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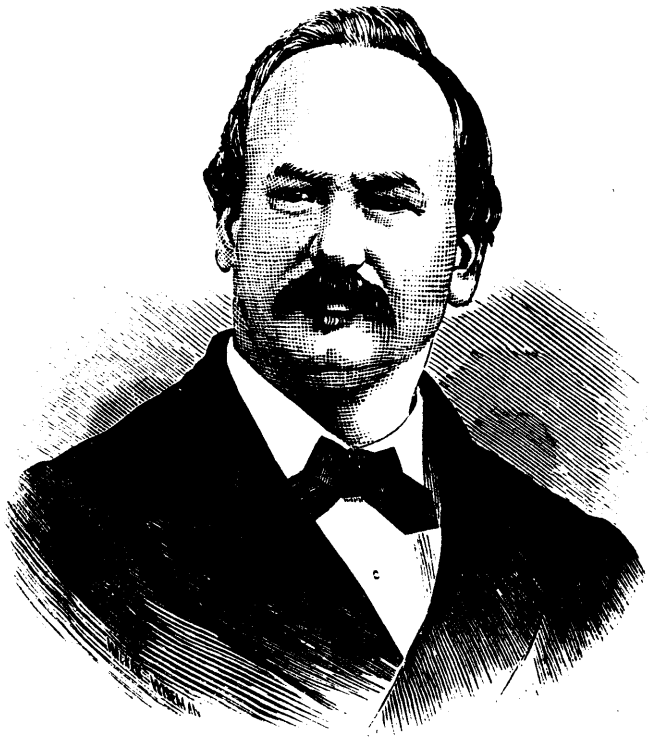
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HON. PIERRE FORTIN.

New Dominion Monthly.

MARCH, 1876.

JESUITISM.

In the face of the fact that strong efforts have already been made to obtain from the Legislature of the Province of Quebec the return of the confiscated estates of the Jesuits to that company, and that still further efforts in the same direction are meditated, a short article on the origin, doctrines, and designs of the Society of Jesus may perhaps not be out of place at the present time.

No society probably has ever existed which has wielded, and still does wield, so powerful an influence as that founded by the half-mad Spanish soldier, Ignatius Loyola, in fifteen hundred and forty. There is hardly any country in the world, Africa perhaps excepted, which has not at some time or other, felt the influence of their irrepressible followers, and bitterly learned to rue it. They have been driven repeatedly from every country in Europe, and have always found means again to make good their footing, once more to be repulsed, only to return afresh, and it is worthy of note that where they are most feared and hated has always been in the most Catholic countries, and their most bitter opponents have ever been found in the ranks of the Roman Catholic priesthood. It is a mistake to suppose that the wonderful constitution of the Society is due to the abilities of the

founder Loyola. The credit, if credit there be, for the framing of a constitution which has survived so many fierce attacks, wielded such unheard of power, and done, we fear, to the cause of civilization, so much harm, is due to far abler men than the half-educated enthusiast who, disabled by bodily infirmity from serving his king, enrolled himself as a soldier of the Virgin Mary. It is to Lainez and Acquaviva, probably two of the most able men Europe ever produced, that the world is indebted for the Society of Jesus, such as it now stands.

The foundation of the Society was of course, we are assured by its admirers, dignified and made remarkable by many strange miracles performed for the advantage and edification of its chief. Two alone we shall refer to. Loyola, being in Venice on his way to the Holy Land, sought repose on the hard stones under the portico of a wealthy Senator, named Travisini. Immediately an angel appeared to the master of the mansion, and told him to go forth and seek the servant of God. Travisini opened the door and found the saint. Another miracle, which will no doubt be appreciated by school-boys, was also vouchsafed him. His early education had been somewhat neglected, and, as he aspired to the dignity of

priesthood, it became necessary that he should learn Latin. The Devil, well aware of what a formidable enemy he would some day prove himself, determined to prevent him, and so confused his intellect that it became impossible for him to conjugate the verb *Sum*. Loyola thereupon scourged himself unmercifully every day, until by that means the evil spirit was overcome, after which the saint was soon able to repeat *Amo* in all its tenses. The same miracle has often been repeated since, only in these degenerate times it is more usual for the schoolmaster to hold the scourge. However, if Loyola had not the abilities which distinguished Lefebvre and Lainez, or the pure-minded, whole-souled devotion of the martyr Francis Xavier, he had, what was most needed then, an enthusiasm which nothing could damp, and an iron will which neither poverty, nor imprisonment, nor even the world's contempt, could overcome. The supremacy of the Church of Rome was then contended for by the two powerful orders of the Franciscans and Dominicans, who were by no means anxious to see a third order come on the scene to compete with them in the struggle for power, and they therefore lost sight for a moment of their own feuds and differences to combine against the interloper. Their influence was very powerful, and there remained but one road to success; who suggested it shall never be known. Loyola put the order under the personal protection and superintendence of the Pope himself. The Jesuits bind themselves by a solemn vow to go instantly and unhesitatingly whithersoever the Pope may choose to send them, as missionaries, either among the infidels or the heretics. The danger was past, the bait was too tempting, the order was established, and from that day to this, the Papacy has never had such staunch, unswerving, indomitable defenders as the members of the Society of Jesus have always proved themselves. They

may be called the Pope's body-guard. They bow to no bishops, render allegiance to no other princes of the Church,—their obedience implicit and unquestioned is due to their superiors, from the superior to the general, from the general to the Pope,

The constitution of the Society is so peculiar as to merit some notice. For years it was kept a secret, and known only to the *professed Jesuits*, those who have a vote for the election of the General at Rome, and who are much fewer in number than people generally imagine. The facts which led to the publication of the constitutions of the Society of Jesus are somewhat peculiar and deserving of passing notice. In 1761, more than two centuries after the foundation of the Society, the Superior-General of Martinique, Father Lavallette, the owner, among other strange property, of two thousand slaves whom he employed to work his estates, entered into vast speculations with different maritime towns of Europe, and, among others, with the house of Leoncey, at Marseilles. Lavallette forwarded to the latter house two ships, with a cargo valued at two millions of francs. These ships fell into the hands of the British, and Lavallette refusing to make any indemnification for the loss, application was made to Father Ricci, the General of the order, for payment, and, on his refusal to recognize the debt, legal proceedings were instituted. The Jesuits were condemned and brought the matter before Parliament. The Supreme Court of Judicature ordered the production of the constitutions of the Society (which had so far been kept secret) before the Tribunal, the order was complied with, and they were made public. The Jesuits were condemned, but it is satisfactory to learn from Cretineau Joly, their apologist and historian, that though the debts of Lavallette amounted to two millions four hundred thousand francs, the houses and lands belonging to the

company were bought by English capitalists for the sum of four millions. These, be it remarked, are the men who bind themselves by vow to poverty, considering it, in the words of their founder, "*the bulwark of religion.*" The constitution recognizes four classes: The professed or full Jesuit, who has a vote for the election of the General at Rome; the coadjutor, who may be either temporal or spiritual—the temporal being the menials of the Society, porters, cooks, stewards, agents, &c., and never admitted to holy orders; the spiritual, priests, men of learning, capable of preaching, teaching and confessing, and looking forward to one day becoming professed Jesuits; the scholars who may, or may not, have gone through the novitiate, and are preparing themselves by study for the order of priesthood; and, finally, the novices, who have entered themselves into a novitiate to undergo a term of probation which will decide whether or not the candidate will be admitted into the Society. The novitiate never lasts less than two years, and may be prolonged at the General's pleasure. It has long been asserted by the enemies of the order that there is furthermore a fifth and well-recognized class, known as the lay Jesuits, the most dangerous of all; but its existence has always been, until a somewhat recent date, denied by the members of the Society. The question has, however, been settled by the admission of Father Francis Pellico, brother of the famous Silvio Pellico, and himself a Jesuit. When Gioberti, a priest of extraordinary courage and great ability, published, not long since, his work entitled "*Il Gesuita Moderne*—" to which, perhaps, is due more than anything else, the fact that Piedmont is without Jesuits—the Company was, of course, up in arms. Among others, Father Francis Pellico rushed into print, and, in answer to a taunt from Gioberti, that the order was without supporters of any influence, made the following not very cautious but

very suggestive assertion:—"The many illustrious friends of the Society, prelates, orators, learned and distinguished men of every description, the supporters of the Society, remain *occult, and obliged to be silent.*" It is in fact admitting in so many words, what has so long been asserted, that there are persons moving in society, both in the highest and lowest walks, who are affiliated to the order, and who are unknown to any but a few of the most trustworthy Jesuits, and that their connection with the Society is kept secret and it is impossible to distinguish them,—a vast body of spies, in truth, devoted to the Society, and contributing more perhaps than anything else to their power and the dread they inspire. One feature of the constitution of the Society of Jesus, which it owes to the military training of its founder, is the doctrine of implicit and unquestioning obedience to the orders of the Superior. From the moment a man enters the Society his individuality is lost, merged into that of the whole body. The Jesuit to be a good Jesuit must value himself individually as nothing, the Society as everything; and to such extent is this doctrine of passive and blind obedience carried, that the constitution expressly declares that any member, at the order of his Superior, shall commit sin, and that such act shall not be considered as sinful. In case this assertion, so repulsive to every notion of morality, should be doubted, we shall quote the article at length:—

"No constitution, declaration, or any order of living, can involve an obligation to commit sin, mortal or venial, *unless the Superior commands IT IN THE NAME OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, or in virtue of holy obedience*; which shall be done in those cases or persons wherein it shall be judged that it will greatly conduce to the particular good of each, or to the general advantage; and, *instead of the fear of offence, let the love and desire of all perfection succeed, that the*

greater glory and praise of Christ, our Creator and Lord, may follow." (*Const., pars VI., Cap. V., § I.*)

It is not difficult now to understand whence the Jesuits got the well-known doctrine, to which they have always given so faithful and practical an adherence,—that the end justifies the means ; and this obedience was insured by the most complete system of spying that ever was invented. Each Jesuit is a spy upon every other, and not only every action, but every word and almost every thought of any importance is duly reported and kept note of. To make this more clear it is necessary to give some further extracts from the celebrated constitutions: "Because it greatly concerns God's service to make a good selection, diligence must be used to ascertain the particulars of their persons and calling" (this is in reference to those seeking admission); "and if the Superior, who is to admit him into probation, cannot make the enquiry, let him employ from among those who are constantly about his person some one whose assistance he may use, to become acquainted with the probationer—to live with him and examine him,—some one endowed with *prudence*, and *not unskilled* in the manner which should be observed with so many kinds and conditions of persons." The report of one spy is not, however, sufficient; the candidate must then be sent to another house, "in order that he may be more thoroughly *scrutinized*, to know whether he is fitted to be admitted to *probation*." Having gained admittance to the house of "first probation," the candidate, after a day or two, "must open his conscience to the Superior, and afterwards make a general confession to the *Confessor who shall be designated by the Superior*."

"In every house of probation there will be a *skilful man* to whom the candidate shall disclose all his concerns with confidence; and let him be admonished *to hide no temptation*, but to disclose it to him, or to his confessor,

or to the Superior; nay, to take a pleasure in thoroughly manifesting his whole soul to them,—not only disclosing his defects, but even his penances, mortifications, and *virtues*." On being admitted to any of the colleges, the candidate must again "open his conscience to the rector of the college, whom he should greatly revere and venerate as one who *holds the place of Christ our Lord*; keeping nothing concealed from him, not even his conscience, which he should disclose to him (as it is set forth in the *Examen*) at the appointed season, and oftener, if any cause require it; not opposing, not contradicting, nor showing an opinion, in any case, opposed to his opinion."

Such a course of constant watchfulness and examination, managed too by men of great skill and tact, dealing for the most part with inexperienced youths, of course enables them to ascertain with accuracy the tastes, habits and inclinations of each candidate. The information so obtained is then forwarded to the General, and by him entered in a book alphabetically arranged. A detailed report from those in authority upon each and every member of the Society is moreover furnished twice a year to the General, and such comments as may be deemed necessary added to the first description entered; noting all changes good, bad and indifferent. By these means it is easily understood that, being thoroughly acquainted with the past and present, the thoughts and desires, qualities and defects, passions and weaknesses of every member of the Society, the General can without much trouble choose the very fittest person for every special service.

To their vow of poverty, also, the Jesuits are indebted for the rapid strides the Society made in its infancy. Europe had grown tired of the purse-proud insolence of the other orders of monks, who had all managed to accumulate enormous wealth, of which they

made an offensive display ; and were quite prepared to hail with rapture a new order, who not only made a vow of poverty, but were, at all times, ready to perform gratuitously not only the duties of their sacred ministry, but also to furnish instruction to the young. The consequence was that, in a very short time, the Society of Jesus had obtained almost a monopoly of education in Europe—an advantage of which they well knew how to avail themselves, and a duty which they discharged with wonderful ability. Speaking of their mode of teaching, Mr. Buckle, who certainly will not be accused of being too partial to the order, says: "The Jesuits, for at least fifty years after their institution, rendered immense service to civilization, partly by tempering with a secular element the more superstitious views of their great predecessors, the Dominicans and Franciscans, and partly by organizing a system of education far superior to any yet seen in Europe. In no university could there be found a scheme of instruction so comprehensive as theirs ; and certainly nowhere was displayed such skill in the management of youth, or such insight into the general operations of the human mind. It must, in justice, be added, that this illustrious Society, notwithstanding its eager, and often unprincipled, ambition, was, during a considerable period, the steady friend of science, as well as of literature ; and that it allowed to its members a freedom and a boldness of speculation which had never been permitted by any other monastic order." It is but fair to add, however, that a little further Mr. Buckle remarks, that as education and science made greater strides, and speculation became more bold and thought more free, the Jesuits became alarmed, and made as great efforts to impede the advancement of learning as they before had made to assist it. Their schools, however, enabled them to establish a hold on children from which, as men, they found

it difficult to shake themselves free. We see even Voltaire, who certainly was not over-burdened with feelings of reverence, and who was too quick-sighted not to see through all their shams and hypocrisies, defending ever the Society from which he had received his education. Learning has since made such strides that the Jesuits no longer have the monopoly they once held. But to this day they adhere to their old rule of training the boy to their own views, and from the moment the lad of ten enters the Jesuit college until he comes out of it a young man of seventeen or eighteen, not a book has been put into his hands, even as a text-book, which has not been written by a member of the Society with a view of instilling into his mind, without his perceiving it, all the principles and doctrines of the order. Another, and by no means the least advantage the Society derives from their large schools, is that it enables them to pick and choose among the most promising youths, and often by judicious manipulation, secure them for future members. The last and probably the most powerful lever the Jesuits brought to bear in all the mischief they have done, was, and still is to, a certain extent, the Confessional. At one time a Jesuit was confessor to nearly every Roman Catholic crowned head in Europe and to almost all the nobility. What an immense power they wielded may be readily imagined. They became the recipients of all State and family secrets, and were by that means enabled to train their plots, concoct their conspiracies, and incessantly intermeddle in politics, until at last they became so troublesome and dangerous that they found themselves driven from country to country, until, denounced and abolished by the Pope, ultimately they sought refuge in half-civilized and wholly heretical Russia. Some people may smile at the idea that the Confessional can exercise such in-

fluence; but, be it remembered, that Giovanni Mastai was a man of liberal ideas and tendencies before he became Pope, and even for some time after he had ascended the Papal throne. It was only after the death of Grazioli, his former confessor, that Pius IX., falling into the hands of a confessor devoted to the Jesuits, began to incline a favorable ear to their suggestions, and they have led him ever since the dance we wot of, until, at last, they have made him the self-constituted infallible laughing-stock of all Europe—a king without a throne, and an infallible Pope with a remnant of a church. Two reasons are to be assigned for the popularity the Jesuits have always enjoyed as confessors,—a popularity which has not fallen off, even in our day, though it must be admitted that the attendance, especially on the part of the sterner sex, is not as assiduous at the Confessional door as it was three centuries ago. The first is, that they enjoy the privilege of absolving from every censure, even in cases reserved for the Pope alone. This privilege they enjoyed within the first twenty-five years of their establishment, together with several others, such as having a private chapel in every house, and, the right to celebrate mass even in time of interdict, the power of dispensing from religious vows and impediments to marriage, of conferring academical degrees, a dispensation from the payment of tithes

and all other ecclesiastical contributions, and, above all, complete independence from the jurisdiction of bishops. These extraordinary privileges were not, however, all granted again to the Society when Pius VII. re-established them in 1814; but we believe that to this day they hold greater power in the Confessional than ordinary priests. The second, and much more potent reason for their popularity, as confessors, and a reason which holds to-day as strongly as it did three centuries ago, is, that they are much more lenient than any others, regulating the severity of their penances very much by the character of the penitent. To justify themselves for the course they adopted in so doing, they put forth their doctrines of “probabilism” and “mental reservation.” Laying down the broad principle that to commit a sin one must have a clear perception and understanding of the sin, as sin, and of free-will consent to it, the Jesuits have therefrom deduced the following consequences:—

“A confessor perceives that his penitent is in invincible ignorance, or at least in innocent ignorance, and he does not hope that any benefit will be derived from his advice, but rather anxiety of mind, strife or scandal. Should he dissemble? *Suarez affirms that he ought; because since his admonition will be fruitless, ignorance will excuse his penitent from sin.*”

(To be continued.)

TECUMSETH HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GIPSEY'S GOVERNESS," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

"Did Henry Trevor come home before you left, Myrtle?" asked Tom, as they sat in the library that evening playing draughts at a corner table quite away from Mr. and Miss Douglass, who were reading the evening papers.

"Yes, he came in just as I left: it was rather exciting, too. The children all rushed at him. There, crown that man, Tom."

"Trevor is a good fellow. Did you like her? There, my fair friend." Tom coolly helped himself to the newly made king, by a lucky move, as he spoke.

"Oh, Tom! The only one I had! Like Mrs. Trevor? Yes, I liked her; she is so bright and young; she just looked as if she were playing at house-keeping, and being mother."

"Well, she isn't old," said Tom after a silence, while he had been seriously studying his next move. "Somewhere in the region of twenty-five! That will do, I think," he continued, slowly pushing a man forward. "Some dozen or more children over there?"

"No, only five," said Myrtle, laughing gleefully as she snatched up two men and walked into a kingdom. "They are little darlings. I enjoyed myself ever and ever so much over there. I'm going again."

"My opinion is that they are little yelpers," said Tom, dryly. "That Tessie is a young witch, and Gerard over again. Mrs. Trevor and Gerard look exactly alike though, don't you think?"

"But Mrs. Trevor is no relation to Gerard Irving, is she, Tom?" asked Myrtle, in surprise.

"Didn't you know that? Of course, she's his sister. Mrs. Trevor was Edith Irving, and if you can swallow all Miss Baxter Burke's yarns, she was the maddest wild-cap in or about Heathfield. But there, as we all know, Miss Baxter's charity is pretty well tucked up."

"I don't believe it," said Myrtle, quickly. "She is so perfectly lady-like. I never met any one with more charming, cordial and happy manners."

"Nor I either," replied Tom, looking laughingly at the earnest face across the table. "She is tamed now, Myrtle. Truly, she was very lively though,—Gerard told me so. She used to ride bareback on horseback and tear round Greyley like mad. She was just brimming over with wild spirits. She has had plenty of trouble though since that."

"How, Tom?" asked Myrtle, eagerly, quite forgetful of the game in which she excelled, in her growing interest to hear the story of Edith Trevor's by-gone days.

"She got married. That tames people. Whew! Myrtle, what do you think of that?" Tom laid a wary trap while Myrtle was thinking of the sunny mistress of "the house over the way," and by a clever stroke won the game.

"Oh, Tom!" cried Myrtle, a little annoyed that her absent-mindedness had caused her defeat.

"Oh, Myrtle!" mimicked Tom, as he threw the board and men aside. "Let's have a cozy talk; I'm tired playing."

"You are afraid to play, Tom, that is it."

"No, honestly, Myrtle. My arm is

sore to night; besides, be generous, and let me enjoy being the 'Conquering Hero' for once. Here we will wind the blessed old lady's yarn, and I will spin a yarn about Mrs. Trevor if you like."

"Oh, do," said Myrtle with interest; then pausing, she said teasingly, "But your arm, Tom?"

"I will fix it up so, and hold the skein; so, now, go easy and listen. Gerard told me part of it; Aunt the rest. You belong to the family now, so where's the harm? Don't be uneasy about my arm. See, I'll shove this cushion under it. There, I'm comfortable; thank'y, ma'am. Without joking, Myrtle, you are a splendid nurse. You just have the knack of putting things to rights."

Myrtle had adjusted the cushion, arranged the skein of yarn, and now listened eagerly to Tom's tale, told in a low voice.

"To begin at the beginning, there are four boys and two girls in the Irving family. Edwin went to glory, and left a wife and three boys. Gus is next to Edwin, then Edith or Mrs. Trevor. Gerard is a few years younger than her. Guy and Olive are twins."

"Go on, about Mrs. Trevor, Tom; I've often heard you speak of the rest."

"Give me time, Myrtle, and wind slowly. Just make yourself comfortable. I'm like Miss Baxter: I like deliberation in all things. The old governor is as proud as Lucifer, but a splendid old chap for all. I will take you over to Greyley some day when Gerard is home; he is away on a voyage now, and Olive is in the city. Anyway she is not fit to blacken Mrs. Trevor's boots. Mr. Irving thought all the world of Edith. She was always laughing and singing,—just a regular go-ahead, wild piece. She rode wild horses and kept Greyley lively, I tell you. When she was nearly sixteen they sent her to a boarding-school in the city. Before six months she was

expelled for skylarking, and then the Irvings sent her to an aunt in Halifax. Gerard says every one loved her; they could not help themselves. She was so whole-hearted and full of capers. She was just a smasher, he says. Anyway, Henry Trevor came on the scene, and he got smashed up too, so to speak. He was poor as could be; hadn't a red cent to call his own, and was a good-for-nothing, good-looking fellow, drank like a fish, and was such a ruin that his people in England shipped him, and he came to Halifax as a common sailor—worked his way out. He was a plucky chap for all. He loafed round at a bachelor uncle's for a while—a rich old fellow who would not give him more than enough to keep him. Well, one day—here comes the romance—girls like this kind of stuff.—Henry stopped a run-away horse, and saved a young lady from breaking her neck. She turned out to be Edith Irving, and he turned a kind of lunatic; so did she, and as he was handsome, poor, and only nineteen, and she young, and full of fun, they got acquainted, and before long got engaged. Then there was a row. Her aunt got frightened and sent her home. Mr. Irving stormed like mad. Henry came prowling round, and Edith and he made a run-away match. She was not seventeen, nor he twenty. All they had to live on was love, air and their high connections, for the Irvings cut them dead. Mrs. Irving felt so bad she got quite sick, and Mr. Irving took her away to Scotland."

"What became of Edith?" asked Myrtle, excitedly.

"You ought to ask Philip that," said Tom with a knowing nod. "He could tell you the pathetic and bring the briny drops."

"Don't, Tom," said Myrtle. "Was it very sad?"

"Oh, very," replied Tom. "Only by-gones are by-gones, and what is the use of bothering anyway?"

The boy's face saddened as if some painful recollection had flitted across his mind.

"What is it, Tom?" queried Myrtle, kindly.

"Nothing, just something in your eyes made me think of something. When you look sorry, you put me in mind of some one; but then you are not like her. Oh, no. Let us talk of Mrs. Trevor for a change. I do not know what they did after they left Heathfield. Philip could tell you,—nobody else knows. Gerard says he thinks Mrs. Trevor gave music lessons for a time, and did sewing. None of their friends heard of them for some time. Six years ago, the year before we came here, Philip was away on a rampage."

Tom's face grew sober again, and he spoke in a hushed voice. He even glanced around uneasily to see if his cousin were listening.

"I guess Philip cannot hear."

"Of course not," replied Myrtle. "Hurry, Tom, I want to hear the rest."

"Well, Philip was in trouble, never mind what. He was wandering round Niagara, not caring what he did. Anyway in a side street, he stumbled over a youngster that was crying on the way, just at dusk. It was a little chap just able to speak. Philip is so kind-hearted, he picked it up, and it yelled Pa, at him, and just then some one came to an open door near by, and said:

"'Oh, Henry, have you come? I'm so tired waiting. Where did you find baby. Henry, have you sold it. I am starving.'

"Philip was in a stew. To crown all, the person in the door saw her mistake and fainted. Philip caught her, and carried the two into a mean little room. When the lady—for he could easily see she was one, came to, she was in a great fright, and nearly beside herself. He talked to her and petted the youngster. Then he asked her to direct him to her husband, and he would

go in search of him. So the poor little thing told him that Mr. Trevor had gone to try and sell their wedding-ring,—that they were just starving. Philip got help and gave a woman money to get food for Mrs. Trevor, and then he started to look for Henry at the shop she described. Here he found that the ring had been bought, but no word of Henry. One of the clerks told him as he was leaving that probably he would find the young man he was searching for in the first grog-shop, and said something about Trevor being a 'regular swill.' Philip hunted him up. He was dead drunk in some low place. The next day, Philip got all their history, and after thinking it over he came down here for the first time, to see if he could square up things between Mr. Irving and Mrs. Trevor. He killed two birds with one shot. He brought the Irvings all round in style, and bought Tecumseth Hall and the Wa-Wa business. Next year we came here to live, and Philip took the Trevors under his wing. Henry is head book-keeper now and a model fellow; but mind you, Myrtle, Philip keeps tight watch over him. Philip is so good."

"What is so very interesting?" called Miss Douglass, at this moment glancing from over her paper, at the two eager faces by the little table.

"Just one of my lingoos, Aunt. See we have wound your yarn. Have you any more?"

"No more now, thank you. Give me the ball. I will knit a while. Who gained the last game?"

"Tom did," said Myrtle, "but he began an interesting conversation, and made me forget to watch."

"Don't believe her, Aunt. It's my skill. I believe I could beat Philip if I tried."

"What is that, Tom," asked Mr. Douglass from the depths of the *Globe*.

"I was just saying that I could beat you if I tried."

"Try it, Tom," said Mr. Douglass, with more interest than he generally evinced. He was in great good spirits. A business friend had just made a lucky stroke in political life, and he was delighted at the gentleman's good fortune. Tom was soon vanquished, at which Miss Douglass laughed heartily, and said :

"I did not think that you condescended to draughts, Philip?"

"I prefer chess," he replied quietly; but Trevor has taken a fancy to this game, and I've had some practice lately."

"Try Myrtle, now," said Tom coolly. "She will show you science. Here, Myrtle, take my seat, and keep up your side of the house."

"Yes, Miss Haltaine; I will not detain you long," said Philip, seeing Myrtle preparing to move away.

Unlucky or perhaps lucky boast. It nettled Myrtle, and with a defiant fire in her grey eyes, she sat down determined to do her best. Mr. Douglass scarcely guessed the power of his young antagonist. From leaning leisurely back in his chair, and pushing his men forward in a lazy way, he soon bent eagerly over the board. He had his match now, and it was a hard battle. Myrtle played calmly, never once taking her attention from the game. On they went slowly—so slowly, in fact, that Tom strolled away to the piano, and began singing "Never say die," while he played an impromptu accompaniment with one hand. By and by, Miss Douglass was called away, and Myrtle and Philip were left alone in the library. Neither spoke, but both played as if their life depended on the issue. Finally, Myrtle, after a long trial, cornered Philip, and won.

"Good night," she said abruptly, and rising left the room.

While she was lighting her lamp in the upper hall, Tom joined her.

"Good on your head, Myrtle. I knew you could do something if you set yourself to it. But isn't Philip the best fellow going? What do you sup-

pose he has been playing draughts at the Trevors for?"

"I do not know, I am sure," said Myrtle, blowing out the match, and throwing it into the safe.

"I do," said Tom. "Aunt told me. I went to the breakfast room and asked her. The Trevors have been invited to some swell parties lately, where there is wine, and all that. Philip talked Henry into staying at home, and he has spent his evenings amusing him so as to keep him in good spirits. Well, good night. You don't look as amiable as you might, considering your good luck."

Myrtle went to her room, trying her best not to think a kindly thought of "the bear," and only half succeeding, for his watchfulness over the welfare of his friend could not but raise him in her estimation.

CHAPTER VII.

The next evening, Mr. Douglass again remained at home, and astonished them all by saying :

"I invited the Trevors to drop in this evening. He works so hard in the office that he needs recreation."

In a few moments the bell rang, and the expected guests were ushered in. Both now possessed a new interest to Myrtle, as she knew a part of their history. Looking at Henry Trevor, in the full light, she could scarcely believe that he was the person of whom Tom had been speaking on the previous night. His erect figure and careless, pleasant air conveyed an idea of almost boyishness, although he must have been all of twenty-eight. His frank smile and honest brown eyes gave a decided charm to an otherwise not, strictly speaking, handsome face.

Mrs. Trevor was the same winsome, girlish matron in the drawing-room as she was in the nursery, and chatted quite happily to Miss Douglass on the all-absorbing themes of teeth, whooping cough, and measles.

Myrtle could not help seeing, however, the great deference which both husband and wife paid Mr. Douglass. To them he appeared to be a dear friend on whom they rested, in whom they trusted. Philip soon introduced draughts, and in an easy way asked Myrtle to play with Mr. Trevor. Then he expressed a wish for some music, and Mrs. Trevor sang merry snatches with Tom, and dashed off rippling little airs in such a joyous way that Myrtle wondered, deep down in her heart, how one who had known such sorrow, and over whose life the storm was ever liable to break, could be so blythe and gay.

This pleasant evening was followed by many equally happy ones, and although Mr. Douglass was always the same grave, silent man, still he was ever considering the comfort and pleasures of others. In spite of all, Myrtle at times felt her old dislike, for though he was kind and thoughtful, there was the same cold, polished courtesy, which made her fancy herself an interloper in the family.

CHAPTER VIII.

March came in like a lion and went out like a lamb. April brought sunshine, smiles, and one or two keen frosts, but the "beautiful snow" vanished as if by magic, leaving only great white patches on the wide meadows and in the woods. Mud was the order of the day, for raindrops mingled with the sunbeams. One bright crisp morning, Tom came bounding up the avenue, and springing into the hall, cried:

"Myrtle, Myrtle, where are you? Hiloa there, Myrtle!"

"Him up to the garret," said Rosalie, who was as usual quickly brought on the scene.

"In the garret! Well, I will find him." Tom rushed up the long stairways to find Myrtle seated on an old feather bed, crying bitterly over "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"What's wrong, Myrtle?" panted Tom, as he flung himself on a dilapidated sofa.

"Oh, little Eva is just dying," sobbed Myrtle.

"Is that all?" laughed Tom. "Let her die. I don't care. You girls are such geese; crying over humbug. And after all there is only one in a hundred of you that has a heart."

"Tom, you don't know what you are talking about," said Myrtle, sharply, as she dried her tears. "You are exactly like your cousin, and judge as he does. For my part, I cannot see that he has a wonderful amount of feeling. He"—

"Oh, Myrtle!" broke in Tom earnestly. "If you only knew Philip, Myrtle! Don't talk hardly against Philip. If you could only guess what I owe him." Tom stopped short, and shook his head gravely. Any unkind allusion to Mr. Douglass wounded the affectionate boy sorely.

"I'm sorry, Tom," said Myrtle, quickly. "I spoke without thinking, and said more than I meant. You see I do not know Mr. Douglass as you do."

"That's so," said Tom, emphatically, and forgiving.

"Sometime, Myrtle, I will tell you all about us, and then you will know why I think girls, taken as a batch, deceitful and heartless, and everything else. You, and Aunt Theresa, and—yes, Mrs. Trevor, I can trust. But the rest—"

"What about Miss Baxter?" put in Myrtle, laughingly. "She was here yesterday, when you were out with Arthur Fletcher."

"Was she? Well, what did you think? Isn't she a character? We have some odd people in Heathfield. What was she harping on yesterday?"

"Economy. She had just turned a dress, and made her new spring bonnet, or *bunnet* she called it. Then she had a new receipt for a 'puddin,' and Mr. Kairn, some relative of colonel some-

thing or other, is said to be corresponding with Eva Fletcher. Oh, I cannot tell you half, Tom. Aunt and I sat and listened; we could not get a chance to speak. After a while, though, she went back to the old plan of pumping me. Sometimes I wonder if she is a witch, do you know, she has such a clever way of putting this and that together and guessing things right."

"Miss Baxter is an institution. I do not see any use in Peters keeping up that paper of his. If the doctor could only afford to keep a staff of servants, and let Miss Baxter travel round and keep things lively, it would break Peters. But Tecumseth and we Tecumsites give her more worry than all the village. She cannot find out anything about us. Here I am wasting precious time," said Tom, coming to his feet with a bound. "Come, and let us find Aunt. There is something jolly in the wind."

"What is it?" asked Myrtle, as the two ran lightly down the steep stairway to the room which was Miss Douglass' especial retreat; her "*Sanctum*" she called it.

"Something jolly, Aunt Theresa," called Tom as he bolted suddenly in on that lady, who was sitting by a window placidly making up the accounts of expenditure in the Hall. Miss Douglass was famed for domestic *ménage* and Tecumseth with its well-appointed, cheerful rooms, and every token of loving thoughtfulness and careful housewifery, bore strict evidence to the truth of the report.

"Softly, Tom; what is it?" she asked, looking up one moment with her usual calm smile.

"A lark, Aunt; it won't hurt Myrtle to go into the woods, will it?"

"What woods, Tom?" Miss Douglass went quietly on with the butcher's bill.

"Greyley woods; all the Irvings are home; Gerard too. He fell from a mast and sprained his hand. Maud Fletcher and the Vances are going, besides some

more; a party in the evening too. Mrs. Irving sent an invitation to you and Philip; here it is."

Tom handed the note to his Aunt. "It is not anything great, Aunt Theresa, just a jolly, old-fashioned time. The boys want to have a sugaring off, and Guy came in to ask Myrtle and I."

"I'm afraid, Tom," said Miss Douglass doubtfully, "when the sun gets up the fields will be wet, and Myrtle takes cold so easily. Besides, will she like meeting so many strangers. What do you think, Myrtle?"

Miss Douglass glanced over at the longing face gazing out of the window and relented.

"Myrtle wants a change," pleaded Tom. "The Irvings are not airy, Aunt, except Olive; Myrtle will like Gerard anyway, and Mrs. Edwin and the old lady are comfortable kind of people."

"Your boots, Myrtle," said Miss Douglass, inspecting the dainty gaiters.

"I have stronger," said Myrtle, eagerly, and then my rubbers."

"You will do fine," said Tom. "Hurry up now; I'm going to see about the horse."

"Philip has the small carriage, Tom," called Miss Douglass, as the eager boy hurried away.

"The carriage, Aunt! What will we do? I never thought; and Jack is lame—Myrtle cannot ride him. There is nothing but Martineau's French cart. The other carriage has the springs broken; Martineau would not let it out on the roads."

"Take the cart, Tom," laughed Myrtle; "I don't mind,—I would like it."

"Very well, it's settled then," and he ran away.

"I will bring you an evening dress, Myrtle. Wear something strong this morning, and take care of yourself in the woods."

"Yes, yes, Aunt Theresa, I will."

They were soon jolting over the hard, uneven road. The mud had frozen, and made the driving unpleasant,

but Tom and Myrtle enjoyed it immensely. The bright spring breeze brought a richer bloom to the young girl's cheeks, and her eyes darkened with a soft sheen in their grey depths.

"What is it, Tom?" asked Myrtle as they came in sight of the great comfortable house with its wide galleries, odd, old-fashioned roof, and low, long windows.

"It's Olive," replied Tom in a rueful voice. "She always makes me think of our Marion."

"Who, Tom? Who is Marion?"

"My sister."

"Your sister, Tom? You have no sister."

"Yes, I have. Myrtle," answered the boy slowly, in a hard, constrained voice. "Get along, old hoss," he called, jerking at the reins. "So we will sing and banish melancholy." Tom laughed a long, loud laugh which nevertheless had a ring of pain.

"Who is that running to open the gates?" asked Myrtle, glad of something that would make Tom forget his thoughts, that were evidently bitter. Although her curiosity was aroused, yet the girl's delicate sense of a matter that was sacred, prevented her probing at Tom's secret.

"Oh, that is Gerard, Myrtle; you never met him. He left just after I broke my arm. He is the sailor boy. See his blue jacket. You will like him."

"Glad to see you, Tom," cried Gerard with a wave of his hat.

"So am I," said Tom. "Whoa, Jess. Jump in, Gerard. This is Myrtle's jaunting-car. There is plenty of room behind. This is Gerard, Myrtle," said Tom, by way of an introduction.

"Very glad to see you," said Gerard, shaking her hand in a firm grasp. "Mother-hoped you would come."

"Tom," he said, turning laughingly towards his friend, "Grace Harris is here."

"You don't say so."

"Honestly. Olive invited her again.

They are fast friends. Drive round that way, Tom. I want to take Miss Haltaine to mother. Olive is with Miss Harris, and Father is in the parlor with the Fletchers and the rest."

"Maud here?" queried Tom quizzingly.

Gerard nodded assent, and colored up to his temples.

Mrs. Irving met Myrtle. She was an old lady, stout, fair and pretty, with a tender smile and soft, silvery hair. She greeted the shy new-comer in a hearty, cordial manner, and then drew her down the hall to a room, from the open door of which issued shouts of merry laughter.

"Come, my dear," said Mrs. Irving, and Myrtle was soon in the midst of a light-hearted party of boys and girls. After being introduced she was immediately taken possession of by Mr. Irving, a genial old gentleman whose early education in England, after-life in India, and varied, experience in Canada, together with an inexhaustible fund of general information, and a most alarming memory, made him a favorite with young and old.

"How do you like Heathfield?" he asked as Myrtle ensconced herself in a deep cushioned chair.

"I am liking it better," replied Myrtle, wishing to be honest as well as polite.

"When the young folks are home in the summer, I hope we shall see more of you. My daughter Olive returns to her studies on Monday. Yes, Heathfield is a charming place when the woods and fields are green. I came here, Miss Haltaine, when this place was a wilderness of trees."

"Oh, how nice!" said Myrtle, growing interested. "Were there any Indians?"

"Plenty of them. Your present home was the scene of an encampment. Do not be at all alarmed if you have dark, ghostly visitants some night, for there is a burying ground, I believe, in your garden, and a beautiful young squaw

came to an untimely death in Black Nan's Hollow."

"Oh, dear! I am glad, I did not know that the night of Tom's accident."

"Miss Haltaine, don't encourage Father in giving you early reminiscences. We want to have a pleasant day, and your pleasure will be spoiled with harrowing yarns," said handsome Guy from his seat in the window next the door, where he was holding forth on the horrors of the dissecting-room to two-timid girls who seemingly looked on him as a hero and shuddered while they admired him.

"People in glass houses should not throw stones," flashed back dark-eyed Maud Fletcher from the centre of a group.

"Quite right, Miss Maud. Abuse the young rascal. Those are some of Tom Rayburn's recitals. A beggarly profession Tom belongs to."

"I intend to bleed for my country, sir," said Tom, who was standing outside the window.

"Bleed the country's pockets, you rascal," laughed Mr. Irving.

(To be continued.)

MEMORIES OF THE OLDEN TIME;

OR, ENGLAND SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

BY FANNY FRENCH.

Persons now living a quiet, uniform life in Deal and Gravesend can hardly realize that at the beginning of this century, these towns, now so quiet, witnessed, almost constantly, scenes of bustle and excitement.

The lading of transports with military stores, the embarking reinforcements to be sent to different parts of the Continent, and the disembarking shattered regiments to recruit and refit, were events of almost daily occurrence. The barracks were quite insufficient to contain the troops, and soldiers were billeted on all the hotels and public-houses, and often on private dwelling-houses also.

This happened so often that some of the large hotels had what was called in the household the "soldiers' room," a bedroom as large as the house afforded, and containing as many beds as

could possibly be crammed into it. The air resounded with the roll of drums, the streets were gay with scarlet coats, and balls and other entertainments would be given in honor of the "outward bound."

There was the dark side of the picture,—riot and disorder were there; drunkenness, then even more than now the besetting sin of the British army, prevailed, and the last days, and especially the last night before sailing, was spent by both officers and privates in wild revelry and dissipation. Then the transports sailed away, and wives and children, soon, many of them to be widows and fatherless, were left lonely and sorrowing.

In the case of the wives of the private soldiers, grief at parting with their husbands was aggravated by extreme poverty.

Under the most favorable circumstances his limited pay put it out of the power of a soldier to make anything like a sufficient provision for his family in his absence; and, in most cases, not even the attempt was made,—the last shilling was recklessly spent.

Some little care was taken by the Government of these poor women; an agent was appointed, and on their application, small sums of money, a few pence per mile, was given to them to enable them to return to their friends; and when they had no friends, a letter or order addressed to the overseers of the parish to which they might chance to belong.

The husband of a sister of my mother's was, for some time, the agent at Gravesend, and my mother, who was often at her sister's at that time, would, in after years, speak, with eyes filled with tears, of the sad scenes she had witnessed among the poor, mourning women,—many of them with infants in their arms, and little children clinging about them. She (my mother), in a case of peculiar distress, would use her influence in her sister's home to procure food, shelter for the night, and small gifts of clothing for either the mothers or children.

My mother often alluded to the departure (which she witnessed on one of her sojourns in her sister's home) of a very fine regiment, containing an unusually large proportion of young, tall, and handsome men. A ball and banquet was given in their honor, and they departed amid the hurrahs of an excited crowd. The career of this regiment, on arriving at the seat of war (the Peninsula, I think), was very brilliant, and very disastrous, and in a few months was so dreadfully shattered as to be compelled to return home. My mother was still at Gravesend, and witnessed the disembarking of the few who returned,—scarred, maimed, poor wrecks of the fine fellows who, in the flush and pride of manhood, had left their native

land only a few short months before; it was a mournful contrast.

In an open, airy space, not far from the beach, and about midway between the town and village of Walmer, stand Deal Barracks. The building was erected about the close of the last century for a military hospital, and was afterwards enlarged and converted into an ordinary barrack.

In 1809 the unfortunate Walcheren Expedition was sent to the coast of Holland under the command of the Earl of Chatham and Sir Richard Strachan. The Fortress of Flushing and the Island of Walcheren were subdued, but the unhealthy climate and the damp, marshy situation of the camp sowed the seeds of the fatal Walcheren fever which ended the lives of so many brave men. Many hundreds of the sick soldiers were brought home and landed at Deal, and for a time the mortality in the hospital was fearful; not twenty-four hours passed without three and sometimes six and even nine deaths.

In a field at the back of the hospital are the nameless graves of these poor fellows. Sir Colin Campbell, then a lieutenant, was one of the sufferers; he recovered, but to the end of his life he used to say at times he could "feel that Walcheren fever in his bones."

From about 1780 to 1815, smuggling was carried on to a greater extent than ever before or since; the high taxation caused by the long and expensive war made smuggling a most profitable calling, and the sympathies of the lower classes and very many of the upper were so entirely with the smugglers that the efforts of the Government to put down the contraband trade were entirely useless. Seizures of smuggled cargoes were made perhaps often, but merely resulted in individual ruin, not as a check to others engaged in the traffic. I remember a story that used to be told by an old woman residing in the neighborhood of my English home, which

will illustrate the unsuspected way in which the smugglers were aided to ensure success in their ventures. She was then a girl, performing the duties of waitress in the house of her father, who kept a small country tavern.

One day two men came in (whom she knew to be Custom House officers), and called for food and drink. While supplying their wants she heard a few words which led her to suppose they had got information of the intention of a gang of smugglers in the place (a small seaside village) to land a cargo of goods that night. As soon as she could, unobserved, she put on a cloak and slipped out of the house. After walking a short distance she met a man she knew to be connected with the gang; she passed him closely and said in a low tone, "The officers are after you, look out." The man went on as if he heard her not, but the cargo was *not* landed that night, nor did the officers succeed in capturing it.

Some little time after, the same man met her, and, slipping a sovereign into her hand, went on again without speaking. This woman was not by any means an immoral or unprincipled person, but to the last of her life, it would have been a hopeless task to try to convince her there was any *guilt* in smuggling. Many of the old houses had hiding-places for smuggled goods, often very ingeniously constructed. In an old house in Dover, with which I was well acquainted, for it was the home of a relative, a large closet had a movable floor with a large space beneath, and in a passage in the same house was a closet with the door constructed to look like the rest of the partition. The massive walls, and the irregular way in which old houses were built, favored the construction of these places, and their existence was never suspected.

In times nearer our own, the pretty seaside village of Walmer has been celebrated, as the residence, for many years, of the Duke of Wellington, while

Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and the scene of his death in 1853. In the autumn of 1841 the Queen and Prince Albert were for some weeks at Walmer Castle, the guests of the Duke of Wellington. Without altering its antique character, the Duke greatly improved the interior of Walmer Castle, and had the beautiful gardens and grounds kept in nice order.

G. P. R. James, the author, also lived for a number of years in Walmer. He was a refined-looking, rather handsome man, with an intelligent and very *good* face, the whole expression that of an upright, high-principled man, as his life and writings prove James to have been. "The Smuggler," one of the most successful of his many delightful works, contains many fine descriptions of the scenery of this part of Kent, and many of the characters and incidents are taken from life, and can be readily recognized by persons acquainted with the local history of the neighborhood.

One very curious feature in English society, in the period that intervened between the outbreak of the French revolution in 1790 and the restoration of the monarchy in 1815, was the number of refugee French noblesse scattered over the whole country, but chiefly residing in London and the larger sea-ports on the southern and eastern coasts.

These people, many of them ignorant, bigoted, prejudiced, and with a spirit of caste that would lead to the inference that they thought themselves a different clay from the *canaille*, yet were worthy of a very great deal of respect, from the patient and earnestness with which they bore reverses and privations, and the energy, industry, and independence they showed in their efforts to earn their own daily bread and avoid debt and charitable aid. Some of these gentlemen and ladies

had small incomes derived from sources still accessible to them in their exile, but most had fled from the horrors of the Reign of Terror, with nothing but their lives and such jewels, money and clothing as they could carry with them in their flight.

Some resorted to teaching the French language, and music, and many of the ladies made small fancy articles for sale, or artificial flowers, or worked at millinery and dressmaking.

My mother was at one time lodging in a house in London, one of the attics in which had been occupied for years by an old French lady of rank; her name my mother never knew, as it was unpronounceable by the landlady's English tongue, and beyond a courteous word or two, exchanged when they met in the passages or on the staircase, she (my mother) had no acquaintance with her.

This old lady was one of the fortunate few who had an income,—how paid none knew, for she was not the person to submit to being questioned, but it must have been very small, from the careful manner in which she lived. She was a model lodger, paying her rent with the greatest punctuality and giving no trouble. She never on any pretext whatever allowed the landlady or any of her servants to enter her room, doing everything for herself. She would descend to the kitchen dressed in the most extraordinary *dishabille*, and prepare her coffee, her soup *maigre*, and other French dishes, with her own hands. She had a few rich and elegant dresses and splendid jewels of which she took great care. She was acquainted with a few English ladies of rank, and now and then received a card of invitation to a dinner party or other entertainment. On these occasions she would dress herself with great taste, and go off in a hired carriage; sometimes her hostess would send a carriage for her.

After the battle of Waterloo, my

mother was again lodging in the same house and learned that the old lady had returned to France. In many of the large towns at this time were prisons, in which were kept the French prisoners of war. These poor men must have had a dreary time, although there is every reason to think that on the whole they were better fed and treated than were the English prisoners of war in France. Many of them were very clever and industrious, and employed themselves in making baskets, little boxes or toys, and when they wished to work in this way, they were allowed a few pence weekly to purchase straw, wood and other materials for their work, which was afterwards sold, and the money thus raised procured them many little comforts.

A schoolfellow of mine had a beautiful toy, pretty enough for a parlor ornament: the figure of a man working at something with the arms made to move by pulling a string concealed under the little platform the figure stood on. It was a gift to the little girl from an old uncle who had bought it years before from a French prisoner of war.

In 1873, died, in the township of Bury, P.Q., Mr. John Martin, aged 92. He came to Canada in 1835, settled in Bury and continued to reside there on a farm, which he cleared himself, until the time of his death. The quiet course of the last thirty-five years of his long life was in strong contrast to the stormy scenes amid the roar of cannon and din and rush of battle in which his early manhood was passed. He enlisted in the army at the age of sixteen, and afterwards was a marine on board the fleet commanded by Lord Nelson. He was at the battle of Copenhagen in 1801, and was afterwards one of the *mariae* guard on board a very fine Danish man-of-war, the "Christian the Seventh," captured in the action, and so little injured as to be in a condition to be sent to England immediately, under the command of Lieutenant

(afterwards Captain) James Boxer, brother of Admiral Edward Boxer, long resident at Quebec, and who afterwards died in the Crimea.

The arrival of this vessel in the Downs created much excitement at the time in that part of England; the interest of the capture was not lessened by the circumstance of Lieutenant Boxer being a Kentish man and well known to many persons in Deal and Dover.

Mr. Martin used to speak of this incident in his early life, frequently. On leaving the marine service he received a pension, which he continued to enjoy up to the period of his death.

A few years back, I remember seeing, in a Montreal paper, a notice of the death of Admiral Sir William Parker, K.C.B., and a short memoir of him. He entered the navy as captain's servant when very young, and by dint of steadiness, ability and courage, rose to

the distinguished position he held at the time of his death.

Among my earliest recollections is a memory of a rather tall, slight, sun-burnt man whom I used to see frequently when on my way to school in Eyethorne near Dover; it was Sir William, then Captain, Parker. Although by good conduct and good fortune raised so far above his early station, he never imbibed any foolish pride, and always remained on the most affectionate terms with his family. For years, when not on actual service, he used to make his home with a sister who was married to a carpenter living in Eyethorne.

I have many more "household memories," sweet and pleasant, but no one would be interested in them but those who, like me, knew and loved the dear ones who have passed away, above all the dear mother whose recollections have furnished me with the greater part of these sketches; therefore I will bring them to a close.

MISSIONARY JOTTINGS AMONG THE ABORIGINES OF THE NORTH-WEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "REMINISCENCES."

In 1868 I was appointed to the supervision of the Canada Indian Mission. This Mission is connected with the Congregational churches of Canada, and is seeking the moral elevation and salvation of our aboriginal population, chiefly through the instrumentality of converted Indians, for God is largely blessing native agency the world around.

After visiting Saugeen and its peninsula northward, where we designated an Indian brother to missionary and pastoral work, in connection with a church at the above place, Reverend Mr. Robinson and myself, with three of our Indian teachers, undertook a more extended tour among the Indians on the north shore and the Manitoulin Island of the Georgian Bay.

On board the "Waubuno" we left Owen Sound as the sun was setting over the beautiful hills which separated us from Colpoys Bay and the great Lake Huron. The day had been oppressively hot and sultry, and we hailed with pleasure the exhilarating breeze as we ploughed our way northward into the Georgian Bay. The proprietor of the steamer was on board, a man of Christian bearing, whose face was the index of a kind and loving heart, from whom we received considerate and respectful attentions. Our fellow passengers were a motley set, some bent on pleasure, others seeking new homes, and still others, health and vitality amid the bracing climate of the North-West. The night was gloriously bright, the waters reposed in the summer calm, and so after worship in the saloon, we retired to our berths with

full confidence in that Fatherly care which neither slumbers nor sleeps. At daybreak we found ourselves lying off Lonely Island, where we left some of the necessaries of life, as well as some of our living freight, to relieve its loneliness. At 6 a. m. the Great Manitoulin hove in sight. This island was said to be as large as Scotland, and at one time was supposed to contain as much arable land, but subsequent observations have proved both suppositions to be erroneous. The Land o' Cakes bears away the palm from the Manitoulin. On the eastern part of this island there is the best Seminary which Rome can boast in the North-West. The education, however, is little more than image worship, Mariolatry, and submission to the Church, and the pupils remain in ignorance of useful learning, mental freedom, and the life-giving principles of our holy religion. Soon the steamer touched at Killarney, a lovely spot on an inlet between the north shore and a narrow island. And truly it is a charming place. The scenery is so picturesque, and the bays and lakes so numerous, that it is not unworthy of its Irish original. Little Current was reached at 11 a.m. Its importance arises from its favorable position, lying in the direct line of navigation, and forming a point where the Indians and tourists leave the steamboat for various points of interest. Here we met with Wm. Barrett, one of our missionaries, educated in our Mission School at Colpoys Bay, who had kindly brought his boat to facilitate our progress. With these Indian mis-

missionaries we left Little Current at 1. 40 p.m. ; but the wind being contrary, we made but twelve and a half miles by sundown, when we encamped on a solitary island, which, owing to one single tree *in prospectu*, surrounded by small shrubs, we called Flag Island. This was the first night of our camping out, and it was inaugurated by singing the praises of God, reading the Holy Scriptures, and the offering of prayers and supplications in both the Indian and English languages. The following morning we were up with the sun, and reached West Bay, the station of Peter Keshich, at one p.m. In the evening we had a gathering of the whole settlement, and were glad to find that our missionary brother, during the past year, had accomplished a good work. Twelve had been taught to read the Indian Scriptures, and the Word of Life had made a deep impression upon the hearts of several adults. But Rome had taken the alarm. The priest had secured the services of the chief, and it was determined that the missionary teacher should leave the place. All this being known, with the absence of the chief, gave the meeting a singular interest. Our object in sending them a missionary was plainly stated. We sought their social elevation, their mental freedom, their souls' salvation. They were told that the Bible was a precious gift from God ; that no man, no priest, had a right to keep it from them, and that nothing but the Gospel could save them both in the present and future. The Great Spirit had sent them the glorious Gospel. Christ had died for them, was willing to save them, and they were urged to flee for refuge to the Lord Jesus as the only Saviour. Hymns were sung, prayers were offered, and the Word faithfully preached by Aujecaubo and the deputation. All was concluded by the presentation of a small bag filled with goodies, and a copy of the New Testament to each of those able to read it, and who had attended the Mission

school. We thoughtlessly encamped too near the woods, and notwithstanding the fires, the smoke, and the muscular labor, we were worried with mosquitoes, and our short slumbers were disturbed by all kinds of noises from dogs, hogs, and frogs. We arose from our sleepless couch at daybreak, and prepared for breakfast. The chief, a cadaverous, sallow-looking being, who reminded us of Ephraim, and the cake not turned, paid us a visit. He informed us that he had been told of all that had been done the previous evening. He had great respect for us, and thanked us for our attentions to his people ; but he was a Roman Catholic, and, however much he might wish the missionary to stay with them, yet the priest had said that he must leave. What could he do ? He was in a great strait about it. On being reminded of his responsibility to God, and told of a great King who desired that all the children of his people should read the Bible, and how the Bible had made Britain the first of nations, he replied with much feeling : " I am like a man now pushed into the fire and then into the water. I am an old man now, and, though sorry for the missionary to leave, yet I must carry out the order of the priest." Of course we told him the missionary should not be continued against his will, and while we were sorry to leave him and his people in ignorance and bondage, we would send him to a people who would value his services, in the hope that they would repent for rejecting the greatest blessing that could be conferred upon them. It was touching to see the grief of an old white-headed man, to whom the missionary had been useful, on hearing our decision. He got up and made a talk about the loss the settlement would sustain in losing the teacher. He said there were six families and ten grandchildren connected with him. He would not stay where the Bible and the missionary were rejected, and he pointed out

an important location where the people would welcome the teacher and the Word of God. At length, with *au revoir*, we bade them farewell. The second chief, who had shown the missionary much kindness, was unfortunately away, or our brother's work would not have been so abruptly terminated. We met him afterwards with his family on the water, and had a long talk with him about the location of which he had spoken, which may probably be taken up.

The next day we dined off Maple Point, in the midst of a long stretch of maples, took a bath, and in the evening found ourselves at She-She-Gwah-Ning, a station occupied by William Barrett. He had a school of thirty pupils, some of whom had learned to read the Indian Testament, and to each of them we gave a copy of the Word of God. Among these was the intelligent chief of the band, who, for learning to read the Indian Testament and part of the English Bible, was excommunicated the previous winter from the Roman Catholic Church. This circumstance led us, on the Sabbath morning, to discourse largely on the Word of God, and the importance of cleaving to it with full purpose of heart. "Excommunication," said the preacher, was a terrible nothing. It was a thunder-cloud without the lightning, a great gun filled with powder, that went off with a great noise, but there was no shot in it, and, therefore, nobody was hurt. The ban of excommunication had been hurled at Great Britain, but she had risen higher and higher in prosperity, greatness and power ever since. King George the Third wished every child in his kingdom to be able to read the Bible, and when Queen Victoria was asked the cause of Britain's prosperity and greatness, she presented the Bible. Then presenting the chief a copy of the sacred volume, we said: "Take this precious book, the Word of God, and be a man, assert your right to read it, and may God be your

stronghold and salvation." He replied with much feeling and true manliness, "Yes, though excommunicated, I am yet alive; I can see and eat as well, and can run as fast as ever. No! the big gun of the priest could not hurt me. I am no Frenchman, no Roman Catholic, but a man, a Christian—I belong to the British Queen, and will hold to the missionary and the Word of God." A little bag, which the ladies had filled with good things, was then handed to each child in the school, and to those who could read the Indian Testament we gave a copy of that part of the Word of God.

The meeting was satisfactory and cheering. We thanked God, and took courage, for He had made us to triumph in Christ in the good work which had been accomplished; and then, with mutual expressions of Christian courtesy and love, we bade them farewell in the name of the Lord. Our Indian preacher, Aujcaubo, here did good service. After a hasty dinner, we left for the Alipasauga River, where, next morning, the Gospel was preached to eleven nominal pagan families, numbering some forty souls. Here we found the old chief and his wife very sick, who listened with the greatest interest to the good word spoken by Mr. Robinson. At an interesting part of the discourse, the old sick chief exclaimed, "Lift me up, let me see as well as hear the preacher;" and afterwards said, "Thank you for the good word. If I live, come again next year, and wherever I go I will tell what you have now told me, and then I will tell you what they say." Two poor women in another wigwam, suffering from consumption, promised to think upon what they had heard. We left this interesting spot, thanking God for the open door He had given us, and made all speed for the Serpent River, distant twenty-one miles.

On the way we saw a camp on the side of a rock in a lovely little bay. We landed and separated to gather berries.

On our return to the boat we saw the Chairman of the Congregational Union preaching to a single Indian. It was a singular sight, and let me give you the picture. The Indian, a fine, athletic man, about sixty years of age, was in *dis-habille*. He was sitting upon his haunches, clad in a short checked shirt, without even the covering of a fig leaf, and listening with profound attention to the earnest preacher. His squaw was busily employed in cleaning and gutting a fish. She toasted the head and entrails of a loon, and then came and placed this wretched food before her lord and master. But no! his eyes remained fixed upon the preacher, nor did he take them off until he had finished the good Word, when he grunted the word of approbation. We thought of the Saviour at the well of Sychar, preaching to the woman of Samaria, and prayed that the result might be the same.

The next morning found us at the Serpent River, where twenty families formed the straggling encampment. After singing a hymn and offering a prayer in Indian, which soon attracted attention, short sermons were preached by Mr. C. and Aujecaubo, for which some gave us cordial and hearty thanks. Though but little conversation passed between us on this our first visit, they were evidently gratified and pleased, but on subsequent visits they have earnestly besought us to establish a missionary teacher among them; and some, we have reason to believe from their own statements, have been led to a saving trust in a precious Saviour.

The next morning we crossed from our Island resting place to Sagamook (peninsula), a beautiful spot, for many years the home of a large tribe of Indians, who are living in ignorance, drunkenness and vice, and rejecting every effort for their improvement in morals or religion. On reaching the settlement we soon discovered the same spirit of continued hostility. On land-

ing, the pagan priest rejected the proffered hand of friendship tendered him, and, exhibiting a spirit of marked ferocity, he ran from house to house, his eyes gleaming, his hair flying, which plainly told that he set our persons and our mission at defiance. The chief was sick in bed. We entered his house, explained our object in coming, urged him to receive a teacher, and allow his people to listen to the claims and overtures of the Gospel. He told us plainly that he was a pagan, that his forefathers urged him not to change his religion. Roman Catholic, Church of England and Methodist missionaries had been to him and he had refused them. He would have nothing to do with us, and this was the language of the tribe. However, from the door of that poor, sick, dying man's house, we proclaimed the Gospel message in its freedom, fulness, and solemn responsibilities, trusting that God would turn them from darkness to light.

At present, intemperance is prevalent among them. When a trader visits them, the first question is, "Have you any whiskey?" Should his reply be "no," they tell him to go away; but if it be "yes," they bring their furs, matting and baskets, and, before night, men, women and children are frantic with drink.

We afterwards found the second chief, with some five or six families, living beside a beautiful lake, within the gorges of the mountain. He explained that his people on the Sagamook were so wicked that he and his friends could not live among them. He would be delighted if they could be induced to receive a teacher for the sake of the children. This man had received some of the seeds of Christian truth from one of our missionaries, who, owing to stress of weather, had found a refuge from the storm, for a day and a night, in his wigwam. As he earnestly begged for a teacher for the remnant of his tribe now with him, we hailed the

commencement of the good work which we hoped grace would perfect. From the Sagamook, we visited Lacloche, a fine post of the Hudson Bay Company. Roderick Mackenzie, Esq., was in charge, who very kindly welcomed us to his hospitable home, which was like an oasis in the desert, where we again enjoyed the blessings of civilization. We felt much interest in our new friend, his excellent wife, and their fine family, and were especially gratified for the facility and interest manifested to give the whole settlement an opportunity of hearing the Gospel under the shadow of their roof tree.

These privileges have oftentimes been repeated. May God bless them in their new home in Montreal !

From Lacloche we passed on to Little Current, which is rapidly filling

up with white people, the Indians retiring further back. Here we made the pleasant acquaintance of the Rev. Mr. Burkit, Indian Missionary of the Church of England. He had spent the greater part of his life among the Indians. He spoke of the discouraging aspect of the field, arising from the demoralizing influence of the vicious trader, and gave his entire adhesion to our plan of employing Christian Indians for missionary work among their people, and particularly among their wandering tribes.

Thirty five miles further and we left the little skiff which had carried us safely so many miles, for the good steamer "Waubuno," in which we returned to our homes, thankful for the opportunities furnished for the furtherance of the Gospel among the aborigines.

COMING UP THE LADDER.

BY B. ATHOL.

"Fourteen this way and eighteen long! How one has to stoop! Now, mother, you must get that easy chair I was telling you about. It'll be so nice for father when he comes in."

"Your father would rather have the old damask lounge, Maggie, and so would I. Old people are naturally attached to old furniture; you can have all the pretty things in your room."

"You're not in earnest, mother! The damask lounge! I don't see how you can think of it. It's so shabby and old-fashioned in shape."

"That is partly the reason I like it, and it's much better-looking than when I first got it; it had only a chintz cover then."

"What is the dispute about?" asked Harry, coming in with paper and pencil in one hand and an empty nail keg in the other.

"Mother is determined to keep the old damask lounge in her room," answered his sister. "I wanted her to get that easy chair I was speaking of. This is eighteen long and fourteen across, Harry; how many yards of carpet will we need for it? Father will take my part about the chair, I know."

"I'll vote for the lounge," said Harry, as he placed the nail keg on one side and let himself cautiously down on it, stretching his long limbs half way over the floor. "Mother, be careful you don't fall out of that window; I think our Peter will be for it too, Madge; how will you do then? Let's see, eighteen by fourteen, and how wide is the carpet?"

"Father and I can carry the whole

house before us if we choose," replied Maggie.

"I have no doubt," was the dry rejoinder. "When you are married, Maggie, I'm going to give you that lounge as a present, and tell you a story at the same time."

"Oh, thank you, mother, but I don't care about it; I don't intend the man I marry to fit that elegant affair; he won't be so long and narrow."

"Tell us the story now, mother," said Harry.

"You wouldn't care for it; there is more in it for Maggie."

"Oh, of course, I only proposed it by way of diversion; I knew the moral wouldn't apply to me. That sort of thing is for girls,—men never need it."

"And my son and heir endeavors to accomplish the difficult feat of laughing with the side of his face next me, whilst on the one next his sister he maintains a solemn gravity."

"Men!" retorted his sister in scorn. "Listen to him!"

"Yes, men," repeated Harry, raising his voice and waving one hand, "men, the Lords of Creation, the—" An incautious movement cut short Harry's harangue. The staves of the keg gave way and Harry, to the great diversion of his sister, went down very abruptly, his long limbs coming farther over the floor.

"Oh, ever thus from childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hopes decay,"

he recited, gathering himself up on his feet. "I wish the old lounge was here now. Well, I must get another keg.

Come, Madge, I want you to see the lake from my windows."

Whether it is the question of the damask lounge, or the fact that the farther we go on life's journey the oftener we stop to look back, I do not know, but this morning I'm particularly disposed to leave this my new, and I hope, last home, and once more go through my first. From my seat in the window, I can just catch glimpses of the unpretending little cottage peeping through the trees. We planted those maples ourselves; I held them straight while Harry shovelled the earth around the roots. If I only had a little of the enthusiasm that possessed me then, to carry me through the furnishing of this house! But that was twenty-four years ago, and in less time than that one learns, like Solomon, that even in the most desirable things there is vanity and vexation of spirit. Tired of measuring floors, and discussing tables, chairs and pictures, I shut my eyes and go back to the little cottage.

"I was not troubled as to the choice and arrangement of my furniture there; we hadn't enough of it to bewilder us, yet how proud I was of that parlor! It was very small; in the evenings and Sunday afternoons, when Harry and I were in it together, it seemed full. How well I remember it!

The carpet was the cheapest of ingrain. What would we have thought then, when we stood on our two-ply at the very foot of the ladder, if some one had told us that one day we would be so far up as to require carpets and curtains specially imported?

On the ingrain stood half-a-dozen cane chairs, one rocker—cane too—over the back of which hung an antimacassar, executed in my best style, as the newspapers say of hotel dinners. In fact the parlor was set off with numerous proofs of my skill in different kinds of fancy work.

On the wall there was a large hair wreath framed, which had been con-

sidered the *chef-d'œuvre* of the school. Opposite hung a picture of Harry and myself, taken when we were on our wedding trip. In those days it was the fashion for newly married people to be taken together; but in these more enlightened times I am told that custom is considered bad taste. I know that at the present day, the bride and bridegroom who have the audacity to appear in one frame, lay themselves open to the charge of being "soft," which expression defined, means that they have a sort of liking for one another. This is a striking example of the march of mind. How well we are coming on, when we have got so far as to question the taste of the husband and wife who are not afraid to let the world see that there exists a little affection between them! But twenty-four years ago, this unblushing exhibition of connubial weakness was all the rage. So Harry and I determined to be behind no one, and with no misgivings as to what future generations would say of us, dressed in our best and sat for our picture,—or rather he sat, somewhat stiffly too, I must confess, with his head in a position very suggestive of the instrument behind, whilst I, arrayed in my wedding dress—a drab silk—stood at his side with one hand laid affectionately on his shoulder. There we were as natural as life, and, as our friends kindly told us, as nice-looking a young couple as you'd see in a long time. Very good natured of them certainly, but our self-satisfaction at that time was such as to render us supremely indifferent to public opinion. To return to my parlor. A small and very slender table occupied the centre of the floor, and was chiefly kept on its three delicate legs by the weight of the large family Bible, a present from Harry's mother, and a few other books I had brought with me. There was another table at one side of the room, on which reposed a fancy basket filled with waxfruit, and my album,—not a photograph album, but one of the old

kind, containing poetical effusions from the pens of my former friends. The windows were draped according to the prevailing fashion of the day—red on one side and white muslin on the other. Instead of cornices at the top, a piece of the damask was cut into a fanciful shape and tacked on a board which Harry had shaped himself, having one side convex. And that was my parlor. After dusting and airing the room every morning, I was in the habit of standing at the door and gazing back on my treasures in fond admiration.

Our dining-room was what my son calls, when I describe it to him,—for I'm given to remind my children how their father and mother commenced life—severely plain. The floor was covered with a rag carpet, the preparation of these rags having taken me six months before I was married. We indulged in white netted curtains, the work of my own hands, for our dining-room—a folly of which some of my neighbors told me I would speedily repent. "There is no keeping them clean," they said. However, I found a way to keep them clean; at the top they were finished off with scarlet fringe. The chairs, although wooden, were of a nice light make, and really looked quite suitable. Then there was another article—my especial pride—for which I am at a loss to find a name. It was a sort of a cross between a high cupboard and a sideboard. This article had been manufactured by the village cabinet-maker, Jonas Pelton, who, as his advertisement announced, flattered himself that he was in a position to supply the inhabitants of the town and neighboring vicinity, with furniture of the finest quality, and at lowest rates in the country, &c. It was difficult to say whether Jonas or I took most pride in the sideboard, as he called it.

Whenever he had occasion to come into the dining-room, he paused to admire his handiwork, invariably adding,

"I don't know, Mrs. Melville, but

that's about as nice a bit of work as I ever turned out of the shop. Them white knobs in the dark wood is handsome to my way of thinkin'; you've a wonderful taste, too, in fixin' up things; I must say he did well when he got ye."

Jonas's praises of my taste had reference to the canary cage that hung in the window where I sewed, and a few pots of geraniums and fuchsias in the other. These, with a clock, constituted the ornaments of the dining-room, I never expect to take the pleasure or interest in the grand conservatory down stairs, that I did in my fuchsias and Wandering Jew, particularly after Harry made a green stand for them; and they took up a little more space in my scantily furnished room. Indeed, the scarcity of furniture in my dining-room; especially the bare appearance of one wall, that opposite the sideboard, gave me no small concern the first few months of my married life. It was my greatest trouble. No, I had one greater, one that weighed more heavily on my mind, and, for which, I had myself to blame.

The evening before I was married, my aunt Hetty, who had assisted me in all my preparations, besides bestowing on me a great deal of sound advice, came into my room for the last time, to see if everything was in proper order. After satisfying herself that all was in readiness, and that the drab silk, which lay spread over two chairs in all its glory, did not require a single stitch, she fumbled for something in her pocket and addressed me with the usual preface:

"Now, Maggie, you're going to be married; you think you know what that means, but you're mistaken. You think, too, that you know exactly what Harry is, and perhaps you're a little mistaken in that too. Harry is very nice I know, but he has a quiet, proud temper, and when anything goes wrong with you, you either fire up or begin to cry. I don't know, either, as you're just the

best housekeeper in the world. Of course, I know you'll do the best you can, but grandmothers are not great ones to bring up girls. Mother has kind of spoiled you, and the best man in the world can't live on feather flowers and waxfruit, and he'll not be long in letting you know it. But, then, I don't want to discourage you; you'll get along some way, though your poor mother and I, at your age, were splendid housekeepers. But that isn't what I want to say.

"After a girl is married, there's a dozen ways she could spend a dollar that her husband never thinks of, and naturally she doesn't like to ask for money at first, when she has gone over her allowance, or something has come to more than she expected—I know how it was with myself. What I'd have given sometimes, if I'd had a few dollars of my own! Not that I wanted money.

"So I *was* thinking to buy something else besides the spoons, but then I concluded I'd just give you the money instead. You needn't say anything about it to Harry, or anyone. You'll find plenty good ways for it, and don't waste it in trifles. There, you needn't begin to cry. I'd do far more than that for poor Mary's child. Come, let us pack your trunk, and don't spoil your looks for to-morrow."

Aunt Hetty was not a rich woman, and gratitude for the kindness which must have cost her some self-denial, made me quite forget the doubtful advice to "say nothing about it to anyone." It was not until after I had been three weeks married, and a part of the thirty dollars spent, that I commenced to think seriously of my mistake. Of course, I decided to tell Harry all about it, and equally, of course, I kept putting it off from day to day. I did not like to tell now, after keeping it so long; Harry would think it strange that I had not spoken sooner. And so, though always going to, I never did it.

Meanwhile, Aunt Hetty's gift was slowly decreasing; as she said, I found plenty ways to spend it. I had made a few presents, and bought some trifles for the house, and being very desirous of showing Harry what a good housekeeper he had secured, I treated him to dishes which I could not have afforded but for Aunt Hetty's mistaken generosity. However, I determined, as the thirty dollars was very nearly spent, to say nothing at all about it, and never again have a secret in money matters which I could not tell my husband. But my good resolutions for the future gave little ease to my mind at the time. The more I thought of it, the more I felt, especially when Harry would speak of things he would like, if we could have afforded them. How much, I thought, that thirty dollars would have done, and I have nothing to show for it! And what would Aunt Hetty say? The thought frightened me—I would rather tell Harry than her, anyway.

These were my two annoyances: my wedding present and that bare wall opposite the sideboard. The latter was an eyesore to me. No conceivable arrangement of my furniture was of any advantage. Do what I liked, there was always one wall bare, and no alteration I could devise would make it better.

About three months after we were married, Harry's mother wrote, saying she thought of paying us a visit according to a promise made when we were on our wedding tour. If I was anxious to please Harry, I was doubly so to find favor with his mother. I felt sure she would like the house, but if she had a particle of taste, that bare wall would certainly offend her eye, and then of course "Harry's wife must be a poor manager, or she could make things look better than that."

One thing would have made me happy, and that was a lounge from Jonas Pelton's cabinet shop. I had seen them there, covered and uncovered, at very reasonable prices. There was enough

of Aunt Hetty's present left to buy one, but this would render necessary an explanation of money matters—a proceeding for which I was not at all desirous. But the more I thought of it, the more determined I became to obtain a lounge at any cost. I never looked at the wall without fancying I saw one covered with chintz, a part of the work I would undertake myself, and thinking how nice it would look with one of what Aunt Hetty, when once disgusted with my fancy work, called my "everlasting tidies," spread over one end of it, I even went so far as to decide of what stitch the tidy should be; at last I determined to speak to Harry. The cost would be so little, I knew I had only to ask; but as Aunt Hetty had foretold, asking was not so easy. It was strange that Harry did not see himself how empty the dining-room looked; but it sometimes seems as if men never saw that anything was needed in their home but what they could eat.

One morning after preparing a breakfast which I thought enough to put any reasonable man into a could-not-say-no humor, I proposed the lounge, fully expecting the response "All right, you'd better go down and choose one." But it didn't come just then; my lord and master continued eating his breakfast in silence. Then I proceeded to set forth the advantages of the article in question. Whilst admitting my own wishes I appealed more strongly to Harry's particular weakness—his mother and his desire for her approval—urging the desirability of having things nice before she came. It would only cost about three dollars if I bought the chintz and covered it myself, and the room had such a bare, unfurnished appearance. Besides almost all elderly people took a nap after dinner, and it would be so nice for her on that account, as well as for himself in the evenings, and three dollars isn't much. To my astonishment, Harry couldn't see the least

necessity for a lounge either for appearances or repose; but he wasn't at all cross about it; on the contrary, he was rather in a playful mood over what was a matter of great seriousness to me.

"I don't see the use—we have all the chairs we need to sit on. We can't use more than two,—I've known one do us on occasions, and mother will never use more than one at a time. She never sleeps in the day. What's the use? As for the look of the room, put all the chairs along that wall,—nothing fills up better than chairs."

With a few more jokes, Harry dismissed the lounge, and coolly changed the subject by asking me to sew up a hole in one of his vest pockets, and have it ready by dinner.

"A very nice thing this being married!" I said to myself when clearing away the breakfast things. It has always been a wonder to me that those dishes escaped that morning's handling without damage, for never were they put in their places with such extraordinary dispatch. A very nice thing and a nice man truly. Three months married and refuses three dollars, and that to purchase something for his own home. Not only refuse, but laugh; insult to injury. Rage and astonishment had the mastery of me. I remembered Aunt Hetty's words, "You think you know what Harry is, and perhaps you're mistaken there too." Surely I had been mistaken. But I had money of my own, and since Harry was so indifferent to me, I need not be too particular on my part. I might spend it the way I liked, and so I would. I had heard it was good to begin the way one intended to go on, and here was a good opportunity to show I had a mind of my own. I would buy the lounge myself. Of course I would explain where the money came from; that would be an easy matter now. No need to be so careful of the feelings of one so indifferent to mine.

In a few minutes I was down at Jonas

Pelton's making my selection, though there was little choice to be sure, and telling Jonas not to bring it up till the next day after breakfast, I set out on my return, purchasing the chintz for the cover on the way. By the time I had got down to mend the vest pocket, I was commencing to feel rather uncomfortable over what I had done. But I would not allow myself to feel sorry,—oh, no; why need I care? no one cared so much for my wishes.

At dinner, Harry was even more humorous than in the morning. Of course no allusion was made to the lounge; for myself, though dignified, I was cheerful. The same evening after tea, Harry was counting out money to be paid the next day, and asked me to look in a drawer for a couple of bills he must have forgotten.

"I can't find them," I said, after a fruitless search. "You must have them there, Harry."

I was standing in the door, with the light from the candle in my hand, shining full in my face.

"How much was it?" I asked. Money was an object to us. I didn't like the idea of losing any.

"Not much; a two and a one. Just three dollars."

Exactly the price of the lounge, I thought. At the remembrance of my secret, and what Harry would say, I felt the color spreading slowly over my face, and his earnest gaze, whilst endeavoring to recollect where he put the bills, added greatly to my confusion. He noticed it too, but said lightly, "Never mind stooping over those drawers; I'll find them some place. It's strange though; I was sure I had them in my pocket, and put them in that drawer."

The missing three dollars created a great change in my mind. After a night's deliberation, I concluded to countermand my order for the lounge, at least until these bills were found. I had told Harry that three dollars would

buy it, and now I felt more averse than ever to speak of the thirty dollars. If the money were not found, would he not remember my embarrassment on the evening they were missing? And could I be sure he would believe me? It was not like me, who could never keep a secret, to receive a present of thirty dollars, and say nothing about it; and still more unlike, he would think, to waste that amount in trifles. Certainly it would be an unpleasant discovery to find he had such an extravagant wife. My anger was quite cooled, so I decided to give up the lounge.

Immediately after breakfast I would go down to Jonas Pelton and say I had changed my mind. But Jonas was too quick for me. Whether he had feared such a change, and hastened the article off to insure its purchase, it was impossible to say, but we were scarcely half through our breakfast, when, to my consternation, I saw Jonas with the lounge on his head, making his way through the gate.

Mr. Pelton was a man of some penetration, and soon perceiving that there was something wrong, he denied himself the pleasure of inspecting the side-board, and bid us good-morning, leaving me to make my explanation as best I could. And a sorry explanation it was. Of course I told of Aunt Hetty's present, and how it had been spent as far as I could, and that there was just enough left to buy the lounge. I said a great deal, but the confused, blundering way I did say it, was more against than for me.

Harry listened to all in grave astonishment, with no remark but that he was sorry I had been in such haste about the lounge. Then with a very serious expression on his face, he left me to my own comforting reflections.

I tacked the chintz on the lounge with a troubled heart. This was worse than a bare wall. Every wall in the house bare, would have been happiness to what I now felt. The lounge didn't

look well,—nothing did. A shadow seemed to have come over everything in those days, and a very bleak one between Harry and me. I could not act naturally; the consciousness of having done wrong, and an idea of being suspected of worse, made a coward of me. There was no proof of this suspicion, however; Harry was very kind and considerate, gave me more money for housekeeping, and made continued enquiries as to my wants and wishes. But then there was such a change; he had become so grave and thoughtful, he scarcely seemed the same man. Our meals often passed now with no more words than were absolutely necessary, and in the evenings Harry generally had writing or something to do, that left no opportunity for conversation.

There appeared no prospect of a change, at least until the bills could be found, and I had searched every corner of the house until I was sick; so I sat down, half hopelessly, to wait for something that would clear it all up. But it was not easy to wait, and by the time Harry's mother came to us, I had grown pale, thin and very low-spirited. It was a great relief to have such a bright, cheerful mother in the house, who showed that, though devoted to her son, she had some affection left for his wife. All the house she praised, but the unfortunate lounge, it seemed to me, got more than its share of commendation, especially when she heard I had covered it myself. What I would have given to have it out of my sight! how I wished I had been contented with the bare wall! But no, there it stood a monument of my anger and folly.

Harry's mother had spent a very active life, and, as she said, could not sit with idle hands. As a sort of light employment for both of us, she proposed cutting carpet rags. "You can never have too much carpet on hands," she said. I agreed listlessly enough. I had no heart for the work, or any other, neither had I the heart to object; it

was all the same to me. So I brought out everything I could collect, which was little enough, and we commenced. One afternoon we sat at work tearing up and stitching, and mother was telling me about all her children, their different looks and dispositions, though I scarcely heard what she was saying, for in spite of myself my mind went back to the months before I was married, when I sewed carpet rags with such a happy, hopeful heart. I listened when it came to Harry's turn.

"And Harry, well, I do believe he was the wisest of the lot. A great many people thought so. He wasn't bad-tempered, but he didn't get over a thing easily."

I thought I was feeling bad enough all the time, but it seemed to me my heart sank down when I heard this.

"I don't believe in fortunes," continued mother, "but there was an old man who used to look in Harry's hand when he was little, and say he would be rich. Whether he ever is rich or not, he is good, and he has a good wife to help him. I don't know of anything a man can get better than a good wife. But look, Maggie! he *must* be rich, see what I've found between the lining and outside of this old vest. Two bills, a two and a one, three dollars. Now, isn't that strange? I wonder he never missed it. There's no hole in the pocket. Oh, yes! I see, it's been sewed up, and here's a lead pencil, and another paper, away down in the corner."

Mother couldn't see what there was to cry for in the finding of two bills, until I told her of Aunt Hetty's present, and my bad temper, and the lounge.

"Well, I *did* think everything wasn't all right; you weren't so cheery as when I first saw you. But it's all cleared up now, and it seems to me Aunt Hetty was most to blame, too. Don't you cry any more. When Harry comes in to-night, look him straight in the face, and give him the bills; and if he ever suspected you of anything, he'll make more

than amends for it now, or he isn't my Harry."

I followed mother's advice, and for the first time in many weeks, looked Harry fearlessly in the face. He never confessed to having had any suspicions, but his self-reproachful manner for long after, was more than amends for what I had suffered by my own folly. Harry wanted to change the lounge for one of a better kind, which he had intended to send for when I first spoke of it, if I had not been so hasty. But I wouldn't part with it, and the old lounge wore out many a chintz cover before we thought we could safely afford one of damask.

So the old happiness reigned once more in our home, and once more I went from room to room, sweeping, dusting, airing, and gazing around me with all my former pride of proprietorship—a pride I know I shall never take in this new one. That seems my home

yet, where I knew poverty and comparative comfort, saw bright days and dark days, where my five children were born, and one—the sweetest, I think, of all the five—after four short years, laid down his golden head in my arms, for his last sleep, and was taken away up to the village burying-ground on the hillside, leaving me in a strangely darkened world, on that bright June day; where I knew my heaviest sorrows and greatest joys. Yes! around the dear old cottage there cluster tender associations and memories, though sad yet sweet, which no other house on earth can ever have for me.

Harry's voice, and his sister's, and another I know so well, rouse me from my dreaming.

"What do you think, mother? He says no money would buy that old lounge, and on its account the memory of Jonas Pelton is ever dear to him. Who was Jonas Pelton?"

THE STORY OF A GIRL ARTIST.

(Conclusion.)

PART III.

The Boston Music Hall was crowded with the audience usually drawn there on Thursday afternoons in winter, and the colossal bronze image of the great musician stood as if calmly listening to the grand strains of his Fifth Symphony, which stirred the hearts of hundreds who sat before him.

Arthur Glover in the side balcony, not wholly lost in enjoyment of the music, was interested in the scrutiny of the various expressions upon the sea of upturned faces, when he caught sight of one that made him bend forward in entire forgetfulness of all the rest of the crowd and Beethoven himself, wondering what memory was being slowly aroused by it, and why it was so familiar.

"She is the 'Lady of Shalott,' the picture I bought for my study (only with a bonnet on), and where have I seen a real face like that? I have it! Stage-coach before the Glen House—same young lady—her stately friend the artist; and of course this one is the original of the 'Lady of Shalott,' but I don't believe she often looks as she does now." Rilla, all unconscious of criticism, sat entranced with the music, her face illumined by some intense feeling, reminding Glover of a lamp burning under a porcelain shade.

When nearly all of the crowd had passed from the Hall she left her seat, and her distant observer followed her into the street, hardly knowing with what purpose, yet possessed by a vague longing to find some chance of speaking to her. A slip of the little crutch upon the icy pavement gave him what he sought.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, eagerly.

"Oh, no, I didn't quite fall; this railing saved me, you see."

"The sidewalks are too slippery for you to go about with safety alone; will you allow me to accompany you to your residence?"

Rilla took his arm trustfully, saying she would accept his kindness with gratitude as it was growing too dark for her to see the ice plainly, and, as no living woman could fail to become acquainted with Arthur Glover when he chose that she should do so, they were soon talking like old friends, Rilla's natural reserve melting away like snow under an April sun. When reminded of their first meeting on the Glen House piazza she acknowledged that his face seemed very familiar to her, and her own heart made a silent confession that since that autumn evening she had not read "Elaine," without seeing a mental picture of "Launcelot" with the face of the stranger who had helped her out of the stage; but that was never told even to Verda. It was like a dream to her, that walk in the winter twilight with a strong arm to lean upon, and a flow of talk from her escort almost as entrancing as the symphony that was still ringing in her ears.

Verda met them at the door of Mrs. Whitehead's boarding-house, amazed to see her "white anemone" flushed with a wild rose bloom, and a tall man escorting her up the steps. A presentation of the gentleman's card, grateful acknowledgments of his kindness on the part of both young ladies, and a ready consent from Rilla to a request that he might be allowed to call; then the door closed, and Verda stood in the hall looking somewhat aghast, and demanding an explanation.

"But, my child," she said when it was given, "ought you to have told him he might call here? We know nothing of him; I will go to-morrow and ask Mrs. Donaldson if she knows him, for I don't feel too confident of a strange chevalier who picks you up in the street, though I am thankful to him, certainly."

"Arthur Glover, indeed!" said Mrs. Donaldson; "one of our first families, a great traveller, rich, talented, considered 'a catch' by all the belles of Boston. Why yes, dear! I think I should let him call if he wants to."

"He will come once, perhaps, and there will be the end of it," said Verda.

"No, it won't," thought Mrs. Donaldson. "He doesn't see such girls as you among his Boston belles;" and she was right. Mr. Glover seemed to find attraction in Mrs. Whitehead's parlor superior to any which the *élite* of the city held out to him.

"These girls are of the right sort," he said to himself. "None of your airy flirts and empty-headed beauties, but earnest women with real purpose in their lives." Evening after evening found him with them, often by the piano listening to Rilla's pathetic voice, or commenting upon Verda's last painting, and by his suggestions and criticisms leading her to feel his deep interest in her work; bringing the newest books and discussing them with every imaginable topic relating to art, music, foreign travel, and metaphysics in a way peculiar to himself that held them spell-bound by a charm that was not to be resisted. Under its influence, Rilla seemed to expand like a flower in the sunshine, and Verda often watched her wondering, as in Mr. Glover's presence her face sparkled with a joyous animation, not akin to her old look of quiet peace. She saw this with a feeling of fear that sorrow was coming to her darling through this companionship.

"I don't want her to sit like 'Patience on a monument, smiling at grief,'" thought Verda, "and I know

she would smile at it serenely to delude me with the belief that her heart was not breaking meantime." As for her own feelings toward Arthur Glover, if she had acknowledged it to herself it would be in this wise: "I could love him, but I won't; for if Rilla loves him and he doesn't marry her he can be nothing at all to me." Her manner toward him changed from frank friendliness to a dignified politeness, and the change was not lost on Glover, who felt it every night more and more, and tormented himself with speculations as to the probable cause of it.

"I know she doesn't dislike me," was the conclusion at which he arrived. "Perhaps she thinks I care more for her lovely little friend than for her, and I must show her her mistake if possible." Accordingly he manifested to Rilla less friendship than he really felt for her, not imagining himself to be wounding a heart that loved him, and his increased devotion to Verda only served to make her grow colder and more stately. Finally he resolved to know the worst without longer delay, and one evening enquiring only for Miss Creighton, he saw her alone, and told her that he loved her as he had never believed he could love any woman in the world.

Verda sat still and heard him, as cold and pale as a marble Pallas, seeing with mental vision a precious gift held out to her, but sternly telling her heart that it must be put aside for the sake of the friend who was far dearer to her than her own life, and, without betraying Rilla's secret, she spoke a few decided words that sent Mr. Glover from her side with a deeper experience of disappointment than he had ever known before.

With her face buried in the sofa-cushion, and a dull heart-ache, she thought how willingly she would bear anything to save Rilla from suffering. "But she will have to suffer, too," groaned Verda; "I can't save her from that. I must try harder than ever to

make her life sunny, and as she is so young she may forget him. As for me, I believe this is God's will and I could not do otherwise."

So Verda rose up to fight life's battle with a deep sense of loss known only to herself, for outwardly her cheerfulness and gaiety were undiminished, and made her a universal favorite; but her tenderness toward Rilla was increased, and every power of her mind exerted to drive away shadows from her. Rilla noticed this and with her keen perception understood and tried to reward her faithful friend by making her believe that her efforts were successful, but it seemed as if the light and music went slowly out of her life as the weeks passed and brought no sight of him who had made too large a place for himself in its interests. Verda observed sorrowfully that the look of her sad childhood was displacing the bright expression which had become habitual to Rilla since their pleasant life in Boston began,—the patient look of one who had passed through a conflict and found peace, not joy, after it. She looked paler and thinner, too, and as winter slowly retired before the mild spring days Verda began to know the real meaning of anxiety.

Coming softly into their room one evening just after sunset she found Rilla looking out at the golden sky, and was struck with the fragility of the little figure kneeling by the window, and the weary look on her face. Her quick ear caught the beloved step and she looked up brightly, then leaned against her friend, saying: "These April days make me so tired, dear! I feel good for nothing all the time." Her words gave Verda a pang, but she cheerfully responded that soon they would leave the city and find strength among the mountains. Thither they went, but the autumn found Rilla no stronger, and before the first frost Verda took her to Aiken, South Carolina, fearing the effect of a Northern winter upon her.

All that winter Verda saw her darling fade, and knew that the low cough was becoming more frequent. When June came they returned to Boston, Verda knowing well that she was only bringing Rilla home to die.

Mrs. Donaldson invited the girls to her home in the environs of Boston, for her kind heart told her that a boarding-house was no place for them then, and there the shadows deepened around Verda, while to Rilla a light that was not of earth seemed breaking through all life's clouds.

Sitting by the couch of the dying girl Verda bowed her head upon the little wasted hand and for the first time in Rilla's presence her fortitude left her, as from the depths of her heart she groaned, "It were better for me to die than to live!" The other hand was laid tenderly, solemnly upon her head, as Rilla bade her remember that a Christian's life is a time of blessed privilege, full of opportunities for service to Him who notices even so slight an act as the giving of a cup of cold water in His name.

"My precious friend," she added, "you have lavished the love of your great heart upon me, so unworthy, yet so grateful. I must leave you, but you will love and help others now, and lead a noble, useful life."

When all was over and the sweet face so dearly loved was hidden from her in the grave, the horror of a great darkness fell upon Verda. "Has my life been a series of mistakes?" thus she mused while watching the first November snow-flakes cover the dreary brown landscape. "Have I erred in refusing my uncle's offer; insisting on bringing Rilla from Charleston to this place where the shadow of a great trouble came upon her; turning away from the offered love of a noble man in my early girlhood because I didn't appreciate it as I could now—are all these mistakes for which I must bear the penalty of lonely, sorrowing years?"

The words of Adolphe Monod, the Swiss preacher, came to her as an answer of peace: "Such is the power of the Gospel that it constrains even a regretted past to take its place among the 'all things that shall work together for good to them that love God.'"

"My Rilla was right in thinking that I loved her too well, and the rest of the world not enough," said Verda. "I must learn now to bear other's burdens with the love that 'never faileth.'"

So the young artist went out again into the world of labor, and while continually improving her great talent, and painting pictures with so much of her own soul in them that her reputation as a genius caused her to be noticed and flattered everywhere, she found time to help the needy. Not only in almsgiving, but in the giving out of love and sympathy that made many lean upon her as a true friend, in cheering the depressed with the comfort wherewith she herself had been comforted of God, and in lending a helping hand to some whose love and talent for her art were greater than their means of cultivating it. In an orphan errand-boy she discovered the dawnings of genius, and taught him at her studio whenever he had a spare hour, until his master, astonished at his attainments, gave her all the encouragement she wanted to make an artist of him, and many opportunities of loving service with the highest motive came crowding upon her so constantly that she proved the truth of Rilla's words, "A Christian's life is a time of blessed privilege."

An inmate once more of Mrs. Donaldson's home in the city, not as a young servant, but as a beloved sister of its mistress, she became the admired favorite of the most cultivated circles, but she could say truly, "None of these things move me," for with a mind disciplined through suffering, she was not elated by any of her honors, and to those who knew her best she was less the artist than the noble, Christian woman.

Among an evening company she met Arthur Glover, and although he recalled to her many sad memories, she was surprised to find that even the possibility of loving him had passed away like a mere dream of her girlhood. Some thoughts would stray to her early friend and benefactor, Mr. King, and it was with a thrill of gladness that she received Mrs. Donaldson's announcement that "Cousin Frank sailed yesterday for this country in the 'Parthia.'"

"Did he, indeed, Belle?" said Verda, composedly, though with a quick heart-throb as she went on with her glove-mending. "We shall be at the Shoals when he arrives, shall we not?"

"Yes, we will go to Appledore next Tuesday, for I am pining for a sea breeze."

In the parlor of the Appledore House one July evening, a group of girls were laughing and chatting.

"Mr. Frank King came to-night. Did you know that?" asked one.

"Who is he?"

"The celebrated painter about whom the papers have been making such a fuss. He was at the West for a year, and sent home some fine views of the Grand Canyon, then he went to Europe, and now—hush! he is coming into the room now."

Verda looked up and saw the familiar face of her friend, kind and pleasant as of old, yet with a look of deepened thoughtfulness and strength. She tried to keep in her quiet corner, wishing to survey him from a distance, but public sentiment was always opposed to Miss Creighton's taking the part of wall-flower, and she was led forward against her will to be introduced to Mr. King as "a kindred spirit and sister artist."

She met rather a queer glance of his keen eyes as she raised her own, but received a friendly handshake with a few commonplace words of greeting, and soon managed to slip away from her usual train of satellites, and escape from the crowded parlor to the calm

presence of the moonlit sea. She felt very sad and lonely just then, and the great rock against which she leaned recalled a day of her bright girlhood, seemingly so far in the past that she felt it must be time for silver threads to appear among her rich, dark braids as signs of all she had suffered since then.

"I did not need him then. I could not appreciate the worth of such love as his," she said half aloud, as if to the gleaming sea that broke gently at her feet, "and now it is all over! He has forgotten it."

"Forgotten what?" said a voice by

her side. "My love for you? It has been my companion for years, and now at the risk of offending you I must ask one question." He paused, and Verda's face told him that he might ask it.

"Are you of the same mind as when we parted here three years ago?"

Verda looked mutely out to sea as a great tide of joy came over her sad heart; then she turned to the friend in whose faithfulness time had wrought no change, and gave him both her hands.

"Of a very different mind," she said, softly, and there was no need for her to say more.



Young Folks

LOOK TWICE.

BY HILIER LORETTA.

"Boys, do you know anything about the glass that is broken in the greenhouse?" said Mr Selby as he entered the breakfast room where his children had assembled.

"I do not, papa," said Robert; "I have not been in the garden this morning."

"I did not break it," said Herbert, "but I think I know how it got broken, for I saw Dick Bond climbing over our fence this morning and he had something in his hand that looked like a croquet ball, a red and white striped ball, like the one that he was tossing in front of his house the other day."

"Ah! that accounts for our not finding a stone. It was very daring indeed of him to come in after the ball, but are you sure that it was Dick?"

"Yes, I know it was Dick, though I did not see his face. He had on the coat that you gave him last year; I thought it looked suspicious to see him crouching down near the greenhouse. I think he was afraid of being seen by us."

"Why did you not ask him what he was doing?"

"I was at the window upstairs, and I ran down, but he had climbed the fence and was out of sight before I reached the gate."

"And did you not hear the crash before you saw him?"

"I thought I heard a noise, and went to the window to see what it was."

"It is really very provoking," said Mr. Selby, "to have one's property destroyed in this way; I can overlook an accident, but boys who commit such acts of wanton mischief deserve to be punished. I shall see Dick's father about it after breakfast."

"Oh, I would not do that!" interposed Mrs. Selby, with her usual gentleness; "he is very severe with his children, though he does not set them a good example, and it is the first time that Dick has done anything to annoy us. If you would speak to the boy himself it would be better."

"If he were an honest lad," said Mr. Selby, "he would have acknowledged it, and offered to pay for the glass. Of course I should not have taken his money, but I should have thought very differently about the affair."

"You will not tell his father this time, will you, papa?" said little Jessie, in a pleading tone.

"Ah, Jessie! you are like your mother, too ready to sympathize with the undeserving; however, I think I shall take her advice, and speak to the boy himself; but, if I find him trespassing again, I shall have him put in jail for it, and that will be a great deal worse than telling his father."

Jessie was comforted by her father's decision, for she felt sure that Dick would take warning for the future.

Mr. Selby had not gone far from his house when he met little Freddie Bond.

"I want to see your brother Dick!" he said. "Send him to my office when you go home."

"Dick has gone away fishing with father, and won't be home for a week."

"How long has he been gone?"

"About an hour."

"Well, when he comes home, tell him that I want to see him."

Mr. Selby had much important business to attend to, and when he went to his office he soon forgot all about Dick, and the annoyance which he had caused him.

On the following Sunday, Herbert reported that he was in church, but when, a few days later, Mr. Selby enquired about him, he was told that he had gone to stay with his uncle, in the country.

Soon after this, Mrs. Lambert, a neighbor of Mrs. Selby's, called at the Grange. When she was leaving, Mrs. Selby walked across the lawn with her, and as they stopped to examine some beautiful shrubs that were coming into blossom, Mrs. Lambert said:

"My garden has not been a success this summer. In April, some of my finest plants were frozen, and last week my hanging-basket was stolen, and three of my beautiful geraniums destroyed. I am quite disheartened, for I have such a small piece of ground that even a single plant is missed from its place; besides, I have taken so much trouble with those geraniums, protecting them through four winters. You must remember noticing them the last time you were at my house."

"Yes, I remember them quite well," said Mrs. Selby, "the double pink, especially. You promised to give me a cutting. I am very sorry; it must have been a thief, as your basket is missing; otherwise I should have thought that cattle had broken in, for I cannot understand anyone wilfully destroying your plants."

"They were destroyed in the attempt to remove them. The thief had evident-

ly not calculated on the size of the roots, and had come without a spade. I wish the Doctor had caught him! If they had not been so much broken, I could have identified them, for I know my plants almost as well as you know your children."

"You do not suspect anyone, do you?" enquired Mrs. Selby.

"I would not like to say that I do, for I have really no reason for it, yet I cannot help suspecting Dick Bond. He has often admired the plants, and I have given him cuttings for his uncle, who is a gardener. Dick worked for us in the spring, and our dog knows him. If it had been a stranger he would have barked, and I should have heard him, for I am very wakeful."

"I can scarcely believe that Dick would steal," said Mrs. Selby; "yet it is surprising how rapidly a boy will descend when he once enters upon the downward path, and I fear Dick has lately fallen into bad company."

"You have never known him to take anything?"

"No, I have always thought him a good boy, though I must acknowledge that lately I have been rather disappointed in him."

She then related what Herbert had seen.

"That was very deceitful of him," said Mrs. Lambert. "To destroy your property, and pretend ignorance of it, is almost as bad as stealing. I feel more than ever convinced that he took my plants. I wanted to ask him if he knew anything about it, but the Doctor said it would be only tempting him to tell a falsehood."

"I regret that we did not speak to him about the glass," said Mrs. Selby, "but it is now so long since it happened, that I am afraid he might deny it."

Two months passed, and still Dick remained with his uncle; part of the time on account of illness. Soon after he returned home, a young man from a neighboring village opened a dry-goods

store in Elton, and being pleased with Dick's intelligent manner, wished to engage him as errand boy, and applied to Dr. Lambert for his character.

"He is a clever boy, and very obliging," said the Doctor.

"Yes, but is he strictly honest?"

"I cannot answer for that; I have not heard of anything being proved against him, but he has been suspected."

"Ah, well, the boy that I take," said Mr. Taylor, "must be above suspicion. I think I shall engage young Harding. He is not so smart, but everyone tells me that he is perfectly honest."

Tom Harding was soon installed in his new situation, and the village boys looked upon him with envy, but Dick never knew of the chance he had missed. Time rolled on, and Mr. Taylor almost unconsciously gave to others the impression he had received, and Dick's mother saw, with surprise and disappointment, that, while many younger boys were earning a respectable livelihood, her son could get no employment; "Though," she remarked, "there isn't a cleverer or an honest lad in the country, than my Richard."

About two years later, Herbert came to his mother one morning with a serious face.

"Mother," he said, "I am so sorry for Mrs. Bond; she came to me in the street, to-day crying, and said that Dick had not been heard of for a month. They think he has gone off to sea, for he used to threaten that if he could not get work on shore, he would go away sailing. It is so hard for her. Old Bond is nearly always drunk, and there is no one to take care of her and Lizzie. I think she wants you to take Lizzie for a nurse. Won't you take her, mother? She is really a nice girl."

"I have already spoken for a nurse," said Mrs. Selby, "but I will see what can be done for Lizzie."

At this moment the door opened, and a pleasant-looking, middle-aged woman was shown in.

"You have come from Mrs Turner's?" said Mrs. Selby.

"Yes, ma'am, she told me you wanted a nurse, and I thought I should like the place; Mrs. Bond is always telling me your children is so nice."

"Then you are acquainted with Mrs. Bond?"

"Yes, ma'am, I boarded with her when I was out of a place."

"I am sorry to hear that her son is missing."

"Aye, indeed, it is a sad pity, and a nice lad he was, too,—not a bit forward or greedy like most boys. My little Miss Bessie used to call him 'Our Dick,' and many's the time he brought her apples and flowers. I've got a five dollar gold piece in my pocket now, that Mrs. Weston asked me to give him. Since the dear child died, she thinks a heap of anyone that was kind to her."

"I was sorry to hear of her death," said Mrs. Selby; "she was a dear little girl."

"Oh, ma'am, she was a blessed child. I never saw such a tender heart as she had; I remember well the first day that ever I spoke to Dick. Miss Bessie's little bird got loose, and the wee lass was just breaking her heart about it; so I said to her, 'Come out with me and maybe we'll find it in the garden,' for these kind of birds that are raised in cages don't fly like the wild birds; so I took her little hand in mine, and we carried the cage with us and looked everywhere, in the garden, and on the road, but could see nothing of the bird. At last as we were going home it was her own bright eyes that caught sight of him, and she couldn't hardly speak for joy, but just ran in the direction of that gate," pointing to a little wire gate that led into Mrs. Selby's garden. "There, sure enough, I saw the bird on the very top of the gate as pert as could be, pluming himself as if nothing was the matter. He seemed so tame that I thought it would be quite easy to lay my hands upon him, but whenever we

came within reach of him, off he flew again, and such a chase as we had for that bird! I shall never forget it. At last he flew upon the roof of the greenhouse, and then my little darling cried out, 'Oh, Mary, he will cut his feet, I know he will,' for there was some broken glass on it."

"And was Dick there?" enquired Herbert, in a tone of eagerness.

"No, Master Herbert; I was just going to make so bold as to ask you to catch him, and I had gone round to the back door, when I saw Dick coming down the hill with another boy, so I turned back and asked him, and as quick as thought he leapt over the fence; by that time the bird was down in the grass, and it was fun to see him creep along as softly as an old cat till he got his hands upon him. Little Miss laughed and screamed with delight, but she was a born lady and o'er thoughtful for her years, and when we had him in the cage she pulled my sleeve and whispered, 'Mary, haven't you a dollar for the boy.' The innocent creature! she had no notion of the value of money; so I felt in my pocket and took out ten cents, but Dick was too proud; he said, 'No, thank you,' with a toss of his head as he might have been you, Master Herbert."

Mary could not help noticing Herbert's restlessness and the troubled expression of Mrs. Selby's face, and, not understanding the cause, she began to apologize for talking so much. "I should have remembered that I came here to be hired," she said, "and not have been talking of my own affairs, and expecting you to listen; but the thought of that dear angel is always uppermost in my mind, and I don't know where to stop when once I begin."

"I do not wonder at your affection for the child," said Mrs. Selby, "but can you remember what month it was when Dick caught the bird for you?"

"I am not very sure, ma'am, but I

think it was about October, for Dick had been out nutting; he had his nuts tied in a handkerchief."

"A red and white handkerchief," said Herbert.

"I believe, sir, it was; though I wouldn't like to be certain. Little Miss felt the nuts and asked if they were stones, and he said they were hazel nuts he was taking home to his pet squirrel; after that she was always wanting to go and see the squirrel, and one day her mother took her."

Mrs. Selby hastily concluded her interview with Mary, and then retired to her own room to think over what she had heard. She was a just and sensitive woman, and she remembered with sorrow the conversation she had had with Mrs. Lambert, and which had confirmed that lady's suspicion of Dick's dishonesty. Like all generous natures, Mrs. Selby thought chiefly of her own share in the wrong. "I ought to have seen the boy, and questioned him myself before telling anyone," she said, half aloud; "but I am so prone to put off."

While thus reproaching herself, a gentle knock was heard at the door and Herbert entered.

"Mother," he said, "tell me what I ought to do. It is all my fault that Dick has gone away; I see it quite plainly. If I hadn't guessed instead of knowing, nobody would have thought him dishonest; Robert and I told the boys at school about it, and Tom Wright said he always knew Dick was a mean fellow. It is too late now, mother, but oh! how I wish I had remembered what you said about looking twice. If I had looked twice that morning I would have seen Dick putting the bird into the cage and would have understood it all."

"It is too late as far as Dick is concerned," said Mrs. Selby, "but if you will only learn the lesson now, it will save you from many such errors in after life."

"Indeed I will try, mother ; but what can I do for Dick now ?"

"The best thing, I think, will be for your father to write to Quebec and ascertain if he has actually sailed, and, if so, for what port, so that his mother can communicate with him, and if he can be persuaded to return we must interest ourselves in his favor so as to get him employment."

"And I will go to his mother this afternoon," said Herbert, "and tell her it was my fault that Mr. Taylor did not take him."

"I think, Herbert, it would be only giving her unnecessary pain if you were to do so, but I hope you will some day have an opportunity of acknowledging your fault to Dick himself, and you can then express your sorrow for the injustice you have done him."

"That I will, mother ; I often do things that are very wrong, but I hope I shall never be a coward."

Mr. Selby wrote that evening to Quebec, and soon received an answer to his letter saying, that Dick had sailed for Liverpool. For six months after that nothing was heard of him ; then he wrote to his mother saying that he was just about to embark for Australia. How many anxious thoughts she had about him, and how the little ones cried when they heard he was not coming home !

For seven years Dick wandered about the world, and then he wrote to his mother saying that he had saved a little money, and was coming back to Elton to set up in business.

How this letter would have gladdened her heart ! but, alas, poor mother, she did not live to read it, and when Dick arrived, expecting to meet her loving face, he was directed to the lonely mound in the churchyard.

Dick had grown to be a fine looking man, and had a pleasant, frank manner that everyone liked. He found kind friends in Mr. Selby's family, and was soon established in a respectable and money-making business. He received Herbert's confession in a kindly spirit, saying, "Never mind, Master Herbert, I was not as wise then as I am now, and it is not to be supposed that you were. Since I went away I have learned that God over-rules everything for the good of them that love Him, though we should all look well to our ways and words, for even a thoughtless word sometimes does an awful amount of mischief."

Herbert had for years been practising the lesson which his parents had found so hard to teach him in his childhood, and I hope my little readers will try to learn it too, for, oh ! how much injustice would be avoided in the world, if everybody would take the trouble to look twice.

OUR THREE BOYS.

BY SARAH E. CHESTER,

(American Tract Society.)

CHAPTER V.

The little hole in Joey's gum having partially recovered from its soreness, he was allowed to go to church in the evening.

He had set his heart upon going when Cousin Louisa first stirred him up about his father's wrongs, for he thought he would have an excellent opportunity to "pay off" the deacons when they should all be assembled in the church for evening service.

How he should pay them, was a matter that he had not yet considered. Being sure of his inclination and a good opportunity, he expected the way to make itself plain.

But now that threat of papa's worried Joey. He was sorry that he had been tempted to confide in him, and so lose his opportunity for paying off. He was sure he would be watched all the evening now; and he knew that if he deliberately disobeyed his father, the "severe punishment" would be sure to follow.

It was very provoking indeed, when he had had his tooth pulled on purpose to be brave enough for the deed, and when he was going to undertake it all in his father's behalf too.

Joey walked to church with one hand in his father's and one in his mother's, thinking of these things. And on the way he was charged by his father not to mention a word of what cousin Louisa had said.

Dan met them at the church door, "Joey'll have to go up in the pulpit," he said. "Mrs. Chase is here."

Mrs. Chase was a deaf woman, to whom Mrs. Sheppard had offered the corner of their seat whenever she should come to church.

The seat that this congregation had reserved for their minister was very near the pulpit, and about as undesirable a seat as could be found in the church. The people who sat in it were obliged to stretch their necks back till they ached, in order to see the minister's face; and when the preacher waxed eloquent and excited, his voice came down upon their heads like thunder.

For this reason it was the most desirable place in the church for the deaf. Mrs. Chase had gladly accepted Mrs. Sheppard's invitation, and whenever she came to church she occupied the best corner of the minister's seat.

As Joey was fat enough to take up a good deal of room, Mr. Sheppard generally gave him a seat in the pulpit when Mrs. Chase was there. Mr. Sheppard went to church early, and there were very few people present to notice Joey when he went up. After he was up, it was impossible for any one to notice him, for the pulpit was an old-fashioned high affair, the best hiding-place in the world for a little boy.

Joey's special delight was the low wide pulpit sofa. He could crawl along from one of its arms to the other while the services were going on, without any one seeing him below. He could take little naps on it if he chose, and not a soul would suspect that there was a child asleep up there. He knew better than to make the least noise that

would attract attention, for he had been thoroughly trained on pulpit manners before he was ever allowed to go up.

Joey thought the pulpit was altogether the nicest thing about the church. He considered it a great treat to mount the stairs with his father.

"Oh, good, good!" he said, when Dan told him Mrs. Chase was in their seat.

He marched up the aisle clinging to his father's hand, trying very hard to make long strides with his short, fat legs; and as he climbed the pulpit stairs, he thought of the time when he should go up in pantaloons.

There was one drawback to Joey's enjoyment of the pulpit: as nobody could see him, he could see nobody; or almost nobody. There was a row of seats on each side of the pulpit, in which people sometimes sat when the church was crowded, and those few people were plainly visible to Joey over the pulpit-doors.

It pleased him to-night to see five people come in and sit down in one of the rows, and two in the other. Warren Drake was one of the five; for the Drakes had company, and Warren had been crowded out of the family pew. And old deacon Cromwell was one of the two.

Joey observed the deacon when he came in and took off his tippet at the pew-door, laid it carefully on the seat, and then spread out his gloves beside it. He felt very much like laughing at the slow and precise old gentleman; but he remembered that he was up in a pulpit.

Joey liked deacon Cromwell pretty well. He had given him a penny on two occasions, and not said a word about how he should spend it. Joey considered him quite a liberal old gentleman, and he dropped him a smile when he looked up at the pulpit.

Of course the deacon could not smile back from that conspicuous place, but he did not frown at Joey.

All this occurred before Joey remembered that the gentleman at whom he was smiling was a deacon. He would have taken it back then if he could, but the deed was done and no help for it.

"So you're to blame, mister," Joey thought to himself, after he remembered what Mr. Cromwell was. "You're to blame, are you, for my mamma not having a working-girl, and me not having new pantaloons 'stead of Jack's old ones cut down? I'd like to pinch you, mister."

"And you're to blame," Joey continued to think, as the services progressed, "for my papa's working harder'n any man in town and not getting but seven hundred dollars. Oh, you wicked man!"

Joey's thoughts ran on in this strain through the hymns and prayers, reading of the text, and the first part of the sermon. His papa began to get aroused at the third head, and Joey watched him.

He walked across the pulpit, back and forth, as if it tired him, Joey thought; but as it must be done. He worked very hard with his hands, throwing them up and down, forward and backward, to the left, to the right; bringing them down on the desk in a way that hurt, Joey thought.

Joey longed to help his father in his hard work. He longed to entreat him to pause a moment and let his little son stamp and wave and rattle off words for him. But he knew better than to say anything to a preaching minister.

It was too much for a boy to stand! He wondered if deacon Cromwell dared be looking at his father now. He thought that his head must surely be hidden for shame.

To satisfy his curiosity, Joey glanced down, and there was that deacon actually holding his head up and looking pleased.

"He's glad of it! He's glad of it!" thought Joey. "He likes to see my papa working hard. He looks glad to

see my papa 'most killing himself for seven hundred dollars. You mean old deking! I wish you'd look up so I could make a face at you."

Now Joey did not know, but we all know, that a person who is steadily stared at for a long time is pretty sure to feel the stare, and look at the starrer by-and-by. Joey did not know the fact, but he stared at the deacon until the deacon lifted his eyes and looked at Joey.

What was his amazement to turn his gaze from the inspired face of his dear minister, and behold the distorted face of his minister's little son! Joey was making a mouth at him. He had lolled out his tongue at the deacon!

Could it be? Yes, it was! The deacon realized it after Joey had done it several times. He had always regarded Joey as a nice sort of child, quite worthy of a pat on the head and a new penny. This conduct bewildered him. He did not know what to make of it.

The deacon gave the matter considerable thought. He tried to remember if he had ever offended this little boy, and it was impossible for him to recall an occasion on which he had been anything but benignant.

The deacon's duty was quite clear in his mind. Since Joey was the minister's son his father must be informed of his behavior. "For ministers' children should be examples for the children of the church," reflected the deacon.

Poor little Joey! He had secured the "severe punishment" for himself. But he made no more faces that evening; for as he turned his head after a while toward the row at the left of the pulpit, he was attracted by Warren Drake's finger. It was pointing at him, down by Warren's side, to be sure, where people below couldn't see; but it was pointing at him. And Warren was drawing his eyebrows together to express his disapproval of Joey.

That Warren had seen him making faces and would tell, was all that Joey thought of the rest of that evening.

"I caught you at it, you naughty boy!" Warren whispered, as they met at the foot of the pulpit stairs, going out.

"Oh, wont you catch it when I tell?"

"Don't, don't!" said Joey.

"Duty, my boy! duty!" replied Warren.

"No, please don't, Warren," said Joey.

"I'm afraid you don't love deacon Cromwell, Joe," said Warren, shaking his head sadly.

"You're right!" said Joey.

"Why not?" said Warren.

Joey looked about to see how many people were near. He was aching to confide, but the numbers were against him

"Warren, wait till the next time," whispered Joey, giving him the grip of his small fingers as a pledge of future confidences. "Say, Warren, you aint going to tell on me, are you?"

"Duty! duty, my man!" said Warren, making a great stride over the church door-sill into the dark night, where Joey could see him no longer.

CHAPTER VI.

Bright and early Monday morning deacon Cromwell was seen coming around the corner of the church, bringing his cane down on the pavement as if he meant business.

Joey had not thought that a great, big, grown-up deacon would stop to tell tales; but he thought it quickly enough when he spied him through a window, and he only wondered that he had not expected it of a deacon who could make his father live on seven hundred dollars a year.

It was washing-day, and there was a fat woman scrubbing clothes in the kitchen, who was a particular friend of Joey's.

"Hide me quick, Mrs. O'Brien!" he said, scampering out there. "Don't you tell where I am. Cousin Louisa, deacon Cromwell's coming to tell of

me. I made faces at him in church."

"Crawl in behind the wash-box quick, then," said Mrs. O'Brien. "Miss Louisa, she'd niver tell, Joey. Her heart's too soft for that." Mrs. O'Brien rolled up her blue eyes at cousin Louisa in a way that made her change her mind about telling, and resolve to show Mrs. O'Brien that she really was kind-hearted.

The wash-tub stood on a wooden box, and there was room enough between the box and the wall for Joey to squeeze in. Every little while Mrs. O'Brien leaned over her tub and winked encouragingly at Joey.

"What did you make faces at him for, Joey Sheppard?" said cousin Louisa.

"To pay him off," said Joey, "for not buying us a working-girl."

"Hear that!" said Mrs. O'Brien with a shout of laughter.

"Didn't I tell you not to do anything of the kind?" said cousin Louisa. "If you'd minded me you wouldn't have got into trouble."

"Anyway, you made me mad at him," said Joey. "I wouldn't have been mad at him if you hadn't telled me that."

"I'll wipe off my hands and go in," said cousin Louisa.

"Good morning, Louisa," said deacon Cromwell as she opened the door and appeared.

"Good morning, sir," said cousin Louisa, with great dignity, for she did not fancy having everybody call her by her first name, as if she were church property.

"I hope I see you well," said the deacon.

"Thank you, I am quite well," said cousin Louisa.

"I didn't observe you in the Sabbath-school yesterday, and thought likely you might be ailing."

"Joey was ill. I stayed with him," said cousin Louisa. "He recovered and went to church in the evening."

"Yes," said the deacon, "I saw him. And as I was saying when you came in, I saw more than I ought to have seen in a minister's boy."

"Indeed!" said cousin Louisa.

"Yes," said the deacon.

"Deacon Cromwell says that Joey sat in the pulpit and made faces at him last evening, Louisa," said Mrs. Sheppard. "I cannot imagine the child doing such a thing. I am sure it is not like Joey."

"I thought you had probably called early to tell of him," said cousin Louisa, addressing herself to the deacon. "You need not blame Joey. I am to blame."

"Why, Louisa!" said mamma, "I'm sure you don't mean that. You always do yourself injustice."

"He asked me yesterday why we were so poor," said cousin Louisa. "He noticed the difference between our circumstances and those of other people, and when he asked the reason I told him."

"Be careful, Louisa," said Mr. Sheppard, "if you please."

"I told him on my own responsibility, just as I repeat it now, that we are obliged to live on a salary of seven hundred dollars because the people in the church wont pay their minister what he earns. And I believe I told him that the elders and deacons were more to blame for it than any one else. He was very anxious to pay off everybody who abused his father, and I suppose that is the reason he made faces at a deacon."

"My dear Louisa," said mamma, "you oughtn't to have talked so to Joey. I am distressed."

"If it has opened anybody's eyes, I don't regret it," said cousin Louisa.

Mr. Sheppard crossed his hands and leaned back in his chair and looked at cousin Louisa in perfect despair. Deacon Cromwell gazed at her with mild pity in his eyes, and with no expression of shame for the sins of which she accused him.

"I suppose you consider it rather worse for Joey to make faces than for one of your sons to do the same thing," said cousin Louisa.

"Ministers' children should have an eye to the example," said the deacon kindly.

"I suppose the salary for the example they set is included in the seven hundred," said cousin Louisa. "Seven hundred pays for the services of the family—the time that Mrs. Sheppard gives to calls and sewing-societies and mission-bands and afternoon prayer-meetings, as well as the children's examples and their father's never-ending work. Good morning, sir."

When the door had closed after cousin Louisa, the deacon smiled placidly at Mrs. Sheppard.

"I hope you won't think again of all that has been said, deacon Cromwell," said Mrs. Sheppard.

The deacon took her at her word, and never gave the disagreeable subject of salary another thought.

CHAPTER VII.

Joey was removed from his hiding-place, and led up stairs to meet his punishment; for, although cousin Louisa was more to blame than he, it was decided that he must be taught in a way he should remember not to make faces at the deacons any more.

Mrs. O'Brien shed tears in the wash-tub while he was gone; and when he returned, red in the face and sobbing, she took him into her arms and promised to bring him a rosy-red apple the next time she came.

Cousin Louisa went into the cupboard and got him a cookie. After that, Joey felt more like a hero than like a bad little boy who had had a whipping.

Just as soon as the dinner dishes were washed that Monday afternoon, cousin Louisa went up stairs to change

her dress, and when she came down there was a pair of pantaloons hanging over her arm.

She and her chair went over to the dining-room window that looked out on the little piazza, and took possession of the sunshine.

Cousin Louisa laid her penknife on the window-sill, and before beginning to rip she turned the pockets inside out to empty them of their contents, if they had any.

A soiled handkerchief came to light from one pocket, and she carried it out to Mrs. O'Brien, with an apology for those careless boys who never would learn to put their clothes in the wash at the proper time.

"Never yeas mind one bit, Miss Louisa," said good-natured Mrs. O'Brien.

She came back to her chair and emptied the other pocket. Nothing tumbled out of that but a green-and-white ribbon, or what seemed an ordinary piece of ribbon to cousin Louisa's near-sighted eyes.

But on viewing it more closely, she found that there was a strip of perforated board attached to the ribbon, on which were embroidered the well-known words, "For my Friend."

At first she was quite bewildered by the discovery that her precious book-mark, which she had only yesterday laid carefully away between the leaves of Josephus, had strayed into a pair of pantaloons which no one had worn for weeks.

Then she found that her near-sighted eyes had made another blunder, and that she had been on the point of ripping Jack's best Sunday trousers.

Cousin Louisa did not think it necessary to mention her mistake to anybody. She ran up stairs in a hurry, hung the pantaloons on their own hook in the boys' closet, and then proved to her eyes that she had the right pair before she sat down to rip again. She carefully replaced her book-mark between

the leaves where it belonged, and then proceeded with her ripping.

She did not know whether to be angry with Jack or not, as it was impossible for her to decide whether the book-mark had slipped into his pocket carelessly, and been forgotten, or been hid there boldly to tease her by its absence from her book.

The doubt was settled by a sharp pain, that shot, without a moment's warning, from cousin Louisa's left ear to her left elbow. It was the first twinge of an attack of neuralgia; and neuralgia was cousin Louisa's most troublesome foe.

Not that she could not bear any amount of pain; but it was such a waste of time to be ill, and it was always her luck to be attacked by this foe when she was in a particular hurry to get something done.

She fought it off with her knife and scissors and good strong will. Determined not to give up and go to bed if the pains multiplied to hundreds, she made her knife and scissors fly as if they were alive. Her chair groaned; and oh, what a storm was raging in her bosom! She had had that plain talk with deacon Cromwell, and now neuralgia on top of it!

She knew that Jack meant to take her book-mark. She was perfectly certain of it. She wouldn't tell his father, for she'd scorn to tell tales; but she would attend to Master Jack herself when he came home from school. She hoped he wouldn't be kept in to-night. She was in a hurry for the encounter.

With her knife and chair and head

flying, she plunged her face toward the window once in a while to see if Jack were coming.

Fortunately Jack was kept in that afternoon till a late hour, and cousin Louisa's temper harmed no one but herself; for she was so much better when Jack came, as to be certain that the book-mark had only slipped into his pocket for fun.

She worked bravely on the pantaloons as long as it, was possible for her to sit still in a chair; and when at length the pains were shooting by dozens from her head to her feet, and she was obliged to put the work away in order to fight them, she took the trouble to go out in the kitchen and explain to Joey why she must put the pantaloons away for a while.

"Oh, just 'cause you made a bargain with me, you had to go and get sick," said Joey. "I wish I had that toof back!"

"Whisht, Joey; for shame!" said Mrs. O'Brien. "Is that all the heart ye have for Miss Louisa's troubles, when she stood by ye the morning!"

"I know it," said Joey, penitent at once. "I'm sorry you ache, cousin Louisa. Never mind the pantaloons."

"Oh you're a saucy boy," said cousin Louisa. "But when I make a bargain, if it's with no one but a child like you, I keep it; and I shall work on your pantaloons as soon as I am able."

After that cousin Louisa went up to her room and locked the door. Nobody saw her again until supper time, when she came down apparently as well as ever.

(To be continued.)

BEHAVING.

What, Adelaide, out here in the entry alone, in a fidget between the stair-foot and the door? One would think it was a cat turned into a girl by her motions! Taking a step toward the parlor, then turning, wriggling your shoulders, and half crying, I believe! Girls have a habit of going into mild spasms for nothing. What straw lies crossway now?

There's company with your mother, and you're "dying" to see who it is, and you can't tell whether it will do to go in or not? You do so dread seeing strangers, and yet there may be some one you are fond of, and wouldn't miss seeing for anything, and you're afraid she will be gone before you can make up your mind what to do? You do seem to be "dying," or in danger of going into small pieces. But, then, girls like strong words just as they like pickles, and cinnamon, and citron, and all sorts of unwholesome things—tastes that you will drop as soon as you begin to half know anything. As to your going into the parlor, take it coolly, and think out the right way and the wrong way there is of doing this, as well as everything else, no matter how small. It isn't strange that a little girl of eleven shouldn't know just what to do in every case. Your grandmother, sometimes, has occasion to consider, old as she is.

Does your mamma allow you to come into her parlor when she is with callers without sending for you? If she has never told you anything about the matter, there is a clause in the constitution of our country which provides that everything not forbidden is supposed to be allowed, and there is no harm in going in to find out if you are wanted. Open the door, and if your mamma wants you, she will say, "Come in;" if not, she will look at you pleasantly, but not invite you. You make a little bow, and go out quickly and quietly. O, mamma always allows you to come where she is? All right. But think a minute. How long has the visitor been with your mother? It is likely they want a few minutes to themselves, not because they have anything to say that you needn't hear, but two

people can pay better attention to each other when alone than if a third person comes in. The lady has been here twenty minutes. Then go in.

But you don't quite know what is expected of you—whether you ought to just bow, or go up and offer your hand to the visitor, and say, "How do you do?" Or should you only say, "Good morning," or "Good day?"

Now, listen, and get what I tell you fixed in your mind; because, when you once know what to do it in company, all this flutter and nervousness goes off. Little girls are often the most uneasy, uncomfortable creatures in the world to do with, because they are always thinking of themselves, and not sure what is genteel, and fidgeting, and getting cross to hide their nervousness.

What is the first thing you have to do now? Why, to walk into the room; and, let me tell you, this isn't a thing merely to laugh over. The way in which people enter a room shows whether they have good training, as plainly as anything else in manners. Open the door wide enough to walk squarely in, without squeezing or edging through, as if you didn't think enough of yourself to give your body room to go through without crowding. Don't rush in, or creep in, but hold yourself straight, and look directly at the people in the room. Don't hesitate; but if you don't know the visitor, go to your mother, and stand by her side, till she says, "Mrs. So-and-so, this is my daughter Adelaide." Then move a step forward, and bow, or courtesy, if you have been taught to do so; for the courtesy is coming into use again with nice people, and it is a very graceful salute, when properly done. You are not to hold out your hand, unless the lady offers to shake hands with you; then it is your place to walk up to her, and give her your hand; and when she says, "How do you do?" answer, "Very well, I thank you," or "Not very well," as the case may be. Say it pleasantly, and quietly; but you are not to say anything more to the lady, unless she talks to you.

She may have so much to say to your *mamma*, that she will only be civil to you. Remember, she is to hold out her hand to shake, and to say, "How do you do?" first. She is older than you, and the elder person has the right to make the advances, as we call it—to shake hands or not, or to speak or not, as she chooses. If your *mamma* were introduced to a lady older than herself, or more thought of in society, your mother would not shake hands unless the lady offered to, nor would she begin talking, unless the lady showed that she wished it by saying something first herself.

I wish you could see Clara Crane as she used to be, and you would know how disagreeable a girl can make herself by carelessness in these things. Her *mamma* introduced her to me, when she was a tall, long-legged slip of a girl, eight years old. Miss Forward came up, and poked out her hand. "How do you do, Miss Dudley?" she began, in that loud, uncomfortable voice of hers, which no one could teach her to lower or soften. "I've been wanting to know you ever so long, *mamma* has spoken so much of you. Do you like Staten Island as a residence? Is your health very good?" All that would sound nicely enough from her mother, or some grown woman; but the young lady was quite overcoming with her condescensions. Your place among older people is to be quiet. What they have to say to each other is much more interesting than your talk can be till you have learned a good deal more than you know now.

When people talk to you, don't always say, "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," for answer, or to begin your answer. It is the easiest thing you can think of to say, but we want a little variety in conversation. You don't know how hard it is to talk to a little girl like this:—

"Well, Addie, are you glad spring is here?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am."

"And are you glad school is out?"

"Yes, ma'am, I am."

"You don't like being shut up so many hours—do you?"

"No, ma'am."

Couldn't you say, "I'm glad spring has come, so I can work in my garden"? That would give us something to talk about at once, and you would have something to tell me that was very interesting, perhaps, before we were through; for I could get you to tell me about your flowers, and what you do there, and which you like best.

You needn't talk to show off. Very, very few grown people have anything to say worth showing off; but we can any of us say something to please or interest those we talk to. If we can't, my dear, we have no business among other people. If they have to do the polite and agreeable and we can't be a very little polite and nice in return, you can't think what nuisances among folks we certainly are.

If somebody does tell you anything interesting, I really think you know enough not to be a little bore, asking too many questions, or asking them all at once. This is a piece of bad manners, that belongs more to boys. I was once trying to amuse the two children of some literary people, very bright, well-educated young folks, too, only their education went a long way beyond their manners, which is a pity for any one. I happened to say I had seen Indians on their own prairies, when the boy flew at me with his questions, his eyes fierce, his hands clinched with eagerness. "Real Indians? Cherokee or Sioux? Were they red or copper-colored? What nations? Did they ride horses in a circle? Did they use stone arrow-heads? Did they use wampum like the Eastern tribes? Were they tall as white men?" He acted just like a huge cat that meant to tear the knowledge out of me. Now, his questions showed he had read and thought about Indians in a way that was very clever for a boy; but his manner showed that he was both selfish and harsh.

Is this too much to remember? I dare say you will forget it in less time than I have been telling you, if you only think of it as something to be done for appearance' sake, just as you wear a heavy dress, or gloves too tight, because they look pretty. But when you think this is all for kindness' sake, because we ought not to slight or disturb other people any more than we want them to annoy us, you have the Key of Behaving, and your way opens easily. You will have to think what you are to do and say, because nothing nice was ever done without care. But the care grows easy in a few weeks, so that one can be polite—that is to say, kind, with as little effort as it takes to run four scales in music. Only you must be the same to everybody, everywhere, to get in the habit. It won't do to be very nice to your teacher when she comes to see you, or to your handsome rich neighbor, whom you admire because she has such pretty dresses, or to the new girl who has just come into your set, and everybody likes wonderfully, unless you

are just as pleasant to the least popular girls, and to the tiresome neighbor who is poor, and shabby, and dull.

School girls are fond of showing uninteresting people a very cold shoulder of civility. I have seen a well-dressed girl of thirteen treat her mother's visitor to a pert, "How d'ye do, Mrs. Clay?" with a turned-up nose, and general air of disdain, while she flounced round the room, looking for something or nothing, in a way that said plainer than words, "I don't see what people in rusty gowns have to live in this world for!" and go out with a significant, "I want to see you as soon as I can have you to myself, mamma."

She had a very sensible mother, who merely said, "We will dispense with your company a while, Gertrude," and paid the poor visitor so much pleasant attention as to make her forget the rude girl's affront.

Miss Gertrude came down when she was gone, eager for a chat; but the mother was iced dignity, and answered only in the stiffest, shortest way. She gave the girl a very small saucer of berries for tea, forgot entirely to take her to ride, and settled herself with a magazine to read, instead of being sociable for the evening; in short, snubbed her daughter as thoroughly as Miss Gertrude was fond of snubbing people who didn't happen to please her.

"Mamma," she said at last, with tears in her eyes,—for you young ones, who are so hard and cruel to others, are very tender of your own feelings,—“what does make you treat me so?”

Mamma took her time to finish the paragraph that interested her, and said, in a freezing way, "It's because I don't like your style."

Gertrude colored furiously; for, like most girls, she prided herself on being what English people call "very good form;" that is, her manner and dress after a nice model. Her mamma went on deliberately,—

"My favorites are all people who would not, if they knew it, hurt the feelings of a washer-woman by any slight, or hint that they wished her away; and I do dislike the company of half-bred people whose manners are always wearing to rags, and letting ill-nature and rudeness peep through."

"Why, mamma! To treat your own daughter so, because I can't endure that Mrs. Clay, who always wears such dowdy bonnets, and makes her own dresses, so they never look nice, and who is always so particular to tell what bad

nights she has, and says, 'Gertrude's growing quite a girl!' as if I was wearing short cloaks and baby sashes!" This came out with a perfect burst of indignation.

"It is very disagreeable to find one's own daughter such a badly-bred child," said that terrible mother, calmly. "If Mrs. Clay does wear cotton velvet trimming on her dress, and talk in a homely way, she knows how to be kind to others, and how to treat them, which is more than all your advantages have been able to teach you. I wish you to understand that every shabby, ill-looking creature in the world has just as good a right and cause for attention as you with your style, as you are pleased to call it. And if you don't know that everybody is your equal in right to civility, you haven't learned enough to allow you to appear abroad, and I shall leave you at home, and not admit you to company till you can carry yourself better."

It was a severe lesson; but it vastly improved Gertrude, who, from an intolerably pert creature, became a pleasant sort of companion when she learned not to look people over from head to foot to see if they were worth her civility.

I hope you know enough already not to grow fidgety if your mother and the visitor talk to each other instead of to you. Don't break into the conversation with something of your own that has nothing to do with what they are saying. I've known a girl to stroll about the room if she was not noticed, and interrupt the talk with anything that came into her head. "Oh, mamma, who has made this long scratch on the piano? I know James has been in here." Next it was, "Do you know Mrs. Gray's baby has two front teeth—real cunning ones;" and a few minutes after, when we were very happily talking of old friends, Miss Uneasy called out across the room, "Mamma, the folks that live opposite are going out to ride!" as if anybody cared. She made us forget what we wanted to say, and interrupted so often that I had to go away in self-defence, before that vexatious child worried her mother out of temper. The trouble is, you can't get one of these pests to leave the room on any pretence, unless they are ordered out, and then there is pouting or a real storm.

A nice child is the pleasantest company in the world; but as for one that isn't nice, I'd rather have a thieving, pinching monkey by way of comfort.—*Author of "Ugly Girl Papers."*

A WONDERFUL DELIVERANCE.

There are few things which arrest the attention of a stranger in Petersburg sooner or more forcibly than the number of carriages and the crowds of foot passengers trying to edge their way in the streets, between the coaches and sledges that fly over the pavement. The principal streets, such as the Nevsky Prospect, which runs for miles in a straight line; or the Millionaga Morskaja, being paved with wood, are more than usually dangerous, both for the horses and foot passengers. If the Russian coachmen were not peculiarly skilful, with such furious driving on the slippery and noiseless streets, the danger would be great indeed. The coachman's wits are, however, materially sharpened by an imperial decree, which directs that he who drives over any one is immediately to be made a soldier, while the horse and carriage are to be confiscated by the police. One sees the ponderous coachman sitting on the box, bolt upright, straight as a rush, with extended arms, ready to bring his horses, when at their utmost speed, to a full stop with a single jerk, while the keen eye watches in all directions, and the cry, "Beregites!"—that is, "Take care!"—rings distinctly on all occasions of the slightest danger.

Petersburg is seen, however, in its glory when the pure, white snow has wrapped the city of the Neva in its mantle, and the gaudy sledges, with the waldai bells, the brilliant plumes on the heads of the horses, and the many-colored nets streaming behind, carry the magnificently dressed ladies, half buried in bear skins, like lightning over the crisp snow, that vies in its crystalline beauty with St. Isaac's dome. Words cannot picture the variety and richness of these sledges, which, by day and in the early evening, fly like rockets, shooting in all directions, and in all colors. But what a change when the night has fairly set in! The gaudy equipages disappear, and a filthy machine, with half starved horse, and haggard coachman of the lowest grade in the social scale, takes the place for the night. For such a turn-out, including man, horse and sledge, the Russians have the name "notschnoi," expressive of all that is dark, and low and repulsive.

One evening, in the middle of winter, in one of the finest houses in Petersburg, at a very late hour, there might have been seen a single window brightly illuminated. In this imposing dwelling, with its magnificent gateway and high windows of plate glass, sat the aged pious widow of the rich General von N. Her unbounded kindness to the poor was known over all the city. At this late hour she was alone, engaged in examining the report of a benevolent society, and at the same time knitting stockings for a sick child. By the light of the lamp one could have seen that her face bore marks of peculiar serenity, and that, though her hair was already white, still she possessed considerable energy. A light noise at the door, as a faithful servant entered, made her look up.

"What do you want, Matwei?" she asked, as she observed the servant stand irresolutely at the door of the chamber, with the handle still in his hand.

"Excuse me, Maria Ivanovna," (that is, "the daughter of John") "that, contrary to your orders, I disturb you at this late hour; but the son of the widow Petruschka is again here. He begs hard that I should let you know that his mother is dying, and that she says she cannot die in peace without taking leave of her benefactress, Maria Ivanovna. She begs you to come to-night, as her strength is fast sinking, and read to her, out of the holy Gospel, the words which have so often brought her comfort very different from that which the priest brings."

The lady had already laid aside her knitting, and looked for some time steadily at the bronze clock which stood in the corner of the room, under a glass shade.

"Eleven o'clock," she said, slowly, as if to herself.

"Yes, indeed, your Grace," said the servant, eagerly. "I have told the lad that the request was quite unreasonable; but he insists that you should know the case, for he says Maria Ivanovna could not possibly deny a dying widow's request, and the blessing of heaven would rest on her for it."

"Petruschka is right," said the venerable lady,

ring. "I shall drive over; and you, Matwei, can order the carriage to be brought round at once."

"But this is the sad misfortune," remarked Matwei, in evident concern. "Ivan is gone with the horses to Wassili Petrow, to bring home the young master and mistress, and cannot be here for a considerable time."

"Quite true," said Mrs. General von N. "I had entirely forgotten. So we must contrive some means, Matwei, to reach the poor dying widow."

"If I might venture an opinion," said Matwei, "it would be that your Grace should remain at home this bitter cold night, and allow the lad, Petruschka's son, to return home alone."

"Impossible," said Mrs. von N., as she thought with herself what to do; and then, after a pause, added, "Yes, Matwei, go and order a notschnoi, and tell Petruschka's son I shall soon be ready, and he can drive over with me to his mother."

"A notschnoi!" exclaimed the servant, in astonishment. "Utterly impossible! Your Grace could not possibly sit in such a conveyance; and what would the young master and mistress say, and what would his Excellence the brother of the late General say, if you should take a notschnoi?"

"We have nothing to do with all that, Matwei," replied Mrs. von N., calmly, "when the Lord has need of us; and is He not speaking down from heaven, and saying, 'Maria Ivanovna, I send you to-night to speak a word of comfort to a dying widow?'"

Matwei seemed convinced by that argument, for he withdrew, and, with many misgivings and shakes of the head, proceeded to carry out his mistress' orders.

In a short time he returned, with his hair and beard stiff with the frost on that cold Russian winter's night. The lady was already waiting in the front room, wrapped in her warm fox-skin mantle, with a thick fur cap over her gray locks.

"Have you brought the sledge, Matwei?" she asked, eagerly.

"It is waiting," was the reply; "and as you know the kind of people who drive these machines, that they are often such as have lately left the prisons of Petersburg, and would much prefer sitting idly there to earning their bread as coachmen, you will, of course, allow me to accompany you?"

"On no account," said the old lady, decid-

ly. "You remain here to receive your young master and mistress when they come home. Besides, I don't require you, as I have the lad to show me the way. Poor boy! how weary he will be, from the long road on this cold, bitter night. I hope he has had something to eat?"

"Oh, certainly, your Grace," replied Matwei. "The cook has given him a dish of sauerkohl soup, with kascha; and Marfa gave him a cup of tea she had prepared for herself."

"That is well," said the lady. "You can call him, as it is late, and we must be away at once."

From the cellar of the front house the little boy soon made his appearance, in his dirty sheepskin, with cap twisted in his hand. Matwei busied himself wrapping his mistress in her bearskin, on the sledge, and seeing everything put straight, while the little boy stepped with one foot on the side of the sledge, leaving the other to hang down, after northern fashion. With many warnings to the driver to take care of the lamp posts, and drive cautiously round the corners, Matwei announced that all was ready, and gave the word to drive on. As he expected no reply to all his orders, warnings, and threats, he turned quickly into the house, while the driver murmured curses in his beard as he drove off at a rapid pace. The tinkling of the bell was soon the only sound heard in the streets of Petersburg, which had now become very quiet and forsaken, till the sledge pulled up at a little hut, in a poor suburb of the great city. Many such hovels stood there, as if crying unto the rich and luxurious capital, "The poor ye have always with you."

The noble lady, led by her youthful guide, entered a low room on the ground floor, where an immense stove, made of tiles, occupied nearly the half of the space, and with its heat made the air almost insupportable. But the sick woman, with her bed close behind the stove, felt nothing; her limbs were already chilled by the approach of death. As the old lady entered, however, a beam of joy lighted up that face, which had already felt the power of the last struggle. Sitting down beside the bed, and taking out a New Testament, the visitor read the seventeenth chapter of John, slowly and distinctly. The dying woman listened to the words: "And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent." And again: "Father, I will that

they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am ; that they may behold My glory, which Thou hast given Me : for Thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world." As the dying woman listened once more to the message from heaven which that same voice had often before read to her, and now and then repeated the words, as if to appropriate all to herself, the pain ceased, the cloud passed from her brow, and sweet joy filled her heart.

Sweetly and calmly the reader went on to tell of Gethsemane and Golgotha, of the sealed grave and the resurrection morn, and the glorious ascension to the right hand of the Father. Then, as she saw the wan sufferer gazing with fixed and joyous look, she sang some verses of a hymn with a sweet and gentle voice. She ceased. All was calm and still for a moment, as though the spirit had already tasted of the joys of the other world. Then raising herself, with a slight sigh, she cried, with broken and trembling voice, "God bless you, Maria Ivanovna! God bless you, a thousand times, for all you have done to me and mine; for all the food you have given, for all the sweet words you have spoken about the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world."

Her eye breaking in death, and her hand placed in the hand of her visitor, she lay peacefully, as if waiting for the summons. The sweet voice of the singer was once more heard in another hymn. The first verse was ended when, with a slight shudder, the eye closed in death, and the spirit passed away to the land of light.

The lady engaged in a short prayer, giving thanks for the grace which is sufficient for an hour like this, and laying the cold hand across the breast, and smoothing the bed cover, she gazed into the sleeping face that once more should awake, on the great resurrection morning, with the Hallelujah and the conqueror's song. Then turning to the little boy, who lay on the ground, overwhelmed with sorrow, she strove to comfort him by pointing him to the orphan's God. She told him to take good care of his little sister, and, taking out her purse, put some money into his hand to cover the expense of the funeral, while she promised not to forget them now in their time of need.

Wrapping herself in the warm mantle, and taking a long look at the face of the dead, she took leave of the children, and went out alone, to resume her seat in the sledge.

It was between one and two o'clock at night, as she looked at her watch by the light of the lamp, before stepping into the sledge. She was again on her way, and the cold was intense, so that she scarcely observed that the bell on the horse's collar was not giving its accustomed sound; she heard nothing but the rasping of the crystals below the sledge. Passing over the wild common which lay between the city and the suburb, the lady felt her loneliness at this hour of the night, and in such company. She had seen the driver's face as she took her seat and gave him orders where to drive; and well might she have sad misgivings. Not a human being was to be seen. Looking up, she repeated the words, "My times are in Thy hands." Then all was still within, for she rested on the Shepherd of Israel, who neither slumbers nor sleeps, with whom the night is as the day. She looked round, trying to recognize the neighborhood, but in vain. Everything seemed lonelier. Instead of houses she saw trees. There were no lamps now to guide her. In the distance there appeared to be a wood, towards which the horse was galloping.

"What a lovely night?" she said at last, turning to the driver, with whom she had not spoken before.

"Fearfully cold!" he replied, in no friendly tone; "and for the like of us, not very agreeable."

"Very true," she replied; "I am sorry to see you have only a thin coat. I wish you had a warm fur."

"Where should the like of me find a warm fur, with everything so dear, when working the whole, long, cold night, I can scarcely earn my daily bread?"

"They shall neither hunger nor thirst, neither shall the sun rest on them, nor any heat," repeated the lady, as if to herself.

"Of whom are you speaking?" cried the driver.

"I was speaking," she replied, "of those who die happy, like the woman I have been to visit. Do you know you have been doing a good work to-night, that might well fill you with joy?"

"I! What? What good have I been doing?" he cried astonished.

"Why, you drove me to that poor woman, and I brought her a word of comfort that overcomes hunger and thirst, and all pain."

"What is that? I, too, would like to hear

it, and then I would not require to be a notschnoi any more."

"It is the message about Him who came into the world to save sinners. Look up at the stars. How they glitter, like millions of diamonds, this frosty night! But if they were real diamonds, and all your own, what would it all be in comparison to this Word: 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him might not perish, but have everlasting life?'"

"What use is all that to me, if I must freeze, and starve, and have no grog?"

"All that is only a comfort for a little while, my friend. You don't know whether, perhaps to-morrow, or this year, or at most in a few years, death will knock at your door as it did in that house where we were. Then it will say, 'Leave your thin coat, and your sledge, and your horse, and your brandy bottle, and come with me to meet your Judge.' He will appoint you your place. You must stand before a great white throne, and the angels will stand round, and the dead will all be there. But One will sit on the throne, with eyes like a flame of fire; and He will open a book, in which all is written down that ever you did, and said, and thought, and intended to do. Your name is written there, and all the black list of everything you did your whole life long; and the Judge will ask each sinful soul: 'Did you believe in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour?' If you would then say, 'Yes, I did believe,' He would tell you, 'No; you did not act the way the Lord Jesus did, and the way He told you to do;' and then you will hear a voice: 'Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels!' You will then be cast out into the darkness, and one will stand at the door who will drag you down to eternal perdition—there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

The lady paused. The driver made no reply. The rasping of the snow was the only sound; and from above the stars the angels looked down on that pair in that lonely place.

Suddenly the horse was pulled up. The driver sprang from his seat and fastened the bell on the horse's collar. He took the horse by the head and turned him round. Then, resuming his seat, he cracked the whip, and crying to his horse, "Noshal golubstschek"—that is, "Fly, my dove"—he dashed off in the opposite direction.

The sledge flew like the wind, the bell tingled merrily, the horse stretched himself to the race. The lady soon observed that she was approaching houses. The lamps appeared once more. Turning a corner she found herself in the Nevsky Prospect, and in a short time the reeking horse stopped at her own door. The driver, springing from his seat, fell on his knee in the snow, and, seizing the lady's mantle with both hands, cried, "God be praised, I have brought you home!"

The lady looked at the frightened figure that lay before her trembling, and listened to his confession on the spot. "God forgive me! I was about to drive you to the wood and rob you there, where no one could have helped you. I had seen you take out your well-filled purse before you left the house of the poor woman. I saw your watch and your fur cloak. I was cold and hungry, and wanted to rob you, and have all this for myself. I did not mean to take your life. But when I heard of the book, and the great white throne, and the Judge, and the sentence which I would have deserved, I could not carry out my plan. Oh! forgive me, and pray to God to forgive me for what I intended to do."

"Pray for yourself," answered the lady, calm and compassionate, "for there is One who hears such a prayer, and can forgive. Oh, look to Him, who can wash away the blood-red sin!"

Taking from her pocket the New Testament, out of which she had read the words of comfort to the dying woman, she turned over some pages, then closing it again, she said, "Here, my friend, take this sacred book, that can tell you more than I can of Him that loved us, and gave his life for us. Between the leaves you will find what will buy you a warm fur coat, and when you look up to the stars think of Him that said, 'What would it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'"

With these words, and with a grateful heart for her delivery, the lady stepped into her house, while the driver stooped and kissed the hem of her mantle, putting, at the same time, the book into the breast of his coat. At the first lamp he stopped, and taking out his book, found a bank note lying between the leaves, sufficient to buy him a warm sheepskin coat, and on the open page he read: "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up to the death for us all, how shall He not with Him freely give us all things?"—*The Sunday at Home.*

The Home.

HOSPITALITY WITHOUT GRUDGING.

BY BLUENOSE.

I declare I'm nearly tired to death! It's been company, company, for nearly a week, and for my part I'm sick of it! Here I've been fairly turned into a cooking, baking, and cleaning-up machine, which must never lag a minute, and which must have a face full of smiles and a tongue charged with polite greetings, etc., while the vertebral column is nearly broken under the pressure. Now don't you think I deserve sympathy? Monday I had a large washing to do, which kept me busy enough until two o'clock. Then I thought I would have a nice little siesta on the lounge, which would completely rest me before sitting down to my sewing. Just as I had settled myself comfortably—the children were at school, so there was no disturbing element in the house—I heard a knock at the front door. Alas! for my anticipations of a delicious doze, with the summer winds stealing gently in through the closed blinds, and the old clock ticking musically in the corner. I must rise and greet Miss Betsey Prune, who stands in the doorway with her cap border projecting beyond her bonnet front, and whose knitting pins stick suggestively out of her capacious bag. All unconscious of the great demand yet to be made on my smiles and compliments during this eventful week, I assured Miss Betsey that I was pleased to see her, and fairly made the old thing's face as smiling as a bed of roses by my kind enquiries and pleasant speeches.

I made her remove her outer attire and spend the afternoon, which of course was just what she came for. Well I didn't mind her coming much, though I was pretty tired, and though I did have to make hot rolls for tea, for Betsey was very lively and chatty, and praised the children and the rolls too; and you know it does help you a good deal to have one praise you a little, even if it should be a gossiping old spinster.

As I lighted my guest to the door that night, the old saying, "Company Monday, company all the week," came into my head, causing a sudden pang somewhere in the region of my heart, for the weather was warm, and I was without help; but I tried to drive away the pang by saying to myself, "That foolish old proverb, I've known it to prove untrue many a time." Delusive hope! Next morning I was up betimes in order to do my ironing in the cool of the day. Towards noon the heat became excessive, and I decided to let the fire die out in my kitchen stove and subsist on cold victuals for the day. I had just sat down in my low rocker, when I heard a carriage stop at the front door. "Bless me!" cried I, "who's coming now?" Well to be sure, there were Cousin Walter and his wife from the country, going to stay to dinner of course. I *was* glad to see them, but how I did wish they had come before the kitchen fire went out! However, I put them in the parlor, and as the clock said it was a quarter to

twelve, I hastened to fry ham and eggs for dinner, appearing at that meal with a very rubicund visage. Well they were dear old friends, and I tried to forgive them for coming just as they did; and after dinner it became cooler and I became calmer.

"If there isn't Aunt Hannah's hired girl running over here with a basket! What can she want now?—almost dark. She's coming right in, in an awful hurry."

Well, somebody else has company besides me. Aunt Hannah's just had Mrs. Shanks, the minister's wife, from Beanville, and a young minister, Mr. Tuttle, come there to stay all night, and they haven't had a morsel of supper yet, and Aunt Hannah and Liddy have got to go to work and get them some. Out of bread, too, and had to send over here to borrow of me. Liddy says she and Miss Mary have been working like tigers all day trying to get the spare chambers cleaned for the city company they are expecting, and they had just got the finishing touches put on when here come occupants for them before the pillow shams have been on five minutes. I say it's imposing on people; just because Uncle Azariah is the oldest deacon in the church he has to entertain all the ministers. while Deacon Graball gets clear of them all the time, and he has three grown up girls at home, too. But I must go back to my own grievances.

That Tuesday evening after Walter and Harriet had gone, my niece Emily Trudget called to see me, and said she was making a visit among her relations and would come and spend the day with me on the morrow if it was convenient. I was glad it was getting dark so she couldn't see my face, for it wore a pretty desperate look, and my temper was beginning to lose its keeping quality. I didn't care much for Emily; she's a lazy thing anyway, and all she cares about is going visiting and making other people wait on her; but what could

I do? So I said, "Oh, yes, come and stay all day, and be sure to come early." She came accordingly, bringing with her an astonishingly lively specimen of humanity in the shape of a "young one" of two years old. Now my own children have been pretty orderly and well-behaved so far; I was not much troubled about the safety of my vases and ornaments during their infancy; but, oh, dear me! how I did want to take that child across my knee and administer corporal punishment with all my might! He put his dirty finger-marks on the white window sills and doors; he knocked down my geranium pot; he broke my window; he poked his fingers in the cake and daubed it on the organ keys,—I don't know what he didn't do. And all the while there sat the imp's mamma reading a magazine, serenely unmindful of her offspring's depredations; or, if she noticed him at all, it was to say, "What a lively temperament darling Eddy has!"

"Why, Mrs. Jones, how you startled me! Sit down and rest yourself; you look tired out. Now, you don't mean to say you've got company come to supper when you're all in a hubbub getting ready for that party this evening? You could hardly speak civilly to them? Well, I don't wonder. Going up to John Brooks' to stay all night, are they? Took the hint that you couldn't have them as well as not. Aren't you glad you're saved that much trouble, as you'll be quite used up by morning with the worry and trouble of this party? Yes, you can have a cupful of tea as well as not; it's in that closet, on the lower shelf,—just help yourself, for I'm busy writing."

I lived through that day, anyway, in spite of Master Eddy's provocations, and yesterday morning went to work cleaning my silver and setting my rooms in order, hoping for quietness for a time. Just as dinner was ready, my husband brought in an old Dutchman, who had been bringing him some hay,

and he helped, with all his might, to devour the scanty hash which I had "made do" for our noonday meal. "Hurrah," said I to myself after dinner, "I shall have this afternoon and evening for a quiet sewing time, for Mr. Vogler is the company for to-day—the least trouble of all."

I had sewed up two seams on a pinafore when my neighbor, Mrs. Graves, came in asking me to go with her to see a sick person down the street. When I returned, it was too late to make muffins for tea, as I had intended doing, so I prepared a hasty supper and afterwards washed up my dishes as quickly as possible, that I might again take my sewing. The sound of wheels at the door! I am paralyzed; I cannot go to the door to see who has come, so I sit still, and in comes my sister Jane, whose husband has already driven his carriage into the yard. They have just come from Jolington, where they have been visiting, and are on their way back home to Melville. I must fly round and get a fire made in the kitchen and get them some tea. While they are eating a knock is heard at the door. I run to the window. There is Mr. Hobbs' wagon; he is helping Miss Emma out, while Mrs. H. is vigorously rapping! Now my heart sinks! They are on their way to the yearly meeting of our church at Fairville, two miles away, and are coming here to stay all night! Now why couldn't they have gone to Deacon Graball's instead? I do dislike entertaining a fussy old minister and his wife anyway, and beside, I've company already, and my fire is out, and I don't believe I've bread enough in the house for their supper! Well, I must answer the knock; but I can't smile now, and before I know it I say very uncourteously, "I thought the meetings were to be held at Fairville!" Mrs. Hobbs looks disconcerted as I show them into the parlor, and while I am in the dining-room getting ready for them, I hear

them discussing the subject of going elsewhere. Jane and Thomas hurry off home pretty soon, for they see my hands are full, and they know I am vexed. I go in and try to atone for my uncourteous manner by being as cheerful as I can under the circumstances; I feed them, talk to them, arrange my one guest-chamber for the minister and his wife, and improvise a bed for Miss Emma. This morning I got up with the earliest bird, and baked biscuit and fried steak, and about eleven o'clock saw them, my trio of guests, depart for the session.

For a wonder, nobody's been here to dine or sup to-day, and I have finished my pinafore. Mrs. Baker ran in with her sewing this afternoon, and I told her my troubles.

Said she, "If you want to get clear of company, you must learn to catch a horse!"

"Catch a horse!" cried I, "what for?"

"One day last summer," answered she, "Margaret Baker and her daughter came in from Beanville to get their new hats and fixings. I never liked Margaret a great deal, if she is my sister-in-law. They had been at our house all night, and I thought they might go down to Ellen's to dinner, as I had such a houseful. By and by Margaret said if she could get some one to catch the horse—which was out in the field nearby—they would go out shopping and go to Ellen's to dinner."

"Well," said I, "Mary and I can catch him, can't we?" But they both looked completely horrified at the idea. I went out, and after much exertion succeeded in catching the animal, and led him triumphantly to the stable. Of course Margaret had to come and undertake the harnessing of him, as there were no men at home; but we found we could not get through without assistance from some masculine hand. Margaret said she'd wait till after dinner, but I said, "No, we won't give up."

so I shouted to a man who was passing, and he came to the rescue. I saw them drive off before dinner, as I was determined they should."

"I couldn't do that," laughed I, as she ended her story.

Well, I've read this all over by lamp-light, and it sounds rather unchristian. I fear my opinionative old grand aunt, who thinks it's such a wicked thing for me to write pieces, would look perfectly horror-struck could she read what I've written.

Does not the Blessed Book teach us to "use hospitality without grudging," and I have been grudging my time and my trouble, and almost my food! Ah, I see now before me, the saintly face of one long dead, who, though far less favorably situated than I, yet ever was ready and delighted to show hospitality at any hour to those who came to her house, especially to ministers of the Gospel. Is not this a part of living for others, which every one should aim at

doing, and can we not resist our selfish feelings at what at first seems disagreeable, and do it cheerfully for the Lord's sake? If done for His sake we will not mind the unpleasantness of our guests or our tired feet and hands; we will serve them joyfully, for in so doing we are serving Him. We long for a high and wide path of usefulness, and heed not the winding ways around us where-in our Father wishes us to labor.

How soon our guests are gone! The hurry and bustle, how soon over! How many days we sit lonely and wish to see them when they are far away! They are here one day, and the next perhaps we hear they are no longer dwellers on the earth, and we sigh in vain for a sight of their loved faces, and weep regretfully over words and acts we cannot recall.

I really shall try to enjoy my friends' unexpected arrivals instead of grumbling over them, and I know I shall find it far more pleasant for all parties concerned.

LOTTIE'S WORK.

BY M.

"Well, well! only to think, Lottie Taunton going to be married, and her only a poor milliner after all; and to rich Squire Benson, too! Well! well!" and poor old Mrs. Kanes turned again to her washtub, and rubbed away as if to make up for lost time.

"Yes, mother, Miss Taunton is to be married very soon now; next week, I think."

"Miss Taunton," sneered the old lady, with a more vigorous rub than usual. "Ah, yes, it'll be 'Miss,' now she's going to marry a rich man, and nice airs she'll be after showing, let me tell you."

Susan Kanes laughed merrily. "Why, mother, it was always Miss Taunton at the store,—it was only here I called her Lottie; and I do not think she is going to be stuck up; for she wished us all good-bye so kindly, and said she hoped to see a good deal of us after she came back."

"Ah well, time will show, but I guess she's about the same as other girls; and you know, Sue, it's a great rise for her."

"I suppose so, though the master says she is only going back to the class she always belonged to," and Susan turned away, busying herself in preparing the evening meal.

Mrs. Kanes' was not the only house where the approaching marriage was discussed; for, though suspected by many, yet there were always plenty to doubt it, so that the announcement took many by surprise. Many were the comments made. Some, who, like Susan Kanes, were naturally good-natured, augured well for the forewoman's chance of happiness, and were glad, honestly glad, that so rich a matrimonial prize should be drawn by her; but others regarded her with envy, and many an unkind speech was made about her. "She was always an artful thing," said one. "She'll have a fine time with those proud stepdaughters, and serve her right." "It's only the money she cares for." "The eldest Miss Benson hates her like poison, I heard her wanting to buy her off," These and many more such speeches were made, but Lottie did not know, nor indeed would she have cared if she had known.

Susan Kanes was right when she said that Lottie was only going back to the class to which she belonged,—it was true. Still, perhaps you may wish to know why she was to be found daily, from early morning till late at night, in the millinery department of Mr. Brown's establishment, instead of being engaged in some more congenial occupation. Three years before our story opens, John Taunton was a prosperous merchant, with a delicate wife and one daughter, Poor lady, there was but little sunshine in her life, notwithstanding the affectionate care of her husband and daughter; but she was a sincere Christian, and whilst thoroughly aware of the greatness of her trials, was willing to bear them, or even more, if it was the will of God to lay them on her. Lotty was then twenty-two, highly educated, an accomplished musician, and a beauty. She had but few intimate friends, for her mother's health prevented her mixing much in society, but the few she had were devoted to her.

For a while Lottie had noticed a difference in her father; she thought he looked troubled; and at length he told her. His business was falling off, and, besides, he had endorsed for others who he feared would not be able to meet their obligations.

Lottie felt stunned for the moment, but, like her own sensible self, rallied quickly.

"Can I not help you a little, father, by economizing in housekeeping?"

"Well, my dear, we have never followed any extravagance, and if you change our style of living too much, your mother will have to know,—poor thing, I want to spare her."

"Father," said Lottie softly, as she knelt down beside her father's chair, "I wish you would tell mother."

"Tell her! Why, my dear, it would kill her."

"No, I'm sure it would not; and she would rather know now, than be kept in ignorance till it can be no longer hidden from her."

Mr. Taunton hesitated, but Lottie was urgent, and she gained her point, as indeed she usually did.

"I wanted to spare you the knowledge, Mary, but Lottie urged me so; she said you would rather know."

"Certainly, John, I would rather know; only think if the worst happens, and your business is lost to you, what my feelings would have been, on finding that you and Lottie had been trying so hard to save whilst I was a source of expense."

"But your health, Mary."

"True, dear, and so long as I knew you could afford it, I was perfectly willing to have my room beautified by these lovely flowers, my appetite tempted by the luscious fruits; but, husband, they are not necessities, and I can do well without them."

A complete change took place in the domestic arrangements of the Taunton family from that day, and when the crash came, as come it did, they could feel

that they had done all that was possible to lessen it.

To move to a small house, and both father and daughter search for employment, was soon done; but to look for work is one thing, to obtain it another, as the Tauntons soon found. True Lottie got a few pupils; but, thankful as she was for them, the remuneration was altogether inadequate to their expenses, and as Mr. Taunton was still idle it was decided that they had better remove to some larger place before all was spent of the sum which their creditors had allowed them.

"Where shall we go, father," asked Lottie.

"I do not know yet, I must make enquiries first."

"Suppose, John, you go to the reading-room, look over the papers and take a note of such advertisements as would be suitable—answer them from here, and be guided by the replies you receive."

"Oh, mamma, that is a splendid idea; only, papa, let me go, too, won't you? We can wait till after closing hour, and I am sure Davy will let us in."

So it was arranged. Mr. Taunton and Lottie paid several visits to the reading-room, many advertisements were answered, but on receiving replies the work was found to be so heavy and the pay so small, that acceptance would have been out of the question. This was particularly the case with all Lottie's applications for pupils.

"We will now advertise," said Mr. Taunton; but days passed without a reply, and both father and daughter were well nigh discouraged, when a letter came for Lottie, offering her the charge of the millinery department at Mr. Brown's, if, after an interview, it was considered advisable to enter into an engagement.

"Father, let me take it," said Lottie, "the salary, five hundred dollars, is more than I can make by teaching, and I will

give it up so soon as you obtain employment yourself."

It was some time before Lottie received permission to enter Mr. Brown's employ, but it was given at last, and so soon as business matters were settled, and the family could be moved, she entered upon her new duties.

To say that she liked her work, is impossible; it was not congenial to her; but it was not as distasteful as she expected, and when she found, as she did every now and then, that she could benefit some of the poor work girls by whom she was surrounded, she felt content, nay happy, in her employment.

Mr. Taunton never got anything to do; his health failed rapidly after his bankruptcy, and, a few months after Lottie went to Mr. Brown's, he breathed his last. How thankful she was, during that last sickness, that her salary was sufficient to allow of both him and her mother having proper care and attention; never once after that did she repine at her lot.

But our Lottie is now no longer at Mr. Brown's, much to the old gentleman's annoyance, for he knows well he will find it difficult to replace her. She is preparing her modest trousseau for her approaching marriage, which is to take place the following week.

Mrs. Taunton is to live near her, and a trustworthy person has been engaged to take charge of her. Squire Benson would willingly have had her make her home with Lottie, but she would not consent, so a little cottage near her new home, and belonging to the squire, was fitted up for her.

So much as to who Lottie Benson was. Now to her "work," and let me venture the hope that some other "Lottie" may be induced to do likewise.

It was just one month after her marriage, when Mr. Brown received a note from her asking if she might have a few moment's conversation with "the hands" after closing time. The request was

granted willingly, and next evening she made her appearance, not as the showy bride some of them were expecting, but the same Lottie as of old, all but the name.

A kind greeting and a few well-chosen words soon put all at their ease, and then Lottie proceeded to the real object of her visit there.

"My dear old companions," said she, "I know how uncomfortably some of you are situated with regard to your boarding-houses, and I wish to try if we cannot get you all to board together, when your expenses, I think, will be less, and your comforts greater."

"I live at home, and don't want no change," pertly answered the girl who had so misrepresented Miss Benson's visit to Lottie shortly before her marriage.

"I am sure many of you have happy homes," replied Lottie, quickly. "I am sorry I did not think to say that the plan I had thought of, and about which I wished to speak to you, was only intended for such as were without friends."

"Suppose, Mrs. Benson, you appoint the day after to-morrow to meet those here who, as you say, have 'no homes,' I will allow all to give over work an hour earlier than usual, and all who do not require to join in your scheme can leave."

"Thank you, Mr. Brown. I shall be most happy to come." And so it was arranged.

Thirty was the number of hands at Mr. Brown's, and Lottie found twelve ready assembled when once more she entered the well-remembered work-room. These were all well-known to her as industrious, steady girls, and a feeling of thankfulness arose in her heart, that she should have the benefit of starting her plan with those who would be most likely to appreciate it, and who, after a while, would be able to bring others into her "refuge," as she mentally called it.

I am not going to tire you with the

details of the different meetings which took place before all was settled, but will content myself with telling you what was done.

Lottie engaged a good-sized house in a healthy part of the city, sufficiently near to the business part to allow of carrying out one particular part of her plan if she found it desirable to do so; but she determined to say nothing about that at first. "Slow and sure must be our motto," she said to Mr. Benson, when talking all over with him, and he entirely agreed with her. The house then was rented, Mrs. Benson being responsible for the rent, and twelve young girls moved in, taking with them whatever furniture they might possess, and agreeing to pay into a common fund the same sum weekly which they had been in the habit of paying elsewhere. They were to live as economically as was consistent with health, and whatever money remained after the week's expenses were paid, was to be laid by for other expenses. At first a little trouble arose about getting some one to take charge of the house and do the cooking, but Susan Kanes begged hard to be allowed to join the "club" (as they laughingly called themselves), and her mother willingly undertook the care of providing meals, as she was allowed to still continue washing for her customers.

Behold all then fairly started, one month gone by, and a pretty fair surplus in the hands of Mrs. Benson, who was their treasurer. Nearly all the girls had owned their own bed and bedding, and it was determined that the first month's surplus should be devoted to buying cheap bedsteads, after which, each one was to purchase whatever she wished for her own use.

Now seemed the time to Mrs. Benson to propose the object she had in view when renting in that particular locality, and, as it was necessary to have assistance, her step-daughters willingly came forward.

It was to open a small shop in con-

nection with their "home," for which each girl would give one hour's work daily, the proceeds to be divided equally each month.

"No orders would be given here, I am afraid," said one, and most of the others seemed to think the same.

"I will give the first," said Lottie, and the Miss Bensons wished me to do the same for them. We will furnish our own material and leave it to you to choose whether you would rather commence with bonnets or dresses."

"Dresses," was the almost unanimous cry, and next day they were commenced. This was the beginning of what afterwards became a good-sized dressmaking establishment, and, as the rule of one hour's work was kept to strictly, there was nothing irksome to the girls, though they had been sewing all day, and, as each worked steadily and faithfully, a good deal could be got through even in that short time. As months rolled on and the full number the house could accommodate (forty) were, by degrees, gathered in from among the different shops throughout the city, more work of course could be done, and they were no longer obliged to keep customers waiting quite so long. One fear passed by, and when the accounts were closed it was found that each inmate had been a gainer to the amount of \$5 per month. True, there had been no rent to pay, but even with that additional expense, there would have been a something to "put away," besides the comfort of having their own home.

And now the question arose among themselves as to whether they could manage to secure the lease of their present home for a number of years; but Lottie was before them, for she was able to give them the privilege of living there, rent free, so long as they wished, subject to a few well-chosen and distinct rules.

1st. All persons desirous of joining the establishment must be total abstainers.

2nd. Each one was to give one hour's work daily for the dressmaking department.

3rd. Food to be of sufficient quantity, and of good quality, but nothing extravagant.

4th. The number of inmates limited to forty.

5th. The profits to be divided monthly, and no work undertaken except on cash payment.

These few and simple rules were all that were needed, but they were strictly enforced, and, as time went on, Lottie had the happiness of seeing the home in thorough working order. Of course, a good many changes had taken place, even during that first year, but there were still more afterwards, for it was found that the dressmaking department was the very place in which those who wished to start for themselves could secure a few good customers; and thus they were not afraid to begin in some other part of the city.

At first, this seemed injurious to the welfare of the home; but it was soon proved otherwise, for, as the trained hands left, vacancies occurred which were thankfully accepted by strangers, who otherwise would have been obliged to submit to all the discomforts of the ordinary lodging houses; thus, the good done was far more wide-spread than if confined to the original forty, and, besides this, those who left after having secured customers escaped the usual trials of those who start a business when not sufficiently known.

Five years passed over, Susan Kanes was still an inmate, and likely to remain so, for she was now forewoman at Mr. Brown's, and, therefore, not desirous of changing, and as the conversation between her and her mother opened our short sketch, let me also close with a few words from them:

"Mrs. Benson was at the store to-day, mother," said Susan.

"Bless her," the mother murmured softly.

"And," continued Susan, "she says there is a very good opening for a milliner at S—, only three miles from the city, if anyone here is suited for it. I told her I thought it would answer for Charlotte Dawson and her sister."

"Aye, that it would, if only Charlotte's employer will give her up."

"Oh, if Charlotte likes to go, Mrs. Benson will settle all else. No one ever says 'no' to her, mother," said Susan, smiling.

"None but me, Susan, and surely I was bad enough about her at first. Why, I never could believe she would be so kind and friendly like, and she so rich."

"She has indeed been a friend to us all; I don't think any one else ever did as much. Why, if Charlotte and Mary leave for S—, this will make the fourteenth shop started from here in five years, and twenty-six girls sent out to make a living for themselves, with a certainty of success."

"More than twenty-six have left us, child."

"Yes, I know, but the others left for different purposes; some married, some

left the city, or went to their relations or elsewhere; but twenty-six have started in business for themselves."

"I wonder, dear, does she know how hard I used to be about her?"

"I don't think so, mother, but it would not make any difference if she did, for she told me one day, when I asked her why she should care so much for us all when we had oftentimes been troublesome or even sharp with her in the old days?"

"I try to do all I can, because it seems to me that God has placed the work directly before me. None other has been so situated as to know so much about you all as I do. Remember, I belong to you."

"And, mother, I felt glad to hear her say so."

And, dear reader, so do we feel glad, for the true secret of success in any philanthropic work is to identify yourself with those you would help; go up to them or down to them as is needed, but if you wish your efforts to be crowned with success, you must, like Lottie, "belong to them."

FURNISHING THE NEW HOUSE.

If we are moving into the new house and out of the old one, there is usually a goodly quantity of half-worn furniture on hand, and we are not in any such degree responsible for the taste and skill shown in the arrangement of the new house as if everything had been to buy afresh, and we had the opportunity to exercise taste and choice, and fit every thing exactly to the place for which it is most suitable. If we, for instance, have old carpets, and cannot afford to dispense with them, they must be ripped and turned and sewed over and made to answer in the new rooms; and it is they, inanimate rags as they are, that settle the question of the color of this or that room, and not we, although we fancy ourselves ever so much the monarchs of all we survey. There is, however, frequently the chance to show

the greatest skill and taste in the adaptation of the old to the new, till it looks like design, and design that nothing could have improved upon; and there are many who derive the greatest satisfaction from this exercise of their ingenuity, like that good wife who trusted her husband never would be so rich that she should not be obliged to contrive how to make both ends meet and be praised for doing it.

Yet even if one has a purseful of money, and no restriction or responsibility to another in its expenditure, the task of buying exactly what is best and everything that is harmonious is by no means an easy one, and in reality requires days, if not weeks, of considering and balancing the advantages and disadvantages, and of afterward regretting that the other thing had not been pro-

cured instead, and finally of being reconciled to the inevitable, and of adding some touch to it that shall make it just right after all.

The first thing to be determined on is to present a thought of solidity and comfort to the new-comer opening the hall door, and glad to step beneath the shade of the lintel. This can hardly be done if there is any patchwork in the appearance of things: if patchwork must needs be, it must be of the richest description, and of such effect as an inlaid floor and warm and handsome rugs supply, and the carpets in the rooms opening on either hand in very brilliant contrasts, or else simply ascending in the same tone from the main ground-work of color that the hall presents. But, to be done well, this takes costly material, and those who can not afford that would do better to cover their whole ground-floor with one and the same inexpensive carpeting, which gives an air of harmony to the whole idea of the house in the first place, while each room can be built up into its separate picture with its own upholstery and decoration. The inexpensive carpet is always the best, unless one can provide those of the costly and indestructible kind, for it can be replaced without ruin, and one is not obliged to become weary of it and still to keep it, till it shows the very threads on which it was woven, and is an eye-sore of the worst sort. Nevertheless, the carpet should be one of which it would be difficult to weary, and to that end it should be as quiet a figure as possible, and in whatever color chosen, that color should certainly be of pure tint. The pure tint is the only one that wears; the mixed and muddy mongrel tints become in a season utterly detestable.

Most people think that when they have set up a hat rack and an umbrella stand in the hall, they have done all that could be expected; and if there is a little glass in the hat-rack, that then the effect is sumptuous, and the introduction of a chair or sofa seems almost too much luxury. Yet a slight reflection would tell them that the appearance of the hall is of as much importance as that of any room in the house, and not impossibly a little more so, for it is that which first strikes the guest and gives to him the key-note of the house. It stands to reason, then, that the hall should be an attractive spot at the first glance, giving the guest a desire to penetrate farther, and should never be suffered to remain a mere entry or passageway. Here family portraits should be hung, like faces to

make each comer welcome, your ancestors if you have their likenesses, welcoming your guests with you, silently depicting to them your traits and characteristics, perhaps, and always looking down on your going out and coming in. And here, too, should be hung any pictures particularly portraying the peculiarity of the ways and tastes of the family; here should stand the old clock; here should be a pretty table for chance objects to be tossed on, two or three quaint chairs, certainly a mirror, and if there is an alcove beneath the stairs, a lounge where an after-dinner rest that shall not be a nap may be taken while the summer wind blows through from door to door. The hall, in fact, may be made as inviting as any place in all the house, and if it is an empty and bare spot, one is very apt to expect the rest of the house to be in character.

It is the drawing-room in which the strongest interest of the furnishing usually centres. We will not say that it should be the kitchen, since we are looking rather at the æsthetic and artistic side, and will leave to every housewife her own kitchen. And indeed the drawing-room is of nearly as much importance; everybody does not see the kitchen, everybody does see the drawing-room, and the opinion which our friends form of us by our actions and surroundings is of real consequence in the sum total of our happiness, and the drawing-room depends largely upon ourselves, the kitchen largely upon the will of Bridget. Not that we underrate in the least the vital part of the kitchen in the household, but we are speaking particularly of appearances. Moreover, since every day the drawing-room invests us with its beauty or want of beauty, and is or is not delightful, it is for our interest and advantage to make it so, in order that our daily sights may not increase the disagreeable sensations that may be in our lot, but may rather ameliorate them. Little things will do this quite as easily as large ones. If the furniture is old, coverings of soft-toned chintz, of unbleached cotton cloth trimmed at brief intervals with stripes of plain-colored calicoes, will renew it and brighten the effect past belief. Little brackets, even home-made, but hung so that the rude manufacture is concealed with pretty fancy-work, simple ornaments of no priceless material, but of some perfect outline, a vase, a candlestick, a Pompeian lamp, books, books in abundance, and flowers—all these, arranged with care and purpose, make up

the cheerful, lovely aspect of a room, till it is as much a pleasure to go into it as if one should see the picture of some charming interior all at once take reality upon itself and surround us in still life with all the charm of art.

The first thing to secure in any room, and especially in any room bearing a peculiar home character, is the mantel—no mere slice of marble set on iron brackets, but the real chimney-piece going from floor to ceiling, growing out of the central part of the house, the protector of the fire upon the hearth. The room without a mantel is an atrocity, and has no right to be inhabited; for the mantel always represents the altar of home. To the mantel, then, every thing in the house should lead; it should be either the white and culminating point of splendor in the room, from which everything retreats, or should be the body of shadow to which every thing tends. It should be the one chief thing in the room which salutes the eye; in it centres the great idea of hospitality, for there is light and warmth, and should be space; it stands for host and hostess to the guest; and it stands, too, for infinitely more, since in these days of publicity it is the one remaining representative of the old Lares and Penates, the shrine of the gods of home and the hearth, of domestic privacy and seclusion. If this one thing is remembered and attended to, there are scarcely any circumstances under which the room can be unlovely, and the result is tolerably certain, if care is taken to avoid a spotty effect by arranging the furniture and the pictures in masses with a view to equivalents in light and shade; that is, if a table leads to a piano, and the piano to a lofty painting behind it, other furniture in another part of the room shall be arranged to balance it with corresponding, even if totally different, effect.

The color of the drawing-room is also a matter deserving more than a passing thought or an indulgent fancy. There are reasons of complexion to be considered, of place, and of suitability, and because one happens to love a certain color, one cannot rush into it without reflection. There are few colors so rich and warm as the crimsons, for example; but used in the steamboats and hotels, where the average American takes his splendor, they have unfortunately been vulgarized out of most houses. As lovely a drawing-room as we ever saw, in point of color, was carpeted with grey felt with a deep dark blue bordering; the lounges and chairs were

covered with chintz in the most delicate shade of robin's-egg or gas-light blue, as the wool dealers call it, and the remainder was of wicker-work and black lacquer; the heavy pieces of furniture were in black lacquer and gilt; the curtains were of snowy muslin under lambrequins of the chintz; and the rest of the room was made up of vases, tripods, cups, pictures, flowers, and sunshine, till it seemed to overflow with harmonious color. But perhaps glory can go no farther in furnishing than in a yellow drawing-room; there the splendor of color demanding splendor of material, lustre answers lustre, and you have a room where in the gloomiest weather the sun seems to be shining, and where the lovely yellow radiance of an October woodland is perpetually shed.

Whatever riddle the drawing-room may read to its decorator, she finds relief from embarrassment when she comes to the library, for that is a room that may be said to furnish itself, since there is little place in a library for any but conventional treatment, and the rest remains almost altogether with the wealth or with the connoisseurship of the owner. The dining-room, however, is quite another thing.

It has been far too customary, among those of us who have not unlimited bank accounts, to look upon the dining-room as a mere place to go and eat in and get out of as soon thereafter as possible. But the dining-room is the one place where, morning, noon, and night, all the family come together, and are obliged to do so, at the same time. Certainly such a place as that should be made as attractive as any in the house. Besides, it is the place where the burden of hospitality is dispensed; and certainly there should be nothing there to suggest to the receivers of that hospitality any poverty or pinching, any fancy that the table is differently served in their absence, any vexing hint that the family disturbs its equanimity on their account. Thus the dining-room should really be as sumptuous a room as it is possible to make it; here the rich color and the gilding should be lavished: here should be displayed all the painted china and frosted silver and other objects of kindred luxury in possession, something less being paid for the pianoforte that something more may be paid for the buffet; and here should be warmth and light and all reminders of comfort and cheer. And if the young mistress of the house once looks after these matters with a view to finding the reason for all things, these hints may light her on the way to still further discovery of how to make house and home delightful.—*Harper's Bazar*.

HYGIENE.

This is a matter the importance of which is now only being comprehended, and a sufficient knowledge of it scarcely exists in the best informed authorities, to say nothing of the general public.

THE HOUSE WE LIVE IN.

This will deal with the house in which we have to live, and the various points to be attended to in its construction, and in the selection of a site. To take the latter first, it should be so situated that there is an outfall for the waste water and sewage; and it should also be exposed fairly to the sun. The necessity for the first is obvious; a word about the latter may not be out of place. The effects of cutting off the light are seen in the blanched condition of vegetables deprived of light, or even more still in the debilitated appearance of those parts of a plant which are removed from the light. What is more to the point is the effect of sunlight upon the human frame. This has been most illustratively seen in the effects upon the health of residents in different portions of the same barracks. The largest portion of ill-health was always found in those sections which were furthest removed from light and sunshine. The companies were changed back and forwards, but the illness always stuck to the dark and shaded barracks. The effect of the glancing sunlight is well seen in the convalescent who seems positively to absorb strength and spirit by being bathed in the invigorating light.

The next matter of importance in the selection of a site is with regard to the nature of the soil. This is important from several points of view. Firstly, it has been abundantly demonstrated that "dampness of soil is an important cause of phthisis to the population living on the soil," and the improvement produced by draining the subsoil in lessening the amount of consumption is marked. Where the soil is too damp this must be met, as far as possible, by careful drainage of the house and curtilage. On sand or gravel a house stands dry and warm, provided this subsoil drainage be efficient. On clay soils it is more difficult to avoid dampness. Another point to be attended to is that of the actual

warmth of different soils. Some absorb heat much more readily than others, and are drier and, consequently, warmer to the feet. Soils give off their heat much more rapidly than they absorb it, and so cool at night very markedly. Sand, with some lime, forms the soil which absorbs heat most perfectly, then sand alone, and lastly clay—the heavier the colder. Thus, in cold countries clay soils induce catarrhs, rheumatism, phthisis, etc., and sandy soils are much to be preferred. In hot countries sands are too warm for health and comfort unless covered with grass.

Of all the horrible insanitary arrangements devised for the direct induction of disease and ill-health the most diabolical are rubbish foundations. "Rubbish shot here" is the herald of disease and death. It is a flagrant violation of all sanitation. The rubbish consists in every case, more or less, of decaying organic matter, animal and vegetable. This decomposes, and in doing so either evolves directly active poisons, or forms a capital nidus for their settling down. The houses are notoriously unhealthy, for when they are built upon rubbish the engendering of disease is converted from a probability to a certainty. Not only is it most unwise to actually bring poison-bearing rubbish to form foundations for houses, but every old drain, cesspool, and pit should be carefully cleared away. In the midst of stately piles of buildings certain houses have been known to be infested with typhoid fever, as it were smitten with pestilence, where old unremoved cesspools remaining and poisoning the inmates have been discovered, and their removal has been followed by the cessation of the local plague. It is of vital importance that the foundation of the house be free from poisonous material.

Having seen that the site is not infected with the material for a future host of doctors' and undertakers' bills, it is important to attend to the removal of the refuse and waste from the house, and to protect it from damp. Drains should not, if possible, traverse a house, and when this is unavoidable, glazed earthenware pipes, laid in concrete or cement, carefully sealed up at the joints, and then covered by

cement, should be used; and protected at the walls by relieving arches, to secure them from the effect of settlement. Ventilation of them should be provided at their entrance and exit, and access pipes should admit of ready entrance to them. They should also be periodically flushed, so as to secure them against accumulations in their interior.

To protect the house against damp it is necessary that a damp-proof course be laid over the whole of the foundation. This should consist of hard-glazed earthenware tiles, or slate laid in cement. In addition to this a dry area around the main wall is highly desirable. This is furnished by having an outer wall around the main wall, leaving a space betwixt them. Having so secured the foundation, the outer walls may be protected against the damp produced by driving rain either by covering them with slate, or a waterproof composition. Much of the damp absorbing power of walls depends upon the nature of the materials used in their erection, and soft porous materials are most objectionable. The same may be said of floors, which should always be of wood, if possible, and well ventilated underneath. In many places flags are used instead, but they are much colder, and absorb damp more easily. But the most abominable of all floors is that made of bricks. The housewife notices that after washing them they quickly dry, and perhaps rejoices in her heart thereat. If so it is an ill-placed contentment, for the bricks absorb the water and remain cold and damp; causing much ill-health and disease.

The walls of the houses should be substantial, and stout enough to protect the dweller against external damp; in which respect houses being built in towns and suburbs are lamentably defective. The roof should be well united, and the rain should be collected into sufficient and well-jointed spouting, and carefully carried off either into cisterns or drains. If the former they should be efficiently drained, so as to secure the removal of the surplus water. Defective spouts and the saturation of walls with rain-water are efficient factors in the production of disease; and a damp house is inimical to health.

The spouting should converge to one or more down-pipes which run from the roof into the drains. These down-pipes serve also another useful purpose. They serve to ventilate the drains and carry the sewer gas away from the house, and out into the air; so relieving the

house from the danger of sewer-gas escaping from the water-closets, etc., and poisoning the house.

THE AIR SUPPLY.

The next point to consider about the house is its air supply. This is a point of no secondary importance. A free supply of air is necessary to the wants of the system, and that air must possess several requisites: it must be pure and free from hurtful constituents, and be furnished in good quantity.

Air is a mechanical composition of nitrogen and oxygen, the oxygen being about 21 per cent. by volume, and in addition to this 3 parts per thousand of carbonic acid gas. Water in the form of vapor, and traces of ammonia, may almost be regarded as normal constituents of the atmosphere. The oxygen is the essential element, the nitrogen being merely a diluent. Oxygen in an active condition is termed ozone. The consumption of this ozone by the respiration of animated creatures and the combustion of fires and flames, renders the air of towns much less invigorating than that of the open country or the ocean. Rebreathed air in close ill-ventilated rooms leads to a sense of lethargy and depression, not unfrequently combined with headache, as consequences of the imperfect removal of the carbonic acid, etc., and the absence of active oxygen. "The quantity of oxygen is sensibly diminished in the air of towns." The amount of carbonic acid varies under different circumstances, but not very markedly in the open air, where it never reaches one per cent.

Air to be pure must contain a normal proportion of its constituents; it ceases to be so when some are present in excess or are deficient. It becomes impure by the addition of foreign matters, either solid and merely suspended in the air, or gaseous and diffused through it. The suspended matters borne by the air by which we are chiefly disturbed are the products of imperfect combustion, or smuts. They are the nuisance of every large town, especially in dark, dull weather. They blow in through the finest crevices, and settle everywhere. In certain states of the weather, the products of imperfect combustion form fogs, which are smoke clouds. The presence of these smuts in a condition of the finest subdivision is then readily demonstrated by the expectoration; the expectorated mucus is dark and inky from the particles arrested and detained by the mucous lining of

the air tubes, and drawn in by the respiration. Through the fog the noon-day sun appears as through a piece of smoked glass; it is really seen through a smoke-laden atmosphere. But in addition there are vegetable seeds, spores and germs; low forms of animal life, as bacteria and vibrios; products of animal life, of pus-cells and epithelia, especially in the air of hospital wards; particles of fabrics, cotton and wool; and at times mineral matter, as sand, forming in certain regions sand clouds, the deadly simoon which the Arabs dread. Contagious particles, though too minute to be recognizable by the most powerful microscope, or detected by the subtlest analysis, are borne in the air, and their presence demonstrated by their effects. The odor of plants is due to minute particles of solid matter which are wafted off the plant, and bear the characteristics of each. The rose has its odor, and so have the violet and the woodbine, they are distinct and recognizable; but they have never been seen by the microscope, any more than has scarlatinal poison; no chemistry can determine their composition, which is as unknown as that of the poison of typhoid fever.

Malarial or marsh poison cannot with certainty be referred to the class of suspended agents, possibly it belongs to the gaseous division. Organic matter has been found in the dew of malarial districts. But there exists no doubt as to the existence of malarial poison, and much is known about it, though its presence has never been demonstrated by any other means than its results. Probably fever-poisons are not gaseous but solid. We will refer to them again in their own section.

The gaseous impurities of air arise variously from the body itself, from the earth, and from manufactories. The carbonic acid which is given off by respiration is a common cause of air-contamination. Its excess in the body is always accompanied by a deficiency of oxygen, and the effects of each are with difficulty separated. In "the black-hole of Calcutta" and the well-known case of the "Londonderry," these two were combined, and the mortality in each case was fearful; in the first 123 died out of a total of 146, in the latter out of a total of 150 no less than 70 perished. The amount of oxygen may be reduced from 23 per cent. to 20, in close ill-ventilated places; and such diminution is not only deleterious and dangerous if carried too far, but if only existing to a lesser degree, it

is baneful and injurious to the health; causing great loss of vital force and leaving the person predisposed to disease.

Emanations from the earth of an injurious character generally take their origin in decaying organic matter, and form zymotic poisons, to be considered hereafter; but sometimes gases are exhaled, as the choke-damp of mines, sulphuretted hydrogen, and carbonic acid. Earth itself is a good disinfectant, and organic matter efficiently buried rarely causes any troublesome consequences.

Air is extensively contaminated by manufactories and chemical works, and in more limited areas by fumes in certain trades, as we have seen before.

VENTILATION.

In this division will be considered the question of the amount of air required; and then the subject of ventilation; closing with the means of ventilation so intimately associated with the warming of buildings.

The amount of air which each person requires is that amount which shall not allow of an accumulation of carbonic acid beyond a certain point. This gas exists normally in the air, but below 4 parts per thousand; an atmosphere containing 1 per cent. is odious and instinctively avoided. In an atmosphere where 1200 cubic feet of fresh air was furnished to each person per hour, the proportion of carbonic acid rose to .855 per 1000 volumes; with a supply of 1700 feet of air each man per hour it reached .759 per 1000 volumes; where only 765 cubic feet per hour each was furnished, the carbonic acid attained to 1.2 per cent.; this last was obviously very unwholesome. Probably 1200 cubic feet of air per hour is the least which is compatible with health. But this calculation excludes carefully any lights or fires, which consume the oxygen of a room very rapidly, and load it with carbonic acid; the effects of which will be considered shortly. The sick require more air than the healthy, and in hospitals even 3500 cubic feet per hour per head has not been proved sufficient to prevent the peculiar offensive odor.

Now it is obvious that the mere cubic space afforded to each person will not in itself meet the question. The rate at which the air is renewed is a most important factor. If there is 200 cubic feet of space for each person, it is obvious that the air must be renewed 10 times

per hour in order to afford each person 2000 cubic feet of air in that time. If the space for each person is 400 feet, the air need only be renewed 5 times per hour. The rate with which air passes into and through a room involves the question of draughts. In order to keep a small room efficiently ventilated, the movement of air must be so rapid as to cause a draught; and draughts are common exciting causes of illness. Large rooms are better than small ones, because the air has not to be so frequently renewed, and draughts are thus avoided; the number of persons being alike in each case. When the rate of change of air in a room exceeds 3 or 4 times per hour it becomes disagreeable, and warmed air is requisite.

Natural Ventilation.—This is achieved by the readiness with which gases diffuse themselves through the atmosphere by winds, and the circulation of air currents. Currents are largely produced by changes of temperature: as seen in the sea breeze of the morning and the land breeze at night, the air coming off the heated land in the evening, and returning again when the land has been cooled by night. Artificial currents exist betwixt the heated room and the cold air outside; the hot air escaping out, and the cold air coming in. The rushing of the heated air up the chimney causes a draught to the fire, and consequently ventilation of the room. It is obvious that there must be a draught where the external air enters a room and crosses it to the fireplace, and persons in that air-current are very apt to take cold. Currents are also produced by having points of entrance and exit, as open windows, especially when these face each other. This is called "cross-ventilation," and is largely employed where practicable, as in large wards and single houses. When the configuration of the room will not permit of this, the air-currents pass from the windows to the door or fireplace, or from the door to the fireplace directly. The efficient ventilation of a room is so commonly productive of cold draughts, that various contrivances have been devised to obviate these unpleasant consequences. Ventilators have been put in the roof or ceiling, from the known tendency of heated air to escape upwards, and form the usual and common means of securing a change of the air in apartments. These ventilators often form shafts passing through the upper stories and emerging at the roof. These ventilators are good when they are efficient;

but it is not always easy to know when the ventilation through them is active.

The plan of having a strip of paper, or rag, so hung as to be visible, and by its fluttering telling of an air-current, and by its motionless condition informing us when the air-current is arrested, is one which might be more generally adopted. The incoming current of air is and should be always directed upward towards the ceiling, so that the cold draught may not strike the inmates. There are many plans in vogue for the production of this end. One is to have either a glass louvre inserted instead of the top centre pane, or to have the pane cut into strips, which may be separated or approximated by a cord. Another plan is to have the panes doubled, the incoming air being warmed in the space betwixt the panes, the course of the current being also thereby broken. A third plan is to have a wire screen at the top of the window, which takes the place of the window when it is drawn down. But no plan will ever be so effective with single windows as are those where the windows are double. This is a luxury to which English people are averse, and yet the double windows deaden sound, as well as permit of an ample space where the air can be warmed and its current broken betwixt the windows. A pane can be divided into slips in the outer window at the bottom, and a louvre put in instead of a pane at the top of the inner window, and then the rate of entrance can be thoroughly regulated, and a perfect ventilation be established without draughts of cold air. The effect of double windows is well seen in foreign hospitals, and for the sake of this improved ventilation and the deadening of sound they should be introduced into banks, business houses, and hospitals—the last especially—as well as into private houses; and their introduction would be conducive to health and comfort.

An excellent plan of ventilation is to have the interspace betwixt the ceiling of one floor and the flooring of the story above, itself well ventilated; and to allow the air carried out of a room by a ventilation in the ceiling to pass into this interspace, and from thence out into the open air. At other times the ventilator can be carried through a shaft to the roof, and then the shaft can be surmounted by a cowl. The cowl at the top of air-flues and chimneys is a plan for utilizing the aspirating power of the wind. A proper cowl rotates and turns its back to the

wind and the rain, and, in order that it may do so, it should be well balanced and rotate easily.

Artificial Ventilation and Warming.—It is almost impossible to consider the two subjects separately, as fire is used for both purposes—indeed, cannot very easily be used for one without involving the other. The combustion of the fire draws a current of air towards it in addition to the action of the shaft or chimney, and by their combined action a good change of air is maintained. The open fire of England indeed is much more efficient as a ventilating than as a warming agent, and is almost the reverse of the stove of the Continent, with its heat-giving surface of glazed tile. The chimney acts as a ventilating shaft, even when the fire is not burning, though the ventilation is not unobjectionable when the air-current comes down the chimney.

In an ordinary fireplace the waste of heat is enormous, and the statement that the actual waste of coals is greatest in private houses is well founded. No less than seven-eighths of the heat passes up the chimney; and even with reflecting backs, etc., the waste is excessive. At the same time such a fireplace and chimney will ventilate a room capable of holding from three to six persons, as the quantity of air passing up it is equal to from 6000 to 20,000 cubic feet per hour. If the room is small and the fire brisk, the passage of the air through the room is keenly felt; and you are roasted on the side turned to the fire while the other is chilled by the cold air which rushes in behind. Large rooms, with an equal amount of fire, are much more comfortable than small ones; provided that the large rooms are not unnecessarily airy and draughty. With the ordinary fireplace then the room is rather ventilated than warmed; and when the room is too well closed against the entrance of the cold air by chinks in the doorways and windows, the chimney has down draughts, and the cold air rushes down as well as the heated air mounts. The diffusion will take place somehow. As a rule the cold air rushes in under the door; and every one knows rooms where you are comfortably warm everywhere except the feet. They are stone-cold from the cold draught betwixt the space beneath the door and the fire.

Many have been the inventions to render fires more useful as warming agents. One of the best contains an air chamber at the back, through which the air enters the room, and is at

the same time so heated as to no longer cause a cold draught. Another is a cottage grate of fire clay, also with an air chamber. Less complicated plans of causing the back of the grate to lean forward and so throw back the heat into the room, have been more or less adapted. The desirable fireplace, of simple yet effective construction, has still to be discovered. Several forms of stoves have been invented to economize fuel, or to utilize the heat produced. Two favorite forms have the air introduced beneath the stove and then given off, warm flanges of metal heating the air as it passes off. A dish of water gives to the heated air the requisite and desirable moisture.

Some gas stoves warm the air ere it is given off into the room, moisture being furnished by a water dish. But all stoves are objectionable, for, while heating the air, they give it an unwholesome dryness.

Another method of utilizing flame as a ventilator is to have the gas-lights so arranged in the ceiling as to form the "sunburner," and by adding a shaft to this burner the already respired and vitiated air is drawn towards the shaft and passes away out. This forms an efficient ventilator.

But gas is an objectionable heating agent; and the arrangements must be very perfect to admit of its being used without actual detriment. The products of gas consumption are very disagreeable as well as deleterious, as every one knows who has been where gas is largely burned either as gaslight, or in the "clinker made-up grates," which when red hot somewhat resemble an ordinary fire. The air is heavy, unpleasant, and laden with the products of combustion; unless the ventilation be very perfect.

Another plan of producing warmth and ventilation is that of combined hot water pipes and air shafts. The plan of warming a room with hot water pipes has long been in vogue, and in many instances it is an excellent and efficient mode; and it has also been proposed to have around the water pipes air shafts, so that the air might be heated by the contact with the hot water pipe. This air shaft along the hot water pipe would surround the room, and by many minute perforations admit of the warmed air entering the chamber. Then, by means of propulsion, the air could be forced into the room at a fixed rate; and by a modification of the machinery its rate of entrance could be checked when desirable. Propulsion of air into

rooms dates back to the year 1734, and the idea of warming it ere its introduction into the room has existed since 1713.

Extraction of air by a fan is used in collieries to maintain a practically sufficient ventilation. A fan worked by steam will extract no less than 45,000 cubic feet of air per minute, and so cause an equal quantity of fresh air to rush in to take its place ; so that no less than 225 men could be supplied with fresh air at the rate of 2000 cubic feet per hour, by one of these fans. This extraction of air is used for buildings in other countries, and is said to be more efficient and less costly than the plan of propulsion. When-

ever hot pipes are used to warm rooms it must not be forgotten that there is no longer the air current established and maintained by an open flame ; and special means must be taken to maintain the ventilation. The tendency to exclude fresh air from rooms is only too deep-rooted, and the more effectually most of the chinks in the room are closed the more active will be the draught from the unclosed chinks. If all the chinks are closed the atmosphere of the room will become very vitiated ; and all the consequences of bad ventilation will be artificially secured.—From "*The Maintenance of Health*," by Dr. J. Milner Fothergill.

HEALTH HINTS.

FROM "HEALTH," BY EDWARD SMITH, M. D.

GOOD WATER INDISPENSABLE.

A man will live entirely without food for many days longer than without water. It is also found in every kind of food, whether solid or fluid, so that there are about six ounces in every pound of bread, and more than twice that quantity in each pound of fresh meat. It is of the utmost importance that water be pure, for foul water produces fever and other deadly diseases. If the supply be from waterworks, there are people appointed to test its purity. In that case see that the tap and cistern are clean, as also the vessels in which it is kept or carried ; but of all these see first to the cistern, and have it covered over, and cleaned out three or four times a year. All the water for drinking and cooking should be drawn through a filter. Filtered water is brighter, cleaner, and more agreeable if it be not allowed to remain too long in the filter ; and as the cost of filters is now small, they should be more generally used.

When water is very hard it wastes a great deal of soap, and it is better to collect rain-water and use it for washing. The cistern should be covered and cleaned out from time to time, for the washings from the roof alone will make it black and leave a deposit. Running water, like brook water, is the best for making tea, but

well-water may be used for cleaning and cooking.

Water should have no smell or taste, and should be perfectly clear and bright. If it have a bad smell or taste it should be examined. If it be not clear, but only muddy from soil washed into it, it will become clear on setting it aside and may be good water. Such a state of water often occurs in brooks after rains ; but when it is clear it should be without taste and smell, like good water, and if otherwise, there is something wrong.

Water should also be cool, as it is then more refreshing in summer ; but very cold water sometimes hinders digestion and even causes cramp. When this is so, a little warm water should be added to it to take off the chill.

It is necessary to drink water with solid food unless some other fluid, as broth, be taken with it, in order that it may be dissolved and distributed, and that other matters which are not needed may be taken out of the system, but it is not well to drink much water at the beginning of the dinner, or to drink at any time more than is needful. There are some people who never drink water alone, because they take enough of other fluids. A man requires two or three pints of some kind of fluid every day, and more in summer than in winter, and with violent exercise

'han at rest. There are also many substances, as pepper and pickles, taken in food which cause thirst, and induce the eater to drink; and even other fluids, as beer, will add to thirst.

The supply of water to villages is often very deficient both in quantity and quality, and is not only a loss of comfort, but a very frequent cause of disease. Every householder should first see to the water, and wherever a house can be obtained which has a supply from public water-works, or failing that, from a good deep well, it is worth a higher rental. Diarrhoea or vomiting, especially in hot weather, should lead to an examination of the water, and if there is frequently pain in the bowels, and the water passes through lead pipe, there may be lead poisoning.

CLOTHING

must depend upon the temperature, and, as we live in a very variable climate, the requisite amount varies continually. First, as to the underclothing.

Linen next the skin very readily gives a sensation of cold after the body has been heated and has perspired, so that it rather tends to give than to prevent colds. Calico absorbs a larger quantity of moisture, and is much warmer under the same circumstances, but woollen, whilst it absorbs less, is the warmest of all. As the skin perspires in hot weather, it is not desirable to wear linen next it, and calico or woollen should be substituted according to the heat of the weather. In cold or cool weather there can be no doubt that woollen is preferable, but in the heat of summer calico may be substituted. In our climate we are, however, liable to chilly evenings with warm days, and a thin woollen vest is safer than an extra calico shirt.

In this respect, however, persons differ, as they do or do not perspire readily, and as their skins are sensitive; for he who perspires readily requires woollen to prevent cold, whilst a dry and hot skin may be sufficiently protected by calico clothing.

It is much to be regretted that women do not always wear woollen next the skin, whether in summer or winter; and still more so, that there are men who are much exposed to cold, and do not wear it. All persons should wear it from their infancy.

Clothing at night is also worthy of attention. A thick and heavy counterpane weighs down the body without giving much warmth, so that the body is working during sleep, and is less re-

freshed in the morning. Except the sheets, all coverings of the bed should be of wool, which gives the greatest warmth in proportion to its weight, and the counterpane should be either equal to a blanket, or a blanket should be substituted for it, and a thin light cover like a sheet thrown over. If there be too much warmth the body is relaxed, the skin made sensitive, and health is impaired. If too little warmth, the body is unnecessarily wasted by loss of heat. The old rule is, however, a good one—viz., to keep the feet warm and the head cool.

Hence the number of blankets to be used must vary with the weather and season.

Young children and old people need more clothing at night than those of middle age, and in winter the most is required, for all ages, at about four to six o'clock in the morning, when the cold is the greatest. The sick demand great consideration in this matter, and usually need more clothing than those who are well.

THE NECESSITY OF VENTILATION.

Pay particular attention to the ventilation of the bedroom, and see that there are two openings into it through which air may pass all night. The chimney of the bedroom is often stopped up to prevent the dust and soot falling, but as this prevents ventilation it is very improper. Better to have dust, which can be cleared away, than bad health and fever.

It is often very difficult to ventilate a bedroom without giving colds, because no one should sleep in a draught, and disease is sometimes produced by thoughtlessly having too much ventilation. If the door be left a very little open by using a peg or chain, and a window be opened at the top for half an inch, it will usually be enough to secure moderate ventilation, and the bed should be placed out of the draught: but the amount must be tested by the smell of the room, and if in the morning it is disagreeable, it will be necessary to have more ventilation.

Neither put the bed in a draught nor in a corner so far away that the air about it cannot be purified by ventilation, and take care that there is bed-clothing proportionate to the ventilation. Never let the bedroom, or any room, become too warm for want of ventilation, and then open a door or window to cool it, for by so doing you will be sure to give colds; but keep a proper temperature from the beginning. Take care also that the rooms are not too cold by ventilation, or you may greatly injure the health of children and old people, but let everything be done with judgment and moderation.

SELECTED RECIPES.

FORCEMEAT FOR VEAL, TURKEYS, FOWLS, HARE, &c.—*Ingredients.*—2 oz. of ham or lean bacon, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of suet, the rind of half a lemon, 1 teaspoonful of minced parsley, 1 teaspoonful of minced sweet herbs; salt, cayenne, and pounded mace to taste; 6 oz. of bread crumbs, 2 eggs. Shred the ham or bacon, chop the suet, lemon-peel, and herbs, taking particular care that all be very finely minced; add a seasoning to taste, of salt, cayenne, and mace, and blend all thoroughly together with the bread crumbs, before wetting. Now beat and strain the eggs; work these up with the other ingredients, and the forcemeat will be ready for use. When it is made into balls, fry of a nice brown, in boiling lard, or put them on a tin and bake for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour in a moderate oven. As we have stated before, no one flavor should predominate greatly, and the forcemeat should be of sufficient body to cut with a knife, and yet not dry and heavy. For very delicate forcemeat, it is advisable to pound the ingredients together before binding with the egg; but, for ordinary cooking, mincing very finely answers the purpose. Sufficient for a turkey, a moderate sized fillet of veal, or a hare.

SAGE-AND-ONION STUFFING, FOR GEESE, DUCKS, AND PORK.—*Ingredients.*—4 large onions, sage-leaves, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of bread crumbs, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of butter, salt and pepper to taste, 1 egg. Peel the onions, put them into boiling water, let them simmer for 5 minutes, or rather longer, and, just before they are taken out, put in the sage-leaves for a minute or two to take off their rawness. Chop both these very fine, add the bread, seasoning, and butter, and work the whole together with the yolk of an egg, when the stuffing will be ready for use. It should be rather highly seasoned, and the sage-leaves should be very finely chopped. Many cooks do not parboil the onions in the manner just stated, but merely use them raw. The stuffing then, however, is not nearly so mild, and, to many tastes, its strong flavor is very objectionable. When made for goose, a portion of the liver of the bird, simmered for a few minutes and very finely minced, is frequently added to this stuffing; and, where economy is studied, the egg may be dispensed with. Sufficient for one goose or a pair of ducks.

FRIED KIDNEYS.—Cut the kidneys open without quite dividing them, remove the skin, and put a small piece of butter in the frying-pan. When the butter is melted, lay in the kidneys the flat side downwards, and fry them for 7 or 8 minutes, turning them when they are half-done. Serve on a piece of dry toast, season with pepper and salt, and put a small piece of butter in each kidney; pour the gravy from the pan over them, and serve very hot.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Turkey is better for salad than chicken. To a turkey weighing about nine pounds allow nine eggs—seven hard-boiled, and two of them raw, yolks and whites beaten separately. To each egg allow two table-spoonfuls of salad-oil, perfectly pure and sweet, one salt-spoonful of salt, the same of mustard, and two of cayenne pepper to the whole; celery to taste, lettuce leaves, if in season, using only the heart, and the juice of two large lemons or three smaller ones.

CHICKEN-SALAD DRESSING TO KEEP A WEEK.—This can be used for lettuce. Yolks of four eggs, one teacupful of milk, the same quantity of vinegar, and four table-spoonfuls of oil or melted butter. After mixing all well together, except the vinegar, let it come to a boil. When cold, beat well, add the vinegar, and salt, pepper, and mustard to suit the taste. Keep corked in a bottle.

TO CURE BEEF FOR DRYING.—This recipe keeps the meat moist, so that it has none of that toughness dried beef mostly has when a little old. To every twenty-eight or thirty pounds allow one table-spoonful of saltpetre, one quart of fine salt, mixed with molasses until the color is about that of light brown sugar; rub the pieces of meat with the mixture, and when done, let all stick to it that will. Pack in a deep narrow vessel, as a keg or half barrel, that the pickle may cover the meat, and let it remain forty-eight hours; at the end of that time enough pickle will be formed to nearly cover it. Take it out, and hang it in a suitable place for drying. Allow all the mixture to adhere to the meat that will.

Literary Notices.

THE DEVIL'S CHAIN. By Edward Jenkins, M.P., Author of "Ginx's Baby," &c. Canadian copyright edition.

This powerfully written volume is likely to do a great deal towards opening the eyes of the intellectual classes to the multifarious evils wrought by strong drink. Mr. Jenkins shows how the whole of society is poisoned by the accursed thing. He takes as his text a verse from Ezekiel: "Make a chain: for the land is full of bloody crimes and the city is full of violence," and points out the source of the violence and the bloody crimes with great faithfulness. He calculates at the same time the fearful waste of money and of other national resource, recognizing the fact that the arguments which touch people's pockets are ever the most pungent.

A BUSINESS CONDUCTED WITH SPIRIT.

The firm of which Mr. Bighorne was the senior partner, was one of the most energetic and successful in the spirit trade. Beginning forty years before, as mixers, diluters, and sweeteners of pure spirit, to create the noxious pleasure called gin, they had gradually pushed their business in every quarter and extended it to the distilling of spirit and manufacture of brandy. They paid nearly a million sterling a year to the excise, thus finding the country on an average about one-eightieth of its revenue—a fact which, on the face of it, entitled them to the position of being its most valuable citizens. That would be the view of an economist; but a thick-headed, though warm-hearted enthusiast, enquiring further into the benefits conferred on society by this great firm, would have boldly said that they were dearly bought. This splendid subscription to revenue represented a manufacture of two millions of gallons per annum of spirits above proof, which would produce I dare not say how many hundreds of thousands of gallons of nutty brandy and cream gin.

Were the enthusiast aforesaid, as he is sure to do, to follow the thousands of hogsheads, or the millions of gorgeously bedizened and sparkling bottles, turned out by this firm, to their des-

tinations by land and sea, and down to the ultimate stomach of that notorious insatiable, "the consumer," he might—might! may *would* return with a demonstration nothing could shake, that this million gained to the revenue had cost the country in wasted wages, lost means, bankruptcies, shipping disasters, railway accidents, wrecked lives, murders, assaults, crimes unmentionable and innumerable, and general demoralization, with their resulting expenses, as good as ten or twenty millions sterling. In truth, every year Messrs. Bighorne and Company, for their own profit, turned out a product which did as much damage in the world as many a plague or revolution. I state this as a serious proposition based upon facts, and unexaggerated.

That was a fact to which Mr. Bighorne's conscience was alive, but the responsibility for which it denied. That was a fact which the Chancellor of Her Majesty's Exchequer knew, but which he pleaded that, in the peremptory claims of a revenue-raising patriotism, he could not afford to recognize. That was a fact patent to every thoughtful member of the party in Parliament among whom sat Mr. Bighorne, but it never lessened him in their esteem, or choked them at his brilliant entertainments. That was a fact clear to some hundreds of respectable, worthy, aristocratic, highminded, representative gentlemen, who went into the lobby to establish, confirm, and extend Mr. Bighorne's capacity of contributing to the revenue out of his percentages upon drunkenness, death, and crime. But it was plain to them all that not a shadow of blame attached to Mr. Bighorne or to any one of themselves, for people's abuse of an article too easily abused; and they consequently referred the startled reformer to the regenerating influences of Christianity and culture, and stood to Mr. Bighorne as an eminently rich, humane, conservative, and most Christian friend, with a vested interest which it would be both "plundering and blundering" to disturb.

As for Mr. Bighorne, he claimed to be no more chargeable with the consequences of his business than the baker who sells the loaf that chokes a too greedy man.

But we must really enquire, How did this great firm build up, and how does it continue to increase, its enormous business?

The truth is, that the popularity of the "creamy gin" and "nutty brandy" depends in a very small degree on any inherent superiority of those spirits. It is true that there is much in maturing, mixing, coloring, and sweetening the original distillation; but, after all, you come back to the same white dew, condensed and

dripping, drop by drop, in crystal spirit. But the two great agencies of Mr. Bighorne's success—for he was the head of the firm in more senses than one—were advertising and agency. The world was nearly as full of the attractions of Bighorne's gin as of Holloway's pills; and there was not a district in the metropolis or in any great town, where Mr. Bighorne's agent, in the shape of a publican ensconced in a gorgeous gin-shop, did not dispense the two seductive cordials. Let the truth come out, and let these gentlemen bear the responsibility of it. They are not mere wholesale producers who sell their wares, and can fairly say they are not concerned whether these go to heal at the hospital, or to destroy in the public-house. The exigencies of a trade in which competition is so keen oblige brewer and distiller, for their lives, to create and push the business. The ordinary laws of supply and demand are not regarded. The trade is forced. For example, were it not for the capital of these vast firms, whose agents are always on the look-out for a chance to acquire a new vested interest in the demoralization of society, who will believe that Regent Street, Westminster, or Whitechapel Road, would be filled with the expensive establishments which make them so brilliant and so damned at night? And what are our magistrates about that they permit their brother magistrates, in the horrible rivalry of this destructive trade, to overwhelm neighborhoods like these with poverty, crime, and sorrow? The £4,000, £5,000, or £10,000 which starts a public-house, is rarely found by the creature who stands behind the bar; it comes out of the same pockets as the £1,000 subscriptions to restorations of cathedrals, new churches, and to the conversion of the Dyak, the Carib, or the Iroquois, from naked savagery to the English Bible, the English coat and hat, and English fire-water.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

When breakfast was over, Mr. Henry Bighorne, whose uneasiness had throughout excited the sharp attention of Emily, signalled to her to follow him, and led the way to his own room at the top of the house. There she found everything in confusion, as if he were about to pack up for a journey, and she noticed that he had not used the bed.

"Henry," she said, "what's the matter? You are dreadfully ill. Something has happened. I never saw you like this."

"Something *has* happened," replied he gloomily, "and I am going away."

"Going away! Where?"

"Oh! anywhere. I am not certain just now. But if they ask you, you had better say I have gone down for a week's hunting with Constoun."

"I'll do nothing of the sort. Tell me what all this means."

"Emily," he said, putting his arm round her waist and resting his hot cheek against hers, so delightfully cool and smooth, "don't ask me,

love, for it is impossible to tell you. But I've got into a scrape, and there's a bigger man concerned in it, and for his sake, I must be off, at all events for a time. No one must know where I am; so I shan't tell you, because you wouldn't tell a lie for anybody, and they might put you on your oath, you know."

The relations between this sister and brother were of a peculiar kind. It is hard to say it; but it is true, and is, I fear, not the only case of the sort—that although Mr. Henry Bighorne was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Bighorne, there was little sympathy between him and his progenitors. Emily had a good deal of the force and resolve of her father, and of the common-sense of her mother; and the affinity of temper had fostered a deep affection between them. But Henry was one of those irregulars who sometimes appear in families, and are said by physiologists to recall some forgotten type of ancestry. Indeed, I have been gravely assured by an eminent ontologist that he knows—in English families who can trace their lineage for long generations—of cases in which some unremembered Chinese or Malayan of the line has inconveniently turned up again in a living son or daughter. In Henry's case the anterior ancestor must have been a mild, beautiful, well-intentioned, bright, and capable person, but deficient in the firmness which gives all qualities their coherence and force. He was a young man of fine culture. His Greek and Latin verses at Eton were said to have shown much more than mechanical power. When he went to Oxford, he was conspicuous for his love of the "humanities," his precocious judgment, his mastery of literature, not merely in the dead but in living languages. Knowing what he is now, you may be amazed to hear that his life at the University was singularly pure and quiet. Emily was his constant correspondent, and such a correspondent was like an "anchor within the veil." One would hardly be prepared to credit the fact that in three fatal years this harmless and even promising boy had been changed into a debased and morbid *roué*; but it is as true as Gospel, and you can, if you please, have a sight of the genie that worked the transformation.

When Henry Bighorne came home from Oxford to his cold, calculating, brisk, and ambitious father, his practical mother, and fashionable society, he emerged from a sort of Garden of Eden, in which he had been walking and talking with divinities, and found himself in an unexpectedly rude world. He shrank towards Emily, who loved and admired him. But Mr. Bighorne, after watching the young gentleman for six months, and finding him to be a shy, rather indolent student, began to think that the career he desired for this his son and heir was in peril of coming to nought. He meant that Henry should push on the fortunes of the family; and should he himself fail in reaching his determined goal, the House of Lords, this cultivated young man was by talent and wealth to accomplish it. He, therefore resolved to break into Master Henry's gentle life, and "stir it up a bit." I can repeat the conversation,

FATHER—Henry, I have something special to say to you. You are positively doing nothing but reading and riding about with Emily. Have you thought at all about what you are going to do in life?

SON—No, sir. I am very contented with my present occupation. I am writing a few criticisms and—

FATHER—Criticisms! Fiddlesticks! Leave that to the fools who write books, or who can't understand them. You must do something practical in life.

SON—Well, sir, what shall I do?

FATHER—You know you are the only one who can succeed to my business.

SON—Your business, sir. Good heavens!

FATHER (*wrathfully*)—What do you mean, sir? Has Emily been infecting you with her ridiculous sentiments? Are my own children to turn round on their father as if he were a criminal?

SON—I—I beg your pardon, sir. I really meant no reflection. The idea came on me so suddenly. I had never thought of such a thing.

FATHER—Precisely. Young men like you never do think they have come into the world to do more than enjoy the result of their father's labor and sacrifice. But I don't believe in that sort of thing. The business must have a head. You will have to be that head, and therefore you must understand business.

O fatal syllogism! It was the saddest thing in life to witness the expansion, and, in the expansion, the ruin of that young cultured mind. He was placed in a counting-house in the vast establishment of the firm. He was drilled in figures, and numbers, and calculations. He was ordered to acquaint himself with all the details of the distillery and of the testing and tasting rooms. Emily, who fought a hard battle with her father and mother about the arrangement, watched its results with feverish anxiety. The rather weak and weary youth used at first to come home at night to her for comfort. Then he began to form acquaintanceships of which she knew little, and which kept him often away from her. He grew more fond of society; and among the circle of her aristocratic suitors, not a few were ready to favor young Bighorne, by inducting him into the mysteries of town life. The tax on a not very vigorous constitution was met by constant visits to the tasting-room, where he had learned his lesson well. Each repair caused a reaction, and each reaction required a repair. In those words you have a whole history of a million or so of men. Master Henry became bolder, louder, more vivacious, more social, and his father rejoiced to see him "waking up a bit." He had, indeed, waked up with a vengeance. Emily watched it all in agony. The late hours, the jaded body, the pale face, the hot hand, the vulgar language,—all told her a tale of she knew not exactly what; but she felt it was something awful and evil. She wrestled strongly with the devil for this loved soul, but it seemed to be in vain. He himself was sometimes cruel and rude—then a maudlin repentant. In two years

Master Henry held his own fairly with most gay men about town, and his father had the satisfaction of paying for it. Nevertheless, the latter clung to the hope that the youth would soon sow his wild oats and settle down. He hid from himself that the sowing was in a field that exhaled a breath of doom.

"Emily," said Henry, kissing her, "don't ask any more. Promise me you won't say anything to excite suspicion. My very life may depend on it. Give me all the money you have. The governor has had his way. He has certainly 'taught me the business'!"

Mr. Bighorne's syllogism was more logical than happy.

MISS BIGHORNE'S ARGUMENTS.

Miss Emily had not fluttered about on angel's errands in the slums of Westminster very long before she found herself brought in direct conflict with the fearful Power, which meets and often thwarts the efforts of the little crusading army of improvers, of every kind, that fight the Evil One in that district. It appeared before her in its effects—dread misery, fell diseases, and the wrecks of virtue. She was fearfully startled when, one day, before her eyes, that Power took the substantial form of a bottle of creamy gin, bearing a blazoned label, and the name of Bighorne. Then her eyes became further opened, and she saw how often the same name flaunted gaudily over the doors and windows of the very dens she was trying to defraud of their victims. After that she was obliged to have it out with Mr. Bighorne, who was, however, above proof in more senses than one.

MR. BIGHORNE—What have I to do with it? The stuff I make is perfectly good—if they abuse it, the worse for them!

EMILY—Oh, papa! do you know what their abuse of it means?

MR. BIGHORNE—Yes; I see that by the newspapers—drunken husbands, broken heads, starving families—

EMILY (*vehemently*)—Murders—parricides—slaughter of wives and children—brutality—vices too horrible to mention.—

MR. BIGHORNE—Then, my dear, don't mention them. It makes me shudder to think you are acquainting yourself with such things. Good Heavens! Mrs. Bighorne, what are you about? You are letting your daughter get into strange associations!

MRS. BIGHORNE—I regret to say, Mr. Bighorne, it is useless for me to talk. She is too like you, Mr. Bighorne,—fond of having her own way, and too old to be guided: and her only director now is Mr. Holliwell, a good man enough, and very earnest, I daresay, but exceedingly indiscreet in the work he sets young ladies and gentlemen to do.

EMILY—Dear mamma, now, you're going over to the enemy! You know that you really sympathize a good deal with him. Did you not give me twenty pounds for his night mission

only last week? But now, papa, how many public-houses in London are you interested in?

MR. BIGHORNE—I don't know.

EMILY—Well, I got Henry to tell me—it is one hundred and twenty.

MR. BIGHORNE—Confound Henry!

EMILY—Papa, in two streets in Westminster there are fifteen public-houses, and you own four of them.

MR. BIGHORNE—I don't, I tell you. I only lent the money. Do you know the Dean and Chapter are said to own a lot of public-houses? Have you heard that the Bishop of London, when he goes from St. James Square to Fulham, passes nearly one hundred public-houses owned by the Church of England? I'm as good as the Church at all events.

EMILY—No, I don't think you are. The Church is in a bad enough position, but you are worse. They came into that property. Your money buys them or puts them there. They would not have been there but for that.

MR. BIGHORNE—Yes, they would. Some other house would have put them there.

EMILY—Well, it is the same thing. You are all a lot of rich capitalists, and between you your capital builds all these public-houses.

MR. BIGHORNE—No more than are required by legitimate trade—it is regulated by the law of supply and demand.

EMILY—No, no; if it were left to that, there would not be so many houses,—Mr. Holiwell says so—every one says so who knows anything about it. It is you wealthy distillers and brewers, who can afford to wait a long time for your returns, who are always creating new business; and, my dear papa, if you will only go with me and see, I will show you, you are making it out of the death and ruin of your fellow-creatures.

MR. BIGHORNE (*testily*)—O dear! O dear! when you women, or your friends the parsons, who are just as bad, get on economical questions, you run so wide of the mark! Look here, Emily dear, do be rational—if you can: A. builds a chemist's shop, and sells laudanum. B. builds a rival chemist's shop next door, and sells laudanum too. C. builds a chemist's shop opposite, and also sells laudanum. 1st, If the three chemists are not wanted in that neighborhood, one or two will go to the wall. 2nd, The three will sell no more laudanum than the one would have done. 3rd, If any one takes too much laudanum, it is not the chemist's fault, provided he has used the proper precautions.

EMILY—I may be a poor economist, papa, but even as a woman I can see through your fallacies. 1st, The article we are speaking of is not laudanum, which very few people are fond of, and almost every one is afraid of; but beer, gin, brandy, etc., which many people are fond of, and very few are afraid of. 2nd, The chemists don't build up their business by encouraging people to drink medicine and run in debt for it, do they? They rarely do more than supply an actual want. 3rd, Would a chemist who saw a man half stupefied with laudanum

sell him another dose to finish him off, as you know, though you don't care to enquire, those wretched agents of yours in Westminster will do, simply to turn another penny? And, 4thly, if a man is going home to his wife with his money in his pocket, would he be as likely to get there safely, if he had twenty public-houses to pass, as if he had twenty chemists' shops, or as safely if he passed twenty as if he passed only two? If the Government had arranged the licenses so that the public-houses might really be like the chemists' shops, simply to supply a legitimate demand, your conscience *might* be cleared; but every time the least attempt is made to decrease the number, you and all your friends in the trade, and all your emissaries, move heaven and earth, in and out of Parliament, to prevent it, and so you must accept the responsibility; and I feel—I feel—I can't tell you what I feel—

MR. MERTON.

Down in the pretty town of Cherry-Luton, in Somersetshire, a small tradesman and corn-factor, with a wife and quiverful of children, had held his head tolerably high for respectability, though he had had hard struggling to keep it above water. To earn a daily meal all round was no small matter with fifteen mouths to fill. When, in addition, public opinion demanded the use of clothing and a proper pride insisted on education, and dissent was hungry for subscriptions, it was a toil to cheat the constable which Mr. William Merton often felt tempted to throw up in despair. He had been diligent in business and fervent in spirit; but if no efforts will extend the one, the other is apt occasionally to flag. He rose up early and went to bed late; regularly attended the market; prosecuted his commissions with zeal; and was, moreover, in accordance with country usages in business, liberal in treating his customers. The conditions of business at Cherry-Luton, as in too many other and larger towns, to the disgrace, be it said, of local authorities, were such that it was difficult to avoid either giving or taking "something" when business was transacted. The open market-place, with its pavement of cobblestones, was well enough so long as you were canvassing the quality of your merchandise, whatever it might be; but to clinch your bargain and exchange your memoranda or take your money, there was no more propitious shelter than the "Blue-Boar" or the "King's Arms." Thus those places became the mart and exchange of Cherry-Luton, and men paid for their accommodation by drinking their liquors. You would scarcely credit the expenditure demanded of a man like Mr. Merton in this line. To a novice it certainly looks a perilous thing to begin business in the morning with drink, and carry it on hour after hour with interchanges of exciting stimulants. Yet thousands of traders and travellers do it—for a time. Again and again falls out some man stricken to the death by this relentless custom.

When Mr. Merton began life in earnest he

was by nature a man of full body but temperate habit. His wife was a pattern of virtue and good-sense, and he loved her well. He was one of those men who seem to take to religion, in a way, as ducks take to water. Being a natural element for a frank, good-hearted, quiet, yet active fellow, it was therefore no wonder that he became a shining light in the Methodist Zion of Cherry-Luton. No leader prayed with greater unction, or gave the minister nicer suppers, or better beer, or more acceptable toddy after the fatigues of three sermons and of meeting many classes. His wife thought that he went too far in this line, and indeed sometimes the ministers too; though she was an unsuspecting woman, and never loved even to think evil of dignitaries, still less to speak it.

Nevertheless, as the years went on, and Mr. Merton's struggles increased, and he plied his task more earnestly on Wednesdays and Saturdays, his wife became conscious of a change in him, which began by startling her, and then settled down like a heavy cloud over her heart. Now and then it appeared to her he was a little over-excited on a market-day. The indication was slight though, and affection soon invented excuses to repress anxiety. By-and-by, however, sharpened eyes noticed that far more was taken at home than formerly. Her gentle hint was met with a good-natured laugh at her suspicion that there was "any danger of *his* taking too much," and a demonstration that he required more stimulant in order to meet the increasing strain upon him. Meantime he was sincerely "laboring in the vineyard," according to the Reverend Gideon Ouseley Pratt, who, though himself the teetotaler of the circuit, for a long time never suspected anything wrong about his friend Mr. Merton.

It was a fearful hour in Mrs. Merton's experience, home and religious, when one day the Reverend Gideon sought a confidential interview with her, and broke it to her that he was sorely exercised about his dear brother Mr. Merton. His conduct latterly at one or two prayer-meetings had not savored of godliness. In truth Mr. Merton had, "on two occasions," when called upon to lead the worship in prayer, been fast asleep beyond any ordinary awakening processes adopted by neighboring brethren to stir him up; and when finally aroused at the close of the meeting he had shown a vacancy of mind and superabundance of spirits, which gravely troubled the good minister. On being challenged, Mr. Merton, for the first time probably in his manhood, prevaricated. I know not how truly; but it is certainly affirmed by eminent medical authorities, and with reasonable proof, that a constant habit of heavy drinking will not only deteriorate the mind, but in doing that, hopelessly degrade the moral principle. So Mrs. Merton watched her husband. The "means of grace" he once seemed to cherish, not alone with reverence but enjoyment, were gradually deserted. First on the week nights, then on the Sunday. At times it was perfectly clear that he had begun to pass the limits of sobriety. Still affection pleaded, and hoped,

and worked, with blood distilling the while in great drops from the loving heart, in the agony of anticipated sorrow.

SAILORS' ADVANCE NOTES.

A ship, the "Four Bells," 950 tons, out of Plymouth Sound, bound for New Zealand, was running down the Channel before a south-east breeze, freshening to a gale. A noble clipper, she had left Plymouth before daylight, on a murky November morning, with a full cargo and 480 emigrants for Christchurch. The grey afternoon had ended in a dark and dirty evening. The sea increased; the wind, which now and then swept up in angry gusts, brought with it a cold and drizzly rain. The gallant ship, under reefed mainsail, foresail, and topsails, danced before the wind in the joy of strength and beauty—her taper mast and white sails bending gently to the breeze, and her graceful hull skipping over the white-topped waves like some living leviathan sporting in the water. The emigrants had gone below, most of them overcome by the weather, and only two or three in shining waterproofs remained on deck, clinging to the bulwarks on the lee side. Two of these were talking to the look-out on the fore-deck, who, clad in oilskin from head to foot, stood peering through the darkening scurry of the elements, as the bow of the noble vessel went up and down, to the roll and hollowing of the waves, which ever and anon flung their crests over the bulwarks with a mighty splash, followed by the hissing swirl of water to and fro as it rolled into the waterways and out at the scuppers.

"I am the second mate," he had said, in answer to one of the emigrants.

"Are you the only look-out?"

"Yes."

"Is it not a very bad night?"

"Dirty enough, sir."

"Why, there's no one on deck but you and the man at the wheel."

"Oh yes," replied the mate. "There's the first-mate in his cabin; and the captain too, for that matter."

"Are you short-handed?"

"Well, we are and we aren't," said the officer laughing. "We have a full crew aboard, but they're not in working trim yet. They don't muster well the first day, anyhow; but I never sailed with such a lot of drunken dogs as these."

"Do you mean to say they are all drunk?"

"Drunk as fiddlers."

I am unable to state what degree of intoxication is implied by this standard of measurement,—though I presume it means that they had waxed very drunk,—but it certainly was a long way beyond capacity to stand and act.

"And do you mean to say," said the elder of the emigrants, who spoke in a cultivated, authoritative tone, which the mate noticed particularly, "that the captain has gone to sea with only four able seamen on board, and that you four are all there are to handle the ship through such a night as this?"

"There aren't *four*!" replied the other,

sententiously. "Captain's not quite straight yet."

"Good heavens!" cried the emigrant. "Here's a pretty look-out, Laycock!"

The two consulted together for a moment.

"We shall remain on deck all night, sir," said the man to the mate. "You can command us for any aid we can render. I have taken my turn at the ropes on a yacht now and then. How do you dare to leave port under such conditions," he continued warmly. "I shall enquire into this matter personally—" He checked himself.

"Well, sir," replied the mate, dodging a sprinkle of brine that came hissing over the weather bow, "I don't know who you may be, but how are we to help it? We were ready to sail at four o'clock yesterday afternoon, but our fellows were all ashore, spending the last of the credit they had on their *advance-notes*. There was no one aboard but Jim Rousby there at the wheel, and we mates. The captain was terribly put out—he ain't naturally sweet-tempered, anyhow, and he likes his glass of grog when he's going to sea, though he doesn't take any on the voyage. Six-bells struck,—an hour before midnight,—and he would stand it no longer. 'Merton,' he said, 'you take Jim Rousby and go ashore and get a couple of policemen, and bring those fellows off, or lock 'em up, one or the other.' I can assure you, sir, it's no fun going ashore to look up such a crew as this in Plymouth hells. Low, dirty places they are, where the crimps get hold of poor Jack, and prey on him as if he was a pig or a sheep. And I'll tell you what does it—it's those *advance-notes*. The owners think they bind the sailors by them, and they do; but I don't like such security. It plays the devil with the shipping. We had to go and drag those fellows out one by one; some dead drunk, some mad drunk, and we got the whole lot off by early morning; and my belief is they haven't done yet. They have some stowed away in the fo'ksle, or my name's not Merton."

On went the noble ship, the gale increasing every minute. With great difficulty at four-bells, aided by one or two stewards from the stern cabin, the chief mate, who had charge of her while the captain was sleeping off his annoyance and his grog, managed to take in the main and fore sails, and she went plunging forwards under a jib and reefed fore-top-sail. The sea began to sweep the deck from end to end, but the two emigrants still clung to the rigging by the bulwarks on the lee side.

Wildier and wildier grew the night. Angry scream of furious wind through strand and rigging; fierce plash and boom of billows breaking over the bow; roar of the great waves far and near wrestling with the gale; rattle of rolling blocks; squirm and creak of stay, and girder, and beam, and planking; and on the decks below, among the crowded emigrants, noises, and groaning, and women's shrieks, and the cries of children. Still gallantly onward went the ship, straining to her work, shaking off the storm, and swiftly winning her way. And

well and warily did mates and steersman handle her till eight-bells struck for the noon of night. Then the storm seemed to be moderating, and Delamarre, for it was he, turned to his companion and said:

"I think we may go down now. I am fearfully cold and wet. Everything seems safe."

Yes; everything is safe, as far as foresight of generous owners could make it. A good ship, picked captain, sufficient crew; with these they could face old ocean and laugh at the boisterous elements. But there is one element no care can outwit, no forecast guard against, able at all times to cheat caution and probability, to defy skill and regulation—and that element was aboard the ship that night.

The two men had reached the forward companion, leading to the emigrants' quarter, for they were travelling in disguise. Laycock opened the door; a puff of smoke, a flash of lurid light athwart the lower deck, and a shriek of "Fire!" came at the instant from the fore-castle of the ship—flash of flame caused by the spirit from a broken bottle which a drunken wretch had fired with the match he struck to see what had come of it.

"Fire! Fire! FIRE!" sharp shrieks and shouts of men and women; wail of frightened children rushing to and fro, and deadly struggling for life in the midst of blinding smoke; curse and scream of drunken sailors rolling in avenging flames; loud alarm of hurrying stewards rousing the passengers in the stern cabin, and these, unmindful of the bitter blast, rushing wildly upon deck, and clinging together upon the poop near the wheel. Here come strong men with a mad rush for the boats, thrusting aside and trampling down weak women and children. The captain, wakened out of his sleep, stares in half-drunken incapacity at the dreadful scene, or shouts incongruous orders. Ignorant hands have swamped two boats, and paid the penalty. William Merton, like the brave young fellow he was, fought desperately to save a third boat-load, and had nearly succeeded, when a charge of frantic laborers overpowered him, and he went down among those he was trying to save—last hope of that poor widow at Cherry-Luton, last of three hopes, three several times blighted by the same fell destroyer!

And now at length two hundred souls are crowded shivering on the stern poop, where Jim Rousby still stands, with his mouth shut and his eye keenly watching, keeping the tossing furnace before the wind, the bright flames licking out from the fore-hatchways, and fighting their way slowly but surely against the storm along the deck—while the lurid light gleams on cringing forms and pallid faces, and praying lips, and eyes fixed in horror, and a scene of helpless despair. Facing the flames, in front of all, stands Delamarre, without his cloak, which he has thrown over a half-naked girl, his hatless head erect, his teeth clenched—recalling to himself the long distinguished and degraded past, and bravely awaiting this obscure doom.

The flames, raging now with fierce heat,

leaped up around the main-mast and toward the mizzen, and onward to the poop deck. The dismal crowd watched in fearful suspense, for they knew that deep down in the hold lay hogsheads of the same fiery spirit that had set this hellish blaze a-going. At length there was a short preliminary burst, then another, then a fierce explosion, and the wail and outcry of perishing mortality went up to Heaven through the storm, as the victims of the Drink Demon were swallowed up in the yawning mouth of the relentless ocean.

Naticc.

HON. PIERRE FORTIN.

The Hon. Dr. Fortin has attained to a distinguished position in the politics of the Province of Quebec. He was born at Verchères, in this Province, in 1823. After taking a classic course in the Seminary of St. Sulpice, he studied medicine at McGill College, and in 1845 took a degree of M.D. In 1847, when the epidemic broke out among the immigrants of Grosse Isle, he hastened to tender his services to the Government, and labored with great fidelity among them until he was prostrated with typhus fever, from which he narrowly escaped with his life. During the civil disorders in Montreal, in 1849, Dr. Fortin was given command of a mounted police force, in the organization and discipline of which he displayed great energy and soldierly qualities. But it is in connection with the Gulf fisheries that Dr. Fortin has become best known, and in which he has rendered the most efficient services to the country. In 1852 he was appointed a stipendiary magistrate for the protection of the Canadian fisheries, and given command of a vessel to cruise through the Gulf. Upon his recommendation, the Government caused to be built at Quebec the beautiful and famous schooner "Canadienne," which he commanded for sixteen years. The "Canadienne" carried four guns, and commander Fortin constantly maintained the strictest discipline on board, and rendered most efficient and valuable service in the

protection of the fisheries throughout that long period. He has ever taken a warm interest in the welfare of Canadian fishermen, with whom he is immensely popular and deservedly beloved. His political career began in 1867, when he was elected to the Dominion Parliament from the county of Gaspé. During five years he was Chairman of the Special Committee of the House of Commons concerning navigation and fisheries, and in knowledge of these subjects he has probably no superior in the Dominion. In 1873 he became a member of the Local Ministry under Hon. Mr. Ouimet, and took the portfolio of Crown Lands Commissioner. He was again elected from Gaspé at the last general elections, and upon the opening of the new Quebec Parliament was unanimously chosen Speaker of the Assembly, in which capacity he has given perfect satisfaction to both sides of the House.

In the exercise of the patronage which belongs to the office of Speaker, he has improved upon some of his predecessors in securing greater economy with equal efficiency; and, as presiding officer of the House, he has shown a firmness and exercised a discipline which are habitual with him. In politics, he is an old-fashioned constitutional Conservative, and it is believed he has no sympathy with the preposterous and revolutionary doctrines of the ultra-clerical party in this Province.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Ladies need a household magazine—one in which the matters of health, the care of children, the care of the household, sanitary arrangements, and an endless number of etceteras, will be discussed, and that the ladies will look upon as a counsellor and friend. The publishers of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* are desirous that that magazine may attain to this position. If any of our lady friends have any observations to make which they think may be of advantage to new beginners in the charge of households—and experienced matrons, too, for that matter—we will be happy to receive them, and, if they are suitable, publish them. We depend upon our lady friends to make this magazine one for their own benefit—one which will be a bond of union between them and others in all parts of America.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PLACING in the hands of the young healthy reading matter cannot be overvalued. A child who is taught to read senseless literature only will grow up with an appetite formed on it, and incapable of digesting solid works. To many dime novels and other such trash is the only reading matter they care anything about, and its supply being regulated by the demand we see at nearly every store where books, pencils, pens and paper are sold, a great preponderance of these abominations. If the child has put into his hands when young good reading matter, his taste for it increases, and he would no more waste his time in reading what is worthless, than he would change a warm, comfortable suit of clothes for a beggar's rags. It is also a very great benefit to give children a paper that they can say is their own. "My paper," however humble, possesses an attraction which some other person's paper can never have. The *NORTHERN MESSENGER* is published to train the children's taste for what is healthy, and is placed at the very low price of thirty cents per year, postage included, so that one child at least in every family in Canada may have one for himself or herself. That the children delight in it, notwithstanding that a great deal of it is suited to grown up persons, we have hundreds of letters from themselves to prove; correspondents who are men

and women say that they also are pleased and instructed by reading it. It therefore appears to present attractions for the family at large.

THE *GUIBORD CASE* continues to excite much interest in Canada and over the Christian world, and an authentic account of it from the inception to the present has been loudly called for. The want is now supplied by the "History of the Guibord Case," published by Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Montreal. In this book of 158 pages, the size of those in the "Dominion Monthly," there is given a sketch of the Institut Canadien; its connection with Mgr. Bourget; the different actions at law; the text of the Privy Council's decision; Bishop Bourget's different pastorals, which are of great interest; a history of the concurrent events of the case; biographical sketches of the different persons connected therewith, as the late Joseph Guibord, Bishop Bourget, Q. C., Hon. Judge. Mondelet, Rev. Curé Rousselot, and others, accompanied by their portraits. There are also pictures of the grave, the English cemetery vaults, the unused sarcophagus, &c., &c. This book must be of great use to the student of such subjects as are treated in it, and will become of greater value as the superficial knowledge of the case dies from the mind. Price, post free, 50c.; neatly bound in cloth, \$1.

TRACTS have been of great value in teaching truths. They may be taken and thrown away by some, only to be picked up and read by others perhaps never thought of in connection therewith. Like seed blown by the wind miles across the country to find a resting place, grow and fructify in some far off spot, their direct value cannot be measured. It was in the belief that this means of spreading truth is thus valuable, that the publishers of the "New Dominion Monthly" and "Montreal Witness," issued a series of Gospel tracts, entitled, "Apples of Gold;" also a series of Temperance tracts. These tracts, of which a large stock are on hand, contain four pages of closely printed reading matter, carefully selected from the best evangelical and temperance journals, each tract comprising several of these selections. Three hundred copies of either are sent to any address on receipt of \$1.

MUCH SATISFACTION has been given to those who interest themselves in the musical education of children, by the adoption of the Tonic-Sol-Fa system. A little book published at the WITNESS Office, Montreal, entitled "Sol-Fa-Lessons," is a key to the whole system. It cost but 15c., and should be read by those interested in musical culture.

IF YOU HEAR A SCHOOLGIRL complain of headache, languidness or other affections, do not blame her school-teacher for making her study too hard, nor pet her for her presumed industry, but take away those bandages in which she is encased and which prevent her easy motion and the full play of her organs. If the Creator intended women and men to be protected by such arrangements he would have encased them in a shell, perhaps such as encase an oyster or turtle. Much important instruction on this subject is contained in "Dress and Health," a book for ladies, published at the WITNESS Office. Price, post free, 30c.

A MOMENTOUS PROBLEM TO BE SOLVED BY WOMEN.

When great complaints are made concerning poor sewing girls, and much sympathy is expressed for the miserable prices they get, and the mean way in which they are cheated, we have often wondered that they did not rather go into the respectable families that are so much in need of their services as cooks and housemaids. There they would have good board and lodging free, and good wages, and be in what is really an honorable as well as useful situation. When we have expressed these thoughts at any time to ladies we have invariably been informed that American girls had not the necessary strength for kitchen work, and that they would break down immediately. When we asked for the reason why they were not as strong as Irish girls we could get no satisfactory answer, except that the bringing up was different, and that Irish girls sometimes broke down also. We have, however, at last learned from a small book the chief secret of the general feebleness of Ameri-

can girls and the occasional feebleness of Irish girls.

Again when we have questioned physicians or others concerning the appalling fact that American families usually consist of only two or three children, if even so many, whilst Irish, German and French-Canadian families number usually ten or a dozen, the same answer has met us that American women have not the necessary strength for large families, and we have wondered why it was so now, seeing that in former times American families were usually large. Again, this little book reveals the cause of the native feebleness which is transferring America to foreigners.

Once more. When we see every paper except the few which have self-respect, teeming with advertisements of quack nostrums for female complaints, we have wondered in silent amazement if it really were the design of Providence that there should scarcely be a healthy, vigorous woman found in highly civilized society. Again the little book shows the chief reason of the whole self imposed class of complaints which impair so much usefulness and support so many quacks.

If the present race of dear little girls shall be brought up in a healthy, common-sense manner, the good old times of female vigor and large healthy families will return in a few years, and the way to accomplish this most essential reform, which is certainly one of the most important in all its consequences that can be imagined, is made clear in this little book, and that without any sacrifice of beauty, elegance or attractiveness, or the adoption of any laborious or costly remedies, or any strange and obnoxious costumes.

The little book we refer to is made up almost wholly of extracts from several books recently published in Boston, giving the testimony of the ablest and most experienced female physicians, as well as experienced physicians of the other sex in the Old and New Worlds. This book, which is calculated to effect a reform in every family whose mother reads it, will be of more value to each of these families than thousands of dollars, and, if generally read and acted upon, will restore a nation to the vigorous health of by-gone days. It will be sent, post-paid, to any part of this continent, for thirty cents, remitted to the MONTREAL WITNESS, Montreal, Canada. The name of the book is "Dress Reform."—*N.Y. Witness.*