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# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

JUNE,

1875.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
How Bennie Bingham Received his Sight (Continued).....	321
Out of Weakness, Strength (Poetry) ....	327
A Story from Our Village Life.....	328
Loss and Gain (Concluded) .....	330
The Home Coming (Poetry).....	336
Roses .....	335
Ludvig Von Beethoven.....	344
The Old Home (Poetry).....	347
<b>YOUNG FOLKS:—</b>	
Raby Lion.....	348
Not Bread Alone (Continued).....	351
How to Succeed .....	356
Fritz Koppel's Knife.....	357
Dictation Exercise .....	359
Scriptural Enigma .....	359

	PAGE.
<b>THE HOME:—</b>	
Worth, the Paris Dressmaker,.....	360
The Theatre and Shakespeare .....	362
Two Pictures .....	365
Reading the Testament.....	367
Selected Recipes .....	368

	PAGE.
<b>LITERARY NOTICES:—</b>	
Nature and the Bible .....	369
The Invasion of the Crimes .....	375

	PAGE.
<b>NOTICE:—</b>	
Rev. Egerton Ryerson, D.D., LL.D.....	380

	PAGE.
<b>ILLUSTRATION:—</b>	
Rev. Egerton Ryerson, D.D., LL.D., Frontispiece.	
<b>TITLE PAGE AND INDEX.</b>	

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

## MONTREAL WITNESS PROSPECTUS FOR 1875.

— In making kindly reference to the troubles through which Mr. Beecher has been passing Mr. Bowen, the proprietor and editor of the New York *Independent*, defends himself from the imputation of entertaining jealousy against either of the parties concerned in the painful quarrel by stating the fact that in the year Mr. Beecher closed his connection with the *Independent*, the income of that paper increased by the sum of \$40,000, and in the year after Mr. Tilton had left it the income again increased by the sum of \$25,000. Mr. Bowen does not ascribe this success to the departure of these gentlemen; on the contrary, he says that a newspaper is an institution which, when it has once established itself thoroughly, must with ordinarily careful management continue to progress independent of personal changes in its staff. Such has been remarkably the history of the MONTREAL WITNESS during the past three years, during which time the DAILY WITNESS has increased its circulation from 11,033 to 12,900, and the WEEKLY from 7,000 to 17,000, while the total income of the business has increased during these years from \$73,668 to \$97,985. The expenditure has, however, kept pace with the income.

The WEEKLY WITNESS was commenced twenty-eight years ago at less than half its present size at the rate of \$2.50 per annum; almost as much as is now charged for the DAILY. Its progress was sufficient to induce its establishment in a semi-weekly form in the year 1856, and as a daily in the year 1860. Most citizens will remember the small sheet that first bore the name of the DAILY WITNESS, which appeared at the time of the progress of the Prince of Wales through Canada. A paper of the character of the WITNESS, starting as a daily in such an insignificant form, was by most people looked upon as a good joke. Many of our earlier readers doubtless amused themselves by purchasing the news in connection with the pious and moral elections which appeared on the reverse of the sheet. As, however, a lively business had sprung up in the city during the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, then not long ended, in what were called extras—small fly sheets sold at one penny,—a whole newspaper at a half penny stood a good chance of replacing them in public favor. The DAILY WITNESS thus had a fair beginning, and in spite of many prognostications against the probability of its success and the many misgivings of its proprietors, who looked upon it rather in the light of an experiment, and who at first held themselves free to discontinue it after a specified time, its circulation has steadily gone forward year after year and although it has had many rivals in the field of evening journalism it has never suffered from this to any appreciable extent. As it increased in circulation, advertising business naturally followed and demanded increased space, so that we are enabled now to issue at a little over the original price of one half-penny, a daily sheet of first-class proportions, and containing more reading than any other in the city, with an average patronage at the highest rates which are asked in Montreal, and with a circulation

equal to that of all the other daily papers in the city put together.

The WITNESS ascribes its success, under Him to whom it owes and acknowledges its first allegiance, to the entire independence maintained throughout its history of any governing influences or interests save the good of the people of Canada. According to the best judgment of its conductors, it has sought without the bias of any political party or other restrictive constituency to further this end of its existence, without giving a thought to either hopes or fears of an interested sort. In following this course it has most naturally had to face assault after assault on the part of those who felt hurt by its animadversions, or who had deeper reason than they express to feel unfriendly towards it. Such attacks have, however, been far fewer, and have proved, so far, much weaker to injure it than might readily have been imagined under the circumstances, while on the other hand its conductors have been overwhelmed by many manifestations of appreciation and kindly feeling, which have been by their means evoked, and they look to the future with higher hopes than they have ever before indulged. They have learned to count upon the kindness of the readers of the WITNESS, old and young, to an un- limited extent, the past increase being very largely due to their exertions. Of such friends we have, we hope, an ever increasing number, and to such we appeal, not omitting the young people, and even little children, to whose efforts we are largely indebted, and every one of whom can help us. If our readers believe that the WITNESS will do good among their neighbors, or that it will be for them a good investment of the trifle which it costs, we ask them, for the sake of all concerned, to commend it thus far to those whom they know, and if this is done during the coming three months as diligently as has been done at times in the past, we may hope to enter the year 1875 with a further and very large increase to our subscription list.

Our DAILY readers will have observed during this year a considerable increase in the number of special telegrams received by the WITNESS, bringing us European and American news, independent of that supplied by the Associated Press, and the news of other towns and cities in this Dominion. Many items of interest have also been added to the commercial information supplied, and country readers of all editions will be pleased with the farmers' markets telegraphed daily or weekly from the leading market towns of Ontario. Illustrations have been more numerous than in former years, and we hope to add to this kind of embellishment, as the facilities which the city affords for the production of pictures increase. We have but one improvement to announce for the coming year. It was our promise that if our friends would send us sufficient advertising patronage to fill the increased space we would again (for the fourth time within a few years) increase the size of the WEEKLY WITNESS, this time by adding a column to the breadth of every page. The advertising business already secured by that addition is not yet sufficient to occupy all the additional space already added on account of it, but as we have reason to hope for a more rapid growth of that business in the future

(Continued on third page of Cover.)



REV. EGERTON RYERSON, D.D., LL.D.

# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

JUNE, 1875.

## HOW BENNIE BINGHAM RECEIVED HIS SIGHT.

BY MARY WHITTAKER.

Bennie Bingham sat on a low seat at his mother's feet, as was his wont, while that lady sat at work. He was slowly and carelessly moving his fingers over the embossed letters of a richly bound Bible (Bennie Bingham was blind), which lay open on a chair before him. There was a look of dissatisfaction and disquietude steadily settling down on his fair countenance,—for Bennie was not happy; he knew nothing of that ineffable joy which illuminates the soul, and sheds a light on the path of so many blind people, even while they are yet children.

"I have been reading an account of the Creation, mother," he said, turning from the book with some show of impatience; "but I am not satisfied with it,—it merely says it was all very good. Now all the books of travels I have read, and all the descriptions that I hear of every place, and almost everything, say it is wondrously beautiful. You remember what you were reading to me last night about the grand mountain scenery of Switzerland—the glaciers and picturesque valleys,—the wild mountain gorges,—and the glorious sun-risings. You see how I remember the words, but I can't form an idea of it in my mind; it seems to me like a vague, undefinable confusion mixed up with the darkness, and the more I think of it, the more it seems to confuse me." Bennie had crossed

his arms on his mother's lap, and sat with his intelligent face upturned to hers, and even his blank eyes were more tenderly appealing to her sympathies than the most exquisitely expressive ones could have been. She sat gazing on him, utterly at a loss for what to say, or how to explain away his difficulty; long she had felt how hard it was to deal with his vigorous mind and his active, restless spirit. Hitherto she had exerted every power and influence to teach and induce him to be contented with his lot, and to lead him unto that true Light which lighteth every one that cometh into the world; but Bennie showed no disposition to yield,—he continued to murmur and complain.

"You believe that God made everything and that it is very good, Bennie," his mother said, at length, laying her arm on his shoulder; "you know how pleasant it is to enjoy His benefits."

Bennie's only answer was a sigh. "You can understand this much at least, my son," she pursued.

"I can't understand how anything looks," Bennie persisted, "of all the beautiful things you say you see, except darkness; but oh, I can see darkness!" and the poor boy stretched out his hands despairingly, and groped in a manner most painful to behold.

Mrs. Bingham's heart was wrung with

anguish at the misery and distress of her poor benighted child, for she knew he sat in spiritual as well as physical darkness; and she turned to her unfailing help in time of need. Throwing herself on her knees, she earnestly and fervently supplicated the Great Healer of the nations on behalf of her child, that the eyes of his understanding might be opened, "that he might behold wondrous things out of thy law;" showing simply and plainly that his spiritual was much more deplorable than his physical blindness. She spoke with simple, trusting confidence, as if addressing a dear and a present father, and with an evident faith that her request would be granted.

From force of habit Bennie had turned and knelt at the chair with his mother. He had been feeling the tears as they streamed down on the chair cushion, then he turned his hand and caught them as they fell, in a manner which showed how thoughtlessly he was listening. He had been accustomed from his earliest recollection to hear his mother praying, and to feel her warm tears falling, and perhaps from this, and being so much occupied with his own selfish troubles and childish griefs, they had ceased to affect him.

"Do you really believe, mother," he asked when he had taken his seat at her feet again, "that God hears everything we say to Him?"

Mrs. Bingham started at this appearance of scepticism in her son.

"Do I believe it! Yes, my child, I am as sure of it as I am that you hear what I am saying now."

"Well, why doesn't He hear me when I ask Him to let me see? Oh! how many, many times I have prayed and asked Him to let me see, if it was only for one week, that my eyes might feast on all the beautiful things I hear you talk about! When my little dove rubs his smooth warm head against my cheek, and when I stroke his soft sleek neck, how I long to see the varied and changing colors which I hear you praising; and to see the bright stars, the sparkling waters, the green fields and trees, and all the beautiful flowers! When I pull a rose and breathe its sweet perfume, how I wish to know what it looks like!

Oh, why did He make everything so beautiful and shut it all out from me? Oh, mother, mother, why was I born blind?" and the poor blind boy threw himself down on the carpet and moaned and wept in a paroxysm of grief.

Mrs. Bingham yearned in tenderness over her darling,—her only child. Silently she lifted her heart in prayer for directions to guide some ray of light to his benighted soul. It came like an inspiration; then her heart failed her to deliver the message; how could she divulge the long-kept sorrowful secret?—but the duty was imperative.

"Come here, my darling, and I will tell you a story," and Mrs. Bingham's voice trembled.

"Oh, mother, I don't want to hear a story," Bennie replied, sadly.

"It will interest you more than you can think; it is a real true, sad, sad story."

Bennie came and stood by his mother's chair, his interest now somewhat awakened, and when she had wiped his tears away he laid his head on her shoulder, still sobbing fitfully.

"A long time ago," Mrs. Bingham commenced, "we were very poor, your father and I. Ah you wonder!—you know how prosperous we are now; you can feel this rich mossy carpet; you could lie on it for hours without suffering inconvenience; you can feel these soft chairs and sofas, and those rich, heavy curtains, and you know how delightful it is to ride in the carriage on a pleasant sunshiny day."

"Oh yes, mother, I know all about this," said Bennie, impatiently, "but do please go on with your story."

"Well, as I said, we were very poor, we lived in a miserable old log hut by the roadside; the floor was broken, sunk and uneven; the window—there was an apology for one—was so broken, many of the panes being replaced with pieces of shingle, that it admitted more wind and rain than it did light, and all that protected our heads from the scorching rays of the summer sun, or the pitiless inclemencies of a winter's storm, was an old rifty clapboard roof.

"When it rained you could scarcely find a dry spot in the house; after every shower

we were obliged to dry our clothes and what little bedding we possessed. But the inclemency of the weather was not the only trouble we had to contend with; we had seldom a sufficiency of fuel, and our food was always poor and insufficient.

"How many times has my heart been wrung, hearing my children crying for bread when I had none to give them!

"We lived in this way until one dreary rainy night,—it was in the beginning of December, and the sky had been overcast and lowering all day, but as the evening drew on the wind rose and continued to increase until it blew a furious gale. The dreary, dismal aspect of the weather, along with other hopeless anxieties, seemed to have a strange effect on my spirits; I was dreadfully weighed down and depressed. The night settled down early that dark, gloomy day, and we went to bed early to take refuge from the wind, which now roared in the distance, now moaned piteously under the window like some poor outcast dying of grief; then sprang up, furiously shrieking and howling about and through the chinks and clefts of our miserable habitation like some ill-disposed monster seeking some one to devour.

"We all huddled up close together—either for warmth or love or fear, or perhaps for all three—and were soon fast asleep. When I awoke again it was raining. We had three children then; you have never heard us say much about them, the subject is too tenderly near our hearts to be broached in conversation, and we have not even a portrait of them to look at now; money with us in those days was too scarce to be spent in so"—

Mrs. Bingham's voice faltered, and a slight spasm passed over her features.

"But tell me all about them, dear mother," said Bennie. "I have often wished to know more about my brothers and my dear little sister."

"Arthur was the eldest," his mother pursued, with an effort to master her emotions, "and he was a fine, frank, manly boy about your age at the time of which I am speaking; Johnnie was four years younger, frail and delicate from infancy, but, oh! so tenderly affectionate—he was

very like you, dear Bennie; and little Ellie was just two years old, a fair, sweet blossom, too fragile to mature without the most tender care, which, alas, was denied her."

"Why does God take away everything we love or value, mother? If my little sister had lived I shouldn't have been so lonely, and oh, how I would have loved her!" said Bennie, clinging to his mother's neck.

That quick intuition peculiar to the blind seemed to teach him that his brothers might possibly have neglected him, but in his sister he felt sure of a loving companion.

"Please go on, mother; I will try not to interrupt you again."

"Well, as I said, it commenced to rain after we went to bed that night, but towards midnight it began to pour down in perfect torrents, and though the bed stood in the best corner of the house, the coverlets and sheets were soon completely saturated. I rose and took up the children; but what could we do?—everywhere was alike.

"Oh! I shall never forget the intense misery that crept over me as we stood there trembling and shivering in the dark and cold! At length a bright thought struck Arthur—he was always a bright little fellow. 'Let us creep under the bed, mamma,' he said; it seemed the only feasible plan, so we gathered all the dry things we could find in the house. I remember just how we looked. I had rolled little Ellie up in a shawl and set her under the table for shelter, and there she sat looking out at us with her angel eyes, the ample folds of the dark shawl gathered around her sweet, pale face and fair, bright, curly head. Arthur held the flickering candle, shading it from the wind with a basket, while Johnnie ran about carrying things to me and doing what he could.

"At length we had made our wretched couch, and we all crept under the bed to finish our miserable night's rest; but, oh! how weary, how utterly prostrated, I felt! I tried hard to go to sleep, but could not; then a strange—and to me then unaccountable—feeling came over me: I understood it afterwards—I was seized with a powerful and almost irresistible impulse to get up and

cut the throats of my three children, and then put an end to my own life, and so strange was the infatuation that I thought it would be an act of justice and charity thus to put an end to our misery; but of either the happiness or misery of eternity, I took no thought. I knew the children were asleep,—I could hear their heavy breathing, and little Ellie nestled close to my bosom, her tendril fingers clasping one of mine; but my heart seemed to be petrified, and nothing but an interposition of Providence prevented me from carrying out my purpose.

“A feeling of languor came over me,—I was utterly unable to stir my limbs or move my head on the pillow; I lay in a half insensible state until morning. When I woke to consciousness the day was breaking, and I thought I had had a terrible dream; I dreamt that a fearful, hideous-looking monster had robbed me of my three pet lambs. and, strange thought, the name of the monster was Death; but I didn't think of it as we understand death,—it seemed to be a real tangible being; it did not seem, either, that the children were dead, but I thought they were hidden away where I should never see them again—in this world at least. I stretched out my hands to feel for the children as if to assure myself that it was only a dream; the boys were there, but little Ellie was missing! I searched everywhere about the bed; for a time I thought my dream in part was consummated, as it all was ultimately. At length I found her, where she had rolled far out on the cold wet floor; it had turned to snowing during the night, and there lay my precious little darling, with her head half buried beneath a heap of snow.

“How my heart smote me when I remembered the wicked thoughts I had entertained in the night-time! I took her up and chafed her little limbs and melted the snow and ice from her head against my own bosom; I felt as if I would gladly have yielded my own life to save hers. A wise Providence decreed it otherwise. I did everything I could for her, but that was very little; if a sixpence worth of anything could have saved her life, I was utterly unable to procure it. Poor dear

Arthur was suffering from pains and a stiffness in his limbs, and little Johnnie was in a fever, and breathing heavily, and my own health was precarious, as it had been for some time; we were a poor helpless family, and I saw no hope before us,—nothing but the agony, the blackness of despair; and I felt this more keenly because but a few years previous we had been a happy, prosperous family. It continued to snow and drift all day, the wind blowing furiously; steadily the little heaps of snow on the floor rose higher and higher like miniature pyramids, and the door and window were completely blocked up. Once I was obliged to go to the well for water to give little Ellie a bath; the well was down in the field, and with the greatest difficulty I reached it, wading through the snow, the wind taking my breath at every step. Returning with the heavy pail of water, a sinking faintness came over me, and I just reached the house in time to fall fainting in the drift that lay across the door-way. The screams of the children as the door flew open, and the snow on my face, seemed to revive me, but the water I had suffered so much to procure, was lost. Arthur helped me up and brushed the snow from my face, and dear little Ellie stretched out her arms, as if that tender embrace could protect me from further harm.

“‘Oh, never mind the water, mamma,’ said Arthur as he noticed my rueful looks at the empty pail,—‘we can gather up and melt some of the snow; I wonder we did not think of it before.’ I, too, wondered that I had not thought of doing so, but I scarcely knew that I was in a half stupor; there was a heavier grief at my heart than any I have spoken of yet.

“Little Ellie continued to grow worse—she had been seized with croup early in the day, and I had not anything to give her to relieve her sufferings; there was no possibility of getting a doctor, and the storm precluded every possibility of sending even to a neighbor for assistance, and I sat all that long weary day, holding the suffering little cherub in my arms, and listening to her labored breathing.

“Arthur could scarcely drag himself



about, so painful were his limbs becoming, and dear little Johnnie sat huddled up in the chimney corner, his face livid from a difficulty he experienced in breathing; but of my own tortures both of mind and body it would be impossible to give you an idea.

"Is it nothing to you all ye that pass by?" I cried in my despair. "Is it nothing to you that helpless women and innocent children should sit thus in hopeless, wretched misery, because those who should love them—?" Mrs. Bingham hesitated, her voice seeming to fail her. "Think of it, all ye who are saying, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'"

"Steadily the storm increased," Mrs. Bingham resumed; "towards evening it blew almost a hurricane, threatening to sweep away even our frail shelter; but high above the noise and roar of the elements, rose the shrill, sharp breathing of my suffering little lamb, every breath becoming more like a shriek.

"Toward midnight I knew her life was fast ebbing away. The boys were asleep, Arthur moaning with pain, and Johnnie breathing thick and heavy, and I kept my midnight vigils alone. Oh what a dread, despairing loneliness came over me—no help, no nourishment, no medicine, nothing at all that could be of any use.

"When I saw the end approaching, I took the little sufferer up in my arms. I heard nothing of the storm then, or felt nothing of the cold; a chill despair had settled down on my heart. She opened her large, expressive eyes,—uttered that dearest word, 'Mamma,' a slight convulsion passed over her feeble frame, a slight struggle, and her angel spirit took its flight.

"Anxiety had sustained me hitherto, but there was no need now, and I sank down on the bed exhausted, with the dead child in my arms.

"I knew no more till I saw the sun streaming in through the chinks of the wall; there were strange voices in the house, and I thought I was in a dream; strange hands were washing and dressing my sweet baby. 'Handle her tenderly,' I said, 'for she is sick.' The woman turned her eyes on me compassionately; then the terrible reality occurred.

"Your father sat near the fire, holding little Johnnie in his arms,—it seemed an age since I had seen him last, and there was a doctor sitting at the table mixing some medicine. 'Too late! too late!' I said, and I turned away on the pillow, and relapsed into unconsciousness, or rather delirium, for I was suffering, though I knew it not, from fever brought on by cold, over-exertion and anxiety.

"When I came to myself again, there was a strange but kind-looking old woman sitting by me, reading with spectacles on; the house was very quiet and very much improved. Wistfully and eagerly my eyes wandered round in search of the children; I wondered how it was they were so quiet, and not even a little shoe on the floor or coat on the wall to remind me of them. Ah they need not have put them all away so carefully! Soon I noticed the boys' little bed was gone from its corner; at once the truth flashed on me—they too were gone!"

Mrs. Bingham paused to wipe away her tears; Bennie's were streaming, unheeded, down his cheeks.

"Johnnie died a week after little Ellie was buried, they told me," she continued, "of inflammation of the lungs, and the next week Arthur followed him after suffering intense agony from inflammatory rheumatism.

"Oh, how my heart rose in rebellion against that God who, in tender mercy, had prevented me, while in a fit of temporary insanity, from imbruing my hands in my own children's blood.

"I never felt so wicked in all my life before. What right, I cried, had God to take away my treasures, all the comfort I had in this cold, cruel, wicked world? I never thought of looking to the end, or of trying to see the bright side of the cloud; there was a bright side to it, dear Bennie.

"So determinately despairing was I, that I would have put an end to my own life had I the means; but they seemed to divine my thoughts, and kept everything out of my way. There was a beam over the head of my bed; how eagerly I used to watch it—if I could only secure the end of the sheet to it and then fasten it around my neck, how soon it would cut short my miserable

existence! But He who doeth all things well, ruled it otherwise.

"The alternate nervous excitement and depression threw me into a relapse of the fever and delirium. I do not know how long I lay this time, but when I became sensible again, they brought me a beautiful little baby with bright blue eyes, and dressed in soft flannels, and they told me it was my own. I opened my eyes very wide, and then closed them again, and shook my head incredulously; I thought it was only a part of that long fearful dream I had. But they convinced me it was mine, my very own little baby, and it was you."

"Me, mother!" cried Bennie, forgetting his promise not to interrupt her again.

"Yes, you, dear Bennie, and I called your name Benjamin, for a son of my right hand—a child of consolation you were to me, and now I can tell you no more to-day,—I will finish the story to-morrow; there are things I must attend to, and while I am gone you can lie here on the sofa and think of all the mercies and blessings you enjoy. Think of how much more comfortable you are than thousands of children all over the world who have no comfortable homes or pleasant firesides, or warm, downy beds, and many of them have no kind parents to love and care for them, or guide their erring footsteps."

"But stay, please, mother; I want to ask you so many questions. How is it you say

I had bright, blue eyes? I always thought I was born blind, and where was father those nights? Where, was he when little Ellie died? And oh, mother, why did she die?" the tears starting afresh. "If she were here now to sit with me while you are away, how happy I would be, and how I would have loved her!"

"I know boys," said Mrs. Bingham, "who have nice, good little sisters and they only plague and tease them."

"But I would not do so."

"No, I do not think you would, but, my dear, you must not repine; only think how much happier she is than you could hope to make her; just think—

"That star went down in beauty,  
Yet it shineth sweetly now,  
In that bright and dazzling coronet  
That decks the Saviour's brow,  
She bowed to the destroyer  
Whose shafts none may repel,  
But we know, for God hath told us,  
He doeth all things well.

"I remember well my sorrow,  
As I stood beside her bed,  
And my deep and heart-felt anguish,  
When they told me she was dead;  
And oh! that cup of bitterness,  
Let not my heart repel  
God gave, He took, He will restore,  
He doeth all things well."

(To be Continued.)

OUT OF WEAKNESS, STRENGTH.

BY J. J. PROCTER.

O, tossed like the waves of a night-kept sea,  
When the storm comes down, and the winds are free,  
And the thunder treads on the lightning's dart,  
What dost thou seek, my heart?

"I am spent and weak with the strife and jar  
Of life, with her tears and tumult of war,  
Yet I shrink from death that would give release.  
What should I seek but peace?"

"But peace is the calm lake's mirrored shore  
In the desert's heat-thinned air—no more;  
Ever I press to the waves that seem nigh,  
Ever they break and fly."

And still, my heart, thou must vainly seek,  
For peace dwells not with the faint and weak.  
Wilt thou not, craven, learn at length  
Peace dwelleth alone with strength?

"Not so! for the years are fierce and strong,  
And they hurry the human soul along.  
Where is their rest? Did ever a year  
Not drown a joy with a tear?"

And dreamest thou Time is strong? The beat  
That marks the rush of his winged feet  
Is the pulse's flutter; the sands of his glass  
Are tremulous as they pass.

Earth and her dwellers are faint: the sea,  
Unstable and fickle, moans endlessly;  
The great orbs sway in their rush, and Death  
Is but a gasp for breath.

Yet priceless wealth lies in hearts that are poor,  
And out of weakness is strength made sure;  
In life, in death, in soul, in sod  
Stands strong the peace of God.

O Thou who only art Strength, to Thee,  
Feeble, and weary, and sad, I flee;  
Be Thou my Rock, my Might, my Friend,  
Be Thou my Aim and End,

## A STORY FROM OUR VILLAGE LIFE.

Many years ago it happened. We were children drifting along a happy tide of life, conscious of the surroundings which made our happiness; conscious but not fully realizing them,—how should we? We rose early and stood by the window, looking at the street, purified by dewy webs, spreading to our opposite garden wall. Up above on the hilltops the sun was shining, not yet on the orchard and street; and in slow procession some twenty cows walked past—sulky yet, and sleepy, stirring slowly, whisking their tails contemplatively, and nodding their heads up and down in decided discontent. We watched them pass. Behind them came a poor half-witted lad uttering curious cries, to bestir the cows; but they, phlegmatic creatures, were too accustomed to such sounds or too careless of them, to move faster than they chose, and so all passed slowly, and so went up the village street. After they had passed, it was a part of our usual life that we should see the two old carpenters who lived next to our garden on the opposite side of the way, come out and lazily begin to work. After that we saw the sun gleaming on to our gardens, on to the orchard of ruddy apple trees, on to the shattered old barns, and the fold belonging to the neighboring farmer. Then we dressed and went out. Boys and girls both, owned gardens of our own. In our zeal we hoed and raked, and then it was time that we should breakfast. After that we went to school. Strange now to think how every villager had a place in our lives, how natural the friendliness of all the sympathy we gave and received. The old people stood by their doors; the children, all known to us by name, played in the streets; the quaint old cross in what might have been a market place, was covered with children, some at play, some roosting

like so many crows. A little stream flowed through the village, and in it paddled innumerable ducks; some of these we got to know, and one old drake of splendid plumage, was our childish admiration. A quiet village, sleepy, and old-fashioned as possible. Events of importance were rare to such lives—we saw the spring come, and the summer and autumn followed by winter—this was all, as yet. Holidays again, and summer. Carts of yellow, scented hay, piled as high as our bedroom windows, passed down the street to the farm. Our boys were busy too; they had friends in the two boys at the farm, Joe and Sam. The weather was fine, and the hay wanted tossing. What more delicious to the boys—down in the lowlands, by the side of the Severn, sunshine on everything and a clear breeze from the river! But at tea time they returned, and parental authority bade them stop at home; a wasp's nest in the garden needed taking,—to-morrow they might again go to the river. At seven o'clock the gentle sound of the cows' feet passing, and again the little lad driving them, and they passed down to the cross, turned there to the fold, where they would be milked. Then it grew dusk, and we sauntered in the garden. The eve fell calm, and the jasmine flowers scented the air; we were not willing to go to bed. From the end of the garden came sounds of boy voices—the doctor's son had come in to help take the nest; it was done at length and a sudden call gathered us into the house. The doctor was there, pale in face and stammering; as we came in he was crying, "Good God! have you seen William?" Our father was holding brandy to his lips, and answering his question by an assurance that William was safe, was here. And after awhile the doctor spoke again,—

"I heard he was with the farm boys down on the meads, and they are drowned."

Drowned! Yes, that was the report; more than that the doctor could not tell us, and we, shivering with dread, and vaguely trying to realize such awful tidings, were sent to bed, but not to sleep. We gathered together by the open window, and sat to listen for tidings. Our nurse came into the room and carefully pulled down the window blind and there sat with us—older, more unable to repress the horror and the sorrow that she felt than we; and gradually through the night we began to hear more. First the tread of a man swiftly running, panting, till his sobbing breath was heard within our chamber, and then a silence, whilst we dared not stir, and then the rattling of a lumbering cart go past. Voices also. They are in the Pill, sunk in the mud, and Mary from her post beside us, said, "It is the milk cart taken to bring the bodies home." And after that, oh! the horror of that next hour! How we sat and watched, and listened! How we thought of the turbid Severn, of the remorseless tide, which had taken the life of so many! How we thought of the darkening night and the wind sweeping cold from the channel, and then in tones of wondering horror spoke of the time one week ago, when Mary with us children, even to the babe and little ones, had crossed this perilous passage. We thought of the Pill, the deep fissure dividing two fields, so full of Severn mud and filled with salt water by every tide, and wondered how we had escaped the fate of the two boys. We pictured them down in the mud covered with the tide, and our horror culminated.

And then again we heard voices. "It is so dark they cannot find them; they have sent for torches." And after that we sat again in silence, and presently a sound

broke on our ears,—only those who have once heard such a sound can appreciate its horror: the tread of a crowd of men, all walking as with one step. It was long in coming; as it came nearer we were ready to scream with terror, and one of us pulled up the blind, and, looking down, saw something white and heavy, borne by men whose shadowy heads lent horror to the scene. She fell back in hysterics, and the blind was pulled down again, and the procession passed on, turned at the cross and bore its burden into the old farm-house, and after that the village street was silent, and in time even that night of horror passed away and the morning rose, pure and beautiful, and the sun was golden on the hilltops.

Then the morning silence was broken by the sonorous clang of the church-bell. It tolled and was silent, and then tolled forth the years the village boys had lived. A few more days and the village church was crowded, the churchyard full, too, with sympathizers of the bereaved.

The church stood in the valley; around it pleasant orchards, above it the everlasting hills, and outside the gates the babble of the little brook.

The minister in his white and flowing robes stood at the gate. "I am the Resurrection and the Life," he said as he went towards the church.

He spoke of life, but our childish eyes saw only the horror and the dread thing, "Death." We sadly turned from the churchyard gate, and left our friends there in their last home on earth. After that we climbed the hilltop, we stood in the old churchyard, and looked down upon its representative.

Afar off the Severn, calm and beautiful, wound its way like a silver thread towards the ocean. We turned from its beauty with a shiver and went home.

## LOSS AND GAIN; OR, THE BENSONS.

BY EDITH AUBURN.

(Concluded.)

## CHAPTER VII.

"I'm thinkin', Andy, that ye'll miss the young doctor this winter."

"That I will, woman. He's unco' obligin' an' cheery in his ways."

"But maybe when he's a full doctor, he'll settle amongst us altogether."

"Maybe he will, an' maybe he won't. Young men like hisself like to go where they can herd wi' their kind. An' there's none o' his kind in ouer settlement, ye ken. We're a rough set yet."

"That we are, Andy. An' I never ken'd it so weel till Maister Benson's family cam' back here to live. I used to think ouer lads an' lassies a'most as braw as city folks."

"And why don't you now, gran'mother?" asked Mary McDuffy. "I am sure there's not a girl in the settlement but wears more flounces and frills than Miss Alice and Miss Helen, and I have a finer hat with a five-dollar plume in it."

"Yes lassie, ye have, an' ye look unco' braw in it, though it's your gran'mother says it. But ye have no' the nice ways an' words o' the leddies, that makes them so unlike an' so gran'."

"Gran'mother, you think them grand 'cause you see them so little; but I think them awful simple like an' kind in their ways, an' not at all proud. And I'm sure Mr. Frank, when he's a real doctor, won't be too proud to live here."

"Weel, weel lassie, maybe ye're right. But its unco' true what your gran'father says—like wants to meet like."

"Well, but his father was not too proud to live here."

"An' ye think, lassie," said the old man, "that what's good enou' for the

faither, is good enou' for the son. That's aye true, but there's a' the differ in the world 'atween them. The faither was workin' for a maister who gave him nae choice, but bade him go here an' there as he said. An' the son is workin' for hisself."

"If you mean by the Maister, Christ," said Mrs. McDuffy, "I'm thinkin' Maister Frank is in the same service. He's no one for talkin' or preachin' maybe, but he's a great one for workin'. An' ye know yerself, Andy, ye're a better man since he cam' here; an' ye've a williner heart for a good turn, after he's ben here to help you at the post-office books."

"I ken it weel, auld woman. I ken it weel. An' there's no' a person in the settlement who kens him at all, but has a good word for him an' his sisters—unless maybe Johnnie Rackett."

"An' Johnnie," said his wife, "though he mayn't spak a word for them, I'm thinkin' 'ill no spak a word agin them noo, since the young doctor and Miss Alice were so kin' to his little bairn. I've heerd the neebors say, how Miss Alice 'ud sit up wi' him o' nights, an' make him dainty things to eat, when the wee laddie couldna' bide his maither's coarse food; 'till he grew so fond o' her he'd greet if she waur out o' his sight."

"That's aye true, woman, but Johnnie Rackett thinks hisself a great man, wi' an uncommon mind, an' he's no' one to gie up his mockin' an' his jeerin' at religion for fear people 'ud say the dead laddie's done it. No, I know Johnnie weel, an' pride 'ill mak' him worse than ever. Maybe he'll let Maister Frank an' his sister alane, an' maybe he won't, for he's a great spite at them for gettin' up the lendin'

library o' books. But we'll no talk o' them any more the night."

"It's a terrible cauld night. Mary, put more wood on the fire or we'll freeze."

"It is awful cold, gran'mother. But what must it be over yonder at 'The Eyrie?' The loft is awful full of holes, big enough for snowdrifts to come in."

"It's no so bad there noo," said the grandmother, "for Maister Frank and Charlie nailed pieces o' boards on a' the holes, an' they told me that they papered the whole wi' two rows o' auld newspapers to mak' it warm. But gang along, lassie, an' learn ye're lessons, for ye'll no gang to school the mornin' without them."

Although it was early in December, the weather was extremely cold. Snow almost a foot deep lay upon the fields, while high drifts banked up the sides of the roads.

Mary McDuffy's fears for the comfort of those at "The Eyrie" were not unfounded. The cutting north-east wind was sweeping in through every part of it, peeling the paper off the attic, rushing down the staircase, and into the sitting-room, through windows and doors, and raising the carpet in billowy waves. So intense was the cold, that the sisters and brothers found they could only keep themselves warm by drawing as close as possible to an old-fashioned double stove, that was consuming wood to its utmost capacity.

"My back is freezing while my face is burning," exclaimed Helen, after an unusual rush of wind through the house.

"I think we are all ready to say the same," replied Charlie.

"I feel very uncomfortable about going away, and leaving you in this place," remarked Frank, his bright face a little clouded. "I am almost sorry I did not arrange for you to board, for the winter, in some house near the school."

"Now, Frank," said Alice in such a confident, reassuring way that the anxious expression at once cleared off her brother's face, "you must not be at all troubled about us. We may not have such another night this season. And as to boarding around here, we would have to separate as well as be subject to a great deal of discomfort. So do not think of this any more

Just now, I feel more concerned about your leaving in the morning for a nine mile drive over unbroken roads. Could you not wait for a day or two, and perhaps the weather will be milder?"

"I would like to do so, and then I could help Charlie to go over our attic work."

"Could you let William Kenrick know in time?" asked Helen.

"No, unfortunately I could not. I was going to say that only for my engagement with him, I would remain another week."

"Why, Helen," said Charlie, suddenly forgetting the cold in the pleasure of teasing, "you are always thinking of Willie Kenrick. You don't suppose that he comes here every Saturday evening to see you?"

Helen blushed deeply, although she pretended not to hear her brother's question.

"Frank," said Alice, pleadingly, "will you promise me not to be anxious about us when you are in Montreal? You can surely honor our Heavenly Father by trusting us to His care. Think how wonderfully He has helped and blessed us since we have been left to our own resources!—how He led us here and opened ways for us when our prospects seemed dark enough! Think how He has provided means for you to return to college! Who would have thought that my music class alone would pay our expenses, so that your salary is untouched?"

"It would not have supported us, but for your and Helen's good management."

"I suppose not. But who teacheth our hands to war and our fingers to fight? And who blesseth and giveth the increase?"

"It is God, Alice," said Frank, reverently; "and surely I have reason to trust Him. At the time of my uncle's death, I gave up all expectation of continuing my medical studies; and here now I find myself in a position to resume them without the loss of one session."

There was not only gratitude, but astonishment in the hearts of the Bensons as they reviewed the mercies of the past eight months. They had not escaped trials, but they seemed to be getting glimpses of how they were some of the "all things" that were working for their good. They did not linger over the first few months. They were too painful to recall; for in addition

to their loss by death, and entire change of circumstances and prospects, they felt the neglect of many whom they called friends. A few proved themselves worthy of the name, and did what they could to help, cheer, and encourage the orphans. But those dark days rendered darker from depression of spirit, were of short duration; and now a brighter prospect was before them, or, as Charlie termed it, "A way is opening up for us into the old prosperity;" for he and Helen had concluded that when Frank got his diploma, they would move to Montreal, and settle in some pretty cottage near the old homestead.

Alice and Frank had other plans. To the former the thought of returning to the vicinity of her old home, with its many associations, was exceedingly painful; while the latter, who was gaining a knowledge of the world as it is, not as his sanguine temperament would wish it to be, knew that for a young doctor to commence the practice of medicine in a large city, with any prospect of success, he would need money or friends, requisites which he had not. So Frank had decided that the most prudent thing for him to do was to remain at Shorefield, unless some place very much better opened for him.

Had this decision been known to Mary McDuffy, she would have been relieved of a good deal of anxiety, and enabled to perform her duties without constantly debating the *pros* and *cons* of the Bensons remaining in the settlement. Poor Mary, she owed a grudge to the cranberry swamp for furnishing one hundred and fifty dollars towards Frank's expenses at college. "Hadn't it been for that," she said to her grandmother, "he'd never have thought of it, and we'd have had him for school-master all the time."

"It is just eleven now," said Helen, rising, and going to look at her house plants, which she had removed from the window. "My plants are frozen stiff, every one except the chrysanthemum. Who would have thought of their freezing in a room with such a fire!"

"It is a terrible night," replied Frank. "I am afraid to let the fire out, lest we should freeze in our beds. I think I shall

lie on the lounge here all night and mind it."

"No," said Alice, promptly, "that would be a bad preparation for to-morrow's journey. I will sit up and mind it; I am better fitted to do without a night's rest than you. Uncle's long illness accustomed me to the want of sleep."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

Five years have passed away since my story opened,—five years of steady application and work to the Bensons, but they have brought their reward with them. The old cottage has been pulled down, and in its place there is a pretty story and a half frame house, painted white, with green venetian blinds, and veranda. On one side there is a wing containing two rooms which Dr. Benson uses for his surgery. The old path leading down to the river has been widened and gravelled. The rows of hollyhocks and tiger lilies have given place to pretty rose bushes and other flowering shrubs. The half dead currant bushes, rhubarb, and dandelion that grew in such wild profusion over the garden, have long ago disappeared and pretty flower beds dot the lawn. A young orchard has been set out, and there is a well-stocked kitchen garden at the back of the house. Every foot of the acre and a half now owned by Frank, has been utilized. The double row of plum trees at the foot of the garden remain the same, and add beauty, as of old, to the bank. There are several rural seats under them now, for the Bensons and their friends still enjoy their shade. A pretty summer-house has just been erected among them; it is the gift of the Sunday-school scholars to their superintendent, on the eve of his marriage; for Frank as well as Helen is about to be married, and Shoreville feels quite proud of Dr. Benson's bringing his bride to dwell amongst them.

There have been changes in Shoreville, too, in these five years. There have been births, deaths and marriages. Souls have been converted, some have entered into rest, and some are still on the battle-field. Souls, too, have been lost. Johnnie Rackett's influence is still felt, though he has



been away these three years. After the death of his wife and two children, he became gloomy and discontented, and more violently than ever opposed to religion. One evening, in the midst of a harangue against the Bible, he suddenly turned and left his audience, and since then has never been seen by his neighbors. Some say he has gone to California, some to British Columbia,—any way he is gone; but much of the poison that he sowed is there still. Frank rented his shop for the Lending Library, and in it many of the young people who used to listen to him gather once a week to read the weekly newspapers. The Sunday-school that commenced with a dozen now numbers eighty, many of the children walking four, five and six miles to attend it. A flour and grist mill have been built about half a mile above the cottage, and around them is the nucleus of a thriving village, which bids fair to rival the one down the river. So that Frank is advantageously settled between the two.

There has been a change also of clergymen. Mr. Rousse had grown tired of the people, and the people had long ago grown tired of him. So he left them for a new parish, telling them in his farewell sermon that his removal was a judgment of God upon them for not supporting him better. The Bensons regarded it as a blessing, and hoped that his successor would be a man who would hold the services of their beloved Church in their scriptural simplicity, and who would, by his consistent life and faithful preaching, once more gather together the large congregation that used to worship in the Mill Valley Church during their father's incumbency, and which had been scattered by Mr. Rousse's overbearing assumptions and ritualistic practices. The parish remained vacant for a year—the people positively refusing to bind themselves to support any clergyman who might seek to lead them or their children away from the Protestantism of the Reformation. "If," they said, "the Bishop sends us a man of the true stamp, we will support him. But we will give no pledge in the dark. We bound ourselves for ten years to pay Mr. Rousse's stipend, and we had nothing but Popery dinned into our

ears, until some of our children look upon the name 'Protestant' as a name of reproach."

About the end of the year William Kenrick, who had given up the study of medicine for theology, was ordained, and immediately afterwards applied for this parish, saying that he was willing to trust for support. Much to the satisfaction of the people, the Bishop appointed him at once. Thus Frank Benson and William Kenrick became neighbors, and Rumor said that they would soon be brothers-in-law, and that the parsonage built by the beloved Mr. Benson would be presided over by his youngest daughter.

"It is just five years to-day since we arrived here," remarked Alice.

"What changes since then!" replied Helen, looking up from her embroidery.

The sisters were sitting on the bank of the river, but instead of the sultry afternoon on which we first saw them there there is a gentle breeze cooling the air and rustling the leaves of the trees over their heads, as well as blowing about Helen's curly hair.

"Yes, there have been changes," said Alice, reflectively; "but they came so imperceptibly, that it is only now by looking back and contrasting that we can appreciate them. They have all been for the better too, even those within ourselves—in our dispositions and tastes. Do you not think so?"

Helen blushed as she assented. She was thinking of the changes these five years had wrought in herself, disciplining the light-hearted, impulsive girl, who could not endure monotony or routine, whose day dreams had been of the excitement and dissipation attendant on the doing of great things, into the happy and cheerful woman who was content day by day to fulfil the duties given her to do, not despising them because they would not win admiration, nor neglecting them because they were what she once considered menial. Alice smiled as she read her sister's thoughts, and, laying her hand lovingly on her shoulder, said:

"Helen, these years have been just the school you needed to prepare you for the

lot before you—a country clergyman's wife. This is another evidence of how our Heavenly Father leadeth His people. How unfitted you would have been, had no reverses come, to step from the luxury of uncle's home into the little parsonage here, to live on six or eight hundred dollars a year!"

"Perhaps," said Helen, archly, "had no reverses come I would not have met William Kenrick."

"What! have you given up your old belief in fate!"

"Long ago, in that blind inevitable fate in which the heathen believe, and instead, I know that our Heavenly Father appointed our lot."

"Yes," said Alice, slowly, "He chooseth our inheritance for us. If we commit our way unto Him, He will direct our paths."

"Alice, there is one cloud in the bright future that casts a shadow on my sunshine."

Helen spoke so earnestly that Alice almost trembled lest she had been concealing some sorrow from her. "What is it, Helen?"

"The blight cast over your life. I never thought so much of it until Frank and I were to be married. Now I sometimes wish that I were not so happy myself."

Helen's reply was such a relief to Alice, that her laugh sounded almost as merry as Charlie's, as she replied,

"That sorrow has been long forgotten. When I think of it at all it seems more like a dream than a reality. Life has been altogether too practical for me to linger among the tombs of memory."

"O Alice, have you really forgotten Fred Stewart? I do not think that any thing could ever make me forget William."

"You think so now. But you do not know what you would do until you are tried."

"If I thought I could ever forget him I would never marry him."

Alice remained silent for a few moments and then said,

"But you know Fred Stewart forgot me, and married."

"Yes, of course, that makes a great difference; but he is a widower now."

Helen watched her sister to see the effect of her words; but there was no visible emotion, except a slight trembling of her hand and huskiness of her voice, as she asked,

"How did you hear this?"

"William told me that he saw a notice of his wife's death in an English paper, about a year ago. She died in France. But here come Frank and Charlie; I hear them driving up to the gate."

The arrival of the brothers was the signal for Alice and Helen to go up to the cottage. Jessie McDuffy, the nice, tidy little girl who had condescended to help them with the work, on condition that they would not call her servant, was standing in the dining-room, looking admiringly at the tea-table, which she had just finished setting.

"Is it all right, Miss Benson?" she asked.

"Yes, it is very nicely set, and those flowers are tastefully arranged."

"May I go home for an hour? Mary sent to say she wanted me for something particular."

"You may go, but be sure you do not forget and stay longer. You know we will need you to-night."

"Yes, I know," and the girl blushed, and looked at Helen.

"I hope," said Alice, when she was gone, "that there is nothing wrong with Mary. She was here this morning and looked quite wretched."

"I am afraid she is repenting of her foolish marriage."

"What could have induced her to elope with that worthless man, when she might have married that nice, steady young farmer, Alcorn?"

"Jessie says it was because he looked like Frank, and that he promised to take her to live in town. She says she hates Shoreville."

"Here we are!" said Charlie, entering the room where his sisters were putting some fresh fruit and cake on the tea-table. After giving each of them a kiss, he said,

"So you see, after all, I have managed to get home this evening."

"His reason for coming has given me a twinge of conscience," remarked Frank, looking at Alice.

"How?"

"Why he says he wanted to take tea with us the last evening that you would be mistress of 'Plumlee Cottage.' My selfishness never struck me before. But Annie won't displace you, Alice. She will take Helen's place."

"Frank," said Alice, while her eyes filled with tears, "it is just like your kind, generous heart to propose such an arrangement, and I would be exceedingly selfish to accept it. Annie will of course be mistress of your house, and there is no fear of our quarrelling about it."

"My house! It is as much yours as mine. Charlie has put a whole year's salary into it."

"We have worked together, and helped each other," said Charlie, "and I hope we will continue to do so. Besides you know it was you who fitted me to be a book-keeper, and got me the situation in town."

After the brothers and sisters had separated for the night, Alice sat at her window, looking down through the trees at the moonlight resting on the river. There was something in the scene before her with the cloudless sky overhead, and the still night air, that reminded her of her home on the St. Lawrence and her buried love.

"Is the love buried, or only sleeping, and have Helen's words awakened it?" she asked. "Buried, forever buried?"

She sighed heavily as she answered herself, for Frank had unintentionally made her feel as though there was no further use for her in the little family, for whose sake she had given up her own bright prospects. For a moment she gave way to murmuring thoughts, then, startled at herself for doing so, rose and, drawing the curtains closely, left the window, saying as she did so,

"Having put my hand to the plough, shall I now look back? No, God appoints

my lot, and He will still find me work to do."

The bridal morning arrived, and Helen, dressed in a simple white muslin, with veil and orange wreath, was married to the "new minister," the Rev. William Kenrick, in the little church of which her father had been the first incumbent. Frank gave the pretty bride away, and the clergyman who married them was their former pastor in Montreal. The church was full of people, for, although it was a busy harvest day, the farmers and their families found time to witness the ceremony. When it was over the Sunday-school children strewed flowers from the church door to the carriage, and as the bridal party drove off there were three deafening cheers given for the bride and groom, and another three times three for the young doctor.

The party drove at once to the city, where a similar service was to be performed for Frank and Dr. Kenrick's only child, Alice was the chosen bridesmaid of both the brides, and she was so perfectly happy in the happiness of those around her, that Helen pained her as she caught her hand, when they were entering Dr. Kenrick's house, and hurriedly whispered:

"Alice, Fred Stewart is here. He is a friend of Dr. Kenrick's, and he invited him to be present. Have you any objection to meet him?"

Before she could reply they were ushered into the drawing-room. While the old doctor and his wife were congratulating their nephew and his bride, Mr. Stewart, with more of the air of an injured man than the injurer, approached Alice. I need not carry my story further. Suffice it to say that Alice found her love had only been sleeping. And when Fred urged her to become his wife that day, and she pleaded for a little time for preparation, he silenced her, and gained his point by saying, "Alice, do not put me off. I cannot trust to these postponements, they have already proved so fatal to my peace."

## THE HOME COMING.

BY THE REV. W. H. WITHROW, M.A., TORONTO, ONT.

Cold blew the bitter wind,  
 Fast fell the snow,  
 Loud howled the storm without,  
 The fire burned low;  
 Dreary and desolate  
 Seemed that lone room,  
 Filled with deep darkness,  
 Shadow and gloom.

Save where a taper light,  
 Shed its faint ray,  
 And a pale woman watched  
 The long hours away;  
 Swiftly her needle flew,  
 While through her tears,  
 Still gazed she on the scenes  
 Of vanished years.

There was her childhood's home—  
 There the bright bowers  
 Where, in her childhood, she  
 Spent the glad hours;  
 There she was wooed and won,  
 There she was wed;  
 Now all life's happiness  
 From her had fled.

These sad and bitter thoughts  
 Flash through her brain,  
 Reeling with weariness—  
 Maddened with pain;  
 How came this fearful change?  
 Sad tale to tell!  
 Sad—but how often told!  
 Known but too well.

Tale of the wine cup's power  
 To blast and destroy;  
 Tale of temptation's hour,  
 Blighting each joy;  
 Story of Circe's cup—  
 Bright, sparkling wine;  
 Story of Circe's curse,  
 Making men swine.

Tale of the lovers fond  
 Feelings estranged—  
 Tale of the husband's heart  
 Woelessly changed;  
 Then to that happy home  
 Famine and Want  
 Came with their faces pale,  
 Ghastly and gaunt.

Therefore it was that she  
Painfully wrought,  
Maugre each binding tear,  
Each burning thought;  
Still the long hours drag on  
Remorselessly slow;  
Colder the room it grows,  
The fire more low.

Loud howls the wintry wind!  
Hark! on its swell,  
Comes the soul-awing sound  
Of midnight's bell.  
Drearily, drearily,  
Through the long night,  
Still the sad hours pass by  
With leaden flight.

When, hark! that heavy tread!  
Hear the loud tone!  
At which the weary wife  
Low maketh moan!  
Hear the deep muttered curse!  
'See the harsh blow!  
Hear the low sorrow wail  
Of anguish and woe!

While from his tiger gaze  
Shrinks that frail form,  
Frail as a blighted flower—  
Oh! how forlorn!  
Is this the fond return  
For plighted love?  
Dwells right upon the earth?  
Dwells God above?

See,—on a pile of bones  
Children's and wives',  
Moloch sits throned on high  
Blasting men's lives!  
Scatters his red right hand  
Death and dismay,  
Old age and budding youth  
Fall 'neath his sway.

Hurl down thy thunder, God!  
Swift dash him thence;  
Soon and for aye remove  
The red ruin hence!  
Man! ban the cursed trade  
In tears, lives and blood,  
Stay with thy strong right arm,  
Murder's red flood!

Spread no more over it,  
Law's ermine white,  
No longer sanctify  
Ruin and blight:  
Offer no longer up  
In red sacrifice,  
Daily a hecatomb  
Of human lives.

## ROSES.

BY B. ATHOL.

"Ruth, are you there? I wish you'd get your bonnet, and come down and look after that Seth; he'll be too late with the milk."

The person addressed as Ruth, a girl of eighteen or nineteen, rose from the floor where she had been reading, and proceeded to tie on her sun-bonnet, without making any response.

"Are you asleep, Ruth?" Her stepmother's loud whisper came up the short staircase again.

"I'm coming, Agnes," said Ruth in a pleasanter tone than might have been expected from her clouded face.

Ruth's stepmother was her own mother's cousin, and had lived with them for years when she was still alive, so from Ruth she never heard any name but Agnes. As she had never assumed any superiority or tried in any way to take her own mother's place, there was none of that strife in their home which generally exists between a grown-up girl and a stepmother.

They were alone now. Both the father and Agnes's little boy—the light of their eyes—were dead. And lonely enough they might have felt, but for their constant work and constant planning to make the two ends meet. Summer was their harvest. They had always one, sometimes two boarders, in the warm months, generally invalid ladies who preferred their quiet cottage to the bustle and excitement of the hotel three miles distant.

This hotel Agnes supplied with milk, butter, yeast, and everything she had or could raise; for though the work was hard, the prices were good; but it lasted only during the summer, and the long winters were trying. One boarder then would be a fortune; but while it was the most inviting spot to be seen in June, who would care to pass a winter there?

Agnes's usually placid face looked heat-

ed and worried when Ruth came down. "I'm so busy with the butter or I'd go up the road a bit myself," she said. "It's dreadful the way this butter's gone on to-day. I'm afraid he'll be late, Ruth. It would never do to lose the hotel custom. What that Seth does with himself is more than I know. The cows should have been here half an hour ago."

Ruth walked slowly down the lane and out of the gate, where she stood shading her eyes from the strong afternoon sun, and looking up and down the road; but there was no appearance of Seth or the cows. "I might just as well mind these cows myself," she muttered, turning up the narrow path that edged the road; "we've enough to do inside without coming a mile for cows." When she reached the little bit of wood through which they generally came, Ruth stopped again to listen; she thought she heard a bell. Farther up the road there was a cloud of dust, but as it approached, instead of being the cows, it turned out to be a party from the hotel. Ruth went into the wood and screened herself behind a tree until they should pass, for she had on a faded calico.

How happy they looked,—happy and apparently wanting for nothing! Their only thought seemed to be what plan they could devise to enjoy themselves best. What was the price of milk or butter to them? What difference did it make to them whether feed for cows would be cheap or dear next winter, or if a district school would be opened? Nothing to them, but everything to Ruth, who would have thought herself supremely happy if they could get a boarder that winter, and she could obtain the teaching of that school, and the old question that gave her a great deal of trouble sometimes, when she was tired with work or anxious about their living, came

up. Why had those people such an easy life, and Agnes and she such a hard one? Agnes would say because it's best, but that gave Ruth no satisfaction.

While following the path through the woods, her thoughts were still on the party. She wondered if they would stop at the cottage to see Miss Somers and get milk, as they often did, and hoped Agnes would have got finished with the butter and have her dress changed. Likely she would not, for the cows were late already, so she would want to help with the milking. Far away Ruth thought she heard the tinkle of a bell. If that was Vic, their most troublesome cow, whose full name was Queen Victoria, which distinguished title no one gave her but Seth, the others were all on before her and would soon be in sight. So Ruth sat down on a log to wait. The bell came nearer, sometimes tinkling quietly, and sometimes clanging loudly, according to the tossings of Vic's angry head, and every few minutes Ruth heard Madam's unearthly bellow, that awakened the echoes from the opposite hills, then a line or two of "Dixie's Land," with which Seth was beguiling his walk, broken by an occasional vociferation at Vic, or a stick crashing through the branches of a tree at some unfortunate chipmonk or squirrel he espied. At last Madam turned round the bend of the path, and after stopping to scream back at the others, as was her custom, she continued deliberately on her way. Then came Spot and Sukey, two well behaved, commonplace cows. At a little distance Vic's bell was heard approaching and Seth, who was fond of colored melodies, had finished "Dixie's land," and was shouting the last verse of "Nelly Grey."

"Yes, I am coming, coming, coming,  
"While the"—

"Hist, get along there, will ye. Clear the way."

"Then farewell to the Old Kentucky shore."

Catching a glimpse of Ruth, he dropped his song, and pulled on his face, which was somewhat heated from his exertions in the village at baseball or a similar diversion, an expression of patient endurance and roared lustily at all the cows.

"Such a time as I had with them cows!" he commenced. Seth always took the first word. "They were scattered all over creation. I never see anything like the way they wander off. It does beat all. After I got Madam and Spot, I couldn't find Sook nowheres. Luke Perkins he told me she was down to the village, and as sure's you stand there, I found her down in the creek. Hist, get on there will ye. Then Queen Victory she took to scampering off over the hill. I'se amost scratched myself to pieces after her. That's the aggravatinnest beast I ever see. The way I did have to go for her. I'm most torn to bits. Look a-there!" holding up his arm and displaying his shirt sleeve torn from shoulder to waist; a very thoughtless action on Seth's part, for it reminded Ruth of a little more work in store for her.

"You'd better stop telling stories," she said sharply, "and save your strength for the work you'll have to do. The cows are an hour late now."

"Stories! My sakes!" ejaculated Seth in an injured tone. Then he muttered something about a fellow killing himself with work and getting no thanks for it. Ruth took no notice, and the pair walked on briskly, Seth in the road kicking up the dust with his bare feet, and muttering complaints about the brambles, the heat, and Queen Victory, breaking out into an occasional yell at that unruly animal, the only one now in sight.

"I guess I'll just run on and get the cows out, and John into the cart."

When Seth was in disgrace he never cared for Ruth's company. Scolding he did not mind, for then he could answer back, but her contemptuous silence was more than he could bear.

"Here's your pail, Ruth," said Agnes. "We'll have to be smart." Agnes had not changed her dress Ruth observed.

"Anyone here this afternoon?"

"Yes, a lot of the hotel people,—wanted warm milk for that Miss Cratherne; I was sorry the cows wasn't home. D'ye know, Ruth, I believe that Mr. Vincent is going to marry her, though there's a few more that act as if they wouldn't say no. But I believe she's the one he'll marry."

"All right, let him," said Ruth, indifferently. "He may marry the whole of them for me. I don't suppose his marrying or keeping single will do us any good."

"Now, Seth, be careful," said Agnes, "or Vic will kick the pail over again. He's a nice kind of a man too," she continued; "'said he never seen such roses grow out doors before. June's the best time for us. I wish it was June all the year round. He said it was so beautiful and peaceful like, he always thought of Paradise regained when he passed."

Ruth's answer was a very significant sniff, while she continued her milking with greater energy.

"Miss Somers seems very weak to-day," said Agnes; "for all she slept this morning. But she was up half the night; she's nervous like, and wants some one to talk to her, poor thing."

"I wish that was all I wanted," retorted Ruth, in a scornful tone, taking up her stool and calling Sukey; "some one to talk to her!" she repeated in a scornful tone; "if that's all she wants."

"Oh, Ruth," said Agnes, "there's more things than being poor and having to work hard."

Ruth was silent; she remembered one thing worse. Her thoughts had followed Agnes's. Two years ago a little brown, dusty figure had trotted about after her, crawled up on her back at the milking, while two fat arms around her neck almost strangled her with caresses. Two dirty little hands essayed to milk, or at a safe distance held a bunch of clover to Sukey, and two tiny fists played the drum on her side. Then she thought of the darkened parlor, the little coffin placed on four chairs covered with a sheet; Agnes's white, despairing face, and the kindly neighbors, who went whispering through the house. The laughing eyes were closed, and the little brown hands folded. Never again would they tug at the gate to let the cows in, or hang round her neck at the milking. Never again play the drum on Sukey's side, or feed her with clover blossoms. Never again—A great lump came into Ruth's throat, and a few hot tears fell on the faded

calico. Their one ewe lamb, all they had, and that was taken. But her old bitterness came back and the thought so often expressed to Agnes, "I suppose if we had any comfort and happiness like other folks we'd grow too fond of the world."

"Now, Ruth," said Agnes after the milk was put in the cans and Seth started on his way to the hotel, "I'll get the tea and clear up, if you'll fix yourself a bit, and take a rest. You're tired to night; go into the garden and sit with Miss Somers. Poor thing, she's tired too."

"It isn't of work then," answered Ruth, in a lower tone; "nor of poverty, and when it comes to being tired you're worse than either of us. I'll finish what I have to do before I try to cheer up Miss Somers. I wish I had as easy a time for a few months."

But at the sight of their boarder sitting with her head resting on her little morocco-bound testament, her usual attitude when very much depressed, Ruth's heart, and it was a good one, though sometimes a little soured, was touched. Miss Somers looked pale and haggard, and there were traces of tears on her face. What could it be? Any way the Testament did not seem to do her as much good as it did Agnes. Perhaps she too had lost a ewe lamb, and no money could make that up. Ruth went round to the end of the house, where the air was heavy with the rich odor of her favorite roses. Pulling two of the most perfect, and a moss rose, she bound them together with grass. In Ruth's eyes nothing more was needed. The garden had but one flower for her—that was a rose. Watching and tending them was Ruth's sole enjoyment. Among the roses the world had a very different aspect from that which it bore when viewed from the barnyard. They comfort me, perhaps they will her, she thought as she knelt by Miss Somers's camp-stool and put the roses in her hand.

Miss Somers smiled faintly when she opened her eyes and saw Ruth; but on glancing at the roses her face contracted as if in pain, and she drew her hand back hastily.



"I thought I had stripped off all the thorns," said Ruth, quickly.

"Oh, Ruth, no one can take the thorns from my roses. I sometimes think I'll feel them all my life. Listen and I'll tell you what my trouble is: I had a brother, Ruth, who was to me what your little Charley was to you, and I had nothing but him. George and I were twins, and at eight years of age were left orphans. We had no relation that I ever heard of but Uncle Edgar, our mother's brother, who took us, not without many doubts and fears, I believe, for he had had no intercourse with my mother before her death on account of her having made what he called a low marriage, and he was afraid the children might resemble their father. But we were destitute, and he had no one to provide for, so he took us and was father, mother, and everything, to us. No words can tell what Uncle Edgar was to us. And as time passed over, in his love for us he seemed to forget our objectionable father. I was very much like other girls; but George, at least to uncle and me, was very different from other boys. He was so honest and straightforward, so affectionate to any one he loved. By the time he was eighteen he was Uncle Edgar's pride and hope. He considered nothing so great a compliment as to be told his nephew resembled himself, and in speaking of what he intended to make of George, would boast that he had never in his conduct given him a moment's uneasiness. When we were nineteen I was engaged to be married to Uncle Edgar's partner, a grave, proud man, considerably older than myself. I liked him, but not as I did George. We were twins in heart. I think we had only one heart between us. But my engagement to Mr. Small was a great gratification to Uncle Edgar; for his connection was what people called good, and the marriage would be likely to unite the interests of the business more closely. Then I was sent away to a school for eighteen months, and was to be married on my return, so it was decided. But when I came back things seemed changed; it was hard to say how, but there was a difference. Perhaps I noticed it most in George, yet I

could not say what it was. Though we had corresponded regularly, I had been so engrossed with myself and my own affairs that I did not notice the gradual change that took place in the tone of his letters. I always blame myself for that. And even after I was settled again at home, though I knew he was different and puzzled myself to know what it was, I was so occupied with the preparations for my marriage, which was to take place soon, that I tried to put all uncomfortable ideas out of my mind, and think it was all in myself and owing to my absence from home.

"It was true George had fallen out of acquaintance with all his old friends, and had formed new associates of whom he seldom spoke, and instead of his old confidential manner had grown very reserved about himself and his affairs; but he was older now, I thought, and very likely all young men were much the same. Oh no, there could be nothing wrong with George; Uncle Edgar was as proud of him as ever and trusted him with his most important business transactions, and talked to him as if he were his equal in age and everything else. Still I had my fears, and they were very soon confirmed. One night I was awaked by hearing voices in the garden under my window; of course I thought of burglars, and was getting up to give George the alarm, when the talking ceased; in a few minutes the front door opened and I heard George go quietly up to his room. There was no more sleep for me that night,—a strange presentiment of approaching evil came over me. Every night after that I watched and listened, and almost every night the same thing happened. Uncle Edgar had given George a latch-key two years before, having such confidence in him, and no person but myself knew that he seldom came in till after midnight. Sometimes he came alone, but generally there was a person with him, whom I suspected to be a new book-keeper who had come when I was away. I had heard George speak of him, and one night when I sat waiting and watching, sick at heart and wondering what I should do—should I tell Uncle Edgar or speak to George himself?—I heard his steps approaching. Mills, too,

was with him, as usual, and one of the two walked very uneasily. They were disputing, too, about something; they made a great deal of noise at the door, and fearing they would rouse some one I ran to the head of the stairs. Oh, Ruth, how degraded I felt when I saw that man lead, almost carry, George inside and take him back to the dining-room! After he had gone I went down stairs and found George had already fallen asleep on a sofa. How dark the world looked to me that night, as I sat beside him! My handsome, good-hearted brother drunk! Oh, Ruth, no one knows the degradation of that but some one who has felt it, and what would Uncle Edgar do? How would he bear this? I thought the stillness broken only by his heavy breathing would drive me crazy.

“At breakfast, Uncle Edgar, who was in great spirits about my marriage, hoped I was not repenting my bargain, I looked so pale. It was to be in two weeks now, and in a few days uncle was to give a great entertainment to all his friends. No expense was to be spared. It was the first and ‘will be the last,’ he said ‘until George brings his wife home; then we’ll have another. Poor uncle, he was very joyful over these preparations. How his cheerfulness jarred on me! I seemed to see a calamity coming which I had no power to avert. And what would Uncle Edgar do when he found it out? On the evening of the party as I had finished dressing, George knocked at my door, and without waiting for an answer came in. He was already dressed, and looked very pale and handsome; and I thought I had never seen such a determined look on his face.

“‘I want to speak to you, Minnie,’ he commenced. ‘There will be no one here for some time yet, and it’s my only chance. I must leave here, Minnie; I’m in trouble; I only wish it was myself alone, but it will affect others. No, you cannot help me. It’s a long story; I can’t tell you all, but the beginning of it all was bad company and drinking, and for a few months past I have gambled; but not so very much. But all that is not my trouble now; I’m cured of that. I had debts, and every night last week I tried to win enough to pay, to

keep the thing from Uncle Edgar. It was only to pay what I owed that I played these last two weeks, but I lost,—every night I lost; then I got desperate and I—forged. Not when I was sober,—I swear, Minnie, I wasn’t sober when I did it, and I’ve no clear recollection of doing it at all. But I do remember Mills telling me it could be managed all right and never be found out. He could borrow the money if it came to the worst. But he has not been able yet; to-night he will make a last attempt. If he does not succeed, it will be out in a few days, but I hope not until after you are married. Small, for his own sake, would hush it up then. He thinks uncle has made too much of me and would not otherwise. And now, Minnie, I’ve come to say good-bye in case I must go to-night. I’ll see Mills at twelve; if he hasn’t got the money, I’ll go. Don’t look so stunned, Minnie; people will suspect something. And don’t put your arms round my neck,—I’m not fit to be touched by you, though I wasn’t sober when I did it, and if my life could save you and Uncle Edgar, I’d be glad to give it. I’m afraid he’ll turn and be hard on you, Minnie, especially if he thinks you have anything to do with me, so I won’t tell you yet where I am going nor write to you. Mills advises me to go, so if I leave I’ll send you two or three roses by one of the servants; it won’t be observed and you’ll know that’s the sign I’m gone. So you can tell uncle with truth that you don’t know where I’m going. I must say good-bye now. I could never do it if it came to the last. I won’t write to you, Minnie, but if ever I’m near you, a rose, faded or fresh, will let you know who it is. Now goodbye, Minnie,’ and he put his arms around my neck. ‘Don’t look so,—it kills me; I’ll come back and clear this up yet; uncle will not be deceived in me after all if he lives long enough.’

“I went around among our guests that evening as if in a dream. The last I saw of George he was standing with his arm linked in Uncle Edgar’s, who was smiling fondly on him, and saying he wanted a wife badly for his nephew. Mr. Small, too, looked well satisfied with himself and everything else. I heard whispers about the suitable-

ness of the match, Mr. Small's family and the high reputation always sustained by the firm, while one word rang in my ears and floated before my eyes. *Forgery!*—My brother a *forger!* After twelve o'clock my suspense became unendurable. I watched the hand of every person who approached me. It was long after, when I was busy trying to talk to an old lady, that some person put three roses into my hand. Mechanically I raised them to my nose, and oh, Ruth, if I should live forever the heavy perfume of those roses would always bring back the same sensation of wretchedness and woe I felt that night. It seemed as if my life had come to an end. I knew nothing but that George had gone and Uncle Edgar disgraced, and the odor of the roses in my hand seemed to tell me of it. I don't know how I got through that night. I can't tell you of the days and weeks after that. How uncle came home one day looking very old and strange, and standing before George's picture, cried so bitterly. "Would God that I had died for thee, my son, my son!" How my marriage was postponed, and paragraphs with the names suppressed appeared in the papers; how, after a while, Mr. Small intimated his wish to break his engagement and shortly after that the business partnership was dissolved. Then we sold the old home with its beautiful gardens, and moved to a little house in a quiet street. There, after a short sickness, Uncle Edgar died and I was left alone. I never heard from George, and did not know where he was. Mr. Small had married a young lady friend of mine who was to have been one of my bridesmaids, and I was very desolate. Still I had hopes of George. One year passed away and then another, and still I lived on alone, waiting for George.

One evening a man brought me a sheet of paper folded and tied very carelessly; he had great trouble to find me; it was directed to our old home. I opened it and two faded roses fell out, with the address of a hotel in another city. I knew what that meant. How joyful I felt! I would see George again. But when I reached the hotel, they told me the gentleman had been taken ill suddenly and removed to a hospital. I hurried from the hotel to the hospital. The first nurse I spoke to didn't seem to know more than that there was such a patient, but gave me in charge to another, who led me to a bed and reverently folded down the sheet. "He went off quite peaceful, poor fellow. I'm sure I never had a nicer patient. I suppose you're Minnie. Here's his Testament." What could that woman be talking about, and who was this dead man? Where was George? I asked. My brother? This was some one else. How had this man got George's Testament? I looked at the leaf. "To my dear son George," with his mother's love.' Yes we were seven when we got those Testaments, and what had become of mine? I could think of nothing but my little Testament, and what had become of it; and who was this man lying dead. Then I forgot everything. After many weeks I woke up and knew I was alone. No more looking or watching for a letter, or a rose or a word from George. And so I live, Ruth. I have no one, and two graves and two or three faded roses are all that remain to me of a very happy youth."

Ruth stooped over and kissed the pale face, then rising went quietly into the house. She could not trust herself to speak, but she thought, "There are worse things than being poor and having to work hard."

## LUDVIG VON BEETHOVEN.

BY FESTINA LENTE.

The record of the life of this great genius is oppressively sad and sorrowful; it fills one with lingering regrets for the "might have beens," and yet with reverence for the noble spirit which bore manfully an affliction, in all its dreadful consequences, as only one greater than others could bear it. But the sadness remains with us; noble, disinterested and great as he was, but for those "might have beens," who shall limit the extent of his genius?

Beethoven was born at Bonn, in 1770. From his earliest years he showed a decided talent for music, and his father hoped to make a prodigy of him. Some years previously, Mozart had taken the world by storm, when a little child, by his marvellous playing and compositions. Beethoven's father determined that Ludvig should produce a similar effect. To gain this end he kept the poor child at the piano and violin so closely that he began to hate music, and had to be driven to practice by severe beatings. His love for music returned as he grew up, and he began to compose and was so clever at extemporizing that Mozart prophesied his great future, after hearing him extemporize from a theme himself had given. Beethoven was tolerably well educated, but the acquaintance he made with the refined and cultivated family of M. Von Breeming was so useful and beneficial to his character, that he ever looked back gratefully to this family in his after life. Their influence was all the more valuable to him just then, as his great talents won for him so much admiration from his inferiors; but these true friends ever urged him to aim at higher, better things. In 1785 he was appointed organist to the Electoral chapel, but hearing that Hadyn still resided at Vienna, Beethoven requested permission of the Elector to study music under his tuition for a few years. Vienna was then the centre of all that was highest

and noblest in German music. Still remained the influence of the masters Gluck and Mozart, while "Father Hadyn" still lived. The society of the Viennese was educated sufficiently to recognize and enjoy the noblest of music. Beethoven, master of the genius, but not yet of the theory of his art, so much enjoyed this musical atmosphere that he determined never again to return to uncongenial Bonn. He was fortunate enough to gain the friendship of Herr Von Sweiten (formerly physician to the Empress Maria Theresa), and to form one of the performers at the frequent musical parties given by that gentleman. But when Von Sweiten had got Beethoven to his house, he could not bear to part with him, but would entreat long after the other guests had departed, for half a dozen of Bach's fugues, and tell Beethoven ere he came to put his nightcap in his pocket, so that he might have as much music as he could by keeping him all night.

Beethoven now found a new patron—the Prince Carl Von Lichnowsky, a pupil once of Mozart's. Prince Carl and his wife, Princess Catherine, loved Beethoven as a son, adopted him for many years, giving him apartments in their castle, and allowing him perfect liberty, and six hundred florins yearly. Beethoven's manners and erratic habits must have been very trying to any one he resided with, and the Prince and Princess treated him with the utmost forbearance. Indeed if possible they indulged him too much; it might have been better for him had he been more obliged to conform to the habits of other people, instead of living so much to himself. Some traits in his character were very noble. His manners and ideas of art gave opportunities for the criticism of the malicious, but of this he would take no notice; he cared nothing for what such people said of him, and did not even try to vindicate

himself. He set no value on wealth or rank; hence in a man he would recognize and honor nothing but the *man*. To bow to mammon was in his opinion downright blasphemy,—the deepest degradation to which a man endowed with genius could stoop. He held, too, that mind alone, that divine emanation in man, rises according to its powers, above all that is material and accidental. Hence Beethoven in all humility recognized his own place and importance in the universe.

At this period of his life he seems to have mixed a good deal in society, and to have been always in a chronic state of "falling in love," and, as he declared the higher ranks of society understood him best as an artist, the objects of his affections were usually in a station of life above him. He finally fixed his affections on the lady Giulietta. His imagination surrounded her with impossible perfections; he composed and dedicated to her that beautiful sonata, the "Moonlight;" she was the inspiration of some of his most wonderful works; he carried on a correspondence with her when she was absent, and loved her to the end of his life; but she—Beethoven was a genius and a noble man, but he was deaf, brusque and uncourtly in manners, untidy in appearance, and poor—she married some one else, and Beethoven remained a bachelor all his days.

He became deaf in the year 1800, and from that time sadness clouded his existence. People said of him that he was crabbed, selfish, and suspicious; he knew this well, and in his will makes a touching allusion to it. He describes also the agony of mind he endured on perceiving that his hearing was leaving him. He had always loved to wander alone with nature; the song of the birds, the roaring winds, the distant sound of the rude musical instruments used by the shepherds, filled him with delight, his hearing being more sensitive and acute than that of ordinary people. Gradually this hearing left him; he had to bear the presence of those who, knowing not of his dawning affliction, would ask him was not such a distant sound very sweet, and to feel that all was silence to his ear; and that was but the be-

ginning—the sounds of the piano he loved so much, became dim; he played louder and louder, and at length the strings broke, and he knew that it was but his own hearing that dimmed the sound. Worse still, he composed an opera, and sat close to the orchestra, which was to produce to him the music he had imagined; but alas! straining in vain to hear the sound—longing passionately for but one strain of music—obliged at length to face the dreadful truth that his ear was closed for ever; that of all beautiful ideas which crowded his brain, none would ever be heard by him! A less noble mind would have sunk under this dreadful trial, would have destroyed its life, or despaired of producing more works under such disadvantages. But Beethoven lived on, a saddened and suffering man. His brothers, Carl and Johann, came to live with him, spent his money for him and tried to get him completely in their power by alienating his friends from him. They strove to make him distrust everybody but themselves, and between them defied all those who strove to raise Beethoven's aspiring genius by means of his noble disposition. Beethoven being entirely inexperienced, was always more or less under the influence of others. He was a man who continued in a sort of childhood, but whose mind obtained a greatness that could not harmonize with anything about him. He had a great horror of flatterers, and would break off a friendship with any one who showed too ready an acquiescence with his views, which he considered out of respect to himself, and therefore deemed flattery. In political sentiment he was a republican, and wished that all political institutions could be modelled upon the plan prescribed by Plato.

Beethoven's way of living was eccentric in the extreme; he was always changing his lodgings, often with so much rapidity that he had to pay for three or four at once. In May he would go to the north side of the city, in July to the south; sometimes the lodging-house keepers objected to his habits, and that cannot be marvelled at. It is said that when the inspiration of composition was upon him, he would go in a fit of extreme abstraction to his wash-

hand basin, and pour several jugs of water upon his hands, all the while humming and roaring, for he could not sing; and after dabbling in the water until his clothes were wet through, and the water was soaking through the floor into the room beneath, he would pace up and down the room with a vacant expression of countenance, and his eyes frightfully distended. So much unnecessary expense kept him, despite the large sums he earned, in a deplorable state of poverty. Madam Streichen took him in hand at last, mended his linen, persuaded him to take lodgings in a house where he would be cared for, and pointed out to him the necessity of saving some part of his earnings. Beethoven complied with all her wishes, and soon began to enjoy a quiet, regular mode of life. Prince Carl had retained his influence over Beethoven, and had never relaxed his benefits to him; but in the year 1814 he died, and with him such a friend as Beethoven never found again. But an event, the source of much unhappiness, occurred in 1815. His brother Carl, in dying, left his son to the care of Beethoven. The boy was a bright and clever child of eight years, but his mother was not a high-minded woman. Beethoven, therefore, determined to take his nephew entirely from his sister-in-law, in order that she might not influence him for evil.

His eagerness to ensure this end brought upon him all the miseries of a law-suit. The mother objected to part with her son, and, during the years the law-suit was carried on, the boy was first with one, then with another, until all the first period of his life was spoiled, and he grew up to be the crowning sorrow of poor Beethoven.

Beethoven, when imagining he should have sole care of his nephew, determined to begin housekeeping for himself; but having a perfect ignorance of its minutiae, wrote out a number of questions, which he presented to his lady friends, carefully writing their answers opposite his questions. For instance: "What is a proper allowance for two servants, for dinner and supper, both as to quality and quantity? How often should one give them meat? Ought they to have it at both meals?" etc.

Unfortunately his efforts at housekeeping failed, and his temper suffered continual irritation. From a journal which he kept during this time it is evident that he was tried beyond endurance. Many of these troubles were occasioned by his deafness, and exceeding impatience at being misunderstood. Sometimes Beethoven suffered from real want, many days dining on a few biscuits and a glass of beer, having absolutely *no* money, and being unwilling to get it by selling property which he intended should enrich his nephew. It is said that his brother Johann, once dependent on Beethoven, but now become a rich man, sent to Beethoven a card having written on the back of it, "Landowner." Beethoven immediately sent it back with his own, on which was written, "Brainowner." He had, too, a contempt for all decorations, such as orders, invariably refusing to accept them.

In 1823 Beethoven took up his quarters in the pleasant village of Heizen Dorf, near Vienna, where the Baron von Pronay assigned him a suite of apartments in his own villa. Beethoven was delighted to be again in the country, and in such a beautiful spot—but soon left it, and, for no other reason, than that the Baron whenever he met him, was continually making profound obeisances to him. He went away to Baden, though he had paid for his lodgings for the summer.

Beethoven was asked to conduct his opera "Fidelio," and undertook the charge with much pleasure; but his deafness made it impossible for him to do so successfully, and he was told as kindly as possible how great a failure he made. It seems to have caused him much sorrow—sorrow more exquisite in sadness than can easily be imagined. He went away and sought a physician, but advice did him no good, and he was too careless of the means to be used to allay his complaint; often taking in two doses medicine intended for a whole day, oftener still, forgetting to take it altogether, being a most impatient patient.

It is well not to dwell on the sufferings of his later years. Only those who have centred their love on one who is utterly abandoned to evil courses, who has work-

ed and saved that *he* may be rich, who has forgiven the selfish one again and again,—only such one can understand how Beethoven must have suffered from the conduct of his nephew. The nephew was banished from Vienna; and Beethoven accompanied him, trying to guard him from evil. When the term of banishment was passed they returned to Vienna, and Beethoven felt very ill. He asked his nephew to go out and send him a doctor; but the nephew, eager to return to his boon companions, carelessly commissioned his servant to do the errand. The servant forgot, the nephew did not return, and days elapsed ere accident brought the message to the doctor's ears. He immediately went to Beethoven and found him very ill indeed.

Beethoven died of dropsy, after frightful suffering, March 28th, 1827. His body was borne to the grave by his friends and admirers, and followed by more than 20,000 people.

Of his character is seen what may be expected from one who has made his own life path, and has constantly encountered hostility and misunderstanding; brusque, angular, and a little defiant—but, where he was sure of his ground, gentle and lovable as a woman, innocent and guileless as a child. The room he had written in was a perfect chaos—such as can hardly be imagined: books, music, letters, bottles, escritoire, pianoforte and dust. He had made a habit of rising at daybreak, and immediately sitting down to his writing-table; here he worked until two, his dinner hour. He would frequent small inns, but only those which had a back door to the public room; it was his custom to come in at the front, and rush out by the back entrance.

It is strange to think that a man whose works are so much loved by musicians, for their exquisite harmony, grandeur, and

elevation of style, should have lived so sad a life; he who gave so much to the world, content to seek nothing from it but love, which he never got; the large-hearted, loving man leaving earth almost broken-hearted that his idol had but feet of clay.

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## THE OLD HOME.

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BY WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

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An out-door quiet held the earth  
Beneath the winter moon,  
The cricket chirped in cozy mirth,  
And the kettle crooned, upon the hearth,  
A sweet, old-fashioned tune.

The old clock ticked, a drowsy race,  
With the clicking of the cricket,  
And red coals in the chimney-place  
Peeped out, with many a rosy face,  
Like berries in a thicket.

The crane's arm empty, stuck out stiff,  
And tinware on the shelves  
Twinkled and winked at every gliff,  
In the flickering fire-light, as if  
They whispered to themselves.

The good dame, in her ruffled cap,  
Counted her stitches slowly,  
And the old man, with full many a gap,  
Read from the Big Book on his lap,  
The good words, wise and holy.

The old clock clicked; the old man read,  
His deep voice pausing, lowering;  
The good wife nodded, dropped her head—  
The lids of both were heavy as lead—  
They were sound asleep and snoring.

Oh, hale old couple! sweet each dream,  
While—all the milk-pans tilting—  
Puss paints her whiskers in the cream,  
Till John and the belated team  
Bring Maggie from the quilting.

May Time, I pray, when failing years  
Make thin my voice and thrapple,  
Find my last days of life like theirs,  
As sweet with children's love and prayers,  
And like a winter apple.

—Scribner's Monthly.

## Young Folks.

B A B Y L I O N .

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY NELL GWYNNE, COBOURG, ONT., AUTHOR OF "ACORN LEAVES."

"Take care, boy, take care! I once had a little boy who received a life long injury in that very way," called out Mrs. Lupelle from the door-way, as my brother Jack let himself drop from the eaves of the verandah into a bed of scarlet geraniums, and then scrambled up and scampered off for his life. Mrs. Lupelle always had a story for everything.—I never saw her match.

Though this little sketch does not treat of the history of our family, I may as well state that we lived in a great busy city in the United States, and were at present spending the summer months in the country with our mother, and Mrs. Lupelle, who had accompanied us from the city, and with whom we children had struck up a warm friendship.

I can see her now as she stood on that evening in early September, in the shadow of the grape vines, which a great slanting sunbeam had turned into a frame-work of living gold; a little, sallow-complexioned woman with lively black eyes and jet black hair, wearing a figured crimson wrapper of the finest cashmere and a little pair of embroidered high-heeled shoes, and with a silvery veil fastened over her hair in a manner that I always thought made her look like a fancy picture in my mother's album. My sister Bertha, who was as sunburnt as a little gipsy, came and stood beside her, and as she stooped to tie her scarlet cloak and to fasten her little, slaty blue sun hat with its trimmings of field grasses and scarlet poppies over her short, golden brown curls, I thought of a remark I heard my mother make to a lady visitor the day before:

"How fanciful Mrs. Lupelle is in her tastes!" said the lady.

"Yes, she is of French extraction," answered my mother. I had no idea what that meant, but it struck me at the present moment that the glowing tints in the picture were owing to Mrs. Lupelle's French extraction.

Jack and I were going to row Mrs. Lupelle and Bertha up the river to a little island to gather shells, and they carried little wicker baskets in their hands. As they stepped out into the sunlight I joined them, and we walked towards the river together. A soft amber mist overspread the landscape, and though the leaves had not yet commenced to turn, there was a glow of mellowness and ripeness everywhere. The crickets and, as Jack called them, their "second cousins," the grasshoppers, held concerts among the yellow stubble all day long, on these last days of summer, and the little white butterflies flitted in and out among the yellow plumes of golden-rod that bloomed along the fences. There was a beaten path through the stubble field and down through the orchard and then we were on the river bank. The brilliant sky seemed to have fallen at our feet, so vividly was it mirrored in the water. The banks of the river were lined with tall trees, whose shadows seemed to sink into the shadows of the clouds, and about whose roots grew climbing plants that trailed into the water. I had seen showers of morning glories hanging from these vines in the dewy shadows of the morning, but there was no sign of flower on them now. We found Jack awaiting us in the boat, and as we



pulled up the river Bertha remarked that Miss Finny, our landlady's daughter, was furious about her geraniums, and that Jack would catch it when he got home.

"It is a pity the geraniums were spoilt," said Mrs. Lupelle in a tone of gentle regret; "but something more serious might have occurred. The greatest calamity that ever befel me sprang from my little son letting himself drop from a window when he was too young to know any better."

"Do tell us about it, Mrs. Lupelle," said Bertha coaxingly.

"It is a sad story, and one I do not care to recall even now," said Mrs. Lupelle with a sigh. But as Jack and I both chimed in with Bertha for the story, she went on: "I was married very young, and had two children, a girl three years old and a boy six months old, when my husband died, leaving me entirely dependent on my own exertions for a livelihood. My little Lucy was a pretty little blue-eyed fairy, but my son—my Baby Lion, as I called him in the pride of my heart,—was a king among babies. My mother had belonged to an old French family of some note, and I had given my baby the old family name of Lionel Decourtney, hoping that in time he might hold an honored place among men as his ancestors had done in their own country. I toiled all day long teaching a little school and doing embroidery for several wealthy ladies in the city to win bread for myself and little ones. My little Baby Lion was the one hope of my existence in those days, I was always laying plans for his education and advancement in the world. When Baby Lion had grown to be a great, handsome, intelligent boy five years old he one day went to play with a little boy in a neighboring house. I was sitting at the window at my embroidery when I heard a fall and a cry that struck terror into my heart, and the next moment I was lifting my child from the ground, where he lay in an insensible condition, he having, as I afterwards learned, let himself drop from a two-story window. A doctor was called in, who gave as his opinion that he had not received any serious injury, and in a few days he was running about apparently, almost as well as ever.

But as weeks and months went by, he grew weaker and weaker; his handsome, ruddy face grew wan and pinched, and I became alive to the terrible fact that his lithe, graceful figure of which I was so proud, was becoming distorted. I again consulted the doctor when, he informed me that my handsome, noble Baby Lion would never be anything all his life but a little dwarfed, helpless cripple. It fell on my heart like a death knell. Here were all my hopes dashed to the ground; Baby Lion whom I had always looked forward to as one day lifting us out of toil and poverty, was never to be anything to us but a helpless burden. I fear I rebelled in my heart against Providence for sending such a great calamity upon me. Lucy devoted her whole time to waiting upon him and amusing him, and though the doctor said there was no hope of his ever getting any better he visited him very often.

"About a year after Baby Lion's accident the doctor came to me one day and advised me to send him to a hospital that had been opened about a hundred miles away, for those afflicted as he was. I would not hear of sending my child away from me at first, but the doctor urged it very strongly, and as he was going the next day to visit the hospital, I consented to accompany him. I found the hospital a grand stone building standing in the midst of the most beautifully ornamented grounds. Sloping green lawns dotted with sparkling fountains and gaily tinted flower beds, and shaded with tall trees, appeared on every side. The inside of the house was as attractive as the outside, there having been every provision made for the comfort of the inmates. I was charmed with the place, and as the doctor intended to visit it again in the course of a week, I resolved to send Baby Lion with him if the child did not offer any objections to the arrangement himself. When the matter was explained to him he was delighted, looking at it of course in a childlike way.

"Don't you wish you were going for a trip with the doctor, too, Lucy?" he asked as he stood watching Lucy packing his toys in his little trunk.

"Are you so glad to leave mamma and me, Baby Lion?" asked Lucy.

“ ‘Oh, bother, you and mamma, I see you all the time, and I want to see something else now; I will see you lots more when I come back again,’ he answered, throwing his india rubber ball into the trunk.

“ ‘It was with a heavy heart that I saw the doctor bear my little crippled boy away, and Lucy wept as if her heart would break and would not be comforted. I worked hard all that day to keep from thinking, and to keep out the feeling of desolation that had crept into our humble little home. And so on the next day, and the next, till a week wore itself away. Oh, what a long week it was! At the end of the week the doctor called, and I said to him, ‘Doctor, I think I will have to go after Baby Lion and bring him home. I feel as if my heart would break if I had to stand it another week!’

“ ‘Oh, nonsense, you must not think of such a thing; Baby Lion is happier and better cared for than if he was at home,’ said the doctor, and so I stood it another week. At the end of the second week on going to bed, more than usually dispirited, I dreamt I was standing at the great iron gate that led into the hospital, when I saw two men coming towards me bearing a little open coffin between them; on seeing me they started to one side as if to avoid me, but I sprang towards them and saw that the coffin contained the remains of my child. I started up in bed with a shriek, and a moment afterwards Lucy came walking into my room in her night dress.

“ ‘Oh, mamma, I have been having such a dreadful dream about Baby Lion,’ she said, putting her arms about my neck.

“ ‘Do not tell me about it, darling; I will go in the morning and bring him home,’ I said. I was up at the break of day making arrangements for my departure, and started out before breakfast in quest of some person to take charge of my school for the day, as I expected to return in the evening. I met the doctor on the street returning from visiting a patient, and I think I must have looked like a frantic creature, for he stared at me as if he thought I had taken leave of my senses. ‘I am going to start in half an hour to bring Baby Lion home,’ I said in reply to his wondering gaze.

“ ‘If you stand in need of money I can lend you some,’ he said with his usual thoughtfulness, and I was glad to avail myself of his kind offer, as I had not a cent in my purse, though I had never thought of it until that moment. The doctor’s manner alarmed me more than ever. I had expected he would do all he could to dissuade me from my purpose, but he never said a word to that effect. ‘Something has happened to Baby Lion and the doctor has heard it and will not tell me,’ I thought as I stepped on to the train. A few hours brought me to within a short distance of the hospital. After getting off the train I walked as fast as my feet could carry me towards the hospital, and as I neared the gate I began to run, to the amazement of the passers-by, who stared after me as if they thought I had gone crazy. As I walked up the winding gravel walk that led from the gate to the main entrance, I saw a group of children beside a fountain, some of whom were playing and chasing each other around the fountain. All at once one of the group separated from the others and limped towards me with his arms stretched out. It was Baby Lion; I ran towards him and caught him in my arms and then sank on my knees and thanked God.

“ ‘Mamma, you have come to take me home,’ he said breathlessly.

“ ‘Yes, my darling,’ I replied.

“ ‘Well come along now,’ he said, taking hold of my hand and trying to drag me towards the gate. The children had stopped their play and stood staring at us, and I tried to explain to him that I would have to see the people of the hospital before taking him away, but he said, ‘Oh never mind them, they won’t care; mamma, you don’t know, you can never think, how much I wanted to come home! I thought last night, if mamma leaves me here one more week I will be a little dead boy in a coffin when she comes.’

“ ‘I then explained to him that we would have to wait for the train.

“ ‘Oh no we won’t,’ he said; ‘we can walk along the track and it will catch up with us.’

“ ‘I got him persuaded, however,’ after a

good deal to do, to come into the hospital with me.

"We started for home in the afternoon and found the doctor and Lucy awaiting us at the station. There never was a merrier little party than surrounded the tea table in our little dining-room that evening. Baby Lion made the toast while Lucy poured the doctor's tea. All the wicked, bitter disappointment regarding Baby Lion had died out of my heart, leaving in its place a great thankfulness to the Almighty that He had not taken him from me before letting me see the selfishness of my heart. Six months from that time I became the doctor's wife."

"Oh, it was Doctor Lupelle all the time!" said Bertha, interrupting her.

"Yes, it was Doctor Lupelle all the time," she said, laughing.

"And Baby Lion?" said Bertha questioningly.

"Baby Lion lived just three years from that time, during which time we did everything in our power to make his life happy, but it pleased God to take him, and we could not keep him," said Mrs. Lupelle, wiping away a tear.

"It seems funny to think of Lucy being a little wee girl; she is almost a young lady now, isn't she, Mrs. Lupelle?" said Bertha.

"Yes, almost; I expect she will be down for me next week with the doctor," said Mrs. Lupelle as the boat grated against the sandy bank of the island. As soon as we stepped on shore Jack began to dig vigorously with an old iron spoon he took out of his pocket; we all gathered about him to see what he was after, and in a few moments he disclosed a bed of little round snow-white turtle's eggs.

"Now, Ned," said he, addressing me, "if we were Robinson Crusoe or the Swiss family Robinson, we would be glad to get some of those eggs for supper. Suppose we build a fire here on the sand and try a few of them?"

Mrs. Lupelle thought it would be more advisable to bring some of them home with us, but we satisfied ourselves with blowing some of them, as we wished to bring the shells back to the city with us as curiosities. Our little party soon dispers-

ed over the island, but Jack's shouts soon brought us again to his side. About the middle of the island was a tumble down wall built of logs, and now overgrown with wild grape-vines, which, it was said, had been used by the Indians as a cover when shooting ducks on the river, and in poking about the base of this wall with his spoon Jack had discovered a rusty arrow head to his great delight.

"What a fuss you make, Jack! Ned has found something just as curious," said Bertha, as I held aloft a sycamore bough from which an oriole's nest was pendent. We were soon under weigh for home with our cargo of shells and curious pebbles, ferns, mosses, wild flowers and various other odds and ends picked up in our ramble over the island. The clouds in the west had grown more livid, and as we glided down the river beneath the falling shadows, startling the blackbirds, and causing the cows which stood on the bank placidly chewing their cuds, to prick up their ears and stare at us, the distant and less shaded water shimmered with gorgeous shadows. As we neared our landing place our attention was attracted by what appeared to be a great white bird fluttering on the bank. Another moment and Mrs. Lupelle had snatched out her pocket-handkerchief and was waving it with all her might. The supposed white bird proved to be a pocket-handkerchief in the hand of Mrs. Lupelle's daughter Lucy, who was standing on the bank beside Dr. Lupelle awaiting our arrival. We set up a joyous shout, for we knew our father was at the house, as he was to come down from the city with Dr. Lupelle.

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## NOT BREAD ALONE.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "ONLY NED."  
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### CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

Josie and Marion came in together: when Trudie went down to the greenhouse room she found them seated each in a corner of the sofa, with Helen near them in the arm-chair looking over the Bible.

Miss Helen certainly would not ask them to pray, Marion was nervously assuring herself. No, Miss Helen was wise.

"We will pray first," she said bowing her head. Josie followed her words with a sense of relief.

"Miss Helen," began Josie, with her usual straightforwardness, "why is it so hard to pray before people?"

"It is not for every one. It depends upon disposition. There was a girl at school who led our prayer-meetings with as little embarrassment as she read aloud. I often wondered at her. Once she asked me to pray. I could not refuse. I could not ask any one to pray before others unless I knew they desired it. Prayer is a free-will offering. I don't believe in extorting it."

Marion looked up. "Then you don't think we are wicked not to like to pray before people?"

"At the corners of the streets," smiled Helen. "I feel as you do, girls. When it is a free-will offering, I love to give it. God loves a cheerful giver. Prayer is a 'way,' as well as an 'ought.' I have chosen Jericho to talk about to-day. I will read aloud, unless Josie will, the account of the falling of the walls."

"I will," assented Josie, readily. "It isn't extorted, Miss Helen."

Josie read it, for the first time giving heed to it.

"Why how *is* that like prayer?" asked Marion, as Josie closed the book.

"Because it required so much faith," said Trudie.

"The Lord said to Joshua: 'See, I have given Jericho into thy hand.' All he had to do was to believe," answered Josie.

"And obey," added Helen.

"That's all we have to do," said Trudie.

"God had done just as wonderful things before for the children of Israel. I never have any patience with them when they murmur."

"And are discouraged," Helen supplemented.

"But it doesn't seem as if we have such clear promises," excused Trudie; "they had sight as well as faith to live by. They saw the pillar of fire."

"We know they saw it," said Josie quickly, "so it is almost the same. We *know* that Christ has come; they only looked forward to it."

"I never thought of that," remarked Trudie thoughtfully.

"We all have something in the past to rest on," said Helen.

Josie gave a quick "Yes."

"Now what feat of strength or skill was to take this walled city?"

"They were commanded just to walk around it," returned Josie. "I wonder if they said to each other 'What good will that do?'"

"As people do say about praying," said Trudie, with a little flash of indignation.

"The people inside the city must have thought they were lunatics. Perhaps they gathered on the walls to laugh at them."

"Perhaps they thought they did it to show how strong they were," Marion ventured.

"They walked in obedience to the command, not seeing how it was to be accomplished, as we pray, leaving the *way* in God's hands. We ask for a special grace, to be made unselfish, for instance. He chooses His own way: it may be a way not easy, but hard. Years ago I prayed much for patience; the answer has been coming ever since."

"You *are* patient" interrupted Trudie.

"I have prayed for faith, and sometimes I have walked by faith, with no sight."

"Faith can do all things," said Trudie.

"Six days they compassed the city."

"A week, Trudie!" said Helen smiling.

"That was waiting for something promised, though. There is a difference when the thing *isn't* promised."

"Every good thing *is* promised," said Marion, more eagerly than usual.

"They could see no result the first day, nor the second, nor the third. Even on the sixth day the walls stood firm. It would have been as easy for God to cause the walls to fall on the first day as on the seventh."

"The waiting is for our sakes," reflected Josie, "and yet how we do fret against it."

"How can we help it?" exclaimed Trudie; "it's the hardest thing in the world."

"The waiting is one of our opportunities to honor God. Faith and patience, then we have our inheritance. This walking, like prayer, was the fruit of faith. Rising early each day they found the walls firm, yet trusting in God they prepared for another round."

"I have a thought!" cried Trudie, her face alight. "God gave them plenty to do while they were waiting."

"Yes," said Josie, "that helps the waiting wondrously. The twins having the measles just now is a real blessing to me. They are not very sick, only sick enough to need attention. I don't wonder that waiting is hard when there's nothing to do but wait."

"There never is," said Marion.

"We ask, oftentimes as they walked," resumed Helen, "with no evidence of anything being done for us. The days go on and we wait, we pray and wait, doing His will so far as we know it, giving thanks. Any day the answer may come. It cannot linger when His set time has come. Every day brings it nearer, unless, like the children of Israel, our sins keep good things from us. They spent forty years on a three days' journey, so may we. Every asking, as every step, proves our faith in Him."

"How can we be so impatient then?" Josie looked as if she were trying to solve a problem. "Now, while you are talking, I am willing to wait, glad to wait."

"Then be glad of one little minute," returned Trudie; "I'd be glad of half a minute."

"It is not required that we be willing for to-morrow," said Helen. "Live one willing day at a time, Josie, as they did. We can hope every day to be the last. With what sort of faces do you suppose they walked?"

"Helen, you are hitting me," cried Trudie.

"And everybody else," said Josie.

"With no inward fretting, or sullenness, not a negative kind of patience that submits because there is no alternative!"

"But they knew how it would end," persisted Trudie.

"So do we. We know it will end in God's way. If you are seeking any other way, Trudie, admit it."

"I don't mean to," said Trudie, looking troubled.

"I'll begin to live by the day," affirmed Josie. "I haven't any faith to save for to-morrow; I want it all for to-day."

"Is your side better?" inquired Helen.

"Yes, thanks to somebody. Mrs. Newton called Monday and left a month's sewing; she says she prefers it done by hand, leaving seams and ornamental stitching to my discretion. I know to whom I am indebted, Miss Helen. I *love* to be thankful to you."

Marion was thinking that she could not love to be indebted to anybody.

"Josie, you have a lovely disposition," Trudie said warmly. "Are you thankful for that?"

"I am quick-tempered," confessed Josie; "do you call that lovely?"

"I call humility lovely. But, Helen, go on with Jericho."

"And they shouted *before* the walls fell down: that was faith!" continued Helen.

"I like to think of that. Can you give me another instance like that?"

"I don't believe there *is* another," said Josie.

"Hannah's countenance was no more sad," replied Trudie, thoughtfully; "that was something like it. And David said once 'The Lord hath heard my supplications,' before his prayer was answered."

"Is there another instance?" inquired Marion. "I would like to know it."

"There is another, a very beautiful one. Josie read the twentieth chapter of Second Chronicles."

Josie read the chapter to a most attentive audience, repeating the twenty and twenty second verses.

"How beautiful it must be to give thanks before the prayer is answered," said Josie.

"Why don't we always? Our prayer will be answered in the happiest way. Do you ever do it, Miss Helen? Excuse me. I would rather know that you do it, than read of somebody."

"Yes, Josie, I have done it," Helen answered calmly. "I hope always to do it after this."

"I like to see somebody *live* a Memoir! When I read one, I think I never can be so good, but I do hope to be like you, some day, Miss Helen."

"Josie, hush!" exclaimed Helen; "suppose we veto personal remarks."

"Then you'll have to veto *me*," declared Josie; "something tangible is the beauty of everything."

"Patient waiting depends much upon the spirit in which we ask. Herod questioned Jesus in many words, but He answered him nothing. And how tenderly He answered His disciples. Once the Jews inquired of God, through Jeremiah; they asked counsel, meaning not to follow it, if it did not suit them. Jeremiah went to God, then waited ten days for his answer. And then the people refused to follow the counsel the Lord gave through His prophet; they went their own way, and were punished—terribly."

"What hypocrites they were!" cried Josie indignantly.

"I don't see how any one can ask unless they are willing to obey the answer."

"Unless the heart is submissive, the prayer cannot be acceptable. The soul must be drawn away from everything that distracts it. We cannot pray for a thing and then work against it. We must work with our prayers. Don't ask and wait *lazily*; watch and pray, work and pray."

"The answer comes so differently from what we expect," said Josie; "the more I try to get a school, the faster I am pinned at home. And sometimes we think it is an answer, and it isn't."

"Not a whole answer, Josie, but a part of it. The whole will come by and by if you keep all the pieces."

"It's good to have even a piece," said Trudie; "that means the rest is coming."

"He answers in many ways," Helen continued; "by His Spirit bringing His word to us, by opening our eyes to see what already *is*, by His providences, whose will observe them shall understand His loving kindness. Do you remember how Paul longed to go to Rome? Yet it was nearly twenty-five years after his conversion before he was permitted to go. Read about his journey, and see how he was hindered. Two years of his waiting time he was bound, shut out from active service."

"That does seem strange," mused Marion "when he could do so much good."

"And he went at last as a prisoner, suffering shipwreck on the way."

"He prayed for 'everything,' so he must have asked to go," said Trudie. Trudie loved St. Paul.

"He writes to the Romans—here, let me find it!" Helen read aloud the passage she had alluded to: "Without ceasing, I make mention of you always in my prayers, making request (if, by any means, now, at length, I might have a prosperous journey, by the will of God,) to come unto you."

"A prosperous journey meant a shipwreck," said Trudie.

"I'll think about that twenty-five years," promised Josie; "twenty-one and twenty-five are forty-six! I'll keep on hoping, if I don't have a school till I am forty-six."

"I don't want to wait so long for what I want," declared Marion, rubbing her fingers across the sofa arm.

"Be willing to wait till to-night, are you, Marion?" asked Helen.

"Yes, till to-night."

"I had a letter from Tom last night, Miss Helen," said Josie suddenly.

Marion's heart quickened. He had written to Josie first!

"He says we mustn't expect him for a year, but he will change his mind before Christmas," added Josie.

"I don't see how people live without praying," said Trudie, breaking the silence. "We might as well try to live without breathing."

"Sorrow wrings a prayer from those even who profess not to believe in it," remarked Helen.

"If we love God we will pray as sincerely for His honor as for our own good," observed Trudie; "that is just coming to me, Helen."

"It has not come to me yet," acknowledged Josie. "I'm afraid I cry as the young lions do, because I am hungry."

"Surely," said Helen, "God has made you hungry, but love His honor, too, Josie. Now, Marion, we will sing our hymn."

After the singing, Trudie offered her arm ceremoniously to Marion, and drew her away to the little rustic piazza at the back of the house. "I want to show Marion the beautiful sunset, Helen."

Josie ran up to see Agnes, and then hurried home. When Marion and Trudie entered Agnes' chamber, Helen saw at a glance that Marion had listened to other news than how the sun went down. Marion had promised Eloise that she would not remain to tea. Trudie had an engagement with her father. The minister did not obey the summons to tea; Helen found him writing, too absorbed to speak to her or notice the cup of tea she placed at his elbow.

Agnes seemed brighter at the tea-table than she had been all day. Con amused

her sister and Helen with stories of her afternoon's play.

"Helen, you are so happy, I love to look at you," said Agnes.

"I am happy," returned Helen; "or I would be, if father would come to tea."

An hour later Helen went to the study. Her father lay upon the lounge, apparently unconscious.

"Father! father!" she called excitedly, rubbing his hands.

"Yes, oh, yes, I'll be better soon, Helen; don't be frightened!"

Con ran for Stephen, and the minister was assisted to his chamber. A physician was sent for; before midnight the minister was delirious, almost breaking Helen's heart by his frenzied calls for Alf.

The next morning all Sunny Plains knew that the minister was dangerously ill. Agnes grew nervous, and kept in her own apartment. Helen sent for Trudie to care for Agnes, and gave herself up to her father.

"Helen," said Trudie, meeting her in the hall, "I know what suspense is now. My book seems such little trouble. Doesn't he know you?"

"No. Oh, do let us pray that he may speak to me before he dies!"

Pale, calm, with heavy eyes, Helen watched, prayed, waited.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### WEARY WATCHING.

"God is His own interpreter  
And He will make it plain."

The minister had been ill nearly a week. Every voice in the Parsonage was hushed, every sound muffled. Helen glided in and out of the sick room, speaking few words. Agnes grew weaker with each day; she longed unutterably for Helen's presence, yet when Helen threw herself down beside her to sleep, she had not the heart to speak to her of her own increasing feebleness. Trudie would not believe that she was failing; she urged her to sleep, to eat and take exercise, reiterating that she was only "tired with teaching, and worried about Uncle Alfred."

Agnes folded her thin hands over each other and looked up at Trudie.

"Trudie, I do not believe you. But I am not troubled."

At this moment Helen entered; she had brushed her hair and changed her dress.

"Helen, you look fresh!" said Trudie. "I want Aggie to go out on the balcony; can you spare time to go with her?"

"Certainly." Helen's voice was growing more and more like itself.

"My time is yours, Aggie. We will walk up and down five minutes; then I will go to father."

Agnes arose slowly from her chair at the window,—Trudie parted the curtains, and the two stepped out into the twilight.

Very feeble Agnes' steps were, but she grew stronger with the strength the arm around her waist brought her.

The five minutes passed in silence. Trudie rearranged Agnes' pillows; she lay back upon them with a pleasant flush upon her cheeks. Helen kissed her and went away.

The lips of the sick man moved. Helen caught the words, weakly and brokenly uttered: "Oh, my God, remember me for good."

"For good," Helen thought, "It is good to depart and be with Christ! But I did want him to see Alf."

The lips moved again; weakly the words fell from them: "Thou openest Thine hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing."

"Yes," responded the watcher, laying her hand tenderly upon his, "and it is better to delight in Him than to have the heart's desire."

Drawing a low chair to his side, she seated herself, leaning back in it and lifting her feet so that they rested upon the white counterpane. More than once she dropped into a confused sleep, in which prayers for her father's recovery were mingled with petitions for Alf's return.

It was a happy thing to dwell in this part of God's kingdom and do the work He had set for her to do, but she was wearied with care and watching, and it would be so good if she could go in through the gates that were opening for her father and Agnes and not for her! Then the thought of Con troubled her, and she felt herself grasping the child's hand to lead her in, also. Then she stood at the gate alone, praying to enter, but Christ looked down upon her with a smile of infinite compassion and bade her go back and honor Him.

"I will! I will!" she responded joyfully, waking with the words on her lips.

"Helen," moaned a low voice. "I am thirsty. I have been asleep."

The cry of joy in her heart did not escape her lips: she spoke naturally and gave him drink. He slept, and in his sleep new strength came.

Mrs. Gray sent for Trudie to "come home and get rested;" Josie came over to spend the day with Agnes, and Marion came in at night.

Helen was exhausted; she slept as if she would never awake. When the crisis was past, Agnes gained strength; before the minister could raise himself in bed, she could walk the length of the lawn without weariness.

Helen's two were restored to her again for a time. She received them as a fresh gift from the hand of the Lord. She, her-

self, came back to life with her heart's desire more than ever to "honor" Him.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE LOOKED-FOR LETTER.

"I rest so pleased with what I have,  
I wish no more, no more I crave."

It was nearly sun-set; the mail had been in for some time, but Jack had just started for the post-office; Judge Grey and his wife had not returned from a day at Mt. Pleasant; Trudie was alone.

Two weeks had passed since she had received the indefinite letter concerning her manuscript, and she had heard no more. She walked through the hall, from the back piazza to the front. As she passed a mirror she glanced in, smiling with a sense of sad amusement at the whiteness of her lips and cheeks. This suspense was more cruel than to have her book promptly refused. She had done her best; would not God think it worthy to be placed in the hands of little children? Would He not accept the work He had helped her to do? Many a time she had knelt before Him, asking Him to give her thoughts and words. It might be that it must be rewritten,—perhaps she had not written it with *all* her heart. She knew that her motive had not been pure till Helen had talked with her about seeking great things for herself. If her father would not be disappointed, she could bear it herself. It was really a little thing, why must she be so moved! She stopped to fasten a vine to the lattice work of the piazza.

"Your book refused" was shot into her ear as her father would exclaim it, and her mother's "Never mind, Trudie, first attempts are seldom successful," unnerved her fingers so that she dropped the tendrils and resumed her uneasy walk.

Not daring to fancy what they would say if it were accepted, she prepared herself for all the commiseration they would express, for Marion's distressed face and Helen's—but how could Helen think it a sorrow?

She momentarily expected the sound of horses' hoofs.

If the letter would only come before her father and mother, and she could have time to "get over" it and be ready to receive them! The gates were swung wide open, but she did not feel strong enough for the walk down the avenue! She might meet them and Jack together, and how could she bear to open the letter before them all!

The minutes passed like hours,—the long hour seemed endless. Jack's whistle reached her as he cantered into the avenue. She hurried to the piano and touched the keys with her heart beating so fast that it was choking her.

"A letter for you, Miss Trudie."

She heard the words before he had spoken. It was an innocent-looking envelope, sealed with red wax.

In an instant she knew that her book was accepted! She looked at the purple check curiously, read upon it the name of her book and the amount paid for the copy-right, seventy five dollars.

She could do nothing, say nothing, feel nothing: she was not even glad.

Carriage-wheels were grating on the gravel. Very shyly she advanced to meet her father and mother with the check in her fingers. It was very hard to tell them the good news. She thought it would have been easier to say, "My book is refused."

She squeezed the check into her father's hand and walked away.

"Come back here!" he called. "I congratulate you, my daughter. I am proud of you, Trudie."

"I am not—any more than usual," said her mother.

"I want to go and tell Helen and Marion, may I?"

"I suppose you can't wait till morning," replied her father, pinching her cheek. "Give two hungry travellers some dinner, and then I'll drive you over. You must have your time of rejoicing."

Trudie's spirits returned, and the "rejoicing" was jubilant.

"O Helen, it's all over," cried Trudie, running into the greenhouse room, where Agnes was lying on the sofa, and Helen rocking Con and telling her a story.

"What?" Agnes gave a start.

"My book!—My book is accepted!"

Con laughed and clapped her hands; Trudie could not keep her feet still.

Agnes said she was giving them a sample of her saltatory powers. "I don't see how I do keep on the earth. I believe I have turned into a balloon. It will be published in September, Helen."

Judge Grey waited at the gate while Trudie ran in to speak to Marion. They drove away, leaving Marion at the gate. She was thinking of the night that Trudie had stopped on her pony to tell her that her book was off.

More precious than a letter from any publisher was the letter in Marion's pocket, a letter of warm, true, pure friendship from the depths of Tom Nelson's heart. He was two hundred miles from home; the longing to see home faces filled the letter with more fervent expressions of regard than any he had ever spoken to her. Now that he was away from her he knew how much he had always loved his "neighbor." Trudie was too sentimental to ridicule any attachment, but a letter from Tom Nelson the carpenter, would have seemed a very commonplace and prosy affair in contrast to a letter from a publisher.

(To be continued.)

## HOW TO SUCCEED.

### PREPARING FOR PARTNERSHIP:

My Dear Edward: One of the first conditions of success in man or woman is getting a good partner. At least, that is my observation and experience. Most of my success in life I attribute to a good wife. There have been some successful old bachelors and old maids. But Providence has permitted them only to show how much man can accomplish under difficulties. The sorrows of unmarried women are the theme of many a song and story, and of more ill-timed jests; but the sorrows of unmarried men are quite as great. I have no faith and little patience with some modern notions on this subject. Girls should be educated to be wives, and boys to be husbands; and it is a false delicacy that refuses to recognize this end in education, and to prepare for it. Harry got a box of tools for his Christmas present. He has begun pounding and cutting his fingers with great enthusiasm. I am sorry for the cuts and bruises, but glad of the education. If somebody had given me a box of tools at his age, and put me up to using them, perhaps now I could screw on a caster to the leg of a dining-table without splitting it, and put up a shelf for my wife without having to pay half a day's wages for a carpenter.

If you want a good wife you must learn to be a good husband, and you must consider that this requires not merely good intentions but an appropriate education. A great deal is said and written about girls learning to cook, and sew, and sweep, and dust, and, in a word, to manage the household. But all the care of the household does not or ought not to fall on the wife; and very little is said about boys learning to saw and split wood, build fires, cultivate a little garden, and do the odd jobs of carpentry that are required constantly about every house. How many are the homilies to the wife on the duty of always meeting John with a cheerful, smiling face, with neatly washed and dressed children, with a tidy house and a comfortable supper, so that poor John may not be tempted to leave his home to find comforts at the "tap." Excellent advice, all of it. But if John would consider that he has something to do with the household, and would carry his end of the load, Jane would find the tears come not so easily and the smile come much more easily. When she has been cooking all the afternoon in a kitchen half full of smoke and over a cooking-stove that will not draw, because John does not know how to put up a stove-pipe, it is not so easy to brush the tears from the eyes and the soot from the hands, and run up with



tidy dress and smiling face when John's step is heard on the gravel walk.

And then the children! The stories about "motherly girls!" The homilies on little housekeepers!" But who ever hears any encomiums on "fatherly boys?" Pray, why not? If the girls are to grow up to be mothers, are not the boys to grow up to be fathers? Why, I know scores of fathers who are afraid of their own babies; some who have half a dozen children who have never learned yet how to hold a baby. The general division of labor is fair enough: the mother to stay at home and take care of the children and the house; the father to go out and earn the money. But no wife is fully educated to her position who is not able to enter, at least partially, into her husband's plans and purposes; and no husband is chivalrous who suffers the whole burden of the household to rest upon his wife's shoulders.

Her day is quite as likely to be hard and trksome as his; and he ought to know how so divide the long night with her, when sickness requires watching. The ship-saptain's wife who, when her husband was ock and the crew was weakened by deaths, trought the ship into port herself, has been che theme of many and none too great enomiums; but there are scores of men, I do not know but a majority, who would be half ashamed to be caught rocking the baby. As a matter of curiosity, I should like to take a census of the paternal readers of this letter, and ascertain how many of them know how to dress and undress their own children.

If you are to have a truly successful life, a truly happy life, you must look for one element of it in the married state; and if you are to have a successful married life, you must not only find a good wife, you must help to make a good wife by being a good husband. You must study the art of housekeeping, and not worry your wife's life out of her by making her the victim of all your experiments. You must learn something about the house, and more about the home. You must study the art of horticulture, that of carpentry, that of taking care of children. You must be ambitious to be a "handy man," and to make your future wife's life, not free from cares, but free from those which in the order of nature, that is of God, belong to the husband, but are too often showed off by incompetent husbands on their over-burdened wives.

Yours sincerely, RUSTICUS.

—*Christian Weekly.*

FRITZ KOPPEL'S KNIFE,

AND HOW IT CARVED OUT HIS FORTUNE.

BY ELIZABETH ELY.

On a cold morning, a few years ago, a group of boys and girls stood looking very

intently at a store window whose shade was tightly drawn so that nothing could be seen within. Yet they well knew old Hans would not disappoint their expectations of a fine display of Christmas gifts, so they kept their courage up in spite of the biting wind by various suggestions as to the extraordinary preparations which he might be making for their benefit. At length there was a slight twitch, a spasmodic jerk, and up went the shade with the accompanying shout of the boys. Certainly old Hans had not disappointed them, for it seemed as if they could hardly take in at one look all the nice things spread out before their sight. There were games of all kinds, books, pictures, dolls, kites, candies, everything one could think of to delight the heart of a child. For an hour they stood trying to determine among themselves which was the most desirable thing in the window, but not arriving at any definite conclusion, because the girls preferred dolls to marbles, while the boys smiled contemptuously upon the dolls as unworthy of notice while the kites and bats and balls were to be seen.

At length they gradually dispersed and returned, some to play, while others went home to get warm. After they had left, a small, thinly clad boy stole quietly out from a doorway, and, seeing that the coast was clear, ventured up to the window. He, too, seemed to admire its tempting appearance, and stood shivering while he looked. It was soon evident what his choice would be of the different articles, and oh, how much he wished he might possess it,—a large, many-bladed pocket-knife.

His thought must have betrayed itself upon his face, for old Hans, who was sitting within watching his chances for a customer, beckoned to him, and he went in.

"A cold morning," said Hans. "Better come to the fire and get warm." Fritz, grateful for the man's kindness, took a seat on the wood box and spread out his hands to the heat. "Well, youngster," said Hans, "what do you think of my window?" "It's splendid!" said Fritz. "Well, I rather think it will do," said Hans, rubbing his hands briskly with a sense of satisfaction, "What do you think you would like the best of all the things you see?" "Well," said Fritz, "I would like that small carpenter's chest, and if I couldn't have that, I'd like that big knife; but there ain't much use in telling what I'd like until I get the money to pay for it, and that will be a good while yet, I'm afraid."

Now Hans was a kindly man, who had worked his own way in the world, and he felt sorry for the poor boy he had seen shivering for want of clothing, and hungry

for food many a time, and had thought to himself, as he saw him looking so wistfully at the knife, how much satisfaction it would give him to own it. A bright idea had entered his head, too, and he thought the present a good time to propose a plan by which Fritz might earn the knife, and he be no loser by the bargain. So he said, "Well, Fritz, if you want the knife I will give you a chance to earn it." "Oh how?" asked the boy eagerly. "Why, you see," said Hans, "I'm getting on in years, and I don't like to get up early in the morning as I used to, especially in this cold weather, so if you've a mind to open the store, sweep, and make a fire every morning for a week, I'll give you the knife for your services."

Fritz opened his eyes very wide in astonishment at this extraordinary piece of good luck. "Good," he cried; "when shall I begin?" Hans, pleased to find the boy so ready to work, told him next morning. Bright and early Fritz was on hand, and you may be sure he took good care to do his work well; and when, an hour later than usual, old Hans came down into his little store he found a brisk fire, everything clean and in order, and more than all it seemed so cheery to see Fritz's smiling face. Hans wondered he had not thought of his plan sooner.

At first, so pleased was he to find everything satisfactory, he was on the point of telling Fritz he would make him a present of the knife and engage his services for regular wages; but upon reflection he thought best to wait and see if the boy held out as he had begun.

After a while Fritz asked to go home to breakfast, promising to be on hand the next day, and having received permission he started for the miserable little attic room which he and his mother called home. Mrs. Koppel, a sad, weary-looking woman, sat stitching on some coarse work with one foot on a cradle wherein lay a little deformed child a year or two younger than Fritz. As he opened the door and she caught sight of his happy face it gladdened her very heart, and she dropped her work to ask how he had succeeded. "O mother," cried the boy, "old Hans was so pleased, and I don't believe he ever swept the store as clean as I did."

"That's right, my son," said the mother, encouragingly. "Always do your work in the very best way, and you will meet with success sooner or later."

When the week had expired Hans gave Fritz a handsome knife, larger and better even than he had expected, and engaged him to come regularly every day, not only to open the store, but to stay through the day, and, as Hans said, "keep warm and out of mischief."

To be sure he only offered Fritz a dollar a week, but to the boy this was a welcome sum, exceeding his expectations, which were very modest.

How thankful his mother was, and the poor little crippled sister; for Fritz had always said that they should have his earnings, if he ever got any, and though this was a small beginning, still it was a beginning, and for this they were thankful. Moreover they felt sure he would work so faithfully old Hans would be glad to keep him.

One morning, shortly after Hans had engaged Fritz to stay in the store, he observed that the boy was busily engaged with his new knife, but did not notice what he was really about until Fritz held up to his view an ingeniously contrived box with sides neatly fitted into each other.

"Who taught you to do that?" asked Hans.

"Nobody," said Fritz.

"Let me see you make another," said Hans.

So the boy made another out of the pieces of an old cigar box he had picked up. Hans, surprised at the boy's dexterity, and seeing with a quick eye the genius he possessed, offered to furnish the wood for him to make a hundred.

Fritz not knowing what Hans knew, that hand-carved work of any description commanded a good price, took the offer and in a day or two by working diligently they were finished.

Hans quietly carried them to a dealer in carved goods, and received as compensation ten cents apiece with an order for a hundred more at an advanced price. Judge, if you can, how astonished Fritz was when Hans gave him a nice clean ten dollar bill, saying, "There, Fritz, is the money for your boxes; now make another hundred and you will get a higher price." Fritz could hardly believe his good fortune, but set to work at the others without delay. One might easily guess that a boy who could contrive a box might in time turn his hand to other and more difficult pieces of workmanship, and so it proved with Fritz. Having begun, he kept on with his "whittling," as Hans called it.

First, he copied the toys in the show-case, then the chessmen, and gradually more complicated and ingenious objects. Meanwhile Hans had introduced him to the dealer who had bought his first boxes, and he took and paid liberally for all that Fritz could do. In a very short time he was able to take nice, comfortable rooms for his mother, and pay his board beside. Prosperity attended him, and old Hans, who looked upon the boy with much pride, began to talk of selling out his stock and taking a better store, with Fritz as partner, which was accordingly done.

Fritz soon outgrew his pocket-knife, and even the coveted carpenter's chest. His wonderful ingenuity in designing procured him a steady salary, while his carving being now confined to elaborate and costly articles, became the source of a handsome income. He did not forget the kindness of Hans, but took him to his own beautiful home, where his mother and sister preside with so much pride and happiness.

He has taught this invalid sister how to carve little toys, which not only helps to make her time pass pleasantly, but gives her an opportunity to support herself and procure many little comforts beside.

In the pretty little parlor, on a richly carved table of Fritz's workmanship, stands a curiously-shaped cabinet, within one drawer of which lies an old jagged knife, and this to the mother was an appropriate and welcome Christmas gift, serving, as it does, to remind her of the days when Fritz began to carve out his fortune.—*Christian Union.*

#### DICTATION EXERCISE.

“The most skillful gauger I ever knew was a maligned cobbler, armed with a poniard, who drove a pedler's wagon, using a mullein-stalk as an instrument of coercion, to tyrannize over his pony shod with calks. He was a Galilean Sadducee, and he had a phthisicky catarrh, diphtheria, and the bilious intermittent erysipelas. A certain sibyl, with the sobriquet of ‘Gypsy,’ went into ecstasies of cachinnation at seeing him measure a bushel of peas, and separate saccharine tomatoes from a heap of peeled potatoes without dyeing or singeing the ignitable queue which he wore, or becoming paralyzed with a hemorrhage. Lifting her eyes to the ceiling of the cupola of the Capitol to conceal her unparalleled embarrassment, making a rough courtesy, and not harassing him with mystifying, rarefying and stupefying innuendoes, she gave him a conch, a bouquet of lilies, mignonnette, and fuchsias, a treatise on mnemonics, a copy of the Apocrypha in hieroglyphics, daguerreotypes of Mendelssohn and Kosciusko, a kaleidoscope, a dramaphial of ipecacuanha, a teaspoonful of naphtha for delebe purposes, a ferrule, a clarionet, some licorice, a surcingle, a cor-

nelian of symmetrical proportions, a chronometer, with a movable balance-wheel, a box of dominoes, and a catechism. The gauger, who was also a trafficking rectifier and a parishioner of mine, preferring a woollen surtout (his choice was referable to a vacillating occasionally-occurring idiosyncrasy), wofully uttered this apothegm: ‘Life is chequered; but schism, apostasy, heresy, and villany shall be punished.’ The sibyl apologizingly answered: ‘There is a ratable and alleageable difference between a conferrable ellipsis and a trisyllabic diæresis.’ We replied in trochees, not impugning her suspicion.”

#### SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

- The king whom Abram slew to save Lot's life?
- The king whose son took Jezebel to wife?
- The king whose pride by God was brought down low?
- The king who, fearful, to a witch did go?
- The king's son who was murdered on his bed?
- The king who mourned in song his foe when dead?
- The king who to Jehoiachin was kind?
- The king who would not aged counsellors mind?
- The king whose warlike help king Ahaz prayed?
- The king who begged that God would grant him aid?
- The king who cruelly died by Ehud's blade?
- The king whose mother words of wisdom taught?
- The king's court which the gentle Esther sought?
- The king-built city where a king was slain?
- The king's consoler sent to ease his pain?
- The king whose brother's twain their father slew?
- The king, who, more than any, heavenly wisdom knew?

Combine the initials of these royal names;

They give a text which man's poor splendor shames.

In summer glory God the earth arrays,  
And crowns with beauty the succeeding days.

## The Home.

### WORTH, THE PARIS DRESSMAKER.

Six or eight miles from Paris, on the Versailles route, lies the pretty town of Surèsnes, at the foot of Mont Valérien, and in front of the Bois de Boulogne. On the opposite side of the street, near the railway station, rises from within a high garden wall a red brick château in the form of a letter L, with a towered and turreted roof. It is the residence of Worth, the Napoleon of costumers. Being in Surèsnes one fine Sunday afternoon with a friend, and having previously been invited by the proprietor to visit his château, we improved the opportunity by sending in our cards. A tall lackey in imposing shirt front, who seemed to be holding guard over the garden gate, led us into a vestibule that was like a small museum of faïence. Every thing was faïence except the chairs we sat in and the fountain that bubbled up in the centre of the room. We had barely more than time to cast our eyes about us, and send them on a promenade down the opening view before us, exclaiming, "What a marvellous place!" when a second person appeared, and said he would conduct us to "Monsieur Vort." He led us through a vista of rooms, hardly separated from each other save by a drapery of curtains—a succession of apartments of a unique magnificence totally unexpected.

"Isn't it Aladdin's palace?" whispered Dane, while I pinched myself to make sure I was still myself. We had both visited numerous palaces of kings, and of such princes as eat up the people's money in Italy, Austria, and Germany, so we were not verdant enough to be dazzled by commonplace palaces. But for the first time we were dazed, and while in that stupefied state in came "Monsieur Vort" in a flowing gray robe that fell to his heels, lined with pale yellow, with a deep vest to match and numerous other overlapping appliances that modified and gave elegance to a costume as unique as it was comfortable.

"So you have really kept your promise and come!" he exclaimed, cheerily. "For the moment I am very busy with my workmen, and if you would like to visit the winter garden, my son will go with you."

"My son," a young man of seventeen years, who had the look of a man of twenty-two, led us to the foot of the garden, which was a small journey, through a hedge-rowed path bloomed over with morning-glories and full-blossomed vines, into a conservatory of the rarest, most curious and beautiful exotics, from tiny plants to tall fern palms. A grotto fountain in the centre, with its top heaped high with tropical plants, was a study for a gardener. There were air-plants and water-plants, sand-plants and earth-plants, orchids, and begonia leaves huge enough for a parapluie, and great vines stretching across the conservatory, and sending down clumps of thread-like tendrils to take root like a banyan-tree. Near the winter garden were piles of stones—demolitions from the Palace of the Tuileries, a jumble of carvings in various degrees of perfection and ruin, that were to enter into the construction of an adjoining hot-house.

From the garden we returned to the château, going first to see the stables and horses. Each horse had before his eyes the mystic "W" in illumination. He had a marble basin for his oats and another for his drink. He was blanketed, had his tail sheared, and the neatest stable a horse ever dreamed of. The brass rings and ornaments of the écurie were polished like mirrors. Two lengths of fresh straw matting overlapping each other kept the straw from extending beyond its proper limits. Adjoining was a hospital for sick horses, in case any of those high-blooded sorrels should be so indiscreet as to become ill.

Then we visited the dogs, nine of them, large and small, and ugly and less ugly.

Then we went to the palace of the birds. An immense parrot, vain in his plumage of green and gold, was perched on his throne in the vestibule. Our guide assured us that his majesty the bird would allow nobody else to touch him, and taking hold of the tips of the macaw's wings, he spread them out like a pair of fans to show off the bird's magnificence of plumage. The bird palace had a plaited wire front, and the walls of the interior, a sort of écrud-colored stucco-work, were dotted all over in a hap-hazard sort of fashion with bits of

mirrors, as if the walls had been plastered on a large looking-glass, leaving here and there spots uncovered. Before these reflectors of vanity the birds perch themselves to perk their heads and sing their operettes. There was an army of them, lovely songsters from the four corners of the earth, with many of them far too pretty and proud to sing at all. We said goodbye to the birds, and began a tour of the château by climbing a winding staircase, built in one of the towers. The kitchen is at the top of the house. There are no odors from the *chef's* kingdom. The skies receive all the savory smells that rise from the frying-pan and the stew-kettle. The food is sent down to the dining-room in a "lift."

The dining-room is not large, as if built for state dinners. The chairs of carved wood are upholstered with leather, with gilt ornamentations; wood-work carved to match. Every-day table-service, Sèvres; for extra occasions, Sèvres. If Mr. Charles Frederick Worth has a "hobby," it is for painted porcelain and faïence. I remember one salon where the walls were covered with Sèvres porcelain of most exquisite workmanship, the plates being let into the walls by concaves made for them, and held in place by silver buttons.

All the rooms merit a better description than I can give, for I saw so much that I freely confess to having things hopelessly mixed. One salon had a floor in the most exquisite marquetry imaginable. There was a Persian mat before a pedestal, on which was a bust of Madame Worth. The chairs were upholstered in damask, with brocaded flowers in velvet, with the pile half an inch high. Silken window-curtains with borders to match.

The library was finished in dark carved wood. A bay-window was painted in small tablets representing the various books of the Bible. The view from the window was a something to be remembered. In the distance was Paris, bounding the plain like the walls of an amphitheatre. The window curtains in some dark stuff were bordered with medallions filled with portraits in needle-work of the historical costumes of France. There were busts of French writers; a case of coins; bronzes; mementoes, one of which was a portrait of Nilsson, which she had presented to Mr. Worth, with her grateful thanks for kindnesses he had shown to her. The door of the library was convex, the two parts closing like the half of a cylinder. To describe this house in detail would take a week. I must conclude by the mention of a few salient points. All the rooms in the château are rather low. The floors are of inlaid woods, or in mosaic. There are family portraits—one of Worth in the costume of the Shah of Persia, of Madame Worth in that of some queen, and the two sons, when children, in

princely costumes, one of the boys being painted in a girl's dress. There is a fine bust of Napoleon the First, and one of *Worth* the First. Back of the latter is his portrait in oil, taken when he was quite young, and a very handsome picture it is. There are quaintly and richly inlaid old cabinets of two hundred years ago, leopard-skins in abundance, and the large mat which covers the centre of the floor of the family sitting-room is in squares of leopard-skin and Axminster. There is a billiard-room, and as we were there the day before Mr. Worth's birthday, the table had begun to receive the gifts for the fête, one being a rare and curious set of old faïence. The tides on the chairs stretch simply across the top of the back, and are of the finest linen, with borders six inches deep in the duchesse lace patterns. The bath-room contains a bed, set against a mirror wall, which duplicates the room, a marble bath-tub sunk in the floor, a porcelain stove with a glass front, which reflects the light and heat from a gas-burner, which, being concealed, gives a magical effect. Madame Worth's chamber is in lace over pale yellow transparencies, while the curtains to match have small square crystals introduced in the fringes, which produce a charming effect. Almost in the centre of the house is a greenery, large enough and fresh enough in its foliage and falling water to make one half fancy himself in a forest. The carriage entrance to the château is under an immense glass-roofed court. At one side of the house, and sheltered by its different sides and angles, is a garden, with an open gallery connecting different porticoes roofed with glass in the form of a whale's back, the glass shingles ending in a scallop. Between each of these hangs a pendent globe of glass. The portico of one door has a stained-glass roof, with a fringe of gilt balls. When this garden portico is illuminated for a soirée, as well as the house, no idea can be conceived of its splendor.

Mr. Worth was himself engaged in directing the work in a nearly completed room that was to be an immense apartment for cameliæ. The floor in mosaic was laid in a series of designs, a section of eyes in mosaic, then of butterflies, then fishes, etc. A row of square red brick columns on two opposite sides were spotted over in regular design with plates of blue and white faïences, giving a very curious but striking effect. Vines were to be trained overhead, so that the illumination should fall through the foliage. Large portions of the outside walls of the house are overgrown with ivy.

The château is evidently Mr. Worth's pride. During the war it was occupied successively by the French and German troops. They fenced the grass-plots of the

garden with wire, laid down boards of deal over the elegant floors, and after weeks of being quartered in the palace, left it without having injured it a particle. The owner had just reason to be grateful, as he had already spent ten years' time on its construction and embellishment.

There is probably no other house in this world or another like unto it. It is original from beginning to end, and every nook and corner, whether of its architecture or furnishing, bears the unmistakable evidence of having been the result of the owner's own design.

After we had "done" the château we had tea in the dining-room, with dainty cakes and wafer slices of buttered bread. The table-cloth and napkins came in for their share of artistic construction. But as I must stop somewhere, let it be here, and turn to the man himself.

Mr. Worth is a native of Lincolnshire, England. His father was a lawyer. Upon some of the windows of the Surènes château are engraved the escutcheon of the family, which some of the French facetiously interpret as "*une noblesse de Robe.*" From some family misfortune the children were obliged to abandon their studies and seek their own livelihood. At twenty Charles Frederick came to Paris to learn French and to find work. He found employment as cutter in the *maison de modes* Gagelin, and the lady whom he at once fell in love with, and soon after married, was also employed there in the capacity of *demoiselle de magasin*. It was in this house at the time of their marriage, that they began to work upon their own account, and founded the establishment which has since become world-renowned. The workshops (*ateliers*) are immense in size and number. Each one has its specialty; one for the corsage, one for jupons, another for trimming, etc., etc. About a thousand work-people are employed in the confection of robes and costumes, which are sent to all parts of the world. The models of new designs are first made in muslin, to note the effect, and everything that goes out of the shop is fashioned under the superintendence of Mr. Worth himself. His activity is indefatigable. Often when a dress is finished which fails to please him, he has it quite taken to pieces and remade. He accepts an order for no sort of a dress for less than twenty pounds—which is not an extravagant price when one considers that his ateliers are in the most expensive part of Paris, and that the materials and designs he furnishes are first-class and original. Although Mr. Worth is not a man to be afraid of if one has a liberal exchequer, women say that they often climb the stairs to his elegant rooms in the Rue de la Paix with fearfully beating hearts, and when once in his pres-

ence are actually afraid to say what they want and how they want it. That is what might in truth be called a "cringing slave of fashion." Yet Mr. Worth declares he has any amount of trouble with women—that they want to wear colors that do not become them, and a superabundance of trimming that is far from good taste.

In person Mr. Worth is of medium English height, strongly but not stoutly built. He has black eyes, hair and mustache dark, and a fully developed forehead, which a phrenologist would doubtless say is crammed with form, perception, color, taste, invention, etc. He is not a bit "Frenchv." He retains much of the bluntness which characterizes the English, and has "taken on" very little of the suavity that characterizes the French. He is modest and unaffected in manner, and would pass for an unassuming, honest, common-sense sort of a man, thoroughly conscientious in a profession which he has raised to the dignity of a fine art.

He is not far from forty years of age, and has the appearance of a man who lives temperately and simply. I doubt if he smokes, even. He rides into Paris every morning on horseback, usually reaching his business about nine o'clock, and often remaining in the evening until ten. He has two sons, one nineteen and the other seventeen—both well-bred and well-educated young fellows. The youngest has much of his father's genius for invention, and may one day be Worth the Second. *Harper's Bazar.*

## THE THEATRE AND SHAKESPEARE.

BY PROF. C. T. WINCHESTER.

"I should like to see that played!" How often has this wish sprung to the lips of some young man, just risen from the reading of one of the great dramas of Shakspeare. He begins to discern the dim outlines of that colossal genius; his enthusiasm is kindling; the spell of the master is upon him. It is but natural that he should look at once to the stage for help in his study; he knows that the stage has always been reckoned by many the best interpreter of the drama; he remembers the brilliant literary associations that have gathered about it. It is, therefore, often with a keen sense of disappointment and loss that he finds what he deems one source of high intellectual pleasure denied him by the verdict of general Christian opinion. In cheerful deference to the dictates of his Church, and the wishes of his friends, he keeps away from the theatre; but he cannot help feeling that in doing so he is giving up a most efficient means of literary and æsthetic culture.

This feeling is, indeed, almost inevitable, but it is a mistaken one. The stage never has been, and never can be a good school for the student of Shakspeare. So far from having any educational value, it is, probably, in most cases, a hindrance rather than a help to a thorough appreciation of the dramatic master-pieces of our literature. It will be the object of this paper to give two or three reasons for this opinion, but with the direct moral influence of the theatre, though by no means without an opinion upon that point, I have now nothing to do.

In the first place, all that is most worthy in literary product must always defy representation upon the stage. There may be a certain class of light comedy, depicting eccentricities of manner and habit, dealing solely with external things, which can find adequate expression there; but whenever a literary composition deals, as all the most valuable literature must, with the inner life, with the springs of thought and action, it is beyond the range of theatrical representation. Paradoxical as the assertion may sound, no great drama can ever be acted. In every such drama there are many passages, and those the very noblest ones, which, it is perfectly evident, give the actor absolutely nothing to do. Take, for instance, those passages of lofty reflection fused into emotion, such as Prospero's

"Our revels now are ended;"

or Portia's eulogy of mercy; what can an actor do with them? How can Hamlet's famous soliloquy,

"To be or not to be, that is the question,"

be acted? You might as well talk of acting one of Bacon's essays. And, further, those passages which express the more active working of some emotion or passion, and which might seem, therefore, to lend themselves more readily to the purposes of the actor, are really quite as much beyond the reach of his art. For an actor can, at best, only represent some passion in its most general form of manifestation. Of all those subtle distinctions that individualize a great passion, that mark its peculiar effect upon the character under depiction—of all this, which is what we most want to know, he can give us no idea. He can represent the action of jealousy; but it is not the jealousy of Othello. He can represent cruelty and ambition; but he cannot personate Richard Third. A year ago an Italian actor of eminence played in Boston the part of Othello. An able criticism in the daily press at the time, after speaking in the highest terms of the representation, closed with the remark, "it was not indeed the Othello of Shakspeare, but it was an

impersonation of the utmost power and passion." Exactly; but if it was not the Othello of Shakspeare, who cares what it was? It might as well have been Jack Sheppard. He, too, was a person of power and passion.

And when the mental state which the actor would depict is not a simple but an exceedingly complex one; when the resulting conduct is not dictated by some single passion, but is rather the final result of a complication of warring purposes—it then becomes still more evident that acting can give us no idea of the tangled skein of motives which is the real object of our study. The character of Hamlet, for instance, is the most profound and the most fascinating study that the mind of man ever conceived; but in the external conduct of Hamlet which can be imitated in acting there is absolutely nothing to distinguish him from any other moody and capricious young man. What Hamlet *does* is of no account whatever; but he has "that within which passeth show."

From these narrow limitations of the possibilities of acting arises what is, in an æsthetic point of view, one of the most dangerous tendencies of the stage. It always tends to place an undue emphasis upon mere forms of outward expression. It must do so. Every actor, in personating any great character of Shakspeare, is sure to withdraw our attention, in a greater or less degree, from the inner life and workings of that character, and to fix it upon mere outward matters. While we notice tricks of gesture, tones of voice, phases of countenance, we are missing all the deeper and subtler elements of the author's conception. In confirmation of this assertion may be cited the fact that those parts of Shakspeare's dramas which have always been most popular on the stage are by no means the parts most deserving admiration, but rather those passages of loud dialogue or violent action, whose principal recommendation is that they can be imitated in acting. Another striking proof of this tendency to subordinate literary value to stage effect may be seen in the way in which the best actors have mangled Shakspeare's plays in the effort to prepare them for the theatre. Garrick was probably the most intelligent and sympathetic interpreter of Shakspeare the stage has ever seen; yet one can hardly keep his temper while he reads Garrick's acting version of King Lear or of Romeo and Juliet.

It is another characteristic vice of acting that it is a hindrance to the imagination of the spectator. When I see a man playing Hamlet, I either identify that man with Hamlet, for the time, or I do not. If I do, I virtually surrender to him my imagination, and give up, at once, the possibility of

any direct and sympathetic comprehension of Shakespeare's ideal. Whatever my conception may gain in distinctness is immeasurably overbalanced by what it loses in truth and imaginative breadth. Nothing can more effectually preclude any real understanding of Shakespeare's characters than this habit of substituting for them, in our thought, some actor's representation of them. If, on the other hand, I do not identify the player with the character he plays, then my imagination, instead of being really aided, is distracted by the constant intrusion of the actor's personality into my conception of Hamlet. If I am to see any one, I ought to see Hamlet. But I am conscious that the man before me is not Hamlet at all; and the painful sense of unreality attending what I *do* see continually perplexes the imagination.

If the imagination is thus vexed when the actor represents some man or woman of actual flesh and blood, how it is baffled and insulted when he attempts to personate, as it were to incarnate, some of those creations of the poet's fancy,

"Which never were, on sea or land?"

When, alone, in the quiet of my room, I read Hamlet's midnight interview with his father's spirit, I shudder at the dim spectre, and I understand the motive of all Hamlet's after action. But to shudder at the man in glazed paper armor, who stalks as ghost upon the stage, would be absurd; and Hamlet's breathless awe in his presence seems ridiculous. The witches in Macbeth, seen only by the light of imagination, are weird, lurid things of horror; the witches of the stage-Macbeth are some rather unkempt-looking women, who dabble in an iron pot, and pass up and down through a hole in the floor. And as for Puck, and Ariel, and all those tricky children of Faery, to attempt to act them is vulgar profanation.

Similar remarks may, I think, be made with reference to the effect of all stage scenery. Aiming at an illusion which it can never attain, scenery leaves upon the mind a painful sense of sham, while at the same time it effectually prevents the action of the imagination. The piece of painted canvas before me I know very well is not the grove Titania haunts; but while it is in my eye, my imagination refuses to give me a better picture. In this particular I am inclined to consider the stage of Shakespeare's day, which was entirely without scenery, as really better off than ours. Then the theatre left almost everything to the imagination of the spectator; now it leaves almost nothing.

Another objection to acting as an interpretation of the drama is to be found in the evident artistic impropriety of turning the emotions into a spectacle. It is the first

charm of all fictitious literature, and of the drama especially, that it seems to endow the reader with an immediate knowledge of the thoughts and emotions of the persons it portrays, without suggesting at all the *bodily presence* of those persons. And this charm is lost at the moment the reader is forced to conceive the persons as actually in his presence, and making a display of their emotions for his benefit. We can look directly into the soul of Hamlet. We watch the struggles of his spirit, his perplexity, his irresolution; we follow him into his seclusion, and hear those soliloquies that are told only to his own heart. And yet we never feel any consciousness of intrusion; we are not disturbing his privacy. The question of his presence does not arise in our thought at all. But when a man strides upon the stage, and, in the presence of a thousand people, declaims, *ore rotundo*, that he wishes

"This, too, too solid flesh would melt,  
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew,"

our sense of propriety is shocked. This publicity, this declamation are, we feel sure, absurdly inconsistent with the real character of Hamlet. Such a vast difference is there between looking in upon a man's emotions, as a superior intelligence may be conceived to do, and having those emotions publicly told us by the man himself.

Take, for a further illustration of what I mean, those passages of special affection between the sexes, all whose beauty and delicacy depends upon their being thought of as sacredly private. In imagination, I may linger in the enchanted island, and listen to the gentle confidence of Ferdinand and Miranda. But if Ferdinand and Miranda actually sit down within a dozen yards of me, and begin their lover's talk, my presence becomes an impertinence. What business have I to gaze and listen there? I feel that I were better away. At least, I ought to feel so; and I may be sure that if I do not, the scene has lost for me its sweetest fragrance.

Such views as these of the possibilities of acting are by no means without the endorsement of those best qualified to judge of their correctness. Charles Lamb, one of the best of English Shakespearean critics, after having for years spent almost every other night in the play-house, declared that no tragedy or comedy of Shakespeare could ever be worthily acted. Other of the ablest students of Shakespeare have repeatedly said the same thing. These considerations, moreover, explain what is to me otherwise inexplicable, the decay of the drama; for the drama, as a species of literary composition, is stone dead—and has been for more than two centuries. With the exception of a half a dozen plays



by Otway, Goldsmith and Sheridan, nothing of permanent literary value has been written for the stage since the days of Congreve. And why not? It is sometimes said that this decline is due to the growth of the novel; but the novel followed rather than supplanted the drama. Then we are told that the moral ban which has rested upon the theatre ever since the days of the Puritans has deprived it of the ablest literary support. But this can hardly be true. The fact is, that the opposition to the theatre has never been very strong among the men who have produced our polite literature; certainly not strong enough to their uniform preference for non-dramatic modes of composition. The real cause of the decline of the acted drama is the inability of the stage to do justice to the highest artistic conceptions. It has come to be recognized that the conditions of stage success are incompatible with the highest literary excellence.

And, furthermore, I am inclined to think that in this fact is also to be found the real explanation of the failure of all endeavors for the moral reform of the theatre. Its moral deficiencies arise from its artistic deficiencies. It is often said, and truly enough, that the theatre only needs for its elevation the constant support of people of high moral and intellectual culture. But this support it fails to command, principally because it is not, and cannot be, an adequate interpreter of the noblest drama, because it is not capable of affording a high order of pleasure to a cultivated intellect and a healthy taste. Unable to deserve that intellectual support which alone can insure its purification, there is very little hope that its moral condition will ever be much improved.

Let, then, no young and earnest student of Shakespeare think that he must visit the theatre if he would know well that throng of wonderful creations whose acquaintance he has just made. It is but shabby counterfeits of them that he will find there. Puck and Ariel cannot live in the air of the play-house; Juliet and Jessica will not come there to lisp their old, sweet story; and the soul of Hamlet can never be scanned through an opera-glass. Let him rather shut himself in his room, pull down his curtains, and sit down alone with the book. There, with nothing to mislead or fetter his imagination, he shall find the scenes of Shakespeare's world rising before his mental vision as they never could be on tawdry canvas. Then he shall mingle with the goodly company who people that world. He shall learn to know, not merely their voice, their look, their gesture, but what is of infinitely more importance, their thoughts, their passions, their very selves. He shall sympathize with their sorrows,

laugh with their mirth, revel in their dreams, and rise to actual communion with them. And in this intercourse he will gain such a vivid and intelligent conception of the characters of Shakespeare, and find such a keen and exalted intellectual pleasure, as the garish unrealities of the theatre can never afford.—*Zion's Herald.*

## TWO PICTURES.

### SCENE FIRST.

It was a winter evening, and a cheery fire glowed in the open stove, and the lamps burned brightly, in Mrs Wilkinson's sitting-room. Mrs. Wilkinson was sewing, and four children in the room were amusing themselves in various ways.

"Come, Emma," said the mother to the eldest, a girl of ten years, "did I not hear you say you had a geography lesson to learn this evening?"

"Yes, I'm going to begin pretty soon," was the reply. "And John has his lesson in multiplication to learn, too," added she. "Oh! I can learn it in five minutes," said John.

"No, you can't either," said Emma; "it will take half-an-hour or more, and you'd better be about it."

A dispute of some length ensued, and at last the mother interfered, and after some ten minutes of hunting for books, finding places, getting arranged near the table, and during which there were sundry elbows knocked and complaints made, the two children began to study. They had hardly commenced when a ring was heard at the door bell. The servant started to open the door, but Emma and John were both there before her, and Miss Milnor, a friend of their mother's, was ushered into the room. All study was of course suspended at once, the children listening to the conversation, occasionally contradicting their mother or each other.

"Come, children," said Mrs. Wilkinson, "I want you to go into the kitchen or dining-room and study your lessons. You will fail in reciting to-morrow perhaps, if you don't learn them to-night."

"I don't want to go in there to study," said Emma.

"Nor I either," said John.

"Then stay here and study, and don't keep on interrupting me all the time;" and she went on conversing with Miss Milnor. Presently came Fanny, and hung on the back of her mother's chair.

"Mother, mother! didn't you say I might make my doll a dress out of that piece of pink silk?"

"No!" shouted Emma, starting up; "I'm going to have that for my needle-book."

"Shall she, mother?" urged Fanny.

"Do, children, let me have a minute's peace," entreated the mother; "I'll see about the silk to-morrow."

There was a brief pause with the children, during which Miss Milnor described a painting to Mrs. Wilkinson, and they listened to what she was saying, though defiant glances were exchanged between Emma and Fanny. Little Willie, the baby, two years old, had been the quietest of the group, sitting on the floor; and no one seemed to mind what he was about, until John, happening to discover him intently turning the pages of his arithmetic book, which had fallen to the ground, seized the book with violence. Willie held fast to the leaves, and in the scuffle two or three were torn out, and John succeeded in gaining the book, while Willie screamed lustily.

"Come here, darling! mamma's beauty!" said Mrs. Wilkinson, taking him in her arms, and giving him an elegant book from the table. "John, you're a real rogue, and I'll tell your father of you."

John laughed, and muttered, "I don't care; he won't say anything."

Peace was hardly restored when Fanny began to complain of being tired.

"Do take the child to bed, Emma," said Mrs. Wilkinson, glad of the prospect of being rid of some of them; "and John, you had better go too."

"No, I'm going to sit up till father comes. Besides, I haven't got my lesson yet," said John.

Emma left the room with Fanny; the "beauty" slid from his mother's lap to the floor, and laying the open book upon the carpet, began to push it backwards and forwards, calling it his waggon. Presently his mother seeing him, took it up, whereupon another fit of screaming ensued. Mrs. Wilkinson went to the cupboard, and taking a lump of sugar, gave it to him as the quickest method of procuring silence, saying, as she did so, "Willie is a dear child, for if he cries at first he gets over it very quickly." Before, however, he had "quite got over it," and ere the visitor could resume her conversation, Master Johnnie again became the hero of the scene by opening a writing desk of his father's and deliberately taking out the papers.

"Now, Johnnie!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilkinson, "what do you suppose your father will say? He forgot that key, or he never would have left it where you could get at those papers. Put them back quick, before he comes. He's a dreadful rogue, Miss Milnor; I don't know but I shall have to send him to your house to learn obedience."

Miss Milnor thought there was small chance for him to learn it at home; but she forebore to express an opinion, and just then Mr. Wilkinson entered, cordially greeted the visitor, and, taking John on one

knee and Willie on the other, while Emma, who had returned, came and leaned on his chair, he began to converse with Miss Milnor.

"Father," began John, "I want a half-penny."

"I have not one to-night, my boy."

"Yes, you have—there are ever so many in your desk."

"Ah, you rogue! so you've been to my desk?"

"Yes, and I'm going to get a half-penny."

"Well, get one, and one for Willie."

"Father," began Emma, who had only been watching her opportunity, "mayn't I go to the singing class this winter—say, father?"

"Mother, moth-er!" screamed Fanny from up-stairs, "won't you make Emma come to bed? I'm lonely."

At this juncture the half-distracted visitor rose to go.

"I declare," said Mrs. Wilkinson, "I do believe the children have tired you out with their noise. I don't see what makes them act so, unless it is playing with the neighbors' children so much; but I can't keep them separate, and children *will* be children, you know."

Miss Milnor assented to the last assertion, and bade them "good evening," feeling that she had lost the evening but gained a chapter of experience.

#### SCENE SECOND.

It was a winter evening at Mr. Lincoln's also, one might have supposed, if he had looked in there just at dusk. The boys had just arrived from school, and as they entered the hall door, they met their mother on her way to the kitchen to give directions about tea.

She said, "Our friend Miss Milnor is here to take tea with us, and spend the evening."

"Oh! good," said Frank, "I like to have her come; but I guess we had better do our work before we go into the parlor, hadn't we, Arthur?"

"I shall," said Arthur, and they started for the kitchen.

Their mother had no directions to give, for their work was laid out for them by the week. It was Frank's work to black the boots and shoes for the family; and Arthur's to split the wood and bring coals and water; and Henry's to do errands in and out of the house. For half an hour the three boys were as busy as they could be. This was their business, they had always been accustomed to regular employment, and they never found fault; and if they had, it would have done no good. As it was, they liked their habit of usefulness. Mr. Lincoln was able to hire service enough

to exempt them from these tasks, but he chose to have them work, and feel it no disgrace. The tasks were at length accomplished—the boots all exchanged for slippers—coats brushed, and resorting to their room for a few moments, they soon emerged neat and clean, and met Miss Milnor in the parlor with a cordial and polite greeting. By this time the tea-hour had arrived, Mr. Lincoln had returned from business, and the family sat down to a delightfully quiet social meal. Directly after tea, the younger children were taken to the nursery for the night, and the tea things being removed from the table, the three boys seated themselves around it with their school books, while Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, with their visitor, enjoyed a pleasant chat in the parlor. Nearly an hour had passed when Frank and Harry made their appearance.

"Lessons all prepared?" asked Mr. Lincoln.

"Yes, father," answered both boys simultaneously.

"And Arthur,—what is he doing?"

"He is learning his Sabbath-school lesson, because to-morrow night he will not have time, for he wants to help one of the school-boys to make a dog-kennel," answered Frank.

"Very well," and Mr. Lincoln resumed his conversation, while Frank took a book, and Henry amused himself with some puzzles, while at the same time he was entertained with the conversation. After another half hour Arthur entered, and a pleasant conversation was carried on by the boys in an under tone, except when addressed by their parents or Miss Milnor; and their cheerful sprightly answers and happy faces added much to the enjoyment of the evening. When the clock struck the hour for their retiring, they rose, and bidding each an affectionate good-night, left the room.

"What good, manly boys!" said the visitor. "I must ask how you have secured such order?"

"They have been accustomed to obedience from their infancy," replied Mrs. Lincoln, "and also to constant employment; therefore obedience and industry are not irksome to them. Each has his own peculiar faults, but we hope so to direct and restrain them, while at the same time we make their home attractive, that, by the blessing of God, they may grow up good and useful, for we know that 'our labor is not in vain in the Lord.'"—*Mother's Friend.*

## READING THE TESTAMENT.

BY ANNABELL LEE.

I open school with reading the Bible. Pupils are expected to remain perfectly

quiet, with folded arms, and their eyes fixed upon me. I select portions that are interesting, and they love particularly to hear about Joseph and his brethren, and the chapters that tell of Christ and the wonderful miracles he wrought. I am careful not to make the lesson too long, and read without comment. Having sometimes heard teachers complain of difficulty in inducing their pupils to read the Testament in school, I will give you my experience, and you may take it for what it is worth. Ever since I commenced teaching I have had all my pupils above the Second Reader, to study and read the Testament every Friday morning, instead of their regular reading lessons. My plan is to call the A division first. They stand in their usual order, the B division just below, and then the C. I have a long class, and we all stand during the reading. No abuse of the books or trifling behavior, is permitted. Each reads a verse till the chapter or lesson is finished. It is done without a word of comment. But if I find a beautiful sentence that I wish particularly impressed upon their memory, we read it in concert.

I then select another chapter, and give a few verses to commit to memory for the next Friday. They mark these slightly with their lead pencils, and then closing their books, recite in concert or by divisions, the verses I gave them the previous Friday. They have committed several psalms to memory, and parts of other chapters.

Now for my difficulties! Since I commenced teaching I never had an objection offered until within a year or so. There were some Roman Catholic families in the neighborhood, who sent their children to me. They were bright and smart and among my very best pupils: When Friday came they had no Testaments, but came into class and read with the others. When the next Friday came they did not come into class and I began to think that some one was going to have her hands full!

No remark was made, but after class I spoke to Mary about it. She said: "Papa prefers not to have us read in the Testament. He is afraid it will interfere with the verses we learn for Sunday-school." I simply said: "All right, my dear; but I should like very much to have you in the class." I then spoke to Jennie, a member of another family, but she "didn't know; would see what mamma said." I hardly knew what plan to pursue. Their absence from the class must soon be noticed, and would not be favorably received, for there were several others attending the same church, who had not as yet offered the slightest objection to reading.

Of two things I was sure: I would hurt no one's feelings, and interfere with no

one's rights. If I could not have all my pupils in class, I should give up the Friday reading entirely. But I knew that the majority of my pupils had little or no Bible instruction at home, and I felt it my duty not to take it from the programme if I could help it. If the parents had seriously objected I should have visited them and talked the matter over, as civilized people ought to do when there is a misunderstanding; but it was the pupils! The parents were passive. So, on Thursday evening, I woke them up by casually remarking that those who did not bring their Testaments in the morning would write a composition instead of reading. Black eyes telegraphed across to blue that composition once a week was enough for him!

The next morning nearly all were in class. I said nothing. Mary wrote composition and pouted every Friday for six weeks. I held my peace. I knew she was quick and bright enough to learn the half-dozen verses I would give, and twenty for Sunday-school besides, if she had wished to do so. One day she came in, and I had but one composition to correct. Little Joe, the youngest, held out longest. He wrote compositions for months. He deluged me with dissertations on "Spring," and "Fish," and "School." He gave me exhaustive essays on "Farming" and "Base Ball." He ventilated his opinions of "Horses," "Coasting," &c., all of which productions I patiently read, but, like the old Scottish family, took for my motto, "I bide my time." One day he quietly came into class, and my difficulties were at an end.

I have nearly twenty of these little folks in my school. They say nothing of their faith, nor do I of mine. At noon I sometimes see them with their little prayer-books, learning lessons for Sunday, and another group will be singing old-fashioned Methodist hymns, but oftener I see them all join in singing; and thus over us all peace and harmony reign.—*School Journal.*

## SELECTED RECIPES.

### LEMONADES.

**LEMONADE FROM PRESERVED LEMON JUICE.**—Preserve your juice when lemons are plenty and cheap, by adding one pound of refined sugar to each pint of juice, stirring the mixture till dissolved, when it should be bottled. Put a teaspoonful of salad oil on the top to keep out the air, then cork closely. When wanted for use, apply a bit of cotton to the oil to absorb it. To a goblet of water add sufficient of this juice to suit the taste. Every family should preserve lemon juice in this way for times of need. If hot lemonade is desired, use hot instead of cold water.

**TEA LEMONADE.**—To a cup of very weak cold tea add the juice of half a lemon. It makes a pleasant beverage for old people who use tea. It is not desirable for the young.

**PINEAPPLE LEMONADE.**—Peel twelve fresh lemons very thinly, squeeze the juice from them; strain out the seeds; pour on the peel a little hot water; let it stand a little while to infuse, covering closely. When cool, strain this water into the lemon juice, adding a pound of loaf sugar. Use two tablespoonfuls for a glass of lemonade. To add to the delicacy of the beverage, add a slice of pineapple to each glass. To add to the appearance, add a thin slice of lemon. Cool, delicious, wholesome.

**ORANGE AND LEMONADE.**—Peel one large fresh lemon and six fresh oranges. Cover the peel with boiling water, and let it infuse in a closely-covered dish. Boil one pound of sugar in a pint of water, till a syrup is formed, skimming off any impurities, strain the peel-water, add it to the syrup when cold, and add the juice strained, stir well, and add cold water till it makes a pleasant drink. These methods of making drinks are more troublesome than the common way, but the result in the end is more satisfactory.

**COMMON LEMONADE.**—Cut three large fresh lemons in very fine slices, taking out the pips. Add half a pound of white sugar and about two quarts of water. Bruise well together and stir, and it is ready for use.

**HOT LEMONADE.**—Hot lemonade is often desirable in winter, when the body has been exposed to cold and is chilly. It is made the same as cold lemonade, except by using hot instead of cold water.

**ENGLISH LEMONADE.**—Pare a number of lemons, according to the quantity of drink you wish to make. Pour boiling water on one quarter of the peel, and let it infuse. Boil your sugar to the consistency of a rich syrup, adding the white of an egg whipt in. When it boils pour in a little cold water to stop it, then let it boil again, when the pan should be taken off to cool and settle, skimming off any scum that comes to the top. When settled, pour off the syrup into the peel water, now add the juice and as much water as is necessary to make a rich drink. Strain through a fine jelly bag.

**LEMON WHEY.**—Boil as much milk as you require, squeeze a lemon, and add as much of the juice to the milk as will make it clear. Mix with hot water, and sweeten to taste.

**LEMON WATER.**—Cut a fresh lemon into very thin slices, put them in a pitcher, and pour on one pint of boiling water. Let it stand till cold, sweeten to taste, and use.

## Literary Notices.

**NATURE AND THE BIBLE.**—A course of lectures delivered in New York in December, 1874, on the Morse Foundation of the Union Theological Seminary, by J. W. Dawson, LL.D., F. C. S., F. G. S., Principal and Vice Chancellor of McGill University, author of *Archæia*, &c. New York: Carter Bros. (Drysdale & Co.)

This book takes up those points of contact of Natural and Physical Science with the Bible which are now of the greatest importance and interest with reference to present controversies. It is needless for us to point out the importance of such a work from the pen of one so well fitted to deal with the subject as is Dr. Dawson, whose scientific acquirements and steadfast faith in the inspiration of Scripture enable him to value correctly the points made on both sides of the controversies. The lectures are six in number, and our quotations will afford the reader some idea of the character of the work:—

### GENERAL RELATIONS OF SCIENCE TO THE BIBLE.

Science, it has been said, "discloses the method of the world, but not its cause; religion, its cause, but not its method."\* There is much truth in the distinction, but it does not contain the whole truth, else it would be comparatively easy to draw a line between the domains of religion and science, which reasonable men would have no desire to transgress. The truth is, however, that science does, through its ideas of unity and correlation of forces, and the evidence of design in organic structures, not obscurely point to a First Cause, and that religion as embodied in Holy Scripture does affirm method in nature. On the other hand, the uniformity of nature has a tendency to create a prejudice in the minds of scientific men against what they term divine intervention; and narrow views of religion tend to attribute to God

an arbitrary and capricious action, not in harmony with either science or the Bible.

Again, the Bible states a fixed and distinct dogma as to creation, while science in its contemplation of the method of nature is progressive, and continually changing its point of view. The Bible stands like some great hoar cliff, which to the theologian, accustomed to view it always from one point, presents no change except that which results from the vicissitudes of sun and shade, winter and summer; but to the scientific thinker, drifting on the current of discovery, its outline may perpetually change. It is natural to the one observer to believe that there is only one aspect which can be true; while it is equally natural to the other to think that the form of the cliff is liable to many mutations, or that it may even be a mere bank of cloud, which some strong wind of discussion may dissipate altogether. In contradistinction to both these extreme views, it is the duty of the Christian student of nature to endeavor to ascertain for any given position in the study of the method of the world, what are its actual points of contact with revelation, and to expose such misconceptions as may have arisen from partial and imperfect notions of either.

It must be admitted that our subject, when viewed in this way, does not lie in the central or essential spheres of either Natural Science or Theology, but rather on the frontier or debatable land between them. The naturalist may, and indeed ought, to regard nature as independent of the religious beliefs of men. It is his object by his own proper methods to ascertain facts and principles, and this without being turned from his course by any apparent antagonisms with doctrines held to be true on other grounds. Without granting him this freedom, his testimony even in favor of religion would be valueless; and by attempting to deny it to him, he is placed in an attitude of opposition to religion. So the Christian, reverencing the Word of God as something standing altogether above and apart from human science, and dealing with the most momentous interests in a way to which science cannot attain, may hold himself altogether independent of either its aids or oppositions. He may either take the simple position of the hymn which says:

\*Martineau.

"I am not skilled to understand  
 What God hath willed, what God hath planned:  
 I only know at His right hand  
 Stands one who is my Saviour."

Or, with more full appreciation of the complexity of the questions involved, he may adopt the confession of Guizot:—

"I believe in God and adore him, without attempting to comprehend him. I see him present and acting not only in the permanent government of the universe and in the innermost life of men's souls, but in the history of human societies, especially in the Old and New Testaments—monuments of the Divine Revelation and action by the mediation and sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ for the salvation of the human races. I bow before the mysteries of the Bible and the Gospel, and I hold aloof from scientific discussion and solutions by which men have attempted to explain them. I trust that God permits me to call myself a Christian, and I am convinced that in the light which I am about to enter we shall fully discern the purely human origin and vanity of most of our dissensions here below on divine things."

The man of science must thus be left unfettered by religious dogma; and, on the other hand, the Christian has too sure evidence of his faith and hope, to be shaken by any apparent inconsistencies with science. Practically, however, we must not forget that the votary of science cannot as a man dispense with religion, and that the Christian may impair his own influence, or injure the cause he desires to promote, by want of acquaintance with the position of scientific enquiry in his day. It is also true that a large mass of persons who are neither men of science nor Christians may be perplexed or seriously injured by misunderstandings on this subject.

Above all, those who aim to be Christian teachers should be fully armed to contend for the truth, and should have a clear and intelligent appreciation of the weapons and tactics which may be employed against it. They should also comprehend the habits of thought of specialists in science and their followers, and the aspects in which religious truth may present itself to their minds. Further, they should be prepared to take broad views of the relations between spiritual and natural things, and should have their minds attuned to the harmonies which exist in God's revelations of himself in nature and in his word. Otherwise they must fail to attain to the highest usefulness, or to be worthy expounders of a revelation from him who is at once the God of nature and of grace.

There is thus in this debatable ground between science and religion a large field of profitable study; and this more especially at a time when our literature is filled

with crude and shallow references to such subjects; and when the utterance of views at variance with both natural and revealed religion is more bold and open than perhaps at any previous time.

As an example of what I mean, I may take an illustration from an address recently delivered on a public occasion in a Scottish university, and by a man of some scientific standing. He is reported to have said:

"Clergymen and most religious teachers are totally insensible to the errors and discrepancies of language they use in the pulpit; so that, when the scientific man takes his place in church, he is surprised at the manifest ignorance of established truths constantly preached to the people. As a simple illustration of this, let me remind you of a beautiful hymn with which all of us have been acquainted since childhood, and which is still sung in our churches. It is the one which commences, 'The spacious firmament on high;' and after referring in separate verses to the sun, moon, stars and planets, says, in the fifth verse:

'What though in solemn silence, all  
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball,' &c.

"But there is no one among this audience whose knowledge has not convinced him that, so far from the sun and the heavenly bodies moving round the earth, or 'terrestrial ball,' the earth and planets in fact move round the sun. If Addison, the author of this hymn, had consulted a scientific friend, and, instead of the 'dark terrestrial,' had substituted the 'splendid solar' ball, the hymn would have sung just as well, and would have had the advantage of being right instead of wrong, would not have shocked our convictions of truth, and tended to destroy the respect that really educated men ought to have for religious instruction."

At first sight this is trifling enough, but it was not a mere random thrust. Addison's hymn is one which has been much esteemed by Christians. It is one of five hymns selected by the Presbyterian Church of Scotland to be appended to the Psalter, and it is a paraphrase or free translation of the 19th Psalm. I take it, therefore, as an example of a species of attack on Christianity which is to be found everywhere in our current literature, and as an illustration of points of contact between science and the Bible, and of false and true ways of treating them.

It is not to be denied that there is some truth in the accusation of deficient scientific accuracy in the pulpit. Illustrations derived from science, and references to scientific discoveries and opinions, are often so wide of the mark as to provoke a smile or to excite indignation, according to the disposition of the hearer; and it should be borne

in mind that the progress of science is so rapid that what seemed the most profound learning a few years ago, may to-day be merely an exploded fallacy or an obsolete theory.

Nor is the hymn free from ground of criticism, in its assertion that all the heavenly orbs move round this "dark terrestrial ball;" but it is curious and instructive that the emendation of the scientific critic is equally faulty, for, though the planets move round the "splendid solar ball," the stars do not—a singular exemplification of the difficulty of avoiding error even in the most simple scientific statements, when these are expressed in poetical language, or used in illustration of spiritual truths.

But what of the old Hebrew poet whose production has led to all these difficulties? Did he go astray in his astronomy, or did he avoid altogether the scientific snares amidst which it seems he was treading? We shall find that he, looking altogether at natural appearances, and sublimely ignorant of any theory, has avoided the blunders both of his copyist and his critic:

"The heavens declare the glory of God;  
And the expanse proclaimeth his handiwork,  
Day unto day uttereth speech,  
Night unto night showeth knowledge.

\* \* \* \* \*

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,  
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his cham-  
ber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. [ber,  
His going forth is from the end of the heaven,  
And his circuit unto the end thereof;  
And there is nothing hid from his heat."

This language is bold and poetical; but it affords no peg whereon to hang any criticism similar to that to which the modern poet has subjected himself.

My notice of this little matter is not a digression. It is at once an example of the superiority of the Bible to the attacks levelled against it, and of the fact that the friends of the Bible needlessly provoke these attacks; and it further raises the question, What have we a right to expect of a divine revelation in its treatment of nature? and, How does that treatment stand related to modern science? To the answers to these questions I shall devote the remainder of this introductory lecture, and shall discuss: first, the most general aspects in which the Bible is related to science; secondly the connection between the Bible and science arising from the relation of monotheism to our conceptions of the unity of nature; and, thirdly, the connections arising from the ideas of law, order, and plan in nature which are common to the Bible and to science.

#### THE ATMOSPHERIC HEAVEN.

In Smith's Bible Dictionary, for instance, in an article on Heaven over the initials of

an eminent English scholar, but which may be affirmed to contain as many inaccuracies, scientific and scriptural, as could well be compressed into the space it occupies, we find it stated that it is clear that Moses meant a "solid expanse," "a firm vault," supported "on the mountains as pillars;" and in a popular book on "Myths," by a gentleman of some reputation in America, I find the quaint and ridiculous translation—not, however, altogether original—"And, said the Gods, let there be a hammered plate in the midst of the waters." The existence of such notions warrants a little enquiry as to the precise state of the case—enquiry which might otherwise appear a needless waste of time and an insult to your intelligence.

That the idea of extension rather than of fixity is conveyed by the Hebrew term, is implied in the frequent use of such expressions as the "stretching out" of the aerial heaven, and the comparison of it to the curtain of a tent. In connection with this, and in itself a beautiful conception taken from the motions of the clouds, is the New Testament figure of the "rolling up of the heaven as a scroll." Nor is the idea of any secondary machinery, like that of a solid vault, at all congenial to the spirit of the Scripture treatment of nature, which refers all things directly to the will of God. Further, this idea, however it may have been applied by the philosophers of antiquity to the explanation of the starry heavens, could not commend itself to men familiar with nature, or indeed to any man who had ever seen a cloud form upon a mountain's brow or discharge itself in rain.

The expressions of Scripture which have been quoted in support of this fancy are, indeed, either mere poetical figures, having no such significance, or refer to something different from the atmospheric firmament. Of the first class are the following: "He bindeth up the waters in his thick cloud, and the cloud is not rent under them,"\* a thought which has much natural truth, as referring to the weight of the atmospheric waters. So, in like manner, the mountains are the "pillars of heaven," as holding the atmospheric waters on their cloud-capped summits. So also the sudden descent of the thunder-storm or the water-spout is the "emptying of the bottles of heaven" or the opening of its hatches or "windows," while the gentle rains are said with equal truth to "distil" upon the earth. These are all expressive figures, dealing with the natural appearances of things, and implying no theory as to the constitution or laws of the atmosphere.

Of the second class is that remarkable vision of Moses,† wherein he sees God sitting on a pavement of sapphire, and com-

\*Job xxvi. 8.

†Ex. xxiv. 10.

pare this to the heaven in its transparency, a thought which has as little to do with the idea of solidity as any poetical figure relating to heaven's azure vault has among ourselves. When Ezekiel speaks, in connection with heaven, of the "terrible crystal," his words should be rendered the "terrible hail" or ice of Heaven; and when Job compares the "sky," not the expanse, to a molten mirror, the connection shows that he refers to the brilliant tints reflected from the sunlit clouds.

We need not, however, remain on the defensive in this matter; but may assert, on behalf of the inspired writers, an accurate perception of the true relations of the earth and its atmosphere. Take, for example, an extract from that "hymn of creation" the 104th Psalm, which gives a poetical version of the first chapter of Genesis, and may be regarded as the earliest of all commentaries on that chapter:

"Who stretcheth out the heavens like a curtain:  
Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters:  
Who maketh the clouds his chariots,  
And walketh upon the wings of the wind."

The waters here are those above the firmament, the whole of this part of the psalm being occupied with the heavens; but there is no room left for the solid firmament, of which the writer plainly knew nothing. He represents God as laying his chambers on the waters, instead of on the supposed firmament, and as careering in cloudy chariots not over a solid arch, but borne on the wings of the wind. It is obvious from this that the writer of this beautiful psalm did not understand Moses in the manner in which he is interpreted by some of the moderns:

Or let us refer to the magnificent description of meteorological phenomena in the 36th chapter of Job, which perhaps, in the beauty of its many references to the atmosphere, excels any other composition:

"For he draweth up the drops of water;  
Rain is condensed from his vapor,  
Which the clouds do drop  
And distil upon man abundantly.  
Yea can any understand the distribution of the  
clouds

Or the thundering of his tent?\*

\* \* \* \* \*

Out of the south cometh the whirlwind,  
And cold out of the north.  
By the breath of God the frost is produced,  
And the breadth of the waters is straitened;  
With moisture he loads the dense cloud,  
And spreadeth the clouds of his lightning.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dost thou know how God disposes these things,  
And the lightning of his cloud flashes forth?

\* "His pavilion round about him was dark waters and thick clouds" (Ps. xviii.) explains this expression.

Dost thou know the poisoning of the clouds,  
The wonderful works of the Perfect in Knowledge.†

This is the same poem from which the description of the clouds, as resembling a mirror, has been already quoted; and it will be seen that it contemplates no atmospheric dome, but, on the contrary, speaks of the poisoning or suspension of the clouds as inscrutable. So also God is elsewhere said to have "established the clouds above,"\* and to have "balanced the clouds,"† not by a solid substratum, but by his unchanging decree.

The attempt, in short, to fix upon the Bible the idea of a solid atmospheric vault is altogether gratuitous, as well as abhorrent from the general tenor of Holy Writ; and I may add that the expression, "God called the expanse heaven," is in itself a vindication of this conclusion, as implying that no barrier separates our film of atmosphere from the boundless abyss of heaven without.

In very special connection with this subject is the question referred to in the previous lecture, as to the efficacy of prayer, "It is useless to pray for rain, since that is under the control of physical laws," is the doctrine of a noted physicist of our time. "Elijah prayed to God, and it rained not for three years and six months, and he prayed again and the Heaven gave rain," is the counter statement of Scripture. Which is the more truthful or scientific statement, or is there some truth in both? The Bible takes quite as strong ground as the physicist on the side of law. The weather is not with it a matter of chance, or the sport of capricious demons. God arranged it all far back in the work of creation. His laws are impartial also; for He sends His rain on the evil and the good. But the Bible knows a Law-giver beyond the law, and one who sympathizes with the spiritual condition of His people, and can so, in the complex adjustments of His work, order the times and seasons as to correlate fruitful seasons or drought and barrenness with their obedience or their back-sliding. That there is nothing unscientific in this a very little thought may show us. Let us take the case of Elijah's prayer. The worship of Baal was not quite so silly as at first we may think, even in the case of astute and practical people like the old Phœnicians and the Israelites. He was the sun god, and the study of nature shows us that the sun is the great source of physical energy to this world. In a physical sense, all things may be said to live in him and to be animated by his power. To thoughtful men, knowing no higher power, and yet retaining some religious feeling, he was almost of necessity the chief God.

\* Prov. viii. 28.

† Job xxxvii. 16.



Yet Elijah, standing on Mount Carmel, could deride the priests of Baal when from morning to evening they called upon the sun and there was no answer. He could do this, because he knew that the sun was merely a creature subject to physical law. Had Professor Tyndall been present on Mount Carmel, his view would have been thus far precisely the same; and he, as little as Elijah, would have joined the priests in their frantic leaping around their altar and cutting themselves with knives. But had he now turned to the prophet and said: "You see it is useless to pray for rain," Elijah could have answered, "True it is useless to pray to the sun, for he is the slave of inexorable law; but as you do not deny that there may be a God who enacted the law, and as this God, being everywhere, can have access to the spirits of men, it may be quite possible for God so to correlate the myriad adjustments which determine whether the rain shall fall on any particular place at any particular time, that the fact shall coincide with his spiritual relations to his people. Further, it does not matter in the least how closely all these natural phenomena are bound together by links of cause and effect, because this chain of causation must have had a beginning, and to God who knows the end from the beginning, and to whom the past and the future are both alike present, it is the same to arrange these correlations to-day or in the beginning of time. Therefore, if you cannot deny that there is a God, and if you must admit that such a God cannot be debarred from intercourse with the souls he has made, the science of nature, which merely makes known in part certain modes of God's operation, can bear no true testimony against the efficacy of prayer addressed to Him." Thus it may be quite true that it is useless to pray if we know no power above physical laws and material objects, and it would be most absurd to pray to these; but, if we have access to the mind that made and rules all these things, who can tell what answers we may invoke?

There is nothing therefore in science, any more than in Scripture, to interpose a vault of brass between us and the higher heaven. But we may go even further than this, and affirm that there are some analogical indications afforded by science of a present God, and of the possibility of access to Him. Not long ago, apparently impassable gulfs intervened between the great forces of nature, now we begin to see that they may be one in essence, and so convertible into each other that the most strange and unlooked-for mutations may arise. What if they should all be ultimately resolvable into the will of God? and may not man by his will and spirit, as well as by his reason, share

in the resources of omnipotence? Moses long ago included all the great forces of nature, except gravitation, in the one Hebrew word *or*,\* translated "light" in our version, and attributed them to the Almighty fiat; and, if modern science arrives at the same conclusion as to the unity of these forces, it need not quarrel with his conclusion as to their source. Farther, the inventions which science has made, giving to man mastery over these same forces, should render us more humble in limiting the possibilities of intercourse between man and God. We can fancy the scorn with which a philosopher of the time of Hume would have treated the madman who should affirm, contrary to experience and probability, that he could stand in an office in London and dictate instantaneous commands to his agents in America or China; yet relatively a small amount of additional knowledge, attained by a few electricians, has rendered this miracle familiar to the ordinary business man, who knows nothing of the laws of electricity. Such things, while they are glories of practical science, should make it humble in affirming or denying possibilities beyond its ken.

#### ANTQUITY OF MAN.

We may in this investigation limit ourselves to the consideration of the earliest or Palæocosmic men; and the two main points with reference to them, embraced in our present subject, are their antiquity and their relation to modern races of men. With respect to the first point, we shall find that little certainty as to their absolute date can be attained, except that they are geologically very modern and historically very ancient; and with respect to the second, that they are closely allied to that race of men which in historic times has been the most widely spread of any. As these men are pre-historic, we can have, with respect to their antiquity, only geological evidence, and this resolves itself into the calculation of the rate of erosion of river valleys, of deposition of gravels and cave-earths, and of formation of stalagmite crusts, all of which are so variable and uncertain that, though it may be said that an impression of great antiquity beyond the time of received history has been left on the minds of geologists, no absolute antiquity has been proved; and while some, on such evidence, would stretch the antiquity of man to even half a million of years, the oldest of these remains may, after all, not exceed our traditional six thousand. With reference, for example, to the erosion of river valleys in Western Europe, it can be shown that this probably belongs to a much earlier period than that of man, and that

\*Allied in derivation to the Greek *αιθηρ*.

old valleys filled with debris during the Glacial period could be scoured out in no great lapse of time, especially if the early Modern period was, as some suppose, a time of excessive rainfall. With reference to the growth of stalagmite in caves, recent observations show that this may be much more rapid than has been supposed, and that its rate now is no measure for that which may have prevailed at an earlier period and in a forest-clad region. With reference to the elevations and subsidences which have occurred, we have no measure of time to apply to them; and the question is not yet settled whether they were of a slow and gradual nature like some now in progress, or whether, like others that have occurred in connection with earthquakes, they may have been rapid and cataclysmal.

If, on the other hand, we turn to the evidence afforded by the extinction of animals, we know that the reindeer and the aurochs existed in Europe up to the time of the Romans, and the great Irish deer up to the time of modern peat bogs. And we have no good evidence that the mammoth and cave bear and woolly rhinoceros may not have lived up to the time when men of the Biblical antediluvian period first migrated into Europe. Nor have we any good evidence as yet as to whether their extinction was gradual or comparatively sudden, or whether man himself may not have had some connection with their disappearance.

One fact adverse to the high antiquity which has been demanded for European man is the small number of individual skeletons found in Europe, compared with those of contemporary animals, which either implies a short time of residence or an extremely sparse population. It is remarkable in this connection that nearly all the remains referred to Palæocosmic men have been found in caves, and many of them in circumstances which imply interment. What has become of the other cemeteries of these men, if they had such? The question especially strikes us in America, where even nations not very populous have left extensive ossuaries and burial mounds. Were their tombs swept away or buried by a diluvial cataclysm? Did these ancient peoples, like some American and Australian tribes, place their dead on wooden stages, and were the cave burials exceptional; or were there, after all, only a few very small tribes in Europe in Palæocosmic times, and was their duration only brief?

As I have referred to America, I may state here that the actual American race, though nearly allied in form and feature to Palæocosmic men, can make no pretension to great antiquity. Even its oldest remains, those of the mound-builders of the Ohio and Mississippi, though historically ancient, are on the modern alluvia of the rivers, and can claim no geological anti-

quity. Their languages, customs and religions are allied to those of post-diluvian nations of the Old World; and, though they indicate migrations at a time when the Turanian race was still dominant there, go no farther back than this. Further, those skulls and other remains for which a higher antiquity has been claimed are identical with those of the modern races; and I agree with my friend Dr. Newberry, and other good geologists, that no valid geological evidence of the great age assigned to some of them by their discoverers has yet been adduced.

#### EVOLUTIONIST ARCHÆOLOGY.

The offences of this school of writers against truth go, however, yet farther. Another relates to the belief in God. Primitive man, if destitute of knowledge of God, feels for him in nature. Paul argues that human reason so seeking for God can discover his power and his divinity, and holds that the true God is not far from every one of us. The modern school of archæology maintains that man first deifies and personifies all objects around him, and only by slow and painful steps attains to polytheism or pantheism, and in a higher stage of culture reaches to imaginations and sentiments respecting a Supreme God, while at a still higher stage he comes with Spencer and Mill to find that he was mistaken, and that after all no such being can be found or known. But this is wholly conjecture. Perhaps there is an historical basis for monothetism, as well as for a future state. How does it stand in the Bible? Have any of us ever endeavored to realize the theology of Adam, and what it would be to hear the voice of God in the evening breeze in the trees of Eden, and to learn from that and our own consciousness his nature and unity? Or if we cannot clearly conceive this, let us add to it those strange words, that sound like an echo from Eden, which Paul spoke on the Acropolis of Athens,—“that they should seek God, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him, though He be not far from any one of us: for in Him we live, and move, and have our being.” Let us suppose this to be the sum total of our theology, and then think how easily out of this the mind of humanity might develop in the course of the ages all the more rude beliefs that have ever existed in the world; every one of them containing this much of theology with various additions and under different modifications.

Or let us suppose that we possess in a traditional form the story of creation and of the fall, and this alone. Let us think of the plural Elohim with attributes of unity, and creating by His vivifying breath or Spirit and by His almighty Word; of the golden age of Eden; of the fall and the

promised Saviour, the coming one, the Jehovah. Now let us go forth with this as our sole treasure of divine knowledge, and idealize it into a triple God, and deify the God-given woman, the first mother, as an Astarte, an Isis, an Artemis, or Atahensic, and worship as the coming Saviour every great hero and benefactor, whether a Vishnu or Osiris, a Hercules or Apollo, or an American Yoskeka. Here we have again the germ of the more complex religions. Moses has given us in the old Bible story, and purposely, no doubt, the substance of the whole.

**THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.**—Its Origin. An account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By Alexander William Kinglake. Vol. III. Battle of Inkerman. New York: Harper Bros. (Dawson Bros.)

This whole volume is devoted to the history of the battle of Inkerman; which was fought on the fifth of November, 1854. It might be expected that such minute details of an engagement would interest none but military men, but Mr. Kinglake's style is so plain, and at the same time picturesque, that the volume will be found very attractive even to the general reader. We have marked a few extracts for the benefit of those who will not see the book.—

#### RELIGIOUS FEELING EVOKED.

Having gained the ascendant in numbers, and fashioned her plan of attack, Russia also sought to evoke the more subtle element of power which derives from the souls of men. So large a body of people, children all of one monarch, one nation, one faith, had been gathered together in arms for a mighty effort within a narrow compass of ground, that feelings of a sort hardly known perhaps to isolate or scattered men, could be generated and raised to fierce heat by the fermenting of the compacted numbers; and simultaneously with the coming of the thousands long followed by thousands which acceded to Prince Menschikoff's army in the early days of November, the dutiful Muscovite soldier was enraptured with the tidings that two of the Imperial Princes had resolved to come and share with him in the peril and the glory of the approaching fight. On the eve of the appointed Sunday, the Grand Duke Michael and the Grand Duke Nicholas were already in camp, and their presence raised an outburst of that significant kind of loyalty which promises a warlike devotion—devotion to be tried on the morrow.

But Religion too called men to battle. The vast empire of the Czar, as we have before seen, was so circumstanced in regard to creed, that commensurate with its sense of being a nation was its sense of being also a Church; and sacred, most sacred, was the task which, on this chosen Sunday, the Czar would be intrusting to his soldiery; for he had launched them in a war to the knife against the invaders of his empire, the enemies of the Orthodox Faith, the despoilers of churches, the disciples, the abettors of Islam, and therefore (in the apprehension of simple men) the open foes of the Cross. Now at last—O holy Saint Vladimir!—that appalling sacrilege which horror-struck men on the ramparts had seen with their own eyes would be surely avenged.\* So great was the value attached by men in authority to the force of a religious incentive, that, even at the risk of putting their adversaries on the alert, they, so early as four in the morning, called people to mass and to battle by the clangor of the bells in their churches; and it was with a soldiery consecrated for battle that Soimonoff before break of day would march out from the Karabel Faubourg. Pauloff's troops, as we know, lay on heights beyond the Tchernaya, but their spiritual guides were in camp, and with power scarce lessened by the want of any sacred appliances; for customarily, even in cities, the utterances of the Eastern Church are delivered in the roar of strong priests without aid from the wailing of organs. When men heard the Sebastopol bells, the head of this column of Pauloff's was already some way on its march.

#### EGERTON'S CHARGE

Whilst Grant stood at bay, the wing of the 77th moved past him on his right. In thus pressing forward, Colonel Egerton—however unknowingly—was opposing his 259 men to the right wing of a body of scarce less than 8000 strong, then led on by Soimonoff in person to attack the English position; whilst, to aid his small force in encountering these masses, there was nothing he could anywhere see except the handful of men, under Grant, which he was leaving behind him on the left rear.

It may well be supposed that if Egerton had known the strength of the opposing forces, he would not have persisted in his advance without support; but one of the effects of the dimness on this Inkerman morning was to abate the respect due to numbers by keeping them out of sight at a distance, and Soimonoff attacking in echelon with the left of his forces refused, made

\* Near Quarantine Bay there stood an ancient and much venerated church dedicated to St. Vladimir, which some French soldiers pillaged in the early days of the siege, and they were seen carrying off their spoil by Russians posted at their bastions

no more than one-fifth of them visible to their English assailants. When Egerton made up his mind to engage the troops straight before him, he was blind to those Catherinburg battalions which we last saw confronted by Grant, and had had no glimpse of the thousands then advancing on his right front.

But the force directly opposing him disclosed itself gradually to the sight. First, after the line of the Russian skirmishers, and indeed partly mingled amongst them, there came shapeless clumps of the gray-coated soldiery, disposed in what seemed to be a crowd somewhat loosened, but all as with one intent keenly forcing their way through the brush-wood; and in close support to these there marched a dense column so formed that, whilst plainly ample in depth, it still showed as broad a front as Egerton's slender line.

The Russian troops thus advancing were two battalions of the Tomsk regiment, with a strength of about 1500, and this force, as we know, Colonel Egerton was undertaking to meet with his 259 men; but the troops he commanded, if small in numbers, were of a splendid quality, well officered, highly disciplined, and full of trust in their leaders, in themselves, in their regiment. And, along with the small English force, there was one very simple, nay, primitive spring of action which the enemy for some reason had thought fit to discard. Amongst the whole fifteen hundred Russians confronted by Egerton, our people from first to last could see but one horseman, whilst the English with their modest strength, scarce reaching 260, had with them a number of officers, who, remaining throughout on their chargers, could see and be seen by the men. Besides General Buller himself, and his aid-de-camp, Lieutenant Hugh Clifford, Colonel Egerton, commanding the regiment, and Straton and Dixon, field-officers, and Morgan the adjutant, were all in their saddles; and in spite of the mist there was never perhaps a moment throughout the whole fight when a man of the 77th could look abroad in his doubt or bewilderment, without seeing above him, though dimly, the form of a mounted officer in whom he knew he could trust.

It has been surmised that the foremost of the Russians, unacquainted with the English custom of fighting in line, and inferring that the mist which disclosed to view one or two ranks must conceal the depths of a column, may have fancied they were met by such numbers as would be implied in their own service in a front like the one they now saw. At all events when they descried the English force marching against them, they faltered and stopped, not as though they inclined to flight, but rather like soldiery coming suddenly upon a new phase of battle, and looking about

for guidance, Meantime they opened a fire that was not without effect; and although the apparition of Egerton's line had stopped their advance, the great column behind them refused to share their hesitation, and continued to heave its way forward.

Colonel Egerton, seeing thus much, judged that now the moment was ripe; therefore, turning to General Buller, by whose side he rode, he said to him, "There are the Russians, General, what shall we do?" Buller's answer was short, He only said, "Charge them!" Egerton at once gave the word to "Halt, then fire a volley, and charge."

The foremost of the Russians had not long stopped their advance, when across the dim, narrow space, now dividing them from Egerton's force, they heard English words of command. They saw their foe come to a halt. They saw his long hedge-row of firelocks, now ingrafted with bayonets, bend down, come level, then blaze, and in the instant a pitiless volley tore through their loose masses in front, and swept down like a blast on the face of the column behind them. Then, from under the new ridge of smoke which Egerton's troops by this fire had piled up along their whole line, there rose the "Hurra!" of the English, as though in some outburst of joy. Whilst the Russians yet listened to the roar of their enemy's welcome, all before them lay still wrapped in cloud; but presently, those who stood calm, and could look in the eye of the storm, saw here and there moving in dimness, the shadowy form of a rider, the naked gleam of a sword, then the wing of the 77th, along its whole front, bursting out once more into sight through the bank of the smoke, and tearing straight down at a run, with bayonets brought low to the "charge."

Though the Russians first exposed to the charge had sought, as we know, to maintain that formation of "company columns," which grew afterwards famous in Europe, the thickness of the brush-wood or some other cause had prevented them from giving fair trial to the lessons of their German advisers, and they hung together in knots, or grosser aggregates, neither having the formidable massiveness of a close battalion column, nor the agile, sagacious vivacity which belongs to smaller units of strength. They did not stand. They broke away as they could, or threw themselves down in the thick, affecting to be slain, and their overthrow was but a beginning of evil, for the solid column behind them, being now all at once laid bare to the onslaught descending against it began to waver, and stopped. Then it heaved, then broke, and before the swift-coming line had yet touched it with steel, was turning as though for flight.

There followed a long, raging turmoil, for the men of the 77th, breaking loose in pursuit, still drove forward singly or in knots, and tore their way into the throng, some bayoneting the encumbered long-skirted Russians, some felling them with the stocks of their rifles, but others using their firelocks because the thickness of the brush-wood was so great in several places as to keep the assailants and the assailed some distance asunder. The officers acting with this wing of the 77th had sprung to the front at the moment of commencing the charge, and each of them now in the melley became the leader of some group which instinctively followed his guidance; but also there was many a cluster of men toiling hotly in the wake of a sergeant, a corporal, or some trusted comrade, and upon the whole the force proved itself apt in combining individual energy with as much of combined action as the conditions of the tumult would allow. Toward this end the mounted officers brought powerful aid, because, overlooking the melley from the vantage-height of their saddles, they could see at what points it might be at the moment most useful to press the pursuit, and it was owing in great measure to this guidance that the victors were able to cling so fast to their prey. On the other hand, the overthrown column, which only a little before had been an aggregate unit obedient to the word of command, was now a variously-willed multitude; for numbers of them were prone in retreat, whilst many, like their comrades before them in the company columns, dropped down in the brush-wood and feigned to be dead; but others again gathering together into groups, or even small masses, and perceiving, perhaps with a natural indignation, that after all they were many, although hunted down by a few, turned savagely on their pursuers, and engaged them—sometimes with advantage—in obstinate hand-to-hand fights. On its flanks more especially, as may well be supposed, the men of the 77th felt the stress of the hostile numbers in which they had buried their slender broken line; and Captain Willis on the right, who had led his grenadier company in their charge, springing foremost into the melley became so encompassed by numbers of obstinate Russians that he was only saved in the end by dint of hard personal fighting, and theoyal rush of some men who flew in apt time to the rescue. The company acting on the opposite or left flank was engulfed at one time in the multitude on all sides crowding around it, and suffered heavy losses. Captain Nicholson—an officer of great stature and strength—who had led its attack, fell slain at an early moment.

The tumult was lasting, but never stationary, and always, though slowly, it moved from the south to the north. Down

the last of the slopes descending from the English Heights, and along the south-western skirts of the Saddle-top Reach, and thence on to where the ground rose toward the line of Russian batteries, the broken column retreated, and retreated always in torment, for the pursuers lunged fastened on their prey, and were tearing still at its life.

The Russians, who had thrown themselves down that they might seem like the dead, were careful of course to lie still whilst the English ran past them, but they afterward jumped up unhurt, and increasing by degrees to a number much greater than the whole force against them, these "resurrection boys"—for so in their mirth our soldiery called them—became a somewhat grave danger in Egerton's rear, for it seemed at one moment that his scanty force might be heaved forward by the sheer weight of the crowd pressing on from behind, and so carried bodily forward between two reuniting throngs of Russians into the midst of the enemy's lines. The numbers of Russians in Egerton's rear were too formidable to allow of their being made prisoners; and our people indeed so desired to be rid of foes swarming behind them that there resulted in the midst of the strife a kind of tacit accord. The resurgents on their part, whilst sheering off by the flanks, took care to give no offence; and the English soldier, contented, allowed them to make their way past without either shooting them down, or trying to intercept their retreat.

At length, on the slope of Shell Hill, Colonel Egerton came to a halt. He reformed the scant, straggling line which had swept thus victoriously from the very camp of the English to the edge of the Russian position; and, artillery-fire from the heights having opened by this time against him, he caused his men to lie down. The column still retreating before its now recumbent foes, and still pursued by their fire, was half-way up the hill-side, when the sole mounted officer—he rode a dark-colored charger—whom the English could see with the Russians, was observed all at once to come down from his saddle—either falling or dismounting abruptly; and it has been surmised that this horseman was no other than General Soimonoff, then struck by the shot which caused his death. What we know with certainty is, that at a time not less early, and in a part of the field not far distant from the one thus assigned, the brave and resolute commander, who had been the soul of the enterprise, received his mortal wound.

Until a later part of the morning, when an order withdrew him to another part of the field, Colonel Egerton held fast to the ground he had won. His men lying down in the brush-wood were in a great measure

sheltered from fire; but it was otherwise, of course, with the mounted officers who kept their saddles. General Buller at this time had two horses killed under him, and was himself disabled by the round-shot which destroyed his second charger.

Colonel Egerton's victory carried with it much more than the final defeat of the force directly opposed to him. Those who governed the action of the two Catherinburg battalions standing halted in front of Grant might not have been unduly troubled if learning that the body of 1500 Tomsk troops on their left had simply undergone a defeat; but when they saw it pursued, when they saw it persistently stricken, and hunted from south to north over no small part of the field, and this, too, by an enemy whose real strength, on account of the mist, could be only inferred from results, they apparently judged that they must conform to the yielding movement, and draw off without waiting to be attacked. At all events, they fell back.

#### AFTER THE FIGHT.

General Canrobert and Lord Raglan rode up side by side to the East Jut, and thence surveyed Pauloff's forces retreating across the Inkerman marsh; but it was in speaking to one of his own staff that the English commander imparted the singularly accurate surmise he then hazarded. Conjoining what he saw on the marsh with his other impressions of the battle, he said, "I have been attacked by 40,000 men." He could hardly have been otherwise than conscious that the repression of these multitudinous assailants had been largely owing to the happy conception and the firm resolve by which he had found himself able to bring up the two 18-pounders; but he was always forgetful of self; and it happened that there rode up a man who had helped him—and helped him superbly—in giving effect to his orders. For once Lord Raglan gave utterance to a word which was scarce to be found in any of his great master's despatches. He said to Collingwood Dickson, "You have covered yourself with glory."

The French and the English commanders dismounted. General Canrobert, with his arm in a sling, and resting the farther end of a field-glass on his horse's saddle, stood observing the march of the troops he had suffered to escape him, and already, perhaps, experiencing his first bitter pangs of regret for opportunities lost.

The ground here, as elsewhere on Mount Inkerman, was strewn with dead and wounded Russians. From some of these last there came cries and moans which were piteous to hear. Some found means to cry out for "the hospital," some for "water," some only for pity. Men appealed in their agonies to a common faith, and invoked

the name of her who must be dear—so they fondly imagined—to all the Churches of Christ. There was one of these wounded Russians who crawled to the side of Lord Raglan, imploring for a draught of water. Lord Raglan—with his own hand—with his one kindly hand—made haste to raise the man's head, supporting him tenderly in a sitting posture, and asked, whilst he did so, for means to quench the sufferer's thirst; but he asked in vain. No officer near had a flask which had not been drained. Water, water, a drink of cold water, was more than the chief could grant in this, his hour of victory.

#### EXCESSES ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Too often it happens that the soldier, whatever his nation, commits dire excesses in fighting. He slays men although they reverse or even throw down their arms, thus refusing in truth to give quarter; he slaughters the wounded; and sometimes in a frenzy more wild, though also less baneful, he goes and stabs at the dead; but in general, after some interchanges of complaint and recrimination, a veil has been suffered to fall over the crimes of the battle-field.

With Russia after the battle of Inkerman, it fared otherwise, and she has had to stand out excepted from the easy forgiveness which is commonly accorded to nations at the close of a war. Few who know them will question that the Russians are, upon the whole, a gentle, humane, and kind-hearted people, and there were some, at least, of their soldiery who, in this very battle, gave quarter to adversaries laying down their arms. Nor should it be forgotten that of the acts committed at Inkerman against wounded men, there were some brought about by mistake, whilst others were done under circumstances which tended to palliate guilt. In fights which sway to and fro over ground thickly covered by brush-wood, men who have not been wounded at all will often lie down for a time to avoid some threatening danger, and again begin plying their firelocks when a good opportunity comes. Troops suffering under a fire from assailants thus hidden are apt to become indiscriminately savage against all prostrate foes, and it may be taken for granted that this impulse caused part, at least, of the slaughter inflicted upon disabled men.

Yet, after making all fair allowance for error and venial rage, it still remains certain that Russian soldiery in this battle of Inkerman did not only stab wounded men, but commit the crime with fell industry indicative of a strongly set purpose, and this, too, in the presence of numberless comrades apparently approving the outrages.

Full proof of all this was elicited by a military Court of Inquiry, and General

Canrobert concurred with Lord Raglan in denouncing to Prince Mentschikoff the atrocious acts of his soldiery.

As regards the true source of an exceptional malignity driving good-natured men to go and butcher the wounded, there has been a general concurrence of judgment; and the tenor of Prince Mentschikoff's answer will be hardly surprising to those who remember that this war, after all, in its origin was a war of the Churches, and that the infuriate soldiery who could plunge and re-plunge their bayonets into the body of a prostrate, disabled adversary, had been 'consecrated' only a few hours before by blessings and prayers, and anthems grandly roaring for blood.

In answering the denunciation which reached him under a flag of truce, the Prince loftily repudiated it as a charge which could not be even listened to, if brought against the Imperial army generally; and he declared that a defenseless enemy was, and always would be, under the protection of the Russian flag. He, however, admitted it to be possible—though he did not, he said, know the fact—that 'individually, and in the heat of combat,' some exasperated soldier may have suffered himself to do an act of violence which was to be deeply regretted; but then he went on to show that, supposing the imputed butcheries to have been really committed, they must have been provoked, after all, by a religious sentiment. His countrymen, he said, were an eminently religious people, who could not but be filled with horror when they learned that a church—very holy in their estimation—had been desecrated by the invaders of Russia; and thence he went on to conclude that, if any of the French or the English had indeed been dispatched on the battle-field whilst lying disabled by wounds, they must have owed their fate—not to the ruthlessness, but—plainly to the outraged piety of his troops.

#### WAS THE ATTACK ON INKERMAN A SURPRISE?

For weeks they had well understood that an attack, if attempted at all, might there be most hopefully ventured; and only a few days before they had seen the enemy come to make himself at home on the ground, and even rehearse his enterprise. They knew, too, that for such an undertaking early morn was the most fitting time, and some two or three hours after midnight they received a vague warning in the low, distant sound of wheels reported by Sargent and Morgan, followed up before long by the pealing of the Sebastopol bells. And again it is true that with a moderate edition to the force

which performed and supported the outpost duty, or even without such addition—though in that case a risk of incurring occasional vexatious losses—the pickets might have been so placed as to be capable of giving an earlier notice of any attack on Mount Inkerman than the adopted system could insure; and even, indeed, without all that hazard the object might have been partly attained by causing the outlying pickets to patrol to the front every morning a little before break of day. On the whole, it was certainly possible that by a keener attention to dubious signs, and an altered disposition of their outpost system, our people might have accelerated their discovery of the coming attack.

The machinery of Pennefather's outpost system was not "set" in such way as to make it detect the enemy in the act of ascending Mount Inkerman; but for the purposes of its more limited task the instrument worked with as much accuracy as the dimness of the air would allow. Before the first shot was fired, the troops here in charge had duly stood to their arms. At the time of the enemy's approach, the men of the new pickets were in their appointed places: they engaged the enemy as soon as he could be descried through darkness and mist: by their firing they amply announced the attack: they thwarted and vexed the advancing thousands so obstinately as to give time for our reinforcements to come up: and the commencement of the attack was reported to Headquarters with a promptitude which at once brought Lord Raglan to the recognized seat of danger.

On our left, the first Russian attack was at once defeated by Grant. On our right, the Taroutine corps had scarce pressed back seven outlying sentries, when Adams came up with the 41st and drove it out of the battle-field. As regards the centre, Pennefather could say with truth that the Russians had been made to fight hard for more than two hours, and to suffer the defeat, nay, the ruin, of no less than twenty battalions, before they drove in his main picket. In the teeth of such facts it would plainly be wrong to say that Pennefather was "surprised" at Inkerman.

But, on the other hand, it must be acknowledged that the English—intent on the siege—had been able to bestow little care, with still less of their scanty resources, upon the business of defending the Chersonese against field operations; and although long accustomed to expect an attack on Mount Inkerman, they had certainly failed to imagine that any force approaching in its numbers to a strength of 40,000 would ever be brought to assail them on that one corner of ground. So, when called upon to encounter what they did—and that, too, whilst baffled by a densely

enshrining mist—they acted by common consent as men who had been brought under the pressure of unforeseen emergencies. Again, and again, and again, after the close of the First Period, some general or other officer might be seen overstepping without scruple, the usual bounds of authority, and governing the destination of troops, which—except on that ground of emergency—would not have been under his orders. No such license could well have obtained if the course of military business had not been rudely disturbed; and in the absence of all collected knowledge about the early part of the battle, it was natural that those who observed all this evident dislocation of formal authority should ascribe it at first to what soldiers call a “surprise” though, in truth, it was only after the close of the First Period that the laxity in question began. What our people wanted was—not more time, but

—more troops. Buller, the Duke of Cambridge, and Cathcart—the generals who brought up reinforcements—were all early enough in the field, and the real task was to make their scanty numbers suffice for that “everywhere,” which summed up in a word the positions requiring succor. The evident pressure of concurring emergencies which our people traced to “surprise,” was brought about in reality by their adversary’s command of huge numbers, and his vigorous use of the prerogative which enabled him, because the assailant, to throw immense weight on one spot; but also, after half-past seven o’clock, by that destructive mistake which led them to imagine that the parapet of the Sandbag Battery must be a part of the Inkerman defenses, and that, therefore, in that outlying part of the field no less than at home on their own ridge they ought to maintain a tough fight.

## Notice.



REV. EGERTON RYERSON, D.D.,  
LL. D.

Rev. Egerton Ryerson, D.D., LL.D., President of the General Methodist Conference of Canada, whose portrait we give in this number, is the son of Colonel Ryerson, a U. E. Loyalist, and a British officer during the Revolutionary war, who settled first in New Brunswick and subsequently in Upper Canada, where the subject of this sketch was born early in the century. In 1824 he first commenced the duties of an itinerant Methodist preacher, under the direction of a presiding elder, and labored on Ancaster Circuit. In 1825 he was received on trial, on the Yonge Street and York Circuit; was ordained a deacon on the Cobourg Circuit in 1827; became an elder in 1829 on the York Circuit; and officiated as editor of the *Christian Guardian* during 1830-31-32. In 1833 he was Secretary of Conference, and also editor of the *Guardian* till 1835. For the three following connexional years, he labored in Kingston; was again editor of the *Guardian* in 1838-39, and was Principal of Victoria College, Cobourg, during 1842-3-4.

In 1845, “by permission of Conference,” he became Superintendent of Education

for Upper Canada, retaining this position through many years of toil, and overcoming almost superhuman difficulties in his labors for the advancement of education. He entered on his itinerant career about the age of twenty, and it is stated was a speaker of great power. His sermons and speeches were full of ideas. Though he was at no loss for words at the commencement of his career, yet he was timid, slightly embarrassed at times, and spoke with a rapidity which often somewhat checked his utterance. This indicated a great intellect and powers of no common order, which afterwards matured when he had entered upon his pastoral career. His literary abilities were, however, those which made him a marked man. In 1827 he wrote against the “arrogant claims of dominant churchmen,” and in controversy he has since won much distinction. For the period of nearly half a century he has, through his important official engagements, wielded great influence; and perhaps to no one in Ontario can more of the success of its present common school system be ascribed than to him. He is still hale and hearty, and his being recently honored with the Presidency of the great united Methodist body in Canada indicates the high esteem in which he is held by his Church.