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NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

SEPT., 1872.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

FIFTEEN CENTS PER COPY. $1.50 PER ANNUM.

MONTREAL WITNESS PROSPECTUS

FOR 1872.

During twenty-five years existence the circulation of the WITNESS has increased from 800 to about 20,000; or, counting by sheets issued, instead of 800 a week, we have in round numbers:—

Daily, 11,000 x 6 - -	66,000
Tri-Weekly, 3,000 x 2 -	6,000
Weekly - - - - -	7,000
	79,000

The same rates of increase for the next quarter of a century would give us an entry into 500,000 families for 7,900,000 sheets. These figures are no more incredible than the present ones would have been twenty-five years ago, and we shall do our best, with the assistance of constantly improving appliances and facilities for reaching the public, and counting largely on the rapid growth of our Dominion and of its chief city, to realize them.

PLATFORM.

We stand just where we have always stood, and look for success to that aid which has hitherto helped us.

THE DAILY WITNESS, is issued at Noon, 2, 4 and 6 o'clock, P. M., and sold in every town and village for ONE CENT. We shall by 1st January, 1872, have completed our arrangements for city delivery, and will, by means of delivery carts and sleighs, be able to supply dealers in almost every corner of the city. We have a steam press running on bulletins alone, so that each dealer may receive one daily. *Daily Witness, $3 per annum, payable in advance.*

TRI-WEEKLY WITNESS.—Subscribers to the SEMI-WEEKLY WITNESS will after 1st January be supplied with a TRI-WEEKLY of the shape and size of the present DAILY WITNESS, which will be found to contain about as much matter as the present SEMI-WEEKLY, thus making an addition of fifty per cent. to the reading matter without any addition of price. *Tri-Weekly Witness $2 per annum in advance.*

MONTREAL (WEEKLY) WITNESS.—This paper will continue of the same shape as hitherto, but will be larger by the breadth of a column each way on every page, thus making an addition of fifty per cent. to the reading matter. *Weekly Witness, $1.00 in advance.*

CLUBS.

We have never been able to offer any inducement which has borne fruit equal to the assistance of those whose sincere friendship for the enterprise has prompted them to exertion on our behalf.

In all editions where one person remits for one year in advance for eight persons, he will be entitled to one copy additional for himself. Or any person remitting $8 for our publications will be entitled to one dollar's worth additional.

ADVERTISING.

Advertising in the DAILY WITNESS costs 10 cents per line for *new advertisements*, or for such as are inserted as new; 5 cents per line for *old advertisements*—that is all insertions after the first, when not inserted as new. The following are exceptional:—Employees or Board Wanted, one cent per word. Employment or Boarders Wanted, and Articles Lost and Found, 20 words for 10 cents and half a cent for each additional word.

The TRI-WEEKLY and WEEKLY WITNESS will be counted together, and all the issues of one week will be counted one insertion. Thus,

Weekly - - - -	7,000
Tri-Weekly, 3,000 x 3 =	9,000
	16,000

The service rendered will thus be greater in quantity, and for many kinds of business better in quality, than that of the Daily; yet, for the present, the same scale of charges will be followed. Thus an advertiser has, for the same money, advertising for as many weeks in the country editions as he has days in the daily editions. The above startling changes in the terms of the country editions we are enabled to make by increased printing facilities, and in the hope of securing a circulation that will attract advertising patronage. Advertisers may, we think, confidently count on a rapid improvement in the value of time contracts through the working of these changes. No advertisments will be accepted which are not in accord with the known principles of the WITNESS.

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We here announce cheaper papers than can be got anywhere else, and cheaper advertising, we think, in proportion to circulation, than is offered in Canada. Whether the papers are good, as well as cheap, the public are the best judges. All the departments of reading matter will be kept up as heretofore. We are giving increased attention to the commercial department.

(*Continued on third page of Cover.*)

REV. WILLIAM ELLIS.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

SEPTEMBER, 1872.

THE CHARTER OF NOVA SCOTIA.—THE PURITAN SETTLERS.

BY J. WOODROW.

General Charles Lawrence, Governor of Nova Scotia (of which province New Brunswick then formed a part), was closeted in Halifax with a deputation from New England. The leader of the party held in his hand a proclamation, from which the following is an extract:—

"By His Excellency Charles Lawrence, Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief in and over His Majesty's Province of Nova Scotia, or Acadia, &c., &c.

"A PROCLAMATION—Whereas by the late successes of His Majesty's arms in the reduction of Cape Breton and its dependencies, and also by the demolition and entire destruction of the fortifications of Gaspé, Minas, and of St. Lawrence, and on the St. John's river, the enemy who have formerly disturbed and harassed the Province of Nova Scotia, and much obstructed its progress, have been compelled to retire and take refuge in Canada—a favorable opportunity now presents itself for the peopling and cultivating as well the lands vacated by the French, as every other part of that valuable province, &c., &c.

"I shall be ready to receive proposals that may hereafter be made towards effectively settling the said vacated or any other lands within the Province aforesaid, &c., &c.

"Given in Council Chamber, Halifax, 12th Oct. 1758, and in the 32nd year of His Majesty's Reign.

A description then followed of more than 100,000 acres of intervale and plow lands, producing wheat, oats, hemp, flax, &c., which had been cultivated for a great many years; also more than 100,000 acres of upland, all of which were situated about the Bay of Fundy, or on navigable rivers.

Mr. Hancock, of Boston, and Messrs. Delancie and Watts, at New York, were authorized to receive proposals for the settlement of the above-named lands, which proposals were to be transmitted by them to the Governor or to the President of the Council at Halifax.

In consequence of the flattering description of Gov. Lawrence, a deputation was appointed from New England to explore the country, and report. Their visit to Nova Scotia gave them full satisfaction, at least so far as the lands were concerned, and they wrote flattering accounts to the farmers and fishermen of New England, the inhabitants of which numbered upwards of half a million of people, nearly all of whom were then loyal British subjects. New England blood had been shed and New England treasure spent in order that the British flag might wave, and English civilization prevail, over New France and Acadia. The converts of Whitfield had some time before played an important part in the first capture of Louisbourg, and in recent engagements New England men had borne a large share in the successes at Point de Bute, Baie Verte, and St. John. Gen. Lawrence had complimented the New England people on account of the great service they had rendered to His Majesty,

and was desirous of their assistance in the settlement of Nova Scotia, which at that time had but a small number of British inhabitants.

"Your Excellency," said the deputation already referred to, "we have given our attention to the lands to which you refer in this paper. They are all that could be desired. We represent a considerable number of persons who would gladly accept your offer. The fisheries alone are a mine of wealth, and many people would be attracted thereby."

"I am glad you are so well satisfied," said His Excellency, "and I feel pleased at the prospect of an early settlement of some of the lands by the class of people you represent. The men of Massachusetts rendered me noble service at Chignecto, and came to my assistance, when with a force altogether inadequate I kept the French in check. I was anxious to have a class of settlers on these lands of whom I knew so much that was favorable. Certain individuals in England have endeavored to get the said lands reserved for the benefit of the disbanded foreign soldiers who have been fighting England's battles on the continent of Europe. I have obtained, however, from His Majesty, permission to have part of the vacated lands occupied by settlers from the old colonies; and I shall also welcome whatever number of persons His Majesty shall send to Nova Scotia. There is sufficient room for all comers, and to spare. I am satisfied that this will yet be a thriving Province of the British Empire."

"We thank Your Excellency for your kindness and your good will towards the men of New England; but there are certain obstacles that we notice. There is something dearer to us than houses and lands!"

"And these obstacles?" said Sir Charles.

"The first and the most important," said the deputies, "have reference to religious liberty. We have no quarrel with the Established Church of England; but we are nearly all of another faith. We are mainly the descendants of the men and women of the 'Mayflower,' or of those who fled from the tyranny of the Stuarts and the Star Chamber and High Commission Courts. Denominationally we are mostly Congregationalists, and it is necessary that we shall be permitted to worship without hindrance in the simple fashion of the early Christians. We have no wish to infringe on the liberties of others, but we cannot do otherwise than worship the God of our fathers in our own way."

Sir Charles Lawrence conceded that the request was reasonable, and promised that the intending settlers should have complete liberty in their religious worship.

"We have full confidence in Your Excellency," replied the delegates, "but you may be recalled at any time to another field of action by our Sovereign. You have given evidence of your willingness to concede full liberty of conscience and worship; but fears are entertained in New England that some of the members of your Council are not to be relied upon in this respect. Our fathers and ourselves have had struggle after struggle to maintain our system of worship, and we cannot settle in this Province where all is uncertainty. We would respectfully solicit a guarantee from Your Excellency."

"The subject of religion has engaged the attention of my Council and the Legislature," said Sir Charles, "and I will press upon them the importance of taking such measures as will give liberty of worship to those dissenting from the Establishment. I have hopes that all will be well."

The reply of Sir Charles was not satisfactory. "Your Excellency," they said, "a legislative enactment cannot meet our case. A law may be passed this year and repealed the next, and we require some guarantee that this new land may start fair on the question of religious liberty. Our English ancestors obtained the great charter from the King of England at Runnymede, a charter which no acts of parliament or despotic doings of Tudors or Stuarts could abrogate; and if this country is to be the home of our descendants, we too require a charter that shall guarantee liberty of worship to our children and our children's children forever."

"I will consult my Council," said the Governor, "and will inform you of the result."

"We have other guarantees to ask," said the deputies. "We are the descendants of Englishmen. Our forefathers not only

struggled for religious liberty in the mother country, but their sons in New England claimed civil liberty as their birthright. We, too, expect that in addition to religious freedom the courts of justice shall be administered with as much liberty to the individual as in the most favored land; that we shall have the right to come together in town meetings to discuss the affairs of the Province, and that every facility shall be given to obtain for our children a fair and reasonable education. If we come to this Province it must be to transplant our free system of Church government, and of schools, town meetings, and militia organizations."

"And without these, what then?"

"Without them, we will stay in our own Provinces, where we are now guaranteed the exercise of our undoubted rights and privileges."

A meeting of Council was summoned, and the application of the New England delegation taken into consideration, as well as the requirements of permanent guarantees of civil and religious liberty.

The questions were of a weighty character, and time for deliberation was required. The delegates returned to their homes, and awaited the result.

At length their application was complied with, and the celebrated document, known in Haliburton's history as "THE CHARTER OF NOVA SCOTIA," was issued. This Charter, after making provision for civil liberty, guaranteed the freedom of religious worship to Protestants of all denominations, who were to have "FULL LIBERTY of CONSCIENCE," and were permitted thereby "TO ERECT AND BUILD MEETING HOUSES for public worship," and, said the Charter, "MAY CHOOSE AND ELECT ministers for the carrying on of divine service, and the administration of the sacrament, according to their several opinions, and all contracts made between their ministers and congregations for the support of the ministry are hereby declared valid, and shall have their full force and effect, according to the tenor and conditions thereof; and all such dissenters shall be excused from any rates or taxes to be made or levied for the support of the Established Church."

This charter, while it would not stand the test of public opinion at the present day, and failed to give full liberty to all, was a great advance at that time, and, like England's charter, was a guarantee of still further advance.

Much fault has been found by American and other writers with the administration of Gov. Lawrence; but this closing act of his, in pressing for and obtaining authority to issue this important paper, sheds a lustre on his name that cannot be effaced. President Belcher endeavored to carry out the guarantees of the charter, and labored faithfully to reconcile all differences arising at that exciting and transition period.

In the year 1760 the first instalment of the Puritan settlers sailed from New England; 100 persons sailed from Boston; four schooners with 100 settlers from Rhode Island; 100 emigrants from New London; 180 from Plymouth, and others followed from time to time. They were, so far as can be ascertained, mostly descendants of those who had crossed the sea for their liberties. They came from the townships which were early settled by the refugees from civil and religious despotism. Haliburton says of the farmers, that they were of a substantial class. Some of them settled upon the lands once occupied by the French Acadians, at Grand Pré, Cornwallis, Horton, and Falmouth. Part of the emigrants settled at Chebogue, Liverpool, Chester, Granville, Onslow, and Annapolis. Lands were also surveyed at Mangerville, on the St. John River, where a considerable number of Puritan settlers arrived two or three years later.

The New England emigrants, as soon as they settled down in Nova Scotia, established their own peculiar institutions. The greater part of them being Congregationalists, several churches of that faith and order were organized, three of which, viz., the Congregational Churches of Chebogue and Liverpool in Nova Scotia, and Sheffield in New Brunswick, are now in existence.

These settlers organized schools after the New England fashion, but had not sufficient influence to establish the Free School system in Nova Scotia, as they de-

sired. They got up military companies, and drilled with regularity, as safeguards from attacks of French and Indians. The old-fashioned custom of town meetings, which had been in operation in New England from the days of the "Mayflower," they transplanted to Nova Scotia soil; but, unfortunately, these town-meetings met with great disfavor among some of the authorities at Halifax. the following in reference thereto is on record in the archives of Nova Scotia:—

"April 14, 1770.—Resolved, by the Governor and Council, that the proceedings of the people in calling meetings for discussing questions relating to law and government, and such purposes, are contrary to law, and if persisted in, it is ordered that the parties be prosecuted by the Attorney-General."

Liberty was not understood at that day as it is at the present time; nor was it for a long period afterwards. In a letter written some years ago by the Hon. Joseph Howe to Mr. Adderley, he stated that down to the time of the introduction of responsible government, the country was governed without regard to the rights of the people, as those rights are understood and conceded by all political parties at the present time.

The abolition of the town-meeting system gave great dissatisfaction, as it was considered guaranteed fully by the charter of Gov. Lawrence.

As early as Dec. 12, 1760, President Belcher wrote to the Board of Trade that the townships of Cornwallis, Horton, and Falmouth were so well established that everything bore a hopeful appearance. Many of the inhabitants, he said, were in good circumstances. He stated that the settlers were of a very worthy class. At Liverpool, Chebogue and some other places, owing to their isolation, they had to endure many hardships and conquer difficulties.

The Puritan settlements were, apart from the political question, enjoying prosperity, when the Revolution took place in the old colonies. At the time, the settlers were in a state of alarm because of the infringement by the authorities of Nova Scotia on the civil liberties of the people. Part of the Puritans strongly sympathized with the revolutionists, and an exodus began which reduced the population materially. Part of them stood up strongly for the British flag and opposed the revolution. Some of the Puritan settlers of Mangerville, on the St. John River, endeavored to furnish supplies of sheep, oxen, &c., to the British army in Boston, but the vessel was captured by a party from Machias in Maine.

At the close of the revolution, large numbers of Loyalists arrived in Nova Scotia, and shortly afterwards New Brunswick was set off as a separate Province.

Shortly after the revolution closed, the Puritan churches, with a very few exceptions, had lost a visible existence, through the political and religious divisions that took place about that period. Still, on the original ground where these early settlers planted their churches and schools, no matter to what denomination the people belong, their ideas are to a very large extent distinctively those held by the Congregational denomination.

The descendants of the Puritan settlers never gave up their agitation for the principles of the charter granted by Governor Lawrence through the influence of their fathers, and when the charter itself was almost forgotten they faltered not in their devotion to the principles of civil and religious liberty. In the long struggle for self-government, happily crowned with success, the descendants of the early Puritans were behind no others, and were ever to be relied upon in the hour of emergency.

REVOLUTIONARY RELICS.

COLLECTED BY CHARLES HEAVYSEGE, AUTHOR OF "SAUL," "JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER," &C.

"How many a sad and stirring tale
Of white man's wo, of Indian's wail,
Still lingers here, on hill, in vale!"

About the Bay of Quinté and the County of Prince Edward (Ont.) there linger even yet those who can tell of many a sad episode of the American Revolutionary war, and of a struggle which drove them or their fathers to seek a home in Canada. Being recently in that region we met with a very intelligent gentleman, 82 years of age, who related to us the following thrilling incidents, and for greater accuracy, at our request, afterwards committed them to writing in their present form.

In the year 1765 Thomas Smith and his family and John Collins and his family left Lincolnshire, England, and sailed for America, and, after a tedious voyage of nine weeks, landed at New York. From thence they sailed up the Hudson as far as Half Moon Point (now called Waterford) at the junction of the Mohawk with the North Branch of the Hudson River.

Having conversed with many persons since their arrival in America, although they were near neighbors in the old country, and had agreed to settle near each other in America, Smith concluded to go up the North Branch, and Collins to go up the West Branch, or Mohawk River, the two making a new agreement to visit each other as soon as circumstances would allow.

Collins settled in Schoharie County, about fifty miles from Albany; and Smith settled in Saratoga County, near Saratoga Springs, twenty-four miles from Albany.

In the spring of 1776 Collins and his wife visited Smith's family at Saratoga. Collins's family consisted of himself, wife, and four boys, whilst Smith's consisted ot himself, wife, and five girls and one boy. After much persuasion Mrs. Smith consented to let one of her girls, aged twelve years, go home with Mrs. Collins, under a promise from the latter to bring her back in one year; but, alas! the Smiths never saw Collins or any of his family again,

In about two months after Collins had returned home, war broke out between the Colonies and Great Britain, and all communication was cut off between the two English friends. About the first of October, 1777, the military authorities at Albany notified the inhabitants of the surrounding country that an Indian raid was expected from Canada, and advised their immediate retreat to Albany for safety.

Smith and his family started immediately and arrived in safety; Collins and his family made all possible haste, but the night before the day on which they intended to start, Indians from Montreal (guided by one George Magin, who had lived many years in Collins's neighborhood, but had in the beginning of the Revolutionary war joined the Tories, and now returned as guide for these Indians, burning houses and killing his old neighbors), burst into the house and murdered Mr. and Mrs. Collins and their four sons. Nancy Smith had concealed herself behind her bedroom door, when the Indians threw a straw-bed on the fire, making a great light; she rushed out of doors, and was met by an Indian, who raised his tomahawk to kill her; but a squaw that was in the company for the purpose of carrying plunder, struck her on the shoulder, saying in the Indian tongue "My daughter." The squaw had lost her daughter a few weeks before, and now adopted Nancy Smith in her stead.

This was the last house the raiders visited for the sake of destruction and plunder, and they straightway started in return to Fort Stanwix, now called Rome, sixteen

miles from the city of Utica. She was subsequently taken to Montreal, and in the course of the war travelled several times from thence to Niagara, returning in the Fall to Montreal for winter quarters.

In 1783 peace was proclaimed, and as all the prisoners that had been taken by the Indians were considered as their property, arrangements were made for the United States Government to redeem them at Niagara, and the tribe to which Nancy Smith belonged took her thither with their other captives.

When the latter arrived at Niagara they were met by Col. Schuyler, who made the best bargain he could with their captors, and redeemed all that wished to be released from captivity; but several chose to remain and live with the Indians.

Col. Schuyler asked Miss Smith where her friends were living when she was carried off; and on being told that they lived at Stillwater, and that her father was an Englishman, named Thomas Smith, he said he knew him; he was a well-to-do farmer, who came twice a year to Albany to trade at his (the Colonel's) store, and he would take her home with him and send for her father.

When they arrived at Albany the Colonel sent a man with a letter to Thomas, stating that he had brought his daughter from Canada; that he, Smith, must come immediately, and bring with him the price paid for her ransom and travelling expenses. But her father and mother did not believe a word of the story, because they were sure that Collins's family had all been murdered, and their bones found in the ashes of their house, and that the young female captive must be some other Nancy Smith. However, although it seemed to be a forlorn hope, he went to Albany, and there found his long-lost child. He paid all charges and took her home. I shall not attempt to describe their meeting. The redeemed prisoner was my aunt; she was twenty-four years old when I was born, and I lived near her until I was fifteen years of age, at which time she died.

Another incident that occurred at the same time I will mention. My grandfather on my father's side, who was an Englishman, lived in Newburgh, sixty miles from New York, and at the commencement of the war he entered with his team into the insurgent commissary service, and remained therein during hostilities. He had a niece that had married, and was settled between Albany and Fort Stanwix, not many miles from the place where Collins and his family lived. At the time that Collins was murdered, two Indians came to her house in the dusk and demanded admittance, and being refused they fired a ball through the door, which killed her husband, when eight more Indians appeared. They broke into the house, captured her and her three sons, set fire to the house, and started for the woods.

After travelling about five miles they encamped in a swamp, where they remained until next night, when they travelled all night, and the next morning again encamped in a swamp. During the day they were joined by four or five squaws loaded with plunder. They remained in their camp two days, feasting and resting themselves. The third day they painted the boys with red and black stripes, and in the afternoon tied the eldest boy, fifteen years of age, to a sapling. They placed a large quantity of dry pine around him, stuck a great many pitch-pine slivers into his body, and burned him alive. The next boy, thirteen years old, they tortured to death, but I have forgotten the process. The third boy, eleven years old, they stripped naked; one Indian held him whilst another cut a hole in his side, took one end of his entrails out, and told him to run, which he did, and fell dead. The remainder is almost too terrible to relate. They hung his heart, liver, and lungs about his mother's neck, and remained in camp three days. At night they tied her to two stakes driven into the ground, and all went to sleep. On the third night, tired out, she slept soundly until midnight, when she was aroused by a terrific yelling, and the first she saw by the firelight was the flourishing of tomahawks. A company of Oneida Indians, friendly to the rebels, and accompanied by a few white men, had got on their trail, killed them all and released her. She afterwards returned to Newburgh, and lived with my grandfather's family until the close of the war.

In 1812 I lived in Bath, a small village on the shore of the Bay of Quinte, Township of Ernest Town, and I remained there thirteen years. Across the Bay, on the shore of Amherst Island, lived the aforementioned George Magin, then an old man, and receiving lieutenant's half-pay, £45, Halifax currency, under the title of Indian Guide. This pay commenced at the treaty of peace, 1783, and he continued to receive it up to the time of his death in 1820, receiving in all $6,660. He often got drunk, and would then tell of his exploits, and he related to me all about the capture of Nancy Smith. The following respecting him is a fact known to several parties who were boys at the time it occurred:—

About seventy years ago Magin went over to Oswego, got tipsy, and began boasting about his deeds in the war. The Yankees, indignant at the recital, stripped him and tied him to a tree on Mosquito Point, where he remained all night. In the morning they released him. He then hardly resembled a human being, but he lived through it.

The following is another Revolutionary story from the same source:—

A wealthy Scotchman named McAlpine had settled near Saratoga Lake, not far from the centre of the State of New York. Being a Loyalist, he fled for safety to New York city, leaving his wife and family on the farm of some five hundred acres. Shortly after his retreat three men entered his house for the purpose of plunder, with their faces and hands blackened. Mrs. McAlpine recognized one of them as being a neighbor's son, named Elias Palmer. Amongst the furniture brought from Scotland was a looking-glass, said to be the largest in the country in those days. Palmer was taking it down from its place when Mrs. McAlpine said:—"Elias, I know you; many a good meal you have eaten in this house and slept quietly here too; and, whenever you want to feel ashamed of yourself, look in that glass." Twenty years afterwards the writer saw the mirror in question in possession of the said Elias Palmer.

THE RIVER OF DEATH.

SUGGESTED BY A NEWSPAPER PARAGRAPH.

BY W. ARTHUR CALNEK.

A little girl, but nine years old,
With eyes of blue and hair of gold,
  Upon a sick bed lying,
With solemn, yet with cheerful mien,
Resigned, and peaceful, and serene,
  Was told that she was dying.

"I oft have heard, dear mother, thee,
And other friends long dear to me,
  In words that made me shiver,
Declare the tale that all who die—
And ne'er I heard without a sigh—
  Must cross Death's darksome river.

'Yea, I have felt my infant blood
Grow chill with fear, as that cold flood
  Was named within my hearing;
And feared I ne'er could cross its tide—
Though Jesus' self were at my side—
  Unfalt'ring and unfearing.

"But mother, dear, I'm dying now.
The death damps gather on my brow,
  Behold my fears are flying;
They vanish like the vapors dun,
Chased heavenward by the rising sun,—
  So cease your tears and sighing.

"I look in vain—ah! do I dream—
For that cold river's rolling stream;
  No angry waves are swelling
Between the fast receding Here,
And the Hereafter now so near,
  So soon to be my dwelling."

Then silence reigned a moment's space,
While joy suffused her pallid face,
  Fear left no trace or leaven;
"'Tis but a little brook," she cried,
And smiling sweetly, gently died,
  And o'er it passed to Heaven!

THAT WINTER.

BY EDITH AUBURN.

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CHAPTER XVII.

Mabel Rivers sat in her room, a dreary sense of isolation weighing down her spirits. The day had been one of trial, or rather a series of trials; every hour of it seemed barbed to wound her. In the morning she had stood by the bedside of Lambert's mother-in-law while the unprepared soul took its flight. Leaving the harrowing scene, and yearning for Christian sympathy, she met Miss Lewis, who turned away from her cordial greeting. Quickly resenting the intended slight, she cut the next bowing acquaintance she met. Then conscience upbraided her with returning evil for evil; and so the day passed in a struggle between it and pride. Now, within the precincts of her own room—the only spot she felt to be sacred from the intrusion of the world—she would gladly have shut the door upon her annoyances; but, instead, it was to be opened to a stranger, who, she feared, would increase them. After spending a few moments in deep thought, and looking upward, she decided to grant Kitty's request. She said aloud:—

"Perhaps the Lord is sending her here, and He may have a blessing in store for us both. These trials that He sends must have some use. Does He send them? or do they spring from the ground? No, they are from Him, for nothing happens to His people without His permission. And though I have scorned even to admit to myself that they cost me a thought, He has let them multiply until they oppress me. Dear little Lucy's happy death gave me to see He had a use for me here; but what benefit my visit is to myself, individually, is yet shrouded in mystery. I will not again say that these trials are not worth my attention. What He permits is for our profit. It was He who allowed Edgar Allan, a young man whose weakness I so thoroughly despise, to pass me, with Hilda Stiggins, as though he did not know me. Well, I have but a few weeks more to stay, and seeing my time is so short, I will seek to learn what, before coming here, I thought I knew so perfectly—entire submission to His will."

That evening Edgar would have been delighted had Mabel pleaded headache and excused herself from the drawing-room; he felt ashamed of his rudeness to her, and wished, if possible, to avoid her. But when he saw there was no likelihood of her absenting herself, he could not long resist the influence of her sweet voice, as it blended with Miss Weldon's powerful one, in some favorite hymn, and he stole quietly into the room. Mabel, conscious of being sustained in returning good for evil, met him as though he had ever treated her with respect and kindness.

"She has no spirit," he whispered to Fred, whom he had made his confidant. "If any one treated me so I would cut them forever. I believe Mrs. Allan is right when she says, 'Nothing seems to affect her.'"

"Perhaps she did not see you," suggested Fred.

"I really hope she did not, for she is the sweetest and prettiest girl I know. I have a great mind to cut that Hilda Stiggins for prompting me to do it. But if I did, her mother would come to ask the reason why."

"Do," said his brother; "I would pay her in her own coin." Miss Rivers is worth a dozen like her."

The music here ceased, and Miss Weldon called Edgar to take the bass of a new song, "half sacred," she explained to her uncle, who was sitting, eye-glass in hand, smiling approval at the performers, and

thinking of the dear, gentle, little child whom he so constantly missed. His wife, glad that the stillness of the house was once more broken by music, was sitting amusing her baby, and wondering how its father could resist its pretty ways. When the song was ended, Mr. Allan let fall a tear that had dimmed his sight, and, turning to Mabel, said,—

"How much we will miss you, Miss Rivers! I was just thinking of the lesson you once taught my little Lucy. Do you remember? You put it in such a beautiful way; and she drank it in. Dear child! she carried it in its freshness to the grave. I was just thinking how happy we would all be if the same simple lesson, which we learn in childhood, would suffice for maturer years. But it will not; the man receives only as a part what the child grasps as the whole. Were it not for our perfect church, with its perfect sacraments, how dreary would be the prospect beyond, and with what sorrow we would consign loved ones, even full of such trust as Lucy's, to the tomb!"

Edgar, to whom all allusions to religion were so many meaningless words, and who particularly disliked any mention of his little sister, rose and left the room; and Mrs. Allan begged that such a pleasant evening would not end in a discussion.

Mabel smiled, and said, "Do not be afraid of me, for I would not presume to argue with Mr. Allan. But if you will allow me, I will quote two passages from the unerring Word,—'For in Jesus Christ neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but faith which ruleth by love.'—(Gal. v. 6); and 'Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever believeth in me shall never die.'"—(John xi., 25, 26.)

Before the evening was over, Mabel and Carrie were firm friends. The latter whispered to her aunt, as she gave her a good-night kiss, "Miss Rivers has bewitched me already. I love her like an old friend." And Mabel thought, as she preceded her to her room, "She is one of the most attractive and lovable girls I have ever met."

"Poor Edgar!" sighed his father, as he heard the hall-door close after him, "It will need all the grace which I and your mother covenanted for you in your baptism to save you from ruin. But surely the sacraments are not in vain. While I have any control over you, you will continue to partake of the Holy Communion; and grace imparted then must assert itself, and consume the dross."

Chapter XIX.

"Miss Rivers, be you a-goin' away soon?"

"Yes—in a few weeks. Are you sorry, Kitty?"

"Mr. Edgar be. He says you be the first he know'd who lived what you preach."

"What do I preach, Kitty?"

"I don't know; but you live the good. He used to say you was the biggest hippercrit; but he don't say that now. Oh dear! it's gettin' wus an' wus with me."

"What is getting worse?"

Kitty had been standing at Mabel's door, looking wistfully into the room; now she fixed her eyes on the bed, and coming slowly in, replied in a whisper,—

"Ev'rything; ev'rything I knows of. Mr. Edgar's stayin' out later o' nights, an' is gettin crosser than ever; he can't abide to hear Miss Lucy named. An' Mrs. Allan speaks so soft now; the house be awful lonesome. An' that Miss Weldon be come, an' she laughs so that it makes me cry. An' cook says she'll give notice, for the dog cries awful hard o' nights, an' there's sure to be another funeral. Do you think it could be me?"

Had it not been for Kitty's evident distress—tears were coursing freely down her hot cheeks—Mabel would have smiled at her.

"We do not know who will be called next, nor will it matter if we are only prepared. But, Kitty, cook is very foolish to think that poor Carlo knows more than we do. Who would tell him?"

"I don't know; but she says it be a sure sign, for afore dad died he cried under her winder, an' then that Sunday she know'd it was for him, 'cause I be here."

"Kitty, you —"

"Miss Rivers, there ain't no use in your

sayin' nothin'; I b'lieve what I knows, an' talk won't change it, but it makes me feel awful bad. I've kep' up as long as I could, but there ain't no use—them bein's be bound to make me pious. If they just know'd how I hate 'em and all their ways, they'd not be so pertikler. I'd run away from here, clear away, only for 'em graves in the cemetery, and Mr. Edgar. There'd be no one o' nights to mind if he comes in; an' he might be froze to death. I'm terrible afeard of his bein' froze to death."

"Kitty, it is not the angels you hate, it is God. They are but His servants, and always do what He wishes. Lucy is an angel, you do not hate her."

"I never see'd her as one. Did you get her pictur in the long white dress? Don't show it me, if you did. I like to mind her in the short one, with the frills an' flounces. See, when she be a-lyin' there, I tuk all them frills off my Sunday one—she usen't to want me to be like her—but she never noticed the differ. Perhaps she was a-thinkin' I couldn't have the other dress. I suppose when you die you'll be puttin' one on too."

"I hope so. Sit down here, like a good girl, while I tell you about it."

Kitty obeyed; not with her former restless manner, but quietly and with a very subdued expression. Mabel now recalled how differently she had been behaving of late, and silently prayed that in spite of the enmity of the natural heart—which this child so fearlessly expressed—she might be led to seek for better things. She told her of the robe with which Christ clothes His followers, and of the happy paths through which He leads them, and that, though unseen, He is always near, to watch over and preserve them. Then in simple words she told her "the old, old story" of His redeeming love for all mankind; of His love to her.

The little girl shook her head, and even tossed it with something of her former sauciness; but at last she hid it in the curtains, near where she had concealed herself to see her little mistress die, and wept aloud.

"Oh! if you know'd how I hate Him, an' have allers hated Him, you'd not tell me that about His love."

"Yes, Kitty, I would; and if it were possible for you to hate Him still more, I would still tell you—for it is true."

"One day, an' no more, I thought I'd like to mind Him, for Miss Lucy's sake; an' I sang 'I'd like to be an angel,' as she used to; but it was so hard, it went all agin me, an' they know'd it; but I kep' right on, an' it was no use, it didn't do no good. An' at night I'm awful scared to sleep, for dad comes an' minds me of all I ever done—of the lies I'se told, an' the apples I stole, and Mrs. Beatty's broke nose; an' when he's goin' away he says, only for me an' the boy he'd 'a been sexton still.''

Mabel rose, and gently leading her to the bedside, knelt with her. She sobbed, and said that she did not want to pray; but Mabel held her still, and soon the two voices ascended in confession and petition.

Strange, and yet as old as "the old, old story," is the change which grace works in the heart. How often do we see those who seem wilfully hardening themselves in sin, and presenting to the world a nature so perfectly at enmity with everything good, brought by that mysterious, fathomless love through ways which they know not to the kingdom; while others, whose lives seem partially restrained by grace, pass away without laying hold of the only certain hope!

A great change had come over Kitty—so great, that Edgar, who doubted the reality of everything but sin, noticed it. Her face was as happy-looking as ever, but its happiness was reflected from within; all the impertinence was taken from her smile, and a soft something added to it. Her mistress had no longer to search for her "in the four extremities of the house;" she was generally at her post, and when from thoughtlessness—for the old nature had many a passing victory—she neglected duty, she was always prompt to acknowledge it.

Her concern for her brothers was one of the first evidences of her sincerity. Bob, she thought, was staying longer than usual in the woods. And Jack, who had left school and found employment in a printer's office, was, she feared, spending his wages in an improper manner. But youth is ever hope-

ful, and Kitty was looking forward to the time when they would be steady, hard-working men, and when, by the united savings of the three, two headstones would mark the nameless graves.

"O Mabel!" said a voice within, "you will be unworthy of the love which is welling up and overflowing your heart, as you think of the seals which the Lord has given you to this visit, if you harbor unkind thoughts towards any one in Oakboro'."

Carrie Weldon was sitting opposite to her and watching her face while she waited for the answer to what she thought of Oakboro' society. Mabel was about to reply in a proud, indifferent way, when she was checked by the foregoing thoughts. She now paused to word a reply that would combine charity with truthfulness.

"I would rather you had not asked me what I think of it; but what it is considered."

"*That* I have already heard from Auntie; but you, as a stranger, can answer impartially. You know I am to remain a year here, and I have a *penchant* for making up my mind beforehand whether to like or dislike a place."

"In that case you must excuse my answering; I might prejudice you—for we are all such creatures of circumstance that, unconsciously to ourselves, we judge of a person or place by their treatment of us."

"You, Miss Rivers, I thought were above that."

"Before coming here I thought so, too. This visit has, I believe, taught me more than one humbling lesson."

"Were you, the perfect Miss Rivers, so proud as to need them?"

A flood of light entered Mabel's mind. She had examined and questioned herself to discover why she was subjected to such discipline, and now the word "proud" revealed it to her. This, then, was the darling sin which had so invisibly coiled itself around her heart, and had clasped in its thread-like meshes the purest acts of her life. The Refiner had seen it, and adopted the process which she had scorned; but nearer and nearer to the flames He held her, until the unsightly thing snapped assunder.

Her tone was very humble as she replied, "I *have* needed them."

"I trust I don't," said Miss Weldon, "for were I to be a month without society I should die of *eunui*—not that I dote upon it so much for it's own sake, as for personal gratification. I mean to be as gay here as my mourning and uncle will allow. Aunt is such a dear, kind woman; she says she will throw everything she can in my way, and that until she can come out Mrs. Roy has offered to *chaperone* me. Who is this Mrs. Roy?—she seems to be auntie's divinity."

Mabel thought of her brother's letter, and there came a temptation to show it; but she merely replied,—

"She is the leader of society here."

"Religious society?"

"Both, for although not gay, she is the recognized head."

"And Miss Lewis?"

"Mr. Roy's niece."

"And, I am told, a pattern saint."

"A sincere Christian, I believe," said Mabel; for, in spite of her treatment of herself, she knew her to be a fellow-disciple. Of Mrs. Roy, she felt, she could not give so clear a record.

At this moment Mrs. Allan entered the room, her face brimful of news.

"Young ladies, I have something to announce that will surprise you—at least you, Miss Rivers. Miss Lewis and Mr. Ellice are to be married in a fortnight."

Carrie's face brightened with the prospect of sharing the festivities. Mabel's exclamation, "Indeed!" meant more than the word conveyed. It meant surprise that one who professed to believe in the only Atonement for sin—the Bible one—should unite herself to a man who placed that sacred book under the shadow of the Church, and added to the Saviour's merits forms, ceremonies, and man's sinful works. It expressed even more—that one who set her face steadfastly against sin, should wed a man who daily indulged in a fashionable vice.

"I knew, Miss Rivers, that you would be surprised," said Mrs. Allan; "and although the whole town are pouring in their congratulations at Hollywood, they all feel the same. For my own part, though delighted at it, it gave me quite a shock. Mr. Allan is enjoying it heartily; he says, now

that the two extremes are to be united, the divisions in the Church will be at an end."

"That is what astonishes me most," said Mabel; "she is so evangelical in her views, and he so ritualistic."

"Do you remember that occurrence about the cross, in the Christmas decorations? I thought then that she could be won, if only sufficient attraction were brought to bear," said Mrs. Allan.

"But her uncle was the most violent against it," said Mabel.

"He was; but it will be a different story when it is his nephew who has to be opposed. Mr. Ellice will never be brought over to his side; of that he may be certain.'

"Is there no mistake about the engagement?" asked Mabel.

"None whatever. Mrs. Roy herself announced it. What surprises *me* most is her marrying one with his well-known drinking habits. But I believe his position in England is the secret of the whole.

"Is it so very high?" asked Miss Weldon.

"Yes, he is the brother of a baronet, and is intimate with no end of lords and dukes. Well, well! to find after all that perfect Christians are like other people, ready to sacrifice principle to worldly advancement!"

"Don't let us condemn her," said Mabel; "she may love him very dearly, and have great hopes of winning him to the truth."

"Not to her party, I trust," said Mrs. Allan; "the other is by far the stronger, and it would only increase the separation. For my own part I am so wearied of these troubles, that I am prepared to float with the tide. Both parties are right in their own eyes, and I do not think it will matter in the least which we adopt on our way to heaven."

"O, auntie! I am not even a professing Christian, and yet I think it of the utmost importance to know whether we are in the life-boat, or only in a leaky one."

"But," replied her aunt, "I consider them both life-boats; only one has a few more trimmings and sails than the other."

"Exactly so, auntie; it has so many that it may turn over, and cease to be a life-boat."

"When there is any danger of that I will cut the rigging, and cling to the mainmast," laughingly replied Mrs. Allan.

"If you are not too late," said her niece. Then turning to Miss Rivers, she asked,—

"Do you think *love* an excuse for this marriage?"

"Not at all—only an extenuation."

"I am surprised at *you* admitting any weakness an extenuation, for you seem to have none yourself. You remind me of a rock on which storm and sunshine leave no print."

Mabel thought how little those around her knew her. Mrs. Allan, who was in high spirits at the prospect of peace in the Church, which, to her mind, conveyed greater favor in the eyes of the congregation for herself and husband, turned to Mabel and said,—

"I am sure, Miss Rivers, that you won't regret leaving this place. Mrs. Stiggins says if she had received as many insults as you have, she could never lift her head again."

Mabel's face slightly changed color; but her reply was not prompted by pride.

"Society here has certainly neglected me;" (she feared her besetting sin when she tremblingly added,) "but it was not in their power to insult me."

"No. That's why Miss Weldon says you are like a rock. Poor Mrs. Stiggins and I are like the sensitive plant, dependent upon favor for happiness. Speaking of Mrs. Stiggins—this engagement of Mr. Ellice must be a great disappointment to her."

"Why?" asked Miss Weldon. "Was *she* looking after him?"

"For her daughter Hilda. She has, I believe, strained every nerve to secure him, or his position; it must surely be the latter all the young ladies are crazy after."

CHAPTER XX.

Hollywood is in a state of unusual excitement. The sound of the door-bell never ceases. Servants are hurrying to and fro, flying in each others' faces, and passing on without even time for an exclamation. The drawing-rooms are like a dressmaker's show-room; and the ladies are at home to

no one but a few privileged friends and "dear Mr. Ellice," who is received in the library. Every little while parcels arrive, which are handed by the waiter to the lady of the house, who, after examining them, places their contents on every available space. There are muslins, rich delaines, silks, laces, and velvets lying in elegant folds over the antique furniture, and in the midst of all move Mrs. Roy and her nieces, criticising and admiring.

The master of Hollywood, in his office, is wondering how people have become so commonplace, and how tiresome receiving and counting money is. He takes out his watch and consults it again and again, or lays it on the desk before him—not that he hopes to expedite the minutes, but that he may have the satisfaction of knowing the exact second of the day. His ire is roused at meeting the frequent glances of one of his clerks. Returning the timepiece to its place, he spends the remaining hours of the day in examining and finding fault with the way in which he is served, and frowning down, with a sterner frown than usual, the venturesome subordinate. Warned by the changeless habit of years, he knows, without again exposing his watch, the exact moment at which to leave for home, where on arriving he finds his family in the same state of pleasurable excitement in which we left them.

Dinner that day was but a name; no one had any appetite, though for the honor of the family a show of eating was made before the servants. When it was over Mrs. Roy and her nieces returned to the drawing-room, and Mr. Roy retired to the library to read his papers, but was soon glad to find an excuse for following them in the clatter and noise around him.

"My dear, what were you remarking as I entered? Something, I think, about Mr. Ellice."

"I was merely saying that in less than forty-eight hours the Roys of Hollywood will be connected with the Ellices of Farnleigh Hall."

Usually Mr. Roy had perfect control of his features, but amidst the excitement of that room he lost it, and his face lighted up with such an inward gratification that the ladies gave a more unrestrained laugh than they were accustomed to give in his presence.

Mrs. Roy continued, "You will be uncle of a Sir, for he is his brother's heir, and in the course of nature will survive him. How natural it will be for us to speak of our niece, Lady Ellice."

"I may never be Lady Ellice," said Miss Lewis, in a low, clear voice.

Mr. Roy dropped his glasses and looked at her. The bare utterance of a doubt restored in an instant his habitually stern expression, which again disappeared when his niece explained, "His brother may marry."

"Not very likely, now," he replied. "But even if he did, his family is so very high that we have reason to congratulate ourselves upon the alliance."

"Yes," said one of the nieces, "and he is such a perfect gentleman—so very aristocratic in all his feelings, words, and actions, that even a casual acquaintance with him is an honor."

"I do not think Adeline is half sensible of it," said Helen, the younger of the two girls. "Why, I could worship the very ground he treads upon."

"Adeline is very quiet," replied Kate, who just now felt a good deal of sympathy for the bride elect. "I am sure she appreciates him; don't you, cousin? You must do something for us when you are settled. Invite some of his friends from England, or something—or we will have to die old maids.

"Indeed, yes," said Helen, in a pleading tone, "for we will never think of marrying beneath you. Besides, the Canadian gentlemen appear so vulgar now: I could never think of marrying any of them now."

"My dear," Mr. Roy addressed his wife, "have you not remarked what the young ladies were speaking about—the superiority of Mr. Ellice to our Canadian gentlemen? I was never more struck with it than last week at the Sheriff's party. He appeared so elegant, and so perfectly at his ease, that the most casual observer could not fail to single him out as a man of birth."

"Oh!" said his wife, "ever since he came to town I have noticed it. My attention was attracted to him the first Sunday he was in church. His haughty air when

walking down the aisle, the *nonchalance* of his manner when looking round at the congregation, and the scornful way he eyed Mr. Allan at sermon time, bespoke him what he is—the aristocrat."

"That is another proof, Aunt Roy," said Kate, "that blood always shows itself, and cannot be disguised. Now, Mr. Ellice wished to pass among us for an ordinary gentleman, but his real position could not long be concealed."

"Uncle, do you not think it strange that Adeline should be his choice?" asked Helen, who was quite a belle. "She is so quiet and meek-looking, not at all like the rest of the Roys."

"My dear Helen," said her uncle, "she is a Lewis."

"Yes, of course," replied Helen. "I never thought of that; and that accounts for her expression."

"And although a Lewis," he continued, as though he had had no interruption, her mother was a Roy; and it is this blood in her which he recognizes when asking for her hand."

Miss Lewis, who had been warmly attached to her father, felt pained at the frequent allusions to his want of birth. Her cousins, in their visits to Hollywood, took advantage of it, and treated her, on account of it, as one beneath them. She now pleaded the excessive fatigue of the day to escape from their unkind remarks, which, even in view of her approaching marriage, they could not restrain. On her bed lay her wedding dress — white satin and tulle; the bridal veil and orange blossoms lay beside it. She bent over them, and as she did so a tear-drop fell on their spotless white; when trying to wipe it off, a shower of them followed. She turned her head away, and said,—

"A bad beginning to a wedded life—to wear a wedding dress stained with grief. I almost wish the dress were not for me, Those remarks in the drawing-room make me fear that from this union we are only looking for worldly advantages. And what will it profit me if by gaining them I lose more lasting ones? Oh that my mother were here! whose love for her child would lead her to advise for her highest interest. But how foolishly I am talking! It is too late to withdraw. Uncle, who cannot bear to have a doubt cast on the event, would refuse the shelter of his home to me, if through any fault of mine, it did not take place. And yet I feel that I cannot ask a blessing on this union, or Christ to be present at the marriage feast.

"Aunt says she has invited none, except Mrs. Allan, but persons of undoubted birth; Helen says *she* is asked out of respect for my father's class. How strangely these remarks affect me to-night! They seem to draw me more to Miss Rivers—I do sincerely feel for her in the position in which she is placed. To-morrow, all well, I will go and apologize to her for my conduct; aunt will not succeed, a second time, in dissuading me from it.

"Aunt! I am almost losing my respect for her. It is strange that she should continue talking as she does, and have such a brother as Dick Brown! He may be what she says, and what her other brother writes of him, 'very eccentric;' but she is ashamed of him. Of course she is rich, and my father left me nothing; *that* may make a difference with my cousins. I wish Herbert Ellice had chosen one of them instead of me, for I find I have only been dazzled by his connections, and can neither respect nor love him."

The entrance of her aunt and cousins interrupted her; they came to see if she slept secure from draughts, for the windows of Hollywood, having been built to suit a past age and a different climate, admitted more than light. They were surprised at finding her sitting by the window, her eyes red with weeping. Helen begged of her, for their sakes, not to expose herself to cold, lest, in consequence, the marriage would have to be delayed. And Mrs. Roy gently chid her for remaining up so long in such a cold room; but she added, "It is quite natural, Adeline dear. All the time I was engaged, I could do nothing but dream of the happiness in store for me. And your engagement has been so short, that I do not wonder at your stealing away from your lively cousins, and your aunt, who is wholly wrapped up, in your affairs, for a little quiet meditation on the man who is soon to be your husband."

"I cannot bear to think of him in that relation," almost faltered on Miss Lewis' tongue.

Her aunt noticed her silent, appealing look, and interpreting it in another way, gave her an animated description of her own wedding-day—the splendor of her dress, the grandeur of the company, and the dignity with which she went through the ceremony.

When she had concluded, Helen remarked, "There is one thing in the marriage service which I often wonder is not altered for people of position—that part where the clergyman speaks of uniting 'this man and this woman;' it seems to me the words should be *gentleman* and *lady*."

"That alteration," replied Miss Lewis, "would scarcely do, for, although all are men and women, all are not gentlemen and ladies."

"Of course not," said Helen, a little scornfully; "but I would wish the change made for people like us. As it reads now, it puts all who present themselves on an equal footing."

"Dear child!" said Mrs. Roy, "the Queen was married with those very words, and when *she* was, we need not object to them. But we had better leave Adeline to prepare for bed, or to-morrow she will be looking worn out, and somebody will blame his aunt Roy for neglecting her."

She looked for an answering smile from Miss Lewis, but as none appeared, she concluded her to be an obtuse girl and left her for the night.

(*To be continued.*)

COMFORT IN BEREAVEMENT.

BY JOHN READE.

We greet the morn with gladness, and we think not, as we smile,
Of the Lord above, who sendeth all the blessings of our life;
But when the shadows darken and our hands are sore with toil,
We are never slow to murmur at its sorrow and its strife.

Do we know when we are happy, when the light is on our path,
When God's kindness is around us and His gifts are in our hand?
Or do we need the darkness, the shadow of His wrath,
To remind us that our bliss and woe are sent at His command

God help us! we are weak. In His wisdom is our strength;
If we saw behind the darkness, we would bless Him for it still,
Knowing well that what we suffer in the present time, at length
Is the destined fiery witness of his soul-preserving will.

Had He made the earth our homestead, He would ne'er have sent us grief,
But He sends it now to wean us to the joys that are to be,
Where in mansions never-failing He will give our souls relief—
In mansions where the songs of Heaven will drown earth's misery.

What though in grief we grope a while for forms that we have loved,
What though we miss the voices that were music to our ears,
'Twas God's sweet care for us and them that lovingly removed
Their presence from the scenes of earth to brighter, happier spheres.

Christ died that we might live; through the gate of death we go
To meet Him and the blessed ones who in His presence stand:
Oh! the joy of seeing once again the faces that we know,—
Of finding our loved lost ones in the glorious Angel Land!

There is light that never darkens, *there* is music without jar,
There is meeting without parting through a blest eternity,
There is peace past understanding, *there* is joy that naught can mar,
And earth's strife is lost forever in love's perfe t shining sea.

CHATS AMONG THE SILENT:

A LESSON IN THE FIRE.

BY M. E. R.

"Well, neighbor, you do seem doleful and no mistake! Pray what is the matter?"

Mrs. Dean had looked in upon her friend Mrs. Darke one evening, and was surprised to find her sitting in the chimney corner, her knitting on her lap, and her hands hanging listlessly down.

"Do tell me what is the matter," repeated Mrs. Dean, and, with her girlish face quite full of sympathy, she drew a seat beside the good woman, and kindly took one of the idle hands in her plump warm grasp.

"Matter?" replied Mrs. Darke with a whine. "Here's matter enough for fretting; everything goes wrong.

"Nay," said Mrs. Dean sympathisingly, "I am sorry to hear that! Is your husband out of work, or has the baby had another fit?"

"No, no, not quite so bad as that," said Mrs. Darke, with some little impatience in her voice. "My husband has got plenty to do, and the little one's tooth is just through."

"O come, then!" exclaimed Mrs. Dean, "we'll hope the troubles will soon pass; but won't you tell me what they are? Perhaps I could help you a bit!"

"Well," rejoined Mrs. Darke, looking dreamily into the fire which was choked with ashes and burnt paper, and smouldered lazily on the hearth, "well, Mrs. Dean, I don't mind telling you, for it can't do no harm. The truth is, my life here is an awful dull one; the home I married from was altogether different, for my father was a small farmer, and we lived as nice as could be; but now I have to rough it like any common cottager. Then, too, my husband goes off to work at six in the morning, and never gets home till seven or eight, and so I'm quite alone except the baby, and precious tired I get of it."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Dean, "but then you know your husband is earning extra money in his over hours, and that, after all, must be a great comfort."

"Its all nice and easy enough for you to talk, Mrs, Dean," said Mrs. Darke; "but though *you* may be used to being fed, and housed, and clothed, and looked upon as a common cottager, *I* am not, and what's more, all the troubles of this sort of life are doing me a deal of harm. I used to be as merry a girl as you'd meet on a summer's day, and now, see how mopy I am!"

"But surely," said Mrs. Dean, looking kindly but earnestly into the face of her discontented neighbor, "surely you feel that all the trials and troubles that come are sent for a purpose, and whatever we suffer, God sees that there's a need for it; but then, I think He means us to make the best of our blessings, and not to find more troubles than He sends us. After all, we each have our work to do, and we may be certain that it is what God meant for us, whether it be just what we like or no; and if we only do it faithfully, we may be quite sure that He will give us some happiness with it. I can't talk about these things so well as some folks, but it does seem to me that He lets us be worried sometimes to teach us our duty and to bring us nearer to Him."

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed Mrs. Darke, impatiently, "nothing is easier than for a full-fed child to tell a hungry one that it's wrong to cry for something to eat; you've no troubles of your own, Mrs. Dean; any one can see that from your rosy face, and of course you can't understand mine."

Mrs. Dean was about to reply, while a shadow darkened her bright young face for a moment; but the words that trembled on

her lips were checked, and, after a short pause, she rose to take her leave, and laying her hand on her neighbor's shoulder, she said gently, "Well, Mrs. Darke, good-night, and I heartily wish you better."

"Good-night," was the somewhat sulky rejoinder, and in another minute Mrs. Dean was gone.

Mrs. Darke got up, glanced at the clock, and saw that it was near seven. Her husband might be in soon, so she set the table for tea, put on the kettle, and then went into the back room to look at the baby,—her only child, a boy seven months old. Little Charlie was sleeping soundly, one tiny fist doubled and lying outside the quilt of his crib. The mother stooped and gently kissed it. "It isn't all miserable while I have my husband and baby;" she murmured, half-repentant; and so saying she returned to the other room. "May-be Darke's going to be late," thought she, once more glancing up at the clock. "I've got everything ready, and I may as well take a nap till he comes." And Mrs. Darke wheeled the arm-chair in front of the fire, and, seating herself comfortably, closed her eyes and was soon sound asleep.

The last thing at which she had looked was the fire burning sulkily under the kettle, and now, though her eyes were fast shut, she thought she saw it still; nay, a voice came from its dull red coals, and she fancied she heard distinctly these words: "I've had quite enough of this drudgery, Mrs. Kettle, and it is but right to tell you I don't mean to stand it any longer. Every day I am expected to set you boiling two or three times to cook the dinner and dry the clothes to warm everybody—in short, to do all the work of the house; while in return I am only knocked about. Just look at me—no wonder I am miserable; the wood that brightened me up when the kindlings were laid, is all burnt out, and now I am as dull as a street lamp in a fog. I've made up my mind just to go out! I won't burn at all if I can't be like my brothers in the grand furnaces and engines and brick-kilns! This low sort of life I hate; and I won't live it any longer."

Mrs. Kettle settled herself more firmly upon the hot coals as they angrily gave way, and she puffed a cloud of steam from her nose, while she replied in a musical voice,

"My dear Mr. Fire, I think (if you will excuse me for saying so) that you are extremely foolish; you complain of being dull and miserable, and yet you will not suffer those to approach you who could brighten you up. Here is my friend, Mr. Poker, who would soon open a passage for you to shake out all your old ashes and burnt paper, if you were willing to let him."

"Yes that I would," said the poker, raising himself from the fender and looking cheerfully into the grate.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the fire, gruffly; "I hate pokers! they only hurt and tire one, and all to no purpose. The poker is the worst enemy I have, for he won't let me alone."

"I'm sure I only try to do you good," said the poker, somewhat indignantly. "I have endeavored to teach you your duty as a good fire, and sometimes my lessons may have been rather severe, but they would'nt have proved half so much so if you hadn't rebelled against them, and choked yourself up on purpose, so as not to burn brightly."

"I quite agree with my friend Poker," said Mr. Tongs, clapping his legs together to signify his approbation; "nothing would give me greater pleasure than to put a piece of coal or two on to the fire, but I know I should be scolded for doing so. You see we are looked upon as enemies, whereas we are only friends; we are accused of ill-treating Mr. Fire, when we would help him to lead a useful and happy life—a life in which his real warmheartedness and cheerful disposition would find themselves blest."

"Just so," remarked Miss Shovel, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation. "Look here, Mr. Fire, I do wish you would let me scrape up a few of your cinders; there is a sad waste of them under the grate; it won't take a minute. You'll look as tidy again when I've finished."

"And then," panted Mrs. Bellows, jumping down from the nail on which she had been hanging, "and then, you know, I can blow you up until your flames flash merrily again, and you set Mrs. Kettle singing for joy."

"Much obliged!" replied the fire, sarcastically, "but it seems to me I've had blowing up enough already; I have made up my mind to go out, and I forbid any one to touch me."

So saying, the fire settled itself lower and lower, while the kettle dropped with it, and the fire-irons and bellows preserved an ominous silence.

All of a sudden, just as the red coals had reached the lowest bar in the grate, a heavy sigh escaped from the heart of the fire; and the kettle, which was now nearly cold, said gently, "What is the matter, Mr. Fire?"

"Matter!" said the fire, faintly, "I'm dying, that's all! I never went out of my own accord before, and I feel very queer indeed; its different when I'm raked out at night, because that's only like going to bed, and I know I shall wake with the lighting in the morning; but I'm awfully low now, and what's more, Mrs. Kettle, I'm thinking that when the master comes home he'll find you cold, and everything cheerless."

"To be sure he will," said the kettle; "but this is what you wanted, isn't it?"

"Hush there, don't plague the poor fellow!" said the poker, raising itself once more. "Look here, Mr. Fire, are you willing to bear a little knocking about if we try to bring you back to life? We will be as gentle as we can!"

"Yes," whispered, the fire, "I'm willing; only be quick, or I shall die first."

The poker needed no second permission; in one moment he was pushing away the ashes and causing a draught of air to steal through the bars of the grate. Mrs. Bellows, expanding her portly sides, blew so long and so vigorously that a tiny flame leaped out of a half-dead coal, and sparks flew upward.

Then came the tongs and laid some pieces of jet-black coal lightly on the reviving embers, while the kettle took a jump to the hob, so as to be out of the way for the present.

The shovel became quite active in pursuit of the cinders, while the hearth-brush, which had been standing hitherto and looking on, now came modestly forward and carefully swept up the hearth.

"I feel better now," said the fire as the warm glow spread to the fresh fuel, and flames crackled merrily up the chimney. "Dear kind friends, I am going to turn over a new coal (for we fires have nothing else to turn over) and mean to try and do my duty. I will endeavor not to mind the troubles and work of the day; nor the blows you are obliged to give me, but I will do my best as cheerfully as I can, without grumbling and without regrets, and thus perhaps in time I may become a happy and useful member of society, and—"

How long the fire might have gone on moralizing we cannot say, for just then the baby cried, and Mrs. Darke started to her feet. There was the fire, still choked and dull; here were the fire-irons all in their places, and, a good deal bewildered, the good woman ran to take the baby up.

"Bless me, if that ain't the strangest dream that ever was!" said she, as she rocked little Harry to sleep again. "It must have come all along of that talk me and Mrs. Dean had together! well, its a lesson anyhow! I can see plain enough as how I've been that there fire, or like it, and that all the little troubles I've growled at has just been the things to make a better woman of me. I must turn over a new coal, as the fire says, and we'll see if Annie Darke can't be a good wife and a good mother and a kind neighbor, with God's help, yet!"

Little Harry was asleep by this time, so, softly leaving the room, Mrs. Darke bestirred herself, made up the fire as she had seen it in her dream, and then as she heard the knock of her husband at the door, she rushed to open it, and much to his surprise, fell sobbing on his breast.

"Henry, Henry, I've been a grumbling nagging wife to you, my lad, but, please God, I mean to be so different now. That there fire, and them fire-irons has finished what that dear little Mrs. Dean began, and now I see how wicked I've been; and I see, too, what people comes to who won't bear patiently what God's wisdom sends 'em."

TOLD UNDER THE TREES.

BY M. A. L.

"The flowers grew wild and rankly as the weed,
Roses with thistles struggled for espia,
And vagrant plants of parasitic breed
Had overgrown the dial.

The fountain was a-dry—neglect and time
Had marred the work of artisan and mason,
And elts and croaking frogs begat of slime,
Sprawled in the ruined basin."—*Hood.*

"What a neglected-looking place!" I exclaimed to my friend Mrs. Morton, as in one of our morning rambles we passed what had once been a handsome mansion, but whose desolate appearance struck me as I looked. The beautiful grounds around it were overgrown with briars and weeds; the shrubbery had felt no pruning hand for years; the gates and fences all seemed ruinous.

"Surely no one has inhabited this for years?" I questioned.

"No," replied my friend, "it has been ten years since the house before us has been used as a dwelling."

"What a pity such a beautiful place should remain so desolate! What is the reason?" I asked.

"As we are somewhat fatigued with our ramble we will rest here under these trees, and if you wish I will give you a slight history of the place before us."

We seated ourselves under some tall trees not far from the mansion. From our place of rest, we could see the eastern front of the mansion, while some two miles to the north lay a pretty village rising from its surroundings of lofty trees.

"When I was a child," commenced Mrs. Morton, "the place before us was the residence of a Mr. Hamilton, a refined and educated gentleman, stately in his manner but warm at heart, a true Christian, benevolent and generous. He was one of the leading men in the town; his family consisted of his wife, every way as estimable in her character as he; and their three children, Emily, Arthur, and Mary, who was about my own age and my companion in childish sports. Emily Hamilton married a celebrated lawyer from the city when I was about twelve years old; and shortly after Arthur, who was some years my senior, left for college at an early age, and for several years I seldom saw him.

"Mary was, as I said, my friend in childhood, and as we grew to womanhood our friendship did not wane.

"Ah! well do I remember my beloved friend, lovely in mind as in person, gentle and affectionate, and a lowly follower of our blessed Saviour.

"Our nineteenth birthdays came and went and Mary pledged her hand to Judge Warren's oldest son. It was about that time that Arthur Hamilton, having finished his college course and his travels, came home.

"It has never been my lot to meet a more perfect gentleman than Arthur Hamilton was in those days. Talented, handsome, kind and amiable in his disposition, he was a favorite with rich and poor, his hand ever ready to relieve the wants of the needy. The early promises of his youth seemed entirely fulfilled.

"Shortly after his son's return Mr. Hamilton died; his death threw a gloom over the happy family and delayed Mary's marriage a year, at the end of that time a double wedding was celebrated, for at the same altar where Mary gave her hand to James Warren, Arthur Hamilton plighted his troth to Ellen Wilton, one of the fairest and sweetest girls of the village, and an orphan carefully educated under the care of an aunt.

"Mary and her husband left for a residence in a neighboring town, and Arthur took his bride home to fill the place left vacant by his sister's marriage.

"After my own marriage, which took

place some six months later, I left my native place and four years passed away before I returned.

"The failing health of my father, and his earnest wishes for us to be near him, at last induced my husband to give up his business in S—— and return to my father's. My first visit was paid to Mary, from whom I had frequently heard during my absence. I found her much altered in person; the bloom had faded from her cheek, the roundness was gone from her form. I felt sure that some grief was sapping the fountains of health and happiness.

"She seemed reluctant to relate the cause of her sorrow, but too soon I found that her husband had fallen a victim to those tempters, the wine cup and the gaming-table, and that ruin and disgrace hung over them. 'And Arthur,' she said one day, 'did you see him while at home?' I had not. 'I fear,' she continued, 'he is following the same downward path that my husband is treading.'

"Alas! it was too true. Arthur Hamilton, so gifted, so talented, so suited by nature and education to fill the high position left vacant by his father, was surely treading the downward path. At first scarcely perceptibly, but as years passed on he became a confirmed drunkard.

"The health of his mother, never very strong, failed fast—more on account of this sorrow caused by the wretched career of her son than old age. But God in mercy took her to her eternal home in His house of many mansions before she had seen his utter ruin. Another year and Mary Warren lay beside her mother in the village churchyard yonder.

"I could not grieve at her death as I should had her life been happier. She rejoiced at her departure; for her indeed to live was Christ, to die was gain.

"Her one child, a son, lives with his grandfather Warren, and bids fair to become a noble man. I do not think he will follow in his father's footsteps. Her husband left Canada soon after her death.

"The princely fortune left by his father could not stand before the reckless habits of Arthur, who not only neglected all business, but spent much of his time at the gaming-table. The property became heavily mortgaged, and in little less than two years after the death of his mother, Arthur Hamilton was obliged to leave the home bequeathed him by his father and retire to a small house in the village.

"The mansion and lands belonging to it passed into the possession of a Mr. Glenn, whose estate joins it on the west side, and who has allowed the dwelling to remain tenantless.

"Shortly after the removal of Arthur's family to their new home, his two eldest children fell victims to a fever, leaving but two remaining, a boy and girl.

"The loss of his children and his home seemed to bring Arthur to a sense of his degradation; and he seemed determined to resist the tempter that had led him so far on the road to ruin. He no longer frequented the taverns, but sought employment of a merchant in the village, and for more than a year he led a sober if not a happy life.

"But alas! old habits are hard to overcome, and again he returned to his old manner of living. Once more his time was spent in drunken revels, and his wife dependent upon her own exertions for her own and children's support.

"Thus passed a few months, when Arthur, riding one day with some of his boon companions, was thrown from the carriage, and received injuries of which he died in a few days.

"His widow still lives in the village and supports herself and children by her needle. I never see her but I think of the time long ago, when young and beautiful, full of life's high hopes of years of future happiness, she gave her hand trustingly to Arhur Hamilton, then noble, talented, and wealthy, respected alike by rich and poor, but whom, before scarce a decade had passed away, she followed to a miserable drunkard's grave; from which she returned, not to a home of comfort, but to one maintained by the hard labor of her hands, and years of toil stretching before her.

"But she took up her burden bravely, trusting in One who is strength to the weak, a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless."

Once more I looked at the mansion before us as we rose to depart, and thought how many happy homes in our fair land are rendered desolate by that fiend, Intemperance.

CHRISTIAN WORK IN INDIA.

We are privileged to lay before the readers of the New Dominion Monthly the following interesting communication. It is part of a letter from Mrs. Ross, wife of the Rev. Malcolm M. Ross, Chaplain to H. M. Forces, Poona,—

To N. Neilson Ross, Quebec.

Singhur (near Poona,)
19th May, 1872.

My Dear Brother, — You will be glad to hear that the work in which I am engaged here has prospered far beyond my expectations, and already I have been permitted to see some fruit of it. A Brahmin who, of his own accord, about sixteen months ago, applied to me for counsel and advice in regard to his children, has come out from among the heathen with his three little girls, and he and they have been received into the Christian Church by baptism. His wife, unfortunately, continues violently opposed to it, and we have a good deal of trouble and anxiety from her constant efforts to get possession of the children. On this account, I have not yet ventured to put them in the school, but they, as well as their father, are all here under our protection, as the man's life was threatened by his relatives and caste people—it enrages them so that Brahmin girls should be brought up as Christians. I often think when I hear the way they talk about "the Brahmin community" that they seem to think it is a privileged portion of God's creation—privileged in a strange way, however, for the privilege they seem desirous of is, that they be not meddled with, nor even have the glorious Gospel offered to them, lest it should break their ranks. Those of them who, through secular education, have come to see the absurdity of their system of idolatry, seem to think they can invent a religion for themselves, and have framed what they call "the Brahma Somaj," and they say that they worship the one true God, the Creator and father of all; but they discard altogether the need of a Mediator, and unfortunately many nominal Christians (or modern Broad Church), and all careless, easy-going people, to whom the humbling doctrines of the Cross of Christ are an offence and a stumbling-block, very much share their sentiments, and are thus an encouragement to them in their unwillingness to embrace Christianity. It is very disheartening work, the attempt to do anything among them, so many of our own people would evidently so much rather that we would let them alone, as far as religion is concerned, and thus avoid the disturbance which is sure to arise when a conversion is made. The truth is, these people would like every one to act on what they believe, or profess to believe: that one religion is just as good as another, provided a man believes it. As long as we go on teaching and exhorting without producing any effect, there are people, both native and European, who will smile upon us, and even talk edifyingly on the subject of our Christian efforts, but as soon as we have any success, they begin to regret that anything should occur to cause ill-feeling or disunion, and are sure Christianity will never be advanced by such means; and immediately we are accused of rashness, (no matter how prudent and often sinfully timid we have actually been), and every possible unworthy and selfish motive is attributed to the converts. There was a case occurred in connection with another Mission here at the same time when the missionaries, both native and European, were subjected to personal violence before they could rescue a young convert from the hands of friends and relatives, after he had boldly declared before them all that he was determined to be a Christian; and then they went into court, and his father swore he was under sixteen, (the age at

which a Hindoo youth is allowed to act for himself), though he was proved to be nineteen. They were also, in our case, threatening to smash in pieces the carriage in which I and my assistants go to pay our visits, and in the first excitement they collected a mob in two different places for the purpose, and we were warned not to go for a little until they were more quiet. Other causes combined at the time to render this advice the best course for us to follow. It was a season of many of their native festivals and marriages, and many families were thus occupied, while small-pox and a very bad fever were so prevalent among them, that many families could not receive us. My assistants have been paying occasional visits, however, and I hope to resume the regular work when I go down in about three weeks. We had about thirty houses open to us, in all of which we read the Word of God, and give instruction from it, although, as I told you, they seemed at first so unwilling to admit us with the Bible in hand.

I have thirty pupils now in the orphanage. The one your people are interested in* is here just now with me. I brought her to look after these little Brahmin girls, and their father, who is an excellent scholar and teacher, teaches her and his own little girls. I have been teaching them all different kinds of work. They are most interesting children. This Brahmin is most anxious that his girls should be trained for Mission work, and says, if he could see the eldest one (who is ten years old) going with me to convert the Brahmin women in Poona, if he were an old man it would make him young again. The mother was bent on having them married, and had the day fixed for this eldest one's marriage against the child's own will, as well as the father's, so he had to delay no longer, but bring them off, for they were even threatening to carry them off to a distance and marry them there.

Your affectionate sister,

ELIZA ROSS.

* A pupil supported by the St. Andrew's Sabbath-school, Quebec.

SUCCESS AND DEFEAT.

BY MRS. E. PRENTISS. AUTHOR OF "STEPPING HEAVENWARD," "AUNT JANE'S HERO," &c.

Two young men, Robert Neale and William Collier, entered college together, and during the four succeeding years a warm friendship sprang up between them. Fellow-students wondered what points of congeniality there were between them, and would have sneered at their Quixotic union, but for the fact that everything Neale said and did appeared right in all eyes. He was a brilliant, attractive, popular young fellow. Nature had done for him all she could. She seemed to have been amusing herself by giving him so many varied talents, so genial a humor, so noble and manly a person. When William Collier, rather small for his age, found that the college favorite accepted his homage graciously, he could hardly believe his senses, and he often asked himself what he had done that entitled him to favors others sought in vain. Neale often asked himself what bound him to Collier, who possessed none of the originality and freshness that makes an agreeable companion. The fact was, that the latter understood him better than any other classmate did, and that on the principle that "it is the inferior natures that appreciate, indulge, reverence, and even comprehend genius the most." Perhaps the philosophy of this principle may be found in the fact that the "inferior nature," finding little to admire in itself, naturally seeks something to admire out of and above itself. But be that as it may, the two were almost constantly together—the one adoring, the other adored.

Neale had leisure to make himself agreeable to many another besides his chum. It cost him little time to prepare himself for his recitations, and, while Collier plodded painfully at his task, he was here, there and everywhere, the life of every festivity. It came to be understood that he was to receive all the encomiums and bear off all the honors, and he had such a joyous way of accepting the situation, was so free from any superior airs, that his success was rather enjoyed than envied.

As the years passed, his friends at home were kept in a state of constant elation by the accounts they received of him, and during his vacations he was treated as a hero and caressed and looked up to in a way that might easily have turned any head.

Meanwhile, Collier was not making his

mark in any way. He was doing the best he could, and his family loved him and made much of him, and, as he shone in the reflected light of Robert Neale, fancied him a good deal of a man. But they felt it to be a great misfortune when, during his last year in college, he fell in love with a very young girl and became engaged to her. "What business had a mere boy like our Will to do such an imprudent thing?" they cried. "He can't be married for years and years. Besides, his tastes may entirely change; what satisfies him now may not please him in the least in the future." All this was true, but it did not alter the fact that "our Will," having hitherto been called a man, did not consider himself a boy, and was not disposed to make concessions which might seem due to that title. So that, when the two young men graduated, one went off with flying colors to a more than satisfied circle of friends, the other with no honors and to a disappointed family.

Neale's delighted father now sent him abroad, where he spent as much money as he pleased, fascinated everybody he met, and found life charming in every aspect. Collier entered a Theological Seminary, feeling himself a little under a cloud. His family were not entirely pleased with him, and he found his love affair a clog to his student-life. At the same time, he was too far in for it to recede. His beloved admired him, if nobody else did; she had never complained that he did not shine in college; one of these days, when he should stand in his pulpit, he should see that sweet face turned reverently upward towards his. He wished he had a higher motive for diligence in his studies than to please this little unfledged bird; but he said to himself that she was a rare bird, and so she was, and that one day his family would admire his choice.

But that day was never to come. He was suddenly stunned by the news that this rare bird had spread her wings and flown upward out of his reach. When his family saw how grief unmanned him they wished they could recall her and did for him everything affectionate, sympathizing friends could do. But a sorrow Robert Neale could soon have thrown off his joyous nature, clung to this opposite one with leaden hands. He could not study, could not interest himself in anything. An inward voice whispered, at least to say, "God's will be done." But he could not say it; and, alarmed for his health, his friends sent him abroad. It was an important point in his history; perhaps, if he had stayed at home, his sorrow would have wrought for him an exceeding joy. It certainly had a somewhat elevating effect. But foreign travel is not favorable to reflection or to prayer. He joined his old friend Neale, admired his sallies of wit, and was cheered by his overflowing spirits. For a pure man Neale was intensely human. His health was perfect, and he loved to live for the sake of living. He intended to go to heaven when he died, of course, but wanted to have a good time on earth first, and when Collier, who could not help speculating about the place to which his Mary had gone, spoke of the next life, he would become quite serious for the moment and add his own speculations, which were quaint enough.

Measuring Collier's piety by his own, he fancied him quite a saint, and respected him as such.

"If such trouble as yours had come upon me," he said, "I should see some sense in it. No doubt, a whipping would do me good. But why an exemplary fellow like you should have such a disappointment, I can't see." Yet in a thoughtless moment, speaking of Collier to a mutual friend, he said, "I love the boy, and it hurts me to see him suffer so. But what a pity he hasn't sense enough *to curse God and die.* I should, in his place."

Two years later the friends returned home. Neale began to study law; Collier returned to the Seminary. Time had tempered, but not healed, his sorrow. He had come back a disciplined man, expecting far less from life than he had done, and disposed to take what came, quietly. Neale still fascinated him; they met often, and the friendship absorbed his leisure; so that he formed no intimate one among his fellow-students until the last year of his course. Then a very different man crossed his path. His name was Bruce. He one day read a sermon before his class, for their criticism. It was on the subject of chastisement. Collier has suffered enough to know that even the young can speak on this subject experimentally, but he had not made the wise use of his discipline that this sermon enjoined. He sought Bruce at the earliest opportunity, and in a long conversation with him began to understand, for the first time, that the brilliant man is not necessarily the most useful, nor the prosperous the happiest. Bruce had been in a hard school—the school of poverty, of disappointment, of bereavement; there he had learned to get down on his knees and to pray, and to suffer in faith and patience. From that moment a new life began to open itself to Collier's darkened understanding. He saw that to get all one wants out of life is not necessarily success; that to be thwarted, disappointed, bereaved, is not necessarily defeat. Taking this thought for his text, he began to understand what had befallen him and to face the future with fresh courage. And he needed this courage, for his way was hedged up.

He "candidated" here and candidated there; he grew less ambitious, had less faith in himself, every day. His father was not a rich man and had made great sacrifices in educating him, and he felt that it was high time to support himself. But the door of success was closed to him; he was not popular.

Meanwhile, Robert Neale had become established as a lawyer, with most brilliant prospects. He was finding time to write humorous poems that were welcomed in private and public, was going to marry a "splendid" girl, and was the very picture of a prosperous, talented, satisfied man. But while Collier admired his genius as much as ever, they were imperceptibly drifting apart. The one was drinking joyfully at earthly fountains and finding the waters sparkling, exhilarating and sweet. The other found these fountains sealed to him, and was drinking, in silent ecstacy and amazement, those waters of which if a man drink he shall never thirst.

Robert Neale's marriage took place about this time with great pomp and ceremony. But shortly after that event, Collier was startled by a great change in his hitherto genial, care-free friend. All the brightness that had charmed him in the past was gone, though there was an assumed gayety that deceived the world. Collier's sympathies were at once aroused, and he caught his friend affectionately by the hand, expecting his confidence:

"What is it, dear Robert? What is going wrong?" he inquired.

"Nothing is going wrong, old fellow. Take off that long face."

"You can't deceive me. Something is wearing on you."

"Let me alone. Nobody lives on roses. I've thrown away my chance of being a saint, like you, and all *that's* up."

Thus repulsed, Collier went his way, perplexed and troubled. There was only one thing he could do, and that was to pray, and pray he did. He had another chance to candidate in a remote country village, and went with fresh hopes. But his sermon, full of plain common sense, and for a man of his age, wonderfully experienced, did not take. They wanted a wide-awake, talented man, who would stir them up and interest the young people. This new rebuff sent him where all disappointments sent him now, right to his God and Saviour, with the silent cry, "Thy will be done, Thy will be done."

"It is strange that our Will cannot find a set of people who can appreciate him," said his mother. "I know he isn't one of your noisy, clap-trap men, but he's made a good use of his troubles, and for my part I like to hear him preach."

"Being his mother, that's rather peculiar," said one of her daughters to whom the remark was made.

"Well, Mrs. Park isn't his mother, and she said the last sermon she heard him preach was really wonderful."

"It sounded wonderful to her because she had known Will ever since he was a baby; and, besides, her judgment isn't worth a straw. The truth is, Will is a dear, good boy, but he never will reach or stir the popular heart. I almost wish he had studied some other profession."

"Would you rather have him like Robert Neale."

"I would not have him like Robert Neale, but, being just what he is, I should be glad if he had some of his genius besides. I feel so sorry for him when he comes dragging himself home from his unsuccessful expeditions, looking so patient, yet so disappointed. Why should Robert Neale and such as he have all the good times and Will all the bad ones? Why should other men get into lucrative, honorable positions, settle down in life, have all they want, and our Will stand out in the cold?"

"Even so, Father: for so it seems good in thy sight," was the reply.

"Well, I will own I should like a brother to be proud of."

"You *have* a brother to be proud of. When you are as old as I am, you will value goodness more than you value intellect and worldly advantages now. I would rather be the mother of my Will, just as he is, than the mother of Robert Neale. And Will will find his place yet. The stone that is fit for the wall is never left in the road. I am thankful that I have never sought great things for my children. All I have ever desired for any of you is that you may be 'content to fill a little space, if God be glorified.'"

The conversation was interrupted, and not resumed for some days, when it was renewed, on this wise, the mother and daughter sitting together at their work:

"Have you heard the dreadful stories they are whispering about Robert Neale, mother!"

"Yes, I have heard them, and am sorry you have."

"Of course, they are not true?"

The mother was silent.

"They are too dreadful to be true."

"Let us hope so."

"Mother," said Will, entering the room, "can I see you alone a moment."

"Always some secret between you and mother," said the sister gaily. "I suppose that is a gentle hint for me to retreat. Well, I'm off!"

"I need not ask you what you have come to tell, Will," said his mother, when they were alone. "That gifted young man has

fallen. I had heard it whispered, but could not believe it."

"Yes, his name is stained; he is a fallen star. I could not have believed it. Everything looked so full of promise for him, he was so bright, had always been so pure! How proud we all were of him! Oh, mother, how thankful it makes me feel that God has kept me down! If I had had Robert's genius, I should have gone to ruin just as he has. He was too richly endowed: too strong in his own strength! Oh, Robert! Robert!"

"Do not let us think of him as ruined. Let us pray for him day and night, that he may pass out of this cloud a wiser and a better man. While he was so full of earthly prosperity, he felt no need of God; now that he has stumbled and fallen on the threshold of life, he will call upon Him."

"I hope so; I do hope so. Mother, I have one chance more to preach as a candidate. I have seen the time when I should have felt that a man of my education ought not to look at such a field of labor. But my Lord and Master has humbled me, and taught me to go anywhere He went. And He went among the very poor, and the very ignorant. Pray, while I am gone, that if I am the right man, I may be going to the right people."

He went, and the people heard him gladly. The right man had found the right place at last. He had a lowly home, his name was never heard of outside of his own little parish, but it was loved there, and he was happy in his obscurity. He was happy, for amid his many trials and sorrows and hopes long deferred, he had learned Christ as few learn Him, and preached Him as few preach: not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but through the teachings of the Spirit, and out of his own experience.

As I am not writing a romantic, aimless fiction, but painting life as it really is, I shall have to own that he found a wife to share his new home. Of course, sentimental people will say he ought to have remained that one-sided, one-winged creature, an old bachelor, and had himself carefully labelled, "Sacred to a memory." But he had an honest heart, and gave it to an honest woman, who blessed him, and whom he blessed.

And while peace nestled in his heart and settled on his face, while in all lowliness and meekness he was adorning the Gospel of Christ, Robert Neale envied him his pure conscience, and walked the earth an unhappy, dishonored man, feeling his great gifts little better than a mockery. The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. The life of the defeated was a success; the life of the successful a defeat. —*N. Y. Observer.*

EDWARD EATON'S LESSON.

BY EFSA MANSFIELD.

"What's the matter with you, Cousin Ned? made a mistake in putting up one of Dr. Allopathy's prescriptions for somebody, and somebody has been quieted a little more effectually than the doctor intended—so effectually that the patient will never need any more powders, pills, and nostrums? I believe you druggists do make such slight mistakes occasionally. Surely, nothing of less consequence should bring such scowls into your usually smooth forehead, turn your clear blue eyes such a hard iron-gray, and compress your easy, good-natured lips in that style. What is it, Ned? What's up?"

"What's up?" reiterated Mr. Edward Eaton, in a sharp, in fact in an almost angry tone. "Well, I think I will tell you, Cousin Joe, because you have always been a true friend to Mary and me—been like a brother to us both; and what's more, you are no tale-bearer. But I can assure you, Joe, thoroughly angered as I am, that there isn't another person in the world that could draw it from my lips. Half a dozen words will tell the whole story."

"Out with 'em then," was Joe Gaines' laconic reply.

"Mary and I have had a quarrel," said Eaton, with a peculiar tone and expression, as though the words burnt him as they came out of his mouth.

"You have!" Gaines hastily replied. "Well, well, if such a loving, cooing pair of turtle-doves as you and Mary have had a falling out, I for one want to know what this world is coming to! I vow, Ned, I feel about as bad as I should if you had made a mistake and given somebody his last quietus."

"So do I, Joe, and that's no comfortable feeling I can assure you. I know what that sensation is by experience. I did make a mistake once in putting up a prescription, and sent a deadly poison up to Harry Taylor's little girl, instead of a harmless powder, as I intended. I discovered my mistake in fifteen minutes after the boy left the store. I was nearly crazy. With one bound I alighted on the other side of this counter, rushed out of the door, and untied Bill Cady's horse, which was hitched to that stone post out there, and without stopping to say 'With your leave' to anyone, jumped into the buggy and ran the horse all the way up to Taylor's, nearly a mile. Two minutes more, and I should have been too late. Mrs Taylor was sifting the poison out of the paper into a spoon of syrup as I entered the door. I dashed it out of her hand, and cried aloud, 'Thank God!' She nearly went into hysterics when I explained to her the situa-

tion of things. However, *that* trouble was soon over."

"That's enough, goodness knows," Joe Gaines thought to himself. "Cousin Ned is one of the most good-natured, forbearing mortals in the world, as a general thing. But tread on his corns ruthlessly and get him thoroughly aroused, then see if there isn't something in his nature that isn't so easily healed. Such a man's mental corns sting on and on, sting clear down into the marrow of the bones long after a more hasty-tempered man's corns cease to ache."

Gaines at last said a little more sedately than usual for him:

"Really, Ned, I'm sorry. You and Mary have been married four years, and, thus far, I have considered you two the most exemplary pair I have ever known—so perfect, I thought that you were fit to be placed at the top of the matrimonial page as a copy for imitation. After all, Ned, I trust that nothing very serious has passed between you."

"It is serious, to me at least," Eaton replied. "And I'm inclined to think that Mary will find it's a matter not to be passed over very lightly before we are through with it.."

"Whew! whew!" Gaines said with a prolonged whistle. "It's too bad! altogether too bad! Look here, Ned, would you mind telling me what the quarrel's about?"

"I believe, Cousin Joe, I have already said quite as much as it is wise for me to say in my present perturbed condition. It isn't my habit, you know, to give my tongue full license when I am excited. I prefer to wait till I am in a calmer mood."

"Neither am I in the habit," Gaines replied, "of putting my foot in married folks' quarrels. I'd as soon put it in a hornet's nest. And I can assure you, I'd drop the subject now, right where we are, if you were not as dear to me as an own brother; but you are, Ned; and I'd rather lose a thousand dollars than feel that you and Mary are to be any less happy than you have been. Why, man, do you know that you and she are the only pair that ever made me feel in the least discontented with my single blessedness—the only pair that ever made me feel tempted to bend my free, uncombed batchelor's neck under a matrimonial yoke; the only pair that ever made me feel that it would be possible for me to wear it without fretting and chafing under it? So, Ned, because I cannot bear to have things go wrong between you and Mary, if you'll excuse me, I'll keep on talking—will fire a few shots at random, hoping some of them will hit the mark."

Eaton did not reply, but bowed permission for Gaines to proceed.

"And excuse me, also," resumed Gaines, "for telling you in the commencement, that, batchelor as I am, I believe I sometimes understand how a woman should be treated better than her own husband does. Men are not very fond of making concessions to their wives. Even when a man is conscious that he has been a little out of the way, departed a little from what is just to his wife, he does not like to lower his dignity as lord of the household, by acknowledging it. Most husbands have one set of rules for regulating their own conduct, and another, an entirely different set, for their wives!"

"I am sure, Joe, you are quite incorrect in saying '*most* husbands,'" Eaton said, breaking in upon Gaines.

"And I am sure, very sure," replied Gaines, "that I'm correct. Just hold on a few minutes and I'll convince you that my statement will bear investigation. When I'm talking in sober earnest, as I am now, Ned, it isn't my way to make statements that will not bear daylight. Now, Ned, in all the families with which I am acquainted, I don't know of many husbands that hesitate or feel the least delicacy in asking their wives, when they return from a walk, where they have been, and what they went for. Neither do most husbands—yes, Ned, *most* husbands; as far as my observation goes I am warranted in saying it—hesitate, whether before their children or in the presence of guests, to ask their wives what they did this for, why they did that, and why they hadn't done something else, and they do not always ask in tones that are altogether musical either. On the other hand, let wives question their husbands in the same way, a little bruskly, a little domineeringly, do you think the husbands would answer as directly and meekly as they expect their wives to answer? The same set of rules wouldn't work at all. You know, Ned, that in nine cases out of ten—I should probably come nearer the mark to say in nineteen cases out of twenty—the wives would get pretty short answers, if the husbands deigned to give any reply. They wish to have their wives understand that they are capable of managing their own business and need no looking after. Poor story if their wives can't trust them! I don't blame the men for wanting to be trusted. I'm very sure I shouldn't want a woman to call me up and catechise me every time I went out, came in, and turned around. But I don't understand why men should think constant watching, harping, and questioning should be any more agreeable to women than to them, or why an uncivil answer shouldn't be just as disagreeable to a woman as to a man. I have in my mind half a dozen cases where there have been serious quarrels between hus-

bands and wives, which I fully believe never would have occurred if the men had been as honest and frank in answering questions as they demanded their wives should be, or if they had addressed their wives with as much respect and courtesy as they exacted from them."

"Well, well, Cousin Joe, I never dreamed until now that you were such a strong woman's champion," said Eaton. "With your views, I can't see why you have remained single to this day. You are thirty-five. You should have married ten years ago. I should suppose a man who thinks that women never make mistakes, that all women are perfect, that there is never any trouble between husbands and wives unless the husbands make it, would feel that he was doing nearer right, would find it more in accordance with his tastes to embrace the Mormon faith and take a score of wives into his kind care and keeping, under the protection of his wings, than to remain in celibacy."

"What man thinks all women are perfect? and that there is never any trouble between husbands and wives unless the men make it?" queried Gaines. "Not I, most certainly. But why should I waste my breath talking up women's failings when there are no women present to hear it? I never thought is was necessary to talk to husbands in regard to their wives' faults. They need no assistance in discovering them. I never saw many men that were blind to their wives' imperfections—did you Ned? If I were talking to Mary, I'd do the best I could to show up to her the foibles of her own sex, tell her in what ways I had known wives to bring trouble on themselves and husbands, hoping that if she had unconsciously erred in some point she would be led to see it. *Unconsciously*, I say, because I can't for one minute believe that Mary has ever intentionally wronged or displeased you. Neither do I believe, if you have grieved or wounded her, that you did it intentionally. For pity's sake, Ned, if there is a little breach between you and her, avoid doing anything to widen it. Talk about my taking a score of wives! Why Ned, among my large circle of relatives and friends having access into so many different homes as I have, I have seen so much uncongeniality of dispositions and tastes between husbands and wives, so much infelicity between really good men and women, I shrink from the thought of being responsible for the happiness of one woman. There are very few married people, compared with the whole, that live together in accordance with my ideas of married life —live as I hope I and my wife shall live, if I ever venture my bark on the matrimonial sea. So many encounter gales and tempests, so many run foul of rocks and shoals and founder, I doubt if I shall ever get courage to set sail. If I ever do, I pray the Great Author of man and woman, the Divine Institutor of marriage, that I may so live my wife will never regret taking life's voyage with me."

Eaton winced, and said hurriedly, in husky tones:

"You can't calculate much about it. If you should start, with your wife, under the brightest colors and on the smoothest waters, and should guide your bark the wisest you know how, she might regret, in a few years, sailing in the same boat with you, and squarely tell you so. No man can foresee what breakers may arise to wreck his happiness."

Gaines thought to himself, "Hit birds flutter. One shot has entered some vulnerable place. There is no question about that. Can it be possible that Mary regrets her life was ever united to his, and has told him so? If she has, the Lord help them. Ned may well say that it is serious to him. He can not be the tender, devoted husband he has always seemed, or she must fall far short of being the angel of light and love I took her to be. Ah, well! All men are imperfect, and it must be that all women are fallen angels, if they are angels at all. Talk of my embracing Mormonism! Good heavens! To contend with one woman would be purgatory! To battle with a score would be—well, what would it be? I've heard people tell of hell on earth. That, I think, would come the nearest to it of anything I can conceive of."

Both Eaton and Gaines sat some minutes without speaking. Both looked troubled. The expression on Eaton's face had changed somewhat since the commencement of their conversation. The lines in his face were less hard—the mouth not quite so firmly shut. In short, there was less anger depicted in his countenance and more grief. Gaines noticed the change. He was glad to see it. He hoped some tender chord had been touched that would tend to make reconciliation easier between him and Mary.

Both looked troubled; but, if a third person had been present, he would have thought that Gaines was a much more wretched-looking man than Eaton. He would have seen him shiver as though a spasm of pain passed over him; and there did, but the pain was mental, not physical. The silence was at last broken by a long-drawn sigh from Gaines. He sighed unconsciously. Eaton's attention was arrested. He looked inquiringly at Gaines, and was shocked. "Surely," he said to himself, "my troubles could not make my easy, good-natured jovial cousin look like that."

"Are you ill, Joe?" he exclaimed. "Are you in pain?"

"Yes, I am; I am indeed," Gaine

said bitterly, springing to his feet and walking rapidly across the floor. "The pain commenced with my earliest recollections, and has never entirely left me. I feel more or less of it almost every day, and probably shall until I go to my grave."

Eaton looked puzzled. He said:

"I con't understand—I don't comprehend you at all. You certainly cannot mean physical pain. Apparently, you are enjoying and always have enjoyed as near perfect health as mortals can. And as for mental distress, that seems just as much out of the question, Your talk is an enigma to me. Will you please explain?"

"I think I ought, Ned, but it will be a painful task. Nothing could induce me to do it but the thought that it may possibly be the means of saving your little Frank and Mabel from such torture as I indured in my childhood—of saving Mary from a broken heart, and you, Ned, from remorse that will eat like canker into your heart until your life is consumed. My mother died of a broken heart. Remorse killed my father."

"Remorse killed *your* father, *my* Uncle Ashley!" Eaton exclaimed. "Why, what do you mean? To be sure your father lived some distance from here, and he died when I was a small boy. But from my recollections of him, and from what I have heard my mother say of her brother, I supposed that he was one of the most upright and noble men that ever walked the earth—in fact, that he hardly had an equal; and that your mother was good, beautiful, and accomplished — just the woman to grace such a man's house, and that your father was very proud of her, and, of course, that they both were very happy. I am sure that most, if not all his relatives, thought the same."

"All of which is true," said Gaines, "except the happiness. They were always civil and formally polite to each other. No coarse words or vulgar bickerings ever passed between them, I am sure. They were both too well-bred and refined for that. But a coldness, a reserve sprang up between them, and young as I was (I was only nine years old when my mother died —my father survived her only a year), it was evident to me that neither of them was happy, and that made me miserable, for I was passionately fond of them both. At times, especially when I thought that my mother was more unhappy than usual, I was extremely wretched. I would lie awake hours after I went to bed thinking it over, and wondering why two such good people should be so cold and distant towards each other."

"Well, why were they, Joe?" Eaton asked. "What was the trouble? I suppose you learned sometime. Weren't they ever truly in love with each other? or were they fickle in their love? Maybe your mother's love, like many a woman's love, was so shallow that she could not bear cheerfully, for her husband's sake, any little denial or privation."

Gaines's face flushed, and an expression akin to anger passed over it at Eaton's last remark.

"You know nothing of my mother," he replied with some emphasis. "If you did, you would know better than to make such remarks in connection with her. My father and mother married for love. They were neither of them fickle and inconstant. But their love for each other gave them both more pain than pleasure, because they did not understand each other. The trouble arose, undoubtedly, from my father's views (erroneous views I consider them now, and always have since I was old enough to take anything into consideration) of what was due him as head of the house. He had (like the husbands I spoke of awhile ago—they are numerous, Ned) one set of rules for regulating his own conduct, another for his wife's. In addition to that, he was naturally a man of few words—naturally grave, stern, and dictatorial. It did not come easy to him to give a reason to any one for anything he chose to do or chose not to do; and I have observed, Ned, that to such men it comes harder to give reasons to their wives than it does to give them to other people. I never could quite understand it. But I think, in my father's case, that because he loved my mother and had made her his wife, he thought she should have unbounded faith in him—take all he did on trust, and never presume to ask for a reason. To sum it up, he wanted her to feel that she was, body, mind, and soul, his exclusive property, and that she ought not to have one thought, wish, or aspiration independent of him. If all men were infallible (do you know, Ned, of one man who is?) and all women fallible (where is the woman who is not?) there would be some sense in husbands wanting their wives to repose such implicit trust in them. I must say, Ned, that I can't help feeling, turn it which way I will in my mind, that there is a vast deal of selfishness at the bottom of such men's love.

"It is but justice, however, to my father to say that I believe he meant to provide every comfort for my mother, within his power, and to grant every request that he considered reasonable. But he granted favors without manifesting pleasure in so doing, and he refused when he could not or did not think best to gratify, without giving reasons or expressing regrets, and in a manner so peremptory that it precluded further conversation on the subject. Was he not lord of his own house? Who should presume to gainsay him?

"My mother manifested joy, both by word and look, at being able to afford any one a pleasure, and she always expressed genuine sorrow when she was obliged to refuse a kindness. She could not understand how my father could so coolly deny her anything—refuse apparently with more indifference than he would refuse a neighbor a favor—it he loved her as she loved him. Had she not left her father's house, in which she had every comfort; where fond friends doted on her, and no disagreeable restraint was placed upon her; accepted him out of a dozen worthy suitors; come to him in her youth and beauty and virgin purity—all for her great love to him? and was this her reward; this what she was to receive in return? It grieved her to the heart. She was proud and high-spirited; it cut her to the quick; it was wormwood and gall to her. She was too wise to gossip with her female friends in regard to her disappointments; too loyal and too pure to seek solace for her wounded spirit in the attention and admiration of other men, as weaker women have sometimes done, and so her grief was silently consuming her. And my father, poor man—blinder than the moles and bats—was so walled in, enshrouded, and incrusted with his rigid, austere views of the way to maintain his dignity as head of the house, that he walked rough-shod over her most sacred and tender feelings, without being conscious of hurting her at all.

"If some good angel had stepped in at that time, and shown my father what an unhappy effect his course was having upon my mother; shown him that dread and fear were incompatible with perfect love; shown her that underneath his hard, unsympathizing exterior a true heart did beat for her, the evil, probably, would have been arrested. But, alas! Ned, no good angel appeared, and she daily grew more unhappy. She resolved to perform faithfully every duty incumbent on her as his wife, but she would manifest no more pleasure in doing for him than he did for her. Why should she give more than she received? From that time her face never flushed with joy at the thought of giving him a pleasure, and no sign of regret appeared if he was disappointed or displeased. He wondered at the change that came over her, and inly regretted it; but he sought no explanation. He undoubtedly felt, Ned, as you are feeling. *He* had made no mistake. *He* had done nothing, intentionally nor unintentionally, that his conscience condemned him for doing, and she could take her own time to explain. And so, Ned, they both went their own way, each day growing further apart; and, each day, she grew paler and thinner, and looked less as though she belonged to this world. I was troubled. I felt that something was altogether wrong, and I watched every expression of her countenance very closely in those days. Scarcely one day passed without my detecting traces of tears on her cheeks. I observed, also, that she never wept when my father was in the house, and that she was careful to bathe her face and remove all marks of weeping before he came in from his office. But a touchingly sad expression, which no bathing could remove, settled on her face, and never, at any time, not even when she smiled, entirely left it." Here Gaines sprang suddenly to his feet again, and walked rapidly across the floor, as though trying to walk away from thoughts which were becoming too painful for him to bear. Pausing a moment, he exclaimed with a sudden outbreak:

"O my God! that inexpressibly sad face—those tears—they haunt me still! Edward Eaton, I solemnly declare to you that I would not be the means of a woman's shedding so many tears—be the cause of so sad an expression coming over a woman's face, for all the wealth of the Indies! Do you wonder, Ned, that I have remained a bachelor?"

Eaton's face had now undergone a great change since Gaines entered the store. The stern expression had entirely given way to a sober and thoughtful one. His eyes were mild and humid. He made no reply to Gaines's question. He only said, in sympathizing tones:

"Finish their story, if you can, Joe."

"I intend to; for I greatly fear you need the lesson, Ned; but you must never mention the subject to me again—never make an allusion to it after this. It will not take long to tell the rest.

"Consumption—merciless vampire, ever ready to prey on people who are prostrated with heart-corroding disappointment and long-continued grief, fastened on my mother and rapidly consumed her life. The first time our family physician was called in to see her, he gave my father to understand that she was in imminent peril. It came like an unexpected thunder-clap to him. Then he waked up. He obtained the best medical advice in the State for her. He procured every luxury that he could think of, to tempt her palate. I do not recollect that she ever expressed a desire for anything except oranges. They were unusually scarce that season, and what we could obtain in our vicinity were so poor they were not fit to offer an invalid. One day my father came in with some very choice ones. He had written to a friend in New York to procure some, if possible, and send them on. My mother was so surprised and pleased, one of her old smiles lighted up her pale, thin face, and she exclamed with some of her former animation: 'Thank you—I'm so glad to

get them!' His stern face actually beamed with joy, and he said more tenderly than I ever heard him address her before, 'My dear wife, if you enjoy eating them half as much as I did getting them for you, I shall be very thankful.' Those tender words thrilled her heart and brain. Her lips quivered, tears gathered in her eyes, and she trembled from head to foot. I never can forget the sad, longing, searching look she gave him, as if trying to read him through and through. He looked amazed, and, placing his hands gently on her head, said, with increased tenderness in his tones: 'What is it, my darling?' It was like tearing the dam away from some surging, swollen, impetuous river, just lashed into wild commotion by a sudden storm, to call her '*darling*,' just then. She was so feeble and so overcome with previous emotion, it took away all her remaining power of self-control. Her crushed and smothered love, her long-pent grief and disappointment, were struggling for vent. She could no longer hold her feelings in check. A power from within forced the words from her without her sanction. Forgetting my presence, she exclaimed passionately,

"'O Ashley! your words of endearment have come too late to save my life! But I bless God to hear you call me "darling" once more before I die! Why haven't you loved me and taken pleasure in doing for me all along? What did I do to make you so cold and stern toward me? I thought that I never would ask you one question in regard to your feelings for me—never tell you how dreadfully I have suffered for want of your love,' she said in broken sentences between convulsive sobs that shook her frail frame fearfully; 'but I can't help it, now. To love one as I have loved you, to be united to one by the most sacred of all ties, and not to be loved in return, is torture! O my husband! you are my husband, whether you have loved me or not—the husband of my youth, the father of my child. To live day after day and year after year under the same roof with you; to have you to go to your business, morning after morning, without speaking one word of cheer and affection to sustain my flagging spirits through the day; to have you return, evening after evening, without one smile or any manifestation of pleasure on meeting—has each day, been indescribable torture to me. It has worn me out. Couldn't you see, Ashley, that it was killing me? Didn't you know that it was breaking my heart? Didn't you——'

"She had not strength to proceed. She sank back in her chair, utterly exhausted. Whether she ever completed that sentence or not, I never knew. She looked so pale and death-like, I was frightened, and fled to my room to weep there. I don't think that either of them noticed I was present during that conversation. When I returned to her room, an hour later, my father sat by her side, tenderly supporting her with one arm, while she rested her head on his shoulder. She had fallen asleep, and she looked very peaceful. But how, Ned, shall I describe his looks to you! God grant that I may never see you look as he did! Was it possible, I thought, for any one to age so in a few hours! All the lines of the face that indicate sadness, grief, and anguish—lines hardly perceptible in his face before—now looked as if they had been newly chiseled, the furrows were so distinct and deep. I went to my room, feeling infinite pity for my mother, and, I must confess, great bitterness toward my father. As I gazed upon them both on my return, I felt that henceforth he would need pity and sympathy no less than she. And the thought that all that suffering never would have been but for his hard, rigid, unjust ideas, was the bitterest drop in that cup of bitterness. How strange it is, Ned, that a man of such sound judgment on most things should have so erred in that respect! No doubt he had reasonable reasons for most that he thought or did, and my mother was a considerate woman, ever ready to listen to reason. If he had only seen fit to explain to her and consult with her—his bosom-companion, his partner for life—as he did explain to and consult with his partner in business, and had differed from her, when he saw cause, with as much consideration and courtesy as he showed to him when they did not think alike, she, undoubtedly, in most instances, would have cheerfully acquiesced in his decisions.

"That day he saw his mistake, and he bitterly realized that experience in such cases was a dear school.

"It was not possible for mortal man to do more for my mother than he did while she remained. He scarcely left her room day or night. He watched every symptom with almost breathless anxiety. He suffered no one to do anything for her that he could do himself. How tenderly he carried her to and from her bed! How gently he arranged her pillows and smoothed her hair! What tender epithets and endearing titles he used in talking to her then! But endearing names and loving care and scalding tears and agonizing prayers did not avail to save her life. Each day left her a little weaker than the day that preceded it. Two weeks from the day in which I found her peacefully sleeping with her head pillowed on my father's shoulder, she slept her last sleep.

"A few words more close my story. I cannot linger on it, Ned. It is too harrowing. After her death my father walked about like one in a dream. I do not recollect that I ever saw him smile after it. In

a little less than a year he was lying by her side in Evergreen Cemetery, and I was left alone."

The silence remained unbroken several minutes after Gaines finished his story. Neither he nor Eaton was in a mood for talking after it. At last Gaines drew his watch from his pocket and exclaimed:

"Is it possible that it is so late? Half-past five! Nearly tea-time! I must be off," he added, reaching for his hat. "I sincerely hope, Ned, that I have not spent nearly all this afternoon in talking over those painful days in vain. I beg of you, reflect well upon the course that you are taking with Mary. If you still feel that *you* have made no mistake, deal kindly and gently with her. What man or woman lives that never needed forgiveness?"

Gaines's talk was not in vain. It came at a very opportune time. It was, indeed, a needed lesson, and it had the desired effect. Eaton was led by it to reflect candidly and carefully upon the unpleasantness between himself and his wife. He still felt that what he had done was right, but he was compelled to acknowledge to himself that his manner of doing it was wholly wrong. His conscience told him, notwithstanding he had kept perfect control over his tongue and his wife had not, that he really was the aggressor. He wondered that he could have so coolly refused his loving, devoted, economical wife a cheap set of furniture for their spare chamber, which had never been furnished, and for want of which she had been repeatedly put to great inconvenience, without expressing one regret at being obliged to refuse her, or explaining why he could not gratify her. He felt that he could not have shown less sympathy with her in her disappointment, if she had been an extravagant, thoughtless woman, and had asked him for the same amount of money to spend for gewgaws and finery. He did not wonder, as he dwelt upon it, that she indignantly said the things that had so disturbed him—so rankled in his bosom. She was so insensed at his indifference, she hastily told him that for her part she was tired of struggling on in that close, penurious way, and she felt that it was a pity she had not taught school to the end of the chapter, instead of marrying. Then she could have supported herself, and she would not have been dependent upon him for bedroom furniture, or anything else.

Although Eaton so strongly asserted to Gaines that he had nothing to confess, that he had made no mistake, he did that night frankly acknowledge his wrong to Mary and ask her pardon, and she also implored his forgiveness for her hasty words, which were repented of as soon as said. But she assured him that she never should have dreamed of asking him for the furniture if she had known how he was situated, and still less have thought of answering him as she did if he had given her his reasons then for not granting her request. She should dread to be in debt quite as much as he would, and she cared more to have him maintain his honor than for all the fine things in the world, or even for the things that seemed really necessary to their comfort.

No doubt scores of complaining, dissatisfied wives would be led to view things in the same way, if their husbands were led, as Eaton was, to take a different course.

From that time Eaton has ever been ready to give a reason to his wife for what he did, or declined to do; and to confer with her in regard to his plans and business. Ten years have passed since that reconciliation, and up to this time their first quarrel is still the last one. Eaton shudders when he thinks what might have been if he had not been led to see things in their true light, and in his heart he daily blessed his Cousin Joe for that timely lesson.—*Hearth and Home.*

MONOSYLLABIC POEM.

The following curious illustration of the power of short words in the English language, was written by Dr. Addison Alexander:—

Think not that strength lies in the big round word,
Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak;
To whom can this be true who once has heard
The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak,
When want, or woe, or fear is in the throat,
So that each word gasped out is like a shriek
Pressed from the sore heart, or a strange wild note
Sung by some fay or fiend! There is a strength
Which dies if stretched too far or spun too fine,
Which has more height than breadth, more depth than length.
Let but this force of thought and speech be mine;
And he that will may take the sleek, fat phrase,
Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine;
Light, but not heat—a flash without a blaze.

Nor is it mere strength that the short word boasts,
It serves of more than fight or storm to tell—
The roar of waves that clash on rock-bound coasts,
The crash of tall trees when the wild winds swell;
The roar of guns, the groans of men that die
On blood-stained fields. It has a voice as well
For them that far-off on their sick-beds lie,
For them that laugh, and dance, and clap the hand
To joy's quick step, as well as grief's low tread,
The sweet, plain words we learn at first keep time
And though the theme be sad, or gay, or grand,
With each, with all these may be made to chime,
In thought, or speech, or song, or prose, or rhyme

GLADNESS FOR CONDEMNATION.

They had been reading together the eighth chapter of Romans, and had dwelt particularly on the verses, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus," and "the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God." Betty told mother what she had told me, how, after weeks of gloom and wretchedness, in which the sense of her sins weighed on her like a darkness that could be felt, one day she saw the burden of her sins all laid on her Saviour; she saw how he bore them in his own body on the tree, and bore them away and buried them in his own grave, and saved her. And she felt she was forgiven, and her whole heart overflowed with speechless gratitude and joy.

Mother replied that she had more than once felt her heart melt into gratitude and joy when she had looked at the cross, but that afterward the recollection of her sins had come back on her, and weighed her down again. She thought such an assurance of salvation as Betty spoke of was only given to great saints, and only to them when their faith and love were all but perfected. And all she ventured to hope for herself was that one day, perhaps on her death-bed, hope might at last overbalance fear, and she might depart in trembling trust.

But Betty said she did not believe the Almighty meant his children to creep through the world with a halter around their necks, because it might keep them humble to remember that if they didn't take care, one day they might be hanged. No father on earth, with a heart in him, would beat the worst child who wanted to become better, like that. "Leastways," said she, "that wasn't your way, Missis."

"Better, perhaps, if it had," said mother, thinking mournfully of Jack. "Earthly love is selfish at best. But God will never indulge his children, because he loves them too much. Because he loves us, he can bear to see us suffer anything that will do us good; and if it would keep us humbler and safer to wait for pardon till we are safe from sinning, God could bear to hide his love from us, though it might grieve him at his heart."

"Yes, sure, he could," said Betty, "If it would do any poor soul good to be treated so; but it's my belief it wouldn't, and that the Lord knows better than to do such a thing. And as to Master Jack," she added, "please God, Missis, you and Master mayn't never take to such a way with him. For I won't deny, that if you and Master were to sit in the hall like justices, when he comes back, for him to come cringing and bowing and making fine speeches before you; and then Master were to say, quite high and stiffish, 'Well, sir, we shall see; time will show,' and were to send him out into the kitchen to take his meat along with Roger and me,—I can't deny, if I were Master Jack, I'd run away again, for good; and as to me, Missis, I wouldn't stand it." And Betty all but cried at her own tragic nature, when the matter struck her in a new light, and she resumed:

"But what an old fool I am to think of you and Master setting up play-acting like that! Why, Roger himself, poor innocent, would see through it, and wait, smiling in himself, to see what was to come next. And the dog wouldn't be taken in a minute; he'd whine and fawn on Master Jack, and jump from him to you, as much as to say, 'Why, don't you see, it's young Master?' But Master Jack would see through it first of all. Before you or Master could say one of your fine improving speeches, he'd be at your feet, Missis; he'd be on your heart, and you'd be crying your eyes out over him for joy."

Mother made one more faint attempt at resistance. "But God is better than we are," she said; "and what he sees good for us he will do, whatever it costs him."

"The Almighty is better than us," replied Betty, emphatically. "The father in the Bible didn't sit waiting in the house, saying, 'We shall see; time will show.' He was waiting at the door, straining his eyes for the first sight of the poor foolish lad, lest he should be too ashamed to come near after all. And the minute he saw him he ran to meet him, and fell on his neck, more like a mother than a father, and stopped with kisses all the fine speeches he had been making in them foreign parts, so that the poor boy never got through with them. And then they came back into the house together, that not a grudging soul there might dare to cast up a thing at him. And he set all the men and maidens to work, and afterward set them to feasting and dancing and merry-making, as if it had been a wedding or a christening, instead of only a poor, wild lad, creeping back home to try and do right again, with scarce a rag to his back, and not a shoe to his feet. He wasn't afraid the poor fellow would make himself too much at home. He couldn't do enough like to make him feel he was at home again. And the Lord who told us all about it," concluded Betty, "he knows what the inside of the father's house is, which is more, in my opinion, than any one on earth can do yet awhile. So we may as well give up guessing and trust to what he said. For he came from inside."

Mother admitted that the parable of the Prodigal Son did show quite plainly the joy of God in welcoming back the penitent sinner. "But how were we to know we were penitent?" she said. "How was any

one to know, assuredly, the true penitence and the true joy from the false?"

And to this all Betty could reply was: "Well, Missis, I can't say I think folks can know, unless they try for themselves. But," she added, "if we're always to be climbing up the rock out of the waves ourselves, and never to feel we've got our feet firm upon it, how are we to turn and have our hands free to help the rest who are still clinging to the wreck or fighting through the breakers?"

"And what did you say next, mother?" I asked.

"I said nothing to Betty," mother replied. "I went up into the little porch-closet, Kitty, and knelt down, and prayed God to teach me."

"And then, dear mother?" I asked.

"Why, then, Kitty, I read the Bible, and I thought a long time, and then I prayed again. And at last I began to see that it was a sin not to believe in the love God has for us, and if we believe in that, it is as much a necessity as a duty to be glad."—*Diary of Kitty Trevelyan.*

THE STORY OF A GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

In the beginning of the last winter some benevolent gentlemen of Hartford visited the Coffee Rooms of Boston and were much gratified with the results which they saw there. The ladies of Hartford immediately resolved to attempt something of the kind here. One or two gentlemen of ample means assured them all the capital which should be found necessary to carry out their enterprise. One of these gentlemen gave the use of a building suitable for a coffee-room, and bore all the expense of putting it in order for the purpose—has continued ever since its patron and banker, supplying its every need, and we venture to predict that no money expended for personal gratification or invested in profitable business ever brought in a richer interest of pleasure.

We yesterday visited these coffee-rooms and partook of the refreshments there, and they do credit to the old established reputation of Hartford for knowing what is good in the way of creature comforts, and insisting upon having the very best. The bread, both white and brown, was worthy the ovens of the best Hartford housewives, than which more cannot be said; and the coffee was like the coffee in the best Hartford families, and as Sam Webster said, "I can't speak no fairer than that." We learned that not only the poor and the laboring classes frequented this place, but that it had come to be a favorite resort of many persons of modest means. Young clerks, and students, teachers, sewing women, here find a neat attractive room, made homelike and agreeable, where for a very moderate sum they can have the fare of a refined private family.

The Hartford enterprise has been very fortunate in securing the services of a man who has served in the navy and had a wide experience in catering and providing—one who knows what the best is and knows also how to secure it—and it is to his valuable knowledge and efficiency that much of the attractiveness of the fare is due.

But the coffee-rooms here, as in Boston, have been seed-dropping plants, out of which has sprung up many a fair shoot in good works. The attention of the ladies of Hartford was no sooner turned in this direction than there were suggestions of so many openings for benevolence that they immediately banded together and formed themselves into an "*Union for Home Work*," uniting ladies of the best families and of all denominations in the simple object of doing good. This Association has since been incorporated by the Legislature with all the rights of holding property and transacting business which result. As the effort was designed to be unsectarian in its character, it proposed the elevation of the poorer and less favored classes, not by direct religious exhortation or teaching, but by self-denying efforts of Christian love. Many of the class to be helped are of course foreigners and Roman Catholics, and any attempt to impart direct religious instructions might excite the apprehension of their religious guardians who feel conscientiously bound to withdraw them from any influences of a proselyting nature. But the giving a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple is a sort of universal language of religion, the one thing in which all good people may agree—and the power of the Spirit of Christ acted out in deeds of love and pity is often stronger than catechisms and creeds of exhortations.

The object of this society of Christian work in Hartford has been to improve the condition of the working girls and women and to teach and help them to brighten and cheer the homes to which they belong. Their first step was to secure the service of a lady of culture, refinement and tact, who has for years been devoted to the interests of the poor, and who sometime before worked most successfully as city missionary in Elmira. The tact, experience, faith and love of this devoted woman have made her the able leader and director of the inexperienced efforts of the ladies, who in turn have given to her a fullness of sympathy and a promptness of support such as are rarely to be found. The purses and hearts of all of them have seemed to be

freely open to give sympathy and material aid in carrying out her wise and prudent suggestions. The gentlemen of Hartford have shown the utmost unanimity in seconding these efforts of the ladies of their family and the money never has been wanting at the right moment for a need clearly pointed out.

The Coffee Room is situated on one of the back streets of Hartford—in the very thick of a population consisting of the poorer and less fortunate classes.

It is a small tenement, which the benevolent proprietor has fitted up for this purpose. A wide veranda which he has just thrown out will afford a comfortable and respectable lounging-place where the customers can sit and rest and enjoy themselves after work hours. Next door is a small brick house, belonging to the same gentleman, which has been devoted to the service of working women.

Here we were ushered into a pair of neat, tastefully furnished little parlors, carpeted, and white curtained, and hung with charming photographs of some of Thorwaldsen's most popular bas-reliefs. A library of books numbering already some hundred volumes filled a recess. At one end of these rooms was a piano, and around were seated twenty or thirty working girls, many of them operatives of the silk mills of Cheney & Co. Our first thought on seeing them was, how young they were. Many of them were delicate little creatures, looking by no means strong in health, and apparently from thirteen to sixteen years of age. When one thinks of the tenderness with which our girls are reared and fostered at this age, the anxiety with which their little ailments are watched, and the anxiety which is felt to shield them from any fatigue or hardship and to give them every variety of pleasure, one cannot but be touched with the thought of a growth begun under such difficult auspices. These homelike parlors, with their white curtains and bright lights and pretty pictures, seemed to us then to be a blessed mode of preaching the doctrine of Christian love, and the kind and sympathetic faces of three or four of the best ladies of Hartford, who had come to pass the evening with these girls, seemed to exemplify the true doctrine to be given them.

The Union for Home Work is divided into committees in its different branches. One of them takes charge of these parlors, which are open three evenings a week for the reception of these young girls.

Two ladies on the committee take turns in being present each evening to preside and arrange some little entertainment for the girls. The object is to make the evening as much as possible like one in a good Christian home. The girls are all encouraged to bring their work, and directed in cutting, fitting and sewing. One room in the house has been fitted up with sewing-machines, and a lady operator is hired to give instructions upon them. A list is kept of all the girls who visit the rooms, and they are divided into classes, who, on some one of the three evenings, receive instructions on the sewing-machine.

When we assembled on the evening referred to, the leader for the evening seated herself at the piano, the music books were distributed, and several songs were sung—all the girls joining with great spirit. Many of them have fine voices, and the effect was charming. We noticed outside of the window groups standing and listening, when the light came streaming out through the white lace curtains, and the sweet words of song floated out. There may have been fathers or brothers standing outside, and stirred to many kindly and loving thoughts by what was doing for their girls within. A few days since, a workingman said to the matron, "I want my girls to come to that place of your's evenings, and learn some refinement. What do you charge?" When he found that these privileges were given without money and without price, some idea of the real nature of Christianity must have entered his heart, as perhaps no sermon could have shown it.

The next exercise, after a little time spent in singing, was the calling of the roll, and then the class for the sewing-machine room were detailed and walked off in an orderly manner.

Above stairs the rooms corresponding to the parlors are fitted up as a day-nursery, where women who go out to day's work may leave their children. For the small sum of five cents a day, the child is assured the kind care of a motherly matron, a bath, clean aprons provided by the institution, and three good hearty meals.

We saw there three pretty children who last winter in the coldest weather, before the opening of the nursery, used to be locked up in a fireless room the whole day, while their mother was out earning the money for their support. When first received they were in an emaciated, miserable condition; they have improved astonishingly by the good food, happy surroundings and careful care of the Home Day Nursery. What an insight does this one incident give us into the sorrows and trials of the poor! A mother with a mother's heart obliged to leave her little ones all day locked in a fireless room! Yet one can easily see that the consequences of leaving a fire at the discretion of little children might be still more dreadful.

Another feature of the Home is the bath rooms put into it by the liberality of one of the Hartford physicians who thus contributed his share in the charity.

Besides all these blessings clustering about the Home, a beginning has been made which it is hoped may grow to a still larger charity. In the attic of the Home two or three chambers have been fitted up for the use of women temporarily in need of lodgings. Such are often found by the head missionary, whose out-door visitations include the jail and the almshouse, as well as many poor families.

These out-door visitings and ministrations are the pioneer works, constantly enlightening the ladies engaged as to the wants and needs of the poor, the sick and the afflicted, and opening before them new avenues of charity.

One or two of the means employed are worth separate mention. A carriage-fund is kept up, by means of which the missionary, at her discretion, can give to the sick who need it the advantages of a ride. Ladies either pledge themselves on certain stipulated afternoons to send their own carriages for this purpose, or they subscribe to the carriage-fund, so that she may be enabled to hire.

The other is the flower-fund. The carrying of flowers to the sick and poor has been found to be wonderfully grateful and soothing, and the choicest flowers have been placed at the disposal of the missionary for this work of tenderness.

People often appear more affected and overcome with these marks of care and consideration than even by more substantial benefits. One poor, sick man burst into tears when a bunch of flowers was brought him; and in one house where the missionary promised to send the flowers, a little boy exclaimed in rapture, "What! real, *smelling* flowers!"

This spring an entertainment was provided for all the inmates of the Home. The tables were beautifully dressed with the rarest and choicest flowers that the greenhouses could afford, and a bouquet was laid by the plate of each girl. There was singing and much joyousness, and the most perfect propriety and order. After all was over, a crowd of women who stood in the street looking in, stretched in their hands and begged for flowers, and the bouquets that adorned the table were gladly divided among them.

There is among the poor more sentiment and latent poetry, and more sensibility to the touch of the beautiful, than would often be believed; and flowers sent by the tender hand of Christian thoughtfulness are sometimes angel messengers.

The effect of all these various ministrations is most gratifying. Not the least seems to be the spirit of sympathy and unity which is growing up between the rich and the poor. The missionary soul who leads the way is one so sympathetic with sorrow, so tender, so thoughtful, that all hearts readily flow out to her and all confide in her, while those blessed with wealth and abundant means rejoice to be brought through her into wisely helpful relations with the needy and suffering.

In the work of such women can we not see the Diviner and higher mission of woman—a mission higher, purer, more to be desired than any earthly honor?

During the hot months, when the various visiting ladies connected with the Home were to be absent, it had been suggested that the parlors would have to be closed. Some of the girls hearing of it, came to Mrs. S., the missionary, almost in tears.

"Oh, don't shut the rooms," they said; "the ladies go to the mountains or the seaside, but these rooms are all the mountains or sea-side we have."

The appeal was responded to. The ladies at once assessed themselves a given sum for every day of anticipated absence, and the money thus obtained was devoted to securing the services of a lady, well versed in music and singing, who will preside at the Home during the summer.—*Christian Union.*

BETKEN'S FAITH; OR, A MAID-SERVANT'S MARTYRDOM.

BY MRS. E. R. PITMAN.

"Oh! ever as the tempter spoke, and feeble woman's fears
Wrung drop by drop the scalding flow of unavailing tears,
I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and strove in silent prayer
To feel, O Helper of the weak! that Thou indeed wert there!

I thought of Paul and Silas within Phillipi's cell,
And how from Peter's sleeping limbs the prison-shackles fell,
Till I seemed to hear the trailing of an angel's robe of white,
And to feel a blessed presence, invisible to light."

—*Holmes.*

"Alas! my masters, if it be so that I must suffer this pain, then give me leave first to call upon God."

"We will give thee no such kind of leave, thou impudent wench," returned a beetle-browed stern-visaged man to the young female who knelt before him in a suppliant mood. "We give no such heretics as thee leave to pray."

"Yes, yes," said another of the party, who stood by a rack on which the poor girl who had just spoken was about to be stretched. "She may call upon her God if she likes; it can do us no harm. The God of these heretics cannot care much for them, or He would interfere sometimes."

With this permission the poor girl was fain to be content; and kneeling down in the midst of that company of cruel and depraved men, she offered up such a prayer for help, for submission, for strength to bear her affliction, and for mercy to the poor unfortunate captives who professed her own precious faith, that the one who had pleaded on her behalf for a few minutes of devotion, stricken with horror at the thought of his participation in the unjust and cruel persecution, swooned away. Instantly all the attention of the party was devoted to recovering him; but for a long time their efforts seemed utterly futile.

While they are busily engaged in this I will tell my readers a little of the times and circumstances under which Betken, the heroine of my history, suffered martyrdom.

The history of Protestantism in the Netherlands during the sixteenth century is full of interest to all students of religious history. These provinces, which at the time included Holland, Belgium, and Flanders, formed part of the dominions of Philip II. of Spain, a young man of gloomy temper and cruel disposition, as well as a most bigoted Romanist, who, on succeeding his father, Charles V., walked in his persecuting ways with tenfold zeal. Multitudes were put to agonizing deaths because of their faith; and when public opinion seemed to range itself on the side of the martyrs, he sent the Duke of Alva with an army of ten thousand men for the purpose of crushing out the reforming spirit. Alva carried out his instructions to the letter; for never have the annals of any country recorded a season of worse oppression than took place under his rule. Under the redoubled persecution which now raged through the Netherlands, sights were seen on every hand which could scarcely be paralleled. Says one historian, "The gallows, the wheels, stakes and trees in the highways, were loaded with carcasses or limbs of such as had been hanged, beheaded, or roasted: so that the air which God had made for the respiration of the living was now become the common grave or habitation of the dead. Every day produced fresh objects for pity or mourning; and the noise of the bloody passing bell was continually heard, which, by the martyrdom of this man's cousin and the other man's friend or brother, rung dismal peals in the hearts of the survivors. Of banishment of persons and confiscation of goods there was no end."

It was about a twelvemonth after the Duke of Alva's entrance into power that the sword of persecution sought out Betken.

Her master, Peter Van Kulen, was a prosperous goldsmith residing at the fine old town of Breda. He was unmarried, and beside his apprentices and journeyman, kept only one servant, Betken, who was a pious, God-fearing girl, with all the gravity and discretion of forty, although only a little over twenty-two years of age. It was Peter Kulen's custom to read every evening a portion of the old black-letter Bible which had been left by his father as the most precious legacy he could bequeath to him (which indeed it literally was, seeing that years of honest toil would scarcely suffice for the purchase of one of those volumes). At these readings, besides Betken, who listened with folded hands and devout attention, there were generally present the three apprentices, who, being lodged and boarded in the house, were looked upon as members of his own family by Peter. But some of the lads were too free in their conversation for those times; and one them having one day accidentally let fall the intelligence that Peter daily read Lutheran books, his words were quickly taken up and repeated to one of Alva's creatures. This functionary, who united the offices of accuser, prosecutor, and constable, one night paid the happy little dwelling a visit which was only the prelude to bitter sufferings.

Peter had just finished reading and praying, and was about to sit down to supper, which he generally took alone, when a thundering knock came to the door, causing even Betken to start from her usual quiet demeanor, and clasping her hands in terror, to tiptoe behind her master to the entrance. Removing the massive iron bar which effectually secured the door, he opened it and bade his visitors enter; for by the dim light of the moon he could distinguish the forms of three men. As they came in he saw in the hands of one the executioner's staff, and then he knew that his fate was as good as sealed—that death was surely looming before him in one form or another. But with firm voice he bade the men be seated. Two of them sat down on the chairs placed for them by Betken; but the third remained standing, and proceeded to read from a document a formal summons demanding Peter's appearance at the town-hall to answer a charge of heresy. The three apprentices had fled away into the workshop on hearing the knock at the door; but Betken was still present, having nobly remained to see and hear what they did with her master.

"Heresy?" repeated Peter Van Kulen. "I know not that I am a heretic! I do my duty to my kin and country without interfering with any man. As to religious opinions, I never presume to meddle with those matters. I am a plain man, and as such desire to go through the world peaceably."

"That may be, friend Kulen," responded one who seemed to be somewhat smoother-spoken than the others; "that

may be; but how do you explain the fact of your studying Lutheran books, reading the Bible to your household, and not attending mass? Good Catholics do none of these things."

"But good Christians do; and I think, my masters, that I am in no way a worse citizen for reading the word of God sometimes."

"But that is not all," put in another of the men. "We are informed that you are called an elder among these deluded Protestants, and assume the office of teacher among them. Beside which, we know for certain that heretics' meetings have been secretly held in your house. Now, will you reveal the names of those who meet here? If so, you may save yourself."

But Kulen was not so easily deluded into the position of an informer. He knew that by revealing the names of his co-religionists he should only endanger their lives and not save his own; and even could he have preserved his own life by this means, he would have scorned to do so. Looking up at the three men, he replied—

"You may do as you please with me, even unto death; but I shall never betray the names of my associates."

"Very well; then you will come with us." The executioner produced a gag and some irons, and having securely bound him, they led him away to the common prison. From thence in a few days he was taken to one of the deepest and darkest of the castle dungeons.

Poor Kulen! His house and his business soon went to ruin; for none dared to preserve, while many delighted to break up, a "heretic's home." Betken remained in the kitchen apartments alone (for all the apprentices had fled away); and hearing that her master was in danger of starvation in prison, she cooked food and carried it to him every day. At first she was treated with derision and scorn by the jailers at the castle; but after a few weeks they let her alone. For some time things went on in this way. Very often Bedken would bring a portion of the old black-letter Bible, and read to her master, so as to comfort and encourage him. This was a daring experiment; yet she succeeded in it day after day for some months before detection came. But come it did; for one day the jailer entering the cell a little before the usual time, discovered the reading going on. As the result, Betken too was apprehended and imprisoned as a heretic; and people said there was no hope for her, for "was she not caught in the very act?"

But Betken was more courageous than ever, now that she was brought to the test. It really seemed as if she gloried in persecution and approaching death, for the sake of the dear Lord whose name she professed. It became now the policy of the persecutors to extort from her, if possible, a confession of the names of her Christian friends; but all in vain. Threats and tortures, promises and persuasions, proved alike unavailing; and it was when, as their last resource, they were about to stretch her upon the rack, that the swooning away of the official for the present put a stop to this terrible torture. After the man was recovered it was too late to proceed; and so Betken was remanded to her dungeon with the threat that she should be brought up again on the morrow unless she gave the desired information. However, this poor maid-servant had strength granted equal to her day, for she remained invincibly firm through all the torture. Not one word fell from her weak womanly lips (made "strong in the Lord") that could betray one of her Christian friends.

Finding all their schemes unsuccessful, the jailers brought up Betken and her master for examination. Both of them made a full confession of their faith, and refused to recant. They knew in whom they had believed: they had not given heed to "old wives' fables," but to the word of the living God. As the result of their firmness—or "obstinacy," as the examiners called it—they were both condemned to be burned.

The end was not far off now. One fine sunny May morning the two were led forth, bound with chains into the maket-place of Breda. There, where Betken had so often been to make purchases for her master's household, she was to seal her faith with her blood. But she was far from being dismayed at the prospect: on the contrary, she was rejoicing that she was counted worthy of death in so glorious a cause. Many hundreds of people were assembled there, waiting to encourage the two martyrs in their terrible struggle through death to life. Even there Betken was the more courageous of the two, and began to exhort the people to continue faithful to the religion of Jesus. Then she encouraged her master to be strong in the Lord, and to raise above all fear of death. Kulen was first strangled, and then burned. This poor maid-servant had been so full of faith and of the Holy Ghost through all the period of her condemnation she was stigmatized by her judges as an "invincibly obstinate heretic fit only for the flames." To the flames, therefore, she was delivered alive. But to the last she was heard by those who stood round to magnify the Lord; and so, after suffering all the torment that man could inflict, she went to her "Father's house" in the chariot of fire, while the "passing bell" reminded all good Christians to pray for the departing souls.

It is ours to be thankful, not only that we

are living in peaceable times, but in times of religious liberty and equality, when all, from the prince to the maid-servant, can worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences without fear or hindrance. It is no mean blessing to have fallen upon such times.—*British Messenger.*

DEATH OF THE REV. WM. ELLIS.*

The veteran missionary and "apostle of Madagascar," William Ellis, died recently at his residence, Hoddesden, aged seventy-six years. As long ago as 1815 he was in training for missionary work at Gosport, under Dr. Bogue. His earlier life had been spent in London, where he was as a youth connected with the Silver-street Sunday-school. Early devoted to missionary work, he was appointed to labor in the South Sea Islands. His "Polynesian Researches" threw much light on the early history of missions there. After some years of labor in that distant sphere he returned to England, and afterwards became, for a time, one of the secretaries of the London Missionary Society. He married for his second wife Miss Sarah Stickney, whose works on "The Women of England" and "Education" have won for her fame. Shortly after his marriage, he retired to Hoddesden, but not to be inactive. He found a small chapel in this village in a wretched condition, which was supplied by the students of Cheshunt College. Not content that this state of things should continue, he set about raising funds for the erection of a chapel, in which he was greatly aided by his accomplished wife; and this beautiful chapel stands in the midst of the village as a memorial of the united labors of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis. For some years he ministered in this chapel, but ere long he was wanted for more distinguished service. When, in 1853, there seemed to be the promise of an opening for the return of Christian missionaries to Madagascar, Mr. Ellis was solicited by the London Missionary Society to visit the country, in company with Mr. Cameron, in order to ascertain the actual condition of things, with a view of resuming missionary labor. The manner in which Mr. Ellis conducted the most delicate negotiations with the Government of Madagascar, so as to secure an entrance for the Christian teachers to the country, and the influence he exerted in high places, are well known to all persons acquainted with modern missionary enterprise. On three occasions Mr. Ellis visited Madagascar, always on important missions, and always with signal success. He went before and prepared the way for those who have gone in and occupied the field. On each occasion of his return to England he had marvellous things to tell of Madagascar and the prospects that were opening for the Church of God there. Had he been as powerful in speech as he was in other things, the tale he had to tell would have thrilled the audiences which gathered to hear them. As it was he was everywhere welcomed as a kind of Christian hero, and listened to with breathless interest. It was in his books, however, that he set forth the state of things to the greatest advantage. His "Master Church of Madagascar," "Madagascar Revisited," and "Three visits to Madagascar," give a history of that mission-field which leaves nothing to be desired. It was he too who completed and revised the translation of the Scriptures into the Malagasy language.

Mr. Ellis had a remarkable aptitude for hard work. His attainments, as the result of his strength of application, were very great. His botanical studies, which were put to good service when he was in Madagascar, were almost enough to make a reputation. With a view of making the Christians in this country familiar with scenes in Madagascar, as well as persons, he made photography a pursuit. On returning from his last visit, when engaged on the work of carrying the Scriptures in Malagasy through the press, he shut himself off for weeks from general intercourse in a room in the Mission House and there toiled on. He was, indeed, a mighty worker. He never seemed to tire, nor indeed to grow old, returning from his travels in Madagascar looking as fresh and young as ever. It was almost impossible to realize that a man who looked as ruddy and walked as nimbly as he did, was indeed aged. It is surprising the amount of service he compressed into his life. He did the work of a dozen men, and such as only a dozen picked men would have done. Yet there was no bustle about him; and so great was his modesty that, returning from his visits to Madagascar, he took his place among the lowest, as though he did not know that he had done anything remarkable. He was one of the most self-forgetful and self-denying men that ever lived. It is pleasant to know that, after passing through so many trials as he did in his Madagascar adventures, he died peacefully in his bed in the old house at Rose Hill. Very interesting was it to think of so distinguished a couple as Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, passing the evening of their days together in that quiet, charming spot. And it is worth recording that when, a year or two ago, the house and beautiful garden which he had long rented was put up for auction, and it was ascertained that Mr. Ellis wished to bid for it, the neighbors all resolved that they would abstain from bidding against him.—*Christian World.*

* See Frontispiece.

Young Folks.

EFFIE HAMILTON'S, WORK.

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

(*Continued.*)

Chapter XXIV.

O Love Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earthborn care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near!

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, "Thou art near!"

Days and weeks passed on with little outward change in Effie Hamilton's life, but the girl herself was changed—she was not happy; she went about her accustomed tasks, omitting none, but she did her work with no energy. She was so different from the bright, cheerful, impulsive Effie of times past, that her mistress looked at her with astonishment. "Was the girl ill?" she asked herself. Effie said "No;" yet Maude began to feel anxious; she thought of the mother taken off so suddenly, of the delicate-looking father with his hacking cough as Effie had described him, and she began to fear for the dear trusty little maid she had learnt to love and lean upon so much. Maude could not think Effie had grown careless of heavenly things, and thus brought unhappiness upon herself, for she seemed as thoughtful as ever, as fond as ever of her Bible, and as eager as before for the Sundays to come round, when she and Solly met in Maude's own room, and the three read and talked together of the things that are so sweet to those who love the Saviour. Solly never missed, no matter what the weather might be, and it was seldom she had to walk both ways; some one generally gave her "a lift," part of the way at least.

One day when Effie was busy arranging her mistress's dresses, dusting out the shelves of the clothes-press, and doing similar little things which Maude liked to superintend herself, she thought the girl looked even unusually sad; so when she was putting the last article in its place, Maude said:—

"Effie, I do wish you would tell me what is the matter with you. I cannot bear to see you as you are, so sad and pale looking. Now just come and sit beside me and tell me all about it like a good girl."

Effie, without replying, sank into a chair and, covering her face with her hands, burst into tears. Her mistress thought it best to let her grief have its way, and said nothing. At length Effie sobbed out:—

"Oh! Miss Maude, I'm so miserable, so unhappy; I don't know what to do!"

"Yes you do, dear," returned Maude, gently; "you know well what to do."

"But oh! Miss Maude, I have prayed again and again, and I can't see my way clear at all!"

"What is it troubles you, Effie? Can you tell me?"

"Oh! yes, Miss Maude, I'd liked to have told you long ago, only I was just afraid you'd think me ungrateful, and—and—"

"No danger of that Effie, go on."

"Well, you see it's all about father. I've never been happy since he was here; I think of him night and day, so often I fancy I hear him coughing, and then I think how mother told me to be good to him, and it breaks my heart to think she'd be grieved with me."

"But you asked your father and he would not let you go, didn't you, Effie?"

"Yes, Miss, but then I think sometimes I didn't *want* to go really, and didn't urge very much, and that perhaps I should have gone whether he wanted me or not. I can't help thinking he wasn't going to live long, and sometimes I fancy him dying all alone in that dreadful street, and no one near to tend him or speak to him of Jesus," and choking sobs prevented Effie going on.

"And do you think you ought to go to your father?" asked Maude, after a few moments in which no slight struggle had been going on in her own mind.

"I do feel as if I ought," said Effie, looking up through her tears. "When I think of leaving you, and never perhaps being able to come back to you, I feel just crushed; and oh! I've thought it all over and over again until my head aches, but some way I think father needs me most. You see you have dear Miss Belle now, and—and won't miss me so much."

"Oh! Effie, don't talk of not missing you," said Maude in husky tones; "this is a hard, hard struggle. Suppose we leave the decision until to-morrow. I will think the matter over seriously, and will ask for higher guidance. Effie dear, I am glad you told me; you ought to have done so long ago. I would never wish, Effie, to keep you back from what you felt to be your duty whatever might be the cost to myself, and of course your father has the first earthly claim."

It was an unspeakable comfort to Effie thus to have her young mistress's approval, and to know she would pray for her. She went to rest that night happier and more peaceful than she had felt for weeks.

When Effie met her mistress next morning she saw her decision in her eyes, and, as if they understood each other, not a word was spoken on the painful subject. Effie moved about scarcely able to keep her tears as she felt she was performing the accustomed duties for the dear invalid perhaps for the last time. She lingered over every touch and kept winding Maude's long dark hair round her fingers lovingly, until her mistress said:—

"Don't be quite so sad, Effie. You'll come back to me yet, I trust; why, if I didn't think so I don't know what I should do!" Effie smiled sadly, but did not loiter any more.

"What time does the train start?" asked Maude, after a few minutes.

"I think there's one about twelve."

"But then you'd get into New York very late; I don't like that. It would be better for you to leave here by a night train. Harry could drive you in early, and I dare say Mr. Ritterman would see you off."

"I don't want to see Solly before I go," said Effie; "she wouldn't let me go," she added with an attempt at a smile.

"Oh! wouldn't she? Well then, Jane shall drive in with you and see you off. Henry can take the light waggon. Mr. Richard says you should not go alone at all, that he would far sooner go with you himself."

"I am sure he is very kind," said Effie, tearfully; "but, Miss Maude, it wouldn't do for me to have any one with me. Mr. Richard himself could'nt go about in those streets; and I don't feel afraid. I think the Lord will go with me."

"I am sure He will, Effie dear, for I feel you are doing right."

To spare Effie all unpleasant explanations with the other servants, Maude called Jane in, and telling her all that was necessary, said she wanted her to drive in and see Effie off.

"Indeed we'd all like to go with her," said Jane. "We'll miss her awful; it'll be so kinder lonesome without her. I hope she'll come back soon, I do." Maude expressed the same hope, and then asked Jane to wheel her in to breakfast, as Effie had a good many preparations to make.

The day passed quickly enough; it seemed to Effie as if the hour of parting came so soon. She felt grieved to bid any of the members of the family good-bye, but when it came to her mistress her sorrow could not be kept in bounds—we always love so dearly the helpless and the suffering, and Effie had never been absent a day from the beloved invalid during the years she had lived with her; and above all, between the two there existed that heavenly bond stronger, purer than any other. Thank God, whether they met on earth again or not, that tie was indissoluble!

When Effie was left alone in the dim

cars which were so quiet save for the heavy breathing of some sleeper, she felt very, very desolate. She knew not where to go when she reached New York; her search for her father seemed almost as wild a one as that of her poor mother had been. She knew indeed the street and the number of the house where her father had hoped to find employment, and thither she would go.

If Nance was still alive she was sure she would gladly give her lodgings; but if anything had happened the old woman, where should she go? Miss Clark, she had heard, had married and left New York a month previously, and she had no other friend. In many ways it would be much worse for Effie to have to roam about the crowded streets now than when she was a little child. She had scarcely thought of these things, but now, when she was alone, the full sense of her desolateness came upon her. No wonder the poor girl's heart ached as she leaned her head against the cushioned back of the seat, and closed her eyes wearily.

But sweet words of heavenly comfort came to her soul ere long. Was she not in the path of duty? Why need she fear? Would not her God spread His sheltering wings around her—give His angels charge concerning her to keep her in all her ways? Comforted, Effie fell asleep, and did not awaken until the sunshine was trying to peep in through the shuttered windows of the car.

CHAPTAR XXV.

When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean who not in vain
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still He who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

When Effie reached New York and told the cabman to drive to —— street she saw him look suspiciously at her, but she had made up her mind to have to endure such glances, and took no notice.

Effie looked out, much interested as they rode along. How strangely familiar everything seemed, yet altered a good deal in the four years of her absence! Ah! these streets she knows well. There is the corner where little Willie used to sit with his matches; no one seems to have taken his stand. Some three or four idle boys are playing marbles under the shelter of the old stone wall. There, too, is the same tavern where poor Nance in old days used to spend her time and her money. It is not much changed, except that the shutters and the door have been painted green, which makes it look a little fresh. Now they have stopped at the old house, and Effie asks the man to wait while she gets out and mounts the old stairs which her unaccustomed feet find it hard to climb; a crowd of curious children follow her, wondering what "the likes of her is 'adoin up there."

Effie stops at the well-known door and knocks. A voice says "Come in." She enters; a ragged, gaunt girl sits at a broken table sewing, and two or three children are rolling about on the floor. Effie recognizes the girl as one of the "Simmonses" Solly had spoken of.

"I suppose, Lizzie, you don't know me," said Effie, going forward and holding out her hand. "I'm Effie Hamilton; I used to live here with Solly and Nance some years ago."

"Yes, I remember," said the girl, ungraciously. "Whatever did you come back here for?"

"I came because I had to," said Effie, sadly." Is old Nance here yet?"

"Old Nance! Why she died a month maybe after Solly left," said Lizzie, in an aggrieved tone.

Effie looked despairingly round; what should she do?

"I wonder, Lizzie, if you'd let me leave my trunk here for a little. I thought I'd be sure to find Nance, and I knew she'd be glad to let me stay with her until I could find father; you see, Lizzie, I came to try and find him."

"Did you? It's a poor place to look for any one in. I should hev thought you and your mother had tried hard enough at that sort of thing, 'cordin' to all accounts; how-

ever, you may bring your box here if you like; it won't want anything to eat, I 'spose," she said with a grim sort of humor that made Effie feel very bad; she knew so well the want of food was the chief want in that wretched room.

"Lizzie," said Effie, coming up to the girl and laying her hand on her shoulder, "Supposing I can't find father, you'll let me come and stop with you, won't you? I won't be any burden to you, I promise you; I could help you with your sewing. Oh! it's hard, Lizzie, to have no home but New York streets!" she added, her eyes filling with tears as the hard lines on Lizzie's face did not relax.

"I don't know as it is," said the other desperately. "I often think I'll try it."

"Oh! Lizzie, dear Lizzie, don't! Don't think of it even for a moment; it's an awful temptation; you know it is!"

"What's worse than starvation?" asked the girl, looking down at the thin, half-famished children at her feet. "O, God! How can I get them bread!" and the poor creature, leaning her head on the table, burst into tears.

Effie took the opportunity to slip some cents into the eldest child's hands, and bid her run for bread, and, as she went, tell the man to bring up her trunk.

Effie did not speak until he had gone again; then she said gently to Lizzie:—

"Don't feel so; it's good of you to take care of your little brothers and sister, and God won't let you want. Couldn't one of these little chaps do something," she went on. "I noticed that no one had lame Willie's stand. Now, why couldn't this little fellow take it, he looks smart enough? Willie used to earn as much as three or four shillings some days. Suppose I give you a shilling now to buy a box of matches, will you try?"

"Won't I!" said the boy, with sparkling eyes. "Only maybe the big boys won't let me stay."

"Come with me and we'll see." The little bare feet were soon pattering after Effie, while Lizzie, with dim yet grateful eyes, watched the two meeting the messenger on the stairs. Effie picked out a roll for Jackie, and the two were soon on the street.

"Go and get your matches, and I'll wait here," said Effie. Jackie, pulling vigorously at his roll, scampered off as fast as he could.

While he was gone a policeman strolled past, and Effie solicited his aid in setting up Jackie. Struck by the petitioner's pleasant manner the man agreed, and, scattering the marble-players, installed Jackie (who had just arrived), and promised Effie to keep an eye on the chap, and, if he behaved himself, to protect him from annoyance.

With many thanks, Effie walked away, not, however, without asking the policeman if he knew any one of the name of Hamilton about there. His reply was in the negative; but someway Effie felt brave, and set off hopefully for the street and number her father had mentioned. Arrived there, what was her consternation to find that the place was a grog shop. Could she have been mistaken? But no, there was the number over the door. Trembling, Effie stood outside. What should she do?

At length, with a murmured prayer, Effie timidly opened the door and stepped in. Even at that early hour of the day more than one habitual resorter was sitting on the greasy benches smoking and drinking. They stared at the girl as she entered with their red bloodshot eyes, and winked at each other.

Shrinking back, Effie would have gone out immediately had not a great burly fellow, evidently master of the establishment, called out:

"What is it you want, my dear? We're allers glad to see purty girls in here! Come right in; don't be bashful."

Effie's cheeks burnt, and her heart beat so fast she could scarcely speak.

"I'm not coming in," she said at last; "I only wanted to ask you if you knew anything of my father, Duncan Hamilton; he told me when I saw him last that he was going to get work here."

"I guess he did get work here!" laughed one of the men. "Hamilton was allers purty good at that sort of thing."

"You shut up, Smith," growled the landlord. "I'm afraid your father isn't alive, my dear," he said, turning to Effie blandly. But just you come into the sitting-room and I'll tell you all I know about him."

"I can't come in," said Effie. "Oh! please do tell me where he is!" she cried in distress. "I know he's not dead!"

Perhaps the man was touched by her sorrow, for he went to the door and, pointing to a wretched house across the street, told Effie Hamilton was there when he last saw him.

"And I suppose he's dying, and you never go and see him!" said Effie, indignantly.

"Well, 'spose he is; he's no call on me! Take yourself off if you're a'goin' to be independent."

Effie did so, hurrying towards the house indicated as fast as she could.

It was a miserable place, Effie thought uninhabited, as she pushed back the door just falling from its hinges, entering a wide hall, across whose floor rats ran screaming about even in the broad daylight. Effie saw that rooms opened off on either side, but as she searched one after the other she was doomed to fresh disappointment, They were all quite empty, wretched places, covered with filth and dirty straw. Almost in despair, Effie suddenly espied a broken stair, but so decayed was it she felt almost afraid to trust even her light weight on it; besides, a nervous terror had seized her. How did she know what she might find!"

Standing for a moment to implore His help and strength Who she felt would be with her even there, Effie began slowly and carefully to ascend. At length she found herself in a hall as spacious as the one below, and with the same number of rooms opening off it. She shuddered as she thought of going through the ordeal of examining each. Slowly the girl went from one room to the other, but with the same success as before, until, on reaching the last room but one, she saw what at first she believed was merely a heap of rags lying in one corner. She drew nearer, and then she saw a pale human face, pressed against the rags. So white was it, Effie believed it to be that of the dead, and with that natural shrinking we all must feel at the presence of death, the girl started back in horror. But better feelings came, and Effie knelt down and slowly drew back the ragged covering. As she did so she felt the body was still warm. She smoothed back the matted hair from the white brow, and looked at the face. It was indeed that of her own father!

Tears filled Effie's eyes and fell on the face of the dying man, but they did not disturb him; he did not move.

"Father, dear father, won't you speak to me?" pleaded Effie, stroking the thin hands and pale face; but no sound came.

"What shall I do!" groaned Effie. "Oh, if I could only get him away from this lonely dreadful place; I'd be afraid to stay here! I must try, if he dies before I come back."

She glided out and sprang down the creaking stairs, heedless of danger. Almost flying along the streets, she stopped not till she had reached Lizzie Simmons' door.

"Are any of these rooms empty?" she asked eagerly, just putting her head in.

"Yes, the next one. What's the matter?"

"Oh! I've found him!" cried Effie, hurrying off again. Most fortunately, she encountered her friend the policeman at the foot of the stairs, and pouring out her story, implored him to help her.

God certainly provided friends for Effie in her extremity, and He will for all needy ones if they trust in Him.

The man willingly gave his assistance, and in a few minutes managed to find a friend of his, a carter, who agreed to bring the dying man. Lizzie Simmons lent some old quilts, and in a short time the three were off, Effie eagerly leading the way. She found her father in the same state as that in which she had left him, and he did not move or give any signs of life when the men carried him down stairs and laid him on the cart.

It was a strange procession that moved along those dreadful streets that bright April day, Effie walking on one side, the policeman on the other of the motionless body lying so unresisting in its pitiful rags. I wonder if Jeanie Hamilton looked down on the scene!

At length No. 18 was reached, and Effie found that Lizzie in her absence had been to "Old Grinder" and secured the adjoining room, and had moved what few bed clothes she herself had left in for the use of the sick man.

So one little act of kindness begets another!

"I'm afeard it's a useless job," said the carter to the policeman, as they went down the stairs together.

"I'm afraid so, but I declare to you I'd do anything for that nice-spoken girl. Do you know who she is?"

"I've seen her about these parts afore, but it was when she was quite small. She'd a given me a quarter, only I wouldn't take it."

"I should say not," said the policeman, grimly. "She's too free with her quarters, poor thing! She just took and sot that air little youngster up with a box of matches out of pure charity, she did. I bought a paper or two just to please her, like."

"So will I then," said the carter, "for mine's just out."

(*To be continued.*)

THE FIRST POCKET.

What is this tremendous noise?
 What can be the matter?
Willie's coming up the stairs
 With unusual clatter.

Now he bursts into the room,
 Noisy as a rocket:
"Auntie! I am five years old—
 And I've got a pocket!"

Eyes are round and bright as stars;
 Cheeks like apples glowing:
Heart that this new treasure fills
 Quite to overflowing.

"Jack may have his squeaking boots
 Kate may have her locket:
I've got something better yet,—
 I have got a pocket!"

All too fresh the joy to make
 Emptiness a sorrow:
Little hand is plump enough
 To fill it—till to-morrow.

And, e'er many days were o'er,
 Strangest things did stock it:
Nothing ever came amiss
 To this wondrous pocket.

Leather, marbles, bits of string,
 Licorice-sticks and candy,
Stones, a ball, his pennies too:
 It was always handy.

And, when Willie's snug in bed,
 Should you chance to knock it,
Sundry treasures rattle out
 From this crowded pocket.

Sometimes Johnny's borrowed knife
 Found a place within it:
He forgot that he had said,
 "I want it *just a minute*."

Once the closet-key was lost;
 No one could unlock it:
Where do you suppose it was?—
 Down in Willie's pocket!

—ELIZABETH SILL *in The Nursery*.

A GHOST HUNT.

The least satisfactory expedition of my life was the one I undertook, at the age of ten, in search of a ghost. We used to have a noon recess at school from half-past eleven to two in the hot summer weather, during which girls who lived within an easy distance went home to dinner. On a particular afternoon we were to have an exhibition of singing and recitation; and I had been studying for weeks a pathetic little poem called "The Lost Children."

I lived with my Aunt Julia, and she was one of the kindest and best of women; but she always said she did not believe I could remain one hour out of mischief to save my life. I had not been in trouble for nearly a week; it was very remarkable, and I cannot explain it except by the fact that I had been struggling hard to study the poem of "The Lost Children," and was determined to recite it in such a manner as to overcome my Aunt Julia with emotion, and make her praise me for once. The exhibition morning rose propitiously bright and clear, and I never said my prayers more thankfully, for I had been awake two or three times in the night, trembling lest I should hear the rain pattering on the roof overhead. Aunt Julia took out my best white skirt, with edging round it, and my pretty white tucked dress, and laid them on her bed, intending to dress me after breakfast: and the sight of them rejoiced my heart. "I don't expect to see a whole stitch on you when I get there this afternoon," she began, "but I do hope you'll get to school all straight, and let your governess see that you were tidy to begin with."

Now, I was determined to do nothing that my aunt feared, so that she would be forced to give me credit. I sat up stiffly in my seat, and begged all the girls to "please keep their distance, for I wanted to look like wax when aunty came." I really deserved some credit for the way in which I tortured myself; my joints fairly ached; and I felt as if I had turned to wood when

the recess-bell rang, and we all trooped out to play and eat our luncheons. Aunt Julia, resolved that I should not soil my clothes with rich viands, had packed my little basket herself. A large apple, a sandwich, and some biscuits. And when they were eaten I sat still on the garden bench.

"Come and play, Madge," cried the girls as they rushed past me, and what a temptation it was, and how hard I had to struggle to resist it! Mary Burton came by, talking earnestly to a new scholar who had just arrived that morning. "Margaret," she said, stopping suddenly before me, "this is Jenny Floyd. She is to be driven to school every morning in the carriage."

I am afraid we were not very polite in our school, and I do not think I took this introduction in the proper spirit. It made me a little spiteful to think that this new pupil wished to set herself up on the ground of possessing a carriage. So I said, "Yes," doubtfully, and looked rather coldly at the gentle, sweet-faced girl, who stood smiling shyly, and seemed anxious to conciliate goodwill.

"But I was not talking about the carriage, you know," she said, softly; "I was telling about the ghost."

"Yes, of course; I was going to tell Madge. Jenny says there is a ghost all in white down in the old farm-house beside Bell's Hill. Their servant-man saw it, and so did his brother that lives near there."

"A ghost!" I cried, my eyes opening.

Jenny Floyd was very earnest, and deeply excited on the subject. Suddenly I began to be quite intimate with her, and forgot the first impression of her being proud.

"Can you tell me where the house is," I asked.

"Oh, yes," she answered. "Just down by Bell's Hill, you know—only a little way from here. It's red."

All at once a bright idea struck me. I could not play or romp in the ground, because of my nice white clothes, but certainly I could not injure them if I should just walk down to the Bridge Road and look for the ghost. I once heard aunty say she should like to know anyone that had really seen such a thing. I begged Jenny Floyd to go with me and show the way to the great red house behind Bell's Hill. At first she was a little frightened at the idea, and said she had rather not leave the playground.

"It is against the rules to do so, is it not?" she asked.

"Why no, of course not," I cried. "Is it, Mary Burton?"

Mary did not seem quite sure. "I don't know," she said; "perhaps it may not be against the rules to go and hunt for a ghost; I don't remember ever hearing Miss Barker say anything about it."

Just then some one called to Mary, and she ran away, leaving me with Jenny Floyd, whom I soon discovered to be a gentle, winning girl, so anxious to oblige that she did not dare refuse. And we got our hats and started. I never was so anxious to find anything in all my life as that ghost. The weather was very warm, and the roads were dusty; great droves of cattle came thronging along, and raised yellow clouds that settled in our clothes and half-choked us; but still, undismayed, we kept on, and Jenny said we should soon reach a turn that would carry us out of the highway into a green land with a sweet-briar hedge on one side and a brook running through the fields.

"There are plenty of blackberries there. Did you ever make blackberry syrup?" asked Jenny.

Now it was quite a passion among us children at that time to make blackberry syrup, and I had never been able to gratify mine fully, on account of my aunt.

"Oh, let us get as many as we can, and carry them home with us," I cried with enthusiasm. "Ellen Harvey and I searched for them up the Bridge Road, and we couldn't find one."

Jenny caught my excitement. "Let's climb over the fence here; we can't get through the hedge, and we can go round across the brook. It is only a little way over that hill to the great house," said she.

There was scarcely anything I did more readily than climb a fence, and in a way my aunt by no means approved of; I could give a bound, a spring, and a fling, and land like a cat on the other side. Little Jenny could not do it so easily; she came over on her face, and struck her poor little nose on a rough stone. The blood spurted over her face, hands, and pretty blue silk frock. Frightened and sympathizing, I endeavored to raise her, and in my haste trod the gathers out of her skirt.

"Oh, I'm so sorry! Poor Jenny!" I said, half crying. "Never mind, I'll wipe it off."

So I took out my handkerchief, which had done service in washing slates in the morning, and was, besides, rather inky. Jenny cried, and complained of the stickiness of her complexion, and said she wished there was a pump somewhere, for her face felt as if it was glued.

"There's the brook!" I cried delightedly. "Come on, and we'll soon reach it."

I rushed forward, and, almost tumbling into the little stream, leaned over and dipped my stained handkerchief in the water. "Just let me wash your face, Jenny, and you'll feel all right."

"She was too timid to object to the operation; but it was not a very successful one, for I draggled her dress and slopped it all over with the water, besides giving my own a sprinkling.

"Oh, what shall I dry my face on?" cried Jenny, with the water running down her nose. "I left my handkerchief at school, and my eyes are full of sand."

"That's too bad," said I, "for I've wet mine. What shall I do?"

There were plenty of large leaves growing round, and I gathered a quantity and rubbed her poor little face with them. I meant it kindly, but it made her cry again, and she sobbed till we got to the blackberry bushes. Her spirits rose then, and she began to laugh.

"We can gather a great many, she said; and I'll bring a bag to-morrow to strain them through, and make such a load of syrup. I can get some little jars to put it in, and it will be delicious."

I thought so, too, but did not know what to do with them now, which damped my ardour considerably.

"What shall we do?" I exclaimed in vexation; "my handkerchief is all wet, and I have no apron. I would fill my hat, only it's so hot I can't do without it."

"I wish we had a basket or a little pail," murmured Jenny, hopelessly, her delight in the berries giving way to the emergency.

I was always blessed with lucky thoughts, and one came to me then. "There's a pocket in my petticoat, Jenny, I've just thought of it. We can fill that up, and divide 'em when we get to school. Aunt Julia never lets me have pockets in my thin white frocks."

We went to work picking berries, choosing the large soft ones that would mash easily and make plenty of syrup. I pinned my dress carefully aside to keep it clean, being still quite determined to surprise my aunt by my appearance. When my pocket was nearly full, I crowded them down, knowing we should want a great many berries if we hoped to make much syrup; which dyed my hands red. We were very busy, and the time passed quickly; the sun was hot, and somehow when we wiped our faces they got dreadfully smeared, and the green off the soft leaves and the red off the berries made a curious combination in Jenny's face. I could not see my own, but Jenny seemed to look at me with astonishment and dismay, and I supposed I had got a spot or two.

Meantime, the ghost we had set out to search for was entirely neglected, and not until we had well scorched ourselves in the sun, and despoiled the bushes, did we think of the haunted house.

"Oh, Jenny," cried I, "don't you know we've got to find the ghost! It'll be school-time soon."

So we left the blackberries, and scampered over the field till we came to the base of Bell's Hill, where we had to cross the brook; and then we discovered that we had come the wrong way for the little bridge, which was much further up the bank.

"Let us go on towards the planks," said Jenny, doubtfully. "I'd much rather not try to jump over."

"Nonsense!" said I, "look at me. I'll show you how!"

She looked at me, and I gave a bound. My foot turning as I sprang, I landed ankle deep in the soft mud of the bank, and came down sprawling.

"Oh, Madge!" cried Jenny from the other side, "I don't want to go over that way; wait till I run up to the bridge, and I'll come and help you. I am so sorry."

I did not wait for her assistance, but scrambled up as well as I could, drawing out my muddy foot and rubbing it vigorously on the grass. "I'm all over mud now," I remarked as she came up, "and it's just what I get for trying so hard to keep neat." Jenny fetched some leaves and got a little mud off my shoe, and a good deal on her hands. I still held my wet handkerchief rolled up like a ball in the palm of my hand, so I shook it out again and tried the water once more. I splashed myself somewhat, and in leaning forward, dipped my skirt into the brook just a little; but the mud was conquered and disappeared, and I stood up, by-and-by, with a clean wet shoe, and a yellow stocking from which I could not drive the earth stains. We went on again, in a subdued mood, and had nothing to say till we reached the top of the hill, and looking down saw a red brick farm-house, with broken fences and ruinous old sheds, a picture of neglect and decay, contrasting oddly with a pretty little cottage just beyond, shaded under its cluster of oaks.

"There's the ghost's house," whispered Jenny, in a timid voice, pointing to the big one, and standing still.

I was just dirty enough to be bold and reckless, and said we'd go on.

"Oh," screamed Jenny, "what is it? You've cut yourself somewhere! There's blood running down your leg."

I screamed too, and we were both in awful terror. But it turned out to be the joice dripping from the pocket of pressed blackberries.

A strange sound arose just then like the stroke of a hammer: thump, thump, thump. "That's the noise the ghost makes; just hear it; oh, let's run, Madge, dear, let's run!" whispered Jenny, turning to fly, but I caught her by the sleeve.

"We can run after we peep: let's get up on that old stump and look in at the window, and then we'll know what they do in haunted houses, and how ghosts act. If it comes out, we can run over to that white cottage, and call with all our might. Come along!"

I pulled her on. "Just look! there's a puddle of water by the door; it looks as if it had been just poured out, and it's red too. Oh Jenny, it's an awful ghost, isn't it." I was almost frightened to death, but I think I rather enjoyed the sensation, and felt the glow of heroic pride in being able to discover a real ghost, and watch its actions. I did not mean to be left alone, however, and so held fast to Jenny, pulling her with me and mounting the stump which was on a range with the small broken window in the kitchen, and between which and the back door lay the straggling pool of red water. Yes, it was red—and—with—blood! Jenny held me as tightly as I held her, and did not try to look into the window after the first glance, which made her turn away her eyes, and utter a stifled scream. A tall figure all in white stood there; we could see it in the centre of the room, which was rather dark; and with a great shining thing like a huge knife, kept chopping up and down.

"Don't call, Jenny," I whispered in great excitement, "it can't come out in the light—ghosts never do; and there's a woman over there in the porch of the cottage, and she'll see it, if it does."

"Oh, I don't want to stay," shivered Jenny, in frightened tears. "Oh! do come, Madge—oh! oh! oh!"

She pulled me, and I resisted, rising on tiptoe, to peep forward into the window at the mysterious chopper. I don't know how it was, but in the struggle to keep on the stump, I lost my balance, and came toppling over, bringing Jenny with me. Such a mess—rolling, tumbling, floundering, and struggling in that dreadful pool: and oh, horror of horrors! out came the ghost, chopper in hand!

"Now, what on earth are you young 'uns up to?" demanded the ghost, who was a short, fat, red-faced spirit, and wore a long white butcher's shirt. "You're just about fit for the wash-tub you two, and it's to be hoped your mother has got lots of soap."

He tried to raise us; but Jenny writhed out of his grasp, shrieking, "Go away! oh, go away! Margaret said you couldn't touch us in the daylight!"

"Hold on, and let me get you out of the mud," cried he; and landed us both on the door-step. I was a quick child, and the truth came to me.

"Oh, please sir, are you a butcher?" I asked, more mortified by my failure in the ghost hunt, than by the wretched figure I cut. "We thought you were a spirit, and that you haunted the Great Red House with a big knife."

The man laughed very loudly. "I don't look much like a ghost, do I? What on earth put such a notion in your heads? You see, the weather's warm and the flies is thick around our place there, so I bring over my chopping-block, as this here old house his cold and shady, and chop my sausage meat in it."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" I cried in bitter disappointment. "We came all the way from school, and got our things and eyes and hair full of mud on purpose to see a ghost, and there isn't any to see."

"I wish I had something like a looking-glass to give you a peep in, and I'm sure you'd think you'd seen a couple of 'em. I've half a mind to be frightened at you myself."

He was a good-natured butcher, and laughed uproariously when he stepped back to take a view of us poor ghost-hunters, and I knew we must have made a very pityful figure. Both of us began to cry.

"Now, there; don't do that, little lambs," he said kindly; "there ain't no sense in it, and you are all right and no bones broke. All you want is soap and water, and if you'll come over with me to our place yonder, my wife will gave you a good scrubbing down."

"Oh! we're wet through," sobbed Jenny, "and my hat is spoilt. Oh dear!"

"Never mind; I'll take the blame, Jenny," I cried, feeling that I had led her into evil, and should help her out of it.

"First get cleaned off a little, and then you'll be able to see your way out of your trouble easier," said he, as he would have led us towards his cottage. But Jenny hung back, frightened to death.

"Oh, never mind, thank you," she said trembling; "we'll dry here in the sun very soon. And please go on chopping, sir; we don't mean to interrupt you."

The butcher laughed. "I'm in a little hurry to get done, for I'm going to drive into town in about half an hour. As you look a bit tired, suppose you let me take you in my cart?"

We were very glad of the opportunity, because, besides being tired, we rather dreaded the Bridge Road in our present condition. So we shook out our things in the sun, and waited whilst the butcher finished his chopping. After that he began to stuff his skins, which proved to be so interesting an operation that we forgot how time passed. Then the butcher said, "Here's a few sausages apiece for you; take 'em home and ask the cook to fry 'em for your supper, and tell her you see a ghost chop 'em. And if you'll go down to the foot o' the hill, I'll come on and take you up in my cart." But it's as well to mention that these beautiful sausages that we were so proud of, and that nearly reconciled Jenny to the butcher, my Aunt Julia afterwards flung out of the window in her passion.

We had seemed to wait a long while when he appeared, driving slowly, and looking

for us on all sides. He laughed heartily every time he glanced towards us, and seemed to think his giving rise to a ghostly story a great joke. We felt very glad to get out of the sun and public road, and he drove us home quickly. Then we said Good-by, and thanked him, and felt fit to choke with dismay as we went on to the scholl-room door. I wouldn't go in, and Jenny wouldn't go in. Suddenly somebody threw it open. It was filled with ladies and gentlemen, and the girls in their nice dresses. Aunt Julia had on a white bonnet and feathers. I think we frightened them all, for she fell back and screamed. Miss Barker, who stood with the programme in her hand, did the same—and then they all seemed to get up together, as if they were going to run away from us, or to beat us.

"Oh!" cried Aunt Julia, "whatever have you done? Miserable children!"

"It's the blackberries," I cried, bursting into tears. "It's all my fault; please don't scold Jenny, for she is not to be blamed. And it's not a ghost after all, but a butcher; and only look at the nice sausages he has given us!"

I held up the string. There was a frightful hubbed, and the next I knew was, that they had gone careering out of the open window.

I dont't clearly remember anything more: except that I was hurried home in ignominy and promptly sent into the bathroom; our old servant, Mary, refusing to touch my clothes, except with the thin end of the broom.

And that was the end of our ghost hunt. —*Argosy.*

THE FLOWER MISSION.

The following account of a beautiful charity is taken from an American Juvenile Magazine. We copy it in the hope that it may suggest to our "Young Folks" new means of doing good:—

The Flower Mission of Boston is one of the simplest and sweetest of her charities. This is the fourth season that it has dispensed comfort and blessing to the bedsides of sickness and the work-rooms of weary toil. As it was the idea of a Boston girl, it seems fitting that it should be brought to the notice of the girls who read this Magazine. And the boys, too, I am sure, need no less to learn how a little thoughtfulness may contribute to the happiness of many.

Walking along the streets one hot summer day, with a bunch of flowers for a sick friend, this girl noticed, as probably many others would have done, how many of the passers-by turned to look at it; how little children begged for "just one flower please;" and the weary and dusty seemed to brighten a little as it passed. And the thought occurred to her, Why could not the flowers so abundantly lavished upon the country be brought to those who cannot go to them,—to those who by sickness, or poverty, or toil, are confined all the long, hot summer months in the city.

Being not only a thinker, but a doer also, this idea resulted, by the aid of others, in what is known as the Flower Mission of Hollis-street Chapel, so called because of the pleasant room kindly offered for its headquarters, and not because of the patronage of any one church. All denominations delight to aid in its gentle labor of love.

From May until October this room is open every Monday and Thursday morning from eight till twelve, for the reception of flowers; and young ladies are in attendance, to make up and distribute the bouquets. All are free contributions from the fields, the gardens, and the conservatories. First comes a basket of wild flowers, lupines, and columbines, and bright green ferns, and then a large box full of aristocratic tea-roses, and dainty and hybrid heliotropes; then great branches of lilac, and the sweet wild azalea; or, perhaps, rich pansies with their laughing faces, from the "Pansy Man," who has made this contribution a speciality.

Here comes a lady with a basket of nose gays picked early this morning from an old-fashioned garden—bachelor's buttons, and spicy pinks, and feathery grass. Now some boxes of strawberries arrive—not as many as we could wish; but the lady with the list of sick well knows to whom these will be the greatest treat. 'Tis a busy and a pretty scene—the table piled high with its floral offering, and the cheerful tongues keeping time to the flying fingers. As fast as the bouquets are made, they are put in a tank of water, there to await deposit in the baskets, dozens of which hang upon the wall gaping for their fragrant burdens. By noon a hundred or two bouquets are made, and the baskets are filled for the hospital. Carriages are sent to convey them there, where their coming is awaited with eagerness by the suffering inmates.

We who are well, and so surrounded by nature's beauties as to be almost unmindful of them, can scarcely realize how a simple bouquet will brighten the tedious routine of hospital life and suffering. Smaller baskets are also filled, and sent to private persons who are known to the different young ladies. And it is not unlikely you may overhear snatches of low conversation, which show that the gift of flowers is but a cover for other and more substantial bounties.

Indeed, the flower itself is but a trifle compared with the thought and good-will which prompts the offering. And it is *this* which makes the Flower Mission thrice blessed.

The flowers that are left after these donations are generally sent to the work-rooms of the city. Of course they are utterly inadequate to supply the number of people to whom they would afford pleasure. Three hundred bouquets a day, with two hundred to hospitals, &c., leaves hardly enough to supply a single work-room of many large tailoring establishments. But as far as they go, they give great pleasure. And if the boys and girls in the country could tell how much, more hands would be picking them on evening walks and afternoon holidays, I am sure.

Those who distribute the flowers can tell many interesting incidents attendant upon their pleasant task. Oftentimes the flowers are declined at first, the girls thinking they must be paid for; and it does not take a profound mathematician to calculate how much, out of a week's wages of four or five dollars, a girl can spare for the luxury of flowers. But when they understand that they are a free gift from those in the country to those in the city, the pleasure with which they are received and put in some improvised vase, and set upon the sewing-machine or on the window seat, where the sight of them may shorten the weary hours, and suggest, in the midst of heat and steam, and stifling air the green woods,--and this, if seen, would repay, many times over, the trouble that the gift has cost.

Sometimes they are sent to the city jail and state prison; and wherever they go, they are seen to touch and awaken that which is best in every human being. They are also sent to the city missionaries for distribution in miserable quarters which they strive to purify. And one of them told, with tears in his eyes, how he had seemed to reach, by the simple gift of a flower, hearts which for months he had been trying in vain to touch. Their report tells us that during the working months of 1871 between eleven and twelve thousand bouquets were distributed; and of fruit there were nearly seven hundred donations besides a special distribution of two thousand pond lilies. Thirty-four towns had the pleasure of contributing to this happy result.

To be generous with flowers brings its own reward; for the more they are cut, the more will the plants bloom, as any gardener will tell you. You can represent the matter in this light to your friends who have gardens; and not be afraid of begging in so good a cause. Then, the woods and fields yield their treasures without a murmur. There are the yellow and flame-colored field lilies, the gorgeous cardinal flower, the whole tribe of orchis, all of which are formidable rivals to the garden beauties.

If you live in a city that has no flower mission start one of your own. The only capital required is the wish and the will.

Two young ladies of New York, during a visit to Boston, became interested in its Flower Mission, and on their return determined to copy so beautiful a thing. Two or three discouraging mornings, with not a single flower, was the beginning of a missson which now sends out its bouquets by the thousand; and the end is not yet.

If flowers are grateful to the eye of the sick still more grateful is fresh fruit to their capricious tastes. Would it not be pleasant, in those places where berries abound, to form berry parties, the results of the day's labor to be forwarded in the same manner? I will not mention all the fine plans which suggest themselves for the promotion of this labor of love, leaving some for your own quick wits to invent, but will close with the hope that some hearts may be made lighter, and some sad homes the brighter, by efforts of our girls and boys. —*From Oliver Optic's Magazine.*

A TRUE STORY.

Last Winter while visiting in the country, I made the acquaintance of a beautiful Newfoundland, not a year old, but very large and sociable and intelligent, with enough beauty to spoil a weak-minded dog. He had a house near the kitchen steps, where he slept at night, but was out of it early in the morning, and never thought of occupying it through the day.

Rover's house was so comfortable with the nice straw in it, that a couple of hens who were a little too ambitious left the hen-house with all its conveniences of roosts and nest boxes, and very unwisely laid their eggs there. Rover did not like their intrusion upon his premises, but after the family told him to let the hens enjoy their fancy, he kindly let them alone, but took the eggs out every day, and laid them on the ground or snow, and sometimes they were frozen before anybody found them. One day he accidently broke an egg, and behold, he found it delicious! After that he always ate them. It was very funny to see how he watched the hen. No sooner did he hear the first little cackle when she came off her nest, than he started for his prize. As his kennel was near the kitchen the cook would run too, but Rover was often too spry for her.

Rover's master did not like this habit, so he told one of his friends that Rover thought fresh eggs a great luxury, and asked what he should do about it. This gentleman knew of another dog who had

the same liking. He therefore tried an experiment which was a little severe upon poor Rover. He prepared an egg with some medicine in it that would make Rover sick. Then as soon as the hen had laid an egg he took it from the nest, and put the one with medicine in, in its place. Rover never suspected that they saw him rob the nest, so he went just as usual after the egg, and ate it. But ah! how sick he was and surprised too. He could not understand it at all. The next day the gentleman did the same thing over again, and then watched Rover. By-and-bye Rover went to the nest again and got the egg, but he was afraid to eat it. He took it to a little bush near by and buried it, and went off. It seems that he went to his most intimate friend, Mr. Brown's dog Major, and told him what a strange thing had happened him, and asked Major if he would be kind enough to try an egg for him, and see wether *he* would be sick too. Now Major was a noble fellow, and consented. While the gentleman was watching, Rover brought Major to the bush, uncovered the egg, and Major ate it.

You ask "Was he sick?" Yes, very! As for Rover he never ventured to eat another.

AN EXPOSTULATION.

"What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"
(Matt. xvi. 26).

Hast thou a soul, whose worth
Outweighs the gathered wealth of all the earth ?—
A soul, whose term extends
Through countless ages on, nor ever ends.
A soul, designed for bliss,
Such as no tongue can utter what it is:
Or doomed to drag in pain
A ceaseless life, and pine for death in vain.
A soul the Saviour sought,
And with His precious blood and deathpangs bought?
Hast thou a soul, and having such a treasure,
Wilt barter it for husks of empty pleasure ?

What are the world's vain toys,
But the base counterfeit of real joys ?
They leave behind no peace—
Rather a restless craving when they cease.
They are but like the cup
The drunkard curses as he drinks it up,
Yet, to allay his pain,
Flies to the soothing poison once again:
And when at length they fail,
And all is lost, oh! who shall then unvail
The long repentance which awaits thee, where
No glittering mask shall cover blank despair ?

Then pause and think, dear friend!
Where art thou going—what must be the end ?
I ask thee not to leave
The sweets of life, and nought instead receive:
I only bid thee fly
The shadow for the bright reality.
Oh! taste and see how blest
Is he who has the Spirit for his guest,
His hope and peace how much,
Deep down, where grief their fountain cannot touch—
Yes, even here,—but in a better home,
There language fails to paint the joys to come.

And we, meanwhile, will pray;
Yes, if God gives us power, both night and day.
And we, meanwhile, will wait,
Seeking an answer at His mercy gate—
Looking till thou obey
The solemn call to hear His voice "To-day"—
Looking to see thee melt
Beneath the rays of love too long unfelt—
To see each grace bestowed,
Consecrate to the service of thy God;
Then o'er thy soul, accepted and forgiven,
Shall be glad praises here, and "joy in heaven."

HADDAGADDA.

The game of Haddagadda is thus described in *Good Words for the Young:*

A boundary mark is drawn, and an equal division of boys is ranged upon each side. They caper up and down by the edge of the line, each party defying the other to cross, until some one makes a dart over to the enemy's side. If he can strike an opponent and escape safely to his own party within the space of a single "breath," that opponent is "dead," and the enemy's force is less by a man. A prolonged noise made in the throat indicates the duration of a "breath." If, however, the invader is captured, and held until he be compelled to draw a second breath, he remains a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. The sport is carried on with great spirit until one side becomes so weakened, that the other can make a sally across the frontier and put an end to the game.

A SIMPLE CHARADE.

Three or four persons in the secret go into the room by themselves. The rest of the company enter one by one. The word of the charade is "Mimic." No one speaks, but everything done by the new-comer the rest imitate exactly till he guesses the word; after which he takes his place among the actors, and the next comes in.

The Home.

COMMENDATION AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

We are very apt to imagine that the disposition to do right is, or ought to be, the natural and normal condition of childhood, and that doing wrong is something unnatural and exceptional with children. As a consequence, when they do right we think there is nothing to be said. That is, or ought to be, a matter of course. It is only when they do wrong that we notice their conduct, and then, of course, with censure and reproaches.

We do not propose to enter at all into the consideration of the various theological and metaphysical theories in respect to the native constitution and original tendencies of the human soul, but to look at the phenomena of mental and moral action in a plain and practical way, as they present themselves to the observation of mothers in the every-day walks of life. And in order the better to avoid any complication with these theories, we will take first an extremely simple case, namely, the fault of making too much noise in opening and shutting the door in going in and out of a room. Georgie and Charlie are two boys, both about five years old, and both prone to the same fault. We will suppose that their mothers take opposite measures to correct them; Georgie's mother depending upon the influence of commendation and encouragement when he does right, and Charlie's, upon the efficacy of reproaches and punishments when he does wrong.

Georgie, eager to ask his mother some question, or to obtain some permission in respect to his play, bursts into her room some morning with a great noise, opening and shutting the door violently, and making much disturbance. In a certain sense he is not to blame for this, for he is wholly unconscious of the disturbance he makes. The entire cognizant capacity of his mind is occupied with the object of his request. He not only had no intention of doing any harm, but has no idea of his having done any.

His mother takes no notice of the noise he made, but answers his question, and he goes away making almost as much noise in going out as he did coming in.

The next time he comes in it happens—entirely by accident, we will suppose—that he makes a little less noise than before. This furnishes his mother with an opportunity.

"Georgie," she says, "I see you are improving."

"Improving?" repeated Georgie, not knowing to what his mother refers.

"Yes," said his mother; "You are improving in coming into the room without making a noise by opening and shutting the door. You did not make nearly as much noise this time as you did before when you came in. Some boys, whenever they come into a room, make so much noise in opening and shutting the door that it is very disagreeable. If you go on improving as you have begun, you will soon come in as quietly as any gentleman."

The next time that Georgie comes in he takes the utmost pains to open and shut the door as silently as possible.

He makes his request. His mother shows herself unusually ready to grant it.

"You opened and shut the door like a gentleman," she says. "I ought to do everything for you I can, when you take so much pains not to disturb or trouble me."

Charlie's mother, on the other hand, acts on a different principle. Charlie comes in sometimes, we will suppose, in a quiet and proper manner. His mother takes no notice of this. She considers it a matter of course. By-and-by, however, under the influence of some special eagerness, he makes a great noise. Then his mother interposes. She breaks out upon him with,

"Charlie, what a noise you make! Don't you know better than to slam the door in that way when you come in? If you can't learn to make less noise in going in and out I shall not let you go in and out at all."

Charlie knows very well that this is an empty threat. Still, the utterance of it, and the scolding that accompanies it, irritate him a little, and the only possible good effect that can be expected to result from it is to make him try, the next time he comes in, to see how small an abatement of the noise he usually makes will do, as a kind of make-believe obedience to his mother's command. He might, indeed, honestly answer his mother's angry ques-

tion by saying that he does *not* know better than to make such a noise. He does not know why the noise of the door should be disagreeable to his mother. It is not disagreeable to *him*. On the contrary, it is agreeable. Children always like noise, especially if they make it themselves. And although Charlie has often been told that he must not make any noise, the reason for this—namely, that though noise is a source of pleasure, generally, to children, especially when they make it themselves, it is almost always a source of annoyance and pain to grown persons—has never really entered his mind so as to be actually comprehended as a practical reality. His ideas in respect to the philosophy of the transaction are, of course, exceedingly vague; but so far as he forms any idea, it is that his mother's words are the expression of some mysterious but unreasonable sensitiveness on her part, which awakens in her a spirit of fault-finding and ill-humor that vents itself upon him in blaming him for nothing at all; or, as he would express it more tersely, if not so elegantly, that she is "very cross." In other words, the impression made by the transaction upon his moral sense is that of wrong-doing on his *mother's part*, and not at all on his own.

Before leaving this illustration, it must be carefully observed that in the first-mentioned case—namely, that of Georgie—the work of curing the fault in question is not to be at all considered *effected* by the step taken by his mother which has been already described. That was only a beginning—a *right* beginning, it is true, but still only a beginning. It produced in him a cordial willingness to do right, in one instance. That is a great thing, but it is, after all, only one single step. The work is not complete till a *habit* of doing right is formed, which is another thing altogether, and requires special and continual measures directed to this particular end. Children have to be *trained* in the way in which they should go—not merely shown the way, and induced to make a beginning of entering it.

Having taken the first step already described, George's mother finds some proper opportunity, when she can have the undisturbed and undivided attention of her boy—perhaps at night, after he has gone to his crib or his trundlebed, and just before she leaves him; or, perhaps, at some time while she is at work, and he is sitting at her side, with his mind calm, quiet, and unoccupied.

"Georgie," she says, "I have a plan to propose to you."

Georgie is eager to know what it is.

"You know how pleased I was when you came in so quietly to-day."

Georgie remembers it very well.

"It is very curious," continued his mother, "that there is a great difference between grown people and children about noise. Children *like* almost all kinds of noises very much, especially if they make the noise themselves; but grown people dislike them even more, I think, than children like them. If there were a number of boys in the house, and I should tell them that they might run back and forth through the rooms, and rattle and slam all the doors as they went as loud as they could, they would like it very much. They would think it excellent fun."

"Yes," says Georgie, "indeed they would. I wish you would let us do it some day."

"But grown people," continues his mother, "would not like such an amusement at all. On the contrary, such a racket would be excessively disagreeable to them, whether they made it themselves or whether somebody else made it. So, when children come into a room where grown people are sitting, and make a noise in opening and shutting the door, it is very disagreeable. Of course, grown people always like those children the best that come into a room quietly, and in a gentlemanly and lady-like manner."

As this explanation comes in connection with Georgie's having done right, and with the commendation which he has received for it, his mind and heart are open to receive it, instead of being disposed to resist and exclude it, as he would have been if the same things exactly had been said to him in connection with censure and reproaches for having acted in violation of the principle.

"Yes, mother," says he, and I mean to always open and shut the door as still as I can."

"Yes, I know you mean to do so," rejoined his mother, "but you will forget unless you have some plan to make you remember it until the *habit is formed*. Now I have a plan proposed to help you form the habit. When you get the habit formed there will be no more difficulty.

"The plan is this: whenever you come into a room making a noise I will simply say, "*Noise*." Then you will step back again softly and shut the door, and then you will come in again in a quiet and proper way. You will not go back for punishment, for you would not have made the noise on purpose, and so would not deserve any punishment. It is only to help you remember, and so to form the habit of coming into a room in a quiet and gentlemanly manner."

Now Georgie, especially if all his mother's management of him is conducted in this spirit, will enter into this plan with great cordiality.

"I should not propose this plan," continued his mother, "if I thought that when

I say "*Noise*," and you have to go out and come in again, it would put you out of humor, and make you cross or sullen. I am sure you will be good-natured about it, and even if you consider it a kind of punishment, that you will go out willingly, and take the punishment like a man; and when you come in again you will come in quietly, and look pleased and happy to find that you are carrying out the plan honorably."

Then if, on the first occasion when he is sent back, he *does* take it good-naturedly, this must be noticed and commended.

Now, unless we are entirely wrong in all our ideas of the nature and tendencies of the infantile mind, it is as certain that a course of procedure like this will be successful in curing the fault which is the subject of treatment, as that water will extinguish fire. It cures it, too, without occasioning any irritation, annoyance or ill-humor in the mind either of mother or child. On the contrary, it is a source of real satisfaction and pleasure to them both, and increases and strengthens the bond of sympathy by which their hearts are united to each other.

It must be understood distinctly that this case is given only as an illustration of a principle which is applicable to all cases. The act of opening and shutting a door in a noisy manner is altogether too insignificant a fault to deserve this long discussion of the method of curing it, were it not that methods founded on the same principle, and conducted in the same spirit, are applicable universally in all that pertains to the domestic management of children. and it is a method, too, directly the opposite of that which is often—I will not say generally, but certainly very often—pursued. The child tells the truth many times, and in some cases, perhaps, when the inducement was very strong to tell an untruth. We take no notice of these cases, however, considering it a matter of course that he should tell the truth. We reserve our action altogether for the first case when, overcome by a sudden temptation, he tells a lie, and then interpose with reproaches and punishment. Nineteen times he gives up to his little brother or sister of his own accord, perhaps after a severe internal struggle. The twentieth time the result of the struggle goes the wrong way, and he attempts to retain by violence what does not belong to him. We take no notice of the nineteen cases when the little fellow did right, bu come and box his ears in the one case when he does wrong.

The idea on which this mode of treatment is founded—namely, that it is a matter of course that children should do right, so that when they do right there is nothing to be said, and that doing wrong is the abnormal condition and exceptional action which alone requires the parent to interfere—is, to a great extent, a mistake. Indeed, the matter of course is all the other way. A babe will seize the plaything of another babe without the least compunction long after it is keenly alive to the injustice and wrongfulness of having its own playthings taken by any other child. So in regard to truth. The first impulse of all children, when they have just acquired the use of language, is to use it in such a way as to effect their object for the time being, without any sense of the sacred obligation of making the words always correspond truly with the facts. The principles of doing justice to the rights of others to one's own damage, and of speaking the truth when falsehood would serve the present purpose better, are principles that are developed or acquired by slow degrees, and at a later period. I say developed *or* acquired—for different classes of metaphysicians and theologians entertain different theories in respect to the way by which the ideas of right and of duty enter into the human mind. But all will agree in this, that whatever may be the origin of the moral sense in man, it does not appear as a *practical element of control for the conduct* till some time after the animal appetites and passions have began to exercise their power.

For every good thing there seems to be something in its form and semblance that is spurious and bad. The principle brought to view in this chapter has its counterfeit in the indiscriminate praise and flattery of children by their parents, which only makes them self-conceited and vain, without at all promoting any good end. The distinction between the two might be easily pointed out, if time and space permitted; but the intelligent parent, who has rigidly comprehended the method of management here described, and the spirit in which the process of applying it is to be made, will be in no danger of confounding one with the other.

This principle of noticing and commending, within proper limits and restrictions, what is right, rather than finding fault with what is wrong, will be found to be as important in the work of instruction as in the regulation of conduct. We have, in fact, a very good opportunity of comparing the two systems, as it is a curious fact that in certain things it is the almost universal custon to adopt one method, and in certain others, the other.

There are, for example, two arts which children have to learn, in the process of their mental and physical development, in which their faults, errors, and deficiencies are never pointed out, but in the dealings of their parents with them all is commendation and encouragement. They are the arts of walking and talking.

The first time that a child attempts to walk alone, what a feeble, staggering, and awkward exhibition it makes. And yet its mother shows, by the excitement of her countenance, and the delight expressed by her exclamations, how pleased she is with the performance; and she, perhaps, even calls in persons from the next room to see how well the baby can walk! Not a word about imperfections or failings, not a word about the tottering, the awkward reaching out of arms to preserve the balance, the crookedness of the way, the anxious expression of the countenance, or any other faults. These are left to correct themselves by the continued practice which encouragement is sure to lead to.

It is the same with learning to talk. The mistakes, deficiencies, and errors of the first rude attempts are seldom noticed, and still more seldom pointed out by the parent. On the contrary, the child takes the impression, from the readiness with which its words are understood and the delight it evidently gives its mother to hear them, that it is going on triumphantly in its work of learning to talk, instead of feeling that its attempts are only tolerated because they are made by such a little child, and that they require a vast amount of correction, alteration, and improvement, before they will be at all satisfactory. Indeed, so far from criticising and pointing out the errors and faults, the mother very frequently meets the child half way in its progress, by actually adopting the faults and errors herself in her replies. So that when the little beginner in the use of language, as he wakes up in his crib, and stretching out his hands to his mother says, "I want *to det up*," she comes to him, and replies, her face beaming with delight, "My little darling! you shall *det up*;" thus filling his mind with happiness at the idea that his mother is not only pleased that he attempts to speak, but is fully satisfied, and more than satisfied, with his success.

The result is, that in learning to walk and to talk, children always go forward with alacrity and ardor. They practice continually and spontaneously, requiring no promises of reward to allure them to effort, and no threats of punishment to overcome repugnance or aversion.

Let us now, for the more full understanding of the subject, go to the other extreme, and consider a case in which the management is as far as possible removed from that above referred to. We cannot have a better example than the method often adopted in schools and seminaries for teaching composition; in other words, the art of expressing one's thoughts in written language—an art which one would suppose to be so analogous to that of learning to talk—that is, to express one's thoughts in *oral* language—that the method which was found so eminently successful in the one would be naturally resorted to in the other. Instead of that, the method often pursued is exactly the reverse. The pupil having with infinite difficulty, and with many forebodings and anxious fears made his first attempt brings it to his teacher. The teacher, if he is a kind-hearted and considerate man, perhaps briefly commends the effort with some such dubious and equivocal praise as it is "Very well for a beginner," or "As good a composition as could be expected at the first attempt," and then proceeds to go over the exercise in a cool, deliberate manner, with a view of discovering and bringing out clearly to the view, not only of the little author himself, but often of all his classmates and friends, every imperfection, failure, mistake, omission, or other fault which a rigid scrutiny can detect in the performance. However kindly he may do this, and however gentle the tones of his voice, still the work is criticism and fault-finding from beginning to end. The boy sits on thorns and nettles while submitting to the operation, and when he takes his marked and corrected manuscript to his seat, he feels mortified and ashamed, and is often hopelessly discouraged. Some one may, perhaps, say that pointing out the errors and faults of pupils is absolutely essential to their progress, inasmuch as, unless they are made to see what their faults are, they can not be expected to correct them. I admit that this is true to a certain extent, but by no means to so great an extent as is often supposed. There are a great many ways of teaching pupils to do better what they are going to do, besides showing them the faults in what they have already done.

Thus, without pointing out the errors and faults which he observes, the teacher may only refer to and commend what is right, while he at the same time observes and remembers the prevailing faults, with a view of adapting his future instructions to the removal of them. These instructions, when given, will take the form, of course, of general information on the art of expressing one's thoughts in writing, and on the faults and errors to be avoided, perhaps without any, or at least very little allusion to those which the pupils themselves had committed. Instruction thus given, while it will have at least an equal tendency with the other mode to form the pupils to habits of correctness and accuracy will not have the effect upon their mind of disparagement of what they have already done, but rather of aid and encouragement for them in regard to what they are next to do. In following the instructions thus given them, the pupils will, as it were, leave the faults previously committed behind them, being even, in many instances,

unconscious, perhaps, of their having themselves ever committed them.

The ingenious mother will find various modes analogous to this, of leading her children forward into what is right, without at all disturbing their minds by censure of what is wrong—a course which is perfectly safe to pursue in the case of all errors and faults which result from the inadvertence of immaturity.

It must be especially borne in mind that the counsels here given in relation to curing the faults of children by dealing more with what is good in them than what is bad, are intended to apply to faults of ignorance, inadvertence, or habit only, and not to acts of known and willful wrong. When we come to cases of deliberate and intentional disobedience to a parent's commands, or open resistance to his authority, something different, or at least something more, is required.—*From Gentle Measures in the Management of the Young.*

AN IMPORTANT MATTER.

There is one thing I have felt impressed to refer to many times since I began peeping through other folks' windows, and though I always say what I want to, and call things by their right names, I have hesitated when this has thrust itself before me—that is, that a daily regard to the calls of nature is necessary to good health, and yet how few there are who heed this truth.

Almost everybody neglects it—from the busy bustling man, who ought to have good sense and good judgment, down to the brown-fisted boy who loves play better than any duty. This seems a little thing, but it is the very key to good health, and from its neglect springs more than half the ills that afflict this wonderful piece of mechanism, the human body.

Nature will not be trifled with; if her promptings are not heeded, and she is baffled, she lets the victim pay the penalty by a life all deranged, and broken and out of order. That penalty is fever, headache, dyspepsia, constipation, low spirits, dull pains and aches, neuralgia, loss of appetite, etc., etc.

Worry and hurry and excitement, all tend to the derangement of this prompting of nature. Mothers should early instil this fact into the mind of their children, that postponing, or neglecting nature's calls, is breaking a wise and wonderful law. Tell them it is no little thing—that God made this marvellous exact arrangement himself, and when they carelessly neglect it they slight his work.

Teach the little ones to have a set time—say immediately after breakfast, and on no account to neglect it, let the habit become fixed.

Let the little daughters be taught that it is promotive of bright eyes, fair complexion, rosy cheeks, beautiful hair, and cheerful spirits.

Hold up before the playful little boys an old, cross, yellow, child-hating dyspetic, who, in his youth ate like a gourmand, without sufficient mastication, and who disobeyed nature's laws, and now, while paying the penalty, has to swallow pills like a duck does gravel.

Oh, we so disregard these finest laws of our being that I wonder we have life enough left to be the background of a good, ringing laugh!

So, good mothers, think of these vital truths that poor Pipsey bravely tells you, and may *distressingly* good health be the result.

It is very annoying, to a young lady especially, to carry about her person the offensive odor of perspiration. To a pure-minded, cultivated girl it is almost unbearable, they so love the pure and beautiful. This can be quite overcome by washing frequently, particularly under the arms, in tepid water, to which has been added a little of the spirits of ammonia, say a small teaspoonful to a quart of water. Rinse in pure water, and wipe dry afterward. Let the clothing be changed often.

Another thing that annoys a girl is the little dark specks in the skin, particularly about the nose and chin. We are all taught when children that these are worms, and that when we die they will grow and be full of life and feast upon our decaying bodies. This is a bad thing to tell children.

I remember distinctly how sad I felt about it in my childhood, and one time, in a vindictive spirit, I went to the doctor's and got a blister—cantharides—and resolutely plastered it on my chin and up at the sides of my nose. I endured the burning torture for three hours, with the pleasurable satisfaction of knowing that those waiting worms wouldn't get ahead of me. I heroically dressed the blister with cabbage leaves, and was rewarded by having a smooth, pinky face for several weeks.

But I know what makes the specks, and how to treat them genteely.

The softness of the skin is due to an oily fluid that comes out from millions of minute pores, and these specks are caused by the clogging or closing up of the pores. If pinched slowly, the thickened substance will come out like a little worm. Of course these oil-glands should be kept open, and whatever will cleanse or eat oil or grease must be used. Any woman knows that alkali or soap is required then, and to counteract the effect of soap on one's tender face, a little vinegar or lemon juice should be put in the clear water used to rinse with, or used the last time while washing. This sounds as though it was quite a

trouble, but it is not. All women should carry the marks of refinement in their faces, no matter what their occupation is, or whether the world pronounces them pretty or not. Every woman is beautiful to somebody.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

THE NURSERY.

There is no part of the house which demands such scrupulous regard as to its appropriateness for living, as the nursery. This term we use in the ordinary sense of an apartment for young children. It is made occasionally a sleeping-place though this we think objectionable, and prefer to restrict it entirely to its other obvious uses. Being essentially, then, the daily habitation of infants and young children, the nursery should conform in all respects to the acknowledged laws which govern the health of infancy and childhood.

The room, in the first place, should be sufficiently large to admit of the freest movement of the young, for it is essential to the mobile child that it should have opportunity of full play for all its limbs and muscles. Large extent of space, moreover, is necessary to the free circulation of air, for the renewal and abundant supply of which there should be adopted the best possible means. These should be permanent, and more or less independent of the occupants of the apartment. While a goodly number of windows is desirable, reliance should not be made upon these only for ventilation. In severe weather people are so apt to consider what may conduce to their temporary comfort and convenience in preference to that which is advantageous to their health that they will, in order to avoid a puff of wind or a sprinkle of rain, deprive themselves of the pure breath of life. By means of movable ventilators fixed in the upper part of the room, or one of the higher panes of glass, there may be obtained a free supply of fresh air, and such a circulation secured as will prevent all stagnation of the atmosphere or retention of its impurities. Dangerous draughts, too, will thus be avoided.

The position of the nursery should be such as to give it as much of the daily sun as possible. Solar light is almost as essential to life as air itself. Without it most animals, and even plants, dwindle, become diseased, or die. The familiar process of the gardener in cultivating celery by which he buries the plant as far as possible in the earth, has no other purpose than to deprive it of light, and thus render the vegetable pale and delicate. The result, however highly appreciated by the artificial taste of the epicure, is none the less a morbid one, and the whiteness and tenderness of the favorite esculent are as much symptoms of disease as the pallor and weakness of the rickety child. In fact, the same cause—the deprivation of light—produces the same effects in both. Miners who spend their days beneath the surface of the earth, and people who live in underground apartments or darkened abodes, have always pale complexions and weakened bodies. The growth of the young and the development of their vigor are arrested by habitual confinement to habitations from which the light of the sun is excluded. The physician is so well aware of the effect of the solar rays upon health and strength that it is a favorite prescription with him to order the weakly and sick to be directly exposed to them. It is the practice, on every clear warm day, in the child's hospital of Paris, to arrange the little patients in successive rows upon a broad structure of wood inclined toward the sun, and let them bask for hours together in its vivifying rays. The result is found to be excellent; and there is no tonic in the pharmacopœia which will compare in efficacy with that great natural invigorator, the sun.

The nursery, then, must by all means be as sunny as possible. All basement and under-ground rooms are consequently quite unfit for the habitation of the young, and the old too in fact, and should never be used for the purpose. The nursery windows should be numerous, and kept free from heavy curtains, blinds, and all obstructions to the entrance of the sun's light.

The furniture should be as scanty as convenience will allow, and all sharp edges and projecting points studiously kept out of reach of youthful heads and limbs, so provocative of cuts, bumps, and bruises. The floor must have no carpets, which, with their flossy structure, are absorbent and retentive of impurities, and on the least agitation give rise to clouds of dust and floating flocks of wool, very irritating and injurious to the delicate lungs of children. The best for cleanliness and health is a floor painted or coated with boiled linseed-oil, from which any dirt or impurity of whatever kind can be instantly removed, and all moisture soon dried up. Painted or colored walls are preferable to papered ones, for their surface can be constantly cleansed and renewed as may be necessary in case of contagion or other requirement.

While a certain simplicity should characterize the nursery, it should by no means be entirely bare of ornament. The color of the painted walls should be of a warm tone. A subdued pink or lively salmon is a good tint, and variety might be given to the broad surfaces by the addition of a few lines or simple figures of frescoing. Pictures should never be absent from the child's apartment; they are not only essential

means for educating the young, but serve as daily refreshers of the youthful spirits; and the joyousness of the whole life is greatly dependent upon the vivacity of childhood. As we have before said: "Colored pictures, of a striking, objective character, large and distinct representations of animals—dogs, horses, and elephants—cheerful scenes of the fields and farm-yard, and groups of ruddy boys and girls playing and merry-making, should be so hung on all sides as to attract the sight and animate the spirits of the little inhabitants of the nursery."

Children are not generally so inclined to self-destruction as the fears of their anxious parents lead them to believe. They have ordinarily at a very early age the instinct of life sufficiently strong to impress them with a sense of the necessity of taking a good deal of care of themselves. The liveliest baby is not always seeking to elude the mother's grasp and dash its brains out on the hard floor, the most agile harlequin of a boy is not constantly on the look-out for the opportunity of leaping through the third-story window and impaling himself upon the pikes of the iron railing below, and the most inflammably tempered girl not always ready for martyrizing herself by the side of the back-log. Accidents, however, will happen; so it may be well to put nurse on her guard, to bar the windows with a triple row of iron or strong wooden stanchions, and to fence in the fire-place with a substantial fender.

As children are not only by nature noisy, but as it is essential to their health and full development of their strength to cry, to bawl, and to romp, they should be allowed to use their lungs, voices, and limbs to the fullest possible extent. All crabbed bachelors, therefore, and irritable old maids and others likely to interfere with these especial privileges of infancy and childhood, should have their apartments as remote as possible from the nursery.—*Harper's Bazar.*

HOW TO ATTACK A TROUBLESOME FOE.

So many are the enemies who combine against the peace of the tidy housewife, that it requires all her patience and skill to combat them. Every crevice about the windows and the doors—and where is the builder who does not leave too many of them?—invites the dust, which is flying with the wind, to enter; every incoming foot which crosses the threshold brings its contribution from the soil it has trodden. The furnace and the grate deposit a delicate veil of ashes over every article of furniture and ornament, and on every bit of stucco and moulding, and even hang it like tapestry on the walls. Is it any wonder that the dismayed housekeeper cries out, "Where does all the dirt come from?" and the problem how to get rid of it is a serious one. Certain it is that sweeping in many households means little less than "stirring up" the dust. The carpet is forced to yield its store only that the greater part may find a lodgment on the furniture, from which a vigorous use of a feather-duster again sets it afloat to settle down again at its leisure when the maid leaves the room, triumphantly carrying away with her, as trophy of her labors, a dustpan containing a little of the coarser dirt and a great deal of the wool from the carpet, and in her own lungs an injurious amount of the finer particles.

A few simple arrangements will make the business of sweeping much more effectual, and the suggestions we make can with a little thought be applied to the different apartments in the house. First let the mantel ornaments be dusted with a soft cloth and removed to an adjoining room or closet. It is best also to put the smaller articles of furniture out of the room. The curtains should be shaken and put as much out of the way as possible, the shades rolled up, the upholstered portions of the chairs and sofas carefully brushed, and everything which must remain in the room covered with cloths provided for the purpose. Then let the widows be opened, and with a long-handled duster the stucco-work and mouldings carefully brushed, the worker especially watching to disturb any insidious spider. It is well also to brush the picture cords as well as the backs of the pictures. Moths make sad havoc in the worsted cord and sometimes their ravages cause a disastrous crash.

With a small whisk the corners and edges of the carpet should be brushed, that the dust which a large broom cannot reach may be dislodged. A careful person will find it a great help to scatter damp tea-leaves or bran over the carpet, but if some drops of liquid should be spilled with the leaves an ugly stain may be left, especially if the colors of the carpet are delicate. Short, light strokes of the broom are most effectual. It is not advisable to beat your carpet while it is in the house, and heavy strokes only beat out the dirt and wear off the fibres of wool. Sweeping is a much easier and less disagreeable task if carpets which are much used are frequently taken up and cleansed, and the comfort and health of the whole family are thus greatly increased. One thoughtful and intelligent gentleman of our acquaintance considers that the atmosphere is rendered so impure and unhealthy by the dust which arises from woollen carpets, that he is discarding them from his home, and is now

using with satisfaction the recently invented wood carpeting.

The room having been well swept, and a sufficient time allowed for the dust to "settle," we will arm ourselves with two clean dusting cloths, a small feather duster, and proceed to wage war against the minute particles, which escaping from the assaults of the broom, have flown up and ensconced themselves about the room. It is scarcely necessary to say that the results of the sweeping should be gently brushed into a dustpan and carried carefully out of the house; and yet it is common to see a sort of winnowing operation in which the dirt is swept from the room thorough the hall and out of the front door, thus sending a cloud of dust through the house. The coverings thrown over the larger pieces of furniture should be taken off carefully and shaken out of doors. Next with a cloth wipe off all the dust that can be reached. Let the feather-duster alone, except for such delicately carved articles and such small interstices as defy the entrance of a cloth. I should like to enter here a savage onslaught against the tribe of feather-dusters. They might be the invention of the patron saint of dust. They institute a pleasant game of battledore and shuttlecock with it, sending it from one side of the room to the other. A cloth may be used to no better purpose, but if the furniture is gently wiped, the dust will adhere to the cloth and can be finally disposed of. The articles taken from the room can now be replaced, and there remains only to take a final circuit with a damp cloth to remove finger-marks and other spots from the doors, window-sills, marbles, etc., wipe and polish the hearth, and the room may invite the inspection of the most fastidious housekeeper.—*Christian Weekly.*

THE INFANT'S FOOD.

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

QUALITY.—The path pointed out by nature should be closely followed in preparing food for the new-born babe; and closely studied should be those instructive signs, by which the helpless being calls our attention, until it acquires age and knowledge sufficient to make known its desires through the medium of speech.

Connected with the management of early infancy, there is no one particular productive of more injury than an ignorance of these signs, or inattention to them, in administering food suitable to its wants. Almost the first cries of the infant are too apt to be regarded by the kind-hearted and officious attendants upon the occasion, and by the mother perhaps, subsequently, as an indication of hunger or want of food. Consequently, the washing and dressing are scarcely completed before the nurse, if present, or some newly-made "auntie," surcharged with benevolent solicitude, bustles about to prepare the repast. And this generally consists of molasses and water—that mixture of abominations, as the late Dr. Meigs called it—so intimately associated with flatulent colic, or a griping, and necessarily a cross baby at once! Here the impulses of nature should be obeyed, and her pointings and promptings should be followed, by placing the infant to its maternal bosom only, and as soon as the mother is able to receive it. Instead of so doing, the nurse, not unfrequently, in addition to molasses and water, resorts to *pap*, or to a portion of that which has been prepared for the mother, which usually contains some one of the spices, and sometimes wine or spirits. By forcing upon the infant thus early such articles, and continuing their use during infancy, we deprave the appetite, and injure its tender organization at the same time, and incorporate with its very existence a desire for these unnatural agents, which desire is apt to strengthen as age advances, until the baby-boy, thus trained, if he live to manhood, is swallowed up in the vortex of intemperance or dissipation.

The substances of which this food is generally composed are crackers, rusk or flour in some form, made into a pap, and sugared, and no sooner is it received into the stomach than commences the process of fermentation. The gas which is evolved during this process, being confined within the stomach and bowels, produces flatulent or wind colic, acid eructations, swelling of the abdomen, and sometimes "inward fits," or open convulsions.

Infants fed upon these unnatural and improper articles, are affected, more or less, with green, watery stools, griping pains, and vomiting their milk strongly curdled, etc., to correct which a little lime-water, with spiced syrup of rhubarb, and compound tincture of cardamons, or even ginger-tea with a little supercarbonate of soda, will answer a better purpose than stronger preparations.

But if, from exhaustion or other cause, the mother is not able to nurse her infant at once, it is much better to suffer it to rest quietly for six or twelve hours than to feed it with such indigestible articles as above-mentioned. The mother, however, can generally be prevented from falling into this state of exhaustion, if properly sustained by some nicely-prepared cream-toast, toasted bread and crackers.

If not, or from any other cause, the infant cannot receive suitable nourishment from its mother, we should use fresh milk from a healthy young cow, and water equal parts, or one part of thin cream and

two parts of water, sugared, and but a few teaspoonfuls given at a time, and at intervals of at least two hours. Then, if for the want of the reception of certain saline matters contained in the first milk of the mother, the *meconium* should not pass from its bowels, it may become pardonable to give ten drops (not a teaspoonful) of castor oil, and repeated if necessary; but a small enema of warm water or molasses and water, will answer the purpose much better than if put into its stomach.—*Ladies' Magazine.*

CAKE MAKING.

BY MRS. H. W. BEECHER.

We have not forgotten our promise to "the foolish young wife," as she styles herself, and now furnish some simple hints for her assistance, hoping thereby to show her and others contending with the same difficulties, that such perplexities are often imaginary, or so trifling that a little courage —a little perseverance and hopefulness, united with patience and good nature, will soon bring light out of darkness, and make these crooked places straight. As a large share of these stumbling-blocks which have so disheartened this young wife, and are also sources of annoyance to many inexperienced housekeepers, generally spring from their ignorance of cooking, and want of judgment in selecting materials, and inability to combine and use them without much needless labor, we will confine our suggestions, for the present, to the cook's department. One of our young friends, speaking of her troubles, says:

"I must have cake in the house, but shrink from the attempt to make it, and in my brief experience in housekeeping have, so far, depended on the bakeshops; for I know nothing about such work, and won't let my girl see me trying it, lest she find out what a novice her mistress is. If I should put all the materials for my cake together, in the most careful manner, and when it is taken from the oven, find that it was not good, *I* should not know if the failure arose from my want of skill in preparing it, or from my girl's carelessness in baking it; but *she* would doubtless know whose the fault was, and I am dreadfully afraid it would prove to have been my own. I don't understand much about cooking, and still less, I fear, how to judge of the quality of the materials I must use in cooking."

In the first place, bear in mind always, in purchasing, that it is cheaper in the end to buy *the best*, and in no one article is this so manifest as in flour. Get the best in the market, even if you pay an extra price, and notice the *brand*. Try the flour faithfully, and if it proves satisfactory, "make a note of it," and continue to furnish yourself with that kind—unless, after a few times you find it deteriorates.

We should have said, in the first place, by inquiries and observation, secure a good, honest, reliable grocer, one who will truly endeavor to serve you with the best; having satisfied yourself that you can trust him, you will find his judgment will assist you out of many uncertainties, until you have, by experience, learned to trust your own.

Good flour will adhere, slightly pressed together in the hand, and when you unclasp your hand, the *lines* in the palm will be plainly seen on the flour you have held so tightly. Dough from good flour will not be a clear, blue white, but yellowish, and, when well kneaded, will not stick to the hand.

The same rule holds good of all groceries. *Buy the best.* You will save money and insure comfort by it. There is no more economy in buying cheap sugar than cheap flour. A barrel of pure, clear, granulated sugar will last longer, and in the end be cheaper, than any of the coffee or brown sugars,

Before collecting your materials, see that your stove or range is in good order; the grate shaken free from ashes; all the fuel needed for the cooking added, and burning clear. Be careful that no doors or windows are opened, so that the air will blow across the stove. No oven can bake well if this is not prevented, or if the sun shines across it. We all know that if this happens, the coal will soon look whiteish, instead of burning clear and lively.

Having the fire and oven in a proper condition you can now prepare for making bread, cake, or pastry. Of course you will have a large, clean apron, and *fold—not push*, your sleeves back above the elbow. A sack apron, with high neck and short sleeves, made long, and full enough to cover the dress, is a great convenience, for if suddenly called from your work you can throw it off easily, leaving your dress in a neat, presentable condition, A close net cap drawn over the hair, will prevent loose hairs falling into your work, and should be more used than is common of late. A basin of clean water and a clean towel, close by, are necessary. You should not be obliged to stop in the midst of your work, to get it in case of any mishap. Put everything you will need on the table. Be sure that all untensils are always put away clean, so that when next wanted, you will not be hindered, to do more than wipe them free from the dust which may have gathered upon them. Scrupulous neatness about all your cooking utensils should never be forgotten. If iron, tin, wood or earthen vessels are set aside without being scrubbed perfectly clean and wiped dry, you will

waste much time when next they are needed, aside from risking a mouldy or rusty taste in your food.

A good-sized bread or moulding board, white as snow, perfectly dry and smooth, should be placed on the table. It keeps the flour, sugar, etc., that may fall from the white table—and is readily lifted with all the soiled dishes on it, to the sink for washing, thus saving much litter, and many steps. Learn to cook without gathering a large number of things about; after a little practice you will be surprised to see how few things are really needed, and how much confusion and how many steps can be avoided by a little management.

In making cake, dry and sift the flour, roll the sugar, if at all lumpy (granulated sugar will not lump), and put it in separate bowls or pans. Wash the butter, for cake or pastry, and put it into cold icewater; weigh or measure the sugar and milk needed. Raisins should be stoned, the citron cut in thin slices, and currants washed and picked over, covered closely, and put away in a cool place the night before they are needed.

These materials all collected, butter the pans. If for cake, line them with clean white paper, well buttered. Use butter, instead of lard or drippings, as they may give an unpleasant taste to the under crust. Cake baked in butter-lined pans does not burn so readily on the bottom. If the cake does not require long baking, unbuttered paper will answer, as it will peel off readily when the cake is cool. Have some clean paper at hand to cover the top of the cake, if it begins to scorch.

The white paper used to print our newspapers on is as good for buttering and lining cake-pans as the more expensive letter-paper, and is also very nice to cover shelves with, or lay in the bottoms of drawers. Two or three dozen sheets will last a good while, be of little expense, and very convenient for many purposes.

Eggs that are to be used in cake should be put into cold water, in summer, while you are making your preparations, until ready to use them. Then break each one separately into a cup, to see if it is good; but by breaking all into the dish you beat them in, you risk ruining the whole by one bad egg. If good, turn it into the dish, and proceed the same way with the others. Have your nutmegs grated, and all other spices ready.

These preliminaries attended to, and it takes but a few minutes to have all in readiness when you have done it rightly and methodically, begin to put the materials together. First beat the butter and sugar together, till white and creamy; then beat the eggs—the yolks and whites separately always, as whites require longer beating than yolks. Strain the yolks after beating, and add to the well-beaten butter and sugar; then the spices; stir in the flour gradually, before using the sweet or sour milk needed. If you use soda and cream of tartar, the latter should be sifted with the flour, and the soda dissolved in cool milk or water,—never in hot water—should be added after the milk. If prepared flour is used, no soda or cream of tartar can be put in at all. Beat the batter very light, flour the currants and raisins and stir in; then add the whites, beaten stiff, the last thing. After they are added, the batter must not be beaten hard—only enough to have it thoroughly incorporated with the dough. In beating the whites do not stop after you begin, till quite stiff, else they will "go back," and then they will not come up light again.

In raised cake, put in the fruit, rolled in flour, just before you put into the oven. Spread it over the top lightly, and press it in only a little way down, else it will all sink to the bottom and be worthless.

Only practice and watchfulness can teach you how to judge correctly when cake, bread, etc., are done. If ever so perfectly made, it will be heavy if taken from the oven until thoroughly baked. When obliged to turn pans round in the oven, do not move them roughly, and never, if possible, take cake, bread or biscuit out of the oven to turn. The air striking on them will make them heavy and solid.

Cake made with sour milk, or buttermilk, should be put into the oven the moment it is put together, unless like cookies, or hard ginger-bread, it is to be moulded or rolled. In that case it is quite as good to be kept over night, or for some hours, before baking.

In making pastry use the best butter you can find. Poor butter is bad enough anywhere, but nowhere so detestable as in pastry. If made with lard it looks nicer, but is by no means as good, and certainly much more hurtful than when shortened with two-thirds more butter than lard. Use the hand as little as possible in making pastry; either rub in the shortening quickly, or chop it into the flour, so as not to heat it by your hands, particularly in warm weather. Wet always with cold water. Don't touch it with your hands after you are ready to put in the water, but stir together with a knife quickly and lightly, turning it at once on to the board and roll out. Moulding will make it tough. Bake in a moderately hot oven to a delicate brown. If scorched or hard baked it will be bitter and disagreeable. If your oven does not bake as well at the bottom as the top the bottom crust will be very heavy and unhealthy.

Before rolling out, let your pastry stand on the ice, or in a cold place for an hour, as it makes it much more flaky.—*Christian Union.*

BLACK ALPACA SUITS.

Silky black alpacas and glossy beaver mohair make the most useful suits for fall and early winter. To have these tasteful as well as serviceable, they should be simply made and plainly though richly trimmed. The model alpaca suit for summer had two skirts and a basque, in order that a white waist might be worn with the double skirts; but as this is not done in winter, fall suits are best made with an over-dress and single skirt. The best pattern for this over-dress is the belted loose polonaise. It should be snugly fitted on the shoulders by short high shoulder seams, should taper gracefully toward the waist, where it is confined by a belt, and should fall plainly over the tournure for four or five inches below the belt before the fulness of the skirt is added. The waist and sleeves are lined with grey twilled cotton, but the skirt of the polonaise should not be lined. A paper-muslin or crinoline lining in the skirt of polonaises makes them thick and clumsy, and destroys the graceful folds of drapery into which the material would naturally fall if left to itself. The object of this lining is to make the garment more bouffant, but this is better done by placing a tournure of crinolines beneath the dress skirt. The close high neck is finished by a narrow bias binding stitched on flatly, or else it is merely corded. For plump, round figures corsages are entirely without trimming; if the figures is too slight, an appearance of breadth is given by adding a Marie Antoinette collar made of three bias folds of alpaca sewed on a muslin foundation. This collar passes around the neck in the back, and is rounded low in front, where it falls half-way down the corsage, and is fastened by a bow of black faille. A Watteau bow of perpendicular loops and long ends may also be placed in the back. The sleeves should be sabot shape—that is, close coat sleeves with three bias folds and a side pleating turned toward the wrist. Border the skirt of the polonaise with three bias overlapping folds of the alpaca. Put buttons and botton-holes down the entire front. Wear a Russia leather belt, or else one of ribbed silk with side sash of wide gros grain ribbon. The skirt of this suit should be of convenient walking length, and will wear better if lined throughout with paper-muslin. For trimming, put first around the edge a side pleating four inches deep, made of straight alpaca; above this put three bias overlapping folds lined with crinoline, and two inches wide when completed. Repeat this trimming, alternating the side pleating with clusters of folds, until the skirt is covered to the knee, or higher if the wearer chooses. If a plainer trimming is preferred, use only one side pleating, placing that at the bottom of the skirt, with many overlapping folds above. A standing English collar of linen, a twilled silk necktie, and wide, flaring linen cuffs should accompany alpaca suits.—*Harper's Bazar.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

Bread Pudding.—Soak one pint and a half of bread crumbs in one pint and a half of milk for an hour, and squeeze with the hands; place in a bowl and mix with it three tablespoonfuls of sugar, four ounces of raisins, four ounces of melted butter, four yolks of eggs, one ounce of citron; then beat the four whites of eggs to a stiff froth, and mix with the rest. Grease a mould or dish well with butter, dust with bread crumbs, turn the mixture in and bake. The mould must not be more than two-thirds full. Bake forty minutes. Serve with hot or cold sauce. This is a most delicious pudding.

Ginger Pudding.—Chop a quarter of a pound of suet very fine, mix it with half a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of moist sugar, and two teaspoonfuls of grated ginger; butter a basin and put in the mixture quite dry; tie a cloth over and boil for three hours.

Apple Rice.—Peel eight or ten good-sized apples, halve them and take out the cores; put them in a stew-pan with a little sugar, and stew till tender. Boil half a pound of rice with a quart of milk, a little sugar and grated nutmeg, and when thoroughly done pour it over the apples; serve hot. A nice dinner for several children, at a very small cost.

To Prepare and Dress Cold Fish.—Cut cold boiled fish into pieces about an inch long. Do not chop. Take the yolks of four eggs, hard boiled, and rub them to a smooth paste with a few spoonfuls of salad oil or melted butter. Add a little salt, pepper and mustard—the exact amount must be decided by your own taste and knowledge of how highly seasoned your family like their food. Add two teaspoonfuls of white sugar; rub all in with the paste, and add the last thing after getting the paste perfectly smooth, six tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Beat the mixture till very light, and just before pouring it over the fish beat the whites of two eggs very light and stir in with it. Stir half the dressing into the picked-up fish. Serve in a glass dish and spread the other half of the dressing over the top. Garnish with delicate leaves of lettuce, to be eaten with it.

Literary Notices.

A Glimpse of the Great Secret Society. London: William Macintosh. Third Edition.

The Great Secret Society, of which some of the workings are disclosed in this volume, is that which was founded by Ignatius Loyola in 1554, and which has since spread over the whole earth. The author does not merely romance about the power and intrigues of the Jesuits, but supports his assertions by referring to the original documents, whose authenticity cannot be doubted. Few have any idea of the overwhelming power, the matchless cunning, and the relentless audacity of this order, which enable it to influence, more or less, perhaps every government in the world, to make away with those who oppose its machinations, and to keep in power all who favor it. Jesuitism has always and every where proved itself inimical to human freedom. It has always supported absolute monarchy, as the confessor of the absolute monarch can easily rule the state. Again and again they have so disturbed the internals affairs of kingdoms that they have been ignominiously expelled, only to return in a short time in greater numbers and greater power than before. Perhaps the most interesting part of this volume is the glimpse at Jesuitism in relation to Papal Infallibility. The idea was simply this: the Pope must be made an absolute monarch, supreme over every law, ecclesiastical and civil, in order that the Jesuits, who rule him, may be also absolute and supreme. It is, however, a very awkward fact for the Jesuits, that this infallibility, which stretches back through the past, has solemnly declared the Society of Jesus to be infamous, and has actually issued a Brief for its effectual suppression. About thirty years after the founding of the Order, many accusations having been laid before the Holy See, Sixtus V., being convinced that these accusations "*were just and well founded*," appointed a congregation of cardinals to investigate the matter. "But this pontiff *having been carried off by a premature death*, this wise undertaking remained without effect." His successor, not wishing to share the same fate, confirmed all their privileges. For nearly a century and a half no pontiff succeeded in finding a remedy for the evils which were continually multiplying. In the time of Clement XIII., the Jesuits were expelled from France, Spain, Portugal, and Sicily, though they had succeeded in extorting from that pontiff a letter of recommendation. The sovereigns of these countries afterwards appealed to the Pope to abolish this Society; "but *the unexpected death* of the aforesaid pontiff rendered this project abortive." Clement XIV., his successor, took up the matter, and after, as he states, attentive examination and unceasing prayer for assistance, he issued the remarkable Brief from which the above quotations are made. This Brief first sketches the history of the difficulties which previous Popes had had with the Order, and then goes on to "suppress and abolish the said Society," annulling all its privileges and declaring all its authority, whether relating to things temporal or spiritual, extinct. This was to take effect immediately, and anyone creating the least impediment or delay, was to incur the greater excommunication. This Brief was declared in its concluding lines to be "for-ever, and to all eternity, valid, permanent and efficacious." Ot this document our author says:—

Never was a more scathing denunciation of any society penned than is this crushing exposure of the evils of Jesuitism; and if ever a Pope spoke "ex cathedra," Pope Clement XIV. did, when he thus powerfully and judicially condemned the constitution and malignant tendency of the Great Secret Society. It is a marvel, to those who peruse this document and look on the present progress of papal affairs

from the outside, to see with what fiery and unscrupulous zeal the very Society thus denounced and crushed has been seeking to establish the infallibility of the same authority that condemned it, and covered it with everlasting ignominy. If the Pope be infallible, then nothing can be more certain than that the Society of Jesus is a curse upon the Christian religion and the human race. It would be vain to try to blacken the Order more completely, or to give it more crushing censure, than does the infallible head of the Romish communion, in his singularly calm and well-reasoned Brief of Suppression. To ordinary observers, there seems no way of escape from the dilemma. It is impossible for Protestants to add, or even to wish to add, to its completeness and force.

That Clement XIV. was ignorant of the danger he incurred, cannot be supposed by any who weighs the quotations which we have emphasized. Indeed, when he signed the Bull, he told those around him that he knew he was signing his own death-warrant; and so, indeed, it proved. The signing took place July 23, 1773:

All writers at that time represent him as possessing robust health. The Jesuit Georgel even says, "Ganganelli's strong constitution seemed to promise him a long career." Bernis wrote on the 3rd November of the same year, "His health is perfect and his gaiety more remarkable than usual." In the month of April of the following year he was observed to grow rapidly ill and visibly to decline, without any apparent cause. His physicians could not make out his complaint, and no medicine could reach the seat of it, or control it. He lingered in great torture for months, and died September 22, 1774. Every symptom of poisoning was present when his body was opened. The following dreadful description of his state in from the pen of Caraccioli. "Several days before his death his bones were exfoliated and withered, like a tree which, attacked at its root, withers away and throws off is bark. The scientific men who were called in to embalm his body, found the features livid, the lips black, the abdomen inflated, the limbs emaciated, and covered with violet spots. The size of the heart was diminished; and all the muscles were shrunk up, and the spine was decomposed. They filled the body with perfumed and aromatic substances: but nothing would dispel the mephitic effluvia. The entrails burst the vessels in which they were deposited; and when his pontifical robes were taken from his body, a great portion of the skin adhered to them. All the hair of his head remained on the velvet pillows upon which it rested, and on the slightest friction his nails fell off." In fact the dead body retained no trace of the living form, and every one was confirmed in the belief that he had met foul play. The state of the poor disfigured, shattered frame that Ganganelli left behind him was convincing proof of the unutterable tortures to which he had been subjected by the *Holy* Society of Jesus: and induced the belief that those tortures had been caused by the administration of the *acqua tofana* of Perugia. We are told that some persons there, and *the nuns in particular*, were notorious for the manufacture of this water, which when drunk produced certan decay and death, though life was more or less prolonged according to the strength of the poison and the doses in which it was given. If every other of the thousand proofs of Jesuit iniquity were wanting, this fearful vengeance wreaked on Ganganelli and his dreadful end afford ample vindication of the justice of the great act of his life.

Grinfield, in his history of the Jesuits, * has the following apt observations relating to this event. Speaking of the poisoning of Clement XIV. by those whom he had put down, and of the Pope's belief in this during his long agony, he says:—"Of this (their being his murderers) he felt the fullest conviction. Nor is it to be wondered at that he should have felt such gloomy forebodings. The approach of his death had been predicted by some peasants belonging to the ex-Jesuits. Insulting images and hideous pictures announced the impending catastrophe. Ricci, the ex-General, encouraged these daring insults. His own relative has minutely recorded them.† There cannot be stronger circumstantial evidence that Ganganelli fell a victim to the rage and detestation of the Order he had suppressed. The farce of subjection to Papal authority, which had been violated by so many acts of insubordination to Papal bishops, could not be more strikingly signalised and consummated, than by the tragedy of poisoning the Head of the Romish Church, and by their indecent triumph and inhuman satires after his decease."

His character has been of course vilified by the Ultramontanes; but he is thus described by Ranke:—

"Of all the Cardinals, Lorenzo Ganganelli was without question the mildest and most moderate. In his youth his tutor said to him, 'that it was no wonder he loved music, for that all was harmony within him.' He grew up in innocent intercourse with a small circle of friends, combined

* Grinfield's "History of the Jesuits," p. 260.

† Roscoe's Memoirs of De Ricci, vol. i., chap. 1, London, 1829.

with retirement from the world and solitary study, which led him deeper and deeper into the sublime mysteries of true theology. In like manner as he turned from Aristotle to Plato, in whom he found more full satisfaction of soul, so he quitted the Schoolmen for the Fathers, and them again for the Holy Scriptures, which he studied with all the devout fervor of a mind convinced of the revelation of the Word. From this well-spring he drank in that pure and calm enthusiasm which sees God in everything, and devotes itself to the service of man. His religion was not zeal, persecution, lust of dominion, polemical vehemence; but peace, charity, lowliness of mind and inward harmony. The incessant bickerings of the Holy See with the Catholic States, which shook the foundations of the Church, were utterly odious to him. His moderation was not weakness or a mere bending to necessity, but spontaneous benevolence and native graciousness of temper." *

The Order was restored by Pius VII. in 1814; but by his silence he may be considered as endorsing the validity of the accusations adduced by Clement. In 1870 the Jesuits were powerful enough to induce Pius IX. to declare the dogma of Infallibility. Concerning this, our author remarks, and with this extract we conclude our notice:—

The question still remains, why Jesuits should be so eager to establish the infallibility of the power which they have felt in time past to press so disastrously on their Order. The answer seems to be, that the only thing they crave after is dominion for themselves; and they see their way to it more easily through an absolute spiritual sovereignty than through a limited one; they can manage one man more easily than a multitude of independent and troublesome prelates. Nero wished that all the inhabitants of Rome had but one head and one neck that he might end them all at one blow. The Jesuits have a similar aspiration with regard to the Church, over which they want to lord it without control; and they are blest with more than Nero's fortune, being endowed with more than his cunning. They think they can manage to get their own way by acting on the Pope's weakness and fears. They have a remarkably efficacious and disagreeable method of getting rid of those who stand in their way; and they know that the Popes are aware of their peculiar skill in this respect, They flatter themselves that the lesson which they gave to the infallible Pontiffs in times gone by—proving that they were liable to die, though they were not liable to err,—will not be lost on those with whom they may have to deal in time to come. The future attribute of the Popes is to be INFALLIBILITY, but it must be infallibility *with a leaning to the interests of Jesuitism, for fear of consequences.*. What Voltaire said of the government of Russia—that it was "absolutism tempered by regicide"—will hold good in future of the supreme rule in the Romish Church. The Pope is to be possessed of INFALLIBILITY, TEMPERED BY FEAR OF SUDDEN DEATH.

* Ranke's "History of the Popes," vol. iii., pp. 212—124.

SMALLER SCHOOL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES: By David B. Scott. Harper Bros.

This is a neat little volume, very well printed, with nice little pictures of prominent persons and scenes, and valuable maps or plans of the different localities which last are too frequently omitted in histories. Farther than this, we cannot praise the work. The fact of which the author boasts, that no point of importance found in a book twice the size has been omitted, is of itself sufficient in our judgement to condemn it as a school-book. When will teachers learn that, though children may be temporarily crammed with facts, they will never retain or make use of anything in which they have not been interested, and that this interest cannot be excited by studying the history of a campaign condensed into a paragraph. As a volume of reference to be used in connection with and after oral teaching this would be found useful, but as a text book we should consider it worse than useless, as the use of it can hardly fail to induce mental dyspepsia, and give to every scholar a permanent distaste for history, which is really one of the most interesting of studies. History should be taught well or not at all.

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L. E. Chittenden, *late Reg. U. S. Treas.*

Watch No. 21,039, U. S. Watch Co., Stem Winder—variation, 7 seconds in four months.
S. M. Beard, *firm Beards & Cummings,* 128 *Front Street, N. Y.*

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Z. C. Priest, *Ass't Sup't N. Y. C. & H. R. R.*

Watch No. 24,008, U. S. Watch Co., Stem Winder—variation, 6 seconds in five months.
Chas. H. Wolf, *firm Chas. H. Wolf & Co., Pearl St., Cincinnati, Ohio.*

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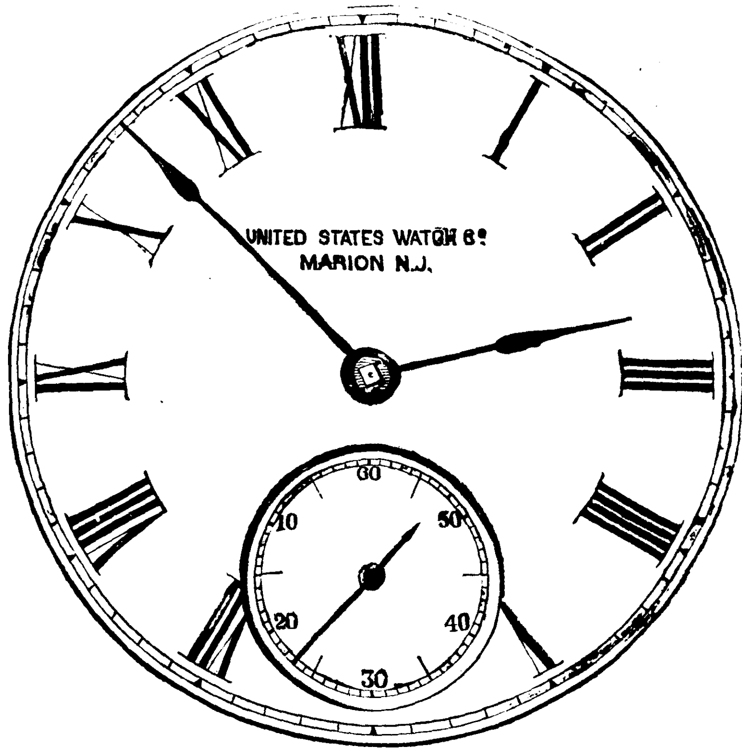

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