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HON. GEORGE BROWN.

# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

SEPTEMBER, 1874.

## CASTING THE LOT:

A TRUE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE STORY OF "PLANTAGENET."

### CHAPTER III.

A love will venture in where it daurna' weel be seen,  
A love will venture in where wisdom ance has been."

—Burns.

Brother Walrave, the German teacher, is of interest to me, as a promising young brother, and as the son of my old school-fellow and neighbor, Wilhelm Walrave. Therefore, it gives me pain to know that he has been in an undisciplined frame of mind for some time past, which has caused considerable uneasiness to the Church. He is the best loved of all the young ministers in training. He is a brother of the Brethren, being remotely related by descent to Brother Zinzendorf himself. His outward appearance is prepossessing, and this has its effect, even upon the godly, as witness Samuel the prophet's good opinion of Jesse's eldest son for his height and the favor of his countenance. He is tall and strong; a well-made man, that could not be awkward if he would; kind, clear, grey eyes, with a flash of command in them; locks as bushy and black as a raven. The first symptom of an undisciplined mind noticed in Brother Walrave was unrest, though from what cause was never suspected, until Brother Benade went to his room one day with some request, and

found him standing idly at his window humming softly to himself. The Bishop thought that the spring gladness had suggested to him the worshipping tone of some hymn, and he stepped softly not to disturb him and heard him murmur:

"This is the fashion she loves to be in,  
A bonny blue ribbon tied under her chin."

A glance out of the window showed one of the sisters, in a white dress with gleams of blue ribbon, walking under the beach trees in the square. He felt much grieved at this silliness in one so much beloved. Some time after Brother Malilieu getting from Brother Walrave notes of a lecture, got with them these lines of a silly old song, entitled

#### DESCRIPTION OF MY LOVE.

"Her crisped locks like threads of gold  
Appear to each man's sight,  
Her comely eyes like orient pearl  
Do cast a heavenly light;  
The blood within her crystal cheeks  
Does such a color drive,  
As though the lily and the rose  
For mastership did strive."

It was plain that Brother Walrave was suffering from that dangerous disease called "Love in idleness." We were all troubled in spirit concerning him, but after special prayer was made for him we

left him to the care of the-all-wise Father, trusting that He would permit Time, the healer, to work out his cure.

It was at this time that Sister Eliza Gates came to talk to me in confidence. It seems she had been at her father's, and was returning to the house when, crossing the hills of the Tri-Linn, she came suddenly on Brother Walrave and Sister Lily standing at the river side, hand clasped in hand, speaking earnestly together. I hushed Sister Gates, not allowing her to add her own surmisings, and, with a positive injunction in favor of prudent silence, dismissed her. I saw now the cause of Joseph Walrave's unrest. I knew that nothing but strong earthly love could cause him thus to break through the custom of the Brethren. When I considered the strength of my affection for this maiden, Lily, I could not wonder much, or blame Joseph Walrave for loving her. There was nothing I could do in this matter but wait in patience and silence on the Lord. I committed these dear ones to the keeping of our loving Father, praying that if they loved, and love must bring sorrow, they might be borne up in the everlasting Arms.

It was at this time that our dear Brother Walsingham, whose praise is in all the churches, came first among us, and tarried some time in the settlement. An Englishman of high birth, good talents, and an historical name, he was led to forsake the fashionable world and, coming among us, dedicated himself and his fortune to the Lord. He felt called to the missionary field, and was to be sent to stand in the place of one who had fallen at his post in distant Parimaribo. Of course he was not to go alone; he was to be married first, and his wife was to be taken by lot out of this congregation. I felt that this would cause anxiety to Brother Walrave, lest it might be on Lily that this lot would fall. I did not know till afterwards how he felt, nor in what guise the tempter came to him. For he did not go to the Master with the story of his love and his fear, and trusting to Him to do right, try to say, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." He feared that out of his passionate love might be formed the cross he was to bear, and the rebellious

human heart cried only, "Give me my love, or give me death."

And so it happened that sitting at his window, not studying as he ought to have been, but thinking his own thoughts, the subject of them came out from under the bush trees by a little side-gate and passed down the street towards the river. Just then a tap at his door and Brother Benade entered with a slip of paper containing a list of names in his hand. He requested Brother Walrave to copy each name on a separate slip of paper. When the door closed behind him, Joseph Walrave took up the list, which contained the names of the brightest and best in the congregation, and closed with the fairest, Lily Adair. At once the thought came to his mind that he would follow Lily and win an opportunity for a few words that he might ask her if she would for his sake refuse the lot if it fell on her. He had some botanical specimens to gather which formed a sort of half excuse to his own mind for going out just then. Carefully taking a different path from the one he had seen Lily choose, he sought the river side, passed through the meadows, the grove, and reached the Tri-Linn before he saw Lily coming towards him by the river side. During his walk he had, as he told me after all was past, arranged clearly in his mind what he had to say, as if he had been thinking out a sermon. When he came up to her and looked on her bright, innocent, unconscious face lit up with a smile responsive to his greeting, her beauty fell on him like a spell, and he was dumb—all his nicely arranged ideas slipped away from him. He walked silently by her side, the hard-to-be-won opportunity passing away from him like the prepared speech.

At last, in a sort of desperation, he said suddenly: "I have been troubled in my mind ever since Brother Walsingham came."

"Why?" asked Lily.

He did not reply at once, and Lily went on to say, "Brother Walsingham is a hero in my eyes, when I think of all he has given up that he may go with the Gospel message to the heathen."

"The office of ambassador for Christ,

Sister Lily, is the highest and noblest of all," he answered.

"True," she replied; "still do not you think that it is only one whose heart God has touched, who will, from choice, turn his back on the gay world to follow in the Master's footsteps, seeking the lost?"

Joseph Walrave eyed her gloomily as her blue eyes took a darker hue with earnestness, her cheek flushing rosy red, the spring wind blowing back the long locks of silky gold from her bright, serious face. Lily was beautiful with a beauty befitting her name. She was beautiful also with a soul loveliness that belongs only to the pure in heart, to those who shall see God. But Lily was getting too beautiful; the inner brightness, like light through fine porcelain, served to show not her beauty only but also its frailty. Joseph Walrave might have noticed this and taken warning, but he was driven onward by one idea, the wish to end the uncertainty that was so hard for him to bear. Her words did not comfort him. He thought, "If he is her hero, what hope is there for me?"

He went on: "What you have said is just and true, I acknowledge; yet Brother Walsingham has caused me great trouble of mind, and caused me to doubt one rule of the Church—the lot."

"What has Brother Walsingham and the lot to do with you, Brother Walrave? I thought the question pertained to the sisters," said Lily, looking at him in smiling surprise. The gloomy earnestness that had paled his face, that looked at her with a longing, hungry look out of troubled eyes, startled her, and made her tremble. "Lily," he said, taking her hand, "if the lot were to fall on you, and you were to accept it, what good would my life do me? It is only lately since he came that I have known what it would be to lose you; the possibility of separation was then forced on my mind."

"It is very unlikely that the lot will fall on me," said Lily.

"I know of a certainty," he returned, "that your name is among those from whom the lot will be taken; and—and so I came after you to-day. I must speak—Lily, I love you as my own soul. It is not

wrong to love. I cannot help loving what is the best and highest when I see it. I, for myself, dare not now submit to the lot. There is but one woman in the world for me." No answer from the slight figure with downcast head, whose hand trembled slightly in his grasp. "If I lose you," he went on, "I will live alone—I will go out as a teacher—in any capacity in which I may go by myself; for my heart has singled you out, and not another. Lily, if this lot falls on you, will you refuse?—on any plea only refuse!"

What Lily might have answered cannot be said, for just then they were both startled by a loud whistle close by, and looking round saw John Seymour, the herd-boy, lying in the grass, leaning on his elbow, and Sister Gates, small, bright-eyed brunette, coming over the hill towards them. Lily's hand slipped from his grasp, and she vanished. The door of his paradise shut in his face just when he had begun to hope that it would open wide. He took his way home, an expression of Brother Benade's ringing in his ears: "You must submit to the inexorable logic of circumstances." He did not stop to speak to John Seymour (who attended his evening class, and loved him nearly as well as a dog loves his master), but he felt a good deal humiliated by the knowledge that John knew his secret, and that the whistle was a warning one. There was more bitterness than politeness in his feelings towards Miss Gates when he raised his hat to her as he passed. Inquisitive Miss Gates, who must question John Seymour, the mischievous lad, who could not be prevailed upon to give a direct reply, but would persist in branching off into matters affecting himself, as: "Willie Moffat said that the academy boys had nicknamed her 'Simon's Orange,' and the 'Yellow dwarf;' but it was just as likely that Willie Moffat, who made songs, could make stories also. He has made a song about you, Miss Gates, all about William Macaulay going to ask your father to give you to him, and how he threw a pitchfork at him, and—" Sister Gates became conscious that she was losing in dignity, if she was gaining information, so she retired suddenly, feeling discomfited, and deter-

mined to lay the matter before me, which she did, as I have mentioned, and John Seymour relieved his feelings by calling her names to himself. Poor Sister Gates was not popular with little John. Brother Walrave walked home along High street, past the ivy-covered stone house where Brother Walsingham was abiding for the present. The two tall chestnut trees standing with locked arms at the front gate, whispered to one another of his defeat. The laburnums in the front garden knew all about it, and they tossed their golden ringlets and shook with tree laughter. Through the open lattice of the little parlor he saw the handsome head with its brown curls which belonged to Brother Walsingham. Quickening his steps he was soon at his desk again. He took out the list and read the names over again. His mental comment on them was tinged a little with the bitterness of his defeat. "These," he thought, "are the flower of the congregation, selected with great care; the fairest, the most talented, the noblest, the best educated are all here; not one of these but, if she loved him, would make a good wife for any man. After all, this is scarcely leaving the matter to God. If all the girls in the congregation were on the list, and he drew one seemingly not so fitting as these are, would they wish him to take her, I wonder?"

This was the train of reasoning which led Joseph Walrave into temptation. The names were transferred to separate slips, all but the last, as he thought of these things. As he paused, unwilling to add that name, he happened to glance out of the window. Across the street was Brother Spencer's stone house, many windowed, behind its holly trees. The back gate at this moment opened, and Grace Branigan, their strong-armed maid of all work, came out, rosy, sunburned and bare-foot.

"Now," said the tempter, "suppose Grace Branigan's name were put on the list, and he drew it. What then?" And so he deliberately wrote down the name of Grace Branigan on the last slip instead of Lily Adair. He had barely finished when Brother Benade returned for the slips, and

took them away, leaving to Joseph Walrave no opportunity for repentance, Brother Benade being all unconscious that the name of the fairest of the flock had been abstracted.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

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"You will hae for your wife the braw throughither lass  
That stan's at the gable and laughs when you pass."  
— *Old Song.*

Sister Spencer happened to come to me, just at this time, to take counsel with me about her strong maid of all work, Grace Branigan.

Sister Spencer is as wisely energetic as the model woman and wife spoken of by Solomon, and has no need of advice from me. I told her that it would be better she should go and take counsel with Sister Malilieu, the pastor's wife. Sister Spencer, however, preferred talking her perplexities over to me, partly because Grace, being a single sister, was in a certain sense under my care, and partly because she liked me, and therefore had confidence in my judgment. Poor Grace! Sister Spencer was of opinion that she came to the settlement as a trial of patience to her. (Our patience must be tried, and we are not left to choose what particular trial we should prefer.) Grace, always thoughtless and light-headed, has been particularly trying lately. She is our only specimen of the old Irish, and her wild blood is yet unsubdued. Still, besides the common tie of humanity, she is by adoption a daughter of the settlement, and an orphan; as such, she is dear to the Father of the fatherless, and should be dear to us who profess His name.

While I was listening to Sister Spencer, and gently reminding her of these things, my mind reverted to the time when Grace came first among us. Her father, a poor discharged soldier, journeying with his little daughter to his native place in the south of this island, fell down in a fainting fit near Brother Spencer's dwelling. His little girl, our troublesome Grace, set up such a wail as drew help around him speed-

ily. He was carried into Brother Spencer's and laid on a bed, from which he never rose.

Many of our people went to minister to him, and to teach him about Jesus, the Saviour. I, too, was there—sent for because he was a soldier, and I had been hospital nurse once. We found, to our surprise, that this soldier knew the Lord already, and could teach us of the deep things of God. We heard him tell of God's dealings with him and rejoiced. He had been brought up a nominal Roman Catholic. The regiment to which he belonged was stationed in Scotland, where Grace was born, and where shortly afterwards his wife fell ill and died.

During her illness they were discovered, and her wants ministered to by a Scottish pastor, who like his Divine Master sought after lost sheep. Through this good man's loving care and loving kindness to them, who were of another race and religion, and also much despised by the inhabitants generally, the dying woman and her sorrowing husband learned of the everlasting love of our Father, to whom there is no difference.

She died, having peace in believing; her husband had followed on to know the Lord and knew Him and rejoiced, finding Him an all-sufficient Saviour. Little Grace, called so with an inward meaning by the mother before she departed, grew up a child of the regiment, until her father was discharged on account of failing health. Thus he was providentially thrown among us. Those who had the privilege of standing round his bed saw death swallowed up in victory. "I leave," he said, "my little daughter to the care of Him whom my soul loveth;" and so he went home to be forever with the Lord. We buried him among our own people, under the sycamores; the Brethren putting a plain stone to mark where the soldier of Christ rested in hope. Sister Spencer brought up his little daughter, and tried to mould her into our quiet ways. Grace was wild by nature, and her training up to that time had not tamed her.

She soon convinced Sister Spencer that godliness is not hereditary. She was a

living example of the doctrine of original sin, of which it was believed by Sister Spencer she had a double portion. I think that Grace's father having died triumphantly caused Sister Spencer unconsciously to expect Grace to be better than other children not so favored; but, "that which is born of the flesh is flesh." Grace grew up rosy, fat and strong; always laughing when not singing or whistling,—a great mimic, not sparing even the Bishop. She had a propensity for walking anywhere but on the ground, coming down the baluster as the most natural way of coming down stairs; walking on the parapet of the bridge instead of the sidewalk; found roosting in a tree when there was urgent need of her services in the kitchen; a runner like Asahel, Joab's brother; able to jump as if, like the wonderful animal of the South seas, jumping were the business of her life. She rode Brother Spencer's grey horse without saddle or bridle; indeed I, myself, once saw her seated on the white-backed cow, and the cow seemed accustomed to the rider. She was, however, too strong to be easily tired, too good-natured to be easily offended, and had a great deal of loving unconsciousness which resembled the charity that thinketh no evil.

Yet if Grace was made angry by any jesting allusion to the glories of the ancient race which once ruled Ireland, who seem all to have been kings or great lords,—at least only the kings and great lords have left any descendants, and of course Grace felt herself to be of the blood royal; or if anything was said against the form of religion which her father had abandoned, she showed an ungovernable temper, her anger rising into perfect fury. Usually she was hard to rouse, but had a headlong thoughtlessness that would not stop to think; overflowing spirits that could not be kept within bounds, laughing at everything and every body till her fat cheeks almost hid her dark eyes, and singing till the house rang again. Her singing would have been charming, for she had a beautiful voice—full-toned, strong and sweet, it soared up like a skylark; but Grace, who seemed to have not a particle of reverence, and whose ideas were all in a tangle like a

ravelled skein, mixed up her singing wonderfully.

All beautiful words set themselves to music in her brain, and she sang Moravian hymns, Scottish psalms, Irish love ditties, and legendary ballads, with equal fervor and in quick succession. As she grew older she became a slave to her love of reading, and read everything she could get hold of; getting so lost in her book that it took an actual shake to recal her to present life. Housekeepers will understand what a provocation this was to one so orderly and energetic as Sister Spencer.

Her last transgression was sitting up at night to write verses. Sister Spencer, as she looks well to the ways of her household, discovered a light in Grace's room when lights should be out; caught Grace writing and confiscated her manuscripts.

Grace, now a girl of eighteen, rebelled furiously, Sister Spencer says; but she having discovered very evil things in the papers has brought them all to me that they may be laid before the Church. I counselled Sister Spencer to be gentle with the motherless girl, and to weigh her usefulness and trustworthiness against her failings; which, after all, were not sins, except as all folly leads to sin. And as for the verses I said, send Grace to me and I will talk to her. It was that same evening that Sister Rhoda Reichel (the new collaborer given to me on account of my many increasing duties, and also because passing years have somewhat impaired my activity,) was out for the evening. A little family festival, one of the German customs which we observe still, was held at Brother and Sister Carey's dwelling, and Sister Rhoda was there. Brother Walsingham was abiding there at that time. The conversation, it appears, turned upon the custom of our people, especially the laborers in the vineyard, taking to them wives by lot.

In the Fatherland our people did not discuss the rules of the Church,—they obeyed them; but there is an element of discussion in the very atmosphere of this island. And Sister Carey was not brought up with us, but in a distant town among the people called Methodists.

Brother Carey, who sojourned in that place for a time, in the pursuit of his calling, married there. When he returned to the settlement, there being nothing against it, his wife was admitted with him. On the subject of the lot Sister Carey remains an unbeliever, and, being accustomed to speak her experience, she does not keep her opinions quiet; so Brother Walsingham was put on the defensive, and used the arguments common among our people.

"It is," said he, in answer to Sister Carey, "a well-known fact that wedded unhappiness is common, and that no unions are more unhappy than the majority of those called love matches. Even on the low ground of personal happiness, I would prefer to trust my Heavenly Father, who assuredly knoweth how to give good gifts to His children, and take a companion by lot, not leaning to my own understanding, for then I would know that I had the partner my Father designed for me."

"I cannot agree with you, Brother Walsingham," said Sister Carey; "I do not think personal happiness low ground; it is a very important consideration to me. I think our Father has given us common sense and perception to guide our choice; and in marriage, love that bears one another's burdens, and teaches forbearance, and loves on to the end, is very necessary."

"It is necessary, Sister Carey, but we know it does not always follow free choice. A Christian, however, will have such love for one whom he considers God's special gift to him. Is not it well, when we see daily how liable to be deceived we are; how often earthly love is misplaced; how often we love a glorified creation of our own fancy, and find our mistake too late, to take what our Father gives?"

Sister Carey inwardly concludes that Brother Walsingham has been crossed in love. She goes on: "Will you accept your lot if she is not at all pretty?"

"I do not think," interposes Brother Carey, with a glance at his comely wife, whom he admires much, "that a Christian man should lay much stress on mere earthly beauty, which is very pleasant, nevertheless."

"But suppose," said Sister Carey, again



returning to the subject, "that she were so ill-tempered that your life would be miserable, what then?"

"I will not suppose anything so dreadful, Sister Carey; I will trust Him in this as in all. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

It was, I suppose, just when this conversation was going on at Brother Carey's, that I, hearing unusual sounds of laughter from the girls' room, Sister Rhoda being absent, sent Sister Cooney to see what had happened. She found Grace Branigan there who had been sent with a message to Sister Eleanor Spencer. Her presence accounted for the laughter. I do not expect the girls of our house to be staid as their elders are; I like girlish mirthfulness, but I must discourage levity. Sister Cooney found in the girls' room a flutter of talk about the lot; each girl supposing it would be on one of the others the lot would fall, and, of course, hoping it would fall on herself. The talk was led on by Sister Maria Stafford, daughter of Captain Stafford, killed at Gibraltar. She has still hankering after the gay life she once led, before her father's death, as reigning beauty of a garrison town. "I would not like the lot to fall on me," said she. "I think Mr. Walsingham will be fastidious and exacting to the last degree. He is a woman-hater, too, I think; there is always an erring female in his sermons. He loves to tell us how Adam was not deceived but Eve; how Ahab was stirred up to work wickedness by Jezebel the fair; and how Herodias, lying in wait for revenge, got the head of John the Baptist."

"I would not like the lot to fall on me," said Sister Isabella Craig, "if I would have to go to Greenland, which is a most uncomfortable country. I was both shivering and shocked last Monday evening when the missionary reports were read to hear of missionary sisters creeping on hands and feet through the long porches to their snow palaces over the offal of seals and white bears."

"Ah, Sister Craig," interposed Sister Cooney, "the sisters might well go through the porches; you, too, would go if duty called, for the Master was there before

Christ has gathered jewels out of snow huts."

"Pardon, Sister Cooney, I did talk too lightly; I will do so no more," returned Sister Craig.

"Well," said Sister Hazelton, "I never did believe in the lot; I want to know something of the person I would marry, and I do not think many of the young people of the congregation do believe in it."

"Speak for yourself, Sister Hazelton, not for the whole congregation," said Sister Cooney.

"I hope the lot will not fall on me," said Sister Susannah Kerr, for "Brother Walsingham is too handsome; I do not like handsome men."

"Well, Grace," said Eleanor Spencer, "do you hear what the Sisters say about Brother Walsingham? If the lot falls on you, what will you do?"

"Just what you would do; just what any of the Sisters would do," returned Grace sturdily.

"What is that, Grace?" said Maria Stafford; "what would any of us do?"

Grace had her hand on the door; she turned herself and said: "I would take him thankfully, and so would any of you."

After discharging this Parthian arrow, she came up to my room.

Sister Cooney warned the girls that she would report the conversation to me, and the subject was dropped. I was not pleased at this conversation, though much allowance is to be made for the mirthfulness of young maids. I would not write it down only for what followed. I found Grace, poor girl, in a most rebellious mood against Sister Spencer, the strict rule of whose house has been as goads to the unsubdued spirit of this wild Irish maiden.

"I never have a holiday," she said; "I work early and late; it is transgression to read, and worse to write; but I must think, I must read, and write—or die. I am not a machine, to be wound up for duty like the kitchen clock, and let run."

"But, Grace, if you neglect your duties?"

"I am speedily reminded of them."

"Well, Grace, we must be diligent in business."

"We want rest, too, sometimes, Sister

Borg, and sympathy. All in the settlement have friends, relations, companions, but me. I am alone; I want my mother so much at times—my heart is full of thoughts which no one can share, and then I must write."

I understood something of these longings for mother; but, blind that I was, never imagined that our laughing, singing, thoughtless Grace had felt such longings.

I took out the confiscated manuscripts and gave them to her, saying: "My dear, I have not looked at them. If they hold the outpourings of a lonely heart, He who has seen both the heart and the writing, will understand all about it. I have been lonely, too, sometimes. Loneliness brought a pathetic complaint from the lips of the Lord Christ himself. He sympathizes, dear Grace, and offers the only love that will satisfy the longing human heart. Do you seek to know Him, Grace?" Always shy under kind words, Grace hung her head and said earnestly, "I do." She did not take the offered manuscript, saying: "Look at them first, dear Sister Borg, because Sister Spencer says there are evil things in them. I did look rather hastily

over the manuscripts, and found them mostly attempts at paraphrasing the mournful complaints of Scripture. There was an attempt, too, at versifying an Irish legend; some trifles written in broad Scotch, in which the word "deil" often occurs. These were they that alarmed Sister Spencer's orthodoxy; but poor Grace considered this "deil" as an exclusively Scotch spirit, not at all identifying him with the Father of Evil, but rather as the spirit of mischief.

One piece was written in praise of Brother Walsingham, as if he were a spiritual knight errant, in which she compared him to King Saul in stature and Ab-salom in beauty, and to Nehemiah in leaving kings' palaces to build a spiritual Zion. There were some sparks of cleverness in her lines. I must see more of this Grace, and prevent her from feeling like a speckled bird among the birds of the forest. She must also have some encouragement in her studies; her talents might benefit the Church. I said this to myself as I kissed her good-bye, little knowing what a day was to bring forth.

(To be Continued.)

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## HERACLES.

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BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

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Here, on Mount Cæta, end my toilsful days,  
Cut short untimely by a woman's wiles—  
I, the strong Heracles, who vanquished all  
My foes, vanquished by Dejanira's guile!

Oh, how this poisoned tunic burns my flesh!—  
The fatal gift of Nessus to my wife,  
What time I smote him through the liver with  
My dart dipped in the black gall of the foul  
Lernean hydra. Now the hot venom of  
That obscene beast courses through every vein  
And builds the raging fires of frenzy in  
My brain.

Farewell, O pleasant land of Greece!  
Farewell, O bright and sunny air, the slopes  
Of lofty Cæta, rough with olive groves,  
And the blue waters of the Maliac Gulf!  
Farewell, brave Philoctetes! By our love,  
I charge thee grant my last request. Here will  
I make my funeral pyre. By all the gods,  
I charge thee gather up the ashes of  
Thy friend, and give them to the mother-care  
Of ancient Earth, nor let my hapless shade  
Wander forever through the hollow realms  
Of Hades.

Say, O Father Zeus! is this the end  
 And sole reward of all my toil? Alas!  
 Vain was the manful training of my youth!  
 In vain brave Castor taught me how to fight,  
 Autolycus to drive the brazen chariot,  
 And Eurytus to hurl the wingèd dart  
 And vengeful spear. In vain Hephæstus forged  
 The brazen buskin and the gold cuirass,  
 Zeus gave the shield, and grey Posideon brought  
 The gallant steed, Hermes the sword, Pallas  
 The helm, and bright Apollo of the sounding lyre,  
 The arrows and the golden bow,—in vain  
 To save my wretched life, but not in vain  
 For doing of brave deeds.

Here dying slow  
 On Ceta's lonely top, and nerveless as  
 An unweaned child, it is an eager joy  
 To call to mind the valiant deeds I wrought  
 In pride of manhood's strength. I mind me of  
 The day when in the vast Næmean woods  
 Met I the tyrant of Mycenæ's folds  
 Lashing his tawny sides. Though in my quivering  
 arm

His sharp fangs met, yet held I him within  
 My fierce embrace till burst his mighty heart—  
 Then hurled him lifeless to the ground. Hand me,  
 My Philoctetes, here his horrent skin  
 I since have worn. Wrapped in its shaggy folds  
 I now will lay me down to die.

Full soon,  
 By the dark Lake of Lerna, fought I the  
 Fell hydra-beast with nine-fold heads, that still,  
 Though smitten off by my keen sword, upsprang  
 Afresh with double terror armed, till at  
 My word Iolas seized the hissing brand  
 And seared the bloody wound.

Next captured I  
 Unhurt the golden-horned and brazen-footed stag  
 Of Cænoë, swift-speeding o'er the plains  
 Of fertile Argolis. The dreaded boar  
 Of Erymanthus, ivory-tusked, black-hoofed  
 And huge of limb, I next pursued, and slew  
 The Centaurs who opposed my will, and,—woe  
 Is me! ah, hapless!—Chiron, my best friend!  
 Through the deep snow-drifts of the Acadian Mount  
 I followed still my prey, which, gored and gashed  
 In every limb, stained with his ebbing life  
 The snowy ground, till, turned at bay, I smote  
 Him 'twixt the deep red fiery eye-balls with  
 My spear.

The loathly stalls of Augeas, King  
 Of Elis, gorged with ordure of his flocks  
 And herds for thirty years, I cleansed by help  
 Of Alpheus' rapid stream, and also slew the grim  
 Stymphalides, flesh-feeding, grewsome, foul,  
 And obscene birds that preyed upon the dead.

The mighty Cretan Bull, with eyes of flame,  
 Who, when he bellowed, shook the earth and air  
 And far off mountains with his roar,  
 I fought; and, when with brazen club I smote  
 His iron skull, he reeled and fell and shook  
 The solid ground, but never more laid waste  
 The land of Crete.

King Diomedes' mares,  
 That fed on flesh of men, I slew, but first  
 The quivering carcase of the lustful king  
 I gave them to devour, and ended thus  
 The accursed race. The golden girdle of  
 The Amazonian Queen, Hippolyte,  
 Who ruled the rugged Cappadocian Land,  
 Fierce in her beauty as a lioness,  
 I next obtained. Geryon, too, I slew,  
 The triple-headed beast, who kept the vast  
 And rocky Gates of Gades, shutting out  
 The wild and boisterous Western Sea. Beyond  
 Those frowning barriers I pressed, over  
 The pathless ocean-plain to where the fair  
 And fertile Isles of the Hesperides  
 Lie slumbering on the wave. The dragon-beast,  
 Horrid with hundred heads, I slew, and plucked  
 The golden fruit whose taste makes wise for aye.

All earth was filled with my exploits and the  
 Vast Underworld now felt my power. Through the  
 Dark caves of Taenarus,—the shadowy path  
 To Hades gloomy realm, and fiery strand  
 Of Styx and Phlegethon—I urged my way,  
 Not bribing with the meal-and-honey cake  
 The barking mouths of Cerberus, but as  
 A captive dragged him to the light of day.  
 The fair Alcestis brought I back to life,  
 Who for Admetus gave that life away,  
 And Pirithous and Theseus, mine old friends.

What need to further tell of mine exploits?  
 Behold, they live for ever in the minds  
 Of men! The time would fail to tell of all  
 My conflicts with the Giant-brood of Earth,  
 With Cacus, Eryx, and Laomedon,  
 Antæus and Busiris and the host  
 Of Earth-born tyrants whom I overcame.

My term of life is near. My mighty thews  
 And giant brawn that measured strength with the  
 Næmean beasts, are weak as two-months' babes.  
 And, now, I mount the pyre. Apply the torch.  
 The hungry flames leap up—the thick black smoke  
 Surrounds me. Now the landscape swims—the blue  
 Sea and green earth fade from my view. O Zeus!  
 Father of gods and men, for labours vast  
 Of helpfulness to man, translate me to  
 Olympus' shining seats, to share with thee  
 The nectar and ambrosia of the gods  
 In endless everness of bliss divine.

## CACOUNA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AGNES."

About twenty years ago I first visited Cacouna, a watering place in the Lower St. Lawrence. One bright July morning, embarking at Quebec on board the steamer "Rowland Hill," we soon found ourselves in the middle of the stream with the ancient citadel behind us, throned as a queen upon her impregnable rock, and clothed in gems and ermine robes. The glittering of the tinned roofs and church steeples had a dazzling and unique effect, while the clear blue of the St. Charles and St. Lawrence waters formed the forepart of a magnificent picture. Soon the bright, white curtain of Montmorencie Falls came into view and the long, long line of white cottaged villages, with each a parish church, commenced to adorn both sides of the St. Lawrence and the Island of Orleans. Stopping at Murray Bay and Riviere du Loup, we approached Cacouna, but not in the matter-of-fact style of to-day. No magnificent piers at that time jutted out into the mighty river; no costly wharfs, mounted by evenly-laid surfaces, received the travellers of the past. At the safe distance of two miles from the shore the "Rowland Hill" anchored, and her boats were lowered. These, in charge of the steamer's officers, conveyed the passengers to within a short distance of the land, where caleches and hay-carts, up to the axles in the water, were ready for the last transhipment to the village. Of course, trunks and parcels were often dropped into the water, and screaming children would occasionally get a dipping, when their distracted mothers would as certainly go into hysterics. But the novelty and the primitive style made up for all mishaps, and we were contented to know that we were not in a dusty city. Had such an illusion not been dispelled on arrival, the after experiences would certainly have com-

pletely evaporated the shadow. The caleches and hay-carts were not provided with springs, and the road from the beach to the hotels had never been experimented on by the followers of Macadam. I have used the generic term "hotels," but such, properly speaking, there were not, but rather modest and unpretentious boarding-houses, of one story in height; the bedrooms were boxes, and the bill of fare provided each day did *not* contain the "luxuries of the season." Fish was, of course, in abundance, but meat was at a premium, if sucking pigs be excepted. These generally graced the dinner table, and had been purchased at auction, held at the church door after Sunday mass. Singular to say that, although in the country, vegetables were not procurable. There was, however, a sort of Bohemianism about the sojourn at Cacouna which was peculiarly charming; the morning bathing, the hay-cart pic-nics, and the evening strolls, left, as the French say, nothing to be desired. Throughout the village, there was, with the exception of the priest's, not one house more imposing than another. Neat little French-Canadian cottages dotted the roadside, within which were scrupulously clean "apartments to be let, furnished or unfurnished." One could always be certain of noticing white-curtained beds of an extraordinary height, step-ladders or chairs being necessary to use in mounting them. No four-wheeled vehicle then rolled through that simple village; in fact, on Sundays, during the service, one might search in vain for such among the three hundred vehicles which then surrounded the parish church. The merchant princes of Canada had not then built their elegant villas, and superb hotels were not required to meet the taste of those who first visited

the watering places of the Lower St. Lawrence for health and exercise. No trains daily brought their loads of tourists, and steamers paid but weekly visits; but there was rare enjoyment in the quiet Acadian life, and much happiness procured by these first visitors to Cacouna. How luxurious was the morning plunge in the cooling water! How refreshing the breeze that swept over from the Saguenay mouth and the North Shore! How musical the sound of the breakers on the pebbly beach; and how delicious the scent of the sea-weed! And when the sun rose high, protected by the shade of the odorous pine, or a friendly rock, how leisurely could one pass the hours in reading, or conversation, or in watching the figures who roamed over the sands, or the vessels passing to and from the ocean! And was it not a happy and careless time when those enjoying the spring time of life filled the rustic cart with hay and flowers, and reclining thereon, drove slowly to some neighboring lake and made the startled woods re-echo with their peals of laughter and overflowing merriment? And did it not bring forcibly before the mind the forest life of the red man? when one loitered from one wigwam to another, in the small village of the Micmacs, situate on the brow of the hill. How lazily the hunters lolled on the sward, smoking their pipes and gazed carelessly out of their dark eyes! How unceasingly and uncomplainingly the squaws worked at their bead, straw and wicker work! How coquettishly at times they arranged their picturesque massy locks, and trimmed their picturesque and gaily-colored raiments! How their beautiful bronze complexion, tinged with roseate hues, and their expressive eyes, pictured forth the true wild forest maiden! How innocently, in their nakedness, played the little urchins round the wigwams, revelling in the long herbage and the dashing streamlet. And in their low-toned talk, did not visions of the silvery-tongued Tuscan peasantry come to memory? It was a pleasure to roam from group to group, and purchase their pincushions, their cigar holders, their needle books, their moccasins, and their tiny canoes. And when evening came, when quietude

fell like a raiment over the land, when the *angelus* rang from the parish church, and the faint sound of others came sweetly and calmly from a distance, was it not charming to roam through the quaint French village and converse with its simple inhabitants; or, sitting in front of the temporary residences, to while away the cool hours when night is coming down. If the reader never has had such experiences the writer has. Yes, it was about twenty years ago, in the month of July, when I visited Cacouna. I had been there but a short time when I found out all the choicest spots for bathing, the best localities for catching smelts and flounders, where to procure the most variegated shells and finest sea-weeds, and where to select the shadiest and quietest nooks for reading. On one certain morning I had come gloriously refreshed from my bathe and gone in search of a favorite retreat, where I intended to have a look into Shelley. Some of his pieces are so wildly imaginative that it is more than suspected he did not know himself what they meant. I had seated myself, lit a consoling cigar, and taken up the book when I heard voices approaching.

"My dear, I am rather tired, and the heat is oppressive; let us take a seat somewhere in the shade!"

"I think, papa, there is a nice little spot behind these trees." The next moment an elderly gentleman and a young lady made their appearance. I arose and bowed.

"Don't let us disturb you, sir," said the gentleman, "we will go further on in search of shade."

"Do not do so on my account," I replied; "this is the best place you can find for a quarter of a mile."

"Thanks, but I trust you will not go."

"If you permit," I answered, "I shall be happy to remain." We were shortly engaged in conversation. I subsequently found out that his name was Willis Thornton, formerly in the American army, but now, possessing a competence, retired from the service. He was in ill health and then in Cacouna, endeavoring to recuperate; he was between forty-five and fifty years of age, while his only daughter, Alice

Thornton, was about seventeen. She had a graceful figure, slightly above the medium height, regular features, and a clear olive complexion, betokening Italian or Spanish extraction; her eyes were dark and deeply expressive; but her great attraction was the devoted love she exhibited for her only parent; her mother had died in early married life. For years the father and daughter had been constant companions; her education had been conducted by him, and, as he was a proficient linguist and accomplished musician, she had been more than carefully instructed in other than the usual branches. Since his indisposition, her attention had been untiring, but it was possible to perceive that she was aware that the consumption was quickly and surely wearing away the life of her loved father. When she has been performing some act for him I have often detected her agonized look and the flow of resistless tears; although her endeavors to keep such signs of weakness from him were constant and heartrending. After our first meeting by the shore I was frequently a partner in their walks, and by degrees I found my interest in them rapidly deepening. The love and devotion which she had for her father, I was sure, formed but a part of an exquisitely formed nature. That her father loved her passionately, I was made aware by an incident which occurred a few days after making their acquaintance. I was nearing the beach one day when I had heard cries of deep distress. I hurried down and saw Mr. Thornton, evidently in a paroxysm of despair, wringing his hands, and running toward the river with unsteady steps. I ran up to him and asked what was the matter. He could but point to a boat floating out with the tide, past a small rocky promontory, beyond which there was deep water. I quickly divested myself of my coat and boots and ran through the water till I reached the promontory. From it I could see nothing but the boat, but I plunged into the river and swam towards it; the way was long, for both wind and tide were carrying the boat outwards. After, however, swimming for half an hour I was able to reach it, and jumping in found Alice at the bottom in a

faint. Placing her in the stern I threw some water over her face, and rubbed her hands, by which, in a few minutes, I was fortunate enough in bringing her partially to consciousness. She opened her eyes, but instantly shut them again; in a little while I could raise her to a sitting posture, and I then made sail on the boat to return to her distracted father. She said that she had left him to go to the promontory and reach the boat to find fishing-lines; she had got into the boat and was preparing to fish when she heard her father scream out; looking up she discovered that the boat had drifted from the land; she was so horror-stricken at being thus separated forever, as she thought, from her father, that she fainted. The meeting and parting of friends is always affecting, but I never witnessed such an intensity of feeling as was evinced by both Mr. Thornton and Alice when they met on shore. The wild excitement of joy produced on them hysterical fits of weeping and laughing; one moment they would embrace each other rapturously, then separate to again repeat their affectionate endearments. But the effect on Mr. Thornton's health was disastrous, and in a few days he was obliged to leave Cacouna for a less bracing atmosphere. Before their departure I had proposed to Alice and been accepted by her, and our wedding was to take place during the following summer. In the meantime she would accompany her father on a health-searching tour, and we were to maintain a correspondence. When they had gone I felt no more the charm of Cacouna, and soon left on a trip to visit some friends in Wales. Mr. Thornton and Alice were spending the winter in the Southern States, and I had always received communication of their whereabouts. In the month of March I ceased to receive any letters from her, and becoming extremely anxious I re-crossed the Atlantic. Her home was in Providence, R.I., but there I could find no news of Alice further than that her father had died. I advertised in the papers, and travelled over the States of the Union and Canada, but never could find any trace of her. For years I made unremitting search, for the dread that any

harm should come near her was agonizing. Again I went to Cacouna, and roamed through our usual haunts; read over again the books she loved, purchased from the Indians the small presents she preferred, and gathered her favorite shells; but Alice came not to receive them, and many years passed away.

Two or three years ago I was again in Cacouna, but it was not the Cacouna of long ago,—luxury and extravagance had tamed the wild freedom then once rampant, wealth and pride had forced the city upon the guileless village; fashion and folly had stolen away the gift of health. Sick at heart I left the gorgeous hotel on whose piazza sauntered the exquisites of cities, or drank cooling drinks instead of bathing in the refreshing river. I left the rows of palatial residences and beautiful villas and reached the beach, but there again was a change; numberless ornamented bathing-houses and boxes marred the view. But I found out my most frequented place of yore, and lay down to dream of that happy time. It would now and then come up to

me full of hope and pointing to the future. Then there would die all hope, and I would bury the past in a fathomless grave, and the face of Alice would appear to me sinking down, down into that grave, and the earth fell on the coffin which contained my hopes with a rumbling sound of horror, as of distant thunder, and I started to my feet in anguish—and Alice stood before me! Yes, the Alice of long ago, and all the strong, wild love of her heart was again mine.

Her father had died and left her penniless; his funds had been invested in a mercantile firm which proved bankrupt, and she had made use of what he had given—her education, and became a governess, and for years she worked bravely in the world's fight, till a relation dying left her with a sufficient income. But for the pride which accompanied all her wealth of love, she would have long since been mine. But both our loves were true and unceasing, and she is happy in mine and I in hers.

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## THE LEAVES OF HEALING.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

The fragrant waftings of an old tradition  
Come faintly fluttering down the world-worn ages—  
(Blown from the rosy isle of Aphrodite)—  
Of Barnabas, who, breaking the soft shackles  
His Cyprus linked, went far and wide, an exile,  
Startling the Greeks with the strange name of Jesus—  
And every whither bare he in his bosom  
The sacred parchment of St. Matthew's Gospel,  
Bequeathed him as the Evangelist lay a-dying.  
And when they brought to him upon his journeys  
The sick, the blind, the palsied, on their foreheads  
He laid the writing, and straightway it healed them!

So runs the record: And a hidden meaning,  
As seed-corn held within a mummy's fingers,  
Lies at its core, a germ of living beauty.

For whoso now will bind the holy transcript  
Close to his heart, and with a faith as steadfast  
As drew the ancient saint from flowery Cyprus,

Will lay upon the soreliest bruised spirit  
This medicament: "Come unto me, ye weary,"  
Its miracle-touch will heal the hurt forever!

—Selected.

## THE EMIGRANT'S NIECE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY J. J. PROCTER.

## CHAPTER III.

In one of those small streets that open on the Quay de la Fosse, that part of the town so beautiful and animated when business is active, but so sad and gloomy at the era of which I write, stood a second-hand clothes shop, well known to the sailors who frequented the harbor of Nantes. It was here that those who were on the point of starting on "the long voyage" came to provide themselves with woollen shirts, belts, canvas trousers, and those coats of thick warm cloth called Nor-westers by the Breton sailors, because they generally serve to keep off the cold damp winds of the North-west—in a word, with all the articles necessary to the complete outfit of a sailor, according to the seas he has to sail in. Here also on their return from sea the mariners resorted to sell, at a cheap rate, the clothes and other articles of which they stood in no need. This shop had been kept for upwards of twenty years by Brunel and his wife, honest folks, who dealt fairly in their little business, and contented themselves with light profits; a circumstance that did not hinder them from frequently rendering important services to their customers. Many a time had they completely fitted out some poor sailor who found himself without the means of paying for the indispensable purchases he was obliged to make, at the very moment of setting out for some distant clime. "You will pay us back when you return," they said; and rarely had they to complain of the bad faith of those to whom they made such advances, though more than once the sea had swallowed up debtor and debt together. These misfortunes did not, however, hinder them from rendering

similar good offices when the next opportunity presented itself. These things, which were well known to the sailors who frequented the port, had spread the good name of the Brunels far and wide. Everyone spoke of the portliness, the good nature, and the honesty of old Brunel, whom the sailors had nick-named Father Nor-wester, either because he generally wore one of those garments, or because his shop furnished the best kit, and at the lowest prices. As for his wife, Mother Marie Jeanne, she showed a truly motherly care for those "poor boys" who were going to confront the storms of the ocean; she gave them the most touching advice, and the most salutary counsels, entreating them to clear their consciences before they embarked, and never to omit their morning and evening prayers. On their return, and during their stay on land, she visited the sick, brought them aid and comfort, took care of them, as if she had been a Sister of Charity, in such wise that the sailors called her "the Tar's mother."

In spite of the losses that they experienced from time to time, in spite of their frequent disinterested acts, and the humble profits with which they were satisfied, the little fortune of the Brunels had gradually increased. Without being absolutely rich, they had put by a sum sufficient to enable them to retire from business and live at their ease; and in this they followed the advice they had frequently received: "You have no children; what use is there in killing yourselves with toil for distant relations, who will not even thank you for it? Would it not be better to take your ease, and in a peaceful and quiet life enjoy the property you have acquired?"

It was indeed true that they had no



children,—and this was their great, or rather their only trouble; but this was not in their eyes, a reason for following the selfish counsel that was given them. "It is true we have no children," they said to each other,—“ God has denied us this blessing; but that is not a reason for living in idleness. If we were to retire from business, we might, doubtless, live on our means, but we should no longer be able to be of use to so many poor sailors who have need of us.” And so the good folks paid no attention to their officious advisers, and kept their shop open as usual.

Soon the revolution broke out. Strangers to politics, they did not understand its first signs, and looked upon them as a passing squall which could have but a momentary duration. But when the confusion became general; when civil war broke out around them, and foreign war had destroyed the mercantile marine, they were compelled to resolve on closing their business—a business, indeed, which it was no longer possible to carry on. The greater part of the sailors, their ordinary customers, had been pressed into the service of the State, and part of their stock-in-trade had been seized for their outfit. This sacrifice was scarcely felt by old Brunel; he refused the debenture which was offered him in return, payable in “*assignats*” on the Republican Treasury, and he declared that he willingly gave his goods to clothe the poor sailors of the State; he even added a certain quantity of material above what the order required of him, and these too he gave gratuitously.

This act of generosity, which was only an outpouring of Brunel's generous heart was looked upon by the Republican authorities as a deed of patriotic devotion: Brunel's name received an honorable mention in the public records, was published in the newspapers, and cited as an example to encourage the rich merchants and capitalists to imitate the patriotic action of the poor shopkeeper.

Old Brunel did not expect so many honors: nay! he was even ashamed of them; and was almost tempted to refuse the certificate of citizenship which was forwarded him as a reward for his noble action, know-

ing in his heart that he did not deserve it; but his wife dissuaded him from his purpose, saying, “ Take care of this certificate, my husband; no one knows what may happen in these times we live in; perhaps you will be glad to make use of it some day.” Her husband followed this advice, but though he kept the document he was cautious to do nothing which could attract attention to him. His good sense told him that in such stormy times the best thing he could do would be to blot out the fact of his existence, and be forgotten as much as possible. Keeping himself, therefore, quiet in his house, he contented himself with joining his wife in deploring the misfortunes of the day, and shuddering at the frightful crimes that depopulated Nantes after the arrival of that “ representative of the people,” Carrier.

One day, talking of the horrible massacres that took place every night, he said to his wife: “ I learned to-day that those who were known to be good citizens were each allowed to save a young infant belonging to those unhappy people that they drown in the Loire. Now, it is my idea that as we have a certificate of citizenship you might make use of it to try and rescue one of those poor innocents from death. Ever since we have been married, we have longed for a child. The Almighty has perhaps, intended this in not giving us any; for if He had sent us one, it is probable that this idea would not have come into my head. Go, then, and choose a stout healthy boy, whom we will bring up as our son, and who will be so indeed, since he will owe us his life.”

“ That is a good idea of yours, my husband,” replied Marie Jeanne; “ the same thought came across me no later than yesterday, when I saw a troop of those unfortunates pass me on the Quai de la Fosse, on their road to be drowned. I counted several little babies in their mothers' arms among them, and oh! how my hands stretched out to take one of the innocent creatures. But I did not know that it was permitted; and as my pity showed itself on my countenance, the women around me looked at me and began to murmur ‘ Aristocrat.’ I retired immediately; for it is

not good in these times to be the object of attention to certain people. But since the thing is permitted, I will take my certificate this evening, and go boldly to witness the passing of the prisoners, in hopes of saving a child whom I will love and cherish as if it had been my own."

"Bravo!" replied her husband; "we will bring up our child to the trade which we carry on. Things cannot always continue thus: our business will revive; we will, one day, leave him our establishment; and though he may, perhaps, be descended from some noble family, he will be more happy and tranquil in our shop than in the mansion of his parents."

They passed the rest of the day in conversing about their future adopted son. When night had come, the good wife took the certificate, threw her mantle over her shoulders, and directed her steps towards the Entrepôt, praying God to bless her enterprise. We have seen the success that attended her.

When she saw herself in possession of the object of her desires, she hastened to carry it away, fearing, perhaps, lest the executioners, in one of their bloodthirsty caprices, should come and take it from her. In her hurry she did not perceive the signs Baptiste made to her; she did not even think of him, and cared only for providing for the safety of the little baby she carried in her arms, for she did not consider it out of danger till she had escaped from the crowd of savages that presided over the executions, or were present at them. The good woman returned home in all haste. Her heart was wrung with all she had seen, and it seemed as if her attachment for the child she had just saved had grown out of all those rapid emotions she had experienced. There are occasionally in life positions and circumstances so extraordinary that they develop in an instant those sentiments which are ordinarily the offspring of time and good offices, and it was some of these circumstances in which Mme. Brunel now found herself. The danger which had threatened the feeble being with whose welfare she had charged herself at such a solemn moment, the sight of the poor mother who had scarcely even time

to show all the feelings that moved her, had combined to give, so to speak, maturity to the affection of the good woman for the child, and had developed with lightning speed all the energy of that maternal love which had hitherto lain dormant in her bosom. Her husband was absent when she arrived at the house. She hastened to wash the child in a basin of lukewarm water, wrapped it in warm clothes, gave it a little sweetened milk, and then rocked it in a cradle, where it soon fell asleep.

"Well, wife," said Brunel, as he entered, "have you succeeded?"

In reply she merely pointed to the cradle. "Ah! all the better," said old Brunel, lowering his voice, and slightly drawing away the counterpane to obtain a view of the child's face. "Oh, how pale he is!" said he, after having gazed on it a few moments; "how wretched and suffering he looks!"

"That is nothing," replied his wife; "there is nothing astonishing in that after all the poor thing has had to suffer in the unwholesome air of the prison from lack of nourishment and proper care; but let me take care of it for a few days, feed it properly, and keep it warm and clean, and you will see what a change there will be in it then, and will love it, I am sure, as well as I already love it myself."

"Do you know what family it belongs to?"

"Say, rather, what family it belonged to; for, whilst I speak, not one of its members are living; and even to think of this wrings my heart. I did hear its mother's name from a young man whom I met who said he had been in her service; but I did not see him again after I had got the child. I should have liked to have asked him for further information, and had him repeat the name of the lady, which I scarcely heard, and have entirely forgotten. The only thing that I recollect is that he gave her the title of countess."

"Well, what matters it whether we know the name of its true parents or not, since now it has no other than us? Far better, as times go now, to be the child of people like us than to be the offspring of dukes or

princes. Besides, even if we knew the name, we should have to keep it a secret from the child when he was grown up, since we could not restore him to a family which no longer exists. It would only serve to put foolish ideas into his head, and perhaps inspire him with contempt for us who had brought him up. It is, therefore, best that he should remain in ignorance of his origin, be brought up as our own son, and firmly believe that we are his true parents."

Marie Jeanne, besides having been always accustomed to acquiesce in her husband's opinions, was far from showing any opposition to ideas which so perfectly agreed with her own. Her main care now was to pay the most assiduous attention to her nursling, and in four or five days the child had already recovered its freshness and gaiety. But as the infant's health and strength returned a great trouble weighed on the mind and heart of Mrs. Brunel. Her husband had ordered her, and that several times, to pick out a boy, and the child she had brought away was a girl,—a charming little girl, whom she already loved with all her heart; but she trembled at the time when she should be obliged to undeceive her husband, who seemed to have set his heart on a boy, and who for the last five days had never ceased speaking of his projects for his adopted son. She had, however, to make up her mind to it, and accordingly, one evening when the little one was asleep, and her husband was recommencing his castles in the air, the poor woman, making a strong effort, decided to confess all to him. She began by relating to him over again all that had taken place, and drew a touching picture of the scene on the boat. "Oh, no," cried she, "were I to live a hundred years I should never forget the deep, penetrating gaze she turned on me when I asked her for her child. She spoke not a word, but her look was more eloquent, more persuasive, than the finest speeches. She seemed to me to say, 'I accept the promise you have made me to bring up my child as a Christian. On this sole condition I give her to you. I renounce in your favor all my rights over it,' and, with one foot already on the fatal plank, she stretched out her baby to

me. I darted forward; I took it in my arms without asking whether it was a boy or a girl."

"But it is a boy?" suddenly interrupted her husband.

"Alas! no; I was not fortunate. It is a girl."

"A girl! I won't have one," he cried roughly. "What do you suppose we can do with a girl in our condition? I won't have one; that's decided."

"Well," replied his wife, "I see only one way. I got her on the boat five days ago; she must be carried back to it this evening; but you can well understand that it will not be I that will undertake such a thing. See if you have got courage enough to do it." So saying, she took the child, that had just woken up, and held her out to her husband, as if to offer her for him to take back to the executioners. The good man shuddered at the idea, and at the same time his eyes fell on the child stretching out her little arms to him, and smiling. He took her in his turn, pressed her to his heart, covered her with kisses, and exclaimed: "The will of God be done. Well, instead of a boy we shall have a daughter, and she shall have none the less love."

#### CHAPTER VI.

Old Brunel kept his word; he loved his adopted daughter tenderly, and it is doubtful whether he would have lavished on her a deeper affection if she had been a boy or born of his marriage. As for Mde. Brunel her love increased as the days flew by; nor did she forget the promise she had made the Countess, to bring her child up piously and religiously. Being uncertain whether it had been already baptized, she began by having that ceremony performed. This was not an easy thing at that time, when the clergy were persecuted with a fury which recalled the most stormy days of the primitive Church, and she was unable to effect it till Carrier had been recalled, and the persecution had a little abated. The child was christened Marie, the first name of her adopted mother, and that which had been given to her on the registers of the State, where Brunel, jointly with his wife,

had had her inscribed as their adopted child, born of unknown parents.

Having thus provided for her social position, the Brunels set about her education with a truly touching solicitude. The revolutionary tempest had at length subsided, the churches were again opened, and France, the eldest daughter of the Church, was at last reconciled to her mother. It was, therefore, possible for them to send little Marie to school and catechism, when she had attained a fitting age, whilst Mde. Brunel taught her to knit and sew, and instilled into her by her words, and, above all, by her example, that love of work, and those sentiments of piety with which the good woman's heart was filled. Thus, by slow degrees, the noble daughter of the Counts du Roussier and de Lancy, the unknown heiress of these two great families, grew up as a daughter of the people. However, in her simple calico gown, her cotton apron, her common neckerchief, and work-woman's bonnet, Marie had a natural grace that the veil of modesty could not conceal, and her whole appearance bore a stamp of distinction that proclaimed her noble origin. Often, on looking on her, would Mde. Brunel say with a sigh, "Alas! it is very easy to see that she is a young lady, and not our child. I pray that we may not come to lose her. It would break my heart."

As for Marie, she never dreamed of her noble birth, and loved her adopted parents with all the truth and simple tenderness of a pure and grateful heart. After a time she left school, and stayed constantly at home to help her mother in the housework, and in keeping the simple accounts of their unpretending business. On Sundays, after having attended service with her father and mother, they went, if it was fine, to take a walk on the promenade of Henry IV.; or, more frequently, they made an excursion to the outskirts of the town, or took a row on the Loire. Marie had led this peaceful and uneventful life for nearly two years, when suddenly, and most unexpectedly, an event occurred which changed the monotony of her existence. But before speaking of this incident which promised to have so great an influence on the future

career of the young girl we must retrace our steps to introduce on the scene a person who plays an important part in this history. Our readers may recollect that we spoke of a certain brother of Madame du Roussier, the Viscount de Lancy, who had retired to England at the commencement of the Reign of Terror, and with whom the unhappy widow had intended to take refuge with her father and children after the overthrow at Mans. We have seen how this project failed, and terminated in the catastrophe we have just related.

De Lancy, uneasy, as may well be imagined, at receiving no news of his family, learned from the newspapers only the disasters of the Vendean army from the passage of the Loire up to its final annihilation at Savenay. From the same source, also, he learned the fate of the unhappy prisoners, and the atrocities committed at Nantes by Carrier. But although, in all probability, his relatives would not have been spared in the midst of the revolutionary tempest, a probability which the total absence of any news of them seemed to confirm, yet, as he obtained no further proof of their having perished in the universal wreck, he still preserved some ray of hope, which, however, grew feebler and dimmer as the days went by.

At last when a regular government had taken the place of the revolutionary anarchy, one of its first acts, under the guidance of Bonaparte, was the recall to France of all those who had fled from their country, and sought an asylum and a refuge in foreign lands at the commencement of the revolution. The Count de Lancy was one of the first to avail himself of this act of grace, and he hastened to obtain information concerning his family, and to ascertain whether any of them had escaped the massacres. He undertook the most minute investigation; step by step, he followed the route pursued by the Vendean army from Varade to Savenay, and questioned every one he could meet with, who had survived the civil war. Finally, he came to Nantes, where he passed several months in examining the jailer's registers, and in questioning every one who had had communication, direct or indirect, with the prisoners.

He could find no written trace of those whom he sought for; but he obtained sufficient oral testimony to assure him that his brother-in-law had perished at Nantes, and that the rest of the family, his father, his sister and her children, had been drowned in the Loire. The very day on which this execution took place was given him.

When he had no longer room to doubt of his misfortune he left Nantes and proceeded to Paris, where one of his friends, the Baron de Grandpré, had urged him to come, in order to obtain a legal recognition of his status. By this the Baron, who had given in his adhesion to the new government, and enjoyed a certain influence with it, meant the recovery of his friend's hereditary estates, which had been simply sequestrated, and not sold. M. de Grandpré found no difficulty in succeeding in this undertaking; so that six months after his return from England, De Lancy was reinstated in the family property, and found himself in possession of a considerable fortune. The Baron wished to push his kind offices still further; he proposed to introduce his friend to the head of the government, and obtain for him some employment about the new court; but De Lancy strenuously resisted his friend's proposal, and avowed his intention of retiring to one of his estates, where he determined to live thenceforward. The Baron remonstrated, but the Count persevered in his resolution, and shortly afterwards took up his abode on a fine property he possessed in the department of Maine-et-Loire. There he passed several years in retirement, mourning over the loss of all he held dear, and finding his only consolation in prayers and deeds of charity.

In the beginning of the spring of 1807, he was forced by business to leave his retreat, and pass a few days in Nantes. He could have wished to transact his affairs there in as short a time as possible, for that town was too full of sad recollections to induce him to make a prolonged stay, but he was compelled to remain there longer than he had at first expected.

One day, as he was returning from his lawyer's, he followed the Quay de la Fosse; and as he thought how, thirteen years be-

fore, his father and darling sister had traversed the same Quay, hurried on to death by furious monsters, his bosom heaved and deep sighs escaped him. His imagination pictured these dear beings overwhelmed by misery and suffering; his father, whom he had left still hale and vigorous, and his sister, his dear Louise, so fresh and lovely. Suddenly his meditations were interrupted, and a cry escaped him. "What do I see?" cried he; "am I the sport of an illusion, or is it indeed a reality?"

He had just perceived, at the end of a street, a young girl, thirteen or fourteen years old, whose face and figure forcibly reminded him of the cherished features of the sister whose image had been, that very moment, vividly before his mind. He halted, at the sight of this child, who continued on her way, quite unconscious of the emotion she had excited; he followed her with his eyes, and saw her enter a fruiterer's shop, where she made a few small purchases, and then came out, and directed her steps towards a small street close by. Immediately M. de Lancy entered the fruiterer's, and asked who this young person was. "The daughter of the second-hand clothesman next door," was the reply.

These words pained him, without his being able to assign a reason for it, and he could not resist the desire to go to this clothier's, and obtain another glimpse of this child, whose image haunted him in spite of himself. He arrived there almost as soon as she did, and found Mde. Brunel busied in mending a jacket.

"Madam," said he, "excuse my curiosity; when you know the reason of it, you will allow that it is pardonable. In the meantime be kind enough to answer me—Is this young girl yours?"

"Yes, sir," replied the good woman, "she is our daughter, our good and pretty Marie, whom we love dearly, and who returns our affection. Do you not, Marie?"

For answer the young girl flung her arms round her mother's neck.

"You are very fond of your mother?" said M. de Lancy to the young girl.

"Oh! yes, sir."

At the sound of her voice a thrill ran through de Lancy, and keeping his eyes

fixed on the child he repeated "And she is really your daughter?"

"Certainly," replied the good woman, a little troubled at this question; "what is there so astonishing in that?"

"Nothing, I confess: but the features, the eyes, the voice of this child, forcibly recall to me a sister whom I dearly loved, and whom," added he with a quivering voice, "perished thirteen years ago with the rest of my family. The resemblance is so great that in looking on your Marie, I fancy I see again my dear Louise when she was the age of this child. For a moment I imagined that she was, perhaps, indeed, the child of my sister, who had by some miracle escaped sharing her mother's fate; but on reflection this supposition seemed scarcely

probable, for my sister had only two boys when I left France, and I never heard that she had a daughter after my departure. So this resemblance can only be one of those freaks of nature which we meet with sometimes, and the illusion which for a moment had gained possession of my mind must needs depart. Still, I beg you to allow me, for the few days I shall remain in Nantes, to come sometimes and see your child who recalls to me such tender memories."

"Most willingly, sir," replied Mrs. Brunel; "you will do us a great honor, and we shall always be very glad to see you."

DeLancy bowed and went out, promising to return on the morrow.

(To be Continued.)

## BUTTON MANUFACTURE.

What a little, simple and familiar thing is a button! So common, that not one in a thousand gives it a single passing thought, until it is found wanting on his shirt-front, or neck-band, or some other equally important portion of his apparel. Like the common pin, the button has come to be regarded as one of those Liliput, minor specimens of handicraft with which is invariably associated in the minds of the "giddy throng," a degenerated race of working human beings—beings who, closeted away in their dingy, and usually attic work-rooms, from morning till night, and day after day, assume, after lengthened experience, the appearance and functions of ghouls, rather than of animated and intelligent humanity. And yet what a grand mistake it is to suppose so! A similar notion long prevailed amid nearly all classes regarding the Paisley weavers of Scotland, but when the occasion arose, Scotland found some of her very best and noblest and most worthy sons plying their daily avocation behind the homely looms of Paisley, and Paisley will ever stand prominent in history as having furnished to the world, from amongst her humble

weavers, some of the brightest of human intellects. He argues from a false basis, and is necessarily a false logician, who would judge a man or a class of men solely from their occupation. The "lower" trades,—erroneously called so—such as weaving, pin-making, tailoring, &c., are eminently noted for the facilities they afford to the operations of the mind. Each workman is, as a rule, absorbed in his work and his own reflections. Quietness generally prevails, and wherever there is quiet there you will also find thoughtfulness. The specialty of each, in the practical department of work before him, is not sufficient to command but a very little share of his mental powers, and these, therefore, go out in search of something else congenial, until a *system* of thinking is established, and thought, as we all know, when once systematized, will tend towards a healthy channel. Hence it is that one is so often surprised, amazed, astounded, at the degree of intellectual culture he meets with in the poor, miserable-looking tailor or cobbler whom, a few moments previous, he regarded as a living moving nonentity.

But what has all this to do with buttons? One will ask, which reminds us that we have, indeed, been digressing. Germany is the great button factory of the world, and in whatever other countries the manufacture is carried on it is generally managed, if not conducted, wholly by Germans. The factory to which we make more special allusion in this article, is situated in Berlin, the county town of Waterloo, Province of Ontario. The reader will, therefore, please accompany us in imagination through the establishment, which is a large, new brick building, situate near the western end of King street. Arriving at the door we are met by the obliging overseer, Mr. Voglesang, who is also one of the firm, and who, after eying us very closely and suspiciously, lest we prove "business spies" in disguise, finally appears at ease, and conducts us first of all to the storehouse, where is kept the raw material out of which buttons are manufactured. This consists of heaps upon heaps of little pellets of things which, at first sight, might be mistaken for small potatoes, or muddy stones: but a uniformity, observable in their shape and size, invites closer inspection, when they are found to be "ivory nuts," grown on the small "ivory palms" of Brazil and other districts of South America. These nuts receive their name from the close resemblance which they bear internally to ivory. Another singular property they possess is that of hardening on exposure to the air, that is, after the shell has been broken. They are bought by weight, arrive by the car-load, and we are told that from fifty to eighty per cent. of them turns out to be rubbish in the manufacture. Passing along to the next department, we find a number of boys and girls taking up the nuts, one at a time, striking them sharply with a little iron or wooden wedge, and divesting them of their coats. They are next taken to the sawyers, who, arranged along lengthy benches, each workman confronted by a small circular, saws them into slices of the proper thickness, and passes them over to the turners. By these latter they are arranged in tiny lathes and turned beautifully on both sides and around the edge, almost in the twinkling of an eye. From the turners they are taken to the borers, who, also by means of little lathes, bore the holes through them, two or four in each, as may be required. This, also, is the work of an instant, when they are passed on to the polishers, who, fastening them again singly in their lathes, smooth them to a perfect gloss by means of rough and smooth cloths, which they keep pressed against them, and then they are carried away down stairs in baskets to the dyer. This latter functionary, we may say, appears to be the genius of the establishment. He is old before his time through cunning. He looks cunning, and looks at you cunningly. Ask of him any question pertaining to his art, and, like the alchemists of old, he simply inhales more air, and stares at you with utter bewilderment. Uncommunicative, stealthy, soft and cat-like in his movements, and silent as the tomb, he plods away. This much we did learn, however, by observation: That buttons, of other colors than white, usually receive from three to four different immersions in the dye-vat before they are pronounced perfect. From the dyers, at each successive dip, they are again returned to the polishers, who keep continually plying their cloths and keeping them smooth and glossy. Then the assorters take them in charge, and distribute them to a number of different girls who sew them in dozens on cards, and box them,—a gross in each box—always sewing a sample button on one of the outside ends, when the buttons are ready for the market. Mr. Voglesang informed us that last year (1873), he had manufactured and sold over fifty thousand gross of different kinds of ivory buttons alone, not to speak of the extra quantity of wooden and horn buttons, which also occupy a considerable number of hands exclusively in the factory. He also showed us thirteen hundred and sixty-eight different samples of buttons which he manufactures. His dealings are, of course, wholly with wholesale men, and we are happy to say that, notwithstanding the keen competition of several American, and not a few other Canadian, companies, his business is continuously prospering. Last year he had upwards of sixty hands of both sexes employed.

## BELL-RINGERS.

## SECOND PAPER.

It is early morning, prolific of dreams; of their philosophy or portent I have nothing to say; whether they are caused by internal or external *stimuli*; whether they go *contrary* or otherwise; I believe that the ringing of the bell in the church steeple, opposite to my bedroom, has had much to do with the character of my waking dreams. They cannot be considered perfect, as some psychologists assert that the most perfect are those we cannot remember; in them my memory has not been at fault, however much may be my manner of narrating them. It must not be forgotten that even the longest dreams occupy but a moment of time, to prove which an ancient Greek placed his head in a bucket of water and found himself in a dream which would have filled a lifetime to complete; on finishing it he was informed that he had but dipped his head and instantly withdrawn it. Any of our readers can try the experiment.

The weather was slightly cloudy and the wind westerly as I tramped through the sweet smelling woods which cover the hills of the Laurentian range to the north of the city of Quebec. I had left my horse at a farmer's house in the neighborhood and started for a fine trout lake a few miles distant. A boy carried my basket, and I my rod. The grass was wet with the morning dew, which brought from the shrubs and wild flowers an increased fragrance. The air was filled with the songs of the jay and grey bird; the hammering of the woodpecker was heard resounding through the woods, and the cawing of the crows was heard in their passing flight. Not a sign of humanity, except the boy and myself, was discernible,—not a house, not a barn, not even a fence was visible. We might

have been in undiscovered America or pre-Adamite earth. It should not have surprised me had the mastodon in his magnitude appeared. Had a genius of towering height stepped over the mountains and across the valleys it would have been in accordance with the scene. The clouds, now and then, even took gigantic and life-like shapes, and I stood for a moment doubting the illusion. Here and there large boulders, deposited millions of ages past by inconceivably immense icebergs, floating through shoreless oceans, were piled one upon another in wild confusion, and between them sprung up the birch and the pine tree. Down the mountain side rushed a torrent which might have washed down precious metals yet unsought by man. The desolate weirdness of the locality took possession of my imagination and methought I walked the earth in the wild ages of chaos; saplings grew to giant monarchs of the forests, and mighty trees lost their tops in the distant clouds; the rushing stream became a magnified Niagara, and its roar like the shoutings of a thousand nations; the singing birds enlarged to albatrosses and large condors, and their melodies hushed the noise of the waters. I was overpowered by a feeling of awe and wonder, so much so, indeed, that my frame seemed paralyzed, and my power of expression was lost. Thus entranced, and incapable of motion, I remained until even consciousness and sensation appeared to be gradually ebbing away, when suddenly the boy who was behind me carrying the basket cried out, "Mind the bull!" Instantly I heard the tingling of a bell, and, looking in the direction, saw a bull with a bell attached to his neck, as is customary in wild, unfenced lands, to prevent the herd



from separating, and to recover them. As he approached, his dimensions grew enormously, till in him I recognized the fearful mastodon which, with gigantic steps, was charging down upon me. The helpless terror I felt in my face, and I listened in agony to the increasing sounds of the bell. Utterly prostrate, I remained on the ground listening to the wild clanging of the bell; but as the mastodon's feet had not yet crushed me into the earth, and the sounds of the bell partook of a monotonous character, I started up. The old man in the neighboring church had begun his morning task of ringing in the quarter-hours.

I turned wearily over, and sought peace in slumber. Once more I was among the same hills, followed by the boy with my basket, *en route* for the trout lake, but on reaching its margin a change had taken place; instead of a beautiful sheet of water, in which were reflected the green foliage, the mountain tops and the fleecy floating clouds, appeared an inland sea, on whose shore was a considerable town. A large, many-decked steamer was alongside a stone pier, and hundreds of travellers were hurrying on board, people from all parts of the globe, men of business, pleasure parties, politicians and health-seekers. In a few minutes the steamer was rushing through the waters, and farewell signals were given from vessel and shore, tearful eyes were being dried, and wistful glances given towards receding friends. On the opposite shore, towns and villages could be discerned, and passing crafts of all descriptions were met and left far behind. The passengers were hurrying to and fro, depositing their baggage in state rooms and berths; in the saloon a lady was seated at a piano, singing, while many stood around listening to her thrilling notes; others reclined on couches, while some were deep in the perusal of their books; merchants were discussing the last markets, and politicians the moves of Government, and long-robed priests marched up and down intent on their breviaries. Suddenly the sound of a bell struck my ear, and as suddenly appeared my boy with the basket, but he was transformed into a negro dressed in light cotton, taking long strides

through the saloon, ringing a bell and shouting: "All you gentlemen who have not your tickets, please step up to the purser's office and pay your fare." Still he rang and shouted till he came opposite to where I stood; gradually he disappeared, and it was but the bell of the neighboring church rung by the old man.

Again I sought my peace in slumber. Once more I stood upon the steamer's deck, but the vessel had assumed a more substantial form; instead of the gaily-painted cabins and luxurious saloons were massive bulwarks and firmly built compartments; towering funnels belched forth fire and sparks, and aloft were weighty masts and spars. There were few on deck besides the crew, for it was night and the passengers had retired to rest. The sky was dark, and ominous clouds swept by like messengers of evil; no moon nor stars shone in the heavens, and the sole sound was the boisterous wind crashing through the rigging, and the roaring of the bleak heaving waves which tossed and careened the vessel in their wild energy; then a flash in the distance was seen, and a peal of thunder rattled over the waters as a sound of doom; another flash and another peal, till one bright tongue of flame struck the shivering mast, and cast the splintered fragment in flames to the deck, while an appalling burst of as inveterate hate shook the vessel to its centre. Quickly the sailors ran to cut the entangled rigging and free the encumbered vessel from the wrecked and burning mast. Then all was quiet but the baffling wind and the rolling waters. I did not dare speak to the captain, or enquire from him if there was any danger, for he seemed in no mood to answer the frivolous questions of landsmen. I therefore walked aft to seek comfort from the helmsman. I could see his light in the wheel-house; I went and looked over the stern and saw the phosphorus fire like an angry serpent, following the tracks of the fleeing vessel. I turned to the helmsman, and it was my boy, dressed in a sailor's suit,—my basket was hung on a nail in the small house. "Is there any danger?" I asked in a tremulous tone.

Gruffly he replied: "Passengers are

not allowed to talk to the wheelsman."

Above the sound of the waters and the shriek of the wind I heard the sound of a distant bell, and its ominous toll struck a chill into my heart, and I cried out to him: "What bell is that ringing, wheelsman? Tell me is there danger?" Disdainfully he answered, "That's the bell-buoy off the Mersey." And I listened and listened. It was but the bell of the neighboring church rung by that tiresome old man.

Vexed and sleepy I turned over and once more sought peace in slumber.

We were steaming up a murky river, on both sides long reaches of sandy beach were spotted with bathing machines, while inland cottages and villages, surrounded by gardens, enlivened the view; then on both sides, built in the water, were square forts bristling with cannon; then were endless forests of shipping enclosed in miles of stone piers. Men-of-war, steamships, tugs, ships, barks, and numberless vessels passed up and down the stream. The steamer then was moored alongside an immense pier crowded with people, and we landed. As I got into a cab I noticed that the driver was my boy, and he had the basket beside him. We drove at heedless speed through broad streets, on each side of which were splendid buildings, warehouses, shops and offices, stored with the wealth of the world; and there seemed no end to these edifices, till they gradually changed to mansions and private dwellings; then plots of green began to appear and small gardens blooming with flowers; anon the spaces between the houses became greater, and hedges lined the roads, at most times well clipped, at times uncared for; then came farm-houses and small cottages and fields filled with golden wheat and bending barley, and pastures of emerald green, in which herds of cattle were feeding. Still we sped along at headlong rate till the houses appeared to be more closely situated and we were passing through a village. There was the manor house with its massive gate and portly lodge; there the village church with its ancient-looking tower covered to its summit by the climbing ivy; there the village inn with its swinging sign, on which was depicted a golden lion rampant. Near

by the well was surrounded by boys and maidens drawing water and gossiping the meanwhile. Rapidly we passed by a heavy square cart with a canvas cover filled with wandering gipsies, whose blanket tents and encampment we see in a cross lane. Still the horses seemed not to tire, and are again speeding out into the open country. Twilight has passed and darkness has rendered the way dangerous; already have the horses stumbled, and twice have they shied at night tramps. An innate fear and apprehension seized me and I shouted to the driver, but still he hurried on without heeding my voice. The next instant the sharp sound of a bell broke through the air, and he cried out in terror "The train!" I felt the cab whirled through the air and fall heavily to the ground, and myself bruised and stunned, but still the railway bell kept on ringing—and it was but the old man ringing the bell in the steeple of the church opposite. Wearily, wearily, I turned over and closed my eyes in sleep. I was lying on a bed in the room of a village inn, sore, weak and exhausted; The room was lighted dimly by a shaded lamp; a strange man was standing at my side, and a woman sitting near. "Well, doctor," asked she, "what do you think? how long will he last?"

"Not more than an hour," replied the doctor; "the driver has just died."

"Poor fellow!" said the nurse; "have you any more jobs for me, doctor?"

"Yes," said the doctor; "as soon as he is finished I want you to look after young Smith, who has the fever and is not likely to get better."

"Thank you, doctor, you know I am a poor woman, and I hope you won't go by me and give anything to that Mrs. Dill, who cares no more for a patient than if he was a cat."

"All right, nurse, lay him out as soon as you can, and come over to me," and the doctor was gone.

"Well," soliloquized the nurse, "I'll not make so bad out of this ere one; two pounds ten that the others didn't find, and the bit of a gold locket with the yellow hair in it; I'll give that to our Annie Maria when she's getting married, so I will."

I don't think he'll be long now, I wish I'd got the gold watch, but I wanna who he is, and what he was doin' with only a fishing rod. I spec he's some sort of a furriner." The old hag was looking at me while she thus mused.

"He'll make a fine corpse; it'll be a chance for the lifters; I wager Jim Scales'll be after it. Anyhow the boy will be decently buried, thanks to the money on 'im." My agony was horrible, but I was utterly powerless. The horror of dying, or rather being buried among strangers, without a name, and leaving no trace behind, was overpowering. I thought of home and the anxiety caused by my loss, and it became a maddening frenzy. I thought of the weary hours of suspense which would weigh down the spirit and sicken the hearts of those dear to me; of the faint hopes eagerly sought after to die in torturing miseries; of the hours of wretchedness lengthened to days and weeks of anguish, and then to know that in time cold forgetfulness must follow, that the sharp spasms of sorrow would give place to simple regret, and this to indifference, and even this to obliviousness. And then of her I thought whose

lock of hair was to grace the union of two vulgar and ill-bred country clodhoppers, whose hair would be the glory of a queen, whose self no queen could equal. And she, too, would forget, would not only forget, but would transfer those vows whose echoes I still heard to another. And, lastly, I thought of myself entombed alive, unable to make any cry of my agony heard, and to die in starving moments. Soon I was thought to be dead, and the heartless, fiendish thing in woman's shape prepared me with no tender hands, for the coffin, in which I was soon placed. A ring on my finger, the gift of her whose hair had already been robbed from me, was wrenched from my finger by one of the undertaker's men as a last act of vandalism. The funeral was hurried with indecent haste, and as we approached the church the bell began to toll. It seemed to me that its time was too quick for a funeral bell. Confound it! that old man is ringing—No, it's the breakfast bell! By the time I was at table the coffee was cold, the eggs were hard, the steak was greasy and the toast hard.

I ask again, What should be the fate of bell-ringers?

CHIMES.

BY H. H.

Alone and suffering I lay,  
The city's din filled all the air;  
The hours were weary, and the day  
Had been a long hard day to bear.  
Sudden, my room seemed rocked by sound;  
Loud notes of harsh discordant clang  
Close to my window pealed around;  
The sunset bell for vespers rang.  
They were so near, they clashed and jarred,  
And rendered no true melody;  
The vibrant echoes crossed and marred  
Each subtle chord of harmony.  
But listening, patient, I, ere long,  
The rhythm and the time could trace;

I knew the old and sacred song  
Whose notes were floating out through space.  
An old and sacred song of praise  
My thoughtless, joyous childhood knew,  
Returning now in sadder days,  
To teach a lesson deep and true.  
"Oh, weary sense of pain and jar  
In life," I cried, "be patient now!  
Listen, O heart, until, afar,  
The discords into music grow!  
"Each hour has its appointed sound;  
All life is set in rhythmic times;  
The notes escape earth's narrow bound,  
But God is ringing out the chimes!"

—Selected.

## JOHN KANACK'S EXPERIENCES.

BY WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

(Conclusion.)

I have seen the sun, just before his setting, burst out into a splendor he had failed to put on all the long, cloudy day: and so it is with some lives. For two years John Crow seemed to be in a new world. He was a child of the wilderness, and he had got back to it again and was at home. Montgomery was in some sense the head of the family now, for the wild farm was his. But none the less was it the home of the parents. John seemed to think he had his own honor and his son's honor both to keep, and he kept them well. He let Montgomery take the lead in any bargain-making or intercourse with the neighbors, only exercising the privilege of private advice—and he was a shrewd and wise adviser. He planned, and built, and chopped, and hewed, and whittled, and talked, as happy as a man could be. He thought by the end of summer he was “as well as ever he was in his life.” Jenny didn't. His eye was too bright, and his whole manner too mercurial. He was enthusiastic, buoyant, boyish often. She said “he wasn't quite himself yet,” and she was right. The reputation he had about Skendle was not a good one, for he had been a drunkard, “an idle, shiftless drunkard,”—so the neighbors had said; and when he reformed, most of them failed to notice it, and spoke and thought disparagingly of him still. Perhaps this was one inducement to his moving. But in the West he had quite a different reputation. It is true he was rather illiterate; but so were most of his neighbors. But they all thought him a good, kind neighbor, and “a wonderful handy man;” and his lack of learning was made up by his son, whose reputation for parts was second only to the Major's; and John was highly complimented for having given his son so good a schooling. Meanwhile the woody farm was getting a little dressed up along the front. A couple of fields, in the Major's phrase, “had been recruited;” one out of the raspberry *slashing*, spoken of in a former chapter, and one out of two or three irregular patches about the house. A “job” was also let to two strong fellows, who were held to be making themselves rich with the profits of their axemanship. All I can say is that they deserved all they got, in chopping, logging, burning and fencing, for fifteen dollars an acre. The house, too, showed signs of a “handy man” being round, in many little conventional arrangements, which, where the settler is some city artisan turned farmer, are never seen. And John had brought many trees, bushes, roots and shrubs with him, and by the second summer these began to show signs of beauty, as well as (some of them) to yield a little fruit. But Crow's amendment in health was a delusive one. The third season found him a sinking man. He no longer roamed the woods in quest of its treasures,—herbs, bark or fruits. He no more kept his lines and nets ready for an afternoon among the fish. He sat about the door, humming hymns to song-tunes—a new thing then, but common in every Sunday school now. By and bye the sun got too hot, or the wind got too cold, as the case might be, and John kept the house. A little more, and he only got up two or three hours in the middle of the

day, and then not at all. The end was drawing near; he knew it, and was calm. He had found rest for his spirit and was not to be moved from it.

I sometimes think we have two faces—the countenance Providence gives us, and the one we make for ourselves. But then, as we have no creative power, we put the face we have made upon the one Nature has given us,—in fact, mask ourselves. One style of life gives one kind of a mask, and another another; but they are all masks, and all ill-looking and destructive of that outward beauty reflected from the inner soul that God would have us wear.

Crow's mask began to wear off. His true self began to assert its presence. The old look of wearied disappointment disappeared; the eye was softer, and the crow's feet at the outer corners faded out. The mouth was more flexible, and half the lines and wrinkles of the face were gone. I am no believer in signs and premonitions; we have no right to expect these, and I have seen just such apparent laying of an angel's hand upon a man, and yet life and health return; and I suppose in Crow's case it was the natural result of the happy and holy thoughts and images that now continually filled his mind. He lived in spirit at the gate of heaven, and his face could not otherwise than show something of its calm and its glory. The pity was that he had not obtained the same, by the same process, years before. And one bright spring morning, after a cool showery night, John closed his eyes, and fell asleep. He had had a struggle, but it was thirty-six hours before; and his last day and night was one of perfect peace. A thrush, over the house in a slender forest-tree, began a fine burst of song in his hearing; but unless by some spirit-faculty that we know nothing of, he did not hear it concluded. The smile about the mouth relaxed into a marble peacefulness, the pulse stopped, and that was all!

The Seagrams had come to the crisis of their affairs at last. Mortgages long suspected by the neighbors, became very stubborn facts about this time, and the family went away to Hamilton to live. Appearances were saved as much as possible, yet

in plain fact, everything was sold by the Sheriff. Jonas Chuff told me, a few months after, that he had met the Captain on the street, and he was wonderfully affable and condescending. He asked kindly after all the old neighbors, and in response to Chuff's question (for he never let anything slip for want of asking), he said he had got a little appointment from the Government. Chuff thought it was a great pity the Sheriff hadn't come afore, many a year; it would a been a public boom. He was trying to get the right word, but didn't quite succeed.

Montgomery Crow's visits to Major Thomas's were about as frequent as they had been to my house. At first it was the Major's looks and the Major's talk, and the nice little English supper at nine o'clock; these seemed enough to excuse and justify any number of visits. But after a time it was evidently Kitty Seagram, and not the Major; and the Major saw and suffered the eclipse without a murmur. In fact, the Major rather relished the turn of affairs; for he, like a great many other men who would warmly repudiate the name of "match-maker," yet,—had a little of it in him, after all. These two young people had often been associated in his mind, and he had thought of this possible match as "a capital arrangement." He knew, however, the apparently unconquerable pride of Seagram, and the impossibility of getting him to consent to a family alliance with the Crows. He had thought of several schemes, but had not quite decided on any, when the Sheriff's visit to Skendle became known to the Major. This solved the difficulty at once. He wrote to Seagram, sympathizing with him, and offered (if he were willing) to take Kitty entirely under his guardianship; to provide for her, and decide for her, and give her a little marriage portion "when the time came." The Captain was only too glad to assent to it all. Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the Seagrams, when a year afterward they were informed by the Major that Kitty, with his full consent and approbation, had married "a fine, industrious, well-educated young fellow named Crowe; a man who would make his mark

in the world yet," and that his wife and he had furnished the house for the young couple, and so forth: the "so forth" including a little dowry in money, which was thus modestly veiled. In fact, Kitty had never had a settlement with the Major, and there was quite a little sum coming to her, and the Major doubled it, and pretended "it was all right," and that now they "were square."

In such matters, however, it is of little use nursing wrath, and after some years the Seagrams were not above receiving occasional substantial tokens of Crowe's generosity and good-will. And when he wrought his way up to the magistracy, and to the County Council, and finally to Parliament, it was with rather a grain of satisfaction that Capt. Seagram spoke of "My son-in-law."

If these sketches were elaborate enough, I might tell the adventures and fortunes of Derby, the quondam butcher. A few sentences must suffice. His "butchering" did not last long. He next taught school on the Governor's Road. Being in his neighborhood one day, I popped into his school. He wrote a good hand, but one of his copy-lines said something of governing "the toung." He knew there was a "u" in the word, somewhere. The fact is we can't all carry dictionaries in our heads; and the chief place in his head was occupied by schemes and plans. After that he was up in Waterloo County, clerk in a Dutch store, and learning to "*ack*" his words as fast as possible. Next he had taken a contract of a mile or two on a gravel road. Next, buying wheat on commission. And he showed me a letter he had written, ready to send to the Adjutant-General, offering to raise a troop of volunteer horse.

Finally, after running a steam saw-mill in Buffalo, he found his way to New York or Brooklyn, and got employment in some great iron firm, superintending the building of iron bridges in various parts of the country. He had married, and was doing well. With a little more of steadiness of purpose, he might have made a Stephenson or a Brunel; as it was, he made a reduced copy of the Admirable Crichton.

The longer I live, the more I am con-

vinced that the principal danger to country people is overworking the body and neglecting the mind. I avoided it in my own personal experience; but I was anxious that others should avoid it too. A good example is the very best teacher, and for some years I put in practice the custom of taking Wednesday afternoon and Saturday afternoon as times of rest from labor. Taking the summer through, I believe I did quite as much work in the five days as I should have done under other circumstances in the six. And the gain was immense.

I have always abominated eating a good dinner alone. The cheerful conversation was the best part of the meal; and this was lost when alone. So in many other things. The best part of a good discovery is to tell it to somebody who will be benefited by it. I talked of my rest-afternoons to brethren in the church, until I thought I saw where we might beneficially take church action on it. Wednesday afternoon might be used for church purposes and the offices of religion. Brethren all thought it would be "a good plan," till I urged it to be practically adopted among us, and then there was something of hesitation. "Couldn't have meeting in harvest;" "Have to drop the Wednesday gatherings in seed-time," etc. There is a way of doing all things. The pastor was with me. In fact he was before me in the desire for results, though perhaps I was before him in seeing how they could be brought about. We counselled—nay, we *plotted*. A sweet time of revival, in the winter, in which many were refreshed and benefited, put within our reach the opportunity we desired. There was no difficulty of establishing, on the heels of a revival, a Wednesday afternoon (not evening) meeting in the church. When once the thing was established, without anything being said for or against its perpetuity, it began to be appreciated and enjoyed; and the "nine points" of possession were now in the hands of those who desired to continue it. One sterling old man, whose Caledonian rectangled practice was like the trade-wind, always steadily in one direction, was down on this at first as an innovation. But I quoted John Knox's History of the Reformation in Scotland to

him; showing that Knox actually recommended Wednesday services, on the ground that from Sabbath to Sabbath was too long to be without ordinances; and that many parish and other matters, as the baptism of children, and the like, might be then appropriately attended to. The benefit of this practice of ours was its best recommendation. And I am sure no man among us ever got poorer from giving his poor body a rest, and giving the time thus gained to the home and the church. And one reason I speak of it now, is for the hope that it may be imitated. I know of one instance, since these sketches were begun, where our plan of a deaconess, like Aunt Hannah, has been adopted, and brought a blessing with it. Wednesday for a worship-day is also worth trying. Once the church favored the mid-week rest, it became somewhat popular among the large class who, if they do not belong to Christ's army, like to consider themselves camp-followers at least. It is now beginning to be noted as one of the peculiarities of the township that "the people take two afternoons to themselves." And why should they not?

I have seen very many changes about Skendle. But there were fewest changes and fewest reverses among those who plowed the ground. Of course, some of them plowed under all their worthiest ambitions, and made themselves mere animated clods of earth. It is not at all necessary to do this, though this is one of the temptations found there. Others did exceedingly well in worldly matters, without neglecting the inward and worthier life. Some ran away from the plow, as if it were a giant crocodile after them, and took to selling pea-nuts on the railways, and patent-rights for churns. In almost every case these came from the families who plowed under everything that did not bring more money.

Some of the most promising among the professional and business classes of our cities, were farmers' boys about the banks of the Erne. The fact is their mental life had the foundation of a good body to build on. Again, some of our best farmers' about Skendle were business men from the cities. They had active minds, which they

apprenticed to the farm, and their farming thrrove.

My pen has hung dangling in my idle fingers ever so long, hesitating whether to add to these "Experiences" occurrences of later days. Perhaps nothing would be gained by it. If I have now to distort a little the features of the principal characters, for fear they would be too instantly detected, how much more would this be the case if the story was brought down to a recent date? The same sun is shining on my fields that gladdened my young eyes; the same music chimes from the little brook, and the same shade falls from the overhanging trees. But the soaring fancy that thought those branches very near heaven; and that wondered what new scenes and worlds there might be beyond my horizon, has sobered down to a knowledge which is not rapture, and a joy that is perhaps better fulfilled because it asks less. And the thought (which was then but a germ) that my citizenship above might be so assured as to be a present joy, has taken the place of all that blind communion with nature which was once my highest effort. We can all enjoy nature more when we enjoy it as the work of God; and we can benefit and be benefited more in our intercourse with men, to look upon them and ourselves as equally the children of our Great Father.

So. changes no more make me unhappy. I accept changes around me, as also changes in myself, as inevitable, and as best. And the reader, in parting company with John Kanack, must think of him no longer as a barefooted boy, fishing about the Erne, or laughing at Chuff's eccentricities, but as a thoughtful man of full "middle age," who has had many opportunities of being good, distinguished, rich, and happy; but who has profited very moderately by the first—quite changed his mind about the second—learned to neglect the third—and made a somewhat good use of the last,—else he would not have taken the trouble to write these "Experiences," which have been quite a source of pleasure to him, as he humbly hopes they may have been to the reader.

## Young Folks.

### TREED BY BEARS:

THE GRANDFATHER GRAY SERIES.

BY A. M. AMES.

(Concluded.)

"After partaking of refreshments and enjoying an hour's rest in the cool shade, the work was resumed with renewed zeal, but as the afternoon wore away Bill Watson and Tom Reed showed unmistakable signs of increasing uneasiness. They became more subdued in their conversation and laughter, and looked oftener and more anxiously into the woods. About three o'clock the men came down for a lunch and a short rest preparatory to putting up the rafters, and, as I had been helping mother and Ellen since early morn, providing wood and water, and carrying and fetching, I, too, was let off duty. Being both tired and very warm, I climbed into a large, low tree that stood near by, and sitting astride of a limb that Dame Nature had apparently placed there for that very purpose, I leaned my back against the huge trunk, and swinging my feet in care-free listlessness, enjoyed the cool shade and watched the scene around me. To the right, and very near me, the men were sitting on the sills of the barn partaking of the lunch and spruce beer that father was passing round, and talking of various matters pertaining to the growth of the settlement, the state of the weather and the crops. A little to the left, and farther from me, was the grove in the shade of which the long table was laid out and fast assuming a tempting aspect from mother and Ellen's busy hands that deftly arranged dish after dish in the most attractive and convenient positions along the snow-white cloth. How vividly I can recall old scenes sometimes! I can now distinctly see, as in a glass, the one I have been trying to describe, even to

mother's full-bordered cap, tied under her chin with a blue ribbon; the gold-bead necklace that shone from the folds of her white neckerchief; the spotless linen apron and the dark blue print dress, with tiny white spots in it. I can see, too, the erect, dignified carriage, and elastic but firm step with which she passes from the house to the table, and the shapely hands that arrange the dishes; the encouraging smile that rewards the industrious little handmaiden at her side, and the loving glance with which she regards little Lu at play on the grass with Watch. How long I sat there thus, half dreamily watching them, I do not know, when I was aroused by a suppressed but gruff voice, directly below me, exclaiming, 'I say, Bill, what d'ye s'pose keeps that blasted old Ben away so long? It's just like the old villain, to get as drunk as a pirate, and, never come near after all his boasting. Before Bill had time to express any opinion on the subject, the two worthies had passed beyond hearing, and seated themselves on a distant log. This little outburst roused my curiosity and anxiety to such a degree that as soon as I could leave my perch without attracting notice, I did so, and, cautiously making my way through the edge of the wheat field, I soon gained the cover of the woods, when, turning to the left, and making a half circuit of the clearing, I found the little footpath along which Bully Ben was expected to come. My progress now being impeded neither by the fear of attracting notice nor of treacherous roots or branches, I sped along without stopping till I must have gone over half a



mile, when I was suddenly brought to a standstill by a succession of loud shouts of a man apparently but a few rods in advance of me. Having set out on an errand of discovery, I was determined to find out what was up, and I cautiously crept into, and then so nearly through a dense thicket as to be enabled to peer into what proved to be the partially-cleared space from which Mr. Graham had taken wood for boiling sap. Here a scene, at once ludicrous and startling, was revealed to my astonished gaze. In the path directly before me stood Bully Ben, without coat or hat, and presenting a forlorn plight indeed. In one hand he carried a gallon demijohn, while with the other he flourished a stout club in the direction of a clump of bushes, at the right of where he stood, and into which he peered with a look of alarm, in sorry keeping with his belligerent attitude. My first impression was that Joe and Paul were concealed in the thicket and working upon his fears in some way; but when I took into consideration his six feet and four inches, and proportionate muscular frame, I began to think there was no cause for his agitation except what was conjured up by his own whiskey-muddled brain. I was, however, soon compelled to admit the contrary, for presently the bushes began to shake, and to my own utter astonishment and the increasing alarm of Ben, a bear sprang into full view but a short distance from where he stood. The now thoroughly frightened bully threw his club at the animal, made a bound forward, and breaking into a run seemed likely to make his escape, but was immediately brought to a dead halt by another bear that sprang directly into the path before him. This second brute seemed far more formidable and determined than the first, so without offering any resistance to him our whiskey hero wheeled round to retrace his steps only to find that the first bear had followed him, and that to advance or retreat was equally impracticable. At this juncture, the varying expression of Ben's features would have been a study for an artist. He looked to the right and then to the left, with a sort of despairing hope of eluding his foes, hesitated as though in doubt

which way to jump, then hearing a fierce growl close at his heels, every other consideration was swallowed up in the one great idea of self-preservation, and with an oath and a loud shout for help, the baffled whiskey advocate dropped his beloved jug, and with a bound of desperation gained a suitable tree and ascended it just in time to escape the now raging animals that followed him to its foot.

"Bully Ben being now fairly treed and no longer being in a situation to injure any one or to be injured, I turned my attention again to the bears. The smaller one sprang for the abandoned jug, and with a stroke of his paw sent it rolling over and over down an incline into a hollow, where he followed it, and after tumbling it about for a minute or so, began biting and pulling at the cork as though eager to get at the contents. This sight was too much for the owner to endure unmoved, and he could not forbear making one more effort to recover his treasure; so with desperate energy he pulled a branch from the tree, and shouting with all his might, he began to descend. To my surprise and chagrin his shouts and menaces had the effect to drive the hitherto invincible bruin from his position at the foot of the tree. He went shuffling off and casting side-long glances back at the descending figure, but just as his antagonist was about to step upon the ground his courage seemed to return, and with a fearful growl and a sudden spring back to his old position he sent poor Ben scrambling for dear life back into the tree again. When I turned again to look for the jug, to my intense satisfaction I saw that the cork had been withdrawn, and that, as the antics of young bruin sent it rolling from side to side and turning over and around, the liquor procured with so much pains to bring ridicule upon my father's temperance raising, was fast gurgling out upon the ground. Ben, too, was painfully aware of the fact and signified how little he relished this situation and his loss by alternate execrations and loud cries for help. Having no further interest in the performance, and being somewhat fearful lest the bears might chance upon my hiding place, I made my way cautiously back to the path;

then, half in fear, half in exultation, I ran to the friendly shelter of Mr. Graham's sugar camp, and climbing to the top of his high pile of buckets and troughs, I lay down to rest and to think. I had barely got settled into a comfortable position, when, what was my consternation to see the two bears rush into the very retreat I had deemed so secure. Much as I trembled for my safety, there, however, was no alternative but to remain where I was and patiently wait for a chance to escape. As luck would have it, my situation commanded a full view of the space occupied by the intruders, so that without moving, I could watch their every motion. The larger brute rolled over once or twice, then shook himself and sat upon his haunches with all the dignity and gravity of a well-bred bear as he evidently was; but the smaller one seemed to be possessed with a spirit of mischief and frolic. He capered about, rolled over and shook himself, turned a complete summerset and finally rose upon his hind legs and began to dance. The large bear now seemed to be influenced by the other's example, for he, too, assumed an upright position, when both began tearing away at themselves with their claws in a most unaccountable and savage manner. Presently each made a huge rent in his skin, and at the same time their fore paws and heads were thrown back as though suddenly broken, and finally their whole skins fell to the ground, when, lo and behold! Joe Indian and Paul Deering were revealed to my astonished gaze. This last surprise was too much for my equanimity, and, forgetting where I was, with a loud hurrah I attempted to spring to my feet, when my precarious support gave way, and I fell headlong at the feet of the now wonder-stricken Joe and Paul, followed by a lot of buckets that, for the moment, nearly covered me from their sight. When I succeeded

in extricating myself from the heap, and the whole situation became realized, the scene that followed is beyond any powers of mine to describe. By and bye, when the excitement had somewhat subsided, I began to think of returning home. Joe and Paul, for reasons of their own, declined to accompany me, so I finally left them, and, agreeably to my first design, I looked up the cows and drove them on before me.

"When I came into the clearing the men were seated around the long, bountifully-spread table, and mother and Ellen were briskly helping them to tea and coffee and cakes, and various other dainties with which the board was supplied. They all seemed in high good humor with themselves and each other, except the two disappointed toppers, who sat and munched away in sullen silence at everything that came to hand, and there, complete in all its parts, stood the best barn frame that had ever been raised in that vicinity; and, children, that barn still stands there, staunch and sound, a monument of the first temperance raising in the new settlement."

"And what became of the man that lost the whiskey? Did he ever learn the truth about the bear trick?" enquired Johnnie and Mary together.

"Certainly he found it out," replied their grandfather; "and he was not allowed much time to remain in happy ignorance of the truth either, for between his own exaggerated version of the affair which he gave in order to exonerate himself from blame in not fulfilling his engagement, and Paul Deering's humorous account of the joke, the story assumed an aspect that reflected so much discredit upon his courage and penetration, that he could no longer maintain the popularity that had gained him the title of 'Bully Ben,' and so he finally moved away, making the neighborhood the better for his absence."

MY FIRST HALF-DOLLAR.

BY M.

I was just eight years old when I became the happy possessor of a half-dollar. No shabby affair made up of two quarters, or several sixpences, not even a dull-looking half—but a bright, new silver half-dollar, bright enough I thought to serve as a looking-glass, and surely too bright to have ever passed through other hands than dear Uncle James', before it reached mine.

I lived in the country, had never seen much money, and besides, in my day, a girl of eight was really and truly a child; so pray young ladies and gentlemen of six or seven, who may chance to hear my humble tale, do not laugh when I tell you that it puzzled me for a long time to find out where Uncle James got that shiny half-dollar. At length I settled it to my own satisfaction, and that was all I cared for. Uncle James had had it made for me, just as mother had boots made for her, and sister Sarah had dresses. I told her so, and she laughed and kissed me, calling me "goosie;" but then she often did that, so that it had nothing to do with my dear bright half-dollar.

It must have troubled the household sorely that day, though mother did not seem to mind, she only laughed and said, "We have all gone through it ourselves some time or other;" but Bridget got angry, and when for about the fiftieth time I asked her advice about spending that wonderful half-dollar she said she wished Uncle James was in "Jericho."

"Where's Jericho?" I asked, but Bridget gave me no direct answer to my question; she only muttered something about fools being parted from their money, and scrubbed away more lustily than usual.

Who was the "fool?" Not me, I thought, for I would not part from my cherished half-dollar. (I had already in imagination

bought every possible and almost impossible thing with it). No; it must be Uncle James, dear, generous Uncle James, she meant, and tears filled my eyes and thickened my voice as I told Bridget "Uncle was not a fool but a wise man to get my half-dollar made for me."

"Land sakes, does the child believe that?" ejaculated the astonished Bridget, and then dear mother corrected the error into which I had fallen, telling me all about the coinage of money, which I found so interesting that I feel sadly tempted to repeat it all to you, only I think your own mothers or elder sisters could do it just as well.

But I must not forget my story. Dinner over, father away again after his farm hands, and mother weary from the hot July sun, I began to feel lonely; then I could not make up my mind what to buy. Suppose I got a beautiful doll, with lovely blue eyes, and golden ringlets—with twelve, no twenty nice silk dresses, and lots of hats and bonnets—or should it be a house for Lady Dinah? (the only doll left out of several since Christmas), or a book full of nice pictures, or a carriage for Dinah, or what? Once more I sought Bridget, who, being in a better humor since her dinner, deigned to take notice of my troubles.

"Why, child, you couldn't buy the half nor the quarter of them things with your money; think of something else."

"I can't, Bridget, I'm tired thinking," I replied, and it was true; I had indeed thought more in that one day than I had ever done before. Just at that moment a little boy passed with a tiny black pup in his arms, I screamed with delight—there was the very thing, if only he would sell it me."

"It's no mine," replied the boy when asked, "but ye'll get two jes loike this at Shuter's over there."

Vain was every effort on the part of Bridget to dissuade me from going to Shuter's without mother's permission—for once I was determined, and go I would; but I compromised matters so far as to promise to see if she were asleep, and if not to ask her. Carefully I went up stairs and peeped into the darkened room, but mother was really asleep, and I did not like to wake her—then again I had no doubt what her answer would have been, so it did not seem to me like disobedience.

Behold me, then, equipped for my journey to Shuter's, a clean white dress, pink sun bonnet, dainty white stockings, and patent leather shoes. Willingly would I have gone in my house-dress of colored print, but Bridget would not hear of my doing so—I must go "like a young lady," or not at all.

One thing more, mother's little covered basket in which to carry my purchase.

"Good-bye, Bridget," I called out, as I skipped down the garden path, "be sure and tell mother."

"Aye, surely," responded the poor woman, who must really have been glad to get rid of me. There were two ways to Shuter's farm, which almost adjoined father's. One was by the high road, a distance of about half a mile, and thoroughly safe even for me; the other lay through the fields, much shorter, and safe too, but with a chance of meeting a stray cow or two.

How many of you young city ladies of even double my age would have ventured? But few I think; yet I never hesitated. To me a cow was a cow and nothing more—a quiet, gentle animal, incapable of hurting any one. To you is it not some strange compound of lion and tiger, only far worse, because of the horns; a fierce, bloodthirsty animal, always waiting to pounce upon the unwary and gore them to death, or toss them high in air, catching them again in a most skilful manner upon her horns—and then such horns as some of them have, and with brass tops on, showing that their owners must of necessity be wicked.

But nothing of this sort troubled me, as

I climbed my first fence, though one did deign to raise her head and bestow a passing glance upon me. Another fence and yet another safely passed, not even a tear or wrinkle upon my clean dress, or spot on the white stockings, and I began to think how fortunate it was I had decided to come that way and so avoid the dusty road; but my congratulations did not last long. Only one field more remained to be crossed, the house was in view, and soon I should be the happy possessor of a real live pet. As I wandered on I thought I would take one more look at my money, how did I know but what it might have got out of my basket in some Signor Blitz fashion or other; but no, it was all safe so far; still I thought as I was now so near the house I would carry it in my hand,—I had some dim idea it looked better.

A little stream ran through this last field, but I had not been aware of it, and I was now close to it. It was nothing formidable, any full grown man could have stepped over it, and even I could manage with a stone or two; but the trouble was there were no stones, at any rate just where I was, and so I wandered along looking for a suitable place to cross.

At last I came to it; the brook was a little wider here, but it was shallower, and just in the middle was a great, round stone, more than big enough to give me a firm footing. It was very green, but that only made it look pretty. Cautiously approaching the bank, lest I should come upon any soft, spongy spot, and soil my new shoes, I soon got near enough to take one long step and so reach the stone. After that, it would be easy, for the other side was nice, fresh grass, and I could easily jump on to it. Carefully I measured the distance with my eye before venturing, and when I felt secure I stretched out my foot: it reached the stone easily, so placing it firmly there I removed the other foot. Alas, and alas! for my clean dress, my spotless stockings, nay even my hands and face—the pretty green moss on the stone was nothing more than a coating of slimy green which rendered it slippery to a degree, and as my weight fell on to the foot resting on the stone, it slid down the rounded side, throw-

ing me forward across the stone where I now lay, hands and face touching the water on one side, while both feet were submerged on the other. To pick myself up was but the work of a moment. I was not hurt, and even had I fallen quite into the water I could not have been drowned; but I was in a sad, sad condition in which to make my appearance at home. The whole front of my dress was covered with green slime from the rock, my shoes and stockings full of mud (for the bottom of the brook was very muddy), so also were my hands and arms; even my poor sun bonnet had not escaped, for it, too, was limp and stained; but the worst of all was my cherished half-dollar. There it lay in the mud, and I was powerless to get it out. The pretty basket, too, all water-logged, was being borne along by the slowly running stream. I could still see it, but it was gradually sinking, and would soon reach the bottom. I never expected to see either it or my money again, and as I threw myself down on the soft, green turf, is it any wonder I cried bitterly? Remember, I was but eight, had never possessed so much money before, and was rather fearful of Bridget. Mother, I knew, would not say much; it was only disobedience which she visited with heavy punishment, and there was no disobedience here. I had been accustomed to go about alone to an extent that city girls could not do. But I could not lie there crying forever; home I must go, and the sooner the better. For home, therefore, I started, but how different the walk now to what it was! How wide each field had grown! How high each fence, whilst even the cattle, I thought, looked askance at me. But home was reached at length; my pitiful tale sobbed out to the family circle, and I, well washed and re-clothed, resting my tired frame in mother's arms. No one scolded me, not even Bridget, though it took her days to bring my dress back to its original whiteness. I think she rather blamed herself for making "a lady" of me.

"Did I get back the half-dollar?" you ask.

Yes, and the dog, too. Father sent one of the farm hands, who easily recovered money and basket, and next day, when the basket was once more dry, Uncle James and I walked together to Shuter's farm, where my silver half-dollar became the property of John, the stable boy, and I the mistress of Browneyes.

My tale is done, but the lesson it taught me came years later. Mother, my darling mother, was fast hastening to another world, and her only anxious thought was for me, her youngest. I was no longer a child, but had just reached that age when I most needed a mother's care, and she feared I might be led from the narrow way. Long and earnestly she had spoken to me, and I had promised faithfully to act up to what she required, when she said, "Do you remember, dear, going when a child to Shuter's farm, and falling into the brook?—do you remember, also, running towards me to throw yourself into my arms, all mud-stained as you were, and my repelling you till such time as the soiled garments were removed?"

Yes, I remembered it all, and how so soon as they were removed the mother's arms were once more around me; but I could not see the connection between this and our preceding conversation.

"So, darling, does sin, so long as it clings to us, keep us from the Everlasting Arms. The new robe, the robe of righteousness, is ready for all who will cast off the 'filthy rags' of sin, but they must be off, removed by the Saviour's love and power, ere we are taken into favor by God, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity."

Mother sleeps in the churchyard now, and I, with the silver threads shining thickly in my hair, have my children and children's children around me, but it was the lesson she taught me from my childish frolic which, by God's grace, decided my religious life; that episode of my child-life I now give you, and who knows but by God's grace it may strengthen one wavering one?

## K A T Y .

## CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

## TWO YEARS AFTERWARD.

So Imogen sat down and began to rattle on in her usual manner, while Elsie, from behind Katy's chair, took a wide-awake survey of her dress. It was of cheap material, but very gorgeously made and trimmed, with flounces and puffs, and Imogen wore a jet necklace and long black ear-rings, which jingled and clicked when she waved her head about. She still had the little round curls stuck on to her cheek, and Elsie wondered anew what kept them in their places.

By and by the object of Imogen's visit came out. She had called to say good-by. The Clark family were all going back to Jacksonville to live.

"Did you ever see the brigand again?" asked Clover, who had never forgotten that eventful tale told in the parlor.

"Yes," replied Imogen, "several times. And I get letters from him quite often. He writes beautiful letters. I wish I had one with me, so that I could read you a little bit. You would enjoy it, I know. Let me see—perhaps I have." And she put her hand into her pocket. Sure enough there was a letter. Clover couldn't help suspecting that Imogen knew it all the time.

The brigand seemed to write a bold, black hand, and his note-paper and envelope was just like everybody's else. But perhaps his hand had surprised a pedler with a box of stationery.

"Let me see," said Imogen, running her eye down the page. "'Adored Imogen'—that wouldn't interest you—hm, hm, hm—ah, here's something! 'I took dinner at the Rock House on Christmas. It was lonesome without you. I had roast turkey, roast goose, roast beef, mince pie, plum pudding, and nuts and raisins. A pretty good dinner, was it not? But nothing tastes first-rate when friends are away.'"

Katy and Clover stared, as well they might. Such language from a brigand! "John Billings has bought a new horse," continued Imogen; "hm, hm, hm—hm. I don't think there is anything else you'd care about. Oh yes! just here, at the end, is some poetry:

"Come, little dove, with azure wing,  
And brood upon my breast."

"That's sweet, ain't it?"

"Hasn't he reformed?" said Clover; "he writes as if he had."

"Reformed!" cried Imogen, with a toss of the jingling ear-rings. "He was always just as good as he could be!"

There was nothing to be said in reply to

this. Katy felt her lips twitch, and for fear she should be rude, and laugh out, she began to talk as fast as she could about something else. All the time she found herself taking measure of Imogen, and thinking—"Did I ever really like her? How queer! Oh, what a wise man Papa is!"

Imogen stayed half an hour. Then she took her leave.

"She never asked how you were!" cried Elsie, indignantly; "I noticed, and she didn't—not once."

"Oh well—I suppose she forgot. We were talking about her, not about me," replied Katy.

The little group settled down again to their work. This time half an hour went by without any more interruptions. Then the door-bell rang, and Bridget, with a disturbed face, came up stairs.

"Miss Katy," she said, "it's old Mrs. Worrett, and I reckon she's come to spend the day, for she's brought her bag. What ever shall I tell her?"

Katy looked dismayed. "Oh dear!" she said, "how unlucky. What can we do?"

Mrs. Worrett was an old friend of Aunt Izzie's, who lived in the country, about six miles from Burnet, and was in the habit of coming to Dr. Carr's for lunch, on days when shopping or other business brought her into town. This did not occur often; and, as it happened, Katy had never had to entertain her before.

"Tell her ye're busy, and can't see her," suggested Bridget; "there's no dinner nor nothing, you know."

The Katy of two years ago would probably have jumped at this idea. But the Katy of to-day was more considerate.

"N-o," she said; "I don't like to do that. We must just make the best of it, Bridget. Run down, Clover, dear, that's a good girl! and tell Mrs. Worrett that the dining-room is all in confusion, but that we're going to have lunch here, and, after she's rested, I should be glad to have her come up. And, oh, Clovy! give her a fan the first thing. She'll be so hot. Bridget, you can bring up the luncheon just the same, only take out some canned peaches, by way of a dessert, and make Mrs. Worrett a cup of tea. She drinks tea always, I believe."

"I can't bear to send the poor old lady away when she has come so far," she explained to Elsie, after the others were gone. "Pull the rocking-chair a little this way, Elsie. And oh! push all those little chairs back against the wall. Mrs. Worrett broke down in one the last time she was here—don't you recollect?"

It took some time to cool Mrs. Worrett off, so nearly twenty minutes passed before a heavy, creaking step on the stairs announced that the guest was on her way up. Elsie began to giggle. Mrs. Worrett always

made her giggle. Katy had just time to give her a warning glance before the door opened.

Mrs. Worrett was the most enormously fat person ever seen. Nobody dared to guess how much she weighed, but she *looked* as if it might be a thousand pounds. Her face was extremely red. In the coldest weather she appeared hot, and on a mild day she seemed absolutely ready to melt. Her bonnet-strings were flying loose as she came in, and she fanned herself all the way across the room, which shook as she walked. "Well, my dear," she said, as she plumped herself into the rocking-chair. "and how do you do?"

"Very well, thank you," replied Katy, thinking that she never saw Mrs. Worrett look half so fat before, and wondering how she was to entertain her.

"And how's your Pa?" enquired Mrs. Worrett. Katy answered politely, and then asked after Mrs. Worrett's own health.

"Well, I'm so's to be round," was the reply, which had the effect of sending Elsie off into a fit of convulsive laughter behind Katy's chair.

"I had business at the bank," continued the visitor, "and I thought while I was about it I'd step up to Miss Pettingill's and see if I couldn't get her to come and let out my black silk. It was made quite a piece back, and I seem to have fished up since then, for I can't make the hooks and eyes meet at all. But when I got there, she was out, so I'd my walk for nothing. Do you know where she's sewing now?"

"No," said Katy, feeling her chair shake, and keeping her own countenance with difficulty; "she was here for three days last week to make Johnnie a school-dress. But I haven't heard anything about her since. Elsie, don't you want to run down stairs and ask Bridget to bring a—a—a glass of iced water for Mrs. Worrett? She looks warm after her walk."

Elsie, dreadfully ashamed, made a bolt from the room, and hid herself in the hall closet to have her laugh out. She came back after a while, with a perfectly straight face. Luncheon was brought up. Mrs. Worrett made a good meal, and seemed to enjoy everything. She was so comfortable that she never stirred till four o'clock! Oh, how long that afternoon did seem to the poor girls, sitting there and trying to think of something to say to their vast visitor!

At last Mrs. Worrett got out of her chair, and prepared to depart.

"Well," she said, tying her bonnet-strings, "I've had a good rest, and feel all the better for it. Ain't some of you young folks coming out to see me one of these days? I'd like to have you, first-rate, if you will. 'Tain't every girl would know how to take care of a fat old woman, and make her feel to home, as you have me,

Katy. I wish your Aunt could see you all as you are now. She'd be right pleased; I know that."

Somehow, this sentence rang pleasantly in Katy's ears.

"Ah! don't laugh at her," she said later in the evening, when the children, after their tea in the clean, fresh-smelling dining-room, were come up to sit with her, and Cecy, in her pretty pink lawn and white shawl, had dropped in to spend an hour or two; "she's a real kind old woman, and I don't like to have you. It isn't her fault that she's fat. And Aunt Izzie was fond of her, you know. It is doing something for her when we can show a little attention to one of her friends. I was sorry when she came, but now it's over, I'm glad."

"It feels so nice when its stops aching," quoted Elsie, mischievously, while Cecy whispered to Clover.

"Isn't Katy sweet?"

"Isn't she!" replied Clover. "I wish I was half so good. Sometimes I think I shall really be sorry if she ever gets well. She's such a dear old darling to us all, sitting there in her chair, that it wouldn't seem so nice to have her anywhere else. But then, I know it's horrid in me. And I don't believe she'd be different, or grow slam-bang and horrid, like some of the girls, even if she were well."

"Of course she wouldn't!" replied Cecy.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### AT LAST.

It was about six weeks after this that one day, Clover and Elsie were busy down stairs, they were startled by the sound of Katy's bell ringing in a sudden and agitated manner. Both ran up two steps at a time, to see what was wanted.

Katy sat in her chair, looking very much flushed and excited.

"Oh, girls!" she exclaimed, "what do you think? I stood up!"

"What?" cried Clover and Elsie.

"I really did! I stood up on my feet! by myself!"

The others were too much astonished to speak, so Katy went on explaining.

"It was all at once, you see. Suddenly, I had the feeling that if I tried I could, and almost before I thought, I *did* try, and there I was, up and out of the chair. Only I kept hold of the arm all the time! I don't know how I got back. I was so frightened. Oh, girls!"—and Katy buried her face in her hands.

"Do you think I shall ever be able to do it again?" she asked, looking up with wet eyes.

"Why, of course you will!" said Clover; while Elsie danced about, crying out anxiously: "Be careful! Do be careful!"

Katy tried, but the spring was gone. She could not move out of her chair at all. She began to wonder if she had dreamed the whole thing.

But next day, when Clover happened to be in the room, she heard a sudden exclamation, and turning, there stood Katy, absolutely on her feet.

"Papa! papa!" shrieked Clover, rushing down stairs. "Dorry, John, Elsie—come! Come and see!"

Papa was out, but all the rest crowded up at once. This time Katy found no trouble in "doing it again." It seemed as if her will had been asleep; and now that it had waked up, the limbs recognized its orders and obeyed them.

When Papa came in, he was as much excited as any of the children. He walked round and round the chair, questioning Katy and making her stand up and sit down.

"Am I really going to get well?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"Yes, my love, I think you are," replied Dr. Carr, seizing Phil and giving him a toss into the air. None of the children had ever before seen Papa behave so like a boy. But pretty soon, noticing Katy's burning cheeks and excited eyes, he calmed himself, sent the others all away, and sat down to soothe and quiet her with gentle words.

"I think it is coming, my darling," he said, "but it will take time, and you must have a great deal of patience. After being such a good child all these years, I am sure you won't fail now. Remember any imprudence will put you back. You must be content to gain a very little at a time. There is no royal road to walking any more than there is to learning. Every baby finds that out."

"Oh, Papa!" said Katy, "it's no matter if it takes a year—if only I get well at last."

How happy she was that night—too happy to sleep. Papa noticed the dark circles under her eyes in the morning, and shook his head.

"You *must* be careful," he told her, "or you'll be laid up again. A course of fever would put you back for years."

Katy knew Papa was right, and she was careful, though it was by no means easy to be so with that new life tingling in every limb. Her progress was slow, as Dr. Carr had predicted. At first she only stood on her feet a few seconds, then a minute, then five minutes, holding tightly all the while by the chair. Next she ventured to let go the chair, and stand alone. After that she began to walk a step at a time, pushing a chair before her, as children do when they

are learning the use of their feet. Clover and Elsie hovered about her as she moved, like anxious mammas. It was droll, and a little pitiful, to see tall Katy with her feeble, unsteady progress, and the active figures of the little sisters following her protectingly. But Katy did not consider it either droll or pitiful; to her it was simply delightful—the most delightful thing possible. No baby of a year old was ever prouder of his first steps than she.

Gradually she grew adventurous, and ventured on a bolder flight. Clover, running up stairs one day to her room, stood transfixed at the sight of Katy sitting there, flushed, panting, but enjoying the surprise she caused.

"You see," she explained, in an apologetic tone, "I was seized with a desire to explore. It is such a time since I saw any room but my own! But, oh dear, how long that hall is! I had forgotten it could be so long. I shall have to take a good rest before I go back."

Katy did take a good rest, but she was very tired next day. The experiment, however, did no harm. In the course of two or three weeks, she was able to walk all over the second story.

This was a great enjoyment. It was like reading an interesting book to see all the new things, and the little changes. She was forever wondering over something.

"Why Dorry," she would say, "what a pretty book-shelf! When did you get it?"

"That old thing!" Why, I've had it two years. Didn't I ever tell you about it?"

"Perhaps you did," Katy would reply, "but you see I never *saw* it before, so it made no impression."

By the end of August she had grown so strong, that she began to talk about going down stairs. But Papa said, "Wait."

"It will tire you much more than walking about on a level," he explained, "you had better put it off a little while—till you are quite sure of your feet."

"I think so too," said Clover; "and beside, I want to have the house all put in order and made nice, before your sharp eyes see it, Mrs. Housekeeper. Oh, I'll tell you! Such a beautiful idea has come into my head! You shall fix a day to come down, Katy, and we'll be all ready for you, and have a celebration among ourselves. That will be just lovely! How soon may she, Papa?"

"Well—in ten days, I should say, it might be safe."

"Ten days, that will bring it to the seventeenth of September, won't it?" said Katy. "Then Papa, if I may, I'll come down for the first time on the eighth. It was Mamma's birthday, you know," she added in a lower voice.

So it was settled. "How delicious!" cried Clover, skipping about and clapping



her hands; "I never, never, never *did* hear of anything so perfectly lovely. Papa when are you coming down stairs? I want to speak to you  *dreadfully*."

"Right away—rather than have my coat-tails pulled off," answered Dr. Carr, laughing, and they went away together. Katy sat looking out of the window in a peaceful, happy mood.

"Oh!" she thought, "can it really be? Is School going to 'let out,' just as Cousin Helen's hymn said? Am I going to

'Bid a sweet good-bye to Pain?'

But there was Love in the Pain. I see it now. How good the dear Teacher has been to me!"

Clover seemed to be very busy all the rest of that week. She was "having windows washed," she said, but this explanation hardly accounted for her long absences, and the mysterious exultation on her face, not to mention certain sounds of hammering and sawing which came from down stairs. The other children had evidently been warned to say nothing; for once or twice Philly broke out with, "Oh, Katy!" and then hushed himself up, saying, "I most forgot!" Katy grew very curious. But she saw that the secret, whatever it was, gave immense satisfaction to everybody except herself; so, though she longed to know, she concluded not to spoil the fun by asking any questions.

At last it wanted but one day of the important occasion.

"See," said Katy, as Clover came into the room a little before tea-time. "Miss Pettingill has brought home my new dress. I'm going to wear it for the first time to go down stairs in."

"How pretty!" said Clover, examining the dress, which was a soft, dove-colored cashmere, trimmed with ribbon of the same shade. "But, Katy, I came up to shut your door. Bridget's going to sweep the hall, and I don't want the dust to fly in, because your room was brushed this morning, you know."

"What a queer time to sweep a hall!" said Katy, wonderingly. "Why don't you make her wait till morning?"

"Oh, she can't! There are—she has—I mean there will be other things for her to do to-morrow. It's a great deal more convenient that she should do it now. Don't worry, Katy, darling, but just keep your door shut. You will, won't you? Promise me!"

"Very well," said Katy, more and more amazed, but yielding to Clover's eagerness, "I'll keep it shut." Her curiosity was excited. She took a book and tried to read, but the letters danced up and down before her eyes, and she couldn't help listening. Bridget was making a most ostentatious noise with her broom, but

through it all, Katy seemed to hear other sounds—feet on the stairs, doors opening and shutting—once, a stifled giggle. How queer it all was!

"Never mind," she said, resolutely stopping her ears, "I shall know all about it to-morrow."

To-morrow dawned fresh and fair—the very ideal of a September day.

"Katy!" said Clover, as she came in from the garden with her hands full of flowers, "that dress of yours is sweet. You never looked so nice before in your life!" And she stuck a beautiful carnation pink under Katy's breast-pin, and fastened another in her hair.

"There!" she said, "now you're adorned. Papa is coming up in a few minutes to take you down."

Just then Elsie and Johnnie came in. They had on their best frocks. So had Clover. It was evidently a festival day to all the house. Cecy followed, invited over for the special purpose of seeing Katy walk down stairs. She, too, had on a new frock.

"How fine we are!" said Clover, as she remarked this magnificence. "Turn round, Cecy—a panier, I do declare—and a sash! You are getting awfully grown up, Miss Hall."

"None of us will ever be so 'grown up' as Katy," said Cecy, laughing.

And now Papa appeared. Very slowly they all went down stairs, Katy leaning on Papa, with Dorry on her other side, and the girls behind, while Philly clattered ahead. And there were Debby and Bridget and Alexander, peeping out of the kitchen door to watch her, and dear old Mary with her apron at her eyes, crying for joy.

"Oh, the front door is open!" said Katy, in a delighted tone. "How nice! And what a pretty oil-cloth. That's new since I was here."

"Don't stop to look at *that*!" cried Philly, who seemed in a great hurry about something. "It isn't new. It's been there ever and ever so long! Come into the parlor instead."

"Yes!" said Papa, "dinner isn't quite ready yet, you'll have time to rest a little after your walk down stairs. You have borne it admirably, Katy. Are you very tired?"

"Not a bit!" replied Katy, cheerfully. "I could do it alone, I think. Oh! the bookcase door has been mended! How nice it looks."

"Don't wait, oh, don't wait!" repeated Phil, in an agony of impatience.

So they moved on. Papa opened the parlor door. Katy took one step into the room—then stopped. The color flashed over her face, and she held by the door-knob to support herself. What was it that she saw?

Not merely the room itself, with its fresh

muslin curtains and vases of flowers. Nor even the wide, beautiful window which had been cut toward the sun, or the inviting little couch and table which stood there, evidently for her. No, there was something else! The sofa was pulled out, and there upon it, supported by pillows, her bright eyes turned to the door, lay—Cousin Helen! When she saw Katy, she held out her arms.

Clover and Cecy agreed afterward that they never were so frightened in their lives as at this moment; for Katy, forgetting her weakness, let go of Papa's arm, and absolutely ran toward the sofa. "Oh, Cousin Helen! dear, dear Cousin Helen!" she cried. Then she tumbled down by the sofa somehow, the two pairs of arms and the two faces met, and for a moment or two not a word more was heard from anybody.

"Isn't it a nice 'prise?" shouted Philly, turning a somerset by way of relieving his feelings, while John and Dorry executed a sort of war-dance round the sofa.

Phil's voice seemed to break the spell of silence, and a perfect hubbub of questions and exclamations began.

It appeared that this happy thought of getting Cousin Helen to the "Celebration," was Clover's. She it was who had proposed it to Papa, and made all the arrangements. And, artful puss! she had set Bridget to sweep the hall, on purpose that Katy might not hear the noise of the arrival.

"Cousin Helen's going to stay three weeks this time—isn't that nice?" asked Elsie, while Clover anxiously questioned: "Are you sure that you didn't suspect? Not one bit? Not the least tiny, weeny mite?"

"No, indeed—not the least. How could I suspect anything so perfectly delightful?" And Katy gave Cousin Helen another rapturous kiss.

Such a short day as that seemed! There was so much to see, to ask about, to talk over, that the hours flew, and evening dropped upon them all like another great surprise.

Cousin Helen was perhaps the happiest of the party. Beside the pleasure of knowing Katy to be almost well again, she had the additional enjoyment of seeing for herself how many changes for the better had taken place, during the four years, among the little cousins she loved so much.

It was very interesting to watch them all. Elsie and Dorry seemed to her the most improved of the family. Elsie had quite lost her plaintive look and little injured tone, and was as bright and beaming a maiden of twelve as any one could wish to see. Dorry's moody face had grown open and sensible, and his manners were good-humored and obliging. He was still a sober boy, and not specially quick in catching an idea, but he promised to turn out a valuable man. And to him, as to all the other

children, Katy was evidently the centre and the sun. They all revolved about her, and trusted her for everything. Cousin Helen looked on as Phil came in crying, after a hard tumble, and was consoled; as Johnnie whispered an important secret, and Elsie begged for help in her work. She saw Katy meet them all pleasantly and sweetly, without a bit of the dictatorial elder-sister in her manner, and with none of her old impetuous tone. And best of all, she saw the change in Katy's own face: the gentle expression of her eyes, the womanly look, the pleasant voice, the politeness, the tact in advising the others, without seeming to advise.

"Dear Katy," she said a day or two after her arrival, "this visit is a great pleasure to me—you can't think how great. It is such a contrast to the last I made, when you were so sick, and everybody so sad. Do you remember?"

"Indeed I do! And how good you were, and how you helped me! I shall never forget that."

"I'm glad! But what I could do was very little. You have been learning by yourself all this time. And Katy, darling, I want to tell you how pleased I am to see how bravely you have worked your way up. I can perceive it in everything—in Papa, in the children, in yourself. You have won the place, which, you recollect, I once told you an invalid should try to gain, of being to everybody 'The Heart of the House.'"

"Oh, Cousin Helen, don't!" said Katy, her eyes filling with sudden tears. "I haven't been brave. You can't think how badly I sometimes have behaved—how cross and ungrateful I am, and how stupid and slow. Every day I see things which ought to be done, and I don't do them. It's too delightful to have you praise me—but you mustn't. I don't deserve it."

But although she said she didn't deserve it, I think Katy did!

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## NOT BREAD ALONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ONLY NED."

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### CHAPTER I.

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#### WILFULNESS.

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"I cannot think but God must know  
About the thing I long for so;  
I know he is so good, so kind,  
I cannot think but He will find  
Some way to help, some way to show  
Me to the thing I long for so."

The glow of the sunset had faded from the towers of the stone church in Sunny Plains.

Marion Lindsley loved to watch the sunset from the low front stoop of her father's house.

She had been sitting for some time with a book open in her lap and her eyes upon the bright clouds in the west. She could not interest herself in anybody's story but her own this afternoon; she had raised her eyes from the book in the midst of one of the Deerslayer's most characteristic speeches, and with them fixed upon the changing scenes pictured in the west, had been looking into her own life, fighting against the untoward circumstances of it. The eyes that were regarding the sunset were brown eyes, shy and sweet, giving hardly enough expression to her face when she was quiet; now the eye-lids were swollen with hot, protesting tears, and as the glory of the sunset faded, and the towers of the church stood out gray against the subdued colors of the sky, she dropped her face in her hands muttering resentful words, while the hot, protesting tears found their way through her fingers.

"It's too bad! It's too bad!" she muttered; "nothing good ever happens to me! I must live through another summer just like last summer! Mr. Chase said last Sunday that people might pray about everything; suppose I should pray for them not to come! I am not sure that he meant such common things as every-day troubles, but I am in trouble, and he said when people were in trouble. That little cross, peevish thing! She kept me in an ugly temper last summer with making so much to do, and now she will spoil all this summer just the same. Her mother says that she is changed, but I won't believe it till I see it. I'll go and tell mother that I *hate* to have them come. I would rather sleep in the barn and live on one meal a day than to have that Eloise here! And she must have my room, too; oh, dear! it isn't as hard for anybody as it is for me!"

Marion arose, leaving her book upon the upper step, and took hasty, indignant steps towards the path that led around to the back door. The indignant steps came to a sudden pause; in a low chair, under the apple-tree near the porch door, her mother was sitting with a coarse towel she had been hemming folded in her lap.

"Mother, must they come?" Marion burst out. "Can't we get along without taking boarders? Must I be fretted to death?"

"I see no necessity for it," was the half-smiling reply.

"For which?" queried Will, over his mother's shoulder.

"Will, you go off!" commanded Marion; "this is a private conference."

"A woman's convention? Well, fight it out, I won't interfere," laughed Will, taking the milk-pails from the fence.

"Do you feel like fighting, Marion?" enquired her mother, in a business-like way.

"It you feel like it, too, I shan't gain much; but it would do me good to fight somebody. Eloise is so hateful, mother; she wants everything to be just as she says, and then the ironing—"

"Yes, that ironing. I am sorry about that, but your father says we must not hire any more help than the washerwoman for one day."

"I believe father *loves* money!" declared Marion, vehemently.

"Why, child, what ails you? I haven't seen you so worked up for a long time. I thought you went around to look at the sunset."

"So I did, but I didn't see much of it. You couldn't look at a sunset if you felt like fighting."

"That would depend upon the spirit in which you were ready to fight."

"It is for my own rights, I am sure. Nobody else seems to consider them," Marion added wilfully.

There was always an undertone of wilfulness in Marion's voice.

Mrs. Lindsley did not heed it—her voice was like Marion's, only without the wilfulness. It might have been there when she was Marion's age, for her gentleness was the gift of grace.

"Your father has promised Will that he may go to school at Mount Pleasant this winter, if we save enough out of the boarders."

"Will has all the good; I don't have anything but hard work. If Will goes to school, it will be out of my flesh-and-bone charity."

"I am glad Will does not hear you say that," remarked her mother, composedly.

So was Marion.

"Will works hard, Marion."

"No harder than I do. Mother, I ironed two days out of every week last summer. I dislike ironing more than anything; I would rather churn."

"I know it Marion," sighed her mother; "but fretting against it will not make it easier."

Marion tapped the toe of her gaiter impatiently upon the gravel stones.

"Well, Marion," smiled her mother, breaking the silence.

"Well," assented Marion, ungraciously. "I suppose I'll have to go through it. Will says hard work makes a man of him; perhaps the Raynors will make a man of me."

"You like Mrs. Raynor, don't you? And all of them, but poor little Eloise?"

"I admire Mrs. Raynor," returned Marion warmly. "She is a lady; as much a lady as Miss Helen, I think. Five children, nurse, and father and mother. If that isn't a crowd to break in upon a quiet family, I'd like to know what is. Mr. Raynor

comes only Sundays, I don't mind him. I like them all but that hateful Eloise."

"Poor Eloise, with her poor aching back!" interposed Mrs. Lindsley.

"Perhaps I shan't have time to go into the Parsonage even once to practice," went on Marion. "I wish I could do something for Miss Helen, but I never can; oh, how I *would* work to have a piano. I would iron from Monday morning till Saturday night till I was gray-headed—almost. The Raynors can send Will to school, but they can't buy me a piano, mother."

"You forget the mortgage, Marion."

"I only wish I could. Father says 'mortgage' every time I want a pair of shoes. You said once you knew a New-England girl who paid off a mortgage on her father's farm by working in a factory. I can't do that, but if I had a piano and could take lessons a year, Miss Helen says she is sure she could find me ten pupils at ten dollars a quarter. She says I play really better than Trudie now, and Trudie has had a piano ever since she can remember. Will doesn't want to go to school any more than I want a piano."

"Perhaps he cares *just as much*, Marion. He will work in part payment for his board, and his schooling is free, so in reality it costs very little. The Raynors will help your father make a payment, and without your help we couldn't have the Raynors."

Marion brightened and exclaimed in a changed tone. "We'll have to-morrow to ourselves, and I'll begin to be a martyr Monday morning. I won't fight any longer, mother. If something good comes out of it to Will, I'll be glad. Perhaps I may be able to run into the Parsonage once in a while. Miss Helen says she loves to listen to my playing, so perhaps I do repay her somewhat. Mother, she said she would sit near me for an hour every day, and listen to me and teach me, but I couldn't let her—I might if there was something I could do for her. I do take her place at the melodeon in Sunday-school, but that's nothing. Don't you know, mother, the first time I saw a piano I trade music out of it. That is a sign that I was born to have one some day."

"Don't set your heart too much on it, Marion. It worries me for you to be so much in earnest."

"Will can be in earnest about hoeing corn, but I mustn't be in earnest about a piano. Mother, it is just as right for me to have a piano as it is for me to have bread and water."

"Perhaps not, child. Don't set your heart on it," warned her mother.

"I was born with my heart set on it, as Josie Nelson says she was about teaching, and she asked her mother if it were wrong why she didn't whip it out of her. Why didn't you slap my little hands the first

time I saw a piano, as you would have slapped them for stealing. But I don't steal music; it is *mine*. If it isn't bad for Trudie to set her heart on writing a book, why is it bad for me to set mine on a piano? Is it because she is rich and I am poor? Talents are given to people who have to iron two days out of a week and who live on a mortgaged farm!"

"That is true, child, but I'm afraid you will forget better things in your eagerness."

"*Better* things!" echoed Marion.

"There is no prospect of your ever having one that I can see; if your father were a much richer man he would think the money wasted."

"*Wasted!*" was all Marion could say; all her love of music concentrated in the tone.

"You will have to go into the bedroom," remarked Mrs. Lindsley, rising.

"Yes, that poky little bedroom. I would stifle if I didn't keep the window open. Mother, it's pleasant to have your own way."

"Is it? I don't have mine very often," said Mrs. Lindsley, as she entered the porch.

A sound that Marion well knew was drawing nearer and nearer, a warm light flushed her face as she hastened around the corner of the house to the front gate.

"Marion! Marion!" called an excited voice.

Something had happened! Trudie Grey's voice was alive to every motion, but now it was quivering in a new fashion.

The gray pony was standing at the gate; seated upon it with the utmost ease and grace, was a small figure in a dark green riding habit. The pale brown cheek was half concealed by the drooping black plume and the short curls of brown hair that fell around her face. Trudie turned at the sound of Marion's step, revealing a refined, delicate face, with very dark eyes shining behind the glasses.

"O, Marion," with a happy thrill running through her words, "my book is ready and off at last!"

"Oh, is it? I am ever so glad."

"If you had worked a year on it you would be as rejoiced as I am."

"You don't mean that other one?"

Marion opened the gate and stood near the pony, smoothing his gray mane.

"No, indeed; that I committed to the flames,—all the three hundred and ninety-eight eloquent pages of foolscap. I don't see how I ever got through it. I have used all the good there was in it; and boiled down, flavored and sweetened, it made one hundred pages. The figure isn't perfect," laughed Trudie, "but you'll excuse it. I've squeezed my brains dry; there's not an idea in my head. I like this one so much better. The idea of letting an English

nobleman come over and teach school in a country village, just to marry my heroine! That book showed how much harm my novel-reading has done."

"You can't say that this one is silly?"

"No." Trudie's voice became very grave. "I had quite a different motive in writing this. Helen set me right, as she always does. I wonder why I can say things to Helen that I can't to my own mother. My whole heart is in this book; every leaf is taken out of my heart."

Trudie's voice grew very soft; she remembered that when the last word was written she had knelt with the manuscript in her hand to thank God for permitting her to do this beautiful thing for Him.

"What does Miss Helen say about it?"

"That it has great promise."

"Trudie," exclaimed Marion, admiringly, "you are very wonderful! I never thought I should see somebody who had written a book."

"If they refuse it, I shall *die*; I know I shall!"

"They can't refuse it," Marion declared confidently. "I am glad you can do the thing you like, Trudie."

"Why shouldn't I? People do the things they were born to do. I couldn't help doing it."

"It's easy to say so."

"And easy to *do* so. What are your eyes bound with scarlet for, Marion? Have you been crying?"

"Yes, about something that can't be helped. I won't tell you; you wouldn't understand. My heart's desire goes farther and farther away."

"I don't believe it. But father is waiting for me. Don't say such things. You don't know how near it is."

"No, I don't," returned Marion; "that's just what I don't know."

Trudie gathered the reins that had been lying loose on Buttercup's neck.

"Father will be impatient; he gave me only five minutes. I wish I could keep you from crying, Marion. Don't you feel sure they'll take my book?" she asked tremulously.

"Of course they will. Don't fret about it?"

"Good-bye! you will help me hope?"

Marion fastened the gate with a wooden bolt Will had made, and leaning over the gate watched Buttercup and his rider as long as she could see them. Marion was sure that she had loved Trudie all their lives as much as her heart could hold, but three months ago she had found that there was room in her heart for more love, or that it had grown wonderfully larger,—she even began to think that before she had not loved her at all.

Three months ago Trudie had written a letter to her, telling her that she loved

Jesus, and asking her if she loved Him, too. She answered it with a full heart—not with a ready pen, for Marion could not speak easily of herself; but Trudie understood.

At the March communion they both confessed Christ before their little world of Sunny Plains. When Marion told Miss Helen that she had found out how to love Trudie, Miss Helen replied: "That is a part of the hundred fold, Marion."

Marion thought the hundred fold must make the earth a very happy place to live in, if the rest of it were like her new love for Trudie and Miss Helen.

"I know Trudie's book *will* be accepted," she reasoned, as Buttercup turned the corner. "If I were sure, I might pray about it; but it must seem so little to God. If He would like to have us pray about such things as well as about our sins, how good it would be! If all such things were only in the hundred fold, too!"

(To be continued.)

## JACQUES.

BY ROXANA C. COWLES.

On the southern bank of the Saguenay, where the precipitous cliffs give place to rolling, rocky hills, lies the little lumbering village of Chicoutimi. Here lives Jacques—happy, frowsy little Jacques. He does not know but that it is the nicest thing in the world to live so near the North Pole that on the short summer nights the beautiful aurora can spread her cold curtain of shifting silver over him; so near that in winter old North Pole himself can drop in in a neighborly way and bury the house in snow-drifts. Could anything be more charming, except living hand and glove with Jack Frost in his ice cave at the top of the world? Jacques and I have a tender pity for any one who does not live in Chicoutimi, though lately Jacques begins to have misgivings that perhaps Quebec, where the wonderful steamers come from, may possess some points of superiority.

Jacques lives in a small square house, perched on the rocky river-bank. Why the high winds that churn the Saguenay to a mass of white froth do not blow it away nobody knows. But, like a huge bird's nest, there it clings to the top of the rock. It is built of rough two-inch planks piled one on top of another and capped by a steep board roof. Altogether it looks as if a giant had played at making a cob-house, and then clapped a wooden tent on it. Though it only boasts one story and one room, this fully satisfies Jacques, for he is a social little fellow, and enjoys sleeping all in one bed in the corner of the kitchen. Then, too, the room is magnificent in his

eyes, for its unblinded, wide-awake windows are shaded by paper curtains, gay with blue castles and red cavaliers. But his mother is ambitious and dreams of lifting the house up bodily and tucking a lower story under it, as is the universal custom in Chicoutimi when one grows well-to-do in the world. This gives all the houses a jaunty, enterprising air, as if they had just got upon their legs and were about to start off around the town for a dish of friendly gossip.

Jacques's father earns five dollars a month by hooking in the logs that float away from the great saw-mill, a quarter of a mile above. It is a mere pittance. Any one but a Frenchman would starve on it, even in Chicoutimi. But there the French live "on nothing a week, and that uncertain very." Fish and onions form the chief of their diet, with now and then, by way of luxury, a soup made of a bit of gristle and a potato or two. The children grow round and rosy, but the grown people have a lean and hungry look. Of course, they have bread for a standby; and every other morning I see little Jacques go jumping, rollicking, singing by, with an immense loaf carefully poised on his towisy pate or tightly squeezed against his dirty blouse.

If you should say to him, as I did: "You love that bread, don't you?" he would reply, his brown eyes all aglow: "*Mais, que ce pain est bon! Vous n'avez jamais vu rien comme ça aux Etats Unis! On ne l'a nulle part excepté à Chicoutimi. N'est ce pas que les petits garçons chez vous meurent de faim sans ce pain?*" which is his way of saying: "Isn't this bread good, though! You won't find such anywhere in the world except in Chicoutimi. Don't the little boys in the United States starve without this bread?" If he were a Yankee boy, we should say this came a little too near bragging. But the innocent ignorance and anxiety of his last question quite take away your breath. And when he brings you a thick chunk of this remarkable bread, in his little grimy fingers, you wonder if it is really made of musty sawdust, that it has such a queer, oaken color and such a dry, unpalatable taste.

One afternoon Jacques's father went away to stay all night. His last words to Jacques were: "Be sure not to go near the mill." For the mill was a very dangerous, though very attractive place to little folks. For a while Jacques amused himself playing on the logs that were floating in the water beside the house. Lying in the river, loading with lumber, were three ships—one from Norway, one from Provence, and one from South America. Jacques played his log was each ship by turns, and visited each country with his cargo of chips. But playing alone grew monotonous. As dusk crept on the saw-mill on the opposite side

of the cove lit up its long rows of windows, throwing broad lines of tremulous light across the black water. To Jacques it looked like an enchanted palace, and it attracted his idle, disobedient feet with irresistible force.

Perhaps he did not mean to go in. As he explained afterwards, he only thought he would see if Guillaume were there, because he had something very particular to tell him. Guillaume's father was one of the night-workers in the mill; so Guillaume was often there in the evening. He had repeatedly said to Jacques: "*Mais que c'est magnifique! Viens donc afin que je te le fasse voir.*" Which is French for "How splendid it is! Do come and let me show you round." This invitation was a continual spur to Jacques's curiosity. Once he had been in the mill with his father in the day-time; but to go in every evening, like Guillaume, was the dream of his life.

Now, as he drew near the forbidden spot, the delicious smell of the fresh pine, the unceasing motion of the noisy machinery, the bits of wood of all shapes, calling for jackknives to cut them, tolled him on, and he entered, remembering no longer his father's commands. For awhile he watched the sharp saws as they cut shingles and laths and clapboards. He sat on the curling, sweet-scented shavings, and built forts of the bits of wood thrown aside as useless. Notwithstanding his disobedience, he had never been so happy in his life.

Then Guillaume found him, and insisted on taking him to the other mill, to see the huge round logs sawed into planks. The dim light, the roar of the machinery, and the novelty of everything made one place as fascinating as another to Jacques. So he willingly followed Guillaume. They entered a long, low building, full of saws banded in groups of four or five. These groups were placed all along at regular intervals, and were all sawing logs into planks with fearful, steady swiftness. Guillaume was so used to it that he had no thought of fear and Jacques was too ignorant to have a tremor.

They stood and watched the men roll new logs on to the tramways, with long crowbars, and push the planks already made into deep black holes in the floor, where a raceway of the stream took them, and carried them to the lower mill, to be sawed into shingles and clapboards. It required great care to walk about; for the floor was full of these pitfalls. All of a sudden Jacques disappeared. In the dim light, thinking a mass of planks jammed into one of these holes was the real floor, he stepped on it. His weight started it. Above the thud of the machinery, Guillaume heard a faint scream, and turned just in time to see Jacques's head disappearing in the pitchy blackness.

Guillaume knew all about the mill, and quick as thought he sprang down a flight of stairs at the side, just in season to catch back a Frenchman's hand as he was going to turn a torrent of water on to the race-way. It took but an instant to explain. The next second the Frenchman had waded into the dark water in search of Jacques. At last he found him crushed among the heavy planks, and brought him out in his arms. The rough workmen wrapped the dripping, insensible boy tenderly in their coats and bore him carefully home. The doctor came and examined him. He said there were no bones broken, and that in a few days he would be as supple and active as ever. But days passed on, and he woke from his insensibility only enough to have a fearful dread of the water, to jabber a senseless gibberish, and to fail to recognize his dearest friends. Little by little his mother and father were forced to admit that their only child was a hopeless idiot.

Two years dragged slowly by, when one

day Jacques looked up all of a sudden and said, in his old natural voice, though very slowly, as if he could hardly remember the words: "Thinkest thou—that my father—will beat me?"

Tears came into the mother's eyes to hear sensible words from her boy's lips once more. "Beat thee! Why?" she asked, in a tone as calm and quiet as she could make it in her sudden joy, for she did not dare show her surprise, for fear of frightening away Jacques's returning wits.

With great difficulty Jacques got out the one word "mill," and a violent shudder shook him. His mother assured him by word and tone and caress that he had nothing to fear.

The whole two years were a total blank to him. He took up the thread of his life just where he dropped it when he fell. But as his mind grew strong and as his power of speech came back he gradually learned what had happened, and now you will not find a more obedient boy in all Chicoutimi.—*N. Y. Independent.*

## The Home

### PATCHWORK.

BY GRACE EDDY.

We were very little girls, Jeannie and I, when mother gave us our first patchwork.

"What does it mean, mother?" I asked, as I watched her cut out the pieces.

"What does it mean?" she repeated, without taking her eyes from her work, "I think, dear, that patchwork means using up all the spare bits, and fitting them together to make something useful and pretty."

I have thought of this definition a great many times since. Jeannie and I thought the gay blocks looked very well in contrast with the darker ones, and we agreed that it would be pleasant work sewing them together. But before I had completed my second row I grew tired. My patches were

always crooked, I was constantly snapping my thread, and I could rarely find my thimble. Jeannie had no such difficulty. She always put her things where she could find them, her sewing was neatly done, and she always looked as if she enjoyed what she was doing. She learned to do patchwork *gracefully*, and it sometimes takes a life-time to learn this lesson. That was only the play-patchwork, afterwards we learned to do the real. We are a large family; Jeannie and I are the eldest, the boys Mack and Hamilton come next, then Nina and Alec, and last of all little Mabel.

It has not always been necessary for mother to do patchwork,—when Mack was the youngest there was little need of it;

but when the time came for her to put aside the fancy, and take up the real work, she did it so cheerfully that one would have thought she found it a pleasure to contrive and plan. When Jeannie and I grew older we learned to help her, and we held many grave consultations over the family patches, and the best way of putting them together. We were usually successful in what we attempted, but sometimes things would happen that we could not remedy. For instance we found it very trying one day when Mack needed a new suit of clothes, to discover that he had grown too tall to wear his father's. The boy, I noticed, seemed to feel the least sorry of the party. Our next neighbor, Mrs. Malcome, never made patchwork. Her life was more like a long, even seam; but I knew she often found it wearisome and was sometimes very lonely. There were no children in that house to make its halls ring with joyous laughter. She never had a basketful of little stockings to mend, nor patches to put on torn jackets. In her everyday life there was nothing rich nor full, for there was no mother-care to beautify it. I ran in to see her one rainy evening this spring, with a message from mother, and found her alone in the parlor reading.

"Has it not been a dreary dismal day?" she asked, as I entered.

"Has it?" I questioned in reply. "I believe I have not looked out the window to-day, we have been so busy."

"Busy!" she repeated. "What have you been doing?"

"Mother, Jeannie and I, have been arranging a spare room." I laughed a satisfied, happy laugh to myself as I said it, for I thought of the pretty room that looked so cool and summery now, but which had cost so much planning.

We found when we came to put down the matting that there was not enough to cover the floor, but when the twenty-third piece had been neatly tacked on, no one would have been the wiser. Mother bought some crimson baize, that matched the color nicely, and when we had cut it into mats and laid them over the worst patches, we thought the room was rather improved than otherwise. The window curtains were made out of the old parlor ones, and we had

enough material left to make a new toilet table. Nina brought us one of her old sashes and we used the freshest part of it to make ribbons for looping the curtains and adorning the toilet. Hamilton made a low window-seat from a soap-box, and covered it with chintz, and then the room was pronounced finished by an admiring crowd.

Mrs. Malcome passed through the hall the next morning. The door of the "Patchwork" room, as I styled it, stood open.

"What a pretty room!" she exclaimed, and we all smiled, but we did not tell her about it. I believe people rarely do mention such things.

How surprised she was one day when mother appeared in a new silk dress covered with jet! I call it new, because it looked so, but in reality it was her old dress sponged and pressed and made over. Jeannie planned it all out for her, for she is the family authority on all such matters. She made a good many of the ornaments herself, out of odds and ends of things, and surprised us all by producing a quantity of trimming from off a jacket, that was just what we needed. When this was matched and more bought, mother had a beautiful dress with very little expense.

I often wish that mother had less of the piecing and patching to do, and yet she is all the dearer to us for her loving labor, and I know she would never be contented to sit down idly like her neighbor, Mrs. Malcome. And again, I find myself wishing that Jeannie had less of it. She is so pretty and dainty with her soft waving hair and brown eyes, and always looks so well in any dress. For my own part I am content. This life is the best one for me, and I enjoy it.

After all life is at best only a grand piece of patchwork. *Grand* because the design of the Great Architect is so full and expansive. *Patchwork*, because from the variety of materials given us, there are so many clippings left to be fitted together. Earth would too closely resemble Paradise if everything was smooth and beautiful. The storm and sunshine together make the rainbow. It is the coming daybreak that makes the preceding hour so dark, and the



spring blossoms are the result of the many showers.

It has taken me a long time to learn the use of patching. I never could see why I did not find it out when I was doing my play patchwork, but I suppose I had to learn the real lesson thoroughly before I could teach it.

"FRET NOT THYSELF."

BY REV. THOMAS S. HASTINGS, D. D.

It is easy to keep out *wild beasts*; if one breaks in upon civilization men soon hunt it down and destroy it; but mosquitoes and gnats—these defy us; their littleness is their protection and our peril. So are we most helpless and most exposed, not before the overshadowing magnitude of the great epochs of sorrow, or of tribulation, but rather before the petty annoyances, and stinging provocations which find their way through the joints of all armor, and mock the inadequacy of all ordinary methods of protection. It should be remembered that these little annoyances make and maintain that friction which is necessary to the polish and finish of character; we may not hope to escape them, then, but must rather learn how to bear them. Sand-stone, and all coarse grained stones, men hammer into the ruder forms which serve the commoner purposes; but in the granite and the marble, after the hammer has done its rough work, then their finer texture invites the appliance of finer tools, and the most careful and continuous friction, which will bring out the hidden beauties of these noble stones, and endow them with a lustre that shall flash and glitter in the sunlight with enduring glory. So in the texture of all human nature there is a fineness of fibre which invites the finer discipline—not merely the hammer-stroke and chisel cut—but the grit and subtle friction which will bring out and display the grain of the soul, and induce that gloss and lustre which will reflect all beauty and image all glory. Let us then convince ourselves as thoroughly as we can that the little consequences which are so provoking, and which do so tend to make us fretful, are not *exceptional* things, but *vital*—things which we must expect. And if we can settle this matter with ourselves we shall gain half the battle, and shall come to think, not of the instruments which chafe us, but rather of the *Master-hand* that is wielding those instruments with deftest skill, with subtlest manipulation, and with kindest and most confident purpose.

*But it is so easy and so natural to fret.*

Natural?—yes, but *easy*?—it is anything but that; it is the hardest, most wearing, killing thing in the world! *Fretfulness is a disturber of the peace and of happiness; it is a demoralization of power; and it is a declension of faith.* Let me speak for a few moments to these three points, before advancing to other considerations. Concerning the first of these points very little need be said. We all know but too well that fretfulness is always a disturbance of peace and happiness. In the home it makes the atmosphere heavy and dark, and shuts out the sunshine; in the business sphere, it hinders and mars everything. It matters very little *about what you fret*—whether it be about the servants, the children or the clerks; about *temporalities*, or about *spiritualities*; the result is the same; *your own soul is dark and troubled*, and your clouded countenance only fairly represents your clouded heart as it shadows and chills all about you. You become *the servant of your servants, the victim (not the parent) of your children, and the subordinate of your clerks*; and so you are in bondage—galling bondage in every relation of your life. Fretfulness blinds the eyes alike to the beauties of nature and of grace; it dulls the ear to the manifold music with which to the quickened sense, the air is always tremulous; it hardens the heart to the blessed tuition and the affluent consolation alike of human and of Divine ministries. The tendency always is to settle into a chronic condition, in which peevishness, and discontent, and envy, and jealousy, and fear will make happiness impossible. One has need to watch most carefully against the first symptoms of fretfulness; for they develop in such a rapid and subtle way. It is better to *force a smile*, than to tolerate a frown. How many homes are ruined, not by quarrels and contentions, but by mere fretfulness. Machinists says there is less wear and friction if in the 'bearings,' axis and socket are of different metals, as brass and iron; certainly this is true in morals, if not in mechanics. If there are *different* natures or *opposite* natures in the home, there is less wear and worry than where both are alike—both are brass, or both are iron. But even under most favorable conditions much lubricating patience there must be in the fitting and adjusting of characters in the deeper intimacies of life, whether domestic, social or otherwise! And without this patience there can be no peace.

The second point is, that fretfulness is the *demoralization of power*. The heart must be calm if the hand is to be strong. Fever of soul is more weakening than fever in the blood. The machinery of the spirit wears and wastes force in friction, and grinds itself away if it is heated by fretfulness and anxiety. In any commanding or responsible relation there is nothing like

fretfulness to undermine authority and dethrone dignity, and destroy all controlling influence. A master must first maintain the poise and calm of *his own soul* before he can sway other souls. No man can do his best except he have all his faculties cool, and clear and confident. Said a great surgeon to his attendants as he deliberately examined his instruments before beginning a critical operation, "We are too much pressed for time to be in haste!" ANY burden of care or of anxiety will hamper and hinder you in the race of life; you must lay aside all such weights to run well. So Herbert wrote:

"Calmness is great advantage; he that lets  
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire,  
Mark all his wanderings and enjoy his frets"

The care of your own soul is too much for you; you must commit it to Christ, so that you can live without anxiety about the infinite and the eternal. In your family you cannot train up children well unless you trust them; and in cheerful expectancy *shine* upon them, as the sun shines upon the stars, not only to illumine but to sway and save them. Signs of worry and fretfulness on your face contradict alike your teachings and your prayers, and your children believe *what they see* more than what they hear; the telegraphic records of the soul upon the countenance are more conclusive and controlling than are the most earnest and measured utterances of the lips. Your children will be what they see and feel you expect them to be.

But let us turn to the third point, which needs the greatest emphasis. I said that *fretfulness* is a *declension of faith*. This is the most vital point. Fretfulness is not merely an unhappiness and a weakness, it is a *sin—an atheistic sin*. It is a virtual denial of God, in so far as it is a questioning of His providence and His grace. Don't flatter yourself that it is only a modest and humble view of your own inadequacy; even at that it would be a presumptuous putting of self instead of God, or *before God*. It is really a denial of His promises, and an attempted dethronement of His Providence. But many Christian people seem to think that worry and anxiety and fretfulness are at most only weaknesses which *hurt them*, and have no special personal significance to God. Nothing could be farther from the truth. John Wesley said, "*I dare no more fret than to curse and swear!*" That is strong language, but it is careful and intelligent. Profanity that is covert and subtle may be only the deeper and more guilty. I suppose we have no right to choose among sins and have our favorites, though we cannot help feeling that some are more offensive than others; some kinder a quicker and deeper dislike than others; and it seems to me that worry and fretfulness must be more profane

and more displeasing in the sight of God than any mere words *can* be. You may utter the name of God with utmost reverence, and yet if you so disbelieve His promises, and so doubt His care, as to dare to fret and worry, as though you were orphaned and Godless, then your reverent utterances are overbalanced by your profanity of soul. I think it is time that we see this matter in clearer light. What is it to you if a man merely *speaks* your name with respect, but distrusts your every promise? How would you value such reverence? But there are too many good people who would recoil with horror from the idea of cursing or *swearing*, who yet will worry and fret about a thousand every-day matters concerning which they have the unfulfilled promise of God. I dislike exceedingly to hear an oath—we all agree about that—but to me *the worst sort of swearing is Christian fretting!*

Now, if I am right about this common evil,—and I believe you all will agree with me,—it is of great practical interest to every one of us to know how we may best overcome the tendency to heat and impatience, and maintain the poise and calm of our spirits. There is a great deal of value in a resolute will,—in a settled determination to look at the brighter side of everything, and to *cultivate* (I would emphasize that word), and to *CULTIVATE* a cheerful courage. You see a great overshadowing rock, and it seems to you the most fitting emblem of calmness, serenity, peace. Look at it more closely, and study its texture, and you will find waving, undulating lines running all through its substance.

Some one has quaintly said that it is best always "to take *long views* in life." Well, the awful vista of immortality—so vast in its reach,—seems to demand some such maxim. We make too much of that which is immediate or near; the secondary and remote results are generally the lasting, and the more important. You have present troubles which seem to you very grievous and absorbing. Perhaps you are trying to live with too narrow horizon; you are looking at the things which are "seen and temporal," and not at "the things which are unseen and eternal." Let your thought have the inspiration of conscious immortality, and it will be clearer and calmer. You have seen in the country how a great drought awakens alarm, and inspires gloom and apprehension in all hearts. It is sad to see the grains and the grasses almost burning up in the hot, relentless sun. It is sad to see the hungry herds pining for lack of refreshing food. That is the *short view!* What is the *long view?* That drought is ridding the earth of its surface moisture, only that the sweet air and the sunshine may enter more deeply and more fully into the laboratory of the soil, with

renewing and enriching influences for those hidden cells in which the roots of other harvests shall revel and grow; so that the drought and desert of one summer is preparing the paradise and the plenty of many successive summers! Well, there are more scorching droughts in the city than ever afflict the country; and they are more necessary and beneficent here than there! But we must take "*long views*," and then we shall not fret, but be patient and wait.

Above all other considerations is that of God. We always have Him with us, and He is ever calm and confident, and ready to help us. The great remedy for fretfulness is *trust*. That is very simple, and yet, oh! how hard for such hearts as ours. Throughout this psalm—which contains *three times* repeated the exhortation which is our text to-day,—there are such words of lofty cheer as just meet the case in "hand." "Trust in the Lord and do good." "Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him." "Delight thyself also in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thy heart." "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass." But you say these little things which perpetually annoy me are too small for Divine notice and regard. Are they? Is that your idea of God? Then, believe me, you do not understand His greatness. The night before last I looked through a microscope at the little centre or heart of a verben blossom; it was scarcely larger than a pin-head; but how marvellous it was! it seemed interlaced all over with graceful and manifold strings of glowing rubies, countless in number, and each one of them perfect in form and color, and each one the germ of another plant! And while I looked, a moth alighted on the table; my friend caught it, and rubbing a little of the down from its wing let me look at the tiny particles through the powerful instrument. Each particle was a perfect and an exquisite leather, too perfect by far for the microscope to resolve and reveal all the details of its beauty. Now, my friends, the God who strung those countless rubies for the bosom of the tiny blossom—the God who set those marvellous leathers like dust upon the wing of the moth,—do you *can* you think, that He will ever regard with indifference *even the least microscopic thing* which concerns one of His own children, made in His image, and redeemed by the blood of His dear Son? If you *can* think so, then your God is very different from mine.

Nothing is small that has to do with our peace and progress. If only we would open our hearts to Him—if "in everything by prayers and supplication with thanksgiving" we would "make our requests known unto God," then "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding," would "keep our hearts and minds by Christ Jesus."

And oh, my friends, He who spake to the Genesareth waves and calmed their tumult, will come to you over the troubled waters of your life, if only you will invite and welcome His coming, and He will give you this Divine peace which the world can neither give nor take.

## A MOTHER'S MISTAKE.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

"I am afraid I shall have trouble with Charley," said Mrs. Hart to her neighbor, Mrs. Browning.

"Indeed!" was the reply. "I thought Charley was exceptionally bright and affectionate."

"He is bright and affectionate, and he has been a great comfort to me; but lately he seems restless and dissatisfied at home, and he goes to Fred Anthony's a great deal more than I like. The Anthonys are worldly people, and I dread their influence over Charley."

"But can't you forbid his going there?" said Mrs. Browning.

"Yes, and I must; I will tell him tomorrow morning that he must choose some other intimates. There will be a storm I suppose, for he has a very strong will. For my part I don't see why he is so attracted to Fred; he is a very common-place fellow, and there isn't one of the family fit to associate with my boy, when you come to brightness and education."

"I should think not," replied Mrs. Browning, taking her leave.

"I don't wonder," said the same lady, a few minutes later, to the neighbor who came next in her round of calls, "that Charley Hart isn't satisfied at home; you ought to have seen Mrs. Hart this evening; she looked so dowdy that I was ashamed for her; she was sitting in her own room, and everything was lying round at sixes and sevens; the parlors were shut up, of course, like a tomb; *they* were in perfect order, no doubt. I wonder what Charley would do with himself if he should stay at home?"

I will not record the answer to this neighborly truth-telling, though I will ask here, why Mrs. Browning did not suggest to Mrs. Hart the fault in her home, instead of telling it to a third person, whom it could not possibly benefit?

In the meantime, Charley was at the Anthonys. And what a cheerful jolly place it was! They were all in the back parlor, the boys at the library-table reading books of adventure by the drop-light, one sister at the piano, and one turning over a portfolio of engravings with a girl friend. The mother sat in her easy chair, some light work in hand, looking as delicate and elegant as if she had dressed for a particular

occasion. And so she had; she had dressed for an evening with her children. Her hair was most becomingly arranged, and her gown of soft merino—not expensive but graceful and suitable—was daintily finished at neck and wrists with lace. In her sweet, refined maturity she was quite as attractive as her blooming young daughters, and was indeed, as a mother should be, the central figure of the home.

The room was gay with pictures and summer-like with vines and blossoming plants; it echoed with music and laughter; it was brilliant with light and with smiles; and Charley Hart was as satisfied a boy as could be found within the limits of the great city that contained the Anthonys' home.

Why should not Charlie, spend his evenings there? The Anthonys were people who lived upon a low moral plane. Their joy was wholly of this world. The boys studied that they might win worldly success through intellectual power; the girls learned music and drawing and French, they studied dress and deportment, that they might succeed in society, and "marry well." They were joyful like butterflies in their temporary sunshine, and knew nothing of the spiritual joy and strength which comes from real trust in God and communion with Him.

Now, most young, unthinking people will say that they would rather be happy sinners like the Anthonys than dreary, dark saints in wrappers like Mrs. Hart; but the point I wish to bring out is this: the necessity, the practicability of combining a genuine Christian life with such beauty and brightness that the young may be attracted and held.

Mrs. Hart had as much money as the Anthonys; but she had fallen into a habit of living in her own room, of neglecting dress, and allowing herself to be absorbed in so-called spiritual reading and reflection and in church affairs, and her son's warm, loving, eager nature was starving and freezing. Charley Hart as a little boy, loved his mother very dearly; but as he grew towards young manhood, and developed tastes and inclinations innocently natural to his age and sex, and was constantly thwarted and repressed, his love turned to other channels. Mrs. Hart lost her influence very rapidly, and the beauty-loving eyes of the boy already preferred Mrs. Anthony to his own mother. If some wise, tender, brave friend had explained to Mrs. Hart the mistake she was making, had induced her to win her son back instead of trying to force him back, what trouble might have been avoided! I will only follow my characters far enough to say that Charley was forbidden to visit at the Anthonys, except occasionally; that he rebelled and disobeyed; that he became en-

tirely alienated from his mother, and plunged into excesses and dissipations that the weak and moderate-natured Anthonys never thought of. Long after Mrs. Hart said to me:

"How shall I give an account to God for my boy's soul? What a happy, contented little fellow he was—singing like a bird all day, inventing a thousand ways of amusement, surrounding himself with all the children in the neighborhood, and leading and amusing them! How could I be so wickedly blind as to expect him to reduce and subdue his nature to my mould? I thought only of my own preferences, my own comfort, and let my boy go to ruin. God forgive me and save him. Oh the cruelty of mothers!"—*Methodist*.

## NOTES ON NURSING.

### VARIETY FOR THE SICK, AND HINTS ABOUT FOOD.

To any but an old nurse, or an old patient, the degree would be quite inconceivable to which the nerves of the sick suffer from seeing the same walls, the same ceiling, the same surroundings during a long confinement to one or two rooms.

The superior cheerfulness of persons suffering severe paroxysms of pain over that of persons suffering from nervous debility has often been remarked upon, and attributed to the enjoyment of the former of their intervals of respite. I incline to think that the majority of cheerful cases is to be found among those patients who are not confined to one room, whatever their suffering, and that the majority of depressed cases will be seen among those subjected to a long monotony of objects about them.

The nervous frame really suffers as much from this as the digestive organs from long monotony of diet, as *e. g.*, the soldier from his twenty-one years' "boiled beef."

The effect in sickness of beautiful objects, of variety of objects, and especially of brilliancy of color, is hardly at all appreciated.

Such cravings are usually called the "fancies" of patients. And often, doubtless, patients have "fancies," as *e. g.*, when they desire two contradictions. But much more often their (so-called) "fancies" are the most valuable indications of what is necessary for their recovery. And it would be well if nurses would watch these (so-called) "fancies" closely.

I have seen, in fevers (and felt, when I was a fever patient myself), the most acute suffering produced from the patient (in a hut) not being able to see out of window, and the knots in the wood being the only view. I shall never forget the rapture of fever patients over a bunch of bright-colored flowers. I remember (in my own

case) a nosegay of wild flowers being sent me, and from that moment recovery becoming more rapid.

People say the effect is only on the mind. It is no such thing. The effect is on the body, too. Little as we know about the way in which we are affected by form, by color, and light, we do know this, that they have an actual physical effect.

Variety of form and brilliancy of color in the objects presented to patients are actual means of recovery.

But it must be *slow* variety, *e. g.*, if you show a patient ten or twelve engravings successively, ten-to-one that he does not become cold and faint, or feverish, or even sick; but hang one up opposite him, one on each successive day, or week, or month, and he will revel in the variety.

The folly and ignorance which reign too often supreme over the sick room, cannot be better exemplified than by this. While the nurse will leave the patient stewing in a corrupting atmosphere, the best ingredient of which is carbonic acid; she will deny him, on the plea of unhealthiness, a glass of cut-flowers, or a growing plant. Now, no one ever saw "overcrowding" by plants in a room or ward. And the carbonic acid they give off at nights would not poison a fly. Nay, in overcrowded rooms, they actually absorb carbonic acid and give off oxygen. Cut-flowers also decompose water and produce oxygen gas. It is true there are certain flowers, *e. g.*, lilies, the smell of which is said to depress the nervous system. These are easily known by the smell, and can be avoided.

Volumes are now written and spoken upon the effect of the mind upon the body. Much of it is true; but I wish a little more was thought of the effect of the body on the mind. You who believe yourselves overwhelmed with anxieties, but are able every day to walk up Regent street, or out in the country, to take your meals with others in other rooms, &c., &c., you little know how much your anxieties are thereby lightened; you little know how intensified they become to those who can have no change; how the very walls of their sick rooms seem hung with their cares; how the ghosts of their troubles haunt their beds; how impossible it is for them to escape from a pursuing thought without some help from variety.

It is a matter of painful wonder to the sick themselves, how much painful ideas predominate over pleasurable ones in their impressions; they reason with themselves; they think themselves ungrateful; it is all of no use. The fact is, that these painful impressions are far better dismissed by a real laugh, if you can excite one by books or conversation, than by any direct reasoning; or if the patient is too weak to laugh, some impression from nature is what he wants. I have mentioned the cruelty of

letting him stare at a dead wall. In many diseases, especially in convalescence from fever, that wall will appear to make all sorts of faces at him; now flowers never do this. Form, color, will free your patient from his painful ideas better than any argument.

A patient can just as much move his leg when it is fractured as change his thoughts when no external help from variety is given him. This is, indeed, one of the main sufferings of sickness, just as the fixed posture is one of the main sufferings of the broken limb.

It is an ever-recurring wonder to see educated people, who call themselves nurses, acting thus. They vary their own objects, their own enjoyments, many times a day; and while nursing some bed-ridden sufferer, they let him lie there staring at a dead wall, without any change of object to enable him to vary his thoughts; and it never even occurs to them, at least to move his bed so that he can look out of window. No, the bed is to be always left in the darkest, dullest, remotest, part of the room.

I remember a case in point. A man received an injury to the spine, from an accident, which after a long confinement ended in death. He was a workman—had not in his composition a single grain of what is called "enthusiasm for nature"—but he was desperate to "see once more out of the window." His nurse actually got him on her back, and managed to perch him up at the window for an instant, "to see out." The consequence to the poor nurse was a serious illness, which nearly proved fatal. The man never knew it; but a great many other people did. Yet the consequence in none of their minds, so far as I know, was the conviction that the craving for variety in the starving eye, is just as desperate as that of food in the starving stomach, and tempts the famishing creature in either case to steal for its satisfaction. No other word will express it but "desperation." And it sets the seal of ignorance and stupidity just as much on the governors and attendants of the sick if they do not provide the sick-bed with a "view" of some kind, as if they did not provide the hospital with a kitchen.

I think it is a very common error among the well to think that "with a little more self-control" the sick might, if they choose, "dismiss painful thoughts" which "aggravate their disease," &c. Believe me, almost any sick person who behaves decently well, exercises more self-control every moment of his day than you will ever know till you are sick yourself. Almost every step that crosses his room is painful to him; almost every thought that crosses his brain is painful to him, and if he can speak without being savage, and look without being unpleasant, he is exercising self-control.

Suppose you have been up all night, and

instead of being allowed to have your cup of tea, you were to be told that you ought to "exercise self-control," what should you say? Now, the nerves of the sick are always in the state that yours are in after you have been up all night.

We will suppose the diet of the sick to be cared for. Then, this state of nerves is most frequently to be relieved by care in affording them a pleasant view, a judicious variety as to flowers and pretty things. Light by itself will often relieve it. The craving for "the return of day," which the sick so constantly evince, is generally nothing but the desire for light, the remembrance of the relief which a variety of objects before the eye affords to the harassed sick mind.

Again, every man and every woman has some amount of manual employment, excepting a few fine ladies, who do not even dress themselves, and who are virtually in the same category, as to nerves, as the sick. Now, you can have no idea of the relief which manual labor is to you—of the degree to which the deprivation of manual employment increases the peculiar irritability from which many sick suffer.

A little needle-work, a little writing, a little cleaning, would be the greatest relief the sick could have, if they could do it; these *are* the greatest reliefs to you, though you do not know it. Reading, though it is often the only thing the sick can do, is not this relief. Bearing this in mind, bearing in mind that you have all these varieties of employment which the sick cannot have, bear also in mind to obtain for them all the varieties which they can enjoy.

I need hardly say that I am well aware that excess in needle-work, in writing, in any other continuous employment, will produce the same irritability that defect in manual employment (as one cause) produces in the sick.

#### TAKING FOOD.

Every careful observer of the sick will agree in this that thousands of patients are annually starved in the midst of plenty, from want of attention to the ways which alone make it possible for them to take food. This want of attention is as remarkable in those who urge upon the sick to do what is quite impossible to them, as in the sick themselves who will not make the effort to do what is perfectly possible to them.

For instance, to the large majority of very weak patients it is quite impossible to take any solid food before 11 a.m., nor then, if their strength is still further exhausted by fasting till that hour. For weak patients have generally feverish nights and, in the morning, dry mouths; and, if they could eat with those dry mouths, it would be the worse for them. A spoonful of beef-tea, of

egg flip, every hour, will give them the requisite nourishment, and prevent them from being too much exhausted to take at a later hour the solid food, which is necessary for their recovery. And every patient who can swallow at all can swallow these liquid things, if he chooses. But how often do we hear a mutton-chop, an egg, a bit of bacon, ordered to a patient for breakfast, to whom (as a moment's consideration will show us) it must be quite impossible to masticate such things at that hour.

Again, a nurse is ordered to give a patient a tea-cupful of some article of food every three hours. The patient's stomach rejects it. If so, try a table-spoonful every hour; if this will not do, a tea-spoonful every quarter of an hour.

I am bound to say that I think more patients are lost by want of care and ingenuity in these momentous minutiae in private nursing than in public hospitals. And I think there is more of the *entente cordiale* to assist one another's hands between the doctor and his head nurse in the latter institutions than between the doctor and the patient's friends in the private house.

If we did but know the consequences that might ensue, in very weak patients, from ten minutes' fasting or repletion (I call it repletion when they are obliged to let too small an interval elapse between taking food and some other exertion, owing to the nurse's unpunctuality), we should be more careful never to let this occur. In very weak patients there is often a nervous difficulty of swallowing, which is so much increased by any other call upon their strength that, unless they have their food punctually at the minute, which minute again must be arranged so as to fall in with no other minute's occupation, they cannot take nothing till the next respite occurs—so that an unpunctuality or delay of ten minutes may very well turn out to be one of two or three hours. And why is it not as easy to be punctual to a minute? Life often literally hangs upon these minutes.

In acute cases, where life or death is to be determined in a few hours, these matters are very generally attended to, especially in hospitals; and the number of cases is large where the patient is, as it were, brought back to life by exceeding care on the part of the doctor or nurse, or both, in ordering and giving nourishment with minute selection and punctuality.

But in chronic cases, lasting over months and years, where the fatal issue is often determined at last by mere protracted starvation, I had rather not enumerate the instances which I have known where a little ingenuity, and a great deal of perseverance, might, in all probability, have averted the result. The consulting the hours when the patient can take food, the observation of the times, often varying, when he is most

faint, the altering seasons of taking food, in order to anticipate and prevent such times—all this, which requires observation, ingenuity, and perseverance (and these really constitute the good nurse), might save more lives than we wot of.

To leave the patient's untasted food by his side, from meal to meal, in hopes that he will eat it in the interval is simply to prevent him from taking any food at all. I have known patients literally incapacitated from taking one article of food after another, by this piece of ignorance. Let the food come at the right time, and be taken away, eaten or uneaten, at the right time; but never let a patient have "something always standing" by him, if you don't wish to disgust him of everything.

On the other hand, I have known a patient's life saved (he was sinking for want of food), by the simple question, put to him by the doctor, "But is there no hour when you feel you could eat?" "Oh, yes," he said, "I could always take something at — o'clock and — o'clock." The thing was tried and succeeded. Patients very seldom, however, can tell this; it is for you to watch and find it out.

A patient should, if possible, not see or smell either the food of others, or a greater amount of food than he himself can consume at one time, or even hear food talked about, or see it in the raw state. I know of no exception to the above rule. The breaking of it always induces a greater or less incapacity for taking food.

In hospital wards it is, of course, impossible to observe all this; and in single wards, where a patient must be continuously and closely watched, it is frequently impossible to relieve the attendant, so that his or her own meals can be taken out of the ward. But it is not the less true that in such cases, even where the patient himself is not aware of it, his possibility of taking food is limited by seeing the attendant eating meals under his observation. In some cases the sick are aware of it and complain. A case where the patient was supposed to be insensible, but complained as soon as able to speak, is now present to my recollection.

Remember, however, that the extreme punctuality in well-ordered hospitals, the rule that nothing shall be done in the ward while the patients are having their meals, go far to counterbalance what unavoidable evil there is in having patients together. I have often seen the private nurse go on dusting or fidgeting about in a sick room all the while the patient is eating, or trying to eat.

That the more alone an invalid can be when taking food the better, is unquestionable; and, even if he must be fed, the nurse should not allow him to talk, or talk to him, especially about food, while eating.

When a person is compelled, by the pressure of occupation, to continue his business while sick, it ought to be a rule WITHOUT ANY EXCEPTION WHATSOEVER, that no one shall bring business to him or talk to him while he is taking food, nor go on talking to him on interesting subjects up to the last moment before his meals, nor make an engagement with him immediately after, so that there be any hurry of mind while taking them.

Upon the observance of these rules, especially the first, often depends the patient's capability of taking food at all, or, if he is amiable and forces himself to take food, of deriving any nourishment from it.

A nurse should never put before a patient milk that is sour, meat or soup that is turned, an egg that is bad, or vegetables underdone. Yet often I have seen these things brought in to the sick in a state perfectly perceptible to every nose or eye except the nurse's. It is here that the clever nurse appears; she will not bring in the peccant article, but, not to disappoint the patient, she will whip up something else in a few minutes. Remember that sick cookery should half do the work of your poor patient's weak digestion. But if you further impair it with your bad articles, I know not what is to become of him or of it.

If the nurse is an intelligent being, and not a mere carrier of diets to and from the patient, let her exercise her intelligence in these things. How often we have known a patient eat nothing at all in the day, because one meal was left untasted (at that time he was incapable of eating), at another the milk was sour, the third was spoiled by some other accident. And it never occurred to the nurse to extemporize some expedient—it never occurred to her that as he had had no solid food that day he might eat a bit of toast (say) with his tea in the evening, or he might have some meal an hour earlier. A patient who cannot touch his dinner at two, will often accept it gladly, if brought to him at seven. But somehow nurses never "think of these things." One would imagine they did not consider themselves bound to exercise their judgment; they leave it to the patient. Now I am quite sure that it is better for a patient rather to suffer these neglects than to try to teach his nurse to nurse him, if she does not know how. It ruffles him, and if he is ill, he is in no condition to teach, especially upon himself. The above remarks apply much more to private nursing than to hospitals.

I would say to the nurse, have a rule of thought about your patient's diet. Consider, remember, how much he has had, and how much he ought to have to-day. Generally, the only rule of the private patient's diet is what the nurse has to give. It is true she cannot give him what she has not got; but his stomach does not wait for her

convenience, or even her necessity. If it is used to having its stimulus at one hour to-day, and to-morrow it does not have it, because she has failed in getting it, he will suffer. She must be always exercising her ingenuity to supply defects, and to remedy accidents which will happen among the best contrivers, but from which the patient does not suffer the less, because "they cannot be helped."

One very minute caution,—take care not to spill into your patient's saucer; in other words, take care that the outside bottom rim of his cup shall be quite dry and clean; if, every time he lifts his cup to his lips, he has to carry the saucer with it, or else to drop the liquid upon, and to soil his sheet, or his bed-gown, or pillow, or if he is sitting up, his dress, you have no idea what a difference this minute want of care on your part makes to his comfort, and even to his willingness for food.—*From Miss Nightingale's "Notes on Nursing."*

### HOME HINTS.

FOR FUN.—Remnants of the barbaric love of torture are not rarely to be seen. The torture inflicted is of a most delicate and refined sort. A father holds his little one at arm's length over a balcony and apparently enjoys the contortions of countenance and limbs the terror occasions in the child; a husband drives close to the very edge of a steep embankment, sure he will not go over, but giving his wife a frightful opportunity of proving her devotion by repressing the shriek and keeping her seat; a young man—for it must be confessed that, like fishing, this sport is largely monopolized by the masculine part of humanity—a young man will rush about on the edge of perpendicular cliffs, lean over and reach down, jocosely threatening all sorts of horrible leaps, till his frantic mother quite disgusts him with her chidings. Of course little boys brandish real and mock weapons frightening misses and smaller boys, with a gusto which proves that "it is their nature too."

Probably the adult perpetrators of this unkindness have not analyzed the motives of their actions and might be ready to contradict my judgment, but I am sure that mothers will be ready to take the suggestion that they should train their little boys to be sensitive to the feelings of others, and to be incapable of finding pleasure in their discomfort.

MARK IT.—No matter what the price of an article of property, so long as there is a danger of its being "mixed up" with the property of other people in the household so that you cannot tell "which is which," mark it, and save yourself and others much

trouble. I have known quite serious misunderstandings arise from a spool of cotton which two woman folks claimed. Now if you will only put your name on a new spool at the outset, which would require about half a minute's time, there will be no danger of mistake. Everybody knows the trouble a lot of new handkerchiefs make in a family when left unmarked. The "lost one" is never claimed by anybody; all are sure their number is whole still. Teach the children early to have all their clothing properly marked, or select the best penman among the girls, and supply her with indelible ink and a quill pen, and let her take the responsibility of keeping the marks for the whole family. This plan will help the formation of orderly habits, which are of great advantage to the young. When the children go out in the world, and are away from home, the necessity becomes still greater.

### PICTURE BOOKS FOR POOR CHILDREN.—

Some little folks I know are having a very good time preparing some picture scrap-books to send to poor children. They save from the illustrated newspapers and from such other sources as are within their reach, all the attractive pictures, and when a sufficient number has been collected they paste them neatly into books prepared for the purpose, by sewing sheets of brown paper together. In order that the book should not gape open, there should be sewed in at the back a narrow slip of paper between every two or three leaves to allow for the additional thickness of the leaves when the pictures are pasted on. The outside can be ornamented according to the tastes and ability of the children, and white paper could be used instead of the brown for extra nice ones. Sometimes the children can find discarded blank books and use those, first cutting every second or third leaf out a little way from the stitching at the back for the same purpose that the new ones have slips sewed in the back.

SUMMER WASHING.—With a family of boys, I have said in my heart there was no excuse if one little girl could not be as fresh as a rose all summer in light prints and muslins. This spring, after thinking of becoming colors, I had an eye especially to what would look well the longest without washing. By adding a tiny white ruffle to the necks of the dresses, and little light fancy aprons, as easily laundered as a handkerchief, she appears much more satisfactory in two suits a week than ever before in half a dozen light dresses. The little dumpy, toddling around in the grass, has his drawers and short skirts from the same piece of goods, and he has his freedom unmolested from distracted cries from mother not to



## SELECTED RECIPES.

get dirty and grass-stained as when he wore white. Have you never noticed how few people there are who do not seem fairer in dark than the more trying light tints?

The scarlet and white table-cloths can be used day after day, and save many pieces from the wash. Washing must be thoroughly done, but there are few Mondays at this season of the year when I do not spread the white cloths on the back grass-plot, for the sun to withdraw what stains I could not have erased without injury to the garment—or myself. They lie there while we do the colored clothes, and sometimes until after dinner, and then go into the blue rinse, and then to the line as white as snow.

The iron can be very tyrannizing and exhaust you entirely; or you can slip it off your hands in beautiful order and hardly feel it—as you manage it. If after tea when you dampen and fold, you shake out each piece and fold the pieces as true and smooth as though they were going directly to the bureau, the battle is half over. After all are sprinkled, you can sit on your high stool in your cool room, pick out lace edges, and see that the napkins are stretched true, and when folded put each of a sort into little piles on the table by your side and it is delightful. Then with sheets and table linen laid in the bottom of the basket and tiers of pillow slips and towels side by side, and other garments above them, with a heavy towel tucked down over all, you can hardly wait for the morning to begin the ironing. It is better to take the starched things first while you are fresh, for they will not be slighted; but when you come to the dish-towels don't trouble yourself to unfold them, give them each a smooth on each side as they are folded and pass them to the rack. If your knees begin to feel trembling, serve the pile of towels going to the chambers in the same way. Iron one side of the plain pillow slips; unfold baby's napkins once, press and fold back again, and hang them where they will dry thoroughly. The sheets, if the hems and edges are pressed smooth and ironed over one-quarter of their surface, if folded without wrinkles, are well enough. I know the strong will read this, and as somebody says, "sniff a higher atmosphere;" but it is not written for them.

This morning I took down my linen suit, so wrinkled and untidy I thought it would have to go into the wash. A close inspection showed it was only slightly soiled. Taking a clean cloth and a bowl of weak starch water, I took off the little spots, passed the damp cloth over all the surface, and ironed it smooth. It looks every bit a new dress, much better than it possibly could if it had gone into the wash-tub. An organdie was served in the same manner, with equal happy result.—*J., in Cultivator.*

**BOILED BROAD OR WINDSOR BEANS.**  
*Ingredients.*—To each  $\frac{1}{2}$  gallon of water allow 1 heaped tablespoonful of salt; beans.

This is a favorite vegetable with many persons, but to be nice, should be young and freshly gathered. After shelling the beans, put them into boiling water, salted in the above proportion, and let them boil rapidly until tender. Drain them well in a colander; dish and serve with them separately a tureen of parsley and butter. Boiled bacon should always accompany this vegetable, but the beans should be cooked separately. It is usually served with the beans laid round, and the parsley and butter in a tureen. Beans also make an excellent garnish to a ham, and when used for this purpose, if very old, should have their skins removed.

*Time,* very long beans, 15 minutes; when of a moderate size, 20 to 25 minutes or longer.

**BOILED CABBAGE.** *Ingredients.*—To each  $\frac{1}{2}$  gallon of water allow 1 heaped tablespoonful of salt; a very small piece of soda.

Pick off all the dead outside leaves, cut off as much of the stalk as possible, and cut the cabbages across twice, at the stalk end; if they should be very large, quarter them. Wash them well in cold water, place them in a colander, and drain; then put them into plenty of fast-boiling water, to which have been added salt and soda in the above proportions. Stir the cabbages down once or twice in the water, keep the pan uncovered, and let them boil quickly until tender. The instant they are done, take them up in a colander, place a plate over them, let them thoroughly drain, dish, and serve.

*Time,* large cabbages or savoy's,  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour; young summer cabbage, 10 to 12 minutes, after the water boils.

**BOILED APPLE DUMPLINGS.**—*Ingredients.*—6 apples,  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. of suet-crust, sugar to taste.

Pare and take out the cores of the apples without dividing them; sweeten, and roll each apple in a piece of crust; be particular that the paste is nicely joined; put the dumplings into floured cloths, tie them securely, and put them into boiling water. Keep them boiling from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour; remove the cloths, and send them hot and quickly to table. Dumplings boiled in knitted cloths have a very pretty appearance when they come to table. The cloths should be made square, just large enough to hold one dumpling, and should be knitted in plain knitting, with very coarse cotton.

## Literary Notices.

THE CATACOMBS OF ROME and their Testimony relative to Primitive Christianity.

By the Rev. W. H. Withrow, M. A.  
New York: Nelson Philips, 1874.

We have much pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to a new book, written by one who has often and ably contributed to the pages of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY. The "Catacombs of Rome" is intended to supply a long-felt want. The very voluminous literature relating to this important subject is for the most part locked up in rare and costly folios in foreign languages, and is inaccessible to the general reader. Mr. Withrow has given here a very complete *resumé* of the history and symbolism of these ancient repositories of the dead, along with the latest results of exploration. The testimony of the "Catacombs" relative to Primitive Christianity is prominently brought forward in the book, which is written in popular style and very extensively illustrated by 134 engravings. It is difficult to estimate the extent of ground covered by the catacombs. There are forty-two of these cemeteries now known, but many are only partially accessible. They are situated chiefly near the great roads leading from Rome, and for the most part within a circle of three miles from the walls. In traversing these labyrinths we are brought face to face with the primitive ages, and can observe the rites and institutions of the infant Church and study the confessions of faith of the early Christians, with the records of their persecution and frequent martyrdom. The subject is a most fascinating one, and Mr. Withrow has entered deeply into the spirit of the study. Some idea of the interest of the book may be gathered from the following extracts:

## LOST IN THE CATACOMBS.

The mere technical description of the Catacombs, however, gives no idea of the

thrilling interest felt in traversing their long-drawn corridors and vaulted halls. As the pilgrim to this shrine of the primitive faith visits these chambers of silence and gloom, accompanied by a serge-clad, sandalled monk, he seems like the Tuscan poet wandering through the realms of darkness with his shadowy guide.

"Ora sen' va per un segreto calle  
Tra l' muro della terra."

His footsteps echo strangely down the distant passages and hollow vaults, dying gradually away in the solemn stillness of this valley of the shadow of death. The graves yawn weirdly as he passes, torch in hand. The flame struggles feebly with the thickening darkness, vaguely revealing the unflashed skeletons on either side, till its redness fades to sickly white, like that *foco lume*, that pale light, by which Dante saw the crowding ghosts upon the shores of Acheron. Deep mysterious shadows crouch around, and the dim perspective, lined with the sepulchral niches of the silent community of the dead, stretch on in an apparently unending vista. The very air seems oppressive and stifling, and laden with the dry dust of death. The vast extent and population of this great necropolis overwhelm the imagination, and bring to mind Petrarck's melancholy line:—

"Piena di morti tutta la campagna."

Almost appalling in its awe and solemnity is the sudden transition from the busy city of the living to the silent city of the dead; from the golden glory of the Italian sunlight to the funereal gloom of these sombre vaults. The sacred influence of the place subdues the soul to tender emotions. The fading pictures on the walls and the pious epitaphs of the departed breathe on every side an atmosphere of faith and hope, and awaken a sense of spiritual kinship that overlaps the intervening centuries. We speak with bated breath and in whispered tones, and thought is busy with the past. It is impossible not to feel strangely moved while gazing on the crumbling relics of mortality committed ages ago, with pious care and many tears, to their last, long rest.

"It seems as if we had the sleepers known."

We see the mother, the while her heart is wrung with anguish, laying on its stony bed—rude couch for such a tender thing—the little form that she had cherished in

her warm embrace. We behold the persecuted flock following, it may be, the mangled remains of the faithful pastor and valiant martyr for the truth, which at the risk of their lives they have stealthily gathered at dead of night. With holy hymns, broken by their sobs, they commit his mutilated body to the grave, where after life's long toil he sleepeth well. We hear the Christian chant, the funeral plaint, the pleading tones of prayer, and the words of holy consolation and of lofty hope with which the dead in Christ are laid to rest. A moment, and—the spell is broken, the past has vanished, and stern reality becomes again a presence. Ruin and desolation and decay are all around.

The exploration of these worse than Dædalian labyrinths is not unattended with danger. That intrepid investigator, Bosio, was several times well nigh lost in their mysterious depths. That disaster really happened to M. Roberts, a young French artist, whose adventure has been wrought into an exciting scene in Hans Andersen's tale, "The Improvisatore," and forms an episode in the Abbé de Lille's poem, "*L'Imagination*." Inspired by the enthusiasm of his profession, he attempted to explore one of the catacombs, with nothing but a torch and a thread for a guide. As he wandered on through gallery and chamber, he became so absorbed in his study that, unawares, the thread slipped from his hand. On discovering his loss he tried, but in vain, to recover the clew. Presently his torch went out, and he was left in utter darkness, imprisoned in a living grave, surrounded by the relics of mortality. The silence was oppressive. He shouted, but the hollow echoes mocked his voice. Weary with fruitless efforts to escape his dread imprisonment he threw himself in despair upon the earth, when, lo, something familiar touched his hand. Could he believe it? it was indeed the long lost clew by which alone he could obtain deliverance from this awful labyrinth. Carefully following the precious thread he reached at last the open air,

And never Tiber, rippling through the meads,  
Made music half so sweet among its reeds;  
And never had the earth such rich perfume,  
As when from him it chased the odor of the tomb.

Still more terrible in its wildness is an incident narrated by MacFarlane. In the year 1798, after the return to Rome of the Republican army under Berthier, a party of French officers, atheistic disciples of Voltaire and Rousseau, and hardened by the orgies of the Revolution, visited the Catacombs. They caroused in the sepulchral crypts, and sang their bacchanalian songs among the Christian dead. They rifled the graves and committed sacrilege at the tombs of the saints. One of the number, a reckless young cavalry officer, "who

feared not God nor devil, for he believed in neither," resolved to explore the remoter galleries. He was speedily lost, and was abandoned by his companions. His excited imagination heightened the natural horrors of the scene. The grim and ghastly skeletons seemed an army of accusing spectres. Down the long corridors the wind mysteriously whispered, rising in inarticulate moanings and woeful sighs, as of souls in pain. The tones of the neighboring convent bell, echoing through the stony vaults, sounded loud and awful as the knell of doom. Groping blindly in the dark, he touched nothing but rocky walls or mouldering bones, that sent a thrill of horror through his frame. Though but a thin roof separated him from the bright sunshine and free air, he seemed condemned to living burial. His philosophical skepticism failed him in this hour of peril. He could no longer scoff at death as "*un sommeil éternel*." The palimpsest of memory recalled with intense vividness the Christian teachings of his childhood. His soul became filled and penetrated with a solemn awe. His physical powers gave way beneath the intensity of his emotion. He was rescued the next day, but was long ill. He rose from his bed an altered man. His life was thenceforth serious and devout. When killed in battle in Calabria seven years after, a copy of the Gospels was found next to his heart.

Even as late as 1837 a party of students with their professor, numbering in all some sixteen, or, as some say, nearly thirty, entered the Catacombs on a holiday excursion, to investigate their antiquities, but became entangled amid their intricacies. Diligent search was made, but no trace of them was ever found. In some silent crypt or darksome corridor they were slowly overtaken by the same torturing fate as that of Ugolino and his sons in the Hunger Tower of Pisa. The passage by which they entered has been walled up, but the mystery of their fate will never be dispelled till the secrets of the grave shall be revealed.

#### ST. CECILIA.

Adjoining the "Papal Crypt" is that of St. Cecilia, to which we pass from the former through a narrow doorway in the rock. This is one of the largest *cubicula* in the Catacombs, being nearly twenty feet square, and is flooded with light by a large *luminare*. The chamber, which gives evidence of having been greatly enlarged from its original dimensions, was once lined with marble and mosaic, as were also the sides of the doorway and the arch above. It has also been frequently adorned with paintings, a sure indication of its especial sanctity. Among these are a large head of Our Lord, of the Byzantine type, with a Greek nimbus, in a semicircular

niche, and a full length figure of St. Urban in pontifical robes, with his name inscribed. Both of these, De Rossi thinks, belong to the tenth or eleventh century. Another picture, probably of the seventh century, of a richly attired Roman lady with jewelled bracelets and necklace, is conjectured to represent St. Cecilia. A large recess in the wall next to the "Papal Crypt" is thought to have held her sarcophagus. De Rossi and his English editors seem to accept substantially the Romish legend of this celebrated martyr. Protestant readers, however, will take the liberty of rejecting the miraculous part of the story as an invention of the fifth century, when the legend first appears.

St. Cecilia, virgin and martyr, according to her rather apocryphal acts was a maiden of noble rank—*ingenua, nobilis, clarissima*. She sang so sweetly that the angels descended to listen to her voice; and to her is ascribed the invention of the organ, which is therefore her attribute in art. She was betrothed to Valerian, a pagan of patrician rank, yet had vowed to be the spouse of Christ alone. She confessed her vow to Valerian on her marriage-day, and assured him that she was ever guarded by an angel of God, who would avenge its violation. He promised to respect her vow if he might behold her celestial visitant. She told him that his eyes must be first illumed by faith and purged with spiritual euphrasy by baptism, and sent him to St. Urban, then hiding in the Catacomb of Callixtus, who instructed and baptized him. On his return he found Cecilia praying, with an angel by her side who crowned her with immortal flowers—the lilies of purity and the roses of martyrdom. His brother Tiburtius came in, and, struck with the heavenly fragrance, for it was not the time of flowers, he also was converted and baptized. Refusing to sacrifice to the pagan gods, the brothers both received the crown of martyrdom.

Cecilia herself was reserved for a more glorious testimony. By order of the Roman prefect she was shut up in the *caldarium*, or chamber of the bath, in her own palace, which was heated to the point of suffocation. After a whole day and a night she was found unharmed. No sweat stood upon her brow, no lassitude oppressed her limbs. A lictor was sent to strike off her head. Three times the axe fell upon her tender neck, but, as the law forbade the infliction of more than three strokes, she was left alive though bathed in blood. For three days she lingered, testifying of the grace of God and turning many to the faith; and then, giving her goods to the poor and her house for a church forever, she sweetly fell

asleep. Her body was placed in a cypress coffin—very unusual to the Catacombs, it is doubtful if a single example was ever discovered—and buried in the cemetery of Callixtus, "near the chapel of the popes."

But miracles ceased not with her death. In the translation of the martyrs from the Catacombs by Pascal I., in 817, the remains of Cecilia were overlooked. The saint appeared to the Pope in a vision and revealed the place of her burial. He sought the spot, and found her body as fresh and perfect as when laid in the tomb five centuries before! He placed it in a marble sarcophagus under the high altar of the Church of St. Cecilia, which he rebuilt upon the site of her palace.

In the year 1599, or nearly eight centuries later, Cardinal Siondrati, while restoring the church, discovered this ancient sarcophagus. It was opened in the presence of trustworthy witnesses, and there, say the ecclesiastical records of the time, vested in golden tissue, with linen clothes steeped with blood at the feet, besides remnants of silken drapery, lay the incorrupt and virgin form of St. Cecilia in the very attitude in which she died.\*

It is difficult to know what proportion of truth this legend contains; but, like many other of the Romish traditions, the large admixture of fiction invalidates the claims of the whole. Its sweet and tender mysticism, however, lifts it out of the region of fact into that of poetry, and almost disarms hostile criticism. The excessive praise of virginity indicates a comparatively late origin. On the festival of St. Cecilia, the 22d of November, her tomb is adorned with flowers and illumined with lamps, and mass is celebrated in her subterranean chapel by a richly appalled priest—strange contrast to the primitive worship with which alone she was acquainted. In a sarcophagus discovered near her tomb were found the remains, it is assumed, of her husband Valerian and his brother Tiburtius, who had manifestly been beheaded; and also those of the prefect Maximus, who was converted by their martyrdom and was himself beaten to death by *plumbata*. The skull of the latter was found broken, as if by such a weapon, and its abundant hair matted with blood!

\* In an arched recess under the high altar of St. Cecilia is a beautiful marble statue of the saint in a recumbent posture, by Stefano Maderna, accompanied by the following inscription:

EN TIBI SANCTISSIMAE VIRGINIS CAECILIAE IMAGINEM QUAM IPSE INTEGRAM IN SEPULCHRO INTERCENTEM VIDI EADUM TIBI PRORSUS EODEM CORPUS SITV HOC MARMORE EXPRESSI.  
"Behold the image of the most holy Virgin Cecilia, whom I myself saw lying incorrupt in her tomb. I have in this marble expressed for thee the same saint in the very same posture of body."

JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—MARK X. 47.

1. { What means this eager, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along— }  
 { These wondrous gatherings day by day? What means this strange com- } motion, pray ?

1st time. 2nd time.

In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Je-sus of Na-za-reth passeth by."

In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Je-sus of Na-za-reth passeth by."

2. Who is this Jesus? Why should He  
 The city move so mightily?  
 A passing stranger, has He skill  
 To move the multitude at will?  
 Again the stirring notes reply:  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."
3. Jesus! 'tis He who once below  
 Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;  
 And burdened ones, where'er He came,  
 Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.  
 The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4. Again He comes! From place to place  
 His holy footprints we can trace.  
 He pauseth at our threshold—nay,  
 He enters—condescends to stay,  
 Shall we not gladly raise the cry?  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."
5. Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!  
 Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.  
 Ye wanderers from a Father's face,  
 Return, accept His proffered grace.  
 Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6. But if you still this call refuse,  
 And all His wondrous love abuse,  
 Soon will He sadly from you turn,  
 Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.  
 "Too late! too late!" will be the cry—  
 "Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

## Review of the Times.

A prominent topic of conversation for some time back, in mercantile circles, not in Montreal only, which is principally affected, but in other centres of business, has been the extraordinary collapse of several firms in the grain trade. Not that failures in the grain trade are uncommon; on the contrary, they are only too numerous, but the circumstances attending these failures are such as to surround them with a very painful interest. It is a rare thing, indeed, to have prominent merchants arrested for fraud; but that several of them in this city have been arrested on charges of fraud and counter charges of perjury is only too notorious a fact, and reveals a state of things in this particular branch of business which is not pleasant to contemplate. Why should this be? one is tempted to ask. What is there—or is there anything—in the handling of grain for export which exposes a merchant to such peculiar temptation that three or four at one time are lying under charges of fraud and falsehood? Respecting one, indeed, there has been a decision and a dismissal of the case, which must, we think, accord with the judgment of all who remain cognizant of the circumstances. It could only have been at the worst a technical error, and in a particular description, and to found a charge of perjury on the fact that a person who was employed to do certain service for a moneyed consideration was not a servant, was too gross a proceeding to stand. The other cases, however, it is to be feared, do not rest on mere technicalities, but upon real and substantial wrong committed upon breach of trust and the utter violation of honorable understanding, such a breach and violation in fact as amount to crime in the eye of the law.

In the complicated transactions of modern commercial life, credit between man and man is the very soul of business. Without this every wheel would stop within twenty-four hours. Men must trust one another

or go out of the business world. Trust them in the way of buying as selling; in the way of carrying on a banking account as in the way of hawking and delivering goods; trust as between master and servant; between principal and broker; between merchant and banker, and in numerous other forms, is a matter of such paramount importance, that its fulfilment has been guarded by many special enactments. Its violation in the case of a written promise to pay must be noted by a sworn officer, who makes a solemn protest against the wrongdoer. But a closer relation of trust exists where property is placed in charge of another for safe keeping, or for conveyance to a particular destination. Any miscarriage here is a far more serious matter. However free from intentional wrong a common carrier may be, although it may have only been a case of carelessness, the failure to deliver at its destination any particular parcel, at once places him under the suspicion of having unlawfully made away with it. His power over the goods is complete. He can, while they are in his possession, do what he pleases with them. The trust reposed in him is absolute. It is no wonder, then, that in cases of this kind the law has provided the violation of trust by criminal penalties. A person who has received goods in trust, and fails to account for them at the proper time, is held to have stolen them. He may be a vessel-owner or a carrier by express, or a railway manager, who has undertaken to convey certain parcels to their destination at a distance. Or, as in the case before us, the trust may be exercised by a merchant who has pledged securities with a banker, and who seeks to have these securities given up for the purpose of realization. Now, on general principles, a banker ought never to part with his securities. A bank manager has no right to do so in the interests of the stockholders who employ him. If, therefore, he is asked to

do so, the transaction is exceptional, and it is reasonable that the trust reposed in the giving up of security should be guarded by the same penalty as in the case of those who have wilfully made away with goods. If a person receives a document, which is a valid security, and fails to account for it, he is rightly judged to be a criminal. This is not a mere breach of promise to pay money at a particular time, which may be condoned by a subsequent payment. Here are specific articles, expressly named, placed in a certain person's power, expressly in trust, and for a specific purpose. He fails to produce them when he ought to do so. The question is, What has he done with them? What has become of them? If he has them, and seeks to retain them by force, he must be held to have stolen them. That is indisputable. If he has disposed of them and retains the money, he is equally guilty of theft. And the case is not altered one jot if he has disposed of the goods, and with the proceeds has paid other debts. He is certainly a criminal so far as the person is concerned who has trusted him. He has been wronged and defrauded beyond doubt, and the penalty is equally obligatory upon the wrongdoer. We are assuming, of course, on general principles. Even if there were no law to punish such a breach of trust, this breach of trust, we contend, is of such a special and peculiar character as to involve suspicion of crime at once. But the law is clear. Such a breach of trust is criminal and punishable. Yet with a full knowledge of this penalty, men engaged in large transactions, it appears, have been taking goods on trust, on obtaining securities from bankers, and now that they are wanted such goods are not to be found. They have been made away with, or they never existed at all, or the proceeds have been retained, or used for an improper purpose. From the developments that have already been made, it is to be feared that numerous acts of fraud have been perpetrated before, and numerous breaches of trust, but lapse of time and fresh advances have enabled the parties to hide their guilt. But the doom of the wrongdoer is sure to overtake him at last. The clerk who abstracts small sums with the intention of repaying

them, almost invariably goes on from bad to worse, and is inevitably discovered and disgraced in time.

But why have these things taken place in one particular line of business? To this we can only reply very briefly, that the grain trade, as now carried on in large cities, such as Chicago, is permeated through and through by an intense, vicious spirit of gambling. Men might almost as well pass their time in a gaming house playing for stakes of twenty or fifty thousand dollars, as engage in much of the so-called "business" transacted in a great Corn Exchange. The demoralizing effect of all this can be best understood by those who have been victimized by it. This is the primary root, we believe, of the whole business. But along with this is the eager desire on the part of certain men to extend operations, make a great show, handle large amounts of money, and, if possible, make a fortune in a season. Of all trades the grain trade offers the greatest facilities for this. Very small men may mount high up the ladder in an amazingly short time (to take their inevitable turn, of course, of being kicked down again); but in the meantime they enjoy the excitement of the rise immensely. The person who wrote out an order for us yesterday, and had to go to an inner office to get it signed, may next year meet us on 'Change and be ready to buy and sell cargoes at the rate of a hundred thousand bushels a week. But such things cannot be done without an enormous strain somewhere, and when men get into the hurry and excitement of it, having little or nothing to lose, they are carried away by the rushing speed of the time, and do things which, if they were pursuing a safe, quiet, and prudent course of business, they would never dream of. They make promises, not perhaps intending to deceive, but simply to get money on securities—that being the pressing business of the hour. They have no time to think. They cannot calculate, but they must get through the day's work. So, driving, pushing, scheming and promising, they go on until a heavy fall or somebody's failure brings them down. They then, not unfrequently, are found to have been living on false pretences for months, and to be at the moment defaulters before the criminal law. This is the mildest way of putting these cases. Sometimes there is deliberate, calculating fraud, a false position having been reached, engagements maturing, and no escape possible but the obtaining money on false pretences and lying promises.

Now that matters have come to a crisis, our hope is that they will be followed up until guilty parties are punished, every man put into his proper position, and the whole atmosphere cleared.

What shall we say respecting the horrible mass of scandalous matter which has been poured upon the public through the papers in connection with Mr. Henry Ward Beecher? We observe that an attempt to dramatize the affair in Boston has been suppressed, on the ground that it was offensive to the public sentiment of the community. It is gratifying to think there is a public sentiment somewhere which is offended with such abominations. A stranger, judging American society by its newspapers, would judge it to be utterly corrupt. It is certain that such matter, on the whole, must be pleasing to large numbers of people, or it would not be printed and fished for by impudent interviewers. We trust the papers are worse than their readers. There is certainly a section of the public who would scorn to defile their conversation as the newspapers are at present defiling their columns.

Respecting the charges and counter-charges themselves, we have to say that one of the strangest circumstances about the business is the forgetfulness of the difference between the credibility of one man and another. One man's word is his bond; another would not be believed on his oath. Some men are careful, exact and circumstantial; others are loose, careless, and utterly untrustworthy. Some men can report a thing as it really is; others cannot possibly report anything except as colored by strong prepossessions or passions. Some men, to gain an object, will hesitate at nothing in the way of falsehood; other men would rather suffer the loss of all than keep it by lying and deceit. These principles appear to have been entirely ignored in dealing with the mass of conversations and letters emanating from the three men concerned. Who is Mr. Tilton? Who is Mr. Moulton? Who is Mr. Beecher? One would have thought until recently that there was a prodigious gap between the first two names and the third, and that one word from the third would outweigh a whole volume from the others.

But Mr. Beecher has done himself most grievous damage as a man of sense—a man of judgment—by the defence he has made. He utterly denies the charge, and he is bound, till overwhelmingly rebutting evi-

dence is produced, to be believed. But the defence lays him open to another charge—the charge of most astonishing folly; and from that he cannot defend himself. If he had been a young lad fresh from a boarding school, he could not have displayed more disgraceful silliness in his correspondence and dealings with a set of companions who are so enormously beneath him that the world must stand amazed at the sight of the intimacy of their relations. Who is Mr. Tilton that he should be the dear and bosom friend of a man like Mr. Beecher? Who is Mr. Moulton, of whom the world never heard before, that he should be the only man he could rely upon? Has Mr. Beecher had no more sense, no more regard for his position, no more reliance upon the best men of his own church, than to be fondling and dandling and fooling for years with creatures like these? If innocent, and we shall believe he is until there is convincing proof to the contrary, Mr. Beecher must wake up to the prodigious wrong he has been doing to himself as pastor of Plymouth Church—to the Church itself—to his own family—to the denomination he belongs to—and to the religious world at large, by the scandalous fraternization he has been indulging in with men whom he must have known to be utterly unfit companions for any minister of Christ. A man is known by the company he keeps. From the very revelation Mr. Beecher gives of his intimacy with Tilton and Moulton, the world will be ready to judge he was no better than either of them.

This scandal will merely lead ministers to beware of the associations they form and to be most particularly careful to avoid even the appearance of evil.

The irrepressibility of hope, while one of the chief sources of consolation and strength, affords at the same time the most striking illustration of the irrepressibility of human folly and weakness. It “springs eternal” indeed, but as vainly, as uselessly as the Canada thistle. The hopes of the more Protestant, as well as the more Latitudinarian, sections of the State Church of England, are just now buoyant with sanguine anticipations of a check being given to the Ritualistic agitators, whose doctrines offend the one party, and whose zeal angers the other, by the passage of the new Act to regulate Public Worship. We should be glad to share this pleasure, but prefer to cultivate delights which have more promise of life than this ephemeral excitement. If nothing remains to guard the English



Church from the on-flowing tide of Romish superstition, more than an Act of Parliament, which can be only set in force by Protestant zeal, and will be a dead letter where there is Protestant indifference, the tide will flow on until the breastwork is sufficiently saturated to allow of the waters percolating through, until rent after rent is made, and nothing is left but a submerged bar to mark where once the waves were stayed. The English Church occupies a very proud historic and social position, but in both aspects is singularly and fatally open to danger from external attack and internal disloyalty. The historic side is the one which the Ritualists, by sympathy with a great idea, the oneness of the Church, have been led to regard with peculiar affection. Their whole aim may be very justly explained to be an effort to preserve the continuity of ecclesiastic tradition from the pre-Reformation epoch unbroken to this day. The very name of the unfathomable gorge which cuts off not their Church only, but all forms of modern life from mediæval times, is held in abhorrence. They fain would bridge the abyss of the Reformation by a succession of links added to links, as a suspension bridge is built, each growing on towards the opposite goal where the connection is desired, where it will be completed, and, when complete, would re-unite the Churches which this historic chasm divides. A movement like that is not to be stopped by an Act of Parliament, which simply supplies cheap machinery for keeping public worship within legal bounds. Vestments, incense, genuflections, and the like, are merely the outward and visible signs of the inward and spiritual life of those who adopt them, and that life, based as it is on what is thought to be religious conviction, however shallow it may be or fanciful, will only be intensified by efforts to repress its outer manifestations, as the vine tendril thickens and the grapes are enriched by the pruning knife. But Ritualism derives a wonderful degree of strength from the social statutes of the State Church, which gives its clergy a well-understood position over those of other Churches. This privilege is very fondly cherished by the clergy. Their untimely assertions and defences of it afford inces-

sant sport to the satirical laity, but it is too sacredly allied to the instinctive vanity of man to be shaken by any ridicule. The growing educational status of the Nonconforming clergy threatens to disturb this caste privilege enjoyed by the ministry of the State Church; hence their morbid hankering after some more distinctive dress and some spiritual functions to differentiate them and their office from their rivals. They see with alarm the tendency to equality in the age, and especially fear the equalization in society of men equal in education, ability and character. That alarm, that fear, have given great impetus to Ritualism, especially amongst the younger clergy, and of them those most stirred by these mean incentives and impulses have been the students from the cheap colleges for training the clergy, which are filled by illiterate graduates seeking to enter the Church's ministry with the least possible trouble to pocket or brain. Take from Ritualism its support derived from the historic aspect of the Church, its division from, and therefore possible reunion with, the more ancient communion of Rome, and the impetus which comes from its social aspect, the craving for distinctive marks of a priestly calling, and the homage paid to one with priestly powers and functions, and it would be a thing of naught. But while men love antiquity; while men yearn more for union with the *old* rather than the *true* Church; while men delight to sit in the chief seats of synagogue and society; while men are swayed by imagination and moved by a childish love of symbol and pomp; and while a Church exists which allows full play to all these tendencies, there must be such developments in worship and teaching as the new Act will be powerless to repress. The Act assumes that every bishop is an Anti-Ritualist. The assumption were more true were it reversed. Recently in Convention one of the best men in the Episcopate, an apostle in zeal, piety, self-sacrifice, the Bishop of Lichfield (he who rebuked the whole Bench for their "sumptuous living and aping the manners," as he said, "rather of Barons than Shepherds of Christ's flock)," moved that vestments be authorized in celebrating the Eucharist. No! Ritualism will not be put down by an Act of Parliament. It will, however, be kept in bounds by some act of the people, or the Church which is disloyal to itself as a Protestant mission and power, will be put down from its high position as a State institution.

The Conference to be held at Brussels, the object of which is "to lessen by judicious regulations the severities of war," is a bitter satire on the boasted civilization of the age. It seems incredible that nations calling themselves Christian should organize a Conference which recognizes the slaughter of mankind by hired agents as one of the normal and perpetual conditions of human society. Were any one of these nations to formulate an enactment defining the degree of savagery to which any two of its people might lawfully go when engaged in a mutual attempt at murder, there would be throughout Christendom a shout of horror. But, surely, there is nothing more barbarous in the settlement of a dispute between two Englishmen in a street fight, where blows are dealt which are deadly if not parried, than between a mass of Englishmen and Frenchmen struggling to kill or wound each other in the attempt to settle a political dispute between their respective Governments. Yet, to settle an individual dispute by fighting, is now a crime in all civilized countries, and a street fight never occurs except between the most degraded classes, and, even then, only when drink has given the final touch to their brutality. It hardly seems a great achievement of civilization to have taught men to act under restraint of law in settling private disputes, but to act as do the brute creation and savages in settling national ones. We should have preferred in the interests of religion and of humanity that the Brussels Conference had been organized to do for Europe what the common law of those nations represented thereat has done for their citizens, that a code of international law should have been arranged, rendering any appeal to brute force in political quarrels between Governments as offensive, as scandalous, as criminal as is a street fight between two drunken rowdies. The very holding of this Conference is a recognition of a power existing capable of making war a past abomination, as what can regulate could also so far control as utterly to suppress. If the nations of Europe can decide that explosive bullets shall not be used in

war, they might also decide that no bullets at all be used; if they can agree on an elaborate system of care for the sick, the wounded, and the killed; if they can impose on their armies a code of military etiquette regulating the nicer shades of their organization for wholesale slaughter, they might surely establish a code and court of law binding each other to keep the peace and abide in cases of dispute the decision of an international tribunal.

The reported intention of Prussia to recognize the Republican Government of Spain is, we trust, true, though it will lead no doubt to a restoration of Monarchy in that afflicted land. The German Empire would not have been in existence but for Spain, as the quarrel which brought on the French war arose from some real or imagined intention of the King of Prussia to interfere with the Spanish succession. There are few pages of history more varied, more exciting, more instructive in detail and developments than the careers of the old German Empire and of Prussia, which refounds it, and their mutual historic connections with Spain. The lesson is on the surface, it shines out to all peoples as clear as the sun, both to warn and teach. Spain, by Phillip II., was made Catholic to the core, not in religion as much as politics. He inaugurated the career of blind subservience to the Papal Court and the utter subjugation of the people to the Church, which has made Spain the choicest gem in the Pope's tiara—and the dullest. He gave the nation ambition of rule over territory which he and his successors have imagined could be held by an ignorant and superstitious power competing with intelligent and progressive rivals. The rise of Prussia, until it is as Fleury said so bitterly in its early days, "the arbiter of Europe," and the fall of Spain are mere illustrations of the pernicious influence exercised in political affairs by the Church of Rome and the power of a more free and noble faith than it teaches to build up a nation, generation by generation to supreme eminence among States. Spain, a century and a half ago, hoped to rule the old German Empire: it may ere long accept a ruler from the new one.