballads of this class. In both the dead are represented as reclaiming their faith and troth, without which they cannot rest in their graves. In the former ballad, Clerk Saunders, a noble lover who had been slain in the arms of May Margaret, the King's daughter, returns after "a twelvemonth and a day," and standing at her bower window an hour before the dawn, addresses her:—

" Give me my faith and troth again,
True love, as I gi'ed them to thee."

Before she will yield to his request, she insists on her lover coming within her bower and kissing her, though he warns her that his mouth is cold and smells of the grave. She questions him about the other world, and especially of what becomes of women "who die in strong travailing." He replies in the same simple style of homely pathos as in the ballad already quoted:—

" Their beds are made in the heavens high,
Down at the foot of our good Lord's knee,
Weel set about wi' gillyflowers ;
I wot sweet company for to see.

" Oh cocks are crowing a merry midnight,
I wot the wild-fowl are boding day ;
The psalms of heaven will soon be sung,
And I ere now will be missed away."

May Margaret returns her lover's troth by a curiously literal process, thereby freeing the disembodied spirit of a tie which still bound it to earth, and he leaves her with the tender assurance that

" Gin ever the dead come for the quick,
Be sure, Margaret, I'll come for thee."

But she follows the departing spirit without waiting to cover her naked feet; and then there once more appears the same simple child-like confusion of ideas which makes the grave not merely the portal to the spirit-land, but the sole spirit-world:—

" ' Is there ony room at your head, Saunders?
Is there ony room at your feet?
Or ony room at your side, Saunders,
Where fain, fain, I wad sleep? '

' There's nae room at my head, Margaret,
There's nae room at my feet;
My bed it is full lowly now:
Amang the hungry worms I sleep.

' Cauld mould is my covering now,
But, and my winding-sheet;
The dew it falls nae sooner down
Than my resting-place is weet.

' But plait a wand o' the bonnie birk,
And lay it on my breast;
And gae ye hame, May Margaret,
And wish my saul gude rest.' "

Such confused ideas of Paradise and Purgatory, of the world beyond the grave, the final resting-place of the soul, and that where the body lies decaying in its "wormy bed," all illogically jumbled together without any conscious inconsistency, is of common occurrence in the early ballads. It represents the ideas of an age in which a belief in the immortality of the soul had been inculcated and inherited through many generations, and was entertained unquestioningly by all. Such embodiments of current popular thought may therefore be accepted as apt illustrations of how impossible it is to try by any standard of logical consistency the crude attempts of the savage mind to define its beliefs on the same subject. What shall we make—in view of such illogical opinions perpetuated for centuries in the most favorite popular forms, among a civilized Christian peasantry,—of such nice distinctions as that attempted to be drawn by Captain Burton, and quoted with highest approval, of the negro's belief in a ghost but not in a spirit; in a present immaterial life, but not in a future one? On evidence which seems far more indisputable than any definitions that he could possibly obtain of the negro's discriminating belief between ghosts and spirits, he may affirm that the Scottish peasantry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries believed that heaven and the grave were one and the same place.