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A CHIEFTAIN'S WIFE.

New Dominion Monthly.

DECEMBER, 1878.

MR. KRELL'S MILLION.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was nearly nine on Christmas-eve. The weather was very cold, and in a certain street it was also very dark. In one of the many offices in this place, a small one, whose walls had long ceased acquaintance with paint and whitewash but were abundantly supplied with cob-webs, there stood at a high desk, surmounted with a lamp emitting a sickly light, Mr. Dakins, busily employed in completing a balance sheet.

Mr. Dakins' appearance was a puzzle to most people. It was difficult to determine whether he was comparatively young, middle-aged, or old. At times, and after he had enjoyed his lunch—surmised to be his dinner, and which usually consisted of three mutton-pies, his complexion would assume the color of a peeled cucumber; "crow's feet" would gather round his eyes; the clump of hair over his forehead, which no brushing or pomatum could subdue, became rigid; his voice became husky, and he looked to be sixty. At other times, when the weather was bright, and business slack, and mutton-pies discarded, Mr. Dakins might be taken for forty. And on rare occasions when

his employer—Mr. Krell—was less crusty than usual, and on Saturdays, when Mr. Dakins would be picturing to himself the enjoyments of Sunday's rest and dinner, he would look quite youthful. But whatever may have been his age, there he stood at his desk, busily computing long rows of figures. At length the bells of a church clock rang nine, whereupon Mr. Dakins hurriedly pulled out a huge silver watch, secured by a black ribbon to his vest, and looking at it, exclaimed—"Bless my soul! I had no idea it was so late. And I have not yet finished this job, and Mr. Krell will be awfully impatient."

Hardly had Mr. Dakins finished this remark when a small door opposite the desk was opened, and a face presented itself. It was that of a man about sixty. His features were small and regular, and when viewed in profile had a hatchet-shaped appearance; his eyes were grey, cold and piercing; he had a Roman nose, and thin, firmly-set lips. The expression of his face indicated firmness, sagacity and caution, unmingled with humor or benevolence. Yet in spite of these characteristics, it

suggested the possession in youth of more than ordinary attractiveness. His figure was slight, and not ungraceful; and he was clothed in a suit of black, well worn and slightly rusty. This was Mr. Krell. In a dry and somewhat complaining tone of voice he said:—"Mr. Dakins, it is nine o'clock and is not that balance sheet finished?"

"It will be in a minute or two, sir," answered Mr. Dakins.

Mr. Krell thereupon withdrew his face and shut the door, and Mr. Dakins pursued his calculations with redoubled energy. About half an hour afterwards, Mr. Dakins gave a long sigh of relief, and exclaimed to himself, "Thank goodness! it is finished at last," and he wiped the moisture from his overtaken eyes. Then he surveyed the result of his labors, and as he did so his boyishly-old features assumed surprise. To him, Mr. Krell had always been the incarnation of mercantile wisdom. By his conception of Mr. Krell's views of any question of finance or trade, he formed his own. But now Mr. Krell assumed a much higher position, no less than that of a millionaire! And as he solemnly advanced towards his master's sanctum, with the important sheet establishing this important revelation, Mr. Dakins was sorely tempted *in modus orientalis*, to bow in humble adoration at his feet.

"The surplus, sir," said he, in a tremulous voice, "actually exceeds a million! More than a million, sir," he repeated.

Mr. Krell took the papers without a remark. For a moment his features relaxed from their usual frigidity, but quickly recovering himself, and as if ashamed of his weakness, he scrutinized the contents as expressionless as a sphinx. After a few moments thus employed, he folded and placed it in the breast pocket of his coat. Then he looked steadily at Mr. Dakins, and with much solemnity, requested his acceptance of

a gold chronometer, which had formerly belonged to one of his ships, but which sundry watchmakers had pronounced irreparable;—then he gave Mr. Dakins two distinct shakes of the hand, and, for the first time since he had been in his employment, now twenty-six years, actually wished him a Merry Christmas! All this was too much for Dakins. The gift was unexpected and unprecedented. He strove in vain to articulate his gratitude, and had to content himself with sundry bows as he retreated from the room.

Mr. Krell renewed his examination of the balance sheet, after the departure of Dakins. Apparently satisfied of its accuracy, he replaced it in his pocket, and being alone, he actually attempted to smile! The effort was a failure—Mr. Krell confessed as much, but excused himself by the reflection that it was not in his line of business. He then put on his overcoat, walked out of the office, locked the door, and proceeded to his home.

He lived in a small brick house, surrounded by a small garden, in the suburbs, about three miles from the office. He usually walked. When the weather was unusually wet or cold he sometimes indulged in a seat in the city cars. Mr. Krell was a widower, and had no children. The only occupants of his dwelling, besides himself, were an elderly woman who acted both as house-keeper and servant-of-all-work, and an old dog, named Pinch, which he had accepted a few years previous as a house guardian, shortly after a burglar's visit.

Reaching his home, he entered his little dining-room, after he had removed his hat and overcoat. Then he sat himself before a small fire which was struggling between life and death, and rubbed his hands, for he felt cold. Apparently dissatisfied with his efforts to obtain warmth, he placed no less than four pieces of fuel into the grate,

and while thus occupied, Mrs. Mathers, the housekeeper, entered with a tray containing his dinner. The meal consisted of two mutton chops, three potatoes, a small loaf of bread, and a pot of tea, &c. She merely remarked, as she laid the articles on the table, that he was later than usual that evening,—for, strange to say, she was a woman of few words.

“Yes, Mrs. Mathers,” he replied, “business must be attended to.” This maxim she had heard so often before that she did not think it called for any reply, and without further remark she left the room.

Mr. Krell quickly disposed of his modest meal. He really ate it as if he had been hungry. Then he rang a bell, and on Mrs. Mathers re-appearing, he asked her to remove the dishes, and to her astonishment requested the materials for a tumbler of hot toddy to be introduced. This order having been obeyed, he unlocked a small closet in the room and took therefrom a bottle of (must we say it?) Scotch whiskey. He then prepared the toddy, tasted it twice, with a teaspoon, and appeared satisfied with the result. Then he added two more pieces of coal to the fire, brought his chair immediately in front of it, sat himself, brought the toddy within reach, and relapsed into thought.

“So I’m worth a million, at last!” said he to himself. “Long and steadily have I striven for it.” Here he began to dangle the heavy and old-fashioned bunch of seal keys suspended from his watch chain; and after a few moments thus employed he mentally came to the conclusion that he had reason to be entirely satisfied with himself, so far. Not that he was at all contented. On the contrary, he already began to plan larger schemes than ever; but up to the present, he observed, Mr. Krell is on the whole entitled to express satisfaction with himself and accordingly he did so, sealing the approval with a long sip at the toddy.

While replacing the glass on the table, the door noiselessly opened, and a man, of about Mr. Krell’s age, entered, unannounced, uninvited, and unexpected. The stranger laid his hat and gloves on the sideboard, deliberately took a chair, placed it opposite to Krell, and then and there seated himself. Mr. Krell watched these movements in speechless astonishment.

The stranger was apparently indifferent to Krell’s looks, for he quietly rubbed his hands, and acted as if he felt perfectly at home. He took the poker, stirred up the fire, and then composedly sat back in his chair, and gave a slight nod of recognition to Mr. Krell. The latter continued to gaze with astonishment, but seemed unable to speak. The stranger, after a moment’s pause, arose, approached Krell, and patted him on the shoulder two or three times. “What’s the matter, Krell?” said he. “Why don’t you welcome me? I’m glad to see you, old fellow. Wish you a Merry Christmas, and congratulate you on your good fortune.”

Without waiting for any reply, the stranger laughed. Krell was still more astonished at the laugh, for he fancied it resembled his own; but as it was nearly thirty years since he was last guilty of laughing, he was not quite positive as to the resemblance.

The stranger’s hands on Krell’s shoulders gave him an unpleasant feeling; they had an unearthly chilliness about them. Yet he was unaccountably unable to resent the familiarity, although he struggled hard to do so.

“So you have made a million at last, Krell?” repeated the stranger. “Allow me again to congratulate you;” and then he proffered his hand, and Krell actually, but timidly, shook it.

“You must be a happy man, this evening, Krell,” he continued. “Don’t you feel rich?” and as the stranger chuckled, Krell’s indignation increased. He always kept his business profits as

secret as possible. Only two hours had elapsed since he was certain of being a millionaire, and he knew Dakins was as likely to set the St. Lawrence on fire, as to reveal a secret of his employer.

"How the"—(the reader may supply the omission) "did you know I am worth a million? and who are you?" angrily enquired Krell.

"Oh! I am familiar with all your affairs, Krell, and yourself also, in the most natural way imaginable; but the nature of that way, and who I am, you must excuse me from telling you just at present. By and by you will know all about it." And the stranger laughed quite loudly.

Krell's usually haughty manner again tried to assert itself,—but failed. As he was in the act of rising for the purpose of ejecting the stranger, the latter rose and gently pressed him back in his chair. "Its no use, Krell," said he, "to order me away. Your conduct at this festive season is most inhospitable. You must be quiet, and let us pass this Christmas-eve together in a social manner." Here Krell actually sighed, folded his hands, and determined to await the consequences.

"So you have really made a million, Krell! What a successful man you are! How pleased you must be with yourself!—ain't you?"

"I suppose," replied Krell, with a modest air; "I have no great reason to be dissatisfied with myself."

"Dissatisfied!" ejaculated the stranger, with a tone of surprise. "I should say not. You ought to congratulate yourself. Just think of it. Thirty years in business, commenced on nothing, now worth more than a million dollars, acquired by your unaided exertions! Do you remember the day you first entered old Connell's office, on a salary of eighty dollars for the first year? You were a lad then. And how rich you felt when the first quarter was paid you! How many a golden castle your

imagination built out of that twenty dollars! And then your salary was increased yearly, and when it reached to four hundred, in a moment of youthful weakness you fell in love!" Here the stranger grinned, and nudged Krell in the ribs; but the latter did not appear to see the joke, and looked very uncomfortable.

"What was her name, Krell? Janet Key, wasn't it?"

"Yes," he meekly answered.

"Yes, as I have already said," continued the stranger, "you showed then a phase of weakness, but nobly you overcame it. I had never any doubt of your success after the termination of that short struggle; for it was during this love episode you resolved to become rich, and this girl was poor. I admit, as some excuse, that she had what is called beauty, and amiability, and all that sort of thing. But none of these qualities have any appreciable value in the 'prices current,' or on the Stock Exchange. Had you married her, you would have had to support her, and perhaps a family in addition, and these considerations induced you, with Spartan fortitude, to terminate the engagement, and to bear the taunts of her friends that you had broken her heart! Faugh! Broken hearts are frauds! Never saw one. Don't believe in them. Do you, Krell?"

"I assure you I did not," interposed Krell.

"Stop, Krell. Don't attempt to explain or apologize for your conduct in this affair, or I shall never forgive you. You acted with perfect consistency; and consistency is not inaptly compared by one of these half crazy poets, called Shakespeare, to a jewel, on account of its rarity."

"Indeed," said Krell, "I think I have heard of that name before."

"Well, Krell, having surmounted this weakness, you henceforward resolutely set to work for wealth, and you wisely determined that no other object should

again impede its attainment. By degrees you became rigidly economical. As you got richer, the world said you became meaner; but I say you got wiser. Contributions to art, science, literature, and all such nonsense were gradually discontinued, and you sagely held that the daily perusal of the money article, the prices current, and the shipping list, was sufficient for any sensible man. In your office you worked early and late; you were keenly sensitive as to how and where money was to be made, and you thus became invaluable to your employer, so that he felt himself obliged to take you into partnership. After that, you worked still harder. You made money still faster. You were congratulated on the Exchange and in the street for your business sagacity. Men began to take off their hats to you; for, my friend Krell, Piety may quote Scripture on the worthlessness of wealth, and the Pulpit may preach that money is the root of all evil, yet they all worship the Golden Calf. Why, Krell, it was only last Sunday that Deacon Pinchem, while eloquently expounding the text on the impossibility of rich men entering the Kingdom of Heaven, caught the eye of old Stephenson Gull, the stock broker, and didn't he begin at once to calculate mentally his profits on Gas stock, and to ask himself whether he should buy some Telegraph on a margin! There are exceptions, as there are business men, weak enough to treat money as of secondary importance, instead of being, as it is you know, the primary object of life. For instance, there is McLennan, a quondam school-mate of yours—you both commenced business about the same time. But he belongs to this exceptional class. He actually married for love, early in life, and before he was worth ten thousand. Neither he nor his wife ever refused themselves any so-called comfort—and as he increased his earnings so he increased his expenditure. Now there are few

of these societies dubbed charitable, to which they do not fancy they are bound to contribute, and because a frowzy Lazarus now and then blarneys then with a blessing, and a Magdalene figuratively bathes their feet with her tears, I do believe they feel themselves compensated for the money they have thrown away on such worthless objects! It is perfectly shocking, isn't it, Krell?"

"Perfectly shocking!" echoed Krell.

"And what is the consequence of such thriftlessness?" continued the stranger. "Why, this man, with all his opportunities, isn't yet worth a million, as you are! Think of that, Krell, and take warning by the example,—not that I think, to your credit, *you* need any such warning.

"Even you married at last, Krell;—but you married wisely. You got, you know, old Connell's only daughter. She was said to have been neither too amiable nor good looking, and, as the French say, of a certain age; but what sensible man regards ugliness if it be gilded with gold dust, or a bad temper when balanced with bonds and bank stock? She inherited all her mother's wealth, and you reckoned truly upon her getting her father's also. This was your second grand *coup*, your judicious *affaire du cœur*. You perceive," said the stranger, grinning again, "I have some little knowledge of French, Mr. Krell."

"Yes," faintly answered Krell, who now assumed an appearance of entire resignation.

"We," continued the stranger, "now reach the period of old Connell's death. From that time you became the sole manager of the business. Having now attained to large possessions by your own efforts, you naturally saw, more than ever, the folly of giving any of your money away, and accordingly you withdrew your subscriptions from the few charities which you had hitherto deemed politic to aid annually with five dollars. Your life and ex-

perience now led you to believe, that none had any right to live who could not support themselves, and that misfortune was simply retributive justice, and deserved neither help nor pity. Wise Malthusian views! noble sentiments! worthy of an old Roman, are these of yours, Krell!

"The next step in your successful career was the death of Mrs. Krell. I know your neighbors said you had no love for her, and that you were rather pleased than otherwise at her departure, as it gave you absolute possession of her property; but they should have given you credit for your sincerity, for you certainly did not simulate any great sorrow, if you did not feel it;—and I hate hypocrisy! Having neither wife nor children, you now wisely sold your dwelling, and purchased a smaller and cheaper one. You curtailed your domestic expenses, reduced the number of your servants to one, resigned the church pew, and rented a single sitting. Pious Mr. Krell!" (Here the stranger actually winked.) "In a word, you acted with your usual wisdom, and were on the road to becoming richer faster than ever.

"But I must now approach the second, and to your credit, the last weak spot in your otherwise untarnished career. I mean that affair connected with your sister's husband. Your only sister, or near relative I believe? By the by, is she living yet?"

"I really am ashamed—eh, eh, I mean to say," stammered Mr. Krell, "that I believe my clerk, Mr. Dakins, knows. I feel rather cold; shall I put on a little more coal?" he enquired in a very meek tone.

"Quite unnecessary. Don't be extravagant; we shall be warm enough shortly," said the stranger, as he laughed immoderately.

"To return to that brother-in-law: you actually endorsed an accommodation note for him!! You know you did, and don't attempt to deny it. And you

lost fifteen thousand by it, and what excuse have you to offer?"

"The fact is, eh—eh—I had made much more than that through him, and I endorsed in the belief that if I could thus keep him from bankruptcy for a few weeks, I should be able to secure some sugar cargoes which I knew were coming to him. But I never endorsed again for anybody, I assure you."

"I know that, Krell. Still it is a pity you made this mistake. But I must do you the justice to say you gave the fellow no mercy when the collapse took place, and before you secured the sugar. I rather pitied you on that occasion; for you had not only to bear the loss of your money, but also the abuse of his friends because you tried to realize all you could from the estate, and for administering him a little deserved punishment in a debtor's prison. And when you released him, they had the ingratitude to say you did it upon a doctor's certificate that his mind and body were rapidly failing through his incarceration. Your conduct was characterized by consistency and entire impartiality; you nobly refused to allow his relationship to interfere with your uniform treatment of all your defaulting debtors. Therefore I forgive your endorsement," and the stranger gave Mr. Krell another chill by patting him on the shoulder.

"You quickly recovered the amount of that loss. That was indeed a smart stroke,—the foreclosure of Aikins' farm; the 'homestead,' as his family called it. The goose! He—old Aikins I mean—imagined when he gave that mortgage he would have no difficulty in paying the loan, and therefore he complied with all your conditions. You knew better, Krell. Ah! Ah! And what a jolly row his wife made when you ejected them! How she bawled and appealed to you for a little mercy, as she called it, for her poor helpless children! Unreasonable woman!—but all women are alike in that respect.

You must have realized a handsome profit on that transaction."

"Yes," said Krell, "I did pretty well in that affair."

"And not only in that case," said the stranger: "henceforward, everything you touched, Midas-like, turned into gold. And although some uncharitable people called you by hard names, and even children would be rude enough to run away, in seeming fear, at your approach, you were sustained by the becoming humility of your debtors, who were slow in their payments; by the entreaties to you of joint stock promoters to subscribe and become a director; and by the rapid rise of the Squeeze-em Bank stock as soon as you were elected the President."

Suddenly Mr. Krell arose, and in agitation exclaimed, "Are not those bells tolling a death?"

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" replied the stranger, "these are Christmas chimes! merry Christmas chimes!! Why, Krell, I fear you must be feeling unwell. You appear to be excited. Courage, Krell, be yourself, and show no weakness. Allow me to wish you a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year!" And here the stranger again shook Krell by the hand who appeared to wince slightly under the operation.

"I have not," said Krell, "been in the habit of regarding these seasons with any particular favor, as their observance entails a sad waste of time."

"I know that," said the other; "the custom is a superstitious relic of the dark ages. Day is given man to work only; we work to make money; *ergo* to make money every day in the year should be the sole end of man! This truth ought to be incorporated into every church catechism."

"Very true indeed," said Krell, "I have always striven to act according to that excellent precept."

"I know you have," said the stranger, "and on that account I am having this genial chat with you; and you will

be appropriately rewarded, Krell—you take my word for it. But we are digressing. Let us resume the thread of our discourse.

"A recent book-writer, I am told,—for, like yourself, I never waste time in reading any book except an account book—has asserted genius to be synonymous with industry, and that an undeviating life-long effort in the attainment of an object is the sign of true genius. This peculiarity, he says, creates Alexanders and Napoleons. If this be true, then, Krell, you are a hero! You have this element of genius, and although some win their trophies in the battle-field,—the broken lives (excuse this phrase, Krell,) made by you in your counting-house are equally deserving fame. In fine, your course, on the whole, is a wiser one. And yet they say you are unhappy and heartless. Let me disprove the assertion Krell. I will take out your heart and show it to you."

"Pray don't!" cried Krell, with a terrified countenance.

"Don't be afraid. The operation will be perfectly painless." The stranger then placed his hand on Mr. Krell's left side, and without any difficulty, and apparently without any sense of feeling on Krell's part, he removed a substance in shape and size resembling a heart, but apparently petrified. Touching the top with a finger, a lid suddenly opened, and from within he extracted bonds, mortgages, deeds of sale, promissory notes, bills of exchange, certificates of stock, in large numbers, and in bulk far beyond the seeming capacity of the article.

"Who says now," cried the stranger to Krell, "you had no heart? Here is a jolly one, though it be a little hard and dry; and full of riches, though it be lacking that sentimental and unprofitable stuff figuratively called the 'milk of human kindness.'"

"Spare me! do stop, for God's sake!"

cried Krell. "I feel so cold and sick. Leave me, and I will seek my sister and her family—I will befriend them—I will make restitution to all whom I have oppressed—I will aid the poor—I will resign all I have. Oh! Heavens, who are these? There's Aikins again! I thought you were dead. Here—I'll give you back that farm—and there is Swandon! Don't say again I ruined you, and broke your wife's heart. I'll give you back all I took. And there is—is—God have mercy on me!—have——"

"Too late, Mr. Krell," interposed the stranger, "too late, too late!"

* * * * *

The city papers on Christmas morning contained the following paragraph:
"We have to record the sudden death

of Mr. Krell, a wealthy and successful merchant, a director of several joint stock companies, and the worthy President of the Squeeze-em Bank. About midnight, his housekeeper was awakened by the sound of a heavy fall in the dining-room, which was immediately succeeded by the howling of the house-dog. On reaching the room, she saw her employer's body stretched on the hearth rug, apparently lifeless. A physician was quickly called, and he pronounced Mr. Krell to be dead. An inquest will be held to-morrow. It is surmised that his death was occasioned by disease of the heart!

"It has been suggested that a public funeral should be tendered, as a mark of respect for the deceased!"

JOHN POPHAM.



LIFE IN GLENSHIE.

BEING THE RECOLLECTIONS OF ELIZABETH RAY, SCHOOL-TEACHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY YOUNG MASTER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

Whom seek ye ?

Let Mrs. Morrison mock as she might, she thought of these things more seriously than she would have liked any one to know. It was not easy for any thinking person—and she was that—to avoid noticing and being influenced by the strong wave of religious feeling that was at this time sweeping over Glenshie.

The throng of harvest was over, and Mr. Morrison now sat every day at his loom ; its cheery clakety-thump sounded through the house from early morning till late at night. His flowers in the little front garden were reduced to a few asters and marigolds that were determined to look cheerful as long as they could, and persistently smiled up at the sky.

I often wondered what Mr. Morrison thought of the subject that his wife dragged up so often in every ridiculous light. I had a belief that he thought earnestly of these things, not from anything he ever said to me, for he was a most silent man. Yet, oddly enough, there was a sense of companionship in his silence, which I felt, as I stood by his loom watching him weave, which I did for a little while almost every day after school. The old grandmother, who rarely spoke a word save Gaelic, had taken her staff, and in her grey plaid and snowy cap with its multiplied frills had gone to hear the young preacher shortly after he came, and never missed a sermon afterwards.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Morrison had ever gone to hear him. I thought they were afraid of the power that was behind the message which he carried. All the rest of the family went, as did the young people of all the country round. The scholars and I had one advantage above the rest, in the Bible lesson he gave to us when he came to the school, making every day on which he came a golden time. In one of his little lectures he spoke of Satan having kindled a fire in the hearts of our first parents which spread from heart to heart in every child of Adam—a fire that no human agency can put out.

"You think that when you swear, fight, tell lies or disobey, that that is sin, do you not ?" he said to the children.

"Is that not sin ?" asked my curly-haired Rory.

"No, my boy, the apple is not the apple tree, but its fruit. The flame is not the fire ; it rises from the fire. Out of your heart, where evil burns, rise evil thoughts that flame out into actual transgression. You have seen a coal-pit burned ?"

"Yes, yes," from many of the boys.

"Does it blaze ?"

"No," answered several, "they do not want it to blaze."

"Do you see the fire ?"

"No, but we know it is there covered up."

"You know it is there, and if accident or design uncover it the fire that smoulders within it will leap up in a visi-

ble blaze. The fire of sin smoulders in every heart and temptation only removes the covering and it blazes up,—iniquity made visible. It blazed up into murder in Cain, into theft in Achan, into treachery in Joab, into malice that would destroy a nation for a withheld obeisance in Haman. This fire is in every heart—in yours, in mine. We do not know the moment it might flame out in a denial of our Lord like Peter, or in a betrayal of Him like Judas. There is only one way under Heaven to put it out, to bring it under the blood of sprinkling, the blood of Christ. Cry after Him, dear children, that His blood may fall on your hearts as the dew upon Israel."

I acknowledged now, as I had acknowledged for a long time, that I needed to be purified with this blood that cleanses and atones, but why could I not get it? Others all round me were rejoicing in the Lord.

Eric and Olaus McSweyn were changed men; Christian and Neil McDonald were changed; Alice Morrison, the dear lamb, was walking in the light of the Lord with His mark on her forehead, and many more. Why was I passed over and left out? I determined to go up to Squire McPherson's, and ask counsel of the young minister; he was staying there for a few days. When I went up to the Squire's after school, his wife met me with a face of concern. "The young preacher was ill,—too ill to see any one," she said. "It is well, however, that you have come, for the school-inspector has arrived suddenly (everything unpleasant comes suddenly) and you have to be examined."

"Now? Immediately?" I asked, in dismay.

"The sooner you get it over, the better," said kind Mrs. McPherson, encouragingly.

That inspector kept me on the floor under examination for two mortal hours. I got a little angry at the merciless fellow, who seemed so much more anxi-

ous to try to puzzle me, than to find out what I really knew or could teach, therefore I answered better than I did for the good minister at Blair Athol. Next day he examined the school, and gave us unmeasured praise for the progress we had made since he examined it before, shortly after the section was divided. He would, he said, report the school as ranking second as to progress in the three counties. This praise was a little comfort after the rigor of the examination. He felt in good humor with the school and with himself because some hints which he had dropped when he examined the school last had borne such good fruit. He was a little, pudgy fellow, as fat as Falstaff. At some time of his life he had attended dancing-school—it is to be hoped it was when he was leaner; he had there learned an elaborate bow, which he determined to bring out before our admiring eyes, and astonish us forever. He was drawing the class of boys who had been reading to him into a straight line with military precision, on the pretence of teaching them to accomplish this obeisance, when Mr. McAlpine came in. He had come for his book "The Heavenly Footman." There was one more spectator for Mr. Maulyer's accomplishment. Mr. McAlpine and he were acquainted. "I am going to teach these little fellows to make a bow properly," he explained to him.

I am quite sure it was all a pretence; he could not have taught them all the ins and outs, the crooks and turns of that bow in three months. He went over it himself in a jaunty manner, times innumerable. He had a neat little foot, considerably out of his own line of vision; he placed it in what he called first position, then described a graceful curve with the other, bringing it into second position; then came the bow, down, down, down, at the same time making an elegant sweep with the imaginary *chapeau* he held in his hand. His curved nose and his

quick bright eye made him look like an absurd parrot. The boys tried hard to imitate him, failed dreadfully, and burst out laughing in his face. This elegant little man afterwards absconded with the money that was to pay the teachers of three counties. He was treasurer as well as inspector. Mr. McAlpine, who brought me the news, said, "I do not wonder at it, for the man capable of inflicting that bow upon helpless children is capable of any amount of depravity."

One night, with a light heart because the dreaded examination was over, I joined Mary Morrison and her brother, Angus McTavish and Katie McGregor on their way to hear the young preacher. It seemed a long time since we went to hear the first sermon in early harvest time. As we walked down the green lane—not very green that damp, fall evening, our conversation was of religion, which had come to be a constant topic in our little circle. The frolics seemed to have lost their attraction. I think that religion had never before in Glenshie received the same serious attention, or been thought of in the same personal relation. We were joined at the road by a goodly number, all going in the same direction.

"I don't like this new religion," said a young McLennan, who came up with the rest.

"It is not a new religion," said Eric McSweyn; "it is as old as the Bible."

"His preaching don't hang together; he says, 'Come,' and that we cannot come; 'Look,' and that we are born blind, like kittens or puppies. It is all contradictions—you can—you can't; you should—you are not able. What are we to believe?" young McLennan went on bitterly.

"He preaches what he was sent to preach," said Olaus. "He is obeying his orders; whether we will hear or whether we will forbear, he will be clear."

"How can we hear with dead ears?" asked McLennan. "Besides, he never was sent—don't I know?—a mere boy,

he came out here on his own hook. How could such a one know about religion like a grand, learned man such as Minister McWhirter was? His preaching was preaching—he knew how. He soothed you in his sermons; and he spoke grandly of God's mercies, and one went home comforted."

"But were you any better?" asks grave Eric. "Was it soothing and comforting you needed? It is help and instruction sometimes, is it not, that we need most?"

"I worked for the minister over three years, and he never mentioned my soul to me any more than he did to my horses. He had no prayers in his own family either, except on Sunday night."

"Would it not be better," said serious Katie McGregor, "to let the absent be, and mind your own souls yourselves just now? If we don't, the loss is ours, let us lay the blame where we will."

"We will not do much, or know much out of the preaching we are getting now," retorted McLennan.

"I know that you seem to know a great deal, and can say a great deal, for one deaf, dumb and dead," spoke Olaus McSweyn. "There are a few things you don't know yet; have patience, you may be convinced of what you don't know, and find what you're not looking for before you are much older."

"I will not find it true what he said the last night he preached, before he was sick that little spell," said McLennan hotly. "He said that we need not go home as we came, but might take home with us a loving Saviour to dwell in us—might go home new creatures that very night if we would. Who, I would like to know, ever went to a meeting and came home changed? I don't care a button for what people have read or heard other's say; if such things happen, they ought to happen often enough for some one to be a living witness. Did you ever see one changed so?" turning round sharply to me.

The question came on me so suddenly that I waited to think a moment before I answered.

"No, Mr. McLennan, I never saw one on whom such a sudden change was so apparent that I could see it; I could not look into the heart you know."

"Oh, if it was in the heart, it would shine through into the life pretty soon," he answered.

I looked back over my life, and was sure I never had seen any apparent sudden change. I thought of Paul struck down in a moment, and of Colonel Gardiner, a man changed instantly, the only instances I could think of that I had even read about; but I said no more, for just then Angus McTavish, who had been behind with another group, came up and spoke.

"Listen all, till I tell the news, Donald Monroe is going to meeting to-night!"

"To get converted?" said McLennan. "Well, he needs it."

"Be quiet, McLennan; there is going to be a good bit of sport. Donald is going to carry home his wife to her spinning by force. Donald and Duncan, and Rory Ferguson, with others of the same, are to help, and there is to be a grand spree at Donald's afterwards."

"It will be as dark as my grandmother's cloak, and it is going to rain besides," said Eric, looking up at the sky critically. "I would like to know how they will single her out among so many women in white caps, if they wait until she comes out of meeting; or do they intend to raise a row inside?"

"Hardly. I'll tell you the plan as I heard it from Rory Ferguson: Four of them are to wait outside till she comes out; one is to go in to watch where she sits, and contrive to come out just behind her. They will close in round her easy enough, for she will suspect nothing, and as soon as they are a little way from the house, lay hands on her and carry her off. They will have Fer-

guson's buggy waiting to carry off the bride. Won't she be raging! and won't Donald make a night of it if he succeeds, and I do not see anything to hinder him. It is funny, though, how much they are afraid of this young minister. Not one of them would go into meeting to watch where she sat, for all Donald's eloquence. He has to go himself; he is not afraid of anything or anyone. I would like to see the temper Donald's wife will be in when he gets her home."

"I don't see why he wants her home," I said; "if she is so very ill-tempered he ought to be glad to get rid of her. She is welcome at the Squire's, and can earn enough for her wants in peace. She seems a willing, hard-working woman."

"Donald thinks he has a right to his own wife, and he means to take his right," said Angus, laughing.

"Good plans often get spoiled in the doing," said Olaus. "Donald may miss the mark after all his pains."

"Perhaps," said I, "Donald may hear something to-night that will cause him to change his plans, and try kindness."

"You mean," said McLennan, "that he will get converted. Now, Miss Ray, there is no miracle in the Bible would be so great a miracle to me as if a wild, determined man like Donald would become changed."

"I don't know," said Eric, "if Donald can be any more than a sinner, as we all are; a change to a saint would be a great one for any of us."

"The greatest sinner will make the greatest saint, I suppose," said I.

"Do you think Donald the greatest sinner?" asked Angus.

"I do not know any more about his sins than his talents," I answered. "You say he is clever; I believe he is; you say he is wild and fierce, strong in his loves and hates; judging from his face and his actions, I rather think he is."

"I believe you;" said Angus, "he is built on the plan of Allan Dall, Glen-

gary's piper, who said to his chieftain, 'Your health, Glengary; I love you better than my Maker.'

"Indeed, they are not few," I answered, "who worship the creature more than the Creator, but they are not audacious enough to own it like that man."

When we got to the school-house it was crowded. I had some difficulty in making my way to my accustomed corner. Still, more kept coming in, and by some wedding process got seated. I looked over the congregation, the most crowded one I ever saw; men in homespun, with hard hands, and set, concentrated faces, that had never been carefully fended from sun and wind; women in snowy, many-bordered caps, many of whom had never been heard to speak a word of English. I would have wondered to see them there to hear an English sermon, did I not know how much Gaelic I understood already, and yet was unable to speak it. My scholars, I could see, were packed in among the rest by twos and threes wherever they could find a place. I saw the merry faces of one or two rogues peeping out from under the desk, and that others were roosting on the top of it. They were all there, for they loved the young preacher with all the fervor of their Highland hearts—and for good and sufficient cause: He was the first man who had broken the Bread of Life before them so small that they could pick up the crumbs. Quiet as mice, but with love and expectancy shining out of their bright eyes, they hushed themselves and waited.

Every country place has its daft person, who wanders about harmlessly and aimlessly. Glenshie is not an exception; and the scarred and vacant, but eager, face of Callum mor is here among the rest. He has discovered that he has a soul that ought to be saved, and can be lost, and that God is rich in mercy towards the souls that He has made. The story of the Cross endured for us,

of a Cross to be taken up to follow the great Cross-bearer, has in some dim way penetrated to his heart, and he thinks he would like to be among those who follow this dear Lord. He has tried to give up what he loves very dearly, strong whiskey, even putting his hands over his large ears when invited in to drink by Allan King, and shuffling off at a clumsy trot as fast as his dilapidated shoes would allow him. So there he sits, his tow-colored hair standing up like rumpled feathers all over his big head, and his eyes, which do not at all match, looking in different directions. There is a good deal of self-denial in Callum's keeping still; it is as great an effort in its line as running away from the whiskey, for Callum is a failure of an orator, and many disjointed thoughts are tumbling about in that big brain, longing for expression. Since the new ideas have been in his mind, he feels called upon to pray in public, and as his prayers are rather direct and personal, and for others more than for himself, in his excess of benevolence, it has been thought best to prevent, by harmless engineering, the public exercise of his gifts. He has been known to pray publicly for a minister, suspected of tipping, in these words: "Lord, be merciful to that big drunkard, Minister McCoshen," and for another, "Lord, convert that big liar, Angus Roy," and again, "Have mercy on that big blunderer, Dr. Starn, who called me a blockhead." In his last public performance, noticing a modest church officer who shrank from praying in public, he said, "Lord, forgive Donaldbeg, the son of Rory, the son of Ewen, for hiding behind the chimney." It was not in human nature to keep from smiling at Callum's petitions, and the mixture of the ridiculous with the solemn had to be guarded against, if possible.

I never saw before, I have never seen since, such a silent, solemn, eager expectant throng wedged together so closely, packed shoulder to shoulder,

waiting with hushed reverence for a message from the Highest. There was a solemn, glad influence which came from them to me, and I blessed them in my heart in the name of the Lord. The door is pushed open a little way—it will not open freely, on account of the crowd, and Donald Monroe enters, sure enough. He just gets in and stands up behind the door with his back to it. A determined purpose is in every line of his face. Not much of reverence is expressed in his keen dark eye, that takes in every corner of the room in one sweeping glance and settles for a moment on his wife, who, in her white cap and shepherd's plaid shawl, is seated quite near me. She seems to feel conscious of the look, though her back is towards him, for she gives a little shiver. Donald, satisfied of her whereabouts, withdraws his glance, and stands erect and quiet, waiting with the rest. I thought as I looked at him standing quietly there that the story I had heard could not be true.

The door is again pushed open a little way, and the kind, sagacious face of the Squire appears; he edges himself in somehow, and is followed by Mrs. McPherson and a bevy of rosy-cheeked boys and girls. Then comes the preacher wrapped in a grey maud; he makes his way through the wedged crowd, with difficulty to the teacher's desk. Somebody takes up a little one on his knee, somebody else sits up on the desk among the scholars, and is followed by others, and the last arrivals get all seated somehow, none standing but the stripling in the preachers desk, and the dark grey sentinel behind the door. The Squire notices him and elevates his eyebrows slightly,—he is surprised. Donald lifts his head a little higher and looks grandly unconscionous. Just then we were convinced of the reality of the plot by hearing the watchers outside strike up the last song made on the Squire. We all hear

it well enough, but no one takes any notice of it—something more important has to be attended to. The preacher has laid off his maud, and stands there looking slihter and more delicate than when we saw him first in Glenshie; his cheek is pale with a faint color coming and going on it, like a girl's. He says, "Let us worship God by singing to his praise the sixty-third Psalm." "It is not trained singing I assure you—there are discords; I can detect quite plainly the astonishing sounds made by Callum mor; I never did like the Scottish version of the Psalms,—thought the rhyme uncouth, almost barbarous; but now, as their waiting souls sing with the heart, and their united voices rise in the words:

"Lord, thee my God, I'll early seek,
My soul doth thirst for thee,
My flesh longs in a dry, parched land,
Wherein no waters be:

"That I thy power may behold,
And brightness of thy face,
As I have seen thee heretofore
Within thy holy place.

"Since better is thy love than life,
My lips thee praise shall give,
I in thy name will lift my hands
And bless thee while I live."

the notes peal up to the sky, while I—shall I say it? Yes—let the truth be spoken—I sat silent, and thought with Burns:

"Compared wi' this, how poor religious pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace, except the heart.
The Power incensed, the pageant will desert
The pompous strain the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart; [soul,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the
And in His Book of Life the inmates poor
enroll."

After the singing, came an earnest prayer, remarkable for nothing but being addressed to God for the people, without any under current of "What are they thinking of it?" or any breaks, in which a little preaching was inserted. Then came the text: "O Lord, truly I am thy servant and the son of thine handmaid; thou hast loosed my bonds."

I must stop to say that this young man was not very eloquent; did not get excited or carried away with his subject. In a simple, boyish manner, but with the unconscious dignity of one bearing a message, he talked to the people of his message, which he divided into two parts—to the bound and to the free. I wish I could write down his look and tone, the language of the soft dark eye that looked so lovingly on the little ones.

“All of you here before me to-night, young and old, rich and poor, whom Christ my Master has not made free, are bound, and to you is the first part of my message sent. You are bond slaves of Satan; you are doing his work; you are sure of his wages, inevitably sure. ‘The wages of sin is death,’ Oh, I pity you, bound and led captive of Satan at his will; driven ever nearer to the end—the end where the worm dieth not and the fires never shall be quenched. This is a hard thing for me to say, and for you to hear. Perhaps you dispute it in your minds, saying, We are sinners we know, but not so helpless as that, not bound or driven;—no, we are following the counsel of our own will, fulfilling the desires of our own flesh and mind, being free to do or not to do what we choose. And this is true, my friends, so long as your hearts are set in you to do evil continually; so long as your will is the same as your master’s will; and in pleasing the lusts of your flesh, you do his work, and spend your strength in his service. If you fancy you are free, try for yourself. You who have long laid the reins on the neck of your lusts and let them carry you whither they would, try to stop—try to turn; then, and not till then, you will feel your chains. The pleasant vices which were light as gossamer, shining as burnished silver when you helped your great enemy to wind them round you first, you will find, to your sorrow, how hard they press, how heavy they

have become. Who knows the bondage of drunkenness as well as the drunkard who has fondled his vice until it has become his master, until his bondage is greater than he can bear? He knows by his fruitless struggles to be free, what bondage means. Oh! friends, the bound and driven slave may not feel his bonds if, fresh and vigorous, he press on as his Master wills; but if weary or unwilling he try to stop—to turn—he will know then the meaning of being bound. There are some here whose iniquities draw them as with a cart-rope. Their bonds are seen of all; the voice of their sins, like Abel’s blood, crieth out till God and man hear. There are some here whose bonds are soft and silken, invisible as the Indian web called woven air, which cannot be seen on the grass unless wet with dew, but it is there; those bound with these bonds are as surely captives as the others. They go the same road, serve the same master, travel to the same doom. Ah! these silken bonds cannot be broken; they will hold although they cut to the bone. David felt them when he cried, ‘Deliver me from secret faults!’ To those who are bound I am sent this night with a message from the Master,—to tell of One who with His own blood bought the right to loose your bonds, to break every yoke, to take the prey from the mighty, and deliver the lawful captive. I proclaim in your ears this night, if there are any here who are weary of their bonds, discontented with their work of laboring for that which satisfieth not, unwilling to accept their wages—unable to face the devouring fire—to draw with everlasting burnings, let them draw near. The Son can set you free, and you shall be free indeed. This is He who hath the key of David, who openeth and no man shutteth; this is He whom God hath appointed to undo heavy burdens, to let the oppressed go free; He will loose your bonds,—He will do more; when He

takes you up out of the fearful pit and out of the miry clay, He will wash you from the filth of your slavery in the fountain He has opened for sin and uncleanness; clothe you in the blood-bought and blood-washed robe of righteousness, fit for a guest at the wedding of the King's Son; make you beautiful through His beauty that He will put upon you. All this wonderful love, all these unspeakable gifts, I am commissioned to offer to you, without respect of persons, now—here—all unfit and unworthy as you are; to you is this salvation offered, without money and without price. If you know that you are bound, if you feel your bonds, if you see yourself a captive, surely your eyes have been touched with His eye-salve, and to you is this word of salvation sent. Cry then unto Him, cry mightily! Take with you words—His words, and say unto Him, 'Take away all iniquity, loose my bonds.' When they are loosed, as they will be, for He has not said to the seed of Jacob, 'Seek ye my face,' in vain; when you know that you are free, because the Son has made you free,—then you will sing the song of praise, 'O Lord, truly I am Thy servant and the son of Thine handmaid; Thou hast loosed my bonds.'"

The face of the preacher, as he warmed with his subject, had gradually flushed rosy-red, and his eyes brightened and flashed as he urged his Master's message on his hearers; but all at once he turned pale, faltered, sat down and fainted. There was a pause, some woman's hand passed a glass of water, another pause and the Squire became convinced that "secondly" was not destined to be spoken to us that evening. The preacher's earnestness was far beyond his strength. Callum mor, every hair on his head in a wilder condition than before, commences to fidget; he sees a possible opportunity and he longs to avail himself of it. The Squire sees it too and makes a move to prevent it; looking across the house he sees the

grey head of a douce, God-fearing elder, and asks him to pray. The audience rose, but it was not the elder's voice that appealed to God in the Gaelic tongue, with the solemn words, "Lord, God, be merciful to me, for I am a sinner."

My eyes flew open, and I looked over to the door, behind which stood Donald Monroe, and it could be said of him, for the first time, "Behold, he prayeth!" Low-voiced and strong, he poured forth his cry after God with all the eloquence of his poetic nature. He confessed his sin, acknowledged his bondage, asked for his bonds to be loosed with a cry that, coming from the deep heart of the stern, strong, self-possessed man, went to the hearts of the listeners. There was a thrill of sympathy; many melted into silent tears; many hearts as needy as Donald's sent up along with him their heart's cry for the freedom wherewith Christ makes free. Among such an undemonstrative people, where so many hearts were stirred by an irresistible power, it was like the fountains of the great deep being broken up. When the meeting was over and the people began to disperse, I saw Donald turn to the elder, who had been called on to pray, with the enquiry of the jailer of Philippi on his lips, and they passed out together. I think that he forgot all about his plans and the waiting satellites who were lurking on each side of the door, waiting his sign to seize and bear home his wife. The night was dark, and it was raining, a small, steady, wetting rain. As I stepped out of the lighted house into the darkness, I noticed one of the watchers by the door, and a wet, miserable-looking sentinel he was. Mrs. Monroe went home to the Squire's unmolested, and the boys of the harum-scarum squad, who had calculated on a jolly lark, were wofully disappointed. As I walked along in the drizzling rain, glad with a great gladness that my eyes had seen this great thing, the power of the Lord of

Hosts in subduing, and sad also because these people could feel when His goodness and power passed before them, while I was a spectator with dry eyes and a cold heart. I was inly bemoaning myself as I walked along, when a hand was laid on my shoulder and I looked up to see young McLennan's eager face.

"I have found Him this night, Miss Ray; I believe He has loosed my bonds. Are you glad?"—and he had passed on into the darkness before I could reply. When we had turned into our own lane, Mary Morrison, the undemonstrative Mary, put her arm round my neck and kissed my cheek. "I am so happy," she said, "that I must tell you. I believe that Christ has made me free. Help me to praise Him."

So I went home with the knowledge that more than one or two were thanking God for His unspeakable gift, and I could say, "We have seen strange things to-day."

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Poor bodies scant o' cash,
How they maun thole official snash,
And they maun stand wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a' an' fear an' tremble."
—BURNS.

The fall was closing in,—days sharp and frosty, days wet and sleety, alternated for a while. I felt my black mantilla thinner than was pleasant some days when the wind was keen. I had had a warmer cloak, but it was a little shabby, and in fact, I had cut it up to make some needful articles of clothing for a dear, little lad, one of my scholars. He was an orphan like myself, and I felt drawn to him. But wind and rain searched me out behind my mantilla; I required a new umbrella, and, worse than all, my shoes were showing symptoms of wear that did not suit with the spongy roads. I had no money, not a cent. I had not much when I came to the coun-

try, and what little I had, had been spent in things I considered indispensably necessary for the school. I was not sorry therefore, the day after the meeting, to receive word from the local superintendent to get an order from my three trustees, and repair to the local treasurer, the Hon. Mr. Twisdon who lived at Mount Pleasant, to receive the Government grant. It was Friday, and that evening after school I set out to get the signatures of the three trustees to the order on Mr. Twisdon, that I might be ready to go to Mount Pleasant early in the morning. Each trustee in turn complimented me on the progress which the children had made, which was very pleasant to me. Amid talk of the school and talk of the meeting the night before, and the wonderful occurrence of Donald Monroe praying, I got my order signed and returned to my home. I hoped that the Morrisons would offer to send one of the boys to take me to Mount Pleasant in the light French cart; there were plenty of idle boys and idle horses about the place. I am sure they did not think of it or they would have done so; but seeing they had forgotten it, I could not remind them, but set off on foot. The distance was twelve miles, but I started early in the expectation that perhaps a waggon might overtake me going the same way and give me a lift. It was a misty morning, and wet and spongy under foot, but by keeping on the grassy margin of the road it was not muddy walking. I did hope it would not rain, for besides the discomfort, it would make my having no umbrella more noticeable. My shoes were worn enough to let in water, and soon my feet were wet through. I comforted myself with the reflection that I should remedy all this when I got my money. As I walked along I built castles in the air of a golden future for Walter and myself, and so beguiled some weary miles. By-and-by my thoughts dropped down to the earth, and I began to wonder why it was that I missed common

things so much that I had prized but little when they lay around me. Walking alone through the woods of solemn pine and hemlock that lay between Glenshie and Mount Pleasant, I began to think of the pleasant hedge rows, the moon-faced primroses, the little bright-eyed daisies, children of the sun, that starred every piece of green grass in the Ireland of my remembrance, till thoughts of them made summer in my heart. We had some rare and beautiful flowers in aunt's garden at Enbridge, which she had got from the gardens at Himmel-en-Erde. They had long, unmanageable Latin names tacked to them like a court lady's train. I used to like to know and repeat the long names for the sake of the learned feeling it produced. I admired those flowers very much then, especially some fine roses, for their beauty and rarity. I had not one regretful thought after them now, but I did long after my trembling favorites, the little bluebells, swinging on their delicate stalks. That thought brought to my mind the recollection of nearly drowning baby Nellie when I went to gather them first. My heart delighted itself thinking of aunt's children, and wishing that I had them among my scholars. My pleasant thoughts began to fade as the mist dissolved into fine rain, and I became conscious that my mantilla was wet through. If it rained heavily I would present a forlorn appearance to the Hon. Mr. Twisdon. I grew so weary that my heart beat time to the lines,

"Where wilds immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go."

The last miles were long, long miles. At length I left the pine and tamarack woods behind me, and climbing a long hill saw, through the shade of mighty butternut trees, my first glimpse of the village of Mount Pleasant. I found, by enquiry, the residence of the Hon. Mr. Twisdon, a tall brick house, with a bay window projecting on the street. I waited a long time in the hall before

he made his appearance. I expected to see a very fine gentleman in this honorable ex-member of the Legislature. I was as much disappointed as when I saw my first live lord, when he called on Aunt Henderson at election time. The gentleman was a very tall man, and he impressed me with the belief that he could be as tall as he liked, for he seemed to have the power of stretching himself out to any length. He had lank black hair, high cheekbones, and a sallow face, with light eyes of undecided blue. There was a scar across his face that took a sudden turn and extended in a white seam down the middle of his nose, giving it the appearance of having been split open and put together again.

He opened a door into a very little office, with a desk, a couple of chairs, a small book-case and a large waste-paper basket forming all its furniture. He seemed to consider school-teachers as his natural enemies—a consideration which relieved him from the necessity of being polite or even civil. He set me a chair, and said briskly, "Now, then, what is your business?"

I did not sit down, but for answer to his question handed him the order. He almost snatched it out of my hand, merely glanced at it, and said, "This order is not correct,—it is informal. You must get another before I can pay you any money." When I came to myself I was outside the residence of the Hon. Didymus Twisdon, and the door was shut behind me. I found some consolation in reflecting that he had the same name, and was likely to be the lineal descendant of the wicked judge that persecuted John Bunyan. Whatever consolation these thoughts gave me, I needed. I had walked twelve miles; I was hungry; I was damp; I had not a penny in my purse; I did not know a single person in the village,—so there was nothing for it but to go seven miles farther to Blair Athol to ask Minister McGillivray's advice, which I

set out to do in no laughing mood. I did not think much of primroses or bluebells as I left Mount Pleasant behind me and took the Blair Athol road. I had not gone very far when a buggy driven very fast came rattling along behind me, drew up alongside, and Mr. McAlpine's voice said, "Why, Miss Ray, where are you going? Do get in."

In a moment I found my weary feet on a dry rug, a heavy plaid that was on the back of the buggy wrapped round me. I leaned back contented, and watched the houses, fences and trees flying past in rapid style. Pleasant thoughts would have been possible again, but I had to rouse myself and account to Mr. McAlpine for my being there at all. I told him of my difficulty, and that I was going over to Minister McGillivray's for advice.

"It is fortunate," he said, "that I happened to be going down to Jessop's mill to-day to make a contract for oats; I can leave you at the minister's as well as not." He looked at the order, and, while laughing at the signatures, said he thought it was all right. "It is right as far as my knowledge of school law goes," he said. "I know Twisdon to be a great scoundrel in every sense of the word. He is one of those fellows who grasp greedily with one hand, and spend lavishly with the other. He would cheat fifty poor persons to be able to send to New York for a fashionable outfit for his wife and daughter, that they might be able to queen it over Mount Pleasant society. When I see them come rustling into church stiff and shiny with new grandeur I always wonder what unfortunate simpleton Twisdon has been skinning lately."

"If this is his character and reputation I wonder his family are not sent to Coventry. Their finery would seem to me to be the price of blood," I said.

"If you knew of the bar where he sells adulterated whiskey, of the drunkards he has made, of the farms that have passed from their hands to his,

you might talk of the price of blood. But the money enables the family to dress, to entertain in style and luxury, and the crowd partake, asking no inconvenient questions. It is something to have the shadow of their grandeur fall upon people. I have heard lately that he keeps the teachers' money as long as he can, and gives it a turn or two to his own benefit if possible before he pays it over."

We were soon at Minister McGillivray's, and found his wife as kind and sweet-voiced as ever. She sees everything at a glance and understands the situation at once. I wish I had this gift,—I am so slow to apprehend, and it takes me a long time to think out the smallest thing. Before I had time to say a word of explanation, my feet were in warm, dry stockings and slippers, and I was comfortably seated at the minister's study fire, telling him my grievance.

"Aye! aye! poor child!" was all he said, sitting with his brows drawn down. He looked at my order. "It is quite correct. We must move to have that office taken from Twisdon; he is not a fit person for it," he said at length. "I will write a note to him that may cause him to think."

Dinner was got up expressly for me, and when the good minister brought me out to it I found Mr. McAlpine still there, oblivious of that contract for oats. And he enjoyed his dinner, and the conversation of the good minister; and well he might enjoy the latter, for Minister McGillivray had a fatherly interest in every human being with whom he came in contact, and had always a word of information or advice worth listening to. When I was ready to return to Mount Pleasant, Mr. McAlpine said he would drive me back. I reminded him of the contract for oats.

Mr. McGillivray said, "Never mind, Miss Ray, lumbermen have business everywhere. Jessop's mill will be there to-morrow, and I expect he will find

business to transact at Mount Pleasant." Then he turned to Mr. McAlpine, "This order of Miss Ray's is quite correct; I will give her a note to that effect to Mr. Twisdon. I am afraid that honorable gentleman is not honorable in his dealings."

I was glad to be driven back instead of walking, but I was afraid that Mr. McAlpine drove me back from pity; indeed what else could it be? I did not like pity from him, I would have liked him for a friend.

"Is not Mr. McGillivray very kind and fatherly?" I said to Mr. McAlpine as we drove along.

"He is a good man, and very anxious about the souls of every one who comes near him. Also anxious," he said, with a little smile, "to lead them into the water."

"He must teach what he believes to be true," I answered, "and in these days of free Gospel every man may search for himself if these things are so. Conscience now is like the drink at Ahasuerus' feast, none may compel."

"Did you hear that Richard Jessop was baptized last week?" he enquired, still smiling.

"No, I did not," I replied.

"Every drop of Mrs. Jessop's County Down blood is stirred about it. Mr. and Mrs. Jessop, who are distant cousins, you know, claim descent from men who died for the faith in Scotland long ago. Their branch of the Jessops went over to County Down under the banner of the blue, and stood true to the Presbyterian form of doctrine through dark days in Kilinchy, the days of the bloody rebellion. She believes so firmly in the faith as held by these men that she thinks soul liberty is the liberty to think as she does. Robert tells her to rejoice that Richard is a believer in Christ, but she moans over him leaving the faith of his fathers. I cannot understand this. Salvation seems so great to me that if one I loved found it and kept it I would bid him

Godspeed. Though I do not think I will ever come to see eye to eye with Minister McGillivray."

Arrived at Mount Pleasant I presented Mr. McGillivray's note to Mr. Twisdon, and he grew very angry.

"I do not," he said, "need to be taught the requirements of the school law by any low, ignorant country preacher. Your order, I have told you already, is informal; you must get another properly drawn up, dated and signed, before I pay you one red cent of the Government Grant."

I turned away and met Mr. McAlpine at the door, where he was waiting for me. I told him I was again unsuccessful. His face flushed; he took the order from my hand and went in without the formality of knocking, telling me to follow him. His first words were:

"I say, Twisdon, what do you mean? This order is correct."

"Are you coming here to teach me my business? I did not think, upstart though you are, you were such a jackass."

"Please to keep to the point. My being an upstart or a jackass has nothing to do with it. This order is quite correct, and I advise you as a friend to cash it at once," said Mr. McAlpine calmly.

Very high words passed between the gentlemen. Mr. Twisdon was very abusive. Scoundrel, jackanapes, ignoramus, were titles he applied to Mr. McAlpine very freely. Mr. McAlpine was cool and excessively polite, for he grew polite in proportion as the other gentleman became abusive, but I never before knew how angry a blue eye could look. I was afraid he would lay violent hands on the honorable gentleman.

Finally Mr. Twisdon simmered down and paid the money, and took my receipt, saying, by way of getting out of the unpleasant position he felt himself to be in, "Mr. McAlpine has undertaken to hold me free from loss."

I was not long in making my purchases, as Mr. McAlpine declared his intention of taking me home. When I demurred he assured me that his business took him all over, and he was at home any where. He would stay at the tavern at the Corners all night, and go to hear the young preacher on the morrow, and go back with the Jessops.

"I am only too glad to get the ride home," I said, "but I dislike being troublesome."

"You are not troublesome. My black horse is strong and enjoys a run. Besides, when I was a little lad after my father died, I walked over this very road both tired and hungry. I vowed a vow to God then that if ever I owned a horse and a conveyance of any kind I would never pass a wayfarer, if it was in my power to give him a lift."

"You will not hear the young minister," I said, "for all your kindness, for he is too ill to preach. He was taken ill in meeting last night and there will be no preaching for him for some time yet; but there is to be service at the Corners to-morrow; a stranger is to preach."

After we had driven some time in silence he asked me if I had got any more light on the subject we talked about on the veranda at Jessop's at sacrament time.

"I have been brought to acknowledge my own sinfulness in a greater degree; I know that all are alike sinners before God, but I have got no nearer to Him. Walter has gone into the kingdom without any perceptible struggle, and I stay in the same place seeking and not finding," I said.

"Richard Jessop like Walter seems to have stepped into the liberty of the Gospel at one stride, I do not understand how these things can be?" said Mr. McAlpine. "And it is a reality with them both. They have something which I have not."

"There is still the promise, 'Seek

and ye shall find,' that must be true for ever," I said, out of my own despondency of heart.

"I will remember and seek more earnestly, seek till I do find," he said, as with a warm shake hands he left me at Morrison's gate.

I felt glad to get back to my school again. In school I was a queen reigning by right divine of love and care, but getting money from Mr. Twisdon made me feel a poor discrowned monarch asking from charity a pittance of what was mine by right. I heard of another teacher in the lower end of Gledbury where it joins the Badenoch settlement, who had walked all of fourteen miles through heavy roads to Mount Pleasant three times before Mr. Twisdon could be got to pay her the money she had earned. How much better it had been with me. How dreadfully such men can act when they are dressed in a little brief authority! I took up my duties again thankful that I was back to my little empire where I felt at home.

When I went up to Squire McPherson's to enquire for the young minister they told me that the strange news of Donald Monroe having prayed in meeting had flashed from house to house round the three settlements.

When the squire went home he gave solemn thanks that his adversary was coming to his right mind. I enquired how Donald's wife received the news? She did not believe it, they told me, but shook her frilled head and said, "Its one of his clever schemes to get me home, Och, he's the cunning one!"

The young preacher lay at the Squire's very ill, waited on by the Squire's lady, who believed herself honored by having the privilege of ministering to him.

The children, who loved him so dearly, carried up to the Squire's house offerings of chickens, of maple syrup, of ripe apples from their choicest trees, of every thing they had which they

thought he might like in such profusion as would have sufficed for a dozen men.

A Bible class was begun by the Squire, and all who cared for the truths which had been so plainly brought before them came to search the Scriptures together.

I heard often of Donald Monroe being in great trouble of mind and getting no relief. I understood well enough that he was in the Slough of Despond and could get no relief until help came and lifted him out. His wife persisted in declaring that it was all a trick to get her home, but when some weeks had melted away into the past her secret curiosity led her home to see for herself. Two or three weeks passed and still she did not return so a reconciliation was inferred.

Meanwhile, the young minister was recovering slowly and the Bible class went on and increased; I was one of those who attended regularly. The rejoicing of those who had found peace woke again my determination to go up and ask counsel from the young minister. I wanted to know why I was passed over and left out. Why did he not hear and answer my prayers? I felt my heart hardening which was worst of all. I sat dry eyed while others were weeping around me; I was silent while others praised him, yet surely I was as deserving of mercy as they were. I who had never defiled my tongue with an oath, I who had kept his law, not perfectly, no one could do that,—but better than those who found him so easily.

I shrank from speaking of my inmost feelings to this strange young minister, but I was driven to do it. I could not endure my thoughts any longer.

I found him alone in the sitting room, in an easy chair. He looked pale and weak. He was reading his Hebrew Psalter. After saluting him

and asking after his health I was silent, and so was he. He never dreamed that I had come on purpose to speak to him. I knew that some of the family would come in soon, and that then I would lose the opportunity that God had given me, for I could not speak to him before anyone. I rose and moved round till I got to the back of his chair, and then standing close by him I said, abruptly:

“Why does God pass me by, when he is blessing others? Is it election?”

He wheeled round quickly, and lifted his dark eyes to mine—eyes that seemed to have the faculty of looking through me. Blessed be his memory! and blessed be his Lord! he never tried to put me off, or soothe me into self-complacency, but spoke directly to the point.

“No, it is not election. These others have less to lay down. You want Christ’s righteousness to cover or piece out your own. You will never get it. This righteousness, wrought out when it pleased the Lord to bruise him, is too precious to be added to any web of your own spinning. You must throw away all you have and take it as a free gift, or you will not get it at all. You are a sinner and you must be saved in the way He saves sinners. You will not get salvation and the world. Salvation and your own goodness will not mingle. Let go of every thing else, and lay hold of Jesus, and Jesus only. He will give to you eternal life, and add to that all you really need. He adds to the salvation he gives, *all things.*” I slipped away without another word. I walked up the lane, thinking,—thinking,—seeing nothing clearly. I sat down on the frozen bank under the elm tree to consider what I had that I could give up that was keeping me back from God. I was willing to give up my sins and my sorrows that He might forgive the one and heal the other, but my goodness was so much a

part of myself that I never thought of it as of something I could part with. It was I myself, my better self I would have said. I wanted my fellow mortals to take me at my best; I wanted my Lord to do the same. I did not think this clearly or consciously, it lay deep down in my soul underlying my conscious thoughts. Consciously I thought, what had I that was standing between me and God?

I owned nothing of my very own in the world but a few books. Harmless enough I thought them, and they were my only companions in lonely hours. Most of them were gifts. Miss Porter's Novels, a gift from dear harumscarum Marion Lindsay. Allen Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd, Scott's Epic, bound separately in roan and gilt, and Moore's Lalla Rookh. These were all the bewitching books I had, the rest were instruction. I was very fond of them; they were my only treasures. Was I called upon to give them up? Did I love them better than Christ? Certainly, I was better acquainted with them.

I thought of Abraham who did not withhold his only son Isaac, and I determined to sacrifice them, and see if I could find peace. I got up and went home briskly, went to my trunk and

took out my treasure. What was to be done must be done quickly. or I would not have the courage to do it.

I looked tenderly at Marmion,—my favorite among them all,—remembered with a thrill of guilty pleasure that I could repeat it, introductions and all, from beginning to end, and that there were passages through them all that would cling to me forever.

I hastened, because the kitchen was empty, and with averted eyes thrust them into the cookstove. The cookstove went off with a roar; the flames surged up the pipe and made it red hot almost immediately. I was frightened, for the stove quivered and panted and struggled, as if it intended to lift its iron paws and rush out doors. Mrs. Morrison ran in, her turban on end with excitement. What in the world are you about? Do you mean to burn us out? The chimney is on fire. Energetic Mrs. Morrison soon put out the blaze, and afterwards said to me, "Who would have thought you could or would make such a fire? You came near making a burnt offering of us all. She did not know how near to the truth was her random remark. I had made a burnt offering, but I heard no voice, neither was there any that regarded.

(To be continued.)



S A M A N D I .

ENGLISH EMIGRANTS AND SOUTHERN LAND AGENTS.

The year 186— was for England a time of unusual depression; a time when, in spite of the boasted wealth, charity and humanity of the little island, the pale beams of the wintry morning sun when they first glinted on doorsteps and dark arches not infrequently fell also upon *something else* lying there— *something else* which but a few short hours before had still contained some lingering living claims to the brotherhood of humanity, now cold and senseless as the stone couch on which *it* so quietly reposed.

Wearied, worn out, and heartsick, I was sitting by the fireside one December night,—for I had been out during the day—a day succeeding many days of fruitless search for employment, when there came a tramping and a stamping of snow-encumbered feet at the door, followed by the entrance of Sam, my brother-in-law.

“Well, old boy,” was his greeting, “I’ve come to have a serious talk with you,” and drawing up his chair, he continued, without further preamble: “You and I are fast going to the bad; its down hill all the while and no brakes on. We must emigrate—that’s about what we must do, and there’s nothing else for it.”

“That is precisely what I have been thinking of myself; but the question is how, when and where, to obtain reliable information.”

“I have already thought of that,” said he. “There are plenty of agents in Birmingham. We will go over tomorrow and see some of them.”

“So be it,” I replied. And thus we dismissed the subject as settled, and a

very unlucky settlement it was, as will appear by and by.

Sam had had the advantage of being started on his own account at the early age of twenty-one, on a large and well-stocked farm, with a very fair balance at his banker’s; but heavy rents, two or three consecutive bad seasons, pleuropneumonia among his stock, and a *hunter* proved too much for him, and thus it came about that we concluded to utilize his knowledge of agriculture in what we fondly hoped would prove a better country, and where we might obtain in the New World the living that seemed denied us in the Old.

For had we not heard and read from time to time wonderful accounts of the incomparable fertility of the soil, the prosperity, independence and happiness of the Southern planter. Did not the friends whom we consulted tell us of this, that, and the other, one who had made fortunes in America? and did they not admire our determination and pluck in thus resolving to be off while our shoes were good? And thus it was that we found ourselves consulting agents, and thus it was that we fell into the hands of the *land-sharks*.

Everyone knows how pretty even ugly things can be made to look on paper. The touch of a master-hand is so effective that a man of small elasticity of imagination does not always recognize even his own photograph. So then, when we were shown into the handsome office of a gentleman from the Southern States of North America, resident in Birmingham, whose pretty advertisements were printed on the loveliest tinted paper, of snug cottages,

farms, and peach orchards; when we were told of the clear trout streams, and the free right to shoot the abundant game, and were reminded how nice it would be to run down to the river side on our own domain and catch a dish of fresh trout for breakfast, or to broil a fine venison steak cut from the carcase of a good fat deer, we were delighted, we were enchanted, and vowed that dear old England was no place for the bold and the free; and I well remember how we went home singing "To the West, to the West!" and "I'm off to Charleston;" but it was not long before we were singing a more doleful song, and the reader will see in the sequel the realization of all those bright dreams which, like Alnaschar's in the fairy tale, ended but in a crop of broken hopes.

A description of a voyage across the Atlantic would be quite a work of supererogation in these days of universal travel. Let it suffice to say our passage was stormy enough. Our stout steamer of 3,000 tons was twenty-one days on a voyage that should have taken but half that time, and one day when it was blowing great guns right in our teeth, and green seas were rolling down upon us high as the main-topmast head, we made but twenty-eight miles in the twenty-four hours. The sea-sickness was something awful, and we realized the feeling with which the humorist wrote, "The first half-hour we were afraid we should die, and the second we feared we shouldn't." To sea-sickness, however, there is an end; homesickness is more lasting. This is no mere fanciful evil, but a very serious and genuine one, and a great source of trouble to the emigrant during the first year or two of his self-banishment. With some it is more lasting than with others, and there are those who, going abroad when of maturer age, never entirely get over it. To such a one there are ever present the memories of his childhood,—the sea-beach, perhaps,

where he has made the ocean his play-fellow, and where the roar of his waves has been the lullaby of his infancy; or of the green fields of his village, and the lark singing and soaring aloft in the sunny May morning, or of summer evening walks through its shady green lanes and fields of golden grain.

It is not during the excitement of travel, and while he is still surrounded with English faces and English customs that he feels thus; it is by-and-by when he is settled in his lonely home, and has time to fairly realize his position, that "the iron enters into his soul,"—that the memories of the past well up in his breast; and then where there are none to see, he may call up all his manliness if he would prevent his thoughts from overflowing at his eyes.

And who shall despise the man for this feeling? Is it not old as the world itself? Did the Jews in their banishment sing no sweet laments for their lost Jerusalem? Does not the sentiment which the Roman poet puts into the mouth of the old Greek,

"Nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice
Teucro;
Certus enim promisit Apollo
Ambiguam tellure nova Salamina futuram."

embody something of this feeling? Did Ovid at Tomi calmly bear his banishment from the delights of Rome? Is it not a sentiment akin to patriotism?—a sentiment one of the first and finest which adorns our nature, for which again and again a handful have faced a myriad?

None but the man who has experienced what it is to leave his native land with small hope of returning for years, if for ever, can fully realize the pain of the breaking ties. As the waving handkerchiefs of weeping friends on shore, the sinking coasts and then the blue hill-tops recede from view, the very mother earth on which our footsteps have trod since childhood becomes dearer and dearer, and we envy the birds that can fly

back to her fair woods, the cattle that rest on her green bosom.

But the iron ship, inexorable as fate, steams on, and time and sea-sickness take the thoughts to other matters. All soon begin to look forward to hopes of land; but it is not till the twenty-first day out that we gain our first glimpse of the American shore.

North and south, far as the eye can reach, are extended the endless woods of this "wooden country." We are bound for the port of Norfolk in Virginia, and in a few hours are steaming into Chesapeake Bay.

It is the month of February, but be it remembered that we are now about latitude 38, instead of the 53° of Liverpool, and 1,000 miles or so more southerly than this port. A warm bright sky above, and below blue waters glistening in the sunlight greet our first approach to the shores of the New World, while myriads of waterfowl fluttering the sparkling drops from their white wings form altogether as pretty a sight as mind could wish.

Norfolk is on the right bank of the estuary of a small stream that runs into the bay. On the left it takes the name of Portsmouth, situate on a low flat coast whose sole pretensions to beauty consist in the woods and the waters.

The neighborhood of these towns gave considerable evidence of fertility, and later on we were regretting that we had not settled there; but then we found that in all these low-lying lands fever and ague abound, and that Yellow Jack is often rampant, so that it is only the case-hardened negro who can labor with impunity.

Previously to our departure from England we had paid several visits to the gentlemanly agent, who was to give us innocent lambs letters of introduction to the wolves in Raleigh. For these precious documents we paid a guinea and were asked two. This we

found when too late to be a totally unnecessary expenditure, part and parcel of the entire humbug.

The approach of any ship containing emigrants is at once telegraphed from the port to the different land companies, and their agents are immediately despatched to meet the unfortunates and seek whom they may devour; but unlike the "roaring lion," nothing can exceed the slimy courtesy of these gentry as long as the emigrants' money lasts, or there is any chance of effecting the sale of one of their worn-out farms. Every information is vouchsafed him; a hotel is found for him, where he has to pay two to three dollars per head per day, and this making rapid inroads upon his capital hurries on his decision if he would not find himself friendless and moneyless in a strange land.

Raleigh, then, our present destination, is some two hundred miles inland from Norfolk. The railway runs through a country which to an English eye seems an unbroken succession of endless woods, and nothing surprises the traveller more than the perfect absence of animal life. As mile after mile rolls behind, and he looks in vain for deer, hare, or rabbit, scudding away into the recesses of the forest, there being scarce even a bird to be seen, save here and there a carrion-eating turkey-buzzard sitting brooding like a spirit of evil on the branch of some dead tree and rendering the solitude still more hideous, the stillness without becomes quite depressing, and he begins to think of the varied scenes of home, its cosy homesteads, green pastures dotted with innumerable sheep and cattle, its silver streams and neat hedgerows, and oh how he longs to be once more there!

Thus then we travel on, and by and by are informed that we are approaching some town or city. Here then is a diversion to the monotony; here then we shall at any rate see some busy forms of life once more. The engine

utters its horrid shriek, we slacken speed, we stop. All on the *qui vive* to see the bustling streets and hear the busy hum of men, we throw up the windows, necks-out-stretched and open-eyed, and we do see and hear—what? There is the universal hotel, or vile whiskey-shop—the small store, a wooden hut or two, a barn, a pigstye, and that is about all! There are here and there openings in the woods, with a few solitary dwellings scattered round these small nuclei; but this is about a fair description of an American southern inland town along that two hundred miles of what we must believe to be the more populous part of North Carolina. Raleigh, however, the capital, named after unfortunate Sir Walter, is something better than this. It contains probably seven or eight thousand people, apparently more than half of them negroes, upon whose labor the whites are still dependent, for by them nearly all the handicraft trades are carried on. They are the carpenters, carriage-builders, shoemakers, hair-dressers, and everything else, and as agriculturists on their own soil, what they don't know we cannot teach them. The fact is that the Southern gentleman thinks work a degradation and hard hands a disgrace. He is constitutionally lazy. I remember one summer day going into a store kept by two young fellows of four or five and twenty years of age. One was lying on his back on the counter, taking a siesta, his head pillowed by a roll of cotton. To him we went, asking for some articles we wanted. "Oh," said he, his eyes half shut, "can't you go to th' othah fellah; he's somewhar down thar," and with that he closed his eyes and continued his slumber.

This Raleigh is a pretty little town with shade trees bordering the sides of the streets, but it lies on almost a perfect level, and the roads are wretched, ankle deep in mud after a shower or two; but it was not long before we

found to our cost that the streets of the town were fair in comparison with the country roads. Here, what with the "wash outs" and the bare corduroy tracks, it is wonderful how anything on wheels can stand it, and if my enemy were afflicted with gout I could desire no better method of convincing him of the error of his ways than to run him a mile or two over these dislocating roads. Imagine what it must be to drive a load ten or twelve miles through such a country, and do not wonder if there is occasionally some tall swearing over it. Among our fellow passengers were several parties who, having like ourselves consulted agents in the various parts of Britain to which they belonged, were bent on a similar undertaking; some were for Carolina, some for Virginia, Tennessee or elsewhere. Induced, however, by the agent who represented one of the Raleigh companies(!) they were prevailed on to stay and look around that locality. They then were soon established at the best hotel, \$3 per day. We being anxious to husband our resources were sent to one where our friends of the land company told us the charge would be \$2. Here we remained a week, awaiting the action of the agents; but seeing that nothing came of it, and that it was costing us \$8 a day, there being in all four of us, we began to think it would be better rather to look out for ourselves, or at any rate seek a more reasonable lodging. On representing this to our noble host, we were informed that as we were leaving so soon we must pay \$3 each instead of \$2.

We were, however, fortunate enough to find room with a widow lady and her two daughters, who agreed to take us all for \$4 per day. These ladies had been great sufferers in the late war, had once been considerable slave-owners and very wealthy, but now, like their neighbors, were in reduced circumstances. In this way, then, we were delayed for five or six weeks, being taken

out now and again to see various farms at the disposal of the company. There were any amount of them. Scarcely a hotel or shop keeper in Raleigh but had some piece of worn-out land which he christened a farm and put into the company's hands to obtain English gold for, if they could.

An account of one such will serve for all. In the midst of woods where one can see in no direction above one hundred yards or so, stands one of the "snug cottages" we have spoken of. Little naked negroes, two or three razor-backed hogs, and colonies of rats share it in common. Once upon a time it had been plastered and white-washed, for pieces still remained adhering in places to the broken laths, plentifully stained with the juice of the tobacco with which a former unhappy tenant had striven to kill time. The four winds of heaven blow through all as they list. There, again, is the fine peach orchard, or all that the pigs have left of it—a few broken and stunted trees, of whose produce we could speak later on. There, too, is the farm, patches of red and gray sand, bare of any vegetation except the huge, heart-breaking stumps which, hundreds to the acre, adorn all these places alike.

Imagine a civilized being in such a position as this; no neighbor within five or six miles of him, twelve or fifteen miles from Raleigh, and with those execrable roads already spoken of! I can conceive that if success were crowning his efforts, and he could see before him the hope of competence, and so of one day escaping from his prison, he might labor on contentedly for a time; but if he plainly perceived there was no hope, that his utmost efforts could only suffice to gain the most meagre necessities of life, that his capital *must* dwindle away, his little stock decrease, the prospect of ever being able to surround himself with some of the comforts of home becoming more and more gloomy, his children brought up in solitude, ig-

norance and squalor, no change or prospect of change to the sameness of this miserable existence, the thoughts of home scenes, home friends, home associations clinging round his heart; and then, when he bitterly recalls the land of promise, of fertility, prosperity, independence and happiness for which he had left his home, and for fertility finds a waste of sand, his prosperity to be attained by dragging his emaciated body twenty miles alongside two miserable, half-starved steers to sell a dollar's worth of wood, his independence consisting in being looked down on by the whites, and by the negroes classed as white trash; his happiness to be found among fever, ague, and snakes, poverty and solitude; no comfort unless tobacco and the demon of bad whiskey can give him its accursed oblivion,—what wonder if the poor settler, ignoring his manhood and losing his trust in Providence itself, should drink himself mad with their vile decoctions of rye and corn, or hang himself to the nearest tree!

We sometimes wondered if these land agents were all alike acting in bad faith; some of them, perhaps, had never seen anything better. Happy in their ignorance! We were always accompanied by one or other of them in our "prospectings," and when amid the bare, brown soil there appeared some greener patch of stunted herbage which a hungry sheep could scarcely nibble, our attention would be called thereto with the remark, "Very fine grass, Mr. Dash, very fine clover!"

It may be thought I am exaggerating this thing, but it would be impossible, dress the matter in what words I may, to do justice to the full extent of the deception. We know there have been swindles before now, there have been South Sea bubbles, there have been Glenmutchkin Railways, there have been failing banks and bogus companies *ad infinitum*, and the Americans coined a special word to embody the

idea. Why, the doings of these land companies were a standing joke in Raleigh. Take as an instance the way in which puffing paragraphs were got up for the home papers: A Scotchman near us was taken into the service of one of these agents after having lost his all. His employer one day in course of conversation asked him if such and such a view did not remind him of some park near Glasgow. Honest John replied he did not see much resemblance, but there were trees here and trees there. This was enough, and in a mail or two a Scottish newspaper came out with a glowing letter describing the homelike (!) scenery about Raleigh, and how charmed the settlers were with this repetition of auld Scotia in the New World. In like manner also are manufactured the brilliant credentials and testimonial letters with which intendant emigrants are regaled, and then too, as in the case of the racing prophets, weather-prophets and the like, one success out-balances fifty failures.

Well, by the time we had arrived at the knowledge of the state of affairs, we were growing disheartened, and fearing lest we should be reduced to the condition of the gentleman who had lost everything but the arm-holes of his waistcoat, we began after five weeks looking about, to think of returning to old England while we could. But after mature deliberation, reflecting that we should be charged with not giving the country a fair trial, and,—oh frightful thought!—that we should be laughed at, and being also really desirous of ascertaining the truth, we finally determined to remain at least one season, hoping to be disappointed in our expectations.

We, however, would not be guilty of the same folly as others in purchasing land before giving it a trial, so we rented a small place of seventy or eighty acres, a mile or so from Raleigh. We immediately went to work with a

will, buying implements, seeds, artificial manures, none other being to be had, horse, plough, waggon, and all that was required for our small venture.

Determined to give the thing a fair chance, nothing was omitted that could render our efforts successful. The land was ploughed and reploughed till it was friable as a garden; everything was put in on the most approved plan. We planted eighteen acres of Indian corn, the crop of the country; this failing here and there, we replanted, and in good season had a flourishing looking field of corn growing. This we employed negroes to hoe and clean, which was done three times during the season, and we began to hope we might have thirty or forty bushels to the acre, as we had been told the yield was frequently from sixty to eighty. We also planted forty bushels of potatoes, ten or twelve of sweet potatoes, tried melons, cucumbers, cabbages, and in fact all the usual produce of an English garden, which we were told were much wanted and would find a ready market. Now for the results. The corn yielded three to four bushels to the acre; the best of the potatoes were about the size of hazel nuts, but green peas would be a fairer average comparison, and after trying them here, there and everywhere, we concluded they were not worth getting up. The sweet potatoes being in the best part of the land yielded nearly the value of the seed. The green crops were a total failure, coming up, looking pretty well for a time, but soon dying off from actual poverty of the porous soil and heat of the sun. In explanation of the failure of the corn, we had during the summer a three weeks' drought, and were told this was the cause. Now a year or two previously there had been in the old country a very dry season, seven or eight weeks of it. Hay went up, and cattle went down, and the once green pastures began to look like a desert. Three weeks were enough to

do the same for Carolina. But we were told this was an exceptional year. There are two things which we always hear in all parts of this continent: one is, there never was such a year as the present year; the other is, when a man complains of his want of success, he is invariably told he should have gone farther west. Why if one settled at the base of the Rocky Mountains, and the waves of the Pacific washed the shores, in case of failure it would be said "You should have gone farther west." Perhaps it would have been a wise move.

So then we were told this was an exceptional year; but the truth is that a three weeks' drought is there quite a common occurrence, happening probably one year in three. In fact the land is utterly used up, and there is no way of restoring it. There is no grass to raise stock, and no stock to make manure. Artificial manures are of small use, for the soils, which for hundreds of miles present the same failures, are so sandy and porous that the heavy and sudden rain storms wash out and carry down to the "branches" everything that is soluble, leaving nothing behind but sand. The cotton fields around us bore similar testimony; cotton is a crop which a somewhat dry season suits; but instead of shrubs five feet high, the average was not more than one or two, and the yield wretched in proportion.

To sum up, then. The soil of Carolina, and great part of Virginia too, consists generally of three kinds—a hard, compact, red sand, next to useless; a grey sand good in certain positions, and narrow strips of alluvial land along the streams, or more widely extended in the low-lying districts prolific in fever and ague. That there are no good and desirable farms I do not say; but I do say that those who have such will not part with them, except at a price which if the emigrant could pay he might have remained at home and purchased his estate there.

Here, then, are facts by which we judged of the condition of the farmer in Carolina. He was looked on by the Raleigh storekeeper as little above the despised negro. We have seen them come twenty miles and more to the market to sell a dollar's worth of wood or a score of chickens. Their wretched abodes were only fit to house pigs. Two gentlemen, father and son, who came with us and settled two hundred miles further west, told the same tale of barren soil, failing crops, fever and ague, and no markets. One day in the month of June, some matter of business brought the son down to Raleigh, and of course he came to see us. Poor little Jolliboy, I remembered him the liveliest, merriest fellow in the ship. His violin, which he played beautifully, was always going, often accompanied by his sweet tenor. He was the life and soul of the company, the darling of the crew, and the mainstay of his poor old father, downhearted as he was at leaving his lifelong home, yet beguiled into many a smile by the quibs and pranks of his lighthearted son. Now how changed he was! As he came towards us across the field we hardly knew him. "Can that be little Jolliboy?" we cried. His roundness and ruddiness were gone. Sallow and emaciated, his clothes hung on him like a petticoat on a broom-stick. He told us his wretched tale of disappointment, even then not unaccompanied by his irresistible sallies of jollity. Yet we could scarcely smile, so pitiful was the contrast to his former self. He had been educated for an architect. God help him! I hope he also has made his escape long ere this to some happier clime. Then again there were two lads—sons of farmers—one from Suffolk, the other from Shropshire. After long and wearisome delay they found a place at wages about a third of what had been represented. They remained till they had earned enough to take them to Baltimore, where they

did better. They, too, paid us a visit. Their situation had been cracked up to be one of the best in the neighborhood. Their hours of work were from sunrise to sunset; uniform diet, pork and beans with Indian meal cakes, varied on Sunday by the omission of dinner. There being no work two meals only were allowed. Two young Scotchmen, who had bought their place and were held up as models of what British pluck and energy could do, told us that their main dependence had been on the sale of their wood, and their farming never paid for the labor. Everywhere the same story, except in the case of one canny Scot who declared himself well satisfied with his location. We mentioned this one day to our two young friends; the comment was, "Oh, yes, of course, he has been trying to sell out this year past."

A word or two as to climate. In spring and autumn the variations in temperature are very sudden. Hot one hour, it is often piercingly cold the next. For example, one fine morning in March we walked into the country to look about us as well as the woods permitted. The hot sun beating down upon us, we soon found it advisable to discard our coats; but we advanced but a mile or two when we were glad to resume them, and on our return we noticed what looked like peculiar berries on the bushes. They proved to be ice! The wind had changed to the west, then the cold quarter, and under its influence the dewdrops had actually frozen. Such changes were very common; so, too, were sudden hurricanes, accompanied by such thunder, lightning and rain as is seldom met with far beyond the tropics. In summer, though the thermometer rarely marks more than 98° in the shade, yet the height of the sun and the directness of his rays during so many hours render the heat terribly oppressive.

Now for the fruit orchards. No sight can be more lovely than a peach

orchard in bloom, and there were many round our neighborhood thickly covered in the season with the rich and delicate blossom, but the crop is a most precarious one. Bushels upon bushels drop before they are ripe, eaten by the caterpillars and other insects, which abound to an incredible extent. So it is with apples and pears, and the evil seems difficult to remedy, small birds being extremely few and quite unequal to the task of destroying the noxious grubs which devour all fruits and every green thing. Really good peaches were quite scarce, costing from five to ten cents, and such were brought down from Baltimore or New York.

As for the game, the fishing and shooting, to which we had looked forward with such lively anticipations of sport, we never saw a fish that had been caught in a Raleigh stream. Game there was none, except a few little quails of which we saw during our walks, rides and work, perhaps three or four coveys during the nine months we were in the country. Then there were a few little hares, of which we saw certainly not more than six during the same time. Wild turkeys we heard of, but never met with one, dead or alive, during our travels or in the market. Lastly, there was the opossum; but his advent was so rare as to be hailed as a grand excitement by the niggers, who would go in a body to the attack.

One might speak, too, of the wretched little cattle and few miserable sheep, of the stuff the butchers called beef, through the ribs of which shone the daylight, of legs of mutton scarcely large enough to dine two ordinary men. Theseus and Cercyon would have demolished a whole flock. All tended to show the same thing—that we in common with our countrymen had been "taken in and done for."

If game was scarce snakes were not; there was the water-mocassin, which we found waiting for us in our bathing

place; the highland-mocassin in every pathway; the king snake and adder are loaded in the hay or turned up with the plough, and whip-snakes and rattle-snakes abound in the woods.

Such, then, is a condensed history of our experiences in North Carolina; but before concluding let me give the reader a sketch of our position as we found ourselves situated later on towards summer. We had long since found that this was no place for an English woman. In fact, my little wifey and lad, after long occupying a separate establishment, had returned to England. It is the tenth of June, and we are seated alone in our mansion in solitary grandeur, gazing dolefully at each other, or at the artistic upholstery which our own fingers have fashioned. Our festive board consists of three planks nailed to the bottom of an inverted flour barrel. On one side one real and genuine chair, the pride and ornament of the establishment. On the other a sort of settee, also the product of our poetical imaginations, formed of some old rafters and cornsacks. In the adjoining apartment—for our castle boasts of two rooms—are two bedsteads, also home made, having the feet carefully inserted in vessels of water to guard against the attacks of the chinchas, called by courtesy Norfolk Howards, Anglicé bugs. At each bed head is a loaded gun ready for the hideous rats, when they come to peer at us through the broken laths at night; for being bent on finding game we usually leave a candle burning, and so wait for a shot at those gentry. Thus passes day after day with a good deal of idle time on our hands, as we are unable to work from eleven to four for the heat. It is enough to sit in doors and let the perspiration stream down in silvery rivulets.

Thus at length the summer "dragged its slow length along" towards autumn when finding our residence during the storms and rain and cold night winds

becoming uncomfortable, through defects in the architecture, there being altogether too much ventilation through doors, windows, walls and roof, we determined on migrating to the barn; but this proved a failure, and we were obliged to go back.

By this time, however, the mischief had been done, and we were warned by sundry cold shiverings, hotness of the skin, and headache that times were about to be lively for us, and shortly after fever and ague set in.

Just at this juncture of all others, there happened a simple incident which I think neither Sam nor I will ever forget. We were lying on our uneasy couches sad and silent, I thinking dimly of the fond arms I had insisted on sending away, and that I knew were longing to clasp my neck, and Sam of the bright eyes of a certain little lassie as he last saw them dimmed with the tears of sad farewell, when there came floating to our ears the strains of "Home sweet Home," turned on by a veritable organ-grinder. In a moment we were at the door, and Sam's hand diving into every pocket at last fished up a ten cent piece,—this after diligent search I duplicated, and we went for that organ-grinder. "Went for him?" No! sir, not in that sense; but as men who had once had a glimpse of heaven and longed for the echo of the strains once more. "How many times will you grind that for twenty cents?" we said. We knew not how often, but soon all our desolate surroundings were for a moment forgotten. Once again were we seated on the old farmhouse steps; once again we were looking over the sloping lawn to where the sparkling brook rushed foaming under the wheel of the village mill; once again we heard the blithe whistle of the ploughman returning from the field, and saw the lambs frisking in the cool eventide; once again came jolly Jack on his old pony, and George and Lizzie with the bairns to drink tea

under the apple blossoms where by and by the jug jug of the nightingale would fill the air with melody. Yes! Once again! oh, could we have them all once again, how loth we'd be to leave them. But the music ceased, the blissful vision vanished, stern reality once more stared us in the face, and we turned our heads to the dilapidated walls, and we—Yes, sir! Yes, madame! we did, and what have you to say against it?

Ehen! fugaces anni. Where was I? Oh, fever and ague. In four or five days we were so reduced that it was as much as we could do to drag our miserable length along to the water-bucket to quench our burning thirst. There then we lay day and night, scarcely able to crawl, and at times wandering in our minds from fever. After about a fortnight when we were at the worst, and the rats were beginning to think of making a meal of us, a good old negro whom we had before employed came to look for work, and he remained and tended us faithfully, God bless old John! The whites often spoke ill of the honesty of the blacks, but old John never used his opportunity to rob us of a farthing. He went and informed a Scottish gentleman and his dear little English wife of our state, and they behaved in the kindest way, sending us many dainties from their own table, while the lady often came and did kindly offices for us with her own fair hands. Nor do I like to omit to mention the genuine kindness, during this time, of another gentleman, a thorough-going and good-hearted Yankee, whose friendly sympathy we shall not forget.

After about five weeks I got round, but my poor chum was for more than three months in a pitiable state. We tried every conceivable recipe, but at last were told to grate half a nutmeg in a gill of whiskey and simmer it down on the stove to half that quantity. No

alcohol left, remember! This dose he took three times and had no more shakes.

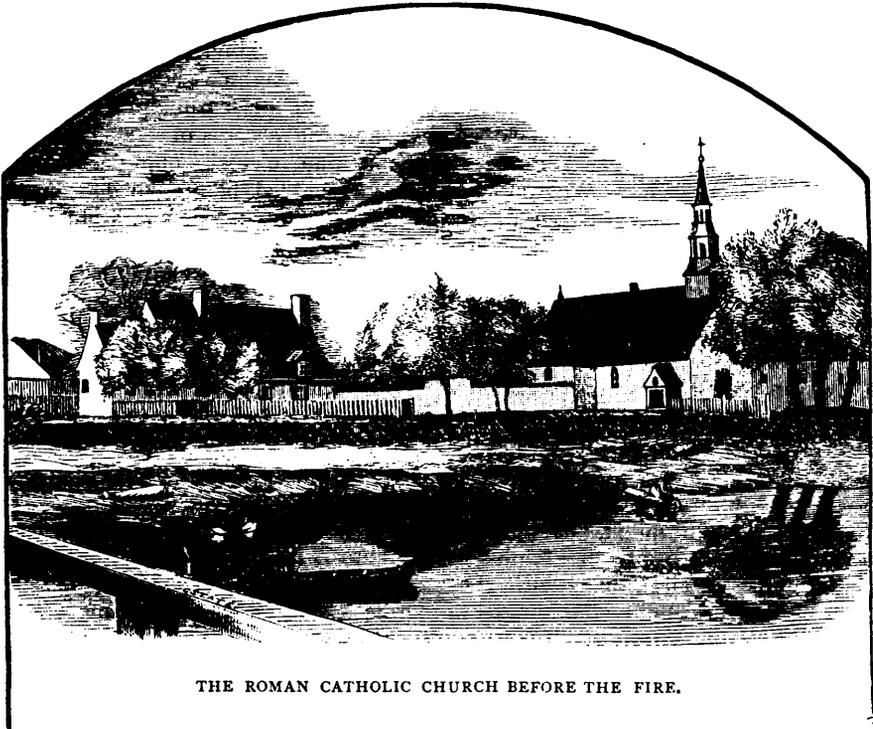
You are welcome to this wrinkle, dear reader. October is now upon us, and our time in Carolina is drawing to a close. The last scene in our little drama is the corn shucking. We had harvested from our eighteen acres seventy or eighty bushels of corn, and this had to undergo the process of shucking. So about nine o'clock one dark night there assembled before our door some fifteen or twenty negroes with old John as master of ceremonies. They seat them round the ring of corn, in the centre of which is a fire, by the weird light of which they work. Singing and joking is the order of the evening, and as refreshments are passed round the fun grows fast and furious, but to their credit let me say, not a word was said, or an act done that a dainty lady might not have seen and heard. They work on till the wee small hours, and at last the corn is done.

It was near the end of the month before we made all our arrangements for departure, but at length all was settled, and one fine morning we boarded the train for Norfolk where I bade farewell to my old chum who took passage for England, while I set sail for New York *en route* for Canada.

And now dear lady readers, if I should be so blessed as to have such, I am sure, had you seen the handsome face and stalwart frame of my old comrade and known the brave yet tender heart that beats in his breast, you could not but be interested to know that ere long he was fortunate enough to find a good post well suited to him in his well-loved *Vaterland*, and that he soon kissed away the tears from the big, bright eyes that were waiting for him, as well he had the right to do, for they were—his little daughter's.

CUMP.

OKA AND ITS INHABITANTS.

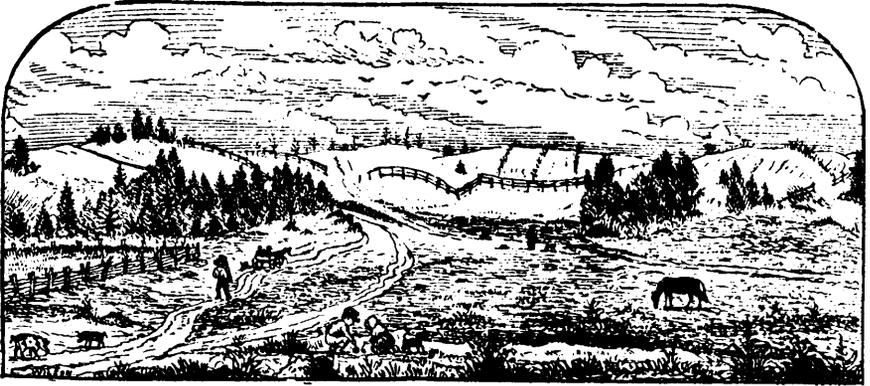


THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH BEFORE THE FIRE.

On the eighth day of December, 1875, the news was carried to Montreal, and thence disseminated throughout Canada that a little Methodist church at the Indian village of Oka had been torn down by an unfriendly party of men, armed with legal authority for this action. The church was an unpretending structure which had been built through the voluntary contributions of friends in Montreal and elsewhere. It was unprotected by trees, and, although small, being much larger than the buildings surrounding it, had formed a prominent feature in the landscape.

For much of the early Historical information in this article, the writer is indebted to Francis Parkman's works, *The Jesuits in North America*, *The French Régime in Canada*, and *The Pioneers of France in the New World*.

Previous to the time when this church was razed to the ground very few of the thousands who yearly passed up and down the Ottawa River, and whose attention was directed to the village, behind which rose the remarkable bank of glistening white sand that attracted the eye even when miles away, knew aught of it, except that it was inhabited by Indians. To some there was pointed out that clump of trees, to perfect a natural resemblance, trimmed so as to represent a bear stooping down to drink from the river, and which for this reason had gained much celebrity as "The Bear." All, with the exception of less than a score, were ignorant of the heart-burnings of those who dwelt in the little houses by

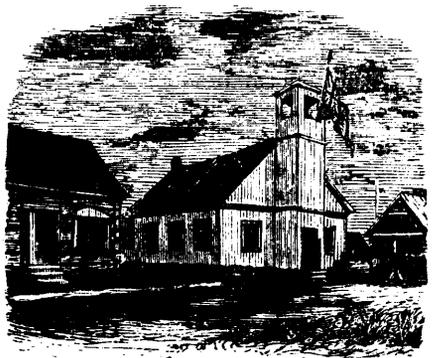


SAND BANKS.

the river side; ignorant of the deep sense of injustice and wrong, real or fancied, that most of them felt and still feel, and that behind this little village lurked a history both interesting and instructive. It was little thought that the attention of the whole Dominion would be riveted to this peaceful-looking spot, and that its name would have to be mentioned with discretion between friends with certain differences in religious belief. In any account of the history and character of the residents at Oka the causes which brought them so prominently before the public must take no inferior place, and that they may be fairly exhibited is the writer's desire, although that what he may write will be read without prejudice he dare not expect. It is possible, however, that a candid account of the events which, through the suspicious state of public opinion, have assumed an importance so much above that they really deserve, may lead to a fairer understanding of the questions which come to an issue around this village, whose solution will be determined by the most impartial judge, Time.

It is a pleasant task to allow the mind to wander listlessly over the scenes which we may easily suppose have been transacted on the river which for ages has flowed past Oka's front,

and those stern ones history has handed down to us. We can imagine the savage loves that may have been plighted beside the smoothly gliding waters, and the fitful gleam of the camp fires as reflected in their depths. It is not difficult to call up the hideous contortions of the "Medicine Man" as he performs his demoniacal incantations, the savage war-dance, the torturing of prisoners and the self-inflicted tortures by the braves to show their capacity for enduring pain, the ambushade, the battle and the scalping-knife. As



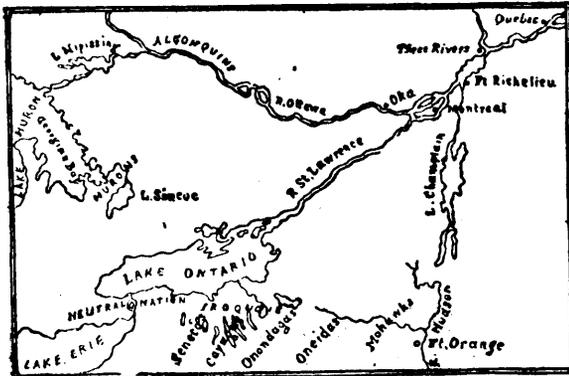
PROTESTANT CHURCH (RECENTLY DESTROYED).

the centuries increase in number the white man invades the stream, the black gown of the Jesuit being amongst the first garment to become associated in the Indian mind with the intruders

who claimed the land and its owners for the Church and for France. By water and by land, painfully paddling their frail canoes up the stream, toiling around portages, subjecting themselves

their language covered the divisions of country now known as North Virginia, New Jersey, South Eastern New York, New England, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, the Province of Quebec to beyond

its northern boundaries, the shores of the Upper Lakes, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana and Kentucky, the fact that they lived by the chase and migrated here and there as the patriarchs in Eastern lands, and were subjected to great hardships, was sufficient to prevent them from being numerically strong and equal in power at the time of which we speak to those red men



CANADA UNDER THE INDIAN RÉGIME.

to all the indignities that the rough people they lived amongst thought fit to inflict—not so much out of unkind feelings as to learn whether the strangers were gifted with endurance like their own—sleeping on leafy beds which one says had not been made up since creation but was none the less comfortable to limbs as tired as his, they steadily advanced to regions hitherto unknown to their countrymen who were impelled only by the lesser incentive of gain—there to suffer indignities greater than ever before, but still to be successful in winning many to the Cross. The superstition and narrow scope of ideas of those amongst whom they worked made this task a difficult one, and thus the record of their labor becomes of the greater interest.

The principle tribes amongst whom their labor had to be performed were the Iroquois, Hurons and Algonquins, whose territories at the time spoken of were divided as shown in the accompanying map. The Algonquins were the natural allies of the French and adhered to them through good and evil. For this they had a double reason. Although the territories of the tribes speaking

who tilled the soil.

Closely huddled together between the southern inlets of the Georgian Bay and Lake Simcoe, in the midst of the virgin woods, were found the Hurons. They dwelt in towns pretty compactly built for purposes of fortification and defense against their enemies, particularly the Iroquois. Their dwellings and their language would indicate that they were a branch of the Iroquois stock, notwithstanding the hatred existing between the two. Their towns would cover from one to ten acres. The dwellings were huddled together with little attention to convenience or order. In fact, this was precluded by the manner of their construction. They varied in size from thirty-five to two hundred and fifty feet in length, though all were about thirty-five feet broad, and as many high. This uniformity in width must have been caused by the rude frames being made of saplings, which were planted in a double row and lashed together at the top so as to form a Gothic arch. The roof was made by binding other poles to these, transversely, and the whole was covered with large sheets of bark made to lap

each other in layers as shingles or as tiles. Underneath was a network of poles on which were hung weapons, skins, ornaments, clothing and the golden harvest of the corn-fields. Along the whole length of the crown of the roof a foot-wide opening was left for the exit of the smoke and the ingress of the light. A scaffold about four feet in height, covered by thin sheets of bark and surmounted by mats and skins, extended down the side of the building. On the scaffold the occupants slept in summer, and beneath was stored their firewood. The fires extended in a row down the whole length of the building, each one answering the wants of two families, whose members slept around it in winter. There being no sufficient outlet for the blinding smoke, inflammation of the eyes was a common disease, and many of the aged were blind. Sometimes as many as twenty families lived and slept in the one chamber. The moral condition of these people needs no other reference. Parkman describes the scene which presented itself to the Jesuit pioneers in the houses of this region as follows :

smoky concave ; the bronzed groups encircling each,—cooking, eating, gambling, or amusing themselves with idle badinage ; shrivelled squaws, hideous with threescore years of hard-

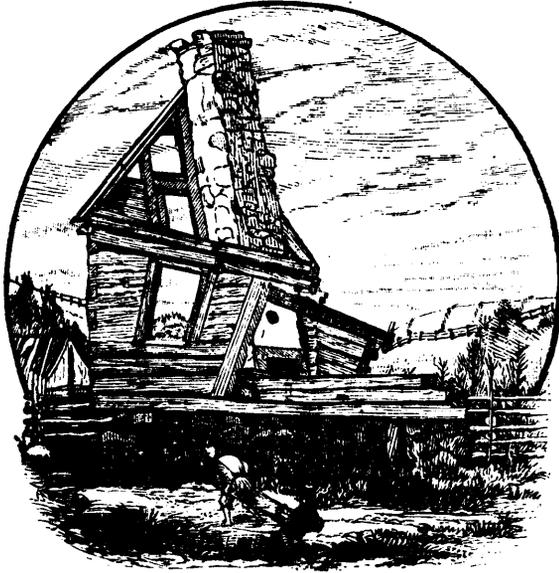
VIEW OF OKA FROM THE SAND BANKS.



He who entered on a winter night beheld a strange spectacle ; the vista of fires lighting the ships ; gristly old warriors, scarred with Iroquois war clubs ; young aspirants, whose honors were

yet to be won; damsels gay with ochre and wampum; restless children pellmell with restless dogs. Now a tongue of resinous flame painted each wild feature in vivid light; now the fitful gleam expired, and the group vanished from sight, as their nation has vanished from history.

having left these very necessary protectors from the cold in the hands of the successful parties to the game. Gluttony was a science. A host would put his all into a single feast, and invite



A RELIC OF BETTER DAYS.

The men hunted, fished, built the houses, made weapons, pipes and canoes, and feasted. The women in their early lives were wantons, after marriage drudges. In early spring they gathered the firewood for the season, then had to perform the tilling, sowing, harvesting, curing of fish, the dressing of skins, making of cordage and clothing, the preparation of food, and on the march bore the burdens. Champlain says, "Their women were their mules." Thus in a few years after marriage the women became shrivelled hags, whose ferocity and cruelty far exceeded that of the men. The Indians were inveterate gamblers, and often staked their all on the result of the game. One village would play against another, and an early writer relates that one midwinter the men of his village returned home through the snow three feet deep, without leggings and barefooted, yet in excellent humor,

the village to partake. If the visit were of a medical or mystical character it was necessary that each guest should eat all that placed before him, failing which, the gravest consequences might result to him and to the nation. Prizes were offered to the most rapid feeder. After the torture of a prisoner of war he was killed, boiled, and eaten. If he had been courageous his heart was roasted, and, being divided into small pieces, was given to the young men and boys to increase their courage. But the greatest feast was that prescribed by the medicine-man as necessary to the patient's cure. Parkman thus describes it:—

The Indian doctor beat, shook, and pinched his patient, howled, whooped, rattled a tortoise-shell at his ear to expel the evil spirit, bit him till the blood flowed, and then displayed in triumph a small piece of wood, bone or iron which he had hidden in his mouth, and which he affirmed was the source of the disease, now happily removed. Sometimes he prescribed a



SITTING FOR THEIR PORTRAITS.

dance, feast or game; and the whole village bestirred themselves to fulfil the injunction to the letter. They gambled away their all; they gorged themselves like vultures; they danced or played ball naked among the snow-drifts from morning till night. At a medical feast some strange or unusual act was commonly enjoined as vital to the patient's cure; as, for example, the departing guest, in place of the customary monosyllable of thanks, was required to greet his host with an ugly grimace. Sometimes, by prescription, half the village would throng into the house where the patient lay, led by old women disguised with the heads and skins of bears, and beating with sticks on sheets of dry bark. Here the assembly danced and whooped for hours together, with a din to which a civilized patient would promptly have succumbed.

The third tribe to which we shall refer, and by far the most influential in shaping the destinies of this country, was the Iroquois—the Romans of the western hemisphere. They were intellectually the superior of the other Indian tribes, and thus proved one of the primary steps offered by phrenologists, inasmuch as they carried the largest heads on the continent previous to the advent of the whites. It is evident that they originally consisted of one tribe which was divided into eight clans, named the Wolf, Bear and Tortoise, Beaver, Deer, Snipe, Heron and Hawk.

Jealousy grew into discord, and discord into war, until the tribe was divided into five distinct nations, the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas. Their villages were ranged in a long line along the Mohawk Valley from the Hudson and Lake Champlain to Niagara. Each of these nations was subdivided into the above mentioned clans, members of each of which were found in all, and on the subsequent confederation of the nations, when they became known as the Iroquois or Five Nations, these families reunited. This formed a second bond of union of great importance to the solidity of the united nation.

The glory of effecting this confederation tradition is ascribed to an Onondaga chief named Atotarho, whose descendants, known, also, by his name, subsequently held the chief dignity amongst them. The confederacy was ruled by a council of fifty hereditary chiefs or sachems, belonging to the different nations, from eight to fourteen being contributed by each. Another council whose functions were purely civil was composed of elected chiefs,



REV. MR. PARENT.

and thus was made up of men who had arisen through ability, address or valor. There was also a third council, which has been called "The Senate." This was participated in by all qualified by age and experience. This Lafitau describes as a greasy assemblage, sitting *sur leur derrière*, crouched like apes, their knees as high as their ears, or lying, some on their bellies, some on their backs, each with a pipe in his mouth, discussing affairs of state with as much coolness and gravity as the Spanish Junta or the Grand Council of Venice. The young warriors had their councils also, and the women as well, and the opinions therein arrived at were represented before the senate, the council of old men, or the grand council of the sachems by deputies appointed for the purpose. Thus the system of popular government was carried to an extreme, and the young men were no less ambitious to be famous in the council than in the battle-field and the chase. When a grand council of special importance was called the whole population would gather together. The minor councils would be held as well as the general one, and the old

men around one fire, the young braves around another, the women around a fourth, all consulting simultaneously and sending their opinions to the final court, it was a wonder if the matter were not viewed from every light, and no wonder that the confederacy became the most powerful on the hemisphere, a marvel to even the enterprising Europeans for their astuteness and the union which ever existed in their movements. The latter was occasioned by the fact that the council must be unanimous in its decision, a marvel only to be accounted for by the fact that the wills of this stubborn people were bent and moulded by the all-controlling influence of patriotism.

These people dwelt in houses like those previously described, were strongly attached to the land, and in comparison to the surrounding tribes were excellent farmers. They were ferocious, taciturn and cruel to their enemies, yet of a social disposition, gossipy, ubiquitous visitors when at their villages, and exercised the most unflinching hospitality. When one was destitute



MRS. PARENT.

all were ready to assist. When a young woman was permanently married, the other women of the village contributed her first year's store of wood, each bringing an arm full.

If any was without shelter the men of the village joined in building him a house. If any was without food he need but enter the nearest house and sit by the fire. Without a word being said food was placed before him, and he might eat his fill. Words of thanks were neither given nor expected.

These tribes were the people, in their natural state, amongst whom the missionaries first began their labors, and without some knowledge of whom thus described it would be impossible fully to understand the elements which united to make a community like that of Oka, where Algonquins, Hurons, and Iroquois dwelt side by side.

On May 16th, 1535, Jacques Cartier with his officers and men assembled in the Cathedral of St. Malo, and received the blessing of the Church on the occasion of their second voyage to Canada's unkindly shore.

Early in September they anchored at the shore of a thickly wooded island, now known as the Island of Orleans, where the wild grapes hung from the trees in generous profusion. They visited Stadaconé and its greasy royal

ruler, Donnacona, and set sail farther up the river to Hochelaga, where they found a large Indian town nestled close to the foot of the mountain which now



MR. PARENT PREACHING TO THE INDIANS.

overlooks Montreal, and surrounded by a palisade made of a triple row of trunks of trees so arranged as to give great strength, and to afford the inhabitants valuable means of attack and defence. The people at both of these

towns were of the Huron-Iroquois race.

Sixty-eight years later Samuel de Champlain visited these sites and found them deserted, and without a vestige of their original grandeur re-

run away with the chieftain's daughter and then asked to be forgiven; he might have solaced himself with the companionship of ladies equally beautiful, accomplished and agreeable, as the one



AN INDIAN WOMAN AGED NINETY-EIGHT.

maining. In the short interval circumstances had occurred which plainly illustrated how great events often result from insignificant causes. In this case, as in nearly all others of moment, there was a woman deeply interested. Hochelaga was a peaceful and united town when the daughter of a Seneca chief, as a recent Huron writer tells us the traditions of his forefathers assert, fell in love with a Huron brave. The feeling was reciprocated. The Huron should have known that his station was too low for him to aspire to the hand of one so great as the chieftain's daughter, but love gives courage, and the young man proposed for the lady's hand in the most approved form of those days. He was refused, of course. Had the young man been a Montrealer of the year 1878, he might, on this, have

beyond his reach, or he might have pined away and died a painful example of the results of unrequited love. But he did none of these. He took a stone tomahawk and smashed out the unrelenting father's brains. The result was most important. The Senecas and a portion of the town demanded the severest vengeance for the crime. The Huron family and their friends took the young man's part. In a democratic country there should be no distinction, and the chieftain was served quite right. A war ensued in which the Hurons and their allies were victorious, and the tribes which subsequently became known as the Iroquois were driven across the river to central New York, there to nurse their strength and their enmity to those who drove them from their home. Thus, it is said, arose the

enmity which only ended with the extinction of the Huron tribes.

Champlain's first visit was but a short one. Five years after he returned to introduce the French régime, which for a hundred years was to rule the destinies of the country. As we have said, the Huron villages of Stadaconé and Hochelaga were a thing of the past. The Iroquois since the date of Cartier's visit had crossed to the north of the St. Lawrence and waged successful warfare on the Hurons and Algonquins. The former had been driven to the borders of the lake which bears their name, where they founded prosperous towns, though inferior to the ones left behind them, while the latter were scattered over a great extent of territory, losing that strength which always rests in union. Both tribes dreaded the Iroquois, and feared them as they did the evil spirit. Nothing, they thought, could stand before them.

Champlain firmly believed that on the St. Lawrence he was pursuing the high road to China with its wealth and mysteries. But with his small backing he believed it to be useless to attempt to reach the great unknown country at the head of this river.

Clive and Hastings followed a settled policy in India. They allied themselves with the weaker ruler when two were at war. Their aid was ever sufficient to turn the scale. But when the stronger was conquered and the weaker reigned, the latter, although nominal victor, was such only by the might of the British arms, and required the power which raised him to eminence to sustain him there. It is possible that a similar policy presented itself to Champlain's mind. Had he received even half the support given to the British conquerors of India, and had there been less civil power invested in the hands of the powerful ecclesiastics who soon after attained to great eminence in the country, there need never have been the taking of Louisburg, or

the defeat on the Plains of Abraham.

The opportunity arriving, Champlain allied himself with the Algonquins and Hurons, and marched against the Iroquois. On the twenty-eighth of May, 1609, he with his Algonquin and Huron allies set sail from Stadaconé. There were but twelve Frenchmen in the party, but these were armed with the *arquebuse*, a weapon which belched forth fire and a leaden hail such as had never been seen in that region before. They pursued their course up the St. Lawrence to Sorel, up the Richelieu, past Belœil, into Lake Champlain, until they had entered into the country of the Iroquois. In the meantime nine of the Frenchmen had returned with their shallop, because of the rapids met with on the way. On the journey the dreamers of the party were anxious about their dreams, and the white leader was constantly tormented to tell his. But like a weary man he, nightly or daily as the case might be, sunk into a dreamless sleep, until on the twenty-ninth of July he, in his slumbers, beheld the Iroquois drowning in the lake. The scene was so vivid that he awoke and essayed to rescue his enemies. This attracted the attention of his allies, and on learning the cause they were almost beside themselves with joy, for all, now, would be well with them. That evening they met the Iroquois near the site of the present Ticonderoga. The latter, perceiving their enemies, immediately took to the shore and erected rude fortifications. The allied army lashed their canoes together and remained on the water within ear-shot. Thus Parkman describes the battle:—

It was agreed on both sides that the fight should be deferred till day-break; but meanwhile a commerce of abuse, sarcasm, menace and boasting gave unceasing exercise to the lungs and fancy of the combatants—"much," says Champlain, "like the besiegers and besieged in a beleaguered town."

As day approached, he and his two followers put on the light armor of the time. Champlain wore the doublet and long hose then in vogue. Over the doublet he buckled on a breastplate, and probably a back piece, while his thighs were

protected by *cuisse*s of steel, and his head by a plumed casque. Across his shoulder hung the strap of his bandoleer, or ammunition-box; at his side was his sword, and in his hand his arquebuse, which he had loaded with four balls. Such was the equipment of this ancient Indian-fighter, whose exploits date eleven years before the landing of the Puritans at Plymouth, and sixty-six years before King Philip's war.

Each of the three Frenchmen was in a separate canoe, and, as it grew light, they kept themselves hidden, either by lying at the bottom, or covering themselves with an Indian robe. The canoes approached the shore, and all landed without opposition at some distance from the Iroquois, whom they presently could see filing out of their barricade; tall, strong men, some two hundred in number, of the boldest and fiercest warriors in North America. They advanced through the forest with a steadiness which excited the admiration of Champlain. Among them could be seen several chiefs, made conspicuous by their tall plumes. Some bore shields of wood and hide, and some were covered with a kind of armor made of tough twigs interlaced with a vegetable fibre supposed by Champlain to be cotton.

The allies growing anxious called with loud cries for their champion, and opened their ranks that he might pass to the front. He did so, and advancing before his red companions-in-arms, stood revealed to the astonished gaze of the Iroquois, who, beholding the war-like apparition in their path, stared in mute amazement. But his arquebuse was levelled, the report startled the woods, a chief fell dead, and another by his side rolled among the bushes. Then there arose from the allies a yell which, says Champlain, would have drowned a thunder-clap, and the forest was full of whizzing arrows. For a moment the Iroquois stood firm and sent back their arrows lustily; but when another and another gunshot came from the thickets in their flank, they broke and fled in uncontrollable terror. Swifter than hounds the allies tore through the bushes in pursuit. Some of the Iroquois were killed; more were taken. Camp, canoes, provisions, all were abandoned, and many weapons flung down in the panic flight. The arquebuse had done its work. The victory was complete.

Thus ended the battle which was instrumental in raising up against the French in Canada the never-ceasing enmity of the most powerful Indian tribe in America, which, ever afterwards, was to them a treacherous friend when not an unsparing foe; and yet the treatment of the Indians was recognized as one of the greatest importance in the French scheme of colonization.

The first effort made on a large scale to reclaim the Indians was begun by

the Recollets, a branch of the Franciscans; and four friars were sent out with Champlain in his voyage of 1615. One of their number, Joseph Le Caron, was brought by a war party of Hurons to their village north of Lake Simcoe; and to him is ascribed the honor of performing the first mass in that part of the New World. It was claimed for the Church before it had been reached by the indefatigable Champlain and arrogated to France. The trials of the journey for one like Le Caron it is hard to understand, but all can appreciate his feelings when he writes, "But I must tell you what abundant consolation I found under all my troubles; for when one sees so many infidels needing nothing but a drop of water to make them children of God, he feels an inexpressible ardor to labor for their conversion, and sacrifice to it his repose and life." This mission was the farthest outpost of the work taken in hands by the Recollets, the others extending east as far as Acadia. Its material support was contributed by two Huguenots, William and Emery de Caen, who had the monopoly of trade in New France at this time, with this condition attached.

But this vast extent of territory was too much for the weak order of the Recollets to retain, and in 1625 they had to accept the assistance of the Jesuits, so strong in wealth and energy that they could prosecute the good cause without relying on the aid unwillingly given by the Huguenots. The chance was greedily seized, and very soon this uncompromising order controlled the missions in Canada. Two years later the Huguenots had been dispossessed of their monopoly of the exclusive right to the trade of the country, and it was given to a company consisting of a hundred associates, with Cardinal Richelieu at its head. This company had a charter giving it the trade forever, freeing it from all duties and imposts for fifteen years, allowing officers and ecclesiastics to



INDIAN MENDING A CANOE.

engage in trade without derogating from the privileges of their orders, determining that every settler must be a Frenchman and a Catholic, and that at least three ecclesiastics must be provided for each settlement. Thus it was not long before the Jesuit programme, under Cardinal Richelieu's energetic policy, had developed itself.

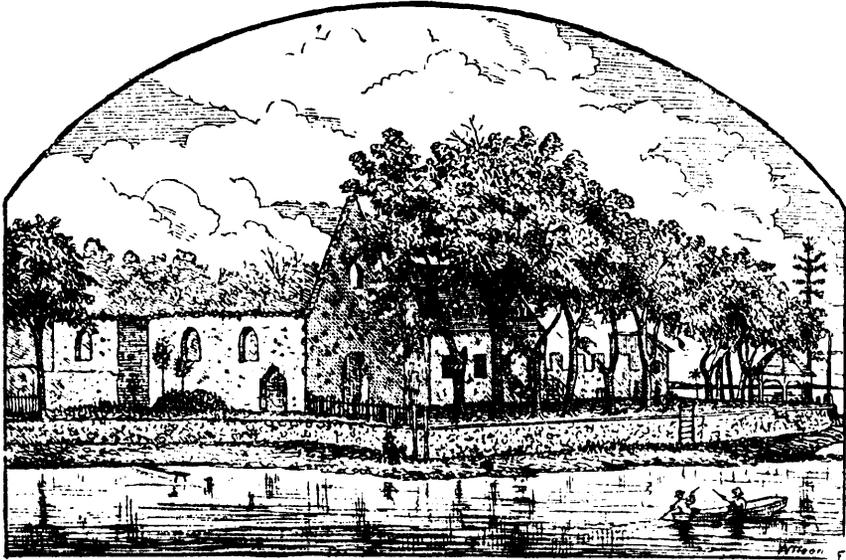
It would be most interesting to glance at the petty scenes which Champlain and others who joined in them have recorded for future ages, such as the assemblage by Caen and his sailors, whether Huguenots or good Catholics, to prayers; the subsequent prohibition of Caen's sailors from psalm-singing and praying on the St. Lawrence, and the compromise by which it was agreed that for the time they might pray but not sing. But this would occupy much space at this time, so we shall now revert to the modes of conversion used by the Jesuits, as an indication of the means used by all the Roman Catholic missionaries at this time and of later days to educate the people.

For this purpose we will follow the zealous Father Superior Le Jeune, and the trio Brébeuf, Daniel and Daoust, willing to do, dare, suffer and die for "the greater glory of God." In 1633 Le Jeune was to be found amongst the wandering bands of Algonquins on the shores of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers. With them he starved when



THE LAUNCH.

the hunt did not turn out well, and when it was successful gorged himself, as was the custom. The Indians were skilful in the use of sorcery to gain success in the chase; but if the good spirit did not aid them they ate bark and scraps of leather, finding all other mercies concentrated in their tobacco; so that the Father could write, "Unhappy infidels, who spend their lives in smoke and their eternity in flames!" But as the hunting grew worse, the Jesuit composed two prayers, hung a napkin on the side of the hut and a crucifix thereon, and induced all the Indians to kneel before it with hands uplifted and clasped. In this attitude they said the prayers after him, promising to renounce their superstitions



RUINS OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

and sins, and obey Christ, whose image was before them, if he would save them from perishing. That day they returned home loaded with game, feasted themselves as usual, and out of gratitude abused the dejected priest to the utmost of their well-exercised ability. Thus was the work prosecuted amongst the Algonquins.

Brébeuf and his two companions were destined to carry the tenets of their religion to the Huron villages in the heart of the Huron country. The Indians, even those who esteemed the priests of other orders, had a natural dislike of the Jesuits. Thus it was with the greatest difficulty, after some two years delay, and after a vow to St. Joseph, that the Hurons could be induced to carry them to their villages. How they fared on the way it is needless for us to recount. The following instructions for the missionaries who should have to visit the Hurons, which was printed in Paris two years later, giving a picturesque glimpse of what might be expected by the self-sacrificing volunteers for the service, have been condensed by Parkman as follows:—

You should love the Indians like brothers, with whom you are to spend the rest of your life.—Never make them wait for you in embarking.—Take a flint and steel to light their pipes and kindle their fire at night; for these little services win their hearts.—Try to eat their sagamite as they cook it, bad and dirty as it is. Fasten up the skirts of your cassock, that you may not carry water or sand into the canoe. Wear no shoes or stockings in the canoe; but you may put them on in crossing the portages.—Do not make yourself troublesome, even to a single Indian. Do not ask them too many questions.—Bear their faults in silence, and appear always cheerful. Buy fish for them from the tribes you will pass; and for this purpose take with you some awls, beads, knives, and fish-hooks.—Be not ceremonious with the Indians; take at once what they offer you: ceremony offends them.—Be very careful, when in the canoe, that the brim of your hat does not annoy them. Perhaps it would be better to wear your night-cap. There is no such thing as impropriety among Indians.—Remember that it is Christ and His cross that you are seeking; and if you aim at anything else, you will get nothing but affliction for body and mind.

The suffering which must have been endured by those whose experience led to such advice as this is one which must give those who look at their toil from these days larger ideas of the devotion and self-abnegation of the missionaries. That it did not lead to better results is a marvel. The secret seems to lie in their

manner of presenting Christianity. Instead of elevating the minds of the Indians to a higher level, they brought their Christianity and themselves down to compete with the pagan sorcerers, as in the case of Father Le Jeune.

The Huron villages were reached in 1634, and at once the work began. A house was built for them. Its internal fittings were the wonder of the neighborhood, especially the clock, which the Indians were taught to believe said, "Put on the kettle" when it struck twelve times, and "Get up and go home," when it struck four times.

Never before nor since was more trouble taken to reach the Indians. Every one was regarded as a soul that must be saved by any means. Every house was visited, and pictures of heaven and hell shown, and the doctrines regarding them expounded. The children were gathered together in the Mission-house, and presents offered to those who could make the sign of the cross, repeat the *Ave*, the *Credo* and the Commandments. The result was that in a short time the young people were seen playing at making the sign of the cross, and repeating the prayers to each other to become perfect in them.

Thus the living children were guided. A surer way to heaven was found for the dying. Each one was baptized, and his salvation was considered certain. But as the small-pox raged for several years, beginning soon after the advent of the Jesuits, nearly decimating the nation, and as each dying person was baptized shortly before his death, the Indians, confounding the cause and effect of the mysterious rite, grew suspicious and forbade its observance. But the intrepidity of the Jesuits overcame all. Thus Father Le Mercier

relates one of the means used to effect the desired result :

Some days before, the missionary had used the same device for baptizing a little boy six or seven years old. His father, who was very sick, had several times refused baptism ; and when asked if he would not be glad to have his son baptized, he had answered, *no*. "At least," said Father Pijort, "you will not object to my giving him a little sugar." "No ; but you must not baptize him." The missionary gave it to him at once ; then again ; and at the third spoonful, before he had put the sugar into the water, he let a drop of it fall on the child, at the same time pronouncing the sacramental words. A little girl, who was looking at him, cried out, "Father, he is baptizing him !" The child's father was much disturbed ; but the missionary



PROTESTANT SCHOOL HOUSE.

said to him, "Did you not see that I was giving him sugar?" The child died soon after ; but God showed his grace to the father, who is now in perfect health.

There was greater difficulty in dealing with the adults. The Jesuits described heaven and hell in their opposites of joy and terror. But the former afforded but little attraction to the savage mind. The latter was no worse than their feast of death. "Why do you baptize that Iroquois?" said an Indian to a priest who had performed the last offices to a captive about to give up his life in the torture. "He will get to heaven before us and keep us out." "I wish to go where my relatives have gone," said a dying woman, and her opinion was the common one.

"Heaven is a good place," said a third, "but I wish to be among Indians, for the French will give me nothing to eat when I get there." A mother, in answer to the question which she preferred, heaven or hell, replied, "Hell, if my children are there as you say." "Then I will not go. It is not good to be

a more expressive argument than the mere verbal description of these scenes, more especially when they were accompanied by the plague. A letter by Father Garnier ordering a supply curiously illustrates the kind which was considered the most useful. "Send me a picture of Christ without a

beard." In the Indians' eyes it was not manly to be bearded. This was to be sent with several Virgins, and an assortment of souls in perdition, and a fair sprinkling of demons, dragons, &c., made with special attention to their attitude. One soul in bliss would suffice, and all the pictures must be full-faced. Bright colors must be used, and there should be no animals, flowers or anything to distract the beholder's attention. The imps and demons of these representations became to be considered by



CHIEF JOSEPH'S HOUSE.

lazy," was the expression of a dying man when told that they neither hunted, made war nor attended feasts in heaven. The following was Brébeuf's religious code when, after the small-pox had almost decimated the village, a council was called to ascertain the cheapest terms on which the God of the Jesuits would take pity on them: "Believe in Him; keep His commandments; abjure your faith in dreams; take but one wife, and be true to her; give up your superstitious feasts; renounce your assemblies of debauchery; eat no human flesh; never give feasts to demons; and make a vow that, if God will deliver you from this pest, you will build a chapel to offer Him thanksgiving and praise." They readily consented to the last condition, but death itself would not make them pay any more.

The pictures of hell, of the last judgment, and others similar in nature which were used for the same purpose, became

the Indians as the demons of the plague, and the Jesuits the controllers of them. But still they were unrepentant. Thus they all argued in the words of one: "I see plainly that your God is angry with us because we will not believe and obey Him. Ihonatura, where you first taught His word, is entirely ruined. Then you came here to Ossossané, and we would not listen; so Ossossané is ruined too. This year you have been all through our country, and found scarcely any who would do what God commands; therefore, the pestilence is everywhere. My opinion is that we should shut you out from all the houses, and stop our ears when you speak of God, so that we cannot hear. Then we shall not be so guilty of rejecting the truth, and he will not punish us so cruelly."

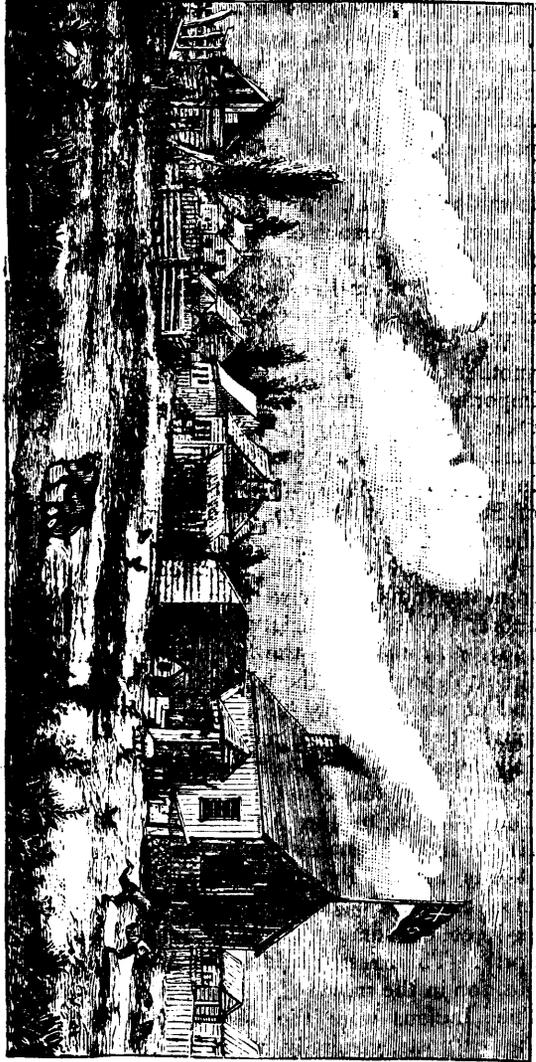
Notwithstanding the prejudices of the Indians, their laziness, their conservatism, their low and grovelling ideas,

and their shrewd insight into all that was not real, the Jesuits gradually became their leaders. By attending to their temporal wants, by making the most of every advantage gained, by never-ending patience and un-failing skill, by a zeal which never tired, by a faith sufficient to remove mountains, by the use of images, superstitions, threats and promises, they gathered round them, one by one, numerous converts, and at last became a power. For a time it increased and decreased, as is invariably the case with such movements. In 1648 the victory became complete. The Iroquois were fast completing the work of the small-pox. A party of Hurons, incensed at the rapid speed of the new religion, murdered a Frenchman. A council was held, and after the subject was thoroughly discussed it was determined to accede to the Jesuits' demand of presents for blood, according to the custom. Every family in the tribe vied with its neighbor to give the greater present to pay the price of the white man's blood, and the victory of the Jesuit was complete, as may be judged from the following quotation from an address to the priests :

We are but a handful, and you are the prop and stay of this nation. A thunderbolt has fallen from the sky, and rent a chasm in the earth. We shall fall into it, if you do not support us. Take pity on us. We are here not so much to speak as to weep over our loss and yours. Our country is but a skeleton without flesh, veins, sinews and arteries; and its bones hang together by a thread. This thread is

broken by the blow that has fallen on the head of your nephew, for whom we weep. It was the demon of hell who placed the hatchet in the murderer's hand. Was it you, sun, whose beams shine on us, who led him to do this deed? Why did you not darken your light, that he might be stricken with horror at his crime?

MR. PARENT'S HOUSE.



Were you his accomplice? No; for he walked in darkness, and did not see where he struck. He thought, this wretched murderer, that he aimed at the head of a young Frenchman, but the blow fell upon his country, and gave it a death-wound. The earth opens to receive the blood of the innocent victim, and we shall be swallowed up in the chasm; for we are all guilty. The Iroquois rejoice at his death, and

celebrate it as a triumph; for they see that our weapons are turned against each other, and know well that our nation is near its end.

This last sentence was prophetic. Two years later the Hurons as a nation were destroyed off the face of the earth. The Neutrals and Tobacco nation had also disappeared, and the Algonquins were little more than a name. The Huron mission, which had strengthened as the fortunes of the people declined, was abandoned, and the Jesuits wearily turned their faces towards Montreal. A remnant of the Hurons and a branch of the Algonquins formed a principal part of the settlement at Sault-au-Recollet, which was afterwards removed to Oka.

We will now turn our attention to another element which had a still more important influence in the future of Oka. The seminary of St. Sulpice of Paris established a branch at Montreal in 1657. The same year the inhabitants of Montreal resolved to hand over to them the temporal management of the city and island for the slight protection from the Indians they were enabled to afford. This was officially effected in 1663. At this time the Iroquois had almost depopulated the whole country, and it was only by the noble battle fought by Dollard and recorded in the July number of the DOMINION by two poems, that the country was saved. The mission to the Algonquin and Huron Indians established by the Sulpicians at the fort in Montreal was soon afterwards transferred to Sault-au-Recollet, some nine miles farther north. This mission held an important position in the minds of the Sulpicians. The Indians were the defenders of the outposts, generally receiving the first blow on the city delivered by its enemies. It was to bring these Indians to a knowledge of the Christianity of the Jesuits that the followers of Loyola suffered as has been recorded, and gave instructions to their inexperienced associates not to annoy

them by wearing their hats in the canoe. It was to the same end that well-born, delicately nurtured and highly educated ladies came from France to the wilderness of America to suffer. Both used the same means to accomplish their work. Miracles were performed every day, and the wondering Indian was led to follow the performers of miracles. But there was another element in the case. The French King was the nominal possessor of the whole country, and from him all titles were obtained. Thus, when the mission referred to was removed to Sault-au-Recollet, the Seminary required a title to the land, which was given to them. This was rendered the more necessary as the religious community soon assumed the qualifications of traders as well as that of the savers of souls. In addition to this, the Jesuits at this time were jealous of the Sulpicians, and used every effort to prevent them from establishing themselves in Canada. They were also all-powerful at the French court. Thus there are four interests to be considered with the establishment of the Indian mission and the titles to the lands on it.

Thus opens a new phase in the history of the settlement, and one which led to the disputes referred to on the first page of this history. The Sulpicians asked for grants of land for the Indian mission. Had they asked it for themselves, they would not have got it. But the French King granted the lands for the mission, entailing no conditions on the Indians, but many on the Sulpicians.

For many years the Indians lived at Sault-au-Recollet. In 1718 they were removed to the Lake of the Two Mountains, where their trustees, the Sulpicians, had obtained a tract of land nine miles square, which was subsequently doubled in size. The conditions of this grant are now before the courts, and eminent legal gentlemen have given very different views as to



A DRESS PARADE.

whether the Sulpicians are the sole proprietors of the land or simply the trustees and tutors of the Indians. Suffice it to say that there were many conditions imposed, all to be carried out by the Sulpicians and none by the Indians.

The life of the mission was not a monotonous one. Invasion by the Iroquois succeeded invasion, and the Indians at the Lake of Two Mountains, now a large settlement, as those of many districts had been concentrated there, were the defenders of the city, and bore the brunt of the first onslaught by their wily Iroquois foes. But as the time passed the Iroquois who had been christianized or partly christianized were gathered into the settlement and became its chief strength. To the French, at the time of the French and English wars, this was very important, as there was a time when it seemed doubtful on whose side the influence of the Iroquois would be given. For a time it appeared

that their policy of allowing the Europeans to waste their strength against themselves would be successful, and that the Indian would rule. But they were induced to side with the British, with the exception of the christianized ones, who followed their priestly teachers and remain monuments of the past at Oka, Caughnawaga, St. Regis and other villages.

It is quite evident that the missionaries first sent, both by the Jesuits and the Sulpicians, were the best that could be obtained. Their equals have not since been seen in Canada. Their successors arrogated to themselves the duties and privileges of traders as well as of ecclesiastics, and the result was that the Indians began to be looked upon as a source of revenue instead of as persons whose salvation was worth all possible effort. Thus at the present time the traditions of the Indians are but decided on two points: the religious teachings and

the trading of the missionaries. For a time the latter was most profitable, and the former has never much altered from that adopted by the Jesuits amongst the Hurons, as previously related.



RACHEL.

When Canada passed into the hands of the British the Indians were not long in changing their allegiance, and were both willing and ready to fight for and with the men dressed in red. During the second year of the war of 1812, General Hampton with an army of five thousand selected men advanced from Lake Champlain, with a view to attacking Montreal. He crossed the border on October 21st, and pushing along both sides of the Chateauguay River thought to occupy the chief city of Canada without much difficulty. There was between him and his object but a small detachment of four hundred troops, whom the historians call Voltigeurs. But each one was a picked shot, amongst them being a sprinkling of Indians from Oka. They were also bravely led and wisely generalled by Colonel de Salaberry. At the junction of the Chateauguay and the Outarde the two forces met. The Canadians were strongly entrenched behind a breastwork of logs. General Izzard with

more than half the enemy attempted to dislodge them, but the well-directed muskets of the defenders rapidly thinned their ranks. But as the fight continued it was evident that the strength of the attacking army could not be withstood, and that cunning as well as courage would be required to gain the day for the Canadians. Then Colonel de Salaberry despatched his buglers far to the right and left of his troops in the thick wood. At the signal they sounded the charge. The strength and zeal of the enemy had been well nigh gone, and now it seemed to them that they were to be immediately attacked at all points by an overwhelming force of which they had known nothing. They fled. To the present day there are in Oka, Indians who receive a pension for their services in this action.

A few months ago there died at the village of Oka an old chief at the age of a hundred years. He had rendered yeoman's service to the British during this war. He was the grand chief of



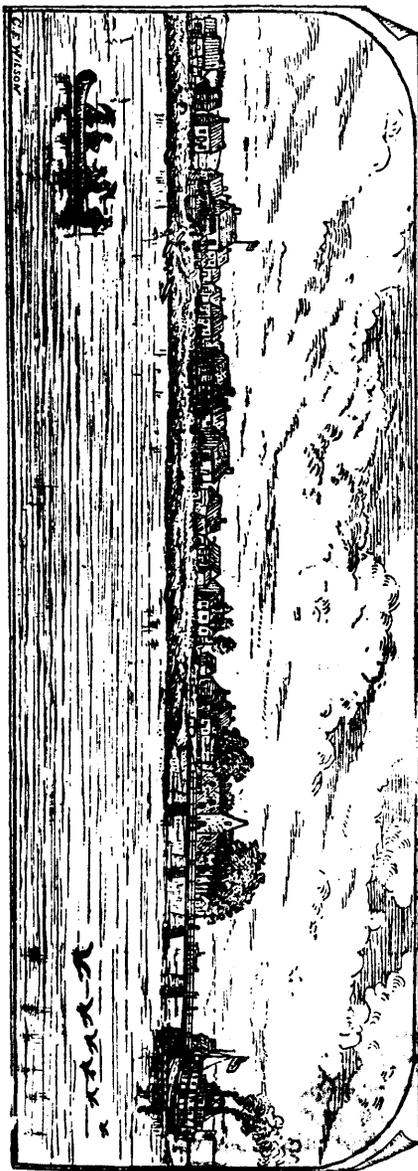
"ARLEY."

the tribe at the time, and led his band of scouts at the battle of Cataragui (Kingston). It is related of him that after a skirmish he saw a wounded American soldier sitting on a log and

about being bayoneted by one of the chief's men. The chief saved his life, and ten years after the rescued man meeting him in Kingston gave him a handsome reward. His services were not neglected by the British Government, for at the time of his death he held his commission from Earl Gosford, as the grand chief of the Iroquois, and two silver medals of the reign of "GEORGIUS III., DEI GRATIA BRITANNARIUM REX., F.D."

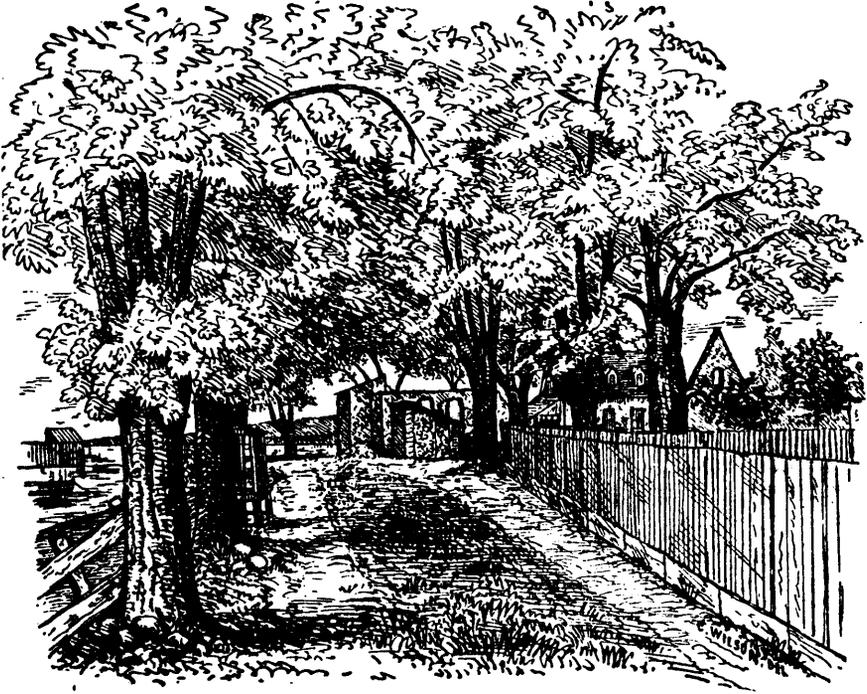
As the country grew older and more civilized and the wars had all come to an end, the Indians were forgotten by the country at large; those at Oka, from their circumstances, more than others. They were wards of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, not of the country as those of other Indian settlements, and for years they were left to them alone. The spirit of self-sacrifice which had animated the first missionaries had all vanished. The Sulpicians in Montreal had become the seigniors of whole counties, and so wealthy that they were able to defy and ultimately surpass the Jesuits. Thus from a struggling corporation they became one of almost unlimited influence and unbounded wealth. But one of the richest portions of their territory was the Seignory of Two Mountains, on-part of which dwelt the Oka Indians. These Indians had a claim on it which only expired when they should all leave it or die out. Of either there was no sign. The Iroquois loved their home and would not be induced to leave. Then privilege after privilege was taken away from them. Grants they had been accustomed to receive were stopped. The tithes were collected with greater rigor, while sources of revenue were usurped. The Church was made to consume all their gains. Enticing offers were made through the Government for them to settle in other neighborhoods.

They grew poorer and poorer. A daughter of the old chief previously referred to, two years ago, gave the writer the follow-



IROQUOIS VILLAGE FROM THE RIVER.

ing testimony as to the treatment by the Sulpicians: "I am not aware that the Seminary ever spent a sou on us during my lifetime. They never did us good; only hurt, both soul and body. About



PERILLARD'S POINT OF VIEW.

thirty-two years ago my husband, Michel Beauvais, was sent to jail for cutting a cord of wood. The priests told us to go to church, but all we saw there was statues and dolls and nuns. They used to preach to us often about the English. They used to say 'Be careful, beware—they are devils, those English Protestants.' They forbade me having anything to do with them. When I used to go to a place where there was a Protestant church I was afraid I was to be damned. The priests told me they could do miracles, could heal persons; a good many asked to be healed, but I never knew of any who were cured. Father Dufresne was the best priest, but very hard-hearted. They were very different from the Protestants. I fought with a priest once. I bought a bag from a man, and I wanted some flour and sent a boy to the priest's with the bag for it, and the priest took the bag away. I

went to the priest's and saw his man, and asked for the bag. The man said, 'Why didn't you put a patch on the name and you might have kept it?' I said, 'It is my bag; I have not stolen it, and don't know anything about the name.' The priest heard this and came into the room and said, 'You've got my bag.' I said 'It is not yours but mine.' He said, 'Get out, you saucy thing!' I told him I wouldn't, and he tried to push me out, but I was too strong and wouldn't go. I told him that that was his work, whipping women, and left him; but he kept the bag. The flour we got at the priest's cost as much as it would anywhere else. We left the priests because their oppression was insupportable. We did not know what to do; we didn't know that we would be any better off after we left, but we couldn't be any worse. They treated us like dogs. The priests never did anything for us

for nothing. We used to pay one dollar or fifty cents, or what we could, for having our children baptized. The least we could have any one buried for was three dollars and four livres. We paid a dollar and a half for being married. At the burials there were three crosses used. We had to pay two dollars extra to have the wooden one carried, two dollars and a half extra for the brass one, and five dollars for the gold one. The gold one had more virtue than the one of brass. The virtue was for the living priest, not for the dead person. I have been told by the old Indians that when the church was built, the Indians gave beaver skins by the pack for it. These packs weighed fifty pounds each, and the skins were worth seven or eight dollars a pound. This was to pay for the church. They have a silver statue of the Virgin Mary in the church, which was made of the breast-plates and bracelets of the squaws. The Indians had lots of money then. If they had the same wit then as now they would not have grown so poor. Long ago one man got two thousand dollars for his skins one fall. He used to bring his hat full of money, and would spend it in drinking, and would throw it into the river. The priests used to say to us then, 'Bring the money to us, bring it to us.' They used to take tithes of the income of the land; every twenty-sixth bushel of grain went to the priest. I paid it myself, and my father did before I was born. If we didn't pay we were allowed to confess our sins, but we couldn't get absolution or communion. That was a great loss—heaven lost. There used to be a society called the Holy Family. My Aunt Therese was at the head of it. There was an Indian woman who would not go to confession because she said there was something there so bad. The priest told Therese to send her away because he didn't want her here. She had a young child that was born a few

days before, but was compelled to go. She walked on foot in winter to Ottawa, and her child was nearly frozen on the road. They are still alive, but the woman never went to confess any more. When they got to Ottawa the child grew and the Protestants took him. The priests threatened to send the Indians away from the place if they did not pay tithes. Some were really sent away. When any one did anything which displeased the priests they were told to kneel by the church door, at the outside, and stay there while all the others passed, as an example of the consequences of disobedience to the priests. I knelt there myself; it was at the time of the fuss about the bag. I knew too much then. We were ten or fifteen years getting sick of this before we left. I think the Catholic Indians are paying tithes now. Besides the payments I mentioned before, we paid to have masses said to make the land productive. We each paid so much. I also paid for a mass for my husband when he was a year and a day dead to get him all the way out of purgatory. The first service had got him only part of the way out, and the other part was in; but after the memorial service all of him got out. I never knew or heard of any one that was fed or clothed by the priests without pay."

Another narrative showing the relation of the Indians and the ecclesiastics at Oka some years ago is as follows: "We used to carry maple sugar to the priests during Easter week for the privilege of kissing the cross. There were hundreds and hundreds of pounds brought altogether—from one to six pounds by each. The cross was not a silver one, only a black wooden one. The priests were very smart to get things to themselves. They always had collections in their churches. We used to make bread, and paid a dollar and a half to bring it to the church, where the priest blessed it, cut it and

gave it to the people. It was holy bread then, and it was a great privilege to make it. The devil never goes to a house where it is. We had to make the sign of the cross before eating it. It shields from lightning and thunder, and if any one was drowned and we could not find the body, by putting the holy bread over the water the corpse would rise. The holy bread made on Easter Sunday was the best of all (infallible). I saw it tried once. A man was drowned in the current, and the holy bread was held over it; but the body did not rise. It came up, though, three days after. On one occasion, when a man was drowned, the canoes were stretched almost across the river, and in each one was a piece of holy bread; but the body was never seen afterwards by any one in the village."

These are *ex parte* statements by Indians who had broken away from the guidance of the Sulpicians. The latter, on the other hand, assert that the Indians were always well treated; that every effort was made to give them religious and secular instruction, but that they repelled every such effort, and were insolent, lazy, deceitful thieves and liars.

This state of feeling on the two sides must needs lead to a crisis, and it came about in this manner. In 1845 an Indian, who was named Joseph or Sose Onasakenarat, was born about five miles from Oka Village. He was one of the few Indians of untainted blood. His superior natural intelligence which was improved by a little travel and some association with the English caused him to be noticed by Father Cuog, a priest who took a real interest in Indian matters, and at the age of fourteen sent him to school at Oka, and thence to the Montreal College. Here the greatest care was taken of him, as he was to be the leader of the Indians, one who would be a tool in the hands of his advisers. But he did not forget that he was an Indian and an Iroquois. From Montreal he was sent to Oka

again, where for some years he remained as secretary to the Sulpicians there. The Indians, in their travels to Ontario and the United States, had been given copies of the New Testament in Mohawk, which they understood. In his visits amongst them at Oka, Father Cuog was shown these books, declared them to be bad ones, confiscated them and threw them into a box in the room where the young secretary worked. The latter read them, found them to be good and redistributed them amongst his people. His intelligence and manifest interest in the tribe caused him to be looked upon as a coming chief. The time came when one was to be elected. The feeling of the Indians was in favor of Joseph. The Sulpicians objected. Joseph was asked if he would serve if elected, but could not consent, as in his position he would be under the immediate control of the Seminary. The gentlemen of the Seminary urged upon him that if he were appointed he must never assist the Indians in obtaining the rights they claimed, and never under any circumstances address the Government, although when at college it had been openly admitted to him by his teachers that the Seminary had no right to the lands but as guardians and tutors of the Indians. In 1868 he was elected one of the chiefs, and immediately set about the work for which he was elected,—the obtaining of the rights claimed by the Indians.

He visited Mr. Spraggu the Superintendent of Indian Affairs at that time, and was informed that the land belonged to the Indians, and advised to petition the Government that it be recognized as their property. The chief returned and the petition was prepared, sent to the government, and by them returned to the Seminary. The next Sunday the priest announced in the church that all who signed the petition must report themselves or be excommunicated.

This was the first open disagreement. Then the war began. The Seminary had on their side intelligence, wealth, high position, great political and social influence; the Indians, only the belief that they were in the right, and their inherited power to endure suffering. Now the characteristics of the races which had been living together as one stood out prominently. The Iroquois were defiant; the Algonquins were more yielding and submitted. Subsequently, when a grant of land was offered at River Desert the Algonquins accepted it, but the Iroquois evinced their old attachment to the soil as well as their natural political ability, and refused to move even when offered money to depart.

For some two or three months there was no decided action taken by the Indians in the assertion of their claims. They discussed the matter from every side, around their fires and in the council. At last they resolved to follow the bolder course, and the more courageous of them went in a body to the Presbytère and informed the gentlemen of the Seminary there that they were determined to fight the matter to the end, no matter what the result. The primary result was that in a few days Judge Coursol appeared on the scene with a *posse* of police, arrested the three chiefs and another ringleader, and the four were tried on the spot and sent to jail. Up to this time the Indians had all been Roman Catholics. But to them it did not seem that a religion which bore such fruits as they witnessed could be genuine, and the little they had read of the New Testament confirmed them in this opinion. Believing also that their ignorance was being used as a means for their oppression, they sent a deputation to Montreal praying for assistance and advice. Here they were directed to Mr. J. A. Mathewson, as a gentleman who had already manifested much interest in the Indians at

Caughnawaga by supplying them with an English teacher in accordance with their own desire, and who was likely to interest himself for them. Mr. Mathewson being an influential member of the Methodist Church was instrumental in having a missionary of that denomination sent to Oka, as the Indians had desired. The Rev. Mr. Rivard was selected to fill the place, and the Protestant Church referred to was erected. Six Indians were arrested for cutting wood to build it, but on trial were released.

The condition of the tribe at this time was lamentable. Hardly one could read or write. There was a school, indeed, presided over by Bernard Lacasse (Brother Phillipe), but by some means or other nothing was ever taught at it but the superstitious observances previously referred to, and the duties of the Indians to the Seminary, by whom they had been so greatly benefited. The consequence was that the Indians were steeped in ignorance, and superstition scarcely less than that at the time when Father Pijort was so apt to baptise their ancestors without the knowledge of those so favored. From Mr. Rivard's arrival at Oka, the condition of the Indians began slowly to improve. But difficulties grew around them thick and fast. Two men called "Bullies" Malette and Fauteux, in the Seminary's employ, made it their special business to annoy and injure them. Their houses were seldom safe from the visits of these men in a condition in which drunkenness increased their natural brutality. There was hardly a stick of wood cut but the person who did it was arrested and dragged to St. Scholastique, twenty miles away, for trial. These numerous arrests and trials were a continual annoyance. Mr. J. J. Maclaren, of Montreal, was employed by the Indians' friends to defend them, and it is a remarkable fact that he has not lost a single case in their behalf, if the "snap judgment,"

buttressed up by a forgery, which resulted in the tearing down of the Protestant church, be excepted. Thus, a constant rotation was followed. The Indians would cut wood for making lacrosses or snow shoes or baskets for sale. They would be arrested and dragged twenty miles for trial. There they would be bailed out. Some months after they would be heard before the court. The juries would disagree or acquit them. They would hardly arrive home again before another arrest, and the round would be followed once again. These arrests prevented them from gaining their living, as in winter their only means of support was the proceeds of goods made principally of wood. Were it not for the help obtained from friends, their unflinching good nature, the zeal with which they assisted one another and their obstinacy, they would have succumbed long ago. But each day increased their conviction that they were in the right, and their determination to hold out to the bitter end, and no one well acquainted with the Indian character could doubt that it would be a long time before the Seminary could claim the undoubted right to the property.

In 1871 Rev. Mr. Parent was sent to Oka by the Methodist Church to succeed Mr. Rivard. Mr. Parent had been a Roman Catholic, and had suffered much persecution because of his becoming a Protestant and a missionary. He was accompanied by his wife, a noble woman of unconquerable spirit. From this time the spiritual welfare of the Indians rapidly progressed. The school, which was taught by a young Indian, who had been educated for the purpose, became popular, and now all the young can read and write. On the Sabbath the whole Protestant population answered to the call of the church-going bell. But it must not be supposed that all was pleasant. The prejudices of early training, and the

results of early neglect would continually crop out. But, on the whole, the Indians were amenable to good advice and gradually began to put the genuine child-like trust in God that they previously placed in holy bread, palm, and purchased prayers. This work was known to but a few. It now seemed possible that the Indians might be induced to leave their homes for a more promising field. A large reserve had been selected for them in the Nippising region by the Rev. Mr. Borland, the superintendent of the Methodist French and Indian Missions, and they were preparing to remove to it, when word came from Ottawa that it could not be obtained. Previously it had been agreed to by the attorneys for the Gentlemen of the Seminary and for the Indians respectively that one special case would be taken as a test to determine the respective rights of the two parties to the land. The ground on which the Protestant church was built was selected; but the trial of the case was postponed term after term of the court by the attorneys for the Sulpicians, and finally dropped and a new suit taken respecting the same property. An arrangement was made between the opposite lawyers that no step would be taken without due notice; but in October, 1875, a default judgment was taken against the Indians in the absence of their lawyer and without any notice to him. This judgment ordered the Indians to give up the lot to the Seminary or pay its alleged value, \$500.

Thus it was that on the eighth day of December, 1875, a gathering of some twenty-five or more men tore down the little church without any legal authority amidst the sobs of the women. The men were away at work. The desecrators, feeling themselves safe from immediate punishment, added insult to their injury by taunting the women about their loss, asking them where they would worship now, and asserting that

there was no chance of their being assisted. The Protestants could not save their church, and their influence was as nothing compared with that of the Gentlemen of the Seminary. Since this time the religious services have been held in the school-house. A storm of indignation rose throughout the country at the outrage. The public knew little about the circumstances, and many of the charges made were unjust. But further enquiry into the previous treatment of the Indians and the subsequent acts of the Sulpicians, alike, showed that it was with difficulty that any real injustice could be



WASHING AT THE RIVER.



AN INDIAN BOY.

done the latter. Public meetings were held throughout the country, and from various sections substantial help was sent to the suffering people. The indignation had pretty well died out, and Oka was about being forgotten, when the in-

judicious zeal of the Gentlemen of the Seminary residing at Oka caused a new outbreak.

Early in June, 1877, there arose a dispute about a certain pasture which was fenced in and occupied by the Indians. The fences had been torn down and they essayed to rebuild them. On Thursday, the thirteenth of the month, at the early hour of three in the morning the village was attacked by a party of ten provincial policemen from Quebec, who, armed with warrants for the arrest of some forty-eight Protestant Indians, broke into their houses, pulled them out of their beds, fired off pistols at their ears, and dragged eight of their number away to the Ste. Scholastique jail. The succeeding night the Indians gathered together in the schoolhouse, bringing thither their arms. In the morning about four o'clock the village was aroused by the sound of a cannon. On looking out the inhabitants saw flames rising high above the trees that sheltered the Roman Catholic church and Presbytère, and it was known that the church was on fire. In a few hours the buildings which had stood there for a century or more were a ruin. Now, the public indignation assumed a new phase, and the Indians, by their enemies, were openly accused of setting fire to the buildings, while their best friends and

strongest supporters dreaded that the accusation was too true. The presumption of guilt was strong against them. They had cause for anger; they had remained up all the night armed; they had fired the cannon—certainly they must have set the fire. If not they, who did it? It could not certainly



CHIEF JOSEPH.

have been the Gentlemen of the Seminary themselves, and it was hardly likely that the fire could have occurred through accident, at that hour in the morning. The matter was settled in the minds of many by the result of the investigation by Judge Coursol at the instance of the Quebec Government. The enquiry partook more of the nature of a trial than a preliminary investigation, Brother Philippe and Joseph Perillard being very useful in bringing up witnesses. After the most damaging evidence had been taken against them, fifteen of the Indians were committed to stand their trial at the ensuing session of Queen's Bench at Ste. Scholastique.

Their friends determined that they should obtain a fair trial. On June 27th the eight Indians who had been arrested for "unlawfully and maliciously cutting eighty-four trees of the value of fifty

cents, the property of the plaintiffs," the gentlemen of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, were arraigned before District Magistrate De Montigny. The evidence was very damaging. The witnesses for the prosecution had all it appeared been afraid of the Indians, and when witnessing the offence had found it necessary to hide themselves, being afraid of their lives. The evidence was of such a character that Mr. Maclaren claimed it established a riot, which the magistrate could not try, but which must go to the Queen's Bench. The magistrate took this view of the case.

On the second day of July, 1877, this second and more grievous charge was tried before Mr. Justice Johnson. But the witnesses brought before the Grand Jury, to substantiate the case now swore that they were at the scene of action at the time of the tearing down of the fence, and were not afraid and had nothing to be afraid of. The Grand Jury then threw out the bill.

On the eight of January, 1878, the most serious case which had yet been brought against the Indians came up for trial at Ste. Scholastique, before Mr. Justice Johnson. It was that of the fifteen Indians accused of setting fire to the Roman Catholic church. The defendants elected to be tried separately. The prosecution selected the case of Xavier Karentatsi dit Decaire. The jury was composed of seven French-speaking jurors and five who spoke English. The prosecution had agreed that the jury be half English and half French speaking people, "on condition that the present lists be sufficient, and the rights of the Crown be not compromised." But notwithstanding this, although the lists were sufficient and the rights of the Crown were not compromised, the Crown evidently regretted its permission, and endeavored to keep off the jury all the English-speaking jurors it could. The evidence for the prosecution was voluminous, carefully prepared, direct and damaging. It was

proven that the Indians had uttered mysterious threats, and the morning in question were at the fire armed, having remained together armed all the night. Father Lacan had been awakened the morning in question by a cannon shot. He got up and saw Indians skulking around the Seminary buildings. He afterwards saw them in the yard when the fire was burning, and one threatened him with an axe with which he had been cutting the hose. Brother Philippe, looking through closed venetian blinds, could recognize those in the yard. But the strongest witness of all was one Joseph Perrillard, a servant of the Seminary, who saw Karentatsi and one Francois Anarentè set fire to the building from behind a certain tree. This was some minutes after the cannon which aroused Father Lacan was fired. When he had finished this evidence Mr. Mousseau, Q. C., M. P., who was one of the three members and ex-members of Parliament who conducted the prosecution, turned around with a triumphant gaze and offered to lay his case before a jury of any twelve Orangemen outside of Argenteuil County. It was acknowledged that Mr. Maclaren had a terribly strong case to destroy. This will be more apparent when it is remembered that nearly all his witnesses must necessarily be Indians who were implicated in the alleged crime one way or another. But he had one strong point: while it is on ordinary occasions difficult to prove time, on this occasion it could be proven by one thing distinctly. The cannon had been fired. It was this which had aroused most of the witnesses. This proved a fact as to time which could not be mistaken. Now, Perrillard swore that it was some minutes after the cannon had been fired that he saw the two Indians set fire to the Seminary's sheds. Nearly every other witness swore that he or she was aroused by the cannon and immediately looking out saw the flames high up

above the trees. Again, Perrillard swore that he saw the men set the fire from behind a certain place. Experts were brought to prove that the position of the house was not visible from this place. Our illustrations gives a sketch of the scene. Perrilliard swore that he stood behind the first tree of the row to the left of the picture and recognized men setting fire to the roof of the building several hundred yards away, which rose up behind the limbs of the large tree which shields it. This was at a little after three o'clock in the morning. There was another point. Perrillard's evidence was weakened by that of others, who testified that after the fire he was seen at a distance away from it, with hat, boots, and coat off, and wiping his eyes, while he himself swore that he did not go out that morning without being fully dressed. The principal witness on this point had been summoned by the lawyers for the prosecution, but was not called, as her evidence would not improve their case. Mr. Maclaren also produced a number



J. J. MACLAREN, Q. C.

of witnesses to show that before and after the fire the prisoner was asleep in a house at some distance away. It is

needless to say that the production of this evidence startled the prosecution. It had hardly begun before they felt that they had miscalculated the strength of their opponents. Before it was half through Mr. Mousseau's confidence had evaporated. The faces of Rev.

for the Crown. They had had all Sunday to prepare themselves, and it is evident had used their time to advantage. Mr. Mousseau was long and inconclusive. It was apparent that all his theories of the case had been destroyed. But he held strongly to the argument that all the evidence against the Indians adduced by either side was true, that all in their favor was false. Mr. Prevost was tragic in his address. He described the deeply laid scheme of the savages, their stealthy step as they stole around the doomed buildings, the lighting of the match,

the first glimmer of the fire, the sleeping inmates of the adjoining building, their rude awakening, the fire as it rushed from point to



REV. FATHER LACAN.

Mr. Lacan and Brother Philippe looked nervous and anxious, while Perillard, an oft tried witness on behalf of the Seminary, seemed vainly conscious that he had done his part well. The testimony was all fully reported in the daily papers. The excitement throughout the country was intense. The evidence was completed on Saturday. Mr. Maclaren addressed the jury in English, and Mr. McKay, who was associated with him, in French. Both were calm, confident and logical. The jury were locked up during Sunday. All that day the one topic of conversation was the trial. The friends of the Indians were jubilant. Not only was there every chance of their being liberated, but they were also vindicated. Had they been undefended by counsel, not only would they have been committed to prison, but their reputation would have been destroyed. On Monday Messrs. Mousseau and Prevost addressed the court



BROTHER PHILIPPE.



JOSEPH PERRILLARD.

point on the building, the calmness and goodness of the holy ecclesiastics whose lives were devoted to the good of these ungrateful savages, their coolness in the time of danger and trouble, the cutting of the hose, the burning of the church, the loss of all, and laid special stress on the fact that the accused were Protestants. The effort was a grand one. Those who were not French knew what the speaker was saying, his gestures were so forcible,

his ones so expressive. His apparent sincerity was telling. Had he been sure of his case there would have been no need for such exertion. He was speaking to the French jurors only, and they would naturally be supposed to be predisposed in favor of the Gentlemen of the Seminary, whose tenants and creditors some of them were. The Judge followed. His addresses both in English and French were marvels of beautiful diction and close reasoning. But strange to say, the one in English seemed in favor of an acquittal, the one in French for a conviction. The jury retired. They could not agree and were locked up for the night. The following morning they returned to the court again and said they could not agree and there was no possibility of it. They were discharged. Five, all the English-speaking jurors, were for acquittal.

The second case was tried in July of the same year. That of Lazare Akserente was chosen. Edward Carter, Esq., Q. C., was brought from Montreal to conduct the English side of the case. Mr. Prevost, the representative of the Seminary in the previous case, now represented the **Crown**, and the defence managed to get but two English jurors on the panel, Messrs. Millar and Clennan.

The case for the prosecution was conducted with much greater care and determination than before. But the defence was even stronger, and the tenor of the Judge's summing up, both in English and French, was in favor of an acquittal. The jury stood, two for acquittal, ten for conviction. Thus the case stands at present. During the intervals of these cases, however, Mr. Maclaren had been prosecuting his cause in the civil courts, and obtained a judgment to the effect that certain necessary papers in the case of the church property had been forged, and thus this case has been re-opened. There are also several cases of damages brought by the Indians pending against the Seminary.

With such a history it is no wonder that Oka is a village of much interest and has many peculiarities. It may be said to consist of two distinct villages separated by a high wooden fence. Although living side by side for years up to the time of the division in 1868, the different tribes of Indians had not commingled to any extent, and lived at different ends of the village. Exactly in the middle is the Roman Catholic church and its accompaniments, the Presbytère and nunnery. When the Iroquois seceded, the Seminary erected a high wooden fence to separate the two tribes, the sheep from the goats. But very soon the Algonquins began to follow the example of the Iroquois. The change was a gradual one in this case, however. **Not having** the stubborn nature of an **Iroquois**, an Algonquin on changing his faith generally left the village. The blanks in the village grew serious, and to fill them up French Canadians were imported, until now they form a large percentage of the population. Their privileges and opportunities were greater than those given to the Indians, but still they did not prosper. No sooner was an Indian house vacated, even for a time, in any part of the village, than it was occupied by one of these tenants. The natural result was that the Indians were gradually crowded out of the village. The refusal of wood to use for any purpose, even that of repairing a house, caused the dwellings rapidly to become almost uninhabitable, and thus Oka is almost a village of ruins. But only a small percentage of the Oka Indians, and those the poorest, live in the village, the others being on farms in the rear, where they are comparatively well off.

The village is built without any regularity, but still there are what may be called streets. The houses as a rule are not surrounded by any fence or gardens, and thus have an unusually desolate appearance. This may be



INDIAN GRAVES.

accounted for by the fact that no sooner is a fence erected than it is destroyed by the enemies of the Indians. Pigs and chickens abound. The streets during the day appear quiet even for a small village. A woman, French or Indian, may be seen washing at the river side, her implements consisting of a flat stone and a paddle. The boys may be seen playing lacrosse, or other games, and there may be one or two men visible making crosses, canoes, or occupied in a similar manner. It must not be imagined, however, that the scene of the two Indians on their shaggy ponies is a common one. The graves dressed themselves in this garb as a special favor. On the summer evenings the village is much more lively. The children and younger people congregate together before the houses and sing hymns which sound sweetly on the still air, and gossip as their ancestors who were adepts at this exercise centuries ago. They invariably wear a pleasant expression on their faces. Their good humor is proverbial.

No visitor should pass through the village without visiting the Indians at their homes. The exteriors are rude.

The interiors are distinguished by their bare walls and rafters. The furniture is of the rudest description and the scantiest in quantity. But there is a natural coquetry about the women. That one at the right of the picture in which the party are sitting for their portraits is the mother of the infant in the centre. The latter had to be dressed in its best before it could undergo the important ordeal of sitting or standing for a sketch. The filial care taken of the older ones of the village is remarkable and praiseworthy.

The old woman shown in the frontispiece is the wife of the Chief Ority previously mentioned. She is, as far as is known, a centenarian, and blind. The second old woman is some two years younger than Ority's wife, but her eyesight is keen yet.

The life of a missionary at Oka is one beset with no slight difficulties. The Rev. Mr. Parent and his noble wife are both well fitted for the work before them at Oka, and their children, "Charley," "Arly" and "Rachel," are of great assistance to them. The children are conversant with English and French and different dialects of the Indian tongues. The tribe is ruled by three elected chiefs

of whom Joseph Onasakenrat is the head. But nothing is done without the missionary's advice. He is made acquainted with their trials and joys, troubles and pleasures. He must have a large sympathy. He is the dispenser of the bounties of the friends who send gifts to the Indians. He gives nothing away; all is sold, at one price or another. A visitor at his house in the season of hard times, will see the door open in the evening—the Indians never knock—and a poor haggard man or woman enter. The demand made is small, just sufficient to keep body and soul together a little time longer, or till there is an improvement in the fortunes of the suppliant. It may be a herring, a small measure of potatoes, or a box of matches. It is cheerfully given, and it is seldom that no return is made. Perhaps the one who enters may wish to make an exchange. A basket or pair of snow-shoes, or a small bead ornament will be offered for something that can be eaten. Whether the exchange is made or not the needy one does not go away empty. Then when the days grow cold and the nights colder still, and the wind finds its way through the well-ventilated log-houses of the Indians, clothing is in great demand. With this he provides them as well as he is able. His stock of both clothes and provisions often falls very low; but it is not often that they are completely exhausted. To the St. James street Morning Sunday-school, Montreal, is chiefly due the credit of providing for the temporal wants of the Indians, while Dr. G. W. Beers of the same city devotes much time and attention to the legal case. The children take a lively interest in the work, and each year collect a large sum for it. Besides this, unexpected gifts come from various parts of the country, the neighborhoods of Huntingdon, Hemmingford, Lachute, and St. Andrew's being pre-eminently noticeable in this respect.

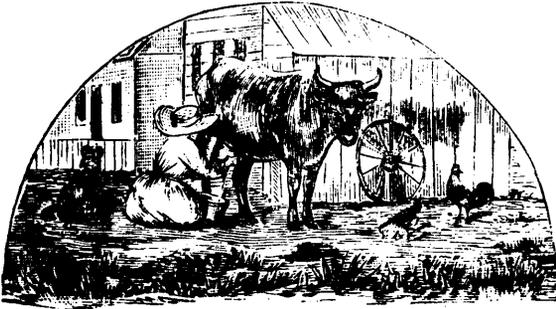
The preaching service is very interesting. The building now used is that occupied during the week as a school-house. It is small, and seated by rude benches. The walls are covered by school-maps. Immediately behind the preacher's desk is the motto, "God is Love," which for many years occupied a similarly prominent position in the Sunday-school of the St. James street Methodist Church. At these services the singing is very earnest, and many of the singers have good voices. Rev. Mr. Parent preaches in French. His sentences are then translated by one of the chiefs into Iroquois, which is the only language understood by many of the hearers.

Much interest attaches to the habits of the descendants of the ancient conquerors of the continent. Their lives have their romance as do those of the whites. They enjoy many of the same pleasures and the same pains, though they do not show their feelings as much. This is shown, perhaps, in no way more than the care of the dead. The great care taken of their dead is characteristic of the Indian. A short distance back of Oka village lies the Christian burying-ground of the small remnant of Indians living on the Lake of the Two Mountains. It was chosen with heed, and around the graves are evidences that fences had been erected to prevent the animals of the field from rudely trampling above those buried there. But these have been sawed and torn down by the enemies of the Indians and their religion, and it has been found impossible to protect the graves in any way. The spirit which prevented the man from fencing in his house and garden when living prevents his friends from claiming the only six feet in which his body rests when dead. The spot is a sad one. The dark spot at the right of the picture shows the grave from which the body of the old chief Ority was taken and carried away after it had been placed there by the

the hands of his friends. He had defended his country in the time of its need; he had received special attention and honor at the hands of his sovereign through his representative in Canada. During the full century of his life he had undergone many vicissitudes. In his youth he had been a warrior, courted by friends and dreaded by enemies. He had been amongst those who had searched for the remains of Sir John Franklin by way of the Mackenzie River. But for many years before his death he was mainly depend-

ant for support on the labor of his daughter, herself a grandmother, whose sons were hunted to jail, one after another, for the crime of cutting what they considered was their own wood. His was a sad end for an active life, a fitting emblem of the destruction of the race once so powerful, of whom nothing will soon remain but the remembrance of their influence in moulding the country's history, and the beautiful names they have given to our lakes, mountains, counties and streams.

G. H. F.



HOW TO BECOME INTELLIGENT.

Some one has said that if he had *read* as much as other people, he would have been just as ignorant. This is one of the finest sayings on record; but like many other fine things, it is partial. The complementary saying is that if we had *neglected reading* as much as other people, we should have been just as ignorant. The harmony of these two sayings is very interesting and instructive. Not to read the words of the wise is to be ignorant of their wisdom; but only to read, or to read too much, is also to remain ignorant. Two things constitute an intelligent or intellectual man: intellectual power and intellectual possession. To read without thinking, without analyzing and testing what we read, is to be mere book-holes—not book-mills, where the contents of the book are ground down and reduced to a pure and precious substance, for our own good and the good of others; but book-hoppers, through which the books are continually passing—not to the mill-stones, but to the swift streams or fathomless waters of oblivion. What is the chaff to the wheat, what is the husk to the kernel?—and how is the chaff to be separated from the wheat but by the fan of criticism, or the husk from the kernel but by the mill-stones and motion of criticism? If it is good to read, it is also good and necessary to think, to consider, to examine and try, to bring all things to the test, that we may cast away the evil and hold fast the good. In a world of pure and perfect truth there is no place for criticism; but in such a world as ours, we must be continually on the watch, to get the truth we need, and to detect and reject the error we are exposed to. To read without

judging is to be imposed upon; to read without earnest and independent research, or to read too much, is to read without power; and not to read at all, or to read too little, is to be without knowledge.

To read without judging is to be imposed upon, because the world abounds with publications that are either weak or bad. Some men circulate errors ignorantly, others intentionally; and, accordingly, we must never forget that in society as in nature, there are weeds and poisons. Some men write about what they do not understand, or dilute the sayings of their wiser predecessors; and so we must remember that “things are not what they seem,” that “all is not gold that glitters.” Life is too short and art too long to waste time in reading inferior or mischievous productions; and hence the value of good counsel, in our inexperience, as to the choice of books. Pity it is indeed to lose an hour in reading what Mr. Shallow or Mr. Repetend says on a subject that Mr. Wiseman, long ago, well and thoroughly discussed; and still worse is it to familiarize our minds with falsehoods and feculence that cannot easily be forgotten, or that may force themselves into remembrance at some perilous juncture, to lead us astray, or in the heat of the fiercest contest to enfeeble our hearts and hands.

To read without research is to read without power, because, whatever be our native aptitude and our educational preparation, there can be no proper power without labor. As the exertion of smiting develops the muscles of the smith's arms into brawny breadth and strength; as the exertion of walking similarly develops the muscles of the

pedestrian's legs, so the exertion of thinking, of analyzing, of comparing, of combining, of testing and determining, of patient and diligent intellectual mining, develops and increases intellectual capability. We want both knowledge and the power to know;— and the power to know, the power of quick perception, of accurate judgment, of ready recollection, of graceful combination, of comprehensive classification, can be acquired only by thorough and persistent addiction to independent research, to sound criticism, and to acquaintance with the writings of wiser or greater men. All this calls forth and increases our cogitative capability, and forms such intellectual *habits* as are of priceless value in the walks and ways of true intelligence. Power and possession are too often confounded. It may be thought that a boy at school, or a young man in college, or a student in his library, or a professor in his researches, has wasted his time by learning what he will never have vocational use for; but if he thus increases his *power* for vocational labor or for intellectual labor of any sort, he is richly rewarded, though the particular knowledge thus acquired may never be turned to direct operative account. Ability to distinguish is increased by distinguishing; ability to assort is increased by assorting; ability to remember is increased by remembering; ability to criticise is increased by criticising; ability to achieve is increased by achieving; and so the right rule of judgment, in relation to any intellectual pursuit, is to ascertain how far we have increased, or may increase, by it, not only our intellectual possessions but our intellectual power. By this rule both early education and self-education should be examined and determined; and by this rule too the real worth and rival claims of classical culture and mathematical study should be weighed and settled. Intimacy

with Homer, Virgil and Tully; intimacy with Euclid, Newton and Faraday; intimacy with Logic, Metaphysics, and the Fine Arts, may not apparently or immediately fit us for trade and commerce, for political conflict or industrial enterprise, but they serve to make us men, they serve to make us the companions and coöperatives of men, they serve to make us cosmopolitan, they serve to ennoble, refine and strengthen us for whatever direction our life-road may take, and for whatever demands our life-work may involve. Rules of conduct must not be too rigidly applied. The sort of intellectual pursuit that gives power to one may not give power to another, because not at all congenial or attractive to him. The more a study suits and charms us, the more likely it is to yield us both power and possession. Many a youth has been hindered and injured by disregard of this truth. He has been authoritatively kept from the only thing he is capable of excelling in, and foolishly forced into studies that will scarcely even benefit him. If he is a genius, which is not likely, he will break his bonds and assert his strength; but if only of average capacity, he may be spoiled for life. This does not mean that authority is to have no supervision, and that juvenile whims and fancies are to rule the school, but it means that natural aptitudes should be sought for, and that particular adaptation should be respected.

Not to read at all, or to read too little, is to be without knowledge. Individual knowledge can never be encyclopædic, whatever may have appeared in the past. The childhood of the world may have imagined itself all-knowing, but the world's present approximate manhood confesses its ignorance, and resorts to increasing division of enquiry as the only means of knowing anything. Everything is now reviewed and re-studied, in smaller parcels, with better instruments, in clearer

light, after long and often bitter experience; and the results are both helpful and hopeful. Every man should cultivate his little patch with all possible reflected light and borrowed help, though also with all possible personal progressive research. The very smallest field cannot now be well occupied in self-reliant solitude. Light streams in from all sides; the echoes of other workers break upon our ear; the successes of our neighbors offer themselves for our assistance; and it would be weak and wrong indeed for us to befool ourselves with the belief of self-sufficiency. Many run to and fro, and knowledge is increased. The field is not exhausted, and never can be. Let us be thankful for its partitioned occupancy, let us cultivate our part with all possible self-development and social help, and let us eye the whole field with sympathy and hope. The clouds are melting, the light is rising, the fields are smiling beneath the tillers' toil, and in due time an ample harvest will reward and bless the workmen.

Gibbon's method of study deserves to be known and followed. He first wrote upon a subject till he exhausted his own conception of it; and then he carefully read what others had written on it, to help him in self-correction and self-completion. It was thus he developed himself and brought wealth from afar. The converse is the custom. Men cram and overload and bewilder themselves, by overmuch reading, with a multiplicity of jarring opinions and uncertain speculations, till they know not what to think or do, and

either relinquish the study as helpless and beyond their strength or else commit themselves to the sway of some one author, and that perhaps not the most trustworthy. How much better it is to grapple with the topic at once and make the most of it; and then, with calm confidence, compare and weigh the words of others; and so advance from step to step, till the true theory emerges to us, which will reduce chaos to order and discord to harmony, and fill the field with light! A large library, that bewilders the dependent and oppresses the weak, is inestimable help and ineffable joy to the right-minded enquirer. It is the companionship of the mighty dead and the meritorious living; it is the communion of kindred and congenial souls; it is the help of many a friendly hand over the cliff or the stile; it is the cheer of the conqueror to following combatants, the triumphant *Eureka* in the ear of the adventurous and struggling student. Books link us to the past and make it full of light and life; they are beacons to the future, to warn us of rocks and shoals; they help us in our onward way; they assure us of success, since that which has been shall be; and if, in some things, they shew us the smoke and dust of selfish rivalry, they also in many other things, shew us the path to power, the real roadway over the plains and up the acclivities to *Truth's* fair temple, that welcomes to honor and joy every one that is earnest and persistent in the quest of truth and goodness. "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting, get understanding."

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

Back some distance from the country road, with the great garden in front overgrown with thorns and brambles, stands the old house—a picture of desolation. Around it, a few ancient apple trees drag on a forlorn existence, and the old pine that long ago was struck and blasted by fire from heaven, still stands, gaunt and grim, close to the corner of the moss-covered building.

The porch in front, once covered with lusty woodbine, is now the haunt of great white sheep, who lazily stretch themselves in its cool shadows, and blink drowsily in the warm summer days. The stone steps, whereon children once laughed and tumbled, are covered with grey and yellow lichens, and high up in the attic, under the old gabled roof, the swallows build their nests, going in and out through the broken windows.

If we will, we may enter the kitchen below, for the outer door has long since fallen from its rusted hinges. The parlor door stands ajar; we look in; our footsteps fall on the dusty floor, and—Hark! What is that? Only a timid brood of mice that we have disturbed in their fancied security under the curtainless windows.

Looking out upon the patch of softer, greener turf that marks where once the carriage drive wound up to the shady porch, ghosts from the dead past begin to flit around me, and I can hardly believe that those who once inhabited this forsaken place—once called it home—are not present with me. I knew them well. There was the master of the household, a strong, sturdy farmer; the meek and gentle house-mother, in whose eyes there yet lingered the soft tint of the violets of

her native land, and the fair-faced daughter, sweet Amy Bevan. Besides these, there were brothers three, stalwart men, who looked with little less than adoration upon the one wee girl they called sister.

Amy's eyes were like her mother's, deep violet blue, but the shining masses of brown hair that were smoothed back so deftly from Mrs. Bevan's white forehead, clustered and curled in glossy, rippling masses around Amy's face, and tumbled at will over her white neck and graceful shoulders. She was as much below the medium height as her father and brothers were above it, and her white and dimpled hands and arms might have served a sculptor for models.

For the rest, she was an innocent, simple child—a child, even at the age of seventeen, when Deacon Arnold's nephew found his way so often to the old Bevan homestead. Raymond Arnold was Amy's hero. I question not that as the lily maid of Astolat looked upon the knight she worshipped, so Amy looked upon the dark-haired city gentleman who spent his holidays in his uncle's old farmhouse.

Mr. Arnold could not help being interested in Amy Bevan; she was so different from other girls; so—but this description usually resolved itself into "so different." She was, certainly, a little too timid and sensitive, but society would overcome all that, and—really, he never knew how it happened, but, one still summer-evening he and Amy had wandered down in the broad meadow, and standing under a huge elm, with one little hand resting on its great brown trunk, and the rich flush of sunset around her, Amy had looked so like a beautiful child he would like

to have always near him, that he had leaned forward, and, placing one arm on the great elm, in slow, measured words, said, "Do you love me, Amy?"

It was a cruel question. So sudden and swift had come a change over the sweet face, so white were the lips that a moment before had smiled on him, so tearful were the depths of the blue eyes, that Raymond Arnold had felt reproved, and slipping one arm around her waist, he drew her to him and said, more earnestly than he had ever before spoken, "I love you, darling. Will you be my wife?"

Then a new glory had come over earth and sky. The light from the setting sun streamed up once more, a long living ray of rosy purple, bordered and stained with gold. The green meadow where they stood, the tree waving its long, drooping branches over them, and the river rippling by, were in the new world which had opened to Amy, and in which she was hereafter to walk, guarded and watched over by the man beside her. I doubt if any one was ever happier than was the simple-hearted child that night; and when her blue eyes opened the next morning, it was with infinite content that she watched the sun rise over the mountain-top and light up the scene upon which she had looked day after day all the years of her young life.

This scene was not very grand, neither was it very beautiful. There was a mountain, some woods scattered around its rocky sides, a few level stretches of green fields, a shining river, and some scattered farmhouses.

On the other side of the mountain nestled a quiet country village—so small, so peaceful—with its white-walled church and scattered houses; and a little beyond rose the large rambling house wherein dwelt old Squire Farrar, his maiden sister and his only unmarried daughter. Among the simple country folk around Mountville, Helen Farrar was accounted a beauty.

Her hair was shining black; there was a wonderful glow in the great velvet-brown eyes that looked from under dark-fringed lids; warmth and color were in the dusky cheeks; and when the rich, red lips parted in a smile, tiny dimples played around mouth and chin. She was very fond of Amy Bevan, and during her absence at school was almost inconsolable because of her separation from her dear, sweet friend.

When her school-days were ended the two were almost inseparable, and Amy made no more visits to the great house beyond the village than Helen made to the old yellow farmhouse in the shade of the great pine. Helen did not see Amy's lover till they had been engaged for more than a year. Then, one evening when she was with Amy, and the two were sitting in the shady porch, their arms around each other, and Amy's eldest brother, Miles, looking down upon the two so dear to him, Mr. Raymond Arnold swung open the little picket gate at the bottom of the garden, and walked leisurely up the path, between rows of giant hollyhocks, great bunches of spicy southernwood, patches of rosemary, and glowing spots of rich glove pinks. Amy rose to meet him, and blushing and frightened, made him understand that the white-robed vision beside her was her friend, Miss Helen Farrar. Helen was perfectly at ease. Of what use, else, had been the years at school, and the months spent in Montreal, with Aunt Margaret? Mr. Arnold thought he had never beheld so charming a girl. The soft brown eyes were upraised to his so wistfully, such a fascinating smile parted the crimson lips; and the slender hands, on one finger of which a great red stone glowed and flickered, were to him perfection.

He felt angry with Miles Bevan, who sat there watching the beautiful face and figure. What right had he, so poor and common, to love this peerless girl? Amy was a pretty enough child,

but this other, she was so—so—and once again Mr. Arnold took refuge in the—so different!

After a while, with a little start of dismay, Miss Farrar exclaimed that she must go home—she had no idea it was so late; no, indeed, Mr. Miles need not accompany her; Amy must come to see her very soon, she was so lonely at home,—and the graceful figure tripped down the garden path, of course attended by simple, honest Miles Bevan.

He returned home happier than for some time before: Helen had been so charming, so frank, so unaffectedly glad to be with him, that a great weight had been taken from his heart.

And Helen?—In her own room, as she took down the heavy coils of black hair, and slowly brushed out their shining lengths, she smiled a little at the reflection in the mirror, and murmured—“What an exquisite simpleton Miles Bevan is!—And that is the adorable Mr. Arnold, is it? Raymond Arnold. Decidedly a nice name, and Papa says his position is good, and—I think I'll go to bed. Dear Amy will come to see me soon, and then I must return her visit.”

Mr. Arnold, strange to say, did not find the old house so pleasant after Miss Farrar's departure. He might have asked Amy to walk with him—he might have given the shy, blushing girl the one kiss she had been expecting; but he was thinking of other things, and for the first time since her engagement, Amy's blue eyes were dimmed with tears, as she watched the stars come out, one by one, in the still heavens.

It was wonderful, after that, how many times Miss Farrar and Mr. Arnold met; and not wonderful that Amy lost some of the sweet content that usually shone in her clear eyes, and wandered about, a little pale, a little dull, and not, so Mr. Arnold thought, altogether so charming as the girl who,

a little more than a year before, had stood under the old elm in the meadow.

When the beautiful September days had come, and the maples on the mountain side were decked with the first flush of their swiftly on-coming glory, and along the sandy road the dusky brambles were turning deep red, and rich, warm brown, Miss Farrar gave a garden-party. Of course her dear friend Amy was there, looking a little paler in her white dress and pretty blue ribbons. Miss Farrar, in flowing robes of black, with vivid crimson knots here and there, a red rose among her shining braids, another in the rich lace around her throat, a happy light in her great dark eyes, a deeper color in her full red lips, dimples playing on cheek and chin, was all life and warmth and color.

It was with her Mr. Arnold walked under the great trees in the garden, to her he addressed the low, sweet words he knew so well how to utter, till, raising her velvety eyes to his, she said, softly “You must not talk to me so much, Mr. Arnold. Look at dear little Amy, over there.”

Mr. Arnold looked at the pale face and drooping figure on the garden seat under the old firs, and gave utterance to an exclamation so impatient that Miss Farrar was both shocked and grieved.

There was almost a quiver of the red under lip. “Please do not speak like that: it makes me so unhappy.”

“Makes *you* unhappy!” was his answer, “Then I will never speak in that way again. I could not bear to make you unhappy.”

“But, Mr. Arnold—” and there was a troubled look in the lovely face—“you should not speak like that to me.” A few passionate words came to his lips—and were spoken.

Miss Farrar looked up reproachfully, “Mr. Arnold!”—then she moved away to some other guests.

Mr. Arnold wandered about for a

little time, then went and stood beside the garden seat under the firs.

He saw the thin cheeks flush at his approach, but he only said, coldly, "Why are you moping here, Amy?"

It was the tone more than the words that brought tears to the eyes, and an odd sense of suffocation to the round, white throat.

"I am not moping; I was very tired, and I sat down here to rest."

She could not help the quiver of her lips; Mr. Arnold noticed this, and grew alarmed.

"For Heaven's sake, Amy, don't have a *scene*, among all these people."

Poor Amy! Such words had never before been addressed to her. Father, mother, and brothers had vied with each other in gentleness of words and tones to the wee maiden.

She made a great effort, and though the swelling in her throat grew more and more oppressive she said, steadily enough, "Can you tell me where Miles or Ernest is?"

"I saw them a few minutes ago, but I think they are out on the river now. Do you want to see them?"

"I want one of them to take me home," answered the poor child, "I am not well."

"Why didn't you tell me before, Amy? I will take you home, of course. Have I not the best right to take care of you?"

Mr. Arnold did not feel very comfortable as he made this remark, for there rose before him, very vividly, the words he had lately spoken to Helen Farrar.

When that young lady found that Amy must go home, she was profuse in her lamentations; she begged Amy to remain over night with her; she was sure she would be better by-and-by, when it would be quiet, and they would have such a nice, comfortable time all by themselves.

But Amy would go home, and when Miss Farrar returned to her guests,

rare and fascinating as before, her thoughts were of this wise, "That silly child is actually jealous! I flatter myself she has some cause. Mr. Arnold is a remarkably handsome man when he is in earnest. What a pity that occurs so seldom!"

During the short drive to Mr. Bevan's, Amy scarcely spoke, and though Mr. Arnold had a good deal to say, he could not find the exact words he wished to use. If Amy were only like other girls, she could see that his heart was no longer hers, and would release him; but she was such a simple little thing, and doubtless she had all manner of old-fashioned notions, and—to do Mr. Arnold justice, he was very far from comfortable. This was very different from anything he had expected.

When they reached the house courtesy demanded that he should linger a few minutes and express his regret for Amy's indisposition, and his hope that he might find her better the next day.

Then he returned to Mr. Farrar's, and when he left the enchanted ground that night, the little manhood remaining in him forbade his ever seeing Amy Bevan again.

In the cool gray dawn of the next morning he left the village. Business of importance had called him back to Quebec, he told his uncle—and at the village post-office was a letter addressed to Miss Amy Bevan.

When the young girl read the cool, heartless epistle, light, hope, and life seemed to die together. When consciousness returned to her, her first enquiry was for her letter, Tremblingly she watched the tiny blue flame with which it flickered for a moment, then the red spark that quickly turned to ashes, then she turned her face to the wall. It was weeks before she left her sick bed—I told you she was a simple little thing—and when she did it was indeed a colorless face and

a listless figure that moved slowly through the rooms of the old farmhouse. She took long walks in the fields and woods back of the buildings, always silent as to how far she had been—every day quieter, more hopeless.

The anxious parents consulted together; the fond brothers in vain tried to rouse her to some interest in life; she shrank even from them, and preferred to be alone. Soon, a deeper shadow fell. One afternoon, late in November, when the wind was unusually high, and moaned weirdly through the leafless woods, Amy went out for her accustomed walk. Mrs. Bevan wished her to remain in-doors on account of the cold, but Amy pleaded that her head ached badly, and the cool wind would ease the pain; she would only go a little way. When an hour passed without her return, the mother began to feel anxious. Another hour went by, and she did not come. Terrified beyond measure, fearing she knew not what, Mrs. Bevan summoned her husband. He too was alarmed, though he tried to comfort the frightened mother. It was eleven o'clock that night, that wild November night, before they found her—the gentle, timid girl, who had never before walked the length of the garden-path alone, after sunset.

She made no objection to returning home with her father and her brother Ernest. "She was only waiting there, by the ruined mill, for some one," she said; "she could come back another day."

Mr. Bevan raised her in his strong arms—his only girl—and carried her home, the home where peace and happiness were never more to dwell.

Great doctors were summoned to the old farm-house—doctors who looked pitifully on the fair-faced girl, murmured something about time and change, and went away. The parents understood. There was nothing to be done.

The light of reason would never more dawn on the shadowed brain. The girl was very little trouble. As long as she could she took long walks, sometimes past the old mill and far up the sparkling river—never, by any chance, through the wide meadow, where stood one great elm—sometimes high up the mountain-side, until the strong brother who always accompanied her, prevailed upon her to turn her face homeward. When the white snow covered the garden, woods, and mountain-side, she stayed contentedly in the house, never manifesting any interest in books, household cares, or aught else, except that when father or brothers came in, shaking the snow from their rough greatcoats, she would ask if they had any letters for her. Who can tell what thoughts came to the darkened mind, as day by day the frail body grew more fragile, and the white face showed more plainly the tracery of deep blue veins on cheek and forehead?

Meanwhile, in the village, great preparations were being made for Helen Farrar's wedding. The dark-haired girl grew more and more beautiful in the light of the great happiness that had come to her. She did not believe the reports she heard of Amy Bevan. The child was disappointed, of course, —foolish little thing!—and did not care to go out at all; her parents were doubtless angry with Mr. Arnold; and as for her brothers, a slight upon Amy was sure to be resented by them. She felt a slight twinge of conscience—a very slight twinge—when she thought of Miles Bevan; but surely he never could have thought that she really cared for him! The winter days wore away, the stormy winds of March blew; then the mingled clouds and sunshine of April days gave promise of the sweet time so swiftly coming, and when the soft May winds woke the whole earth to fresh beauty, then came Helen Farrar's wedding-day.

The sun shone clear and bright; scarcely a cloud was in the blue sky, except a light fleecy mass low down on the western horizon. The air was filled with the song of birds and sweet with the breath of flowers. The old church bell rang merrily; the bridal party entered the sacred building in all the pomp and pride of bridal array—Mr. Arnold, a trifle pale, and with a quick, nervous glance around the church as if he were looking for some one; but Helen, with scarcely a flutter of the downcast lids that veiled the beauty of the deep brown eyes. As the sound of the organ died away, a great hush fell upon the little church, and the white-robed clergyman turned toward the assembled people. As his lips opened to speak the first words of the marriage service, from the old church tower went forth an awful sound—a funeral knell! The listeners shuddered, and white as death grew the faces of the bridal party. Before the horror of the moment had passed, before anyone could recover self-possession, again on the sweet May air was borne the sound that tells of another soul gone home. Many turned to look up at the old-fashioned gallery where hung the bell-rope, and there they saw the stern white faces of Amy Bevan's three brothers. Deacon Andrews hurried up the creaking stairs, but as he had been a feather Miles Bevan put him aside, while Ernest's strong right hand again lowered the rope, and the knell again sounded forth.

A moment later, the clergyman stood before the brothers. "Why this unseemly interruption?" he sternly questioned, and sternly came the answer. "Our sister Amy died last night," and raising his hand the speaker pointed

to the couple before the altar, "*They* know why we have waited till this hour to toll the bell for her."

Every word was distinctly heard in the little church, and the aged clergyman, who knew, as did many others of the wondering listeners, the story of the young life darkened by friend and lover, stood irresolute. As the bell again sounded Helen Farrar sank fainting on the altar steps, and the bridal party broke up in confusion. Sadly the clergyman spoke.

"Have you not forgotten who said 'Vengeance is mine: I will repay?'" and with bowed head the eldest brother answered, "We have not forgotten."

Kindly hands raised the bride and bore her to her carriage; her betrothed husband followed her. But never did the lips of the man whom Amy Bevan had loved call Helen Farrar wife. None knew more than this: ere the light of the setting sun had left the windows of the room where Amy Bevan slept, Raymond Arnold had said good-bye to the girl who was that day to have been his wife; and they looked upon each others' faces no more.

Amy was not buried in the village churchyard, and none of the questioning villagers ever knew where the girl's form was laid. They only knew that the whole family went away two days after Amy died, and a few weeks after Mr. Bevan and one of his sons came back for a week only. Then the house was closed, the broad acres of the homestead were added to a neighboring farm; and from that time none of the Bevan name ever crossed the garden path, or rested in the great porch, or entered the silent chambers of *The Deserted House*.

MARGARET SUTHERLAND.

JOHN GREENWOOD.

(A BALLAD.)

John Greenwood lived by Scugog's lake—
(The waters were clear, and the skies were blue ;)
And John was willing to give and take,
(And the woods and waters were fair to view !)
His sons were reared at a free fireside,—
Little of learning and nothing of pride—
But many a lesson of backwoods lore
He gave, as his sire had given before,
When they sauntered in as the horn did blow—
Hoping that some of the seed might grow !

Now said those sons at Scugog's lake—
(The waters were clear, and the skies were blue ;)
“ Whatever the world will give, we'll take ; ”
(And the woods and waters were fair to view !)
And Harry left the old roof-tree,
For the golden land by the Western Sea :—
“ No room beneath these northern skies,
For one who would grasp a glittering prize ! ”
And friends he found both loud and frank,
Who spoke in slang, and called him “ Hank.”

And Ned would leave sweet Scugog's lake,—
(The waters were clear, and the skies were blue ;)
“ In the ranks of commerce his place he'd take ; ”
(And the woods and waters were fair to view !)
The “ gee-buck trade ” he held in scorn,
And mocked at the place where he was born ;—
To speak with a simper, and sport a ring,
Part hair in the middle, and walk with a spring,
Were all in the way to his coveted fame,
And added “ Esquire ” at the end of his name.

But Lawrence lived by Scugog's lake—
(The waters were clear, and the skies were blue ;)
What grew in the fertile fields he'd take—
(And the woods and waters were fair to view !)
His hands grew strong, and his head grew clear,
His wife was fair, and his babes were dear—
He envied none, for his lot was blest
With bread and to spare, and a heart at rest,
As he sat in the rays of the sinking sun,
And looked back at the day with its duties done.

John Greenwood lived by Scugog's Lake—
 (The waters were clear, and the skies were blue;)

As ready as ever to give and take;—
 (And the woods and waters were fair to view!)

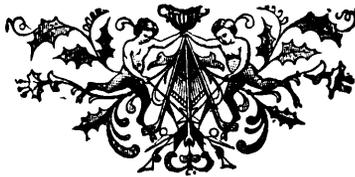
And Harry came back from wasted wealth,
 Weak in his pocket, and weak in his health;
 And Ned, who had gone to the wall in trade,
 Came back to the dear old homestead's shade:—
 And John looked up, with a smile in store—
 "My boys are all back, who are boys no more."

"We'll bid farewell to Scugog's lake"—
 (The waters were clear, and the skies were blue;)

"And back to the bush our way we'll take!"
 (And the woods and waters were fair to view!)

Now each one tills his widening fields,
 Where the forest-gloom to the sunlight yields;
 Neighbor, and brother, and sire and son,—
 A *Greenwood* township has begun!
 For in her broad lap old mother Earth
 Carries no idlers, and knows no dearth!

WILLIAM WYE SMITH.



Young Folks.

WINNIE'S DAY.

It was Christmas-eve, and a clear frosty afternoon. On this evening a young girl walked slowly down the village street, casting longing glances into the windows, bright with goods appropriate to the season. Presently the sound of horses' feet on the crisp hard snow fell on her ears, and a moment later she heard her own name called.

"Oh, Winnie, I am so glad to have met you," cried the gay cheerful voice of her friend, Bella Maitland, "I was just going round to your place, so jump in, and I'll drive you home. What do you think" went on the excited girl, "Papa says I may take his new cutter, and the ponies, and go down to grandpapa's to-morrow. Cousin Dora Leigh and her brothers are to be there from New York, and I want you to go too."

"Oh, won't that just be splendid," cried Winnie.

"Do you think your papa will let you go?"

"Oh, I hope he will," returned Winnie warmly.

"So do I," went on Bella, "for I cannot go alone, and I would rather have you than any one else: I am going now to ask your papa."

"Then I am sure he will say 'yes,' for I don't believe he could refuse you," and the clear girlish laugh rang out on the frosty air, as they swiftly neared Winnie's home.

The minister had just reached the most eloquent sentence in his Christmas Sunday discourse, when the door

opened suddenly, and the two girls, all fresh and glowing from contact with the keen winter air, came in. He raised his head a little impatiently at the intrusion, but his impatience vanished suddenly as he recognized his visitor.

"Oh, Mr. Russel!" exclaimed Bella eagerly, "papa has promised to let me go down to grandpapa's to-morrow, and I want Winnie to go with me." The minister's face clouded very suddenly. "I am afraid Miss Maitland we will be obliged to refuse you, for Mrs. Russel, and myself intended" —

"Oh, now Mr. Russel, do please, let her come," and Bella turned her head in a most bewitching manner. The weary face of the pastor softened a little as he realized how difficult it was to resist such a pleader, but he turned to his daughter, half hoping she might refuse to go under the circumstances.

"Do you wish to go very much Winifred?" he asked.

"Oh, I should like it so much," was the answer. Mr. Russel looked doubtfully at the carpet for some moments, then said resignedly, "Well, you may go and ask Mrs. Russel; I give my consent if she is willing."

"Oh, thank you Mr. Russel," cried Bella, and the two girls went gladly out, leaving the minister to resume his work.

The weary troubled expression returned to his face, as he heard them talking gaily a few moments after as they passed his study door.

"Oh, I was certain your mamma

would consent," cried Bella's lively voice.

"So was I," laughed Winnie.

"You will be ready in good time, won't you? I will call for you about nine," and then the bells rang out merrily on the frosty air, and Winnie turned and ran lightly up to her own room; while the minister with a sigh turned to his writing, and in the kitchen a sweet, patient face looked up eagerly from a large basket of mending, and her mother wondered if Winnie would think to come and get tea.

"I am so glad my dress is quite new," said Winifred to herself, as she took down a dark brown silk from the closet. "It is rather dark, to be sure, but it will look all right with some bright new ribbons, and fresh ruffles, and I may as well fix it now, and then it will be done. Mamma will call me if she needs me," and soon all else became secondary to securing the most stylish bows, and the most becoming tints of her limited supply of ribbons.

Winnie became so absorbed in her work that she was surprised to see Ned coming in from the office, which was always the signal for tea.

"I wish I had gone down and got tea ready for mamma," she said to herself, as she hurried down the dark stairway. Just as she reached the foot of the stairs the door opened, and Aunt Helen came hastily into the dining-room, where Mrs. Russel was preparing tea.

"Oh, Mary!" she exclaimed, "John and I are going down to father's tomorrow, too, and we want you to go with us." Winifred almost held her breath as she leaned eagerly forward to catch her mother's reply.

"Dear me, I am so sorry; Miss Maitland has just been here to get Winnie to go away with her tomorrow, and I gave my consent, so I cannot disappoint her now; but I would have liked so much to have gone."

"Why can't Winnie be disappointed

as well as you, mother?" asked Ned with boyish bluntness. "If she wasn't the most selfish girl in the world she would have told Miss Maitland she couldn't go at once, and"—

"Stop, Edward," interrupted his father, sternly, "You must not speak so of your sister," and the boy, half angry at the rebuke, but not daring to answer back, took up his cap and went to the yard to finish the sentence to his younger brother.

Aunt Helen was silent for some moments, but Winnie could hear her foot impatiently tapping the carpet. "Don't you think Winnie might give it up?" she asked. "It is no great treat for her to go visiting with Miss Maitland, and you have not seen dear father for over a year, and he always seems a little hurt when we go without you."

"I know he does," returned Winnie's mother, with a little break in her gentle voice; "but I could not disappoint her now, for Miss Maitland is depending on her going."

"I believe I could coax Winnie to give it up," said Aunt Helen thoughtfully.

"Oh, please, don't say a word about it to her, for it would only spoil her visit, and I would not go for anything, if I had to keep her at home."

"Well, Mary, I must say you are encouraging her in her selfishness, and I do not know that Ned was so far astray when he spoke as he did about her," said Aunt Helen quickly.

"Oh, now Helen, you are too hard on Winnie; she never thought about my going, I am certain," said Mrs. Russel warmly.

"Helen," said the minister, gravely, "if Winnie is selfish she does not intend to be so."

Winifred did not wait to hear her father's reply, but, with a heart full of angry resentment she turned and ran again to her own room, and throwing herself on her bed she burst into tears.

"It is so unkind of Aunt Helen to speak so of me," she sobbed; "I am sure it was only natural I should want to go; and Bella has been so kind, I could not refuse her."

"Winnie, tea is waiting," called her mother's gentle voice from the foot of the stairs, and Winnie rose, and after bathing her face in cold water went down to the supper-room.

Her mother looked very tired, and for a moment the thought of how much she needed a little recreation suggested itself to her daughter's mind, but she drove it away and took her place at the table. Ned seated himself beside her, and taking advantage of the noise caused by the younger children taking their places he whispered:

"Where are you going to-morrow, Win.?"

"With Bella, to her grandpapa's," answered Winnie, shortly.

"Didn't you know mamma wanted to go to see grandpapa?"

"I didn't think," and she turned to help one of the little boys into a chair beside her.

"Didn't think!" repeated her brother, scornfully. "You are too selfish to think of anyone but yourself."

"That will do now, Edward," said his father, quietly, and the meal proceeded in quietness, although the poor girl felt the hot tears burn beneath her eyelids, and a choking sensation prevented her enjoying her tea. As soon as the meal was over Winnie cleared away the dishes, and persuaded her mother to sit down, but her conscience was ill at ease, and all the reasoning she could command would not satisfy it. Her brother's words came again and again to her mind, and it was in vain she tried to assure herself they were untrue. Mr. Russel spoke truly when he said she did not know how selfish she was. She did not find the social atmosphere very lively that night. Her mother was very tired, and was lying on the sofa; her father had

shut himself up in his study, and Ned, who could not get over his father's reproof, was surly and disagreeable; so as soon as she finished washing the tea-things she lit a lamp and went to her own room. She spent some time in crimping and curling her hair; then, after one parting look at her dress, and satisfying herself that the bows and ruffles were all in the best taste, she took up her Bible, more from a sense of duty than pleasure, and sat down to read. Presently she stopped reading, and sat looking thoughtfully at the book. "Even Christ pleased not Himself," she repeated slowly. "It seems as though those words were meant for me. But," she went on after a pause, "I am not altogether pleasing myself; Bella wants me to go, and I could not hinder her asking mamma, and then mamma might have said no, if she did not want me to go;" but she felt unsatisfied.

For the last few months Winifred had been trying to follow Christ, and to walk in the footsteps of her glorious unseen guide; and the last communion season her name had been added to the roll of church membership, still she was far from perfect and had many faults, but the most subtle, and almost unheeded of these was selfishness. She did not realize that she was selfish. She did not mean to be so; she was only seeking her own pleasure before that of others, acting naturally, she thought, and forgetting that He, for whose sake she meant to take up her cross daily, "pleased not Himself." But if she had been unconscious of this fault until now, her eyes seemed suddenly opened to it, in all its ugliness. How often she had gone driving or visiting with her friend, while her mother's patient face was bent over large baskets of ironing, or mending, how often the weary feet had climbed the stairs, long after her daughter had retired, how many pleasures the one

had denied herself that the other might be happy.

The young girl found it easy to determine, "it should never be so again," but that brought her down to the necessity of denying herself this pleasant visit.

It was a moment of intense struggle. On the one side were ranged the pleasant drive in Mr. Maitland's stylish new cutter, a "splendid time," with Dora Leigh and her brothers, besides the friendship, and approval of Bella and her family, on the other, nothing Winnie thought, but a long dreary day with noisy tiresome children. It is impossible to tell which would have been conqueror—duty or inclination had she been left to herself, but a cry went up from the earnest though often erring heart for strength to do her duty, and the victory was won on the side of right. A few minutes later, Winnie entered the low roofed kitchen, where several little boys were sitting round the bright fire talking over the good dinner they expected to-morrow, and which their mother was now quietly making some preparations for.

"Willie," she said to one of them, "I want you to run over to Mr. Maitland's with this note."

"I don't want to," whined the little boy. "It is just awful cold out, and I am afraid."

At another time his sister would have felt annoyed, and ordered him off at once, but the great victory made all others seem easy. "Come like a good boy," she said, and you shall have some candy, when you get back. This promise, together with his sister's gentle manner, decided Willie and he went.

"What can you want to say to Bella when you will see her to-morrow?" asked Mrs. Russel.

"I am not going to-morrow," answered Winnie, feeling relieved the moment she had said it.

"Not going! Why, Winnie, surely

you are jesting," and her mother looked quite concerned.

"No, mamma, I want you to go to grandpapa's."

"Oh, now Winnie, you needn't have minded what Ned said," returned Mrs. Russel, slowly.

"Indeed, mamma, it is not for that," exclaimed Winifred quickly, "I am staying because it is my duty to stay," and she felt the hot blood rush to her face.

"Have you fully considered it," asked her mother.

"Yes, mamma, and I am quite willing."

It did seem very easy to give it up just then as she saw the glad light break over her mother's pale face, and, if she could have seen her father's face brighten up a few minutes later she would have thought her reward very rich indeed; but she had within her a consciousness of having done her duty which was worth more than all the praise she could have received.

Next morning, amid the hurry and bustle of getting her parents ready, Winnie scarcely had time to think of her intended drive, and Aunt Helen had been so demonstrative in her approval of her niece's conduct that the young girl could not feel the least regret. But a few minutes after they had gone, as Winifred stood at the window, a new cutter and two spirited ponies dashed down the street and, to her surprise, she saw her friend fly past, without even a look towards the "modest mansion." And with a keen sense of disappointment and loneliness, she turned to her self-imposed task.

"What are we going to have for dinner?" asked Willie and Fanny at once.

"Bread and butter," returned Winnie, carelessly.

"Oh! Winnie, this is Christmas, and we always have pudding and some mince pie," pnt in little Lewis, the household pet.

"Well, mamma did not prepare any

pudding this time ; but you may have a piece of pie if you are good." The little boys did not seem quite satisfied, but Winnie took no more notice of them.

"Couldn't you make a pudding?" asked Ned at last. "The little fellows seem to want it."

"And big fellows, too," laughed Willie.

"Do, like 'a good Winnie," pleaded little Lewis.

"Well," returned Winnie, "I will, if you boys will help." Of course, the boys were only too proud to help ; and the pudding, with many suggestions from the little boys, and a few grave hints from Ned, was a grand success ; and the boys only murmured that their help went no further than "keeping up a good fire," and carrying things to and from the cellar.

As soon as the dinner dishes were cleared away Winnie sat down to read her father's Christmas gift—a beautiful copy of "The Wide, Wide World," and she had just got fairly interested in the beautiful story when Willie said quickly.

"Winnie, I forgot ; mamma told me to be sure and tell you to take Mrs. Mathews a pie and some jelly.

Winifred looked up a little impatiently, then tried to resume her book. "I don't see any necessity for going to-day," she thought, "and it is so nice here." The room looked very pleasant and cheerful, with the fire dancing in the grate ; the bright winter carpet and crimson curtains, all united to make the little sitting-room very attractive, for it had turned very stormy outside ; besides, she had just reached a very interesting part of her book.

"'Even Christ pleased not Himself,' and shall I please myself?" The bright fire, the pleasant room, even the pathetic account of poor little Ellen torn from her dying mother all became secondary, for Winifred was really trying to "deny herself and take up her cross."

"You will keep house until I come

back, won't you Ned?" she said to her brother who willingly complied, and a few minutes later, with a light heart she gently knocked at the door of the humble abode.

It was a cold cheerless room, she entered, when she obeyed the feeble "come in" which followed her knock. A few coals in the grate, and an old shawl, were almost all that contributed to keep warmth in the poor old rheumatic woman, who lived there. Winnie looked hastily around the desolate room, with its scanty broken furniture, then at the poor crippled form of the old woman, and determined not to stay any longer than she could help. But when she heard the humble thanks of the aged sufferer she felt a little ashamed of her unwillingness to come.

"How is your rheumatism to day?" asked Winnie cheerfully.

"A little better, I think," returned Mrs. Mathews, "But Miss Winifred I have so many blessings to be thankful for that I can scarcely find time to think of my troubles." Winnie took another survey of the room, then asked, "What blessings have you, Mrs. Mathews?"

"Blessings, Miss Winifred ! I have nothing but blessings. Haven't I enough to eat and drink, and clothes to wear, as well as a house to cover my unworthy head, which my Lord had not ? Haven't I his Word, and although my eyes are too poor to read, I know a good part of the blessed promises. Haven't I a crown laid up in Heaven, which my Lord shall give me in that day?" The old woman spoke in a low dreamy tone that half awed the young girl by her side. Visions of the bright little sitting room at home were already dancing in Winnie's mind ; but the aged disciple laid her hand gently on her Bible.

"Shall I read to you for a little while?" asked Winnie.

"If you will, Miss Winifred, I shall be so glad."

Winnie did not intend it to be over a "little while," but the sweet words seemed to charm and soothe her own tired heart, and she read on, and on, until the gathering darkness made it impossible for her to see.

"May the Lord reward you," said the old woman, as her young friend rose to go.

"I have my reward, now," returned Winnie, with a happy smile and a few moments later she was walking, with a quick elastic step, over the crisp hard snow towards home, realizing in a small degree how much more blessed it is to give than to receive.

Her return was welcomed by a shout from the little boys.

"Oh, here is Winnie! now we will have tea; and then, maybe, she will tell us a story," cried Willie.

"No she won't," returned Lewis; "she has a book, and she never tells us stories when she wants to read."

These last words were not meant for her ears, but the little boys were agreeably surprised when, after tea, their sister offered to tell them the coveted story. One followed another, until at last they were tired and willing to go to bed; then, after tucking them warmly into their little white cots she came and sat down by the fire to read.

Ned sat for a long time looking

thoughtfully at the glowing coals, then turning quickly to his sister, he asked.

"Why didn't you go to-day Winnie?"

She was silent for a moment, then answered, earnestly.

"Because, Ned, I have been trying to please Christ to-day."

"Have you, Winnie?" he asked earnestly; "well, if I thought being a Christian would make me like you have been to-day, I would try to become one."

Winnie's heart seemed overflowing, she knew how earnestly her parents prayed that their firstborn might walk in the path of holiness.

An hour later, as her father stooped to kiss her, he whispered gently:

"Dear Winifred, you do not know how happy you have made us to-day."

"Indeed, papa," she returned gaily, "this has been the happiest day I ever spent," and her bright face and sparkling eyes confirmed her words.

At the next communion season the minister, with a heart overflowing with thankfulness, wrote down the name of his eldest son among those who professed to follow the Lord, and neither Ned nor his sister ever knew how much Winnie's sacrifice had tended to draw the boy to Christ, but He knows, who seeth in secret, and rewardeth openly.

LOUISE MARSH.



HOLIDAY GAMES.

BY M.

It is frequently a very difficult matter to find amusement for a party of young people, and particularly so when but few of the company have any decided taste for music. In this case games are sometimes useful, and I will endeavor to describe a few, which, though neither original nor new, may yet not be familiar to everybody.

THE STRANGER ON THE ISLAND.

This is an interesting game, and a great favorite with little people. The players should be seated in a circle, that is all but one—who must stand in the centre. This player I will call No. 1, and the others 2, 3, 4, &c., though the centre player is usually termed “the stranger.”

No. 1. (or the stranger) says, “There is a stranger on this island,” and the other players 2, 3, 4, 5, &c., must ask in rotation the following questions:

- What brings him here?
- What has he brought with him?
- What will he take with him?
- Where does he come from?
- Where is he going?

To each of these questions an answer must be given, beginning with the letter A, and when this has been done satisfactorily, the questions are again repeated by other five players, to which answers must be given, beginning with B. Whenever a mistake occurs the *stranger* or No. 1 takes the seat and number of the one at whose question he failed, the latter in turn becoming questioner.

I give an example:

- No. 1. “There is a stranger in this island.”
- No. 2. “What brings him here?”

- No. 1. “Affection for his friends.”
- No. 3. “What has he brought with him?”
- No. 1. “Apples.”
- No. 4. “What will he take with him?”
- No. 1. “Air-guns.”
- No. 5. “Where does he come from?”
- No. 1. “Africa.”
- No. 6. “Where is he going?”
- No. 1. “To Asia.”

EXAMPLE 2.

- No. 1. “There is a stranger on this island.”
- No. 7. “What brings him here?”
- No. 1. “Benevolence.”
- No. 8. “What has he brought with him?”
- No. 1. “Bread.”
- No. 9. “What will he take with him?”
- No. 1. “Benedictions.”
- No. 10. “Where does he come from?”
- No. 1. “Britain.”
- No. 11. “Where is he going?”
- No. 1. “To Bermuda.”

Or suppose some laughter-loving one has to take the place of “Stranger,” and gives his answers in the longest words he can think of, and as it seldom happens that their are more than ten or twelve playing in the game, I will once more use the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, &c.

EXAMPLE 3.

- No. 1. “There is a stranger in this island.”
- No. 2. “What brings him here?”
- No. 1. “Cameralistics.”
- No. 3. “What has he brought with him?”

No. 1. "Caravansaries."

No. 4 "What will he take with him?"

No. 1. "Catamarans."

No. 5. "Where does he come from?"

No. 1. "Constantinople."

No. 6. "Where is he going?"

No. 1. "To Chinese Tartary."

Sometimes the players decide that though the questions may be asked in English, yet the answers must be given in French, and one can easily understand how amusing some of the mistakes might be. Another way is to make the answers consist of more than one word—say, for instance, three. The following answers were given by some young people who had decided that *three* words must be the least number allowed, but that it would be desirable to give as many as possible, and that they must be said rapidly.

EXAMPLE 4.

No. 1. "There is a stranger on this island."

No. 2. "What brings him here?"

No. 1. "Perfumed palanquins purchased at picturesque places."

No. 3. "What has he brought with him?"

No. 1. "Peter Piper's pint of pickled peppers."

No. 4. "What will he take with him?"

No. 1. "Persuasive photographers politely persuading plain-featured persons to permit them to perpetuate their pitiful physiognomies."

No. 5. "Where does he come from?"

No. 1. "Pondicherry, Palermo, Persia and Peking."

No. 6. "Where is he going?"

No. 1. "For prescribed pursuits in the public penitentiary."

Another very good game which almost every child knows is generally known as *I Love my Love*, and is played thus:

No. 1 says "I love my love because she (or he, for the pronoun must be

changed to suit the speaker) is *amiable*, I hate her with an A because she is *arrogant*, I took her to the sign of the *Archer* and treated her to *almonds* and *apples*, her name is *Annie* and she comes from *Asia*."

No. 2 may perhaps say, "I love my love with a B because she is *beautiful*, I hate her with a B because she is *blustering*, I took her to the sign of the *blue bird* and treated her to *beans* and *bread*, her name is *Barbara* and she comes from *Bessarabia*."

Or the *enfant terrible*, usually in cases of this kind some bright quick-witted school-boy says, when his turn comes, "I love my love with a C because she *can climb*, I hate her with a C because she is *credulous*, I took her to the sign of the *carpenter*, treated her to *cakes and carriages*, her name is *Catherine* and she comes from *Cork*, and everyone knows he means his sweet-tempered young cousin who so dearly loves her ease, and who can *never* be persuaded to join in the long walks taken by the other members of the family.

Characters in History is a game not only amusing but instructive. The players are all to be seated, but, as is the case with *I Love my Love*, it is not necessary that they should be placed in a ring. No. 1. rises and says, "I am King John," or any other character he chooses to personate, and then proceeds to tell as much as he can remember of that particular person. For instance, "I am King John, I ascended the English throne in 1199, I reigned seventeen years, I quarrelled with my barons, and signed Magna Charta much against my will. I hated the Jews, and had many of them killed, but I dearly loved their money, I tried to take the throne away from my brother Richard, after having betrayed him into the hands of his enemies, I was a bad man and everybody hated me."

Or No. 2 may perhaps say:

"I am Richard I. I loved my wicked

brother John and forgave his treachery towards me, I fought in the Holy Land, I spent a long time in prison, and would have remained there much longer had not my faithful Blondin discovered me. I was dearly loved by my people, but am afraid I did very little good for them beyond fighting."

No. 3 may take any other character he pleases. Henry VIII., Napoleon Bonaparte, Queen Elizabeth, Duke of Wellington, no matter what, only remembering that no one is permitted to speak longer than *three* minutes. This game can be made amusing by some of the players, by bringing forward only ridiculous things about the character they represent, or at any rate giving a ridiculous turn to some simple facts.

For instance, "I am James I., a very great man, for I am king of two countries, England and Scotland. I was very poor before I came to England, although I was a king, and had to borrow a pair of silk stockings to wear the day I was crowned, and I found them so pleasant to wear that I never returned them. I am very clever—at least I think so, and I found out all about the gunpowder plot. I wrote a lot of books too,—true a great many people called them "trash,"—but I never thought so, nor could I ever understand why some historians could be so blind as to call me a 'mischievous king.' I died in 1625."

A variation of this game is called *Nursery characters*, and is intended for young children. Each child is to suppose him or herself the character in some nursery tale, and like the players in *Historical characters* is to say as much about that imaginary personage as can be crowded into *three* minutes.

EXAMPLE 1.

A wee tot says, "I am little Bo-peep, I had a lot of pretty sheep and lost them all, then I looked and looked for them till I got very tired and had to go to sleep. Then all my sheep

came back, but they had no tails, so I cried I was so sorry, and bye-and-bye all the tails came back, and each tail jumped on to its own sheep;" or another says "I am Jack the giant killer, I was very brave and killed a lot of giants. I did not kill them just because they were giants, but because they were wicked. One giant that I killed lived in a beautiful golden castle; and after he was dead I found a lot of money hidden away in big boxes in some of the rooms, so I took it all and became very rich, and afterwards married a beautiful princess that I found shut up in a dungeon."

Elements is a great favorite with many. No. 1. says "I can please you with fire, water, earth and air."

No. 2. "How can you please me with fire?"

No. 1. "I can warm you," or any similar answer.

No. 2. "How can you please me with water?"

No. 1. "I can turn the mill to grind your corn."

No. 2. "How can you please me with earth?"

No. 1. "I can fill your orchard with fruit trees."

No. 2. "How can you please me with air?"

No. 1. "I can bring the sound of kind words to you."

No. 2. No. 2. questions and No. 3. answers, as for example.

No. 2. "I can please you with fire, air, earth, and water."

No. 3. "How with fire?"

No. 2. "I can cook your dinner for you."

No. 3. "How with earth?"

No. 2. "I can give you beautiful flowers."

No. 3. "How with air?"

No. 2. "I can waft you across the ocean to distant lands."

No. 3. "How with water?"

No. 2. "I can refresh you when you are weary."

Another way of playing this game is as follows:—The players seat themselves as in *Judge and Jury*, that is in two rows facing each other, and the one addressed is never to answer,—that must be done by the one seated opposite who is usually called a *partner*. When the players are seated, one who has been chosen for the purpose takes a small cane in his hand, and walking in between the rows touches any one with the cane, mentioning at the same time one of the elements, and letting the cane rest on the person touched long enough to count five *mentally*—during that time the partner of the one touched must mention something appropriate to the element named, and as nothing can live in fire there must be silence when it is mentioned, and *all* the players cover their faces with their hands. In the following example please suppose that all the even numbers represent one row of players, the uneven numbers the other row, and their partners. Thus 2, 4, 6, &c., are seated opposite to, and are the partners of, 3, 5, 7, &c. No. 1 takes the cane, walks slowly along, then perhaps touches No. 6, saying at the same time “air.” Now No. 6 must not answer, but No. 7 must say the name of a something which lives in the air,—or I ought to have said, a something that flies, as fly, hornet, thrush, lark, &c. *Bird, fish, or animal* must not be said, as those words include the whole species. Or No. 1 stops opposite No. 2, saying “water,” when number three must mention some animal which belongs to that element as seal, pike, whale, or shark. If “earth” be said, horse, cow, sheep, elephant or the name of any other animal may be given; but if “fire” is named then all keep silence. Of course the one who makes the first mistake takes the place of the questioner, and it is amusing to hear the strange mistakes that will sometimes occur. A young lady once in her hurry exclaimed, “Oh, grass, stones, hay!”

when she heard the word *earth*; and a young gentleman gravely answered “a balloonist,” for *air*.

Impromptu Rhyming suits nicely for adults, but it is rather beyond children. It can be played two ways, one of which is to start with some well-known line, to which the second player must add another line, and one which must rhyme with it, though it need not be a quotation.

The other is to rhyme alphabetically, and the more whimsical the ideas the better, provided that each two lines will rhyme.

Example of style No. 1. First player:

“I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows.”

Second player.

“Take great care, or you may hurt your nose.”

Third.

“Honor and shame from no condition rise.”

Fourth.

“So said Biddy, busy making pies.”

Example of style No. 2. Player No. 1.

“A is Mr. Abraham, he keeps a dollar store.”

No. 2.

“B is Bob, a customer who has five cents, no more.”

No. 3.

“C stands for cat, a mouser good and true.”

No. 4.

“D is for dog, worth both cat and you.”

No. 5. “E is for England, the great and the good.”

No. 6. F is for friar who wears an old hood,” and so on till either the alphabet is exhausted or the players are tired.

Proverb is almost too familiar to need any explanation, and yet there may possibly be some who have forgotten it. For such I would say let all the players but one take seats, anywhere around the room, it not being necessary

to keep either in rows as in *Elements*, or in a circle as for some other games. One is now to be sent from the room, while the others decide upon some proverb. This done, each one takes a word of the chosen proverb, which he must introduce into his answer to whatever question is addressed to him, by the one now absent from the room. This being all arranged the absent one is recalled and the game begins.

Suppose the chosen proverb to be "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," and you will perceive that no matter what question may be asked, No. 1 will have no difficulty in answering it, as *a* is the simple little word which he is obliged to bring into his reply.

I once saw it played pretty much as follows.

Q. "Do you think it will rain?"

A. "No, I rather expect *a* fine day."

Q. "Have you been out to-day?"

As this was addressed to a very young lady some wondered how she would manage to bring in her word which, as she was the second player, was of course *bird*. She was equal to the occasion however, and answered quietly, "merely to bury my *bird*."

Q. When do you propose returning to town?"

A. "In May."

Q. "Will you also leave the country?"

A. "Probably in *the* month of June."

Q. "Have you lost your ring?"

A. "Yes; it fell off my *hand*."

This word betrayed the proverb, as finger would have been far more suitable, and the questioner cries out, "a bird in the hand," &c. He also takes the seat of the one whose answer led to the discovery of the proverb, while he in turn becomes questioner.

Yes and no is played thus. One person thinks of a certain fact or person, and permits himself to be questioned by all the other players in turn,

he only replying "yes" or "no" to each of their questions.

Here is an example. No. 1 thinks of the battle of Waterloo, and the rest of the players question him somewhat as follows:

No. 2. "Is your thought mineral?"

No. 1. "No."

No. 3. "Is it vegetable?"

No. 1. "No."

No. 4. "Is it animal?"

No. 1. "No."

No. 5. "Is it an event?"

No. 1. "Yes."

No. 6. "Is it mentioned in history?"

No. 1. "Yes."

No. 7. "Are there many concerned?"

No. 1. "Yes."

No. 8. "Is it religious?"

No. 1. "No."

No. 9. "Political?"

No. 1. "Yes."

No. 10. "Ancient?"

No. 1. "No."

No. 11. "Modern?"

No. 1. "Yes."

No. 12. "A rebellion?"

No. 1. "No."

No. 13. "A war?"

No. 1. "Yes."

No. 14. "In the present century?"

No. 1. "Yes."

No. 15. "In Europe?"

No. 1. "Yes."

No. 16. "Was it at Waterloo?"

No. 1. "Yes, the battle of Waterloo."

There is no set form of questions for this game, though the three first are usually asked, so as to determine the substance (if I may so speak) of the thought. *How, when and where* is also interesting. In this game one is sent from the room, as in proverbs, till the others choose some word which will bear more than one meaning, such as *ring, bridle, pain, pear, &c.*, and it is to be remembered that the spelling of the word does not matter, it is the sound—thus *ring*, will also include *wring, pear*, will take in *pare* and *pair*, and so on.

The word being chosen, the absent one is recalled, and must discover what that word is by the answers which he receives to the following questions to which he is restricted? "How do you like it? When do you like it? Where do you like it?" All three questions may be asked one person, or they may be divided, as the players decide before the game begins. We will suppose they are divided, and that "Bridle or Bridal" has been chosen. No. 1. goes to No. 2. and asks "How do you like it?" to which No. 2. thinking of bridal, perhaps, answers, "With the object of my affections."

No. 1. "When do you like it?"

And No. 3. will answer, thinking of *bridle*, "When my horse^s is restive."

No. 1. "Where do you like it?"

No. 4. "In a large well furnished room." (Bridal.)

No. 1. Who has not guessed so far begins again. "How do you like it?"

No. 5. "Black, shining, and pretty strong." (Bridle.)

No. 1. "When do you like it?"

No. 6. "Whenever I shall be rich enough to support it." (Bridal.)

No. 1. Where do you like it?"

No. 7. "In the harness room," and the questions must be repeated till all are questioned, or till the word is guessed. This ought to be done soon, as it is very difficult to give other answers than such as lead quickly to the guessing of the word.

Trades is played thus. One is chosen as leader, and he must either read or tell some short story to the others, who seat themselves in such a manner that he (the leader) can have a full view of all. The leader being chosen, the others then each take a *trade* or *profession*, and each time the leader makes a pause in his reading or narration, as the case may be, the person towards whom he looks must fill up the pause with some word or words suitable to the trade or profession he has chosen.

Suppose, for instance, seven players

start a game of *Trades*, and choose as follows:—

No. 1. Leader, of course. No. 2. Grocer. No. 3. Haberdasher. No. 4. Carpenter. No. 5. Confectioner. No. 6. Doctor. No. 7. Greengrocer.

As No. 1. is not a very good hand at "making up" (as juveniles call it), he is allowed to read something instead, and is accordingly handed a book containing the well-known anecdote, entitled "Avarice Overreaches Itself." The story, or at least the portion which I shall give as an example, ought to read as follows:—

"A merchant in Turkey lost a purse containing two hundred pieces of gold. He had his loss proclaimed by the public crier, and offered half its contents to whosoever had found and would restore it. A sailor who had picked it up informed the crier that he had found it, and that he was ready to restore it on the proposed conditions. The owner having thus learned where his purse was, thought he would try to get it back for nothing. He accordingly told the sailor that if he wished to get the reward, he must restore also a valuable emerald which was in it. The sailor declared that he had found nothing in the purse, except the money, and refused to give it up without the reward."

This is what the story ought to be, we will now see what it is like when read before the *Trades*. Leader or No. 1. begins.

"A (here he looks at No. 2, who being a grocer has to fill up the pause with a something belonging to his business, and perhaps answers hurriedly) "box of raisins," No. 1 continues "in Turkey lost a—" (here he looks at No. 3 who cries out) "spool of thread," No. 1 still reading, "containing—(here the doctor is looked at) "rhubarb and magnesia," and so on. But perhaps I had better give the story as it sounds in the game and allow my readers to see for themselves which trade or profession filled in the pauses.

"A box of raisins in Turkey, lost a spool of thread, containing rhubarb and magnesia, of gold. He turnips his carrots proclaimed by the nails and screws, and offered saws and planes to whosoever had found and broadcloth restore it. A pot of pickles who had picked it up, informed the iodine that candy had found apples, and that cabbages was ready to custard-pie it on the ice-cream. The mustard having thus biscuits where his file was, thought pears would try to get it back for camphor. He therefore told the tale of cloth that if onions wished to apple-pie the reward, he must restore also a valuable chisel which was in the cheese. The medicine chest declared parsnips had found dress goods in the firkin of butter, except the socks, and refused to give lemonade up without the handsaw.

Strange as this sounds and looks when on paper, it is really a most amusing game. Of course it is much better when the leader can improvise some story instead of having to read one, and as the person looked at must go on furnishing the names of things suitable to his, or her, profession or trade so long as the leader chooses to look, the thing of absurd mistakes is often very laughable.

Nouns is a more difficult game, and requires paper and pencil. Write down a number of nouns on separate pieces of paper, one noun to each paper. Fold and place in two hats, or baskets or anything you like. Pass these round to the players who must take one paper from each hat, or basket, and no matter what these two words may be, they must by some means be brought into a verse of not more than four lines. The odd pairing of the words sometimes renders this very difficult.

The Literary game is very like "cross questions and crooked answers," it is also somewhat like "consequences."

Take a good long piece of paper, say a sheet of letter paper, and tear it

into as many strips as there are players. No. 1 now writes a question on his piece of paper, folds it over and hands it to No. 2, who writes down an answer and returns it to No. 1. No. 2 and No. 3 now do the same, as also No. 3 and No. 4, the writer of the question keeping the paper. When the players have all had a turn the papers are opened and read, the fun of the game lying in the absurdity of the answers.

Another way is to have the questions and answers repeated by memory, each player being only allowed to read the answers to his question when it is first given to him. All the questions asked must be literary, historical or artistic, hence the name of the game. *Cross questions and crooked answers* require the players to be seated in a circle, No. 1 then whispers some trifling question to No. 2 and No. 3 gives No. 2 the answer. No. 2 then questions No. 3, and No. 4 answers. Continue this quite round the circle, when you will find that No. 1 has to answer the question asked by the last player. You can easily imagine that when these questions and answers are repeated, there is not much sense in them. Take an example.

No. 1 whispers to No. 2, "Are you fond of reading?" to which No. 3 whispers, "I am going to New York?" No. 2 then asks, "Will you sing a song for us?" and No. 4 replies "I think you are mistaken," or sometimes it may happen that the question and answer do indeed seem to suit, as once happened, when a young lady asked a question about one of the company present, and the reply came "It is very bad taste."

Consequences is somewhat different. Take a long piece of paper, write on it some lady's name, fold the paper over and hand to another, who must write the name of a gentleman, fold again, hand to a third, who writes an answer to the supposed question of "Where did she come from?" Fold again and

give to No. 4, who is to answer where he came from. Then come in turn what she wore? what he wore? what she said? what he said? where they were at the time, and lastly, the consequences. Here is an example:

No. 1. writes "Miss A. B."

No. 2. "Mr. C. D."

No. 3. From Hong Kong.

No. 4. From The Mountains of the Moon.

No. 5. A green silk dress with yellow train.

No. 6. Buffalo coat and Panama hat.

No. 7. Hear me but once.

No. 8. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!!

No. 9. In a hat-box.

No. 10. General dismay. These answers were given by a number of school-girls who were playing the game at recess.

The Dumb Orchestra is most laughable. Let each player choose what he or she will represent, piano, flute, drum &c.,—the violin is always reserved for the leader. When all have chosen, the leader gives the word, and instantly all begin to act as they would if they were really playing the instrument they have chosen. All eyes must be fixed on the leader, and so soon as he imitates the playing of any other instrument than the violin, he ceases to be leader, and the office passes to the one whose instrument was chosen by the former leader. All eyes are now turned to the new leader, who again drops his character whenever he chooses to imitate any other instrument. The game is supposed to be carried on in silence, but it is a very rare thing to have it really so. It is too irresistibly comical for that. *The Rose* does very well for little children, but as it is a sort of *catch* it can only be played once.

The first thing in this game is to move all the chairs back, so that none of the little ones may be hurt, then call each one to you separately, tell him or her that the name chosen for them is *Rose* and that they are not to move from the place given them until called, nor are they to let any one know their name. Now place all in a row at the other end of the room, the further away from you the better, and tell them that whichever one you want you will call out their name, when they are to run quickly towards you. When the little ones are all placed ready, walk about the other end of the room, as though you were in a garden, stoop every now and then as if gathering flowers, and say aloud, somewhat as follows:—

"The queen of the fairies desires a bouquet, she dearly loves the lily"—here stoop and pretend to gather a flower—"the violet and the pansy, but her greatest favorite, the queen of flowers, is not to be seen. Where shall I look for the rose—?" here a rush takes place among the little ones, who were not aware that they had all had the same name given to them. Care must be taken not to allow too many to join in this game, nor does it do to have much difference in the size of the players. It is best for very young children.

One more game and I have done, it is called *Scandal*, and really carries a very good lesson with it. When the players are all seated, No. 1 repeats rapidly to No. 2 some trifling story about some imaginary person. No. 2 then repeats this same story to No. 3, and No. 3 to No. 4, and so on. Each player is to endeavor to repeat the story *exactly* as she heard it, but notwithstanding this it is almost impossible to recognize the original story in what is told by the last player. Hence, its name of scandal.

PARLOR MAGIC.

The following article is from *St. Nicholas*, and the editor of that popular juvenile says in speaking of it.—“Our older boys and girls will find in this number an excellent article on ‘Parlor Magic,’ in which they are told, by Professor Leo Grindon, one of the Faculty of the Royal School of Chemistry in Manchester, England, how to perform some very interesting, and in some cases, quite astonishing experiments in chemistry, optics, etc. Some of our readers may be familiar with a few of these experiments, but the majority of them will be found novel to nearly all young people. Occasionally, there are materials or ingredients called for, which are somewhat expensive, and some of the experiments require a good deal of time and patience. But these are the exceptions, for nearly all the experiments described in the article can be performed by any careful and intelligent boy or girl of fourteen or fifteen, in a short time and at a very small cost.

Of course, in getting up a little “Parlor Magic Entertainment” it will not be necessary to try all the experiments described. Choose such as you think you can perform without fail, and which will be likely to interest the company you expect. Be careful not to try to do too many things in one evening, and if possible, make each experiment in private before you attempt to show your friends how it is done. This will not be necessary in every case, but if you make an experiment, for the first time before company, be sure that you know exactly what you are going to do and how it ought to be done.

One more thing, the most important of all, we would impress on the mind of every reader who tries any of these experiments, and that is the necessity for great care in handling and disposing of the chemical ingredients which may be used. Some of these, although perfectly harmless, when used as directed, are very injurious, if tasted, or even smelt very closely; and although the performer may himself be very prudent and careful with his materials and apparatus, he must not give the slightest opportunity to young children, or indeed any one who has not studied up the subject, to handle his chemicals.

This series of experiments is designed for the use of young people who are interested in the wonders and the beautiful realities of nature, and who delight to observe for themselves how curious are the phenomena revealed by scientific knowledge. Simple in-

structions are given for the performance of a number of pretty experiments, all of which are perfectly safe, and cost very little money. For “evenings at home,” it is hoped that these experiments will be found indefinitely amusing and recreative, at the same time that they will lead the minds of boys and girls to enquiries into the entire fabric of the grand sciences which explains the principles on which they are founded. All the materials spoken of, and all the needful apparatus, which is of the simplest and most inexpensive kind, can be obtained at a good chemist’s. It is of the highest importance that all the materials be pure and good.

PARLOR SUNSHINE.

Obtain a yard of “magnesium tape” or “magnesium wire,” sold very cheap by most druggists. Cut a length of six or eight inches; bend one extremity so as to get a good hold of it with a pair of forceps, or even a pair of ordinary scissors, or attach it to the end of a stick or wire. Then hold the piece of magnesium vertically in a strong flame, such as that of a candle, and in a few seconds it will ignite, burning with the splendor of sunshine, and making night seem noonday. As the burning proceeds a quantity of white powder is formed. This is pure magnesia. While performing this splendid experiment, the room should be darkened.

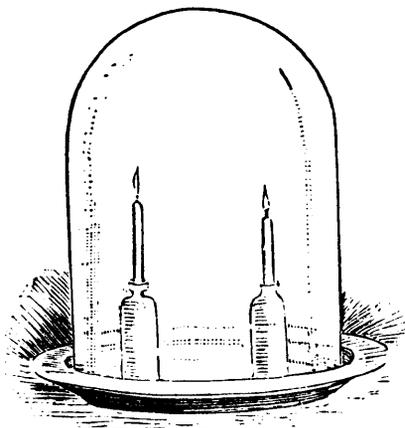
CADAVEROUS FACES.

This is an amusing contrast to the lighting-up by means of magnesium: Again let the room be nearly darkened. Put about a tea-cupful of spirits of wine in a strong common dish or saucer, and place the dish in the middle of the table. Let every one approach to the distance of about a

yard. Then ignite the spirit with a match. It will burn with a peculiar yellowish-blue flame, and in the light of this the human countenances, and all objects of similar color, lose their natural tint, and look spectral. The contrast of the wan and ghostly hue with the smiling lips and white teeth of those who look on is most amusing. The effect of this experiment is heightened by dissolving some common table-salt in the spirit, and still further by putting into it a small quantity of saffron. Let the spirit burn itself away.

THE BREATH OF LIFE.

Procure a tolerably large bell-glass, such as is used for covering clocks and



THE BREATH OF LIFE.

ornaments upon the mantle-piece. It should not be less than eighteen inches high, and eight or nine inches in diameter. Provide also a common dish sufficiently large to allow the bell-glass to stand well within its raised border. Then procure two little wax candles, three or four inches in length, and stand each in a little bottle or other temporary candlestick. Place them in the centre of the dish and light the wicks. Then pour water into the dish to the depth of nearly an inch, and finish by placing the bell over the candles, which of course are then closely shut in. For a few minutes all goes on properly. The flames burn steadily, and seem to

laugh at the idea of their being about to die. But, presently, they become faint,—first one, then the other; the luster and the size of the flames diminish rapidly, and then they go out. This is because the burning candles consumed all the oxygen that was contained within the volume of atmosphere that was in the bell, and were unable, on account of the water, to get new supplies from outside. It illustrates, in the most perfect manner, our own need of constant supplies of good fresh air. The experiment may be improved, or at all events varied, by using candles of different lengths.

ROSE-COLOR PRODUCED FROM GREEN

Obtain a small quantity of roseine, —one of the wonderful products obtained from gas-tar, and employed extensively in producing what are called by manufacturers the "magenta colors." Roseine exists in the shape of minute crystals, resembling those of sugar. They are hard and dry, and of the most brilliant emerald green. Drop five or six of these little crystals into a large glass of limpid water. They will dissolve; but instead of giving a *green* solution, the product is an exquisite crimson-rose color, the color seeming to trickle from the surface of the water downward. When the solution has proceeded for a short time, stir the water with a glass rod, and the uncolored portion of it will become carmine.

SOME ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENTS.

Take a piece of common brown paper, about a foot in length, and half as wide. Hold it before the fire till it becomes quite hot. Then draw it briskly under your left arm several times, so as to rub it on both surfaces against the woollen cloth of your coat. It will now have become so powerfully electrified that if placed against the papered wall of the parlor it will hold on for some time, supported, as it were, by nothing.

While the piece of brown paper is thus so strangely clinging to the wall, place a small light, and fleecy feather

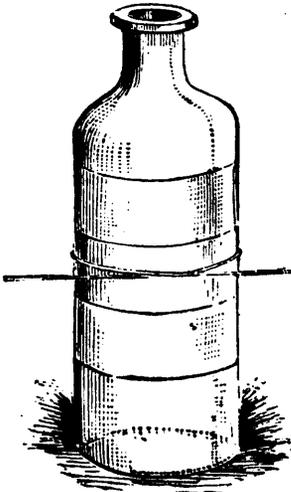
against it, and this in turn will cling to the paper.

Now, again, make your piece of brown paper hot by the fire, and draw it, as before, several times under the arm. Previously to this, attach a string to one corner, so that it may be held up in the air. Several feathers, of a fleecy kind, may now be placed against each side of the paper, and they will cling to it for several minutes.

Another curious electrical experiment is to take a pane of common glass, make it warm by the fire, then lay it upon two books, allowing only the edges to touch the books, and rub the upper surface with a piece of flannel, or a piece of black silk. Have some bran ready, strew it upon the table under the piece of glass, and the particles will dance.

TO CUT A PHIAL IN HALF.

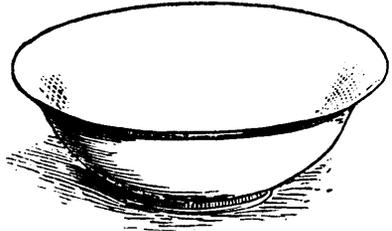
Wind round it two bands of paper, corresponding in position to the two



CUTTING THE PHIAL.

temperate zones of the earth, leaving a space between, corresponding to the equatorial zone. Secure the two bands of paper with thread or fine twine. Then wind a long piece of string once around the equatorial space. Let an assistant hold one end of the string, and while holding the other end

yourself, move the phial rapidly to and fro, so that the string shall work upon the glass between the two pieces of



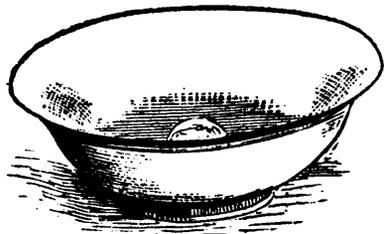
THE COIN INVISIBLE.

paper. When the glass becomes hot in the equatorial space, pour some cold water upon it, and the glass will break as evenly as if cut with a knife.

The principle involved in this curious experiment may be applied to the removal of a glass stopper, when too tight in the neck of the bottle for the fingers to stir it. All that is necessary is to wind a piece of thick string round the neck of the bottle, get an assistant to hold one end, and then work the bottle to and fro. The glass of the neck will become so warm as to expand, and the stopper will become loosened. It is often necessary to continue this friction for some minutes before the desired result is attained.

THE INVISIBLE RENDERED VISIBLE.

Place a coin in an empty basin, and let the basin be near the edge of the



THE COIN VISIBLE.

table. Ask one of the company to stand beside it, and to retire slowly backward until he or she can no longer see the coin. Then pour cold, clear water into the basin, and the person, who the moment before could

not perceive the coin, now will see it quite plainly, though without moving a hair's breadth nearer.

LIGHT FROM SUGAR.

In a dark room, rub smartly one against the other, a couple of lumps of white sugar, and light will be emitted. A similar effect is produced by rubbing two lumps of borate of soda one against the other.

MINIATURE FIRE-SHIPS.

Procure a good-sized lump of camphor. Cut it up into pieces of the size of a hazel-nut, and having a large dish filled with cold water in readiness lay the pieces on the surface, where they will float. Then ignite each one of them with a match, and they will burn furiously, swimming about all the time that the burning is in progress, until at last nothing remains but a thin shell, too wet to be consumed.

PURPLE AIR.

Obtain an olive-oil flask, the glass of which must be colorless. In default of an oil-flask, a large tea-tub may be employed. Put into it a small quantity of solid iodine (procurable at the chemist's and very cheap), then lightly stop the mouth of the flask or test-tube with some cotton-wool, but not hermetically, and hold it slantwise over the flame of a spirit-lamp. The heat will soon dissolve the iodine, which will next turn into a most beautiful violet-colored vapor, completely filling the glass, and disappearing again as the glass gets cold.

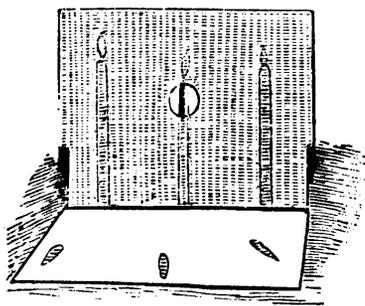
THE TWO EGGS.

Dissolve as much common table-salt in a pint of water as it will take up, so as to prepare a strong brine. With this brine half fill a tall glass. Then pour in pure water, very carefully. Pour it down the side, or put it in with the help of a spoon, so as to break the fall. The pure water will then float upon the top of the brine, yet no difference will be visible. Next, take another glass of exactly the same kind, and fill it with pure water. Now take a common egg, and put it into the

vessel of pure water, when it will instantly sink to the bottom. Put another egg into the first glass, and it will not descend below the surface of the brine, seeming to be miraculously suspended in the middle. Of course the two glass vessels should be considerably wider than the egg is long.

THE MAGIC APERTURE.

Put several lighted candles upon the table, in a straight row and near together. Lay upon the table in front of them, a large piece of smooth, white paper. Have ready a piece of pasteboard large enough to conceal the candles, with a small hole cut in it

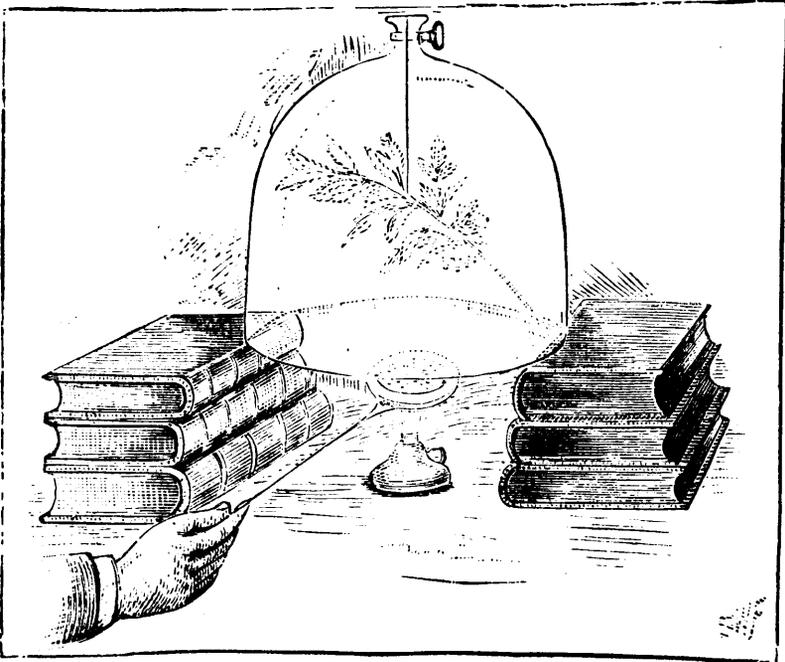


THE MAGIC APERTURE.

above the middle. Place this so as to stand upon its edge between the row of candles and the sheet of paper in front, and there will be as many images of flames thrown through the hole and upon the paper as there are burning candles.

A BEAUTIFUL IMITATION OF HOAR-FROST.

Obtain a large bell-glass, with a short neck and cork at the top, such as may be seen in the chemist's shop. Then procure a small quantity of benzoic acid, which exists in the shape of snowy crystals. Elevate the bell-glass upon a little stage made of books or pieces of wood, so as to allow a spirit-lamp to be introduced underneath, and a little evaporating dish to be held above the flame by means of a ring or wire with suitable handle. Place the benzoic acid in the evaporating dish, over the flame, and presently



IMITATING HOAR-FROST.

the acid will ascend in vapor and fill the bell, which must not be quite closed at the top. Before setting up the apparatus, introduce into the bell a small branch of foliage, which may be hung by a thread from the neck of the bell. The stiffer and more delicate this branch, the better. In a short time it will become covered with a soft white deposit of the acid, very closely resembling hoar-frost. This makes an extremely pretty ornament for the parlor.

TO BOIL WATER WITHOUT FIRE.

Half fill a common oil-flask with water, and boil it for a few minutes over the flame of a spirit-lamp. While boiling, cork up the **mouth** of the flask as quickly as you can, and tie a bit of wet bladder over the cork so as to exclude the air perfectly. The flask being now removed from the lamp, the boiling ceases. Pour some cold water upon the upper portion of the flask, and the ebullition recommences! Apply hot water, and it stops. And

thus you may go on as long as you please.

TO CONVERT A LIQUID INTO A SOLID.

Dissolve about half a pound of sulphate of soda in a pint of boiling water, and after it has stood a few minutes to settle, pour it off into a clean glass vessel. Pour a little sweet oil upon the surface, and put it to stand where it can get cold, and where no one will touch it. When cold, put in a stick, and the fluid, previously clear, will at once become opaque, and begin to crystallize until at length there is a solid crystallized mass.

ICE ON FIRE.

Make a hole in a block of ice with a hot poker. Pour out the water, and fill up the cavity with camphorated spirits of wine. Then ignite the spirit with a match, and the lump of ice will seem to be in flames.

ALUM BASKETS.

These may be prepared by dissolving alum in water in such quantity

that at last the water can take up no more, and the undissolved alum lies at the bottom of the vessel. The solution thus obtained is called a saturated one. Then procure a common ornamental wire basket, and suspend it in the solution, so as to be well covered in every part. There should be twice as much solution as will cover the basket. The wires of the basket should be wound with worsted, so that the surface may be rough. Leave it undisturbed in the solution, and gradually the crystals will form all over the surface. Before putting in the basket, it is best to

further strengthen the solution by boiling it down to one half, after which it should be strained.

THE LEAD-TREE.

Dissolve half an ounce of acetate of lead in six ounces of water. The solution will be turbid, so clarify it with a few drops of acetic acid. Now put the solution in a clean phial, nearly filling the phial. Suspend in the solution, by means of a thread attached to the cork, a piece of clean zinc wire. By degrees, the wire will become covered with beautiful metallic spangles, like the foliage of a tree.

PUZZLES.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

I

GEOGRAPHICAL LOVE STORY.

A PRIZE PUZZLE.

Miss *Cape* in southern part of *New Jersey* had numerous admirers; there were two capes in *Virginia*, a river in the same place, besides numerous others. Now poor Miss *Cape* in southern part of *New Jersey* was sadly puzzled as to which of her numerous suitors she should give the preference, and after taking counsel with a married lady, river of *United States*, determined upon acting with her lovers as the princesses in fairy tales so often did with theirs. So she sent them travelling to find some very precious thing for her, and the one who succeeded in bringing back the greatest treasure was to be chosen as perpetual friend of Miss *Cape* in southern part of *New Jersey*.

The conditions were no sooner made known than there was a great *Cape* of *Newfoundland*, to see which would succeed in starting first in pursuit of the treasure; but as several, such as channel near *Prince of Wales Land*, river flowing into *Hudson Bay*, and many others, were very far away from Miss *Cape* in southern part of *New Jersey*, they determined to give up all thoughts of ever being other than distant admirers of her. When they had once formed this *Island* near *Hudson Strait*, they despatched their *Lake* in northern part of *British America*,

to inform Miss *Cape* in southern part of *New Jersey* of it. The *Lake* in northern part of *British America* was a *Island* of *New York* time in reaching the end of his journey, but he arrived at last, and found that the two capes and the river in *Virginia* had said *Southern Cape* of *Greenland* to Miss *Cape* in southern part of *New Jersey*, and taken their departure, while it was *Mountain* of *Alaska*. The message was soon delivered and the *Lake* in northern part of *British America* played a tune on the *Cape* in *South America*, to show that he was a large *Lake* in *British America*, sort of a *Lake* in northern part of *British America*. Meanwhile the two capes in *Virginia* and the river in *Virginia* had started on their search for the mysterious something which Miss *Cape* in southern part of *New Jersey* wished for, and the name of which she would not mention. The two capes in *Virginia* being near neighbors resolved to travel together, leaving the river in *Virginia* to go alone. He cared very little about this, for he was a bright, active sort of fellow, and rather liked being free from his slow-going rivals. Starting on their journey the two capes of *Virginia* pushed boldly across the Atlantic Ocean, keeping in as straight a line as they could till they touched the coast. "Ah" cried one of the capes, "I will take back this gulf on west coast of *Africa*, and this coast of *Africa* too." "And so will I," replied the other "for I am sure one of these must be just what Miss

Cape in southern part of New Jersey wants," so after resting a little while they sailed off northwards and each took a cask of *Islands off the coast of Africa*, also a pair of *Islands off the coast of Africa*.

Just at this time whom should our travellers meet but the *river of Virginia*, who laughed heartily when he found that his rivals were each taking home to *Miss Cape in southern part of New Jersey* the very same gifts. "How will *Miss Cape in southern part of New Jersey* ever decide between you, if you carry back the same things?" asked he of the *capes of Virginia*, so soon as he could stop his laughter. "Ah," sighed the *capes* "we never thought of that;" they therefore decided to give up each other's group of *Islands in Pacific Ocean*, and, after a group of *Islands in Pacific Ocean* chat, they parted company.

I shall not follow the travels of these two *capes*, but will merely say, they went all over the world, brought back everything they could think of that *Miss Cape in southern part of New Jersey* would care for, and were terribly disappointed to find they had brought everything but the right thing.

They brought *Islands of Polynesia*, *Bay of New Zealand*, *Islands north-east of Celebes*, *Republics of Southern Africa*, an *Mountain range in Africa*, *Mountain in the Holy Land*, a *country of Europe and Asia*, an *Eastern Country*, *Peninsula south of Turkey*, *A county in Ireland*, a *county of Scotland*, *Gulf South of France*, and a great many other things, and as they neared *Miss Cape in southern part of New Jersey*, one at any rate carried a *light river in Dakota* in his *fortified town in France*; for hidden away at the very bottom of his travelling trunk lay a *Cape of Washington Territory*, and he felt sure that *Miss Cape in southern part of New Jersey* could never refuse it, even if she were so silly as to pretend not to care for *part of the western coast of Africa*. But *Miss Cape in southern part of New Jersey* would scarce look at what the *Capes of Virginia* presented to her, till one of them, who was a passionate kind of a fellow, threatened to a *bay off south coast of Ireland* while the other rushed away in *Mountain of Victoria*, lest the headstrong *cape* should endeavor to carry out his threat, but he soon recovered from his fit of ill-temper and gravely informed his friend that it was all a *town in County Cork*. "All very *Loch on western coast of Scotland*," replied his friend, "still I think we had better say *Southern Cape of Greenland* and depart, for I, for one, have no longer any *Southern Cape of Africa* left." So the two *capes* departed to their homes in *Virginia*, where they remained ever after.

Meanwhile *river of Virginia* wandered over the very places his rivals had been to, but not one single thing would he carry away with him, nothing was good enough in his estimation for his dear *Miss Cape in southern part of New Jersey*, not even the *coast of Africa*, which had so delighted one of his rivals, nor the *gulf off western coast of Africa*, nor even the *cape in Washington Territory*, which the other rival had considered so

irresistible. On and on our *river of Virginia* wandered, for his *Island near Hudson Strait* was strong not to return *Bay on east coast of Baffin Land*, till he had found what he was in search of; so he once more dined off a *Cape of Massachusetts*, caught for him by a *Lake in British North America*, and recommenced his journey. At length he came to cold, cheerless, barren *Siberia*, and there in its very coldest part, east of the *Lena River*, he found the long-sought treasure a *river of Siberia*,* and carried it off to *Miss Cape in southern part of New Jersey*. Of course the gift was accepted even though presented in a foreign language, for as *Miss Cape in southern part of New Jersey* wisely said, *river of Siberia* can make itself understood in any language, and can live in any climate. M.

For the best answer to this puzzle received before the first of January, we offer the choice between a pair of skates or a photograph album worth \$2.50. For the second best answer, a paint box, or a photograph album, worth \$1.50. Candidates for the prizes must be under sixteen, and must send the answers in their own handwriting, stating their age. Writing and spelling will be considered, as well as the correctness of the answers, but in this matter allowances will be made according to the age of the writer.

II.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Who would imagine, gazing on my first,
As motionless and stiff it dormant lies,
That when the summer comes its bonds will
burst,
And as my second flutter to the skies?

I am a sea-fish, and by many bought,
Yet hardly relished when by oarsmen caught.

Though a "sandwich" isle I be, before you're
fed,
You'll have to work hard for your ham and bread.

There meet the gay—but, ah! does not the
grave
Find many a warrior, many a hero brave?

Lightly skimming o'er the waters,
Swift before the freshening gale,
Quickly fly the happy moments,
While we speed upon our sail.

A thousand nights her tale went on,
Her spouse was conquered when 'twas done.

If to the Paris Exhibition you should go,
'Twill be as well this useful verb to know.

It comes with the spring, in beauty most rare;
And fades in the autumn, when winter draws
near.

"The stately flower of female fortitude,
Of perfect wifehood and pure lowlihead."

In days long ago they burned and tormented
Poor creatures for this who were only demerited

* A French word is here employed.

III.

A HIDDEN BOUQUET.

Fill each blank with the name of a flower or plant concealed in the sentence.

1. Gayly blooming in two old tin pans, I espied some choice—. 2. How can there ever be names enough invented for all the varieties of—? 3. Can costly jewel or chiseled marble rival the beauty of the—? 4. I hope on your parterre you sometimes allow an old-fashioned—. 5. I wandered o'er "a stern and rock-bound coast" gay with the—. 6. In spring we search far and near, but usually with success, for the beautiful—. 7. Stretched on the hill I lie, scenting the fragrance of the—. 8. That tall and stately plant I call a—. 9. Be off! or get me nothing but a—. 10. Let us stop in kind old Betsy's yard, for an old-fashioned—. 11. Nancy, press vinegar on your aching brow, instead of a wreath of—. 12. "Up-dee-i-dee-i-da" is your favorite song, and your favorite flower a—. 13. At sight of the bush, I cried in ecstasy, "Ring at the door, and ask if we may pick some—." 14. Fading leaf by leaf, ever fewer and fewer, soon we shall see no more our pretty little—. 15. Truly, all I lack in my garden is another bush of—. 16. Aunt Sue says that Uncle Mat is covering the trellis with—.

IV.

TRANSPosed BLANKS.

—go to—
 —you go to—
 —loves—
 I shall go to—no—
 Which do you prefer—or—
 —loves—
 He does—have a—

V.
 REBUS.



The name of a famous musical composer.—*St. Nicholas*.

VI.

A HIDDEN QUOTATION.

In the following lines may be found a well-known quotation from a modern poet, one word in each line :—

BLIND!

"It was but an hour ago!
 O hour you seem like a year!
 For slow, slow, to and fro,
 The tick of your moments I hear.

"Still hear? Still smell? Still touch?
 O echo of days that are dead!
 Availeth a miser's clutch
 When his gold has vanished—fled?"

"What use in a hand that feels
 And falters and seeks in vain?"
 Through the dull dead darkness steals
 The sound of a mighty pain,
 Of a heart that is sorrow slain.

* * * * *

A year that seemed like a life,
 And the voice is a voice no more!
 The heart that complained of its strife
 Is a heart whose troubles are o'er;
 Still death gives sight as before.

VII.

SQUARE WORD.

A rustic, a thought, the opposite of far and to venture.

J. T. FREEMAN.

VIII.

GEOGRAPHICAL CUBE.

```

      O * * * * O
    *   *   *   *
  *   *   *   *   *
E * * * * R * *
*   *   *   *   *
*   *   *   *   *
*   *   *   *   *
N * * * * A
    
```

The line O. O. is a place in New York State.
 The line O. A. is in Canada.

The line O. E. is in New Jersey.
 The line A. E. is in France.
 The line E. R. is in New Hampshire.
 The line E. N. is in Pennsylvania.
 The line R. A. is in Mexico.
 The line N. A. is a State of the West.
 The line (angle) O. E. is a river of England.
 The line (angle) O. R. is a river of Prussia.
 The line (angle) A. N. is a river of England.
 The line (angle) E. A. is an island in the Pacific.

IX.

REVERSALS.

1. I am of value ever the same ;
Reversed, a gentle blow.
2. I am a marsh or dreary moor ;
Reversed, I am part of a church, I trow.
3. I am ever an evil ;
Reversed I am a fish.
4. I am a contest now ;
Reversed, an uncooked dish.
5. I am a pouch or sack ;
Reversed, a foolish clatter.
6. I am a weapon bright.
Reversed, am but a tatter.
7. I am always in the kitchen found ;
Reversed, I swiftly turn around.
8. By water you go if you travel by me ;
Reversed, by land, as you readily see.
9. I'm always on the negative side ;
Reversed, in fashion to be is ever my pride.
10. I am a very dangerous thing ;
Reversed, quite out of line I swing.
11. I am a beauty in embryo ;
Reversed, a pool of water low.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

I.

LES OISEAUX CACHES.

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------|
| 1. Owl. | 9. Robin. |
| 2. Nightingale. | 10. Crow. |
| 3. Rook. | 11. Dove. |
| 4. Raven. | 12. Lark. |
| 5. Wren. | 13. Heron. |
| 6. Eagle. | 14. Magpie. |
| 7. Tomtit. | 15. Linnet. |
| 8. Wagtail. | 16. Hawk. |

II.

PICTORIAL ANAGRAM, PROVERB-PUZZLE.

—A new broom sweeps clean.

III.

QUOTATION PUZZLE.—“More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.”

IV.

TRANSPOSITIONS OF PROPER NAMES.—1. Pensacola, clean soap. 2. Taxes, Texas. 3. Carolina, an oil-car. 4. Colorado, cool road. 5. Washington ; saw nothing, thin waggons. 6. Load fir, Florida. 7. New York, worn key. 8. Baltimore, broil meat. 9. Daniel ; nailed denial. 10. Catherine, in the acre.

V.

CHARADE.—(Lake) Ontario.

VI.

LITERARY ENIGMA.—The alphabet, A.B.C., etc.

VII.

BEHEADINGS.—1, S-hovel. 2, S-pine. 3, T-rifle. 4, P-reside. 5, P-resume. 6, P-relate. 7, S-wallow. 8, B-racket. 9, B-ranch. 10, B-louse. 11, B-lubber. 12, P-lover. 13, W-eight. 14, W-omen. 15, S-mart. 16, W-easel. 17, F-iuke. 18, S-pace. 19, O-pen.

VIII.

REVERSED BLANKS.—1, Gum, mug. 2, Ton, not. 3, Tub, but. 4, Ten, net. 5, Was, saw. 6, No, on.

IX.

CHARADE.—“Pillars of Hercules”(Gibraltar).

X.

A COMMON ADAGE.—“Well begun is half done.”

XI.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ACROSTIC.—Steam, Smoke. 1. ScissorS. 2. TeaM. 3. EchO. 4. ArK. 5. MandrakeE.



The Home.

A MISTAKE.

CHAPTER I.

"Miss Tiffets, Milliner." These words were inscribed in flourishing gilt capitals on a blue ground over the door of a shop with a single window on the principal street in the town of Brookford. A second glance at Miss Tiffets' window would have shown you that besides fairy wonders of hats and bonnets, it contained hair switches, ladies' underclothing, and various other articles which indicated that this establishment was not limited to millinery. If you had opened the door and walked in on this burning July day you would have found Miss Dodd behind the counter, and though Miss Dodd has an Irish face and an unmistakable brogue, she would have resented it as the grossest insult if anyone had accused her of being Irish. Never mind, Miss Dodd was a stylish girl, and would have a five-dollar plume in her hat if her solitary pair of stockings were in a state of dilapidation, and she knew not where her dinner was to come from. Follow me, and in a small room, the door of which is concealed by a baize screen, you will discover the great wheel which keeps the machinery of Miss Tiffets' establishment in motion. Here sits Miss Tiffets in the midst of her maids, like a great lady of the olden time; but instead of transmitting deeds of valor to posterity in indelible silken stitches, they are engaged in manufacturing and embellishing wearing apparel for the good people of Brookford. The atmosphere of this room is stifling, and a heterogeneous

map of work is piled up on a table in the corner. Her two sewing-machines rattled away from morning till night, and here the affairs of the Brookford folk were canvassed and discussed in a severe and unlimited manner.

"The mantles are finished, Miss Tiffets," said a tall girl, with a washed-out complexion, as she held up two handsome black silk garments heavily trimmed with rich lace headed with glittering jet bugles.

"Very well, Miss Mole. Miss Lefevre's must be sent up immediately, as I promised it to her a week ago; but wait a minute, Mrs. Willis is in the parlor waiting to have her dress fitted,— I will bring them up and show them to her. It is a long time since we turned such a handsome piece of work out of the shop," and taking a garment in each hand Miss Tiffets wended her way up to a dingy little room over the shop, where her sister-in-law, Mrs. Tiffets, and Mrs. Willis sat talking.

"How handsome!" exclaimed Mrs. Willis, pausing in her conversation as Miss Tiffets held the mantles up for admiration, "Really, Miss Tiffets, they are beautiful; and such a rich piece of silk! Did you get it here?" continued Mrs. Willis.

"No, indeed; I had to send to Toronto for it."

"I should think you would be almost afraid to venture on anything so expensive for Brookford," Mrs. Willis went on as she turned over the heavy folds of lace.

"Oh, they not for sale, you know,

one of them belongs to Miss Lefevre and one to me," said Miss Tiffets.

"One to you!" repeated Mrs. Willis. "Do you think it very wise, Miss Tiffets, for one in your circumstance to wear anything as expensive as Miss Lefevre?"

"It is a free country, and I suppose people may wear what they like," answered Miss Tiffets, coloring angrily.

"It is a free country certainly, and people are at liberty to make as great fools of themselves as their lack of common sense will permit, but still you must pardon me if I tell you that I think it is a great piece of folly for you to slave and pinch yourself, as you certainly must do, for the sake of wearing as fine a mantle as Miss Lefevre when you would look just as well and be just as highly thought of in one you could afford. Every person in Brookford knows your circumstances, and every person know Miss Lefevre's circumstances. If I were to sell all I owned and buy a crown of gold and a robe of ermine and walk through the street in them, do you suppose anyone would take me for the Queen of England? Not they, and I have no doubt that my foolishness would afford the public a great deal of amusement."

Miss Tiffets was much offended, but still Mrs. Willis went on:

"Of course I know it is no affair of mine. If you work early and late and deny yourself the common necessities of life, for the sake of buying finery, that is about as much use to you as the royal robes would be to me, it is your own business. If I were to advise you to go into the country for a month's rest, you would immediately say you could not afford it; but if I insinuate that you cannot afford to spend as much on a mantle as Miss Lefevre, you take offence."

"Oh well, Mrs. Willis, we won't quarrel about it—I know you mean everything for the best; but I do think I have as good a right to wear silk and

lace as any one in Brookford as long as I pay for them," said Miss Tiffets, gathering up the mantles. Here Miss Mole entered with a large paper box, into which she proceeded to fold one of the mantles in a scientific manner.

CHAPTER II.

The sun poured relentlessly down on the usually cool town of Brookford. People carried umbrellas and walked on the shady side of the street, and assured their passing acquaintances that it was very hot; but the day was beginning to wane. Lake Ontario which had all day been a smooth glare of silver, was now softening into pale pink and amber tints; numerous boats were floating lazily on its unruffled surface, and perhaps the most comfortable people in all Brookford were a number of boys whose bodies seen from the shore shone like pink specks floating about these boats. Miss Mole envied them at all events as she took her way along a wide sweep of common dotted with houses which skirted the Lake at the back of the town, on her way to the Lefevre's which was situated in the suburbs.

"It is hot enough, but dear me, it does feel nice to get out of that stifling work-room," she thought as she trudged along with her paper box on her arm. She paused for a moment to watch some men who were loading a schooner with lumber at one of the wharves and wished she were a man; it would be so pleasant, she thought, to work all day in the air by the Lake, instead of being boxed up with half-a-dozen others on a hot street. Poor Miss Mole! it was no wonder,—she looked like a tallow candle. Then she thought of biting days last winter, when she had many times watched the gulls flapping through the spray while the wild, foaming waves dashed up over the icy cliffs which their own fury had formed.

Pyramids of scarlet geraniums, trel-

lises from which great clusters of prairie roses hung, and tall sprays of white waxen lilies were scattered through the cool, shadowy depths of foliage which dotted the ornamental grounds that surrounded the Lefevres' house. Miss Beatrice Lefevre sat on a camp chair fanning herself, while her mother lay on a sofa in the darkened drawing-room, whose large French windows opened out on to the veranda. Miss Lefevre was not one of those imperious beauties we read about in fiction, who treat all beneath them in the social scale with cold disdain, but a real flesh and blood girl. So when she saw Miss Mole approaching, instead of regarding her with a supercilious stare that cut her to the heart, she exclaimed :

"Oh, Miss Mole, you poor thing! you must be almost roasted. Come and sit here in the shade till you get rested. Dear me, I should think you would feel like a real mole and want to creep into the ground!" she went on, while Miss Mole did as she was desired, at the same time notifying her of her errand.

"Mamma, fancy Miss Mole walking all the way from Miss Tiffets' with my mantle through this heat!" continued the young lady.

"Really it is unsafe to walk in the sun such weather," answered Mrs. Lefevre, who was a stately elderly lady with a skin like white satin and a hooked nose, and who wore her hair clustering about her temples in silvery puffs.

"Unsafe! I should think it was. There were ever so many cases of sun-stroke in New York yesterday,—do you remember how many, mamma?" said Miss Lefevre.

"Fifteen, I think your papa said, my dear," answered her mother.

"Yes, fifteen; just fancy, Miss Mole, and a whole lot more in Montreal! You had better stay until evening and walk home with Miss Kitts; she has been sewing here all week. Can't she,

mamma?" said Miss Lefevre, again turning to her mother.

"Certainly, my dear, if she chooses. I think you had better, Miss Mole; you can go up and sit with Miss Kitts if you like," said Mrs. Lefevre kindly. And Miss Mole went through the cool, lofty hall and up the broad staircase, and then out into a balcony on the shady side of the house, where she found Miss Kitts engaged in transforming certain lengths of blue ribbon into bewitching little bows, with which she was about to decorate a white muslin dress for Miss Lefevre. Miss Lefevre tried on her mantle, which was duly admired and commented upon, and with which she professed herself perfectly satisfied.

On the following Sunday the Lefevres' stylish equipage dashed up to the church gate just as Miss Tiffets was entering the door in all the splendor of her new mantle. She paused to close her parasol, when Miss Lefevre's eyes fell upon her spare figure. She took in the mantle in a second, and her cheeks flushed slightly, for her own graceful figure was enveloped in its counterpart. A few days afterwards Miss Lefevre called at Miss Tiffets, and paid her bill (it was generally pretty extensive), which excited a good deal of wonderment in the bosom of the milliner.

"I cannot think what she did it for, unless she intends to transfer her custom somewhere else," she said to her sister-in-law that evening at tea when they were discussing the matter. But the mystery soon eked out. Miss Kitts told Miss Mole in the strictest confidence, and as a great secret, that Miss Lefevre had told her she intended to forsake Miss Tiffets' establishment as she did not relish being dressed like the head milliner of the shop she dealt at. This certainly was trifling, and Miss Lefevre ought to have been above it, but you see she was not, on account of poor humanity being so strong in her. Miss Mole in her turn told the

secret confidentially to Miss Dodd, who retailed it still in the greatest confidence, and as a great secret, to Miss Tiffets.

"I am sure I slaved hard enough to pay for that mantle without having all this worry and bother about it," said Miss Tiffets, weeping hysterically as she told the secret to her sister-in-law.

"Well, to tell you the truth, Maria, though I did not like to say anything when Mrs. Willis was talking the other day, I did think she spoke the truth" said Mrs. Tiffets (who had no style); "there is too much driving and scrimping going on in this house to pay for finery that is not needed, and if I were in your place I would sell that mantle and go into the country for a month's rest, for if any human creature ever stood in need of it, you do. I am sure you are as thin as a skeleton, and you are so nervous that you are all of a tremble. You know, Maria, you pinched

yourself all the year, and worked your fingers to the bone to pay for that seal brown silk you got last winter, and for pity sake what good did it do anyone?—a nice lustre would have done you just as well. It is a mistake, Maria, a great mistake, and Mrs. Willis did well to speak up about it; I would have done it myself long ago if I had had the courage."

"I don't know who there is in Brookford who would buy that mantle," said Miss Tiffets, who was evidently beginning to see the error of her ways.

"There are very few excepting Miss Lefevre who can afford to wear anything so expensive, but there is no harm in trying," answered Mrs. Tiffets. In a few days the mantle, which had been tastefully disposed in the window, was advantageously sold, and Miss Tiffets took her month's holidays, which were of more benefit to her than a thousand fine mantles.

NELL GWYNNE.

FOODS IN SEASON.

BEVERAGES CONSIDERED AS FOOD.

BY GIUSEPPE RUDMANI, *Chef de Cuisine.*

Few subjects have been more widely discussed *pro* and *con*, than whether alcoholic beverages are entitled to rank as food and nutriment; the best authorities agreeing that any such claim cannot be allowed. They cannot replace water in the system, as water is the solvent nature has appointed, and the power to dissolve possessed by alcohol is not the same as that of water. What alcohol dissolves water may not, and *vice versa*,

Alcohol coagulates and precipitates the pepsin held in solution by the gastric fluid, and if not very speedily absorbed by the stomach into the blood, would soon put a stop to digestion. Further—it contains no nitrogen, so it cannot be converted into flesh nor tissue; while the assumed premises that "it feeds respiration and supplies heat" is clearly refuted by facts long since established, that the heat it gives rise to is immature and in-

jurious, acting so rapidly as to irritate and excite the nervous system, and is always followed by depression and retardation of the vital powers corresponding to the previous temporary stimulation. Dr. Edward Smith, experimenting on the best brandy as a food, found that "instead of an increase of vital action by the exhalation of more carbonic acid, and the inhalation of more air, there was a diminution of both." In other words, vital action was retarded instead of helped, the like result following the experiments with nearly all the alcoholic drinks tested; while in those cases where vital action appeared increased, it was not more than one-fifth as much as it would have been had milk been used instead.

Tea has come in for its share of discussion; indeed so much has been said that there is very little to be said remaining. Tea is valueless as a food. The milk and sugar used with it is the only food in the cup. All the different varieties are about of equal value as far as their physiological effects are considered. The effect of tea is to increase the amount of carbonic acid exhaled, and increases the volume of air inhaled, but not the number of respirations to the minute, so that it must increase the *depth* of the lung inflation. If drunk hot it induces great perspiration, excites the muscular system to increased action, and powerfully excites the nervous system. This description of the effects of tea accords with the experience of most tea-drinkers, and if the subject were dropped here the impression would be very favorable to the use of this beverage. There is yet, however, another point for reflection. Tea actually increases the waste of system. From this then, we may assume it is not a good drink for those who are nervous and dyspeptic, nor those in whom the destruction of tissue is already more rapid than the supply, as it augments the waste by hastening

the changes food undergoes, without supplying any nutriment, and increases the loss of heat without supplying fuel.

The active principle of tea is a substance named *theine*. One hundred parts of tea contain

Theine.....	2.00	Starch.....	0.75
Casein.....	15.00	Fat.....	4.00
Gum.....	18.00	Vegetable Fibre	20.00
Sugar.....	3.00	Min'l Subst'ces	5.00
Tannin.....	26.25	Water.....	5.00

The amount of *theine* varies from two to six per cent.

Tea, when forming a part of a meal, should be used in great moderation; it should not be taken on an empty stomach, between meals, or before eating; the best time to use it is after a hearty meal. Children and the young should not be allowed to touch it, neither the underfed nor overworked, Dr. Arthur S. Holloway says: "Where there is a tendency to dyspepsia, tea aggravates it, and many cases are cured by disusing it." Dr. Corfe cites a case of supposed cancer of the stomach cured by the disuse of tea. Dr. Milligan mentions a person who could never use tea without feeling a great disposition to commit suicide.

Tea (except it is used in great moderation) is a subtle poison, capable of ruining the stomach, disordering and enfeebling the action of the heart, shattering the nerves and destroying the health and happiness of the victim. Coffee in its effects is very similar to tea, and the same general rules are applicable for its use. It powerfully affects the respiration, increasing the amount of carbonic acid exhaled and air inhaled. It differs from tea in this respect, that it increases the rapidity of respiration and not its *depth*, increases the number of the pulse and diminishes the action of the skin.

The active principle of coffee is named *caffeine*, which is analogous to theine in composition and effects. One hundred parts of raw coffee contain

Caffeine.....	1.00	Mineral Matter.	6.07
Casein.....	13.00	Acids.....	5.00
Gum and Sugar.	55.05	Wood Fibre...	34.00
Fat.....	13.00	Water.....	12.00

To those who suffer with dry skin, palpitation, or disease of the heart, the continual use of coffee is very harmful. It is more suited than tea to the needs of the poor and debilitated.

Cocoa and chocolate have for their active principle a substance very similar to theine and caffeine, named theobromine. The action of cocoa or chocolate on the nervous system is less exciting than tea or coffee. It contains a much larger percentage of real food. Prepared with milk, it produces a beverage agreeable and, for very many persons, much to be preferred to tea or coffee. An analysis of the bean shows its composition as below :

Theobromine...	0.56	Extractive Mat'r	4.14
Cacao.....	6.61	Starnic.....	7.25
Cacao Butter...	36.97	Woody Matter.	30.00
Gluten.....	3.20	Salts.....	3.00
Starch.....	0.55	Water.....	6.01
Gum.....	0.69		

DECEMBER.

FISH.

Bass, Blackfish, Bluefish, Codfish, Carp, Catfish, Flounders, Halibut, Haddock, Mackerel, Maskinonge, Perch, Pickerel, Pike, Salmon, Skate, Sheephead, Smelts, Sturgeon, Red Snapper, Sunfish, Trout (brook, lake, and salmon), Yellow Perch, and Whitefish.

SHELL FISH.

Crabs, Clams, Lobsters, Mussels, Oysters, Scallops, Snapping Turtle, Terrapin, and Turtle.

MEATS.

Beef, House Lamb, Mutton, Pork, Veal, and Venison.

POULTRY AND GAME.

Chickens, Capons, Ducks, Fowls, Geese, Turkeys, Pigeons, Brant, Geese, Grouse, Hares, Larks, Prairie Chickens, Pigeons, Quails, Rabbits, Snipes, Turkeys and Woodcocks.

VEGETABLES.

Artichokes, Beets, Dried Beans, Brocoli, Cauliflower, Celery, Cabbage, Carrots, Leeks, Lettuces, Onions, Parsnips, Parsley, Potatoes (white and sweet), Shallots, Spinach, Thyme, Winter Squash.

CANNED VEGETABLES.

Asparagus, Artichokes, Beans, Mushrooms, Truffles and Tomatoes.

FRUIT.

Apples, Bananas, Dates, Figs, Grapes, Lemons, Limes, Oranges, Pears, Raisins.

CANNED FRUITS.

Apricots, Apples, Blackberries, Cherries, Damsons, Greengages, Limes, Pears, Pineapples, Ginger, Peaches, Plums, Quinces, Raspberries and Strawberries.

NUTS.

Almonds, Butternuts, Coconuts, Chestnuts, Brazils, Filberts, Hazel Nuts, Pecans and Shell Barks.

BILL OF FARE NO. 1.

DINNER FOR TEN PERSONS, 25TH DECEMBER.

(2 Soups.)

Oyster à l'Américaine. Consommé à la Marquis de Lorne.

(2 Removes.)

Hure of Cod à la Norman Matelotte. Capon à la Godard.

(1 Entrée.)

Cotelettes de Mouton A LA POMPADOUR.

SECOND COURSE.

(1 Roast.)

Partridge.

(4 Entremêts.)

Potatoes Farcies à la Regence. Spinach with poached eggs.

Bordure de riz à la Duchesse.

Plum pudding. Custard Sauce.

BILL OF FARE NO. 2.

DINNER FOR SIX OR EIGHT PERSONS. 25TH DECEMBER.

(1 Soup.)

Julienne.

(1 Fish.)

Bluefish à la Royale.

(1 Remove.)

Turkey with Croquettes de Pommes de Terre. Braised Cabbage.

(3 Entremêts.)

Omelette Souffle à la Vanille. Plum Pudding. Potatoes en Timbale.

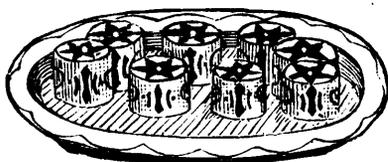
OYSTER SOUP A L' AMERICAINE.

Blanch fifty oysters in their liquor, adding thereto a quart of boiling water. As soon as they boil at once remove, strain them free from liquor, and wash in cold water, when lay on a plate and set aside until needed. Having very well skimmed the soup return it to the fire, add to it a blade of mace, a

bouquet of parsley,* six whole peppers and a tablespoonful of essence of anchovies. Permit it to boil thus thirty minutes, when strain through a clean napkin, return to the fire and thicken to consistency with white *Roux* (page 617). When about to serve add to it a pint of boiling cream or a pint of *Bechamel*† and the oysters. Serve as soon as sufficient time has been allowed for the oysters to get quite hot.

CONSOMME A LA MARQUIS DE LORNE.

Prepare a rich bright *Consommé of chicken*, prepare also eight small timbales, in the following manner: boil four oz. of rice in a pint of broth, until the rice has nearly absorbed the broth, when add half a pint of reduced *Velouté* (page 618), two yolks and two whole eggs, a pat of butter, enough lobster coral to color red, salt, white pepper, and very little cayenne; pour into eight well-buttered



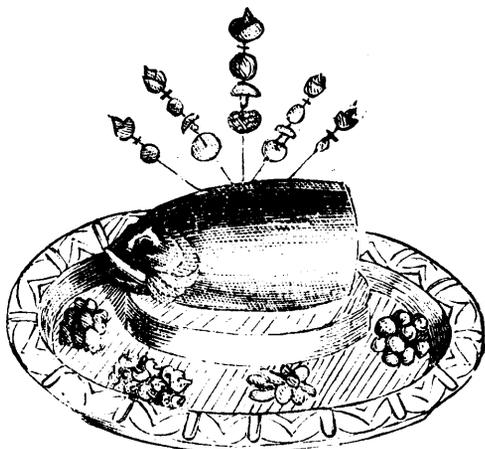
CONSOMMÉ A LA MARQUIS DE LORNE.

cups, set in a shallow stewpan, with boiling water to reach half up the

*Three or four sprigs of parsley tied together neatly with string.

†*Bechamel* sauce is made by adding half a pint of boiling cream to a pint of reduced *Velouté* sauce (page 618).

sides of the cups, steam them thus until they are set; meanwhile have the breasts and *minion filets* of a tender chicken cut into thin slices, then again cut these with a vegetable cutter the size of quarter dollar, place them in the tureen with a



HURE OF CODFISH A LA NORMANDE MATELOTTE.

can of French peas, (*petits pois*). When about to serve, turn out the timbales on a deep dish, ascertain if the soup is seasoned correctly, and send to table.

HURE OF CODFISH A LA NORMANDE MATELOTTE.

Procure a cod's head and shoulder, with a good piece of the body, thoroughly wash, scrape and trim off the fins, set it on the fire, moisten with half a pint of vinegar, and enough boiling stock to cover, a bouquet of parsley, green onions, thyme, two bay leaves, and four ounces butter; boil gently until cooked, when withdraw, drain, absorb the moisture, glaze it, set it in the oven to dry, glaze again, and dress it on an oval *croûstade* of bread, surround it with a *Ragout à la Normande Matelotte* and enough *Espagnolé* sauce (page 619) for the remove, and send to table.

RAGOUT A LA NORMANDE MATELOTTE.

Peel and parboil half a pint of button onions, cook them in two

ounces of butter on a slow fire, of a fine golden color. Blanch thirty oysters, which place in a *bain-marie*. As soon as the onions are done, add them to the oysters, with a can of French mushrooms (*champignons*) and two dozen quenelles of fish. Add to these half a pint of *Espagnolé*, (page 619), and when needed, use it as directed.

QUENELLES OF FISH.

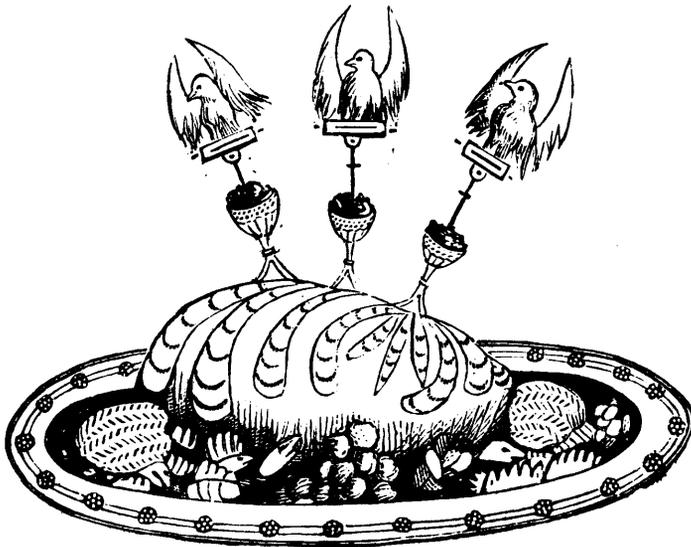
Mould the force-meat of fish (page 619) with a teaspoon into as many quenelles as are needed; which when the requisite number is obtained proceed to poach in boiling water for four minutes, drain them on a napkin and use.

CAPON A LA GODARD.

The capon having been drawn and singed, cut the pin feathers off the

through the vent loosen the skin all round the thighs in order to enable the slipping of the legs inside, so as to show the feet only. Now having proceeded thus far successfully, lay the capon on its breast, turn the skin of the breast over the back, twist the pinions in under neatly, and truss it as follows:—Run a trussing needle charged with stout string through the pinion on the left, from thence through the upper joints of the thighs, through the other wing, draw tight and tie. The legs must be secured by passing the needle through the soft part near the tail end, over the leg through the skin immediately under the breast bone, over the other leg, down through the back again and tie.

Rub it now over the breast with a



CAPON A LA GODARD.

edges of the wings, trim the feet, then remove the angular part of the breast-bone by cutting through it with a strong knife, using caution that the *filets* are not damaged by cutting during the operation.

Then cut the under part of the thighs close up to the bend of the joint, and by introducing the finger

cut lemon, wrap it in buttered paper, and place it in a stewpan, with enough light colored stock to cover, and after bringing it to boil, set it where it will slowly simmer for one and a quarter hours. When about to serve take it out of its braise, cut and draw the trussing strings, drain it on a napkin, ornament the breast with some *contise*

filets of fowls, dish it, garnish with groups of *Ragout à la Godard*, and serve.

RAGOUT A LA GODARD.

Prepare some fine white cock's combs and kernels, button mushrooms (*champignons*) and a proportionate quantity of Italian truffles, place them in a small stewpan and thereto add a half-pint of *Velouté* (page 618), the yolks of three eggs, and toss over the fire until it is very hot and the yolks are set, when it is ready for use.

COTELETTES DE MOUTON A LA POMPADOUR.

Prepare ten mutton chops by trimming the bones, next proceed to lard by drawing the needle right through the chops, braise in some light stock, add a sliced carrot, an onion, little thyme, and mignonette pepper, simmer until tender, when put in press between two dishes; when perfectly cold trim the surfaces of the cutlets without waste, so as to show the studding. Dip



COTELETTES DE MOUTON A LA POMPADOUR.

them in *Velouté* sauce (page 618) much reduced by quick boiling, when quite cold and firm, bread crumb them and set away in a cool place until dinner time. When about to serve lay them in plenty of smoking hot lard until of a fine yellow, dish them in close circular order, and fill the inside with a well made *Macedoine*.

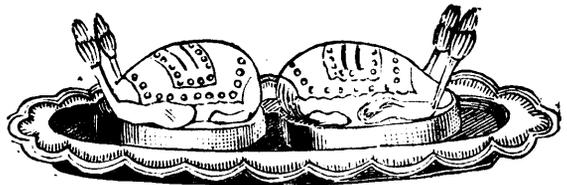
MACEDOINE OF VEGETABLES.

Prepare some carrots and turnips in

fancy shapes of small size, let each sort be separately boiled down in a little broth to a glaze with a small piece of sugar, salt and butter. When cooked, put the whole together in a *bain-marie*, to these add a cucumber in neat scallops, a cupful of green peas and French beans in the shape of diamonds, a cupful of asparagus head, also some small branches of cauliflower, add a half pint of *Bechamél*, (page 747) toss together and use as directed.

ROAST PRAIRIE CHICKEN.

Draw the chicken by a small incision at the vent, make an incision



ROAST PRAIRIE CHICKEN.

along the back of the neck, loosen the pouch (crop), etc., with the fingers; and then remove it, singe over a clear fire, or by means of lighted paper; trim the legs and feet, and truss as directed for the capon. Roast in front of a sharp clear fire for thirty minutes, remove, cut the trussing strings, dress on a piece of toast, and send to table with some thin *Espagnolt* and bread sauce.

BREAD SAUCE.

Put half pint of cream in a stew-pan, with four ounces of bread crumbs, a small chopped onion, some pepper and salt, stir on a slow fire to boil, let it simmer fifteen minutes, add a pat of butter, rub through the *Tammis* and serve.

POTATOES FARCIES A LA REGENCE.

Prepare the *Potato croquettes* (page 750) the size and shape of eggs, when fried remove the ends with a sharp knife, and the insides with a salt spoon, leaving a thick enough wall that they will not collapse, and fill with a salpicon

of minced ham, chicken, tongue, onion and mushrooms in equal quantities, mixed with a little gravy; then replace the cover, stand them on their large ends, in a close circle on a hot dish, pour a little *Espagnolé* (page 619) in the dish and send to table.

POTATO CROQUETTES.

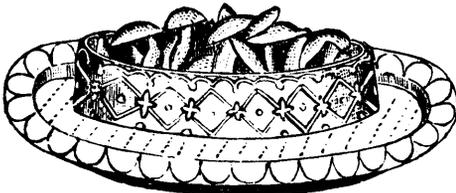
Peel, boil, and rub through a sieve, two pounds of potatoes, return to the fire with two ounces of butter, the yolks of four eggs, a little mace and cayenne; mould while hot into the shapes of pears, bread crumb in the usual manner, and immerse them in hot lard until of a fine golden color, withdraw, insert a stalk of parsley for the pear-stem, dress on a folded napkin and send to table.

SPINACH WITH POACHED EGGS.

Boil sufficient spinach as directed for spinach with eggs (page 623), when pile it on a hot dish, ornament the base with heart-shaped croûtons, lay on the spinach as many eggs poached as there are guests and serve.

BORDURE DE RIZ A LA DUCHESS.

Simmer eight ounces of washed and picked rice in one and half a pints of milk with a vanilla bean, three ounces of sugar and four ounces of butter;



BORDURE DE RIZ A LA DUCHESS.

when cool, form into a border with your hand dipped in milk and a silver spoon; cut a chisel of carrot and on this trace a rich tessellated pattern; when about to serve, toss twenty apples, peeled, cored, cut in quarters and made into a *compote* (page 489) in melted apricot marmalade, dispose them in the dish inside the *bordure*, and keep hot; reduce the syrup with a glass of *noyeau*,

pour over the apples and send to table.

PLUM PUDDING WITH CUSTARD SAUCE.

Place in a bowl twelve ounces of stoned raisins, twelve ounces of currants, eight ounces of candied orange, lemon peels and citron mixed, one pound four ounces of chopped beef suet, one pound of flour, twelve ounces of brown sugar, four eggs, three gills of milk, the rinds of two lemons grated, half ounce of nutmeg, cinnamon and cloves in powder, and a pinch of salt. Mix this well together and pour into a well-buttered mould and steam five hours. Turn out on to its dish and send to table with sauce in a bowl.

CUSTARD SAUCE.

Bring a pint of milk and half pint of cream to boil, stir in the yolks of four eggs, add a cup of sugar, some essence of bitter almonds, stir five minutes, strain and use as directed.

BILL OF FARE No. 2.

POTAGE A LA JULIENNE.

Cut into fine shreds two red carrots, two firm white turnips, two heads of celery and two onions; set these over the fire in a saucepan, with three ounces of butter, a pinch of mignonette pepper, and teaspoonful of sugar; when cooked a little brown and tender, add two quarts of light consommé, simmer gently, until the vegetables are very tender, when add the leaves of two lettuces, shred fine, with a handful of sorrel, a few leaves of tarragon and chevril, also shred fine, boil ten minutes longer, season with salt and serve.

BLUE-FISH A LA ROYALE.

Prepare a small blue-fish, by removing the bone, and filling it with fish forcemeat (page 619), cook it in a Court Bouillon (page 618) when ready, remove, drain, remove the skin and completely mask it with a thickly reduced

velouté (page 618); when firm and cool, cover it with beaten eggs, using a soft brush for the purpose, sprinkle plentifully with white bread crumbs, mixed with a third of its volume of grated parmesan cheese, sprinkle with melted butter, and set in the larder; thirty minutes before dinner time set the remove in the oven to heat through, and acquire a deep yellow color, when dish it handsomely; surround it with mushrooms, button onions and *Quenelles of fish* (page 748), send to table with the braise reduced with *velouté* (page 618), in a bowl.

ROAST TURKEY.

Draw, singe and truss a turkey as described for *Capon à la Godard* (page 748) fill the crop out handsomely with *Bread panada* (page 619), roast in a hot oven one and a half to two hours, when cut and remove the trussing strings, dish it handsomely, pour some bright *Espagnolé* in the bottom of the dish, and send to table.

BRAISED WHITE CABBAGE.

Trim and cleanse a large cabbage, cut it in half, boil it in salted water fifteen minutes, refresh it in cold water, drain on a napkin, spread the halves out flat, season with salt and mignonette pepper, then tie up the halves together. Slice a carrot, an onion, a sprig of thyme, onion with four cloves and a bouquet of parsley; cover with broth, and *boil* for an hour. Then drain the cabbage on a sieve;

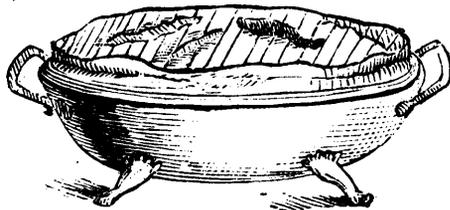
remove the strings, *press* it on the table, so as to be able to cut it into square or round pieces, and use as directed.

TIMBALE OF POTATOES.

Peel, wash, boil and rub through a sieve, eight large potatoes, add to them four ounces of butter, yolks of four, and two whole eggs, salt, white pepper, and mace, place it in a well-buttered plain dome mould, bake in a hot oven, twenty minutes, turn out on a folded napkin on a hot dish, and send to table.

OMELETE SOUFFLEE A LA VANILE.

Whip to a dry froth the whites of ten eggs, then add to them the yolks of six eggs beaten to a light cream with two tablespoonfuls of extract of vanilla; mix them lightly but smoothly



OMELETE SOUFFLEE A LA VANILE.

together with a spoon; have the lining of a *soufflee* dish well buttered, pour in the batter, sift fine sugar over it, and bake in a hot oven twenty-five minutes.

PLUM PUDDING.

For description to make this pudding see page 750.



Literary Notices.

MAG : A STORY OF TO-DAY. (Harper's Library of American fiction.)

This is an able and energetic attack upon the American Prison system. The considerations urged by the vigorous pen of the writer will, it is to be hoped, attract attention to a very important subject. There are errors of plot and of style in the book, but there can be no mistake as to its true-hearted earnestness.

SAM IN JAIL.

Bertie inquired of the servant-girl for the sheriff, and was shown into the office, where she was received with civility by that surprised gentleman, who took his feet off the mantel-piece, where they had been comfortably resting, laid aside his cigar, and handed her a chair, bowing as she introduced herself, and waving his hand toward another man with whom he had been conversing, and who sat tilting his chair back against the wall at an angle of forty-five degrees.

"Justice Parsons," he said, and Bertie bowed to all that could be seen of that foreshortened magnate.

Conscious of Justice Parson's eyes, she stammered.

"You see—I came to see—if I could see—Sam!"

"Sam?" said the sheriff, inquiringly.

"A colored boy," explained Bertie, gaining courage as she proceeded—"the son of my cook; I heard he was here, in jail."

"Sam'l Lee," drawled Justice Parsons, returning to earth with a jerk, as he volunteered this information, addressing the sheriff, but looking at Bertie.

"Oh, that boy!" said Baker.

"Yes, I sent him up last night," added the justice.

"What for?" asked Bertie.

"Well, I calc'late, 'cause it was my dooty so to do," answered the justice, in an injured tone.

"Yes, yes!" cried Bertie, hastily, perceiving that he thought she had come to require the blood of Samuel at his hand; "I mean, what had he done that was wrong?"

"Oh, he got fightin' with a lot o' them boys down in the village; they're always at it, you know, hangin' round evenin's. I suppose they ain't got much to do, and they get a-fightin'."

"Seems a quiet, sawney sort of boy," broke in the sheriff; "first offence, too. You give it pretty strong, Judge—twenty days for a first offence."

"Had to treat 'em all alike," answered Parsons; "gave 'em all twenty days. There's Bob, he was with them, you know, and Jim Lane, the hardest boy in the village; they were all together—John Green too."

"Twenty days! Must Sam stay as long as that?"

Both men nodded. "Keeps them out of mischief, Miss Lee," said the sheriff; "they're an awful hard lot of boys."

"Poor Sam! I wonder how he got into such company?" sighed Bertie.

"Oh, all them village boys gets together evenin's," explained Parsons. "They've nothin' to do, and they teach each other wickedness; then they get fightin', and then they get sent up."

"Why, have they been here before?" cried Bertie.

"Bless you! been here before? Why, John Green's in more'n he's out; and Bob!—why, Bob's been in half a dozen times at least this year—ain't he, sheriff?"

"All of that," said the sheriff, complacently.

"And Jim Lane!" continued Justice Parsons, bent on impressing Bertie with the magnitude of his office—"Jim's been in full as often. That boy will never stop till he gets to State's prison!"

"He won't stop there," said the sheriff, in a tone of conviction.

Ha! ha! you're right!" cried Parsons, laughing. "No, he'll not stop till he dances without any floor to dance on!"

"Why, how old are they?" asked Bertie, shivering slightly at the sound of the man's laughter.

"Well, from fifteen to twenty," answered the sheriff, carelessly, lifting down a book from a shelf, and consulting it. "Here's the record of four years ago; let's see—yes—I'm right—Jim Lane's about nineteen; was fifteen when he first come; and, slapping the book together, he returned it to the shelf.

"And he keeps on coming still?" cried Bertie.

"And he keeps on coming still," echoed the sheriff.

"Of course, Sam is not anywhere near him," said Bertie, as though answering her own thought; then added, "These boys are not allowed to talk together while at work, I suppose?"

The men exchanged a look as much as to say, "Bless her innocence!" and the sheriff replied,

"Our jail's not large enough for them regulations, you see;" and Justice Parsons counted himself out of the conversation at this juncture, and again defied all laws of gravitation by his method of making his chair comfortable.

"I want to see Sam," said Bertie. "Will you take me to him?"

* * * * *

Poor Sam! Bertie found him trying to hide from her—Sam! who had always been willing in old times to run half a mile to meet her as she came cantering home on her pony. The poor boy hid his face in his hands as she entered his cell. "Look up, Sam; don't be afraid of me," said she; and the familiar sound of her voice seemed to cut to the boy's heart. He sobbed violently, and Bertie saw great drops falling between his fingers. Her own tears rained down her face; it seemed only yesterday that this child had been running at her side, showing his garden to her with pride, racing by her pony to show how fast he could run, dancing breakdowns in the kitchen, or showing all his white teeth, grinning over some boyish piece of mischief. He had always been a merry, good-tempered boy, lazy, and averse to exertion of a serious kind; and his school career had not been a brilliant one; but he had never been wicked or quarrelsome, and had been working steadily and well in the village for the last two years.

What had brought him to this?

After a few moments they both recovered their self-possession; and, in answer to her questions, Sam told Bertie his story. It was a short one: how he had worked in a livery-stable; how "dem fellers was always hangin' round evenin's"; how they enticed him from his work; then how they got "fightin' wif each oder," and were all taken up, Sam in their midst.

"But I never did nuffin, Mis' Bertie; only jes looked on," sobbed Sam.

"Oh, Sam, if you had only been working instead of looking on, this would not have happened!"

The boy hung his head.

"Mis' Bertie knows I nebbber liked work," he said, dismally.

"But you will work now, whether you like it or not, won't you? Work as hard as you can, here, while you are in jail; it will keep you apart from the others, and you will not hear so much that is bad."

"Work here!" cried Sam, opening his eyes very wide. "Why, dere's no work done here, Mis' Bertie!"

"No work! I thought you had to work all the time."

Sam shook his woolly head.

"Then what do you do all day long, Sam?"

"Nuffin't all. De men plays cards an' smokes, but I dunno how to play nuffin but pitch-penny. One of de men is learnin' me to

play poker. An' dey wrestles some, an' sings some, an' plagues de women over dere," explained the boy, jerking his head toward the women's part of the jail.

Bertie looked sick at heart, as indeed she felt, but she went on talking cheerfully, trying to encourage the poor boy to do well now and hereafter.

"If there is no work, you had better read: that will keep you by yourself."

"Dere ain't no books," said Sam.

Bertie looked around outside of the cell, to see what the men really were doing. It was even as Sam had said. Not a book nor a paper was to be seen. Those who were not playing cards were aimlessly wandering about, or listlessly lounging, pipe in mouth, or lying asleep on their beds. Bertie racked her brains to suggest employment for the boy, but soon saw that it was impossible—there was nothing to do.

"Well, then," she said, desperately, "at least, Sam, sit by yourself somewhere, that you may not hear the wicked things the men say, and *don't* listen when they talk to the women."

"Dere's no place to go to, Mis' Bertie; an' I can't *help* hearin' de talk," was the answer.

Bertie knew not what more to say. Presently Sam broke the silence.

"What makes 'em send me here?" he asked.

"You were in bad company, Sam, and so you were sent here because the judge thought you were as bad as the rest."

The boy looked puzzled. "But I'se in bad company *here*!" he argued.

"Yes, indeed, Sam"—very sorrowfully.

"Den what's de difference?" he asked.

Bertie sighed. This treatment, on the homœopathic principle of "similia similibus curantur," was hard indeed to understand.

"Try to keep away as much as you can from the others," was all she said, as she thought of the twenty days that must be passed in this company.

"Yes, Mis' Bertie; but at nights—oh, it's drefful lonesome nights—an' de *rats*! oh, dey is awful! An' I was so skeered las' night, I hollered awful! An' some of de men jawed me, but one of 'em he let me come in wif him."

"Oh, don't be afraid of rats, Sam. You'd much better be afraid of the men, for the rats can't teach you wickedness, and the men can;" and with this remark, made in the bitterness of her heart, Bertie rose to go, promising to come again and bring him books and some employment, if possible. "Good-bye," she said, leaving him, feeling that she could bear no more, and she followed the sheriff out of the jail, her head bent down, her hands nervously clasping each other, and her eyes full of tears.

SAM'S EDUCATION.

When Billy Cæsar was old enough to be trusted with the family, Sam had turned his back on his maternal cares, and had gone to school. He had begun his education with Mis' Bertie, who, by dint of persevering effort, had taught him to read and write, count as "highser

hunder," and add small sums. But this beginning of wisdom proved to be the ending also. He could do nothing at school. The presence of other children confused him. He could manage his own domestic corps, but he could not compete with brighter minds, and he sat in a kind of stupor in the lowest room for a year; and then, as no voice said to him, "Go up higher," he took his fate in his own hands, and, muttering that he "hadn't never ben tremoted sence he'd went dar," he departed from the temple of knowledge. His teachers said he was hopelessly dull.

But when he procured a situation in a livery-stable, soon after, no fault was found with him, and he proved that he was no fool. He had a strong natural love for horses, and was proud of his success with them. He worked well, and gave satisfaction to his employer, and, encouraged by Miss Bertie, he dreamed of being, some of these days, a coachman in a "gran' gemman's fambly." But, as has been shown, he became fascinated by the village boys, who were always hanging around the livery-stable, luring him from his work, and making a kind of pet of him. He was such a jolly little chap, they said, always ready to dance or sing for them, or to play the bones or banjo when required. And so it came to pass that he had been sent to jail in their company, and sentenced to close confinement in this fascinating society, as a means of bringing a clearer sense of duty to his mind. And here he found, at last, a school in which he could learn easily. The lessons were startling at first, but very attractive and easily mastered. "Tremotion" promised to be rapid, and twenty days was quite long enough to learn lessons which would never be forgotten.

The first was, that he had been a great fool to give hard work for low wages. It is said one never learns till made aware of former ignorance. However this may be, Sam's inner consciousness became penetrated with the idea that he had been "a softy," and he listened eagerly to the new lessons which showed how easily and how quickly money was to be made by other methods than the slow ones of industry.

The man who had told the coarse story, over which Bertie had found him chuckling, was named Scranton. It was this man who had taken an interest in him, taught him to play cards and smoke, and allowed him to find a refuge with him at nights when the rats terrified him. This Scranton had been sent up on a short sentence for a drunken frolic, and was considerably disgusted that so old a bird as himself should be caught by such chaff.

He held the jail in supreme contempt, or, rather, he looked upon it in much the same way that a ripe scholar might regard a primer; it was a necessary educational step, but outgrown long, long ago. For Scranton was a graduate of the system, and had passed through all the different schools, from the jail and penitentiary up to State-prison, where he had just served his last sentence of ten years. It was somewhat mortifying to go back to the beginning again; and he cursed his folly roundly in get-

ting there, but determined to make the best use of his time and opportunities.

When he was discharged from the State-prison, he did not enter the world without hope or employment. Life did not wear a colorless aspect, although he had been shut away from a useful career so long. On the contrary, he came out from prison filled with enthusiasm for his old profession of burglary, and fired with zeal to achieve a victory. He anticipated a brilliant and triumphant career. For a few weeks before his release, an old friend had made his appearance within the walls, and had been warmly welcomed by his fellow-convicts. He was a man widely known to the profession as a daring and successful operator, and before he had been inside forty-eight hours he had been visited by Scranton, and urged to tell the outside news. This he had done freely. He was sentenced for eighteen years for a masked burglary; but, although unsuccessful in attempt, he had others organized, which, if well conducted and successful, would prove to be, in the language of the profession, "soft things." The schemes for these he transmitted to Scranton, retaining, as his interest in the transactions, such money as would be necessary to "facilitate" a pardon.

With this bargain concluded, Scranton organized a gang, consisting of three other convicts, whose terms of sentence would expire within three weeks of his own.

It was while waiting for these men to join him that Scranton had allowed himself the folly of his frolic; but it did not matter much, as he had to wait somewhere, and it saved expense to wait in jail: it was merely mortifying to be caught. However, when he saw Sam, he considered himself led by a lucky star, for "a knowing kid" was needed to insure the success of the first job about to be undertaken, and this jolly little darkey was just the kid for his purpose.

Working at first on the boy's sense of loneliness, and afterward on his terror at night, Scranton contrived to establish complete influence over poor Sam, who was immensely flattered at attracting so much attention from a man of Scranton's age and ability. How could the poor boy know that his was to be the paw sined in getting the chestnuts that this man coveted? He saw in him a guide and protector, employer and friend. The stories he told of city life, and the easy and delightful way in which money could be made there, were fascinating to the boy. He had his way to make in the world; he could not be a burden on his mother, now a widow; Eldorado seemed to open before his eyes, and Scranton was the man who would show him how to make his fortune. He readily consented to go with him, on his release, and poor little Sam scribbled a note to his mother, at Scranton's partial dictation, telling her that he was going away to make his fortune, and would come back to her a rich man, and take care of her when she was old.

EFFORTS AT REFORM.

(Letter to Bertie.)

"The recollection of your indignation at my

want of energy, which you expressed one day as we rode together on our way to jail, flashed across me, as I happened to ride by the spot again, and I resolved to look up the sweet exotics flourishing in that hot-house, and see if I could arrange matters there more to your liking. I adopted the easy plan you suggested of *only just* going to the judge and getting him to order work in the jail. Accordingly most of my waking hours have been passed *only just* going between that worthy and the board of supervisors on many exhausting and fruitless errands.

"I have kept your Mater Dolorosa face before me, and called to mind your teachings delivered unto Fanny; so when at first I did not succeed, I tried, tried again, like the good boy I am. The result of my praiseworthy perseverance was that I was permitted to introduce stone-breaking at the jail, by order of the judge, with the co-operation of the supervisors, provided I would insure the country against loss.

"Yesterday I rode over to rejoice in my success, and as I rode I pictured to myself the delight with which you would hail this great reform, and in the exuberance of joyful fancy, I heard your voice thanking me in just the way I want to be thanked, and saw your dear eyes looking at me—well, as I wish they would!

"I found your pet lambs, the prisoners, in capital spirits. The stones which I had sent were lying in a heap in the yard; and this, as you may remember, is separated from the road only by a picket-fence. My design had been to have the men work in a shed which is there, and in which partitions could easily have been run up to separate them, and insure silence and solitude. But it appears that the supervisors considered that too expensive a plan, and the

sheriff thought the men would not like it, so matters were differently arranged to suit all tastes.

"Each man sat on a bit o' carpet on the pile of stones, sunning himself luxuriously, holding a stone-hammer loosely in his hands, occasionally swinging it lazily, and cracking a small bit off the edge of a stone. This done, he would smile in a reflective way, and resume his conversation with the other prisoners, or with the outside visitors who lounged in to look at the extraordinary spectacle of prisoners at work. The children of the village were especially interested in the reform, and were looking through the pickets, chatting and laughing with the men in the gayest way.

"They like it first-rate," said the sheriff, pleased to have entertainment provided for his boarders. "On rainy days they don't like to sit out," he explained; so when the weather was gloomy they 'sat in,' and resumed hard labor when the climate was propitious. When I was there, work was temporarily suspended on account of a visit from that deaf-mute, you may remember, who was in for forty days last winter, to your dismay. He had wandered back to the village, probably looking for winter-quarters, and he was talking with his old acquaintances in the sign-language. This, you know, requires eyes and hands, and so the men had laid down their hammers and were entertaining their guest.

"At noon they all sauntered inside, and had a good dinner. It occurred to me that an appropriate hymn for your Sunday jail services would be that one of Dr. Watts' which says,

"And without my care and payment
All my wants are well supplied."

LITERARY NOTES.

JOHN RUSKIN appears once more in literature in the *Nineteenth Century*. To the great delight of his innumerable admirers he gives evidence of his convalescence in a most characteristically paradoxical article on Pre-Raphaelitism. It is in the November number.

IS CYPRUS UNHEALTHY? The answer has, up to the present time, depended upon the politics of the person addressed. If a Tory, he answered no—if a Liberal, yes. In some persons Disraeli's government would render Mentone unhealthy. The Liberals say the Island is overrun with scorpions. The Tories own up to a mild kind of scorpion which does not sting. Meanwhile the Cypriots are healthy-looking people, which is perhaps due to the fact that they do not drink pale ale and brandy, and eat meat

and strong food, like the English troops. If an Esquimaux were to go to India and persist in his diet of train oil and blubber, he would probably find the climate tell on him. Meanwhile, Mr. Lang, who lived on the Island as British Consul for nine years, has published a valuable book which will give to Tory and Liberal alike the actual truth about Cyprus. Let those who really wish to know buy and read, and avoid mixing physical geography with party politics.

"LETTERS FROM MUSKOKA by an Emigrant Lady," is the name of a new book recording the sorrows and hardships of a family of English gentlefolk who settled on a bush farm in Muskoka. They found, strange to say, that "all silks, delicate shawls, laces, ornaments, French kid boots and delicate slippers were

perfectly useless." Was it worth while to go 4,000 miles to find that out? The authoress, whom we sincerely pity, arrives at the conclusion that "poor ladies and gentlemen form the worst, or at least the most unsuccessful, class for emigration to Canada." If poor ladies and gentlemen can't or won't work, that is true; but where, then, should they go? Jamaica is a good place for lace and kid boots. The negroes there have the same aversion to work, and the climate gives them "leisure for culture."

MR. GLADSTONE in the new "Literature Primer" on Homer asserts his belief that Homer was an Athenian. There are very few left of our old traditional beliefs, so we must be resigned if the "blind old man of Scio's rocky isle" has to go with the rest. If it were not for Anglo-Israel we should be in utter despair; but we are consoled when we learn from Dr. Seiss that Melchizedek was Job, and that he built the great pyramid of Cheops. We don't care for Cheops, and we are glad to hold on to Melchizedek.

A HISTORY of John Wickliff and his precursors, by Prof. Lechler, of Leipsic, has just been translated and published in England. It has met with warm approval. Any one who fancies that Luther was the first Protestant had better read this admirable history and learn that England was never without Protestants.

THERE ARE fashions in other things besides bonnets. Dr. Samuel Johnson is the fashion now, and everybody must pay tribute to his memory on pain of being accounted an idiot. Well—if it must be so—the best book to do penance with is a new edition of some selections from his "Lives of the Poets," with an essay by Matthew Arnold. The same volume contains a "Life of Johnson" by Macaulay, and a reprint of the essay of Macaulay on "Boswell's Life of Johnson," and Thomas Carlyle's reply thereto. It is a solid volume, and life is short. But it must be read, or if not it—something ten times as dull.

MONSIEUR DUPANLOUP, the militant Bishop of Orleans, is dead. He is almost the last of the old school of French prelates. In him the traditions of the Gallican Church may almost be said to perish. But great ideas never perish, and a revival of the national religious sentiment of France is sure to take place under some form modified to suit the present state of that country.

MR. BONWICK, F. R. G. S., has published a work, "Pyramid Facts and Fancies," in which Piazzi Smyth's two large works are condensed and other matter of the same sort added. The great Pyramid has been shown by Prof. Smyth and others to be a divinely inspired building, symbolizing all science and all theology, and announcing in its dimensions the end of the world in the year 1881. Not long to wait now, so it is scarcely worth while to master all the literature of the subject. The Anglo-Israel literature is distracting enough alone to make one wish for the year to arrive.

MR. FROUDE must be commencing to see that historical novels and historical works are essentially different styles of composition. The new edition of Green's "History of the English People" values his works only as embodying certain documents. The documents are of value when given at length, but Mr. Lecky shows that Mr. Froude cannot be trusted to make extracts.

MR. CHAS. LINDSAY'S book, "Rome in Canada," is noticed with commendation in the *Contemporary Review*. The impression produced on the mind of the reviewer (Prof. Cheetham) concerning the Province of Quebec is summarized as follows: "A British province in which no newspaper can be published in the language of the people without episcopal sanction; no elector can vote, on peril of excommunication, except in obedience to priestly dictation; no wife can receive absolution if she do not reveal to her confessor the political opinions of her husband, and even the name of the newspaper he reads; and where no one dares read, no library dares have on its shelves any book which the Bishop thinks fit to proscribe. To disobey the Church in the least particular—that is to think for one's self—is to be ostracized in life, and to be thrust out of consecrated ground when dead." Mr. Lindsay must be proud of the success of his book out of the Province of Quebec.

PROF. JULIUS MÜLLER, of Halle, author of "The Christian Doctrine of Sin," is dead.

A SERIES OF Health Primers has been projected. Some of the titles are: "Premature Death—its Promotion and Prevention;" "Alcohol—its Use and Abuse;" "Exercise and Training."

THE CHAIR OF Political Economy at Bristol University College is at present filled by the wife of the principal.

MR. SMILES' books, "Self-Help," "Character," and "Thrift," are translated into Gujuraté, Marathé, Hindostanee, and Canarese. They will do the Easterns good in teaching them the value of stirring self-assertion, perseverance and intelligent selfishness. These books are invaluable. They are the Bibles of Western Philistinism.

A CATALOGUE of the English books in the British Museum published at home and abroad down to the year 1640 is being prepared for the printer, and will be ready in about three years. There is no prospect of a complete printed catalogue as yet. A simple alphabetical catalogue would require at least five years' labor. Even that would be of inestimable advantage to the reading public. This great work of a proper printed catalogue will never be undertaken until Parliament orders it and provides a special staff.

PROF. SEELEY'S "Life of Stein" is nearly ready. It contains also shorter biographies of Hardenburg, Scharnhorst, and others of that group of patriotic men who prepared the way for the resurrection of Prussia after the crushing defeat of Jena, and laid the foundation of present German greatness. This will be the best book in English upon that subject.

DODD & Co., of New York, have designed a series of "Lives of Celebrated American Indians," which will be interesting to students of Canadian History. The first volume is a "Life of Tecumseh" by Dr. Eggleston.

DR. CUNNINGHAM GEEKIE is at work upon a volume upon the Reformation. It is entitled "The English Reformation—How it came about, and why we should uphold it."

A VALUABLE WORK upon the government of President Thiers is being prepared by M. Jules Simon. It will extend to two volumes, and an English translation will appear simultaneously.

TWO HUNDRED and fifty thousand copies of a little book by Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, "John Ploughman's Talk," have been sold in England.

THE NEW VOLUME of Brampton Lectures is

on the Prophecies of Zachariah and their relation to modern criticism.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY is writing a novel to be called "Donna Quixote." It is a taking title, but a very bold step for an author to invite such a comparison.

THOMAS CARLYLE is at work upon his Autobiography. It will not be published until after his death, but in the meantime it has been announced by an enterprising Boston house.

JOSEPH COOK has published a new series of popular and powerful lectures under the title of "Conscience." He commenced on November 4th a series of weekly lectures at the Tremont Temple, which will be published in the spring.

MRS. CAREY BROCK, with the assistance of Bishop Oxenden (late of Montreal) and of Canon Howe, is preparing a new children's hymn-book with appropriate tunes.

APROPOS TO the new war, we are soon to have a History of Afghanistan by Colonel Malleon, C. B. No one of the many able Indian officers in the British Service is better qualified to write such a book.

ONE GOOD result of the Eastern War is that Austria has adopted for Bosnia and Herzegovina the Roman alphabet instead of the Cyrillic letters used by the Russians and Southern Slavs. Even the Cyrillic type is infinitely superior to the German still used in Austria. The German type has caused one half of the German people to wear spectacles and perverted the eyesight of a whole race of people. National prejudice cannot go further than to retain this barbaric letter.

MR. HEPWORTH DIXON will shortly publish a book under the title of "Royal Windsor," probably a sensational historical effort like his "Tower of London," of no permanent value. He has engaged to write a series of letters on "Cyprus" for Tubner & Co., who will sell them to several of the provincial papers. Few writers understand a "pot-boiler" like Mr. Dixon.

Chess.

(Conducted by J. G. ASCHER, Montreal.)

All communications to be addressed to the Chess Editor of the "New Dominion Monthly," Box 37, P. O., Montreal.

GAME No. 52.

Interesting game Played 19th Oct. 1878, in match between Prof. Hicks and J. Henderson.

WHITE.

J. Henderson.

1. P. K. 4.
2. P. Q. 4.
3. Kt. K. B. 3.
4. B. K. Kt. 5.
5. Kt. Q. B. 3.
6. Kt. × P.
7. B. Q. 3.
8. Kt. × Kt.
9. Castles.
10. B. × B.
11. B. × R. P. ch.
12. Q. R. 5.
13. Q. × Kt. (b.)
14. Q. R. 5.
15. B. × P. dis. ch.
16. Q. R. 7. ch.
17. Q. R. 4. ch.

BLACK.

Prof. Hicks.

1. P. Q. B. 4.
2. P. K. 3.
3. Kt. K. B. 3.
4. B. K. 2.
5. P. × P.
6. Castles.
7. Kt. Q. B. 3.
8. Kt. P. × Kt.
9. Kt. × P. (a.)
10. Kt. × Kt.
11. K. R. sqr.
12. Kt. K. 7. ch.
13. Q. × B.
14. P. Kt. 3.
15. K. Kt. 2.
16. K. B. 3.
17. Resigns.

(a.) A great oversight which White immediately takes advantage of, and which results in a brilliant finish, to Black's discomfiture.

(b.) There was no occasion to take this Knight.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 52.

- | | |
|-------------------------|----------------|
| 1. Q. to K. B. 4. (ch). | 1. K. × Q. |
| 2. Kt. to Q. B. 4. | 2. K. moves. |
| 3. R. to B. 3. mate | |
| | |
| 2. R. to Q. Kt. 3. | 1. K. to Q. 4. |
| 3. Q. to K. 5. mate | 2. K. × Kt. |

GAME No. 53.

CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY GAME.

Played between Dr. J. Ryall of Hamilton (Ont.), and Mr. J. W. Shaw, of Montreal.

Petroff's Defence.

WHITE.

Dr. Ryall.

1. P. K. 4.
2. Kt. K. B. 3.

BLACK.

Mr. Shaw.

1. P. K. 4.
2. Kt. K. B. 3.

WHITE.

3. Kt. × P.
4. Kt. K. B. 3.
5. P. Q. 4.
6. B. Q. 3.
7. Q. Kt. Q. 2.
8. B. × Kt.
9. P. Q. B. 3.
10. Q. Kt. 3.
11. Kt. K. 5.
12. Q. B. 2.
13. Castles (Q. R.)
14. Q. R. K. sq.
15. Q. × B.
16. Kt. Kt. 4.
17. Kt. K. 3.
18. Kt. B. 5.
19. Q. K. R. 3.
20. R. K. 6.
21. P. × P.
22. K. R. K. sq.
23. B. B. 4.
24. R. R. 6.
25. R. × Kt.
26. R. K. 7.
27. Kt. × B.
28. Kt. × R.

BLACK.

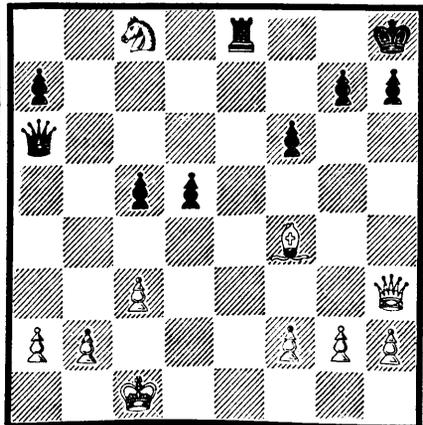
3. P. Q. 3.
4. Kt. × P.
5. P. Q. 4.
6. B. K. 2.
7. Kt. × Kt.
8. B. K. Kt. 5.
9. B. R. 4.
10. P. Q. Kt. 3.
11. Castles.
12. B. Kt. 3.
13. P. Q. B. 4.
14. B. × B.
15. P. B. 3.
16. Q. Q. 2.
17. Kt. B. 3.
18. Q. R. B. sq.
19. K. R. Q. sq.
20. B. B. sq.
21. P. × P.
22. K. R. sq.
23. Kt. K. 4.
24. Q. Kt. 4.
25. Q. × R.
26. B. × R.
27. R. K. sq.

and Black announced mate in four moves.

The following is a diagram of the position :—

BLACK, Mr. Shaw ; WHITE, Dr. Ryall

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to play, and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION.

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| 1. R. K. 8. (ch). | 1. K. B. 2. if K. Q. |
| | 2. mate next move. |

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| 2. Q. R. 5. (ch). | 2. K. Q. 3. |
| 3. Q. K. 5. (ch). | 3. K. moves (a). |
| 4. Q. mates. | |
| | (a) 2. P. interposes. |
| 3. Q. x R. P. (ch). | 3. K. moves. |
| 4. Q. mates. | |

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 26.

- | | |
|--------------|---------------------|
| 1. R. Q. 3. | 1. P. x R. |
| 2. R. Q. 5. | 2. B. x R. |
| 3. B. mates. | (A pretty Problem.) |
| | J. W. S. |

SOLUTION TO A CURIOUS END GAME.

White to play and wins by :—

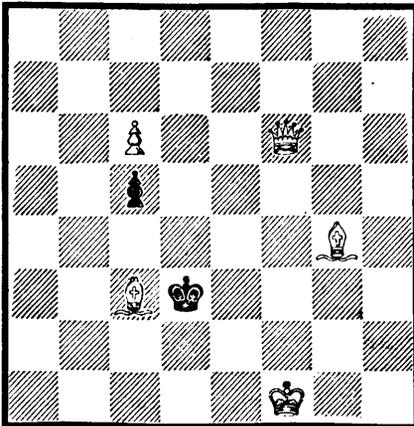
- | | |
|--------------------|---------------|
| 1. P. to R. 5. | 1. P. x P. |
| 2. P. to Q. 5. | 2. P. x Q. P. |
| 3. P. to B. 5, &c. | |

PROBLEM No. 27

British Chess Association Tourney of 1867, at Dundee.

BY S. LOYD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

Mr. Loyd says in a recent number of the *Scientific American* that he considers this to be his best Problem.

CHESS ITEMS.

AN INTERESTING match has just been concluded between Professor Hicks and Mr. John Henderson of Montreal—the winner of the first seven games to be declared the victor; at the

close the score stood : Henderson, 7 ; Hicks, 5 ; Drawn, 1. Mr. Henderson thus carrying off the prize—a “set of Chess-men,” given by a fellow member of the Montreal Chess Club.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC chess-board, containing the likenesses of the International Correspondence players, together with those of a few other Chess notables to fill up the 64 squares, has been issued by Mr. Hugh Bryan, of Ayr. On the top are also portraits of Her Majesty the Queen and President Grant. We commend the idea to the manager of the Canadian Correspondence Tourney.

THE CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION TOURNEY is still unfinished. In our next we hope to chronicle the winner; we may, however, mention that in all probability the ultimate fight for the first post of honor will be between Dr. Howe and Mr. Ascher.

THE COMPETITORS in the Canadian Correspondence Tourney will doubtless be glad to read the following intelligence concerning one of their number, which we take from the *Halifax* (N. S.) *Reporter* of 10th Oct. instant : “Provincial Appointments. The following appointments are gazetted; to be Her Majesty’s Counsel learned in the Law—James G. Foster, Esq., Barrister, Halifax,” &c. &c.

CHESS SKETCH. We notice in the page of the *Canadian Illustrated* for Nov. 9th (not in the chess column) an exceedingly clever and racy article captioned as above, in which the several veterans of the Montreal Chess Club are taken off in a trenchant and witty style.

TORONTO CHESS CLUB.—This club met on the first of November for the appointment of officers, when the following were elected :—President, Mr. Gordon; Vice-President, Mr. H. Northcote; Secretary, Mr. W. A. Littlejohn; Auditor, Mr. H. J. Hill; Committee, Messrs. Ashfield Madison, and Bonfellow.—*Toronto Globe*.

MR. J. G. ASCHER, Secretary of the Montreal Chess Club and editor of the Chess department of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY*, and Mr. Maurice Judd, of St. Louis, have been in this city during the past week, making it lively for some of our veterans at the chess resorts.—*Turf, Field and Farm*, New York, Nov. 8, 1878.

PROF. ALLEN’S CHESS LIBRARY.—We are requested by the heirs of the late Prof. Allen to give publicity to the fact of the great chess library, the collection of many years of the



"CHECK!"

BUT HOW LONG WILL THE GAME LAST.—*Punch.*

Professor now being offered for sale in Philadelphia. The collection is a most extraordinary and valuable one, containing copies of the principal works on chess that have been issued to the world during the past few centuries, some of which are exceedingly rare. The chess lore of ages in all its phases are here represented from Halkoi down to Zukertort, embracing the endless variety of literature which is associated with the royal game. We notice the chess club of the University of Pennsylvania are making an effort to become the possessors of this invaluable library, which is valued at \$3,000.

MR. GOMFORT, a leading chess-player of New York, is in the city, and has already encountered some of our best players.

CAPT. MACKENZIE, the champion chess-player of America, and who lately made so

excellent a score in Paris, is about to visit Montreal under the auspices of the Montreal Chess Club.

THE ANNUAL club tournament of the Manhattan Chess Club, New York, began last month and is now in progress. We understand that Mr. A. P. Barnes, the well-known chess annotator of New York, is taking part in the contest, and is one of three players in class A who give the odds of pawn and move to the players in the first-class.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY (Montreal) is a Canadian magazine, something after an English "Bently," readable right through. Its Chess Column has been recently extended, occupying more than double the space of the Derby Column. Mr. Ascher is the caterer, and right well does he fulfil his task. Just a shade more self-assertion would do no harm. In his

last number (August), the Editor says, "We feel flattered that so competent an authority as the Chess Editor of *The Derbyshire Advertiser* should so warmly appreciate our humble, though zealous, endeavors." Now, we had almost rather be "kicked" than be dubbed a "competent authority." There are those amongst our exchanges who would dispute this. In connection with the *Monthly*, we cannot omit noticing our industrious correspondent, J. W. Shaw, Esq., of Montreal. It is through his good services that we receive this magazine. Canada is indebted to J. W. S. for the life and soul he throws into his local "Chess World."—*Derbyshire Advertiser*.

We are glad to endorse the opinion expressed by the *Derbyshire Advertiser* regarding our correspondent. During the last few years the cause of chess has been warmly espoused by our able and zealous correspondent, Mr. J. W. Shaw, who leaves no stone unturned to create and maintain that wholesome excitement in connection with the game in Canada so vital to its existence. And now we note with pleasure that his efforts are being appreciated outside of the Dominion, in the extended and more important sphere of the game where, doubtless, he will find an ample field for the active interest he takes in chess advancement.

OBITUARY.

As we go to press, we learn with deep regret of the death, at the age of sixty-nine, of the eminent English Chess Master, Captain Hugh Alexander Kennedy.

THE CHESS AUTOMATON.

From the *Ayr Argus and Express*.

Our readers need not be told that for some time past, an automaton chess player has been exhibited in London, under the name of *Mephisto*, and that its performances have excited great interest and admiration. It is to be shown in Paris during the forthcoming Exhibition, and in "La Strategie" of 15th inst. (a chess journal published in Paris) there appears a humorous article from the facile pen of M. Alph. Delannoy, intended to show the said "Mephisto" is no automaton at all, but really the evil one in disguise. For this purpose M. Delannoy transports his readers all the way to Inverness, and after an introduction, describing with much vigor and picturesqueness the scenery of the district, and the effect thereby produced of engendering a strong feeling of superstition in the inhabitants, he introduces us to an imaginary Chess Club at Inverness, as the stage on which "Mephisto" first appears in the guise of a brilliant amateur, and tells us how it came about that he was detected and obliged to become the slave of his present owner.

The article from end to end is most diverting, and the descriptions of Scotch persons and Scotch habits from a French point of view, interesting and curious, and although it loses much by translation, we venture to offer it to our readers, if only as a contribution to the desirable end of enabling us "to see oorsels as ithers see us."!

(The story will be begun in the January number of this Magazine.)

Draughts.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to Mr. Andrew Whyte, Draughts Editor of the "NEW DOMINION MONTHLY," Bolton Forest, Que.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. BRODIE, Quebec.—Contributions received with many thanks.

W. WEAVER, St. Edward, Ont. Your game of "Black Doctor" received, also problem which we give in the November number. Your solution of problem 17 is correct; but in problem 18, 27, 23 is not White's strongest move. Your comment on game 43 is not examined.

DRAUGHTS ITEMS.

LIFE AND THE DRAUGHT-BOARD.—*The Sunday Miscellany* thus moralizes:—"The intricacies, objects, and privileges of the checker-board are homologous with human life. For every move, actuated as it is by either impulse or prudence, and every phase or position of the game, is a reproduction in a smaller measure of the activities, diplomacy, and variety of life. We find the qualities necessary to one requisite in the other, the aim to be mutual; and finally, when the evening of life draws near, we observe the most successful find that life is a 'checkered page.'"

THE MATCH between Messrs William Bryden of Glasgow and Robert Steele of Kilburnie, for a stake of £40 and the championship of the West of Scotland, resulted in favor of the former after a three days interesting contest. The contest was arranged to be determined by the best out of 20 games, wins and draws to count. The score at the close of the match stood : —Bryden, 5 ; Steele,— 0 ; drawn, 11.

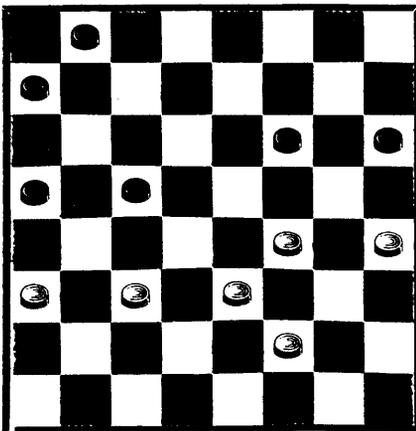
AT THE rooms of the Knights of St. Patrick, Montcalm Market Hall, Quebec, the opening games were played of the long talked of match for the championship of the city between Messrs Alex. Brodie and Alphonse Valin. The one winning the most games out of one hundred to be declared the champion. When last heard from 41 games had been played. Mr. Brodie winning 15, Mr. Valin 6, and 20 drawn, making Mr. Brodie 9 ahead. Mr. F. Lacroix acts as the umpire.

IN CHATHAM, Ont., a match was played between Messrs. Milner and LeVasseur for the championship of the County of Kent, and a stake of \$40. After four days of exciting play Mr. Milner was declared the champion. Out of a total of 32 games Milner won 8 ; Le Vasseur 17 : drawn 17. Mr. Milner now challenges the county.

THE HAMILTON *Spectator* of Oct. 25th states that Mr. C. McNabb, of Hamilton, played a friendly game with Mr. James Labadie, of Chatham. During the games Mr. Labadie handled his men with wonderful skill. At the finish the score stood Labadie, 6 ; McNabb, 0 ; drawn, 2 ; total, 8 games.

◆◆◆
PROBLEM No. 21.

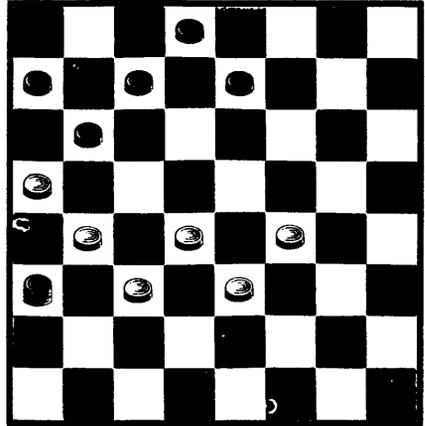
BY W. WEAVER, POINT EDWARD, ONT.



Black to move and win.

PROBLEM No. 22.

—
BY BRISTOL.
—



White to move and draw.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 19.

30.26	3.12	27.20	2. 9	
15.24	20.16	18.27	17. 3	White
12. 8	12.19	31.26		wins.

Solution to Problem No. 20 will be found in game 58.

—
GAME No. 52.—DEFIANCE.

As played at Toronto in a match between Messrs. Moss and Muir.

From the *Hamilton Spectator*.

Muir's Move.

11.15	24.20	4. 8	26.22	14.27
23.19	15.24	22.18	15.42	29.8
9.14	28.19	8.12	28.19	10.14
27.23	7.11	32.28	3. 8	19.15
8.11	19.16	1. 5 (A)	31.26	12.16
22.18	12.19	30.26	8.11	9. 6
15.22	23. 7	9.13	20.16	27.31
25. 9	2.11	18. 9	11.20	
5.14	25.22	5.14	26.23	Muir
29.25	6. 9	23.19	20.24	won.
11.15	26.23	11.15	22.18	

(A). In the 3rd game Moss varied here with :

20.16	7. 2	11.18	31.26	19.16
10.15	11.15	25.30	24.27	26.22
19.10	2. 7	18.22	26.23	18.23
12.19	14.18	19.24	27.31	13.17
10. 7	7.11	22.18	23.19	
8.11	18.25	30.25	31.26	Drawn.

GAME No. 53.—SOUTER.

Between the same players.

Moss' Move.

11.15	15.24	9.14	4.11	5. 9
23.19	28.19	23.18	20.16	27.23
9.14	11.15	14.23	11.20	12.16
22.17	27.24	31.27	23.18	28.24
6. 9	14.17	23.26	3. 8	20.27
17.13	21.14	30.23	32.28	18.14
2. 6	9.25	15.18	1. 5	9.18
25.22	29.22	22.15	19.15	23.14
8.11	5. 9	7.11	10.19	27.31
24.20	26.23	15. 8	24.15	14. 9

Drawn.

The following games were played in a match now (November 1st) progressing between A. Brodie and A. Valin, of Quebec.

GAME No. 54.—BRISTOL.

Valin's Move.

11.15	5.14	4. 8	11.18	6.13
24.20	25.22	25.22	24.15	15. 6
15.19	8.12	8.11	10.19	1.10
23.16	22.17	17.13	27.24	20.16
12.19	7.11	3. 8	2. 7	12.19
22.18	29.25	32.27	24.15	26.23
9.14	11.15	15.18	7.10	19.26
18. 9	27.24	22.15	13. 9	31. 6

White wins.

GAME No. 55.—WHILTER.

Brodie's Move.

11.15	1. 5	18.27	6. 9	15.19
23.19	22.17	31. 8	13. 6	7. 2
9.14	8.11	4.11	2. 9	19.26
22.17	* 24.20	32.27	17.13	2. 7
5. 9	15.24	† 7.10	9.14	14.18
26.23	28.19	25.22	18.9	7.11
8.11	14.18	10.15	5.14	16.20
17.13	23.14	27.23	13. 9	11.15
3. 8	9.18	15.19	11.15	18.23
25.22	19.15	22.18	20.11	
11.16	10.19	19.26	12.16	
29.25	27.23	30.23	11. 7	

Drawn.

* White should lose by this move.
16.19 will win for Black here.

GAME No. 56.—GLASGOW.

Brodie's Move.

11.15	7.16	11.15	12.16	32.27
23.19	24.20	25.22	11. 7	23.18

8.11	16.19	2. 7	16.20	14.23
22.17	25.22	22.18	7. 3	7. 5
11.16	4. 8	15.22	24.27	6. 9
24.20	29.25	32.28	31.24	13. 6
16.23	19.24	7.11	20.27	1.10
27.11	17.13	28.19	3. 7	17.14
7.16	9.14	11.15	27.32	10.17
20.11	22.17	20.16	7. 2	21.14
3. 7	8.11	15.24	1. 5	
28.24	26.23	16.11	2. 7	Drawn.

GAME No. 57.—BLACK DOCTOR.

BY WM. WEAVER, POINT EDWARD, ONT.

11.15	17.14	6.10	28.19	17.22
23.19	10.17	29.25	8.11	18. 9
8.11	19.10	1. 6	27.23	22.29
22.17	7.14	32.27 (A)	11.16*	
4. 8	27.23	11.15	20.11	Black wins.
25.22	3. 7	23.19	7.16	
9.13	24.20	15.24	22.18	

(A).

23.18	18. 9	26.19	30.23
16.23	5.14	17.26	Black wins.

* In game 17 between Whelahan and Yates, 11.15 was played and Yates won; 11.16, I think, wins for Black.
W. W.

GAME No. 58.—LAIRD AND LADY.

The two following games are from the Glasgow Herald.

11.15	23.19	11.20	8. 3	22.26
23.19	17.21	27.24	5. 9 (B)	17.21
8.11	24.20	20.27	30.26	26.31
22.17	7.10	32.16	21.30	29.25
9.13	14. 7	14.17	3. 8	31.27
17.14	3.10	22.13	30.23	25.22
10.17	31.26	6. 9	8.13	27.23
21.14	2. 7	13. 6	* 18.22	22.17
15.18	26.22	1.19	13.17	23.18
26.23	10.14	16.12	23.26	17.13
13.17	19.16	8.11	17.13	18.14
19.15	12.19	12. 8	26.30	Black wins.
4. 8	20.16	7.10	13.17	

* Solution to Problem.

(B).

17.22	31.27	15.18	19.23	19.26
26.31	18.15	24.20	15.19	30.23
22.18	27.24	18.15	20.24	Black wins.



CONTRIBUTION IN THE COUNTRY.

“DEACON JONES WILL PASS THE BASKET AND TAKE UP THE COLLECTION.”

(Congregation in profound meditation ; basket miserable.)

Harper's Bazar.

December 2, 1878.

LIST
OF
NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS

RECENTLY RECEIVED BY

DAWSON BROTHERS,
159 & 161 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

- ALCOTT.** Under the Lilacs. By Louisa M. Alcott, author of "Little Women," "Little Men," "Eight Cousins," "Rose in Bloom," &c. \$1.50.
- ARNOLD.** Poems by Matthew Arnold. New and complete Edition in one volume. \$2.00.
- ALLEN.** The Blessed Bees. By John Allen. \$1.00.
- BAILEY.** England from a Back Window; with Views of Scotland and Ireland. By J. M. Bailey, the Danbury-News Man. \$1.50.
- BAKER.** The Virginians in Texas. A Story for Young Old Folks and Old Young Folks. By William M. Baker. (Library of American Fiction.) Paper, 75c.
- BENJAMIN** Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G. In upwards of 100 Cartoons from the collection of "Mr. Punch." Cloth, \$1.25; Paper, 75c.
- BIART.** The Two Friends. By Lucien Biart, author of "Adventures of a Young Naturalist," "My Rambles in the New World," &c. Translated by Mary de Hauteville. \$2.25.
- BISMARCK.** Prince Bismarck's Letters to his Wife, his Sister, and others, from 1844 to 1870. Translated from the German by Fitzh. Maxse. \$1.00.
- BOOK** of British Ballads. Edited by S. C. Hall. With Illustrations. (Standard Library.) \$1.00.
- BROWNE.** Religio Medici; a Letter to a Friend; Christian Morals; Urn Burial; and other Papers. By Sir Thomas Browne, Knt., M.D. \$1.25.

- BURNABY.** On Horse-Back through Asia Minor. By Captain Fred. Burnaby, author of "A Ride to Khiva." Seventh and cheaper Edition. \$3.25.
- BURNAND.** Through the Keep-it-Dark Continent; or, How I Found Stanley. By F. C. Burnand, author of "Strapmore," by Weeder, "One in Three." By Victor Nogo.
- CANDEZE.** The Curious Adventures of a Field Cricket. By Dr. Ernest Candèze. Translated by N. D'Anvers, author of "Elementary History of Art," "Heroes of North African Discovery," "Pixie's Adventures," &c. \$2.25.
- CHERBULIEZ.** Jean Teterol's Idea. From the French of Victor Cherbuliez. (Collection of Foreign Authors.) Paper, 60c.
- COFFIN.** The Story of Liberty. By Charles Carleton Coffin, author of "The Boys of '76." Illustrated. \$3.00.
- COLLINS.** The Haunted Hotel; a Mystery of Modern Venice. By Wilkie Collins, author of "The Woman in White," "The Law and the Lady," "Two Destinies," &c. Paper, 50c.
- DAY.** Outlines of Ontological Science; or a Philosophy of Knowledge and of Being. By Henry N. Day, author of "Art of Discourse," "Psychology," "Logic," "Aesthetics" and "Ethics." \$1.75.
- DUSSAUD.** A Woman's Mistake; or Jacques de Trevannes. By Madame Angèle Dussaud. Translated by Mary Neal Sherwood. Paper, 50c.
- ELLIS.** A Summer in Normandy with my Children. By Mrs. Charles Ellis.
- ENGLISH Literature.** (From the Encyclopædia Britannica.) (New Handy-Volume Series.) Paper, 25c.
- EVERY Boy's Annual for 1878.** Edited by Edmund Routledge, F.R.G.S. \$1.75.
- FAMILY Library of British Poetry from Chaucer to the Present Time (1350-1878.)** Edited by James T. Fields and Edwin P. Whipple. \$6.50.
- FLEMMING.** Cupid and the Sphinx. By Hartford Fleming. \$1.25.
- FUNNY Foreigners and Eccentric English,** Alphabetically and Geographically Arranged. By Clifford Martin. \$6.50.
- GREVILLE.** A Friend ("L'Aimée.") By Henry Gréville, author of "Sonia," "Savelli's Expiation," "Gabrielle," "Marrying off a Daughter," &c. Translated by Miss Helen Stanley. Paper, 50c.
- GUIDE to Dressmaking;** to which are added complete instructions for Cutting and Making Ladies' Underclothing. With 57 Illustrations. Paper, 30c.
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The circulation table for the past year stands as follows:—

	Sept. 1877.	Sept. 1878.
DAILY WITNESS (average).....	15,000	14,580
WEEKLY.....	23,500	26,300
DOMINION MONTHLY.....	4,000	3,200
MESSENGER.....	47,500	46,400
L'AUREORE.....	800	850
Total.....	90,800	91,330

This shows a very fair increase in the circulation of the WEEKLY WITNESS, which is reduced by slight decreases in the DAILY WITNESS, NEW DOMINION MONTHLY and L'AUREORE. This gives a good beginning to work from this year, and one which we have no doubt our friends will take advantage of.

We are endeavoring to make the DAILY WITNESS more valuable than ever, and hope that this year its circulation will advance to a point much beyond that ever before reached.

Circumstances have for a time, to some extent, paralyzed the efforts which we constantly to be made, if circulation is to be maintained and increased; but the revival of the life of the community is showing itself in more unfettered enterprise and progress, on the part of the press, in which the DAILY WITNESS takes the lead.

THE WEEKLY WITNESS

has increased nearly three thousand in circulation during the past twelve months. We expect that this ratio will be improved. For three years past we have been endeavoring to reach a circulation of thirty thousand. This year it seems as if there was no doubt of it. Three thousand seven hundred new subscribers are all that is required to accomplish this object.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY

shows a considerable decrease. This may be owing to its increase in size and price, something very easily discovered by everybody, while the accompanying increase in proportionate value is not so readily seen. That the magazine at the present time is greatly valued by its readers we have every reason to believe, and that this feeling will lead to its largely increased circulation we are confident.

NORTHERN MESSENGER.

The figures of the NORTHERN MESSENGER are very remarkable. They show a slight decrease in circulation, while the table of monetary receipts shows an increase. This may be understood by the following consideration: The MESSENGER is sent at decreased rates to Sunday-schools and clubs. Owing to the hard times these have dropped off considerably, while at the same time the number of single subscribers has increased. Thus, while we have less subscribers, we have received more money for the smaller number. This does not imply an increased profit, however, as the expense and trouble of sending the small parcels or singles is much greater than that of the larger ones. The MESSENGER during the last twelve months has steadily improved in appearance, and at the present moment we can safely say that there is no paper at the same price that can compare with it in value or interest.

The prices for one or more copies are as follows:—

1 copy.....	\$ 30 per an.
10 copies to one address.....	2.50 "
25 copies to one address.....	6.00 "
50 copies to one address.....	11.50 "
100 copies to one address.....	22.00 "

L'AUREORE

has shown some increase, and we cordially recommend it to those of our readers who desire a good paper in the French language. It is the only Protestant newspaper in French on this continent.

GENERAL OFFERS.

To give our workers every opportunity to gain one or more of the prizes mentioned elsewhere, we make the following offer: We will send our publications from the date of the subscription to the end of the year, 1878, free to all new subscribers. Thus, every person paying \$1.10 for a year's subscription to the WEEKLY WITNESS will receive the paper from now to January 1st, 1880. for that amount

Parents should encourage their children to canvass for the WITNESS Publications;

Any person sending us TWO new subscribers to the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY at \$2 each will get a third copy for himself or herself.

Any person sending us FOUR new subscribers to the WEEKLY WITNESS at \$1.10 each, will receive an extra copy for one year.

Any person sending us ONE new subscriber to the WEEKLY WITNESS together with his own subscription will receive both copies for \$2.

Any person sending us ONE new subscriber to the WEEKLY WITNESS at \$1.10, or FIVE new subscribers to the NORTHERN MESSENGER at 30c. each, will receive an extra copy of the NORTHERN MESSENGER.

—oo—

TO SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

Any Sunday-school that does not now take the NORTHERN MESSENGER can procure a sufficient number of copies to supply one copy to each family attending the school FREE to the end of the year, 1878.

—oo—

" WITNESS " FREE LECTURES ON AGRICULTURE.

The publishers of the WITNESS have conceived the plan of establishing a Winter Course of Lectures on Agriculture. For this purpose they have secured the services of Mr. W. F. Clarke, of Lindenbank, Guelph, formerly editor of the *Canada Farmer* and of the *Ontario Farmer*, who will lecture in such parts of the country as may offer him the best openings. The first lecture of the course, entitled "The Nobility of Agriculture," was delivered in the Ontario School of Agriculture, Guelph, Ont. This lecture, and ones which will follow, we propose issuing in the form of an eight paged pamphlet. Those who wish to procure this instructive course of lectures will do well to send a one cent stamp for return postage, and we will send them the first lecture of the course.

—oo—

TERMS OF THE

WITNESS PUBLICATIONS.

For those who are not acquainted with our papers we will state that the prices of the WITNESS publications are as follows :

DAILY WITNESS.....	\$3.00 per an.
to ministers and teachers.....	2.50 "
WEEKLY WITNESS.....	1.10 "
to ministers and teachers.....	.85 "
NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.....	2.00 "
to ministers and teachers.....	1.50 "
NEW DOMINION MONTHLY and } WEEKLY WITNESS to one address }	2.60 "
L'AURORA, (French Weekly).....	1.00 "
NORTHERN MESSENGER.....	30 "

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For \$5 in new subscriptions we will send a SOLID GOLD KEEPER; while for \$10 we will send a GOLD RING, set with PEARLS and GARNETS.

Besides the articles enumerated above, we send a CONCERTINA for \$10 in new subscriptions; a set of FLUTING, CRIMPING and SMOOTHING IRONS for \$17 in new subscriptions; an OPERA GLASS for \$10 in new subscriptions; while for \$8 we will send a beautiful WORK-BOX.

We also have handsomely chased and satin finished electro-plated ICE PITCHERS, which we will send to any person sending us \$40 in new subscriptions; for \$25 in new subscriptions we will send a heavily plated and elaborately finished BUTTER COOLER.

The LLYOD COMBINATION PEN-HOLDER will be sent for \$2 in new subscriptions, or a SOLID IVORY APPLE CORER for ONE new subscription to the WEEKLY WITNESS at \$1.10.

LAST THOUGH NOT LEAST.

The Standard WORCESTER DICTIONARY, Illustrated and Unabridged, will be sent to any person sending us TEN new subscribers to the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY at \$2 each.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS.

Important.

Every letter for these prizes must be marked "In Competition."
The money in all cases must accompany the order.
Send full prices for publications, deducting no commissions.
Ministers' and Teachers' subscriptions are not received in competition for these prizes.
Send at once for samples and illustrated list of prizes.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
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Besides being remunerative to them, it helps to develop their business talents.