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NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

APRIL,

1872.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

MONTREAL WITNESS PROSPECTUS

FOR 1872.

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

Daily, 11,000 x 6	-	-	66,000
Semi-Weekly, 3,000 x 2	-	-	6,000
Weekly	-	-	7,000
			<hr/>
			79,000

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

PLATFORM.

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

CHANGES.

THE DAILY WITNESS, hitherto issued at Noon, and 2, 4 and 6 o'clock, P. M., will, during the coming session of the Dominion Parliament, and possibly thereafter, appear also at 6 o'clock in the morning, all other editions continuing as heretofore. The object of this is to catch certain mail and express trains which do not suit any of our present editions, so that many are deprived of the paper who want it. THE DAILY WITNESS will then be sold at every town and village for ONE CENT. We shall by 1st January, 1872, have completed our arrangements for city delivery, and will, by means of delivery carts and sleighs, be able to supply dealers in almost every corner of the city. We have a steam press running on bulletins alone, so that each dealer may receive one daily. *Daily Witness*, \$3 per annum, payable in advance.

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

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

CLUBS.

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

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

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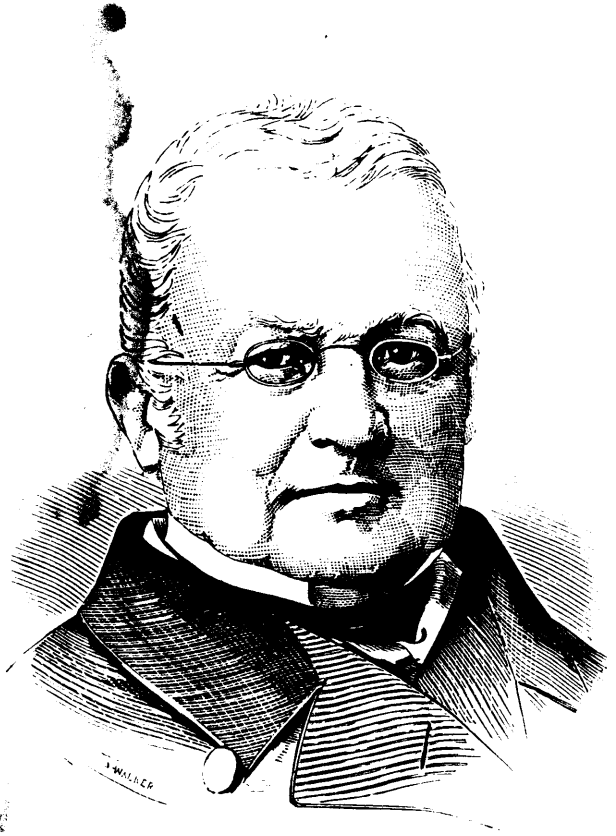
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The TRI-WEEKLY and WEEKLY WITNESS will be counted together, and all the issues of one week will be counted one insertion. Thus,

Weekly	-	-	-	7,000
Tri-Weekly, 3,000 x 3	=	-	-	9,000
				<hr/>
				16,000

The service rendered will thus be greater in quantity, and for many kinds of business better in quality, than that of the Daily; yet, for the present, the same scale of

(Continued on third page of Cover.)



M. THIERS.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

APRIL, 1872.

A PROSPEROUS FUTURE FOR CANADA.

BY F. P. MACKELCAN.

THE FIRST SETTLERS.

Wild land or wilderness, whether sea or land, is unquestionably one of the elements of wealth. But one element is not wealth itself; labor, which is another element, must be combined with it, and this must be guided by knowledge, which is a third element, while both are sustained by capital, which is a fourth, for without food and shelter and tools to work with, and seed and stock from which more shall spring, labor itself cannot continue.

From the manner in which wild land is often talked of, it would seem almost to be wealth itself, or at least that labor, without either knowledge or capital, could be easily combined with it, and render it at once fully capable of providing for the wants of a community. A thousand instances of long and weary experience in the backwoods have not sufficed as yet to dissipate the first visionary notions of the earliest adventurers from Europe to the vast Western continent.

Nor has experience sufficed to teach us how different the results are of combining the four elements in different proportions of each. The excess of one element, such as land, will not compensate for a serious deficit in the other three. We see on a large scale, and therefore as an average, the result in England of the combination of a small area of land with a large amount of labor, knowledge, and capital; while in Canada, especially in the Province of Que-

bec, we have the reverse: a large area of land with a sad stint of the other elements, producing a very insignificant result. Five acres of land cultivated in the most perfect style, with abundance of scientific knowledge and practical skill, and with a sufficiency of labor, may easily produce more than a hundred acres of land, originally of the same quality, but reduced to the sad state of wreck in which we often see it.

Moreover, there is another result besides the wealth produced in proportion to the just ratios of the various elements producing it; that other result is the time which elapses in the process. The present slowly-creeping process from the first poor settler in the bush, to the approximately perfect farm, has occupied in the best portions of the country a period of some forty years, and in less favored regions it is only half through or less than half during the same time. This is simply the result of disproportion in the elements of wealth sought to be combined, an excess of land and a deficit of labor, knowledge, and capital.

In other enterprises the true principles of business are fully recognized in new countries, while disproportion in the means to the end has ever clung to agriculture; and hence prosperity in the one case attracting more and more people into it, and a weary picture to look at in the other, deterring thousands from the bare attempt.

In Canada nationally there is no subject of higher importance than the management

of wild land and the care and treatment of the first settlers. These settlers are the first possessors of the soil, and while they hold it nothing can be done except by them. They may, therefore, advance the whole national condition, or be a hindrance and a drag to our entire future. If they are allowed to have too much land in proportion to labor, it will be a failure; or if their knowledge be sadly deficient, it is again a failure; and if the knowledge be ample and capital wanting, failure is still inevitable. The Government, or great land-owner, cannot by mere management increase the labor and capital of his settlers, but he can refuse to accept as settlers those who have nothing to offer but labor; he can curtail the proportion of land to the individual according to his other means, and he can add much to the knowledge where that is deficient, and that is a deficiency which may be said always to exist.

When each settler has more land than he can readily bring into cultivation, the evils to himself individually on his own land are followed by others which also affect him. The number of inhabitants being few in proportion to the area of country in their possession, the roads are many times longer than they need be for the same effect; this entails expense, not only in making the roads first, with the necessary works of drainage, corduroys, and bridges, but these long distances have to be travelled over, entailing a continual expenditure of labor, and diminishing or even absolutely destroying the value of the products of the infant farm. The country is poor because the settlers are poor individually, and because poor as they are they are also few in number; and yet no one can disturb them, for they possess the land, even if ninety per cent. of it be for many years in a condition of wilderness.

In all other matters of business and investment of capital for reproduction, not only proportion of elements, but rapidity of action is considered essential. The man who should take ten years to build a house in a city, or twenty years to build a mill or a factory, would be looked upon as deficient in business capacity. So also would any man whose house or factory or

mill was confessedly unfinished and sadly incomplete, if he tried to make it produce enough revenue to complete itself; and so also if he mortgaged it and then tried to make it pay off the mortgages with interest. Yet this is the rule and not the exception in settling on land.

It is the first settler unquestionably towards whom attention should be directed, and a remedy should be elaborated for the evils of the past. Two great causes have contributed to the present state of things: one is the willingness of the great land-owner to sell or give possession of large plots of land to men who are poor in capital and possessed of scarcely the first rudiment of knowledge of the art of settling as a speciality among human industries; the other cause is the visionary notions and preconceptions of emigrants, who have only seen land in older countries.

The idea of the great land-owner is, that the country should be settled, and that by making the land cheap poor men can buy it, and that by selling it on credit men who have nothing at all may become purchasers, thus increasing the number of his customers. On the side of the new-comer we have another evil. He has never before seen land that was not indeed property in the true sense of the term—property like bank stock that will sell, or if unsold will return annual revenue. But this land is not wilderness; it has been cleared and drained and levelled and fenced and cropped and manured, and thus brought to a high state of production. There are markets near at hand for every product that it can possibly yield; there are private roads belonging to it, and public roads of the best kind to and from it. There are tools and implements to be had close by, and skilled artizans in all trades at command; moreover there is knowledge, combined with labor and capital, wherewith to work it, for even if the tenant or possessor be somewhat ignorant there is such abundant example that he can scarcely go astray. The farmer who rents such land does not attempt the task before him without a capital of fifty dollars per acre for his own use. It would be fortunate if the emigrant who has been accustomed to contemplate such property, were inspired with the in-

tention to convert wild land into the like of it, that he might enjoy in this country a second England; but, unhappily, he is not aware of the difference there is between wilderness in Canada and an old landed estate, nor is there any pains taken to give him just ideas on the subject.

Now, just as it is possible to make bricks and saw lumber and build a house in Montreal or Toronto as good as a house which is built in an equal city in any part of Europe, so is it possible by adopting proper means and following business principles to make landed property of great value in Canada, almost direct from the raw material of the wilderness. As in the one case so in the other, capital must be used. First create the farm, and afterwards stock it and cultivate it; and, further to approach the true picture, there must be no masses of wild land between farm and farm, scattering the population and increasing expenses of all kinds to a disastrous degree. Canada is not what it might be—a country inviting to moderate capitalists who have a high knowledge of agriculture, for they see at once that they must, in settling here on wild land, mingle with a slow and defective system, and suffer all the disadvantages of the wide-spread arrangement of the poor and unthrifty.

Going more minutely into the subject, it is evident that the condition and circumstances of each candidate for settlement should be carefully considered. If they have no capital they are totally unfit to undertake to convert a hundred acres of land into a farm, and should not be allowed to attempt it; and to hold the land as wilderness should never be permitted in the midst of other farms.

Without capital they are laborers; and if they be not artisans who can find employment as usual, their proper position is that of the peasant. Single men may be engrafted on households already possessed of means, as is often done at present, and may work for board and wages; but whole families cannot be so introduced, and must have a separate place of abode. For them small lots of land should be laid out, intermingled with the larger lots, so that they may be located amongst employers richer than themselves. It is an inevitable neces-

sity also that on each of these small lots a cottage and its appendages should be built, so that the family can have shelter and a home at once, and put themselves into an attitude to work for others without embarrassment. This is all that is requisite on the part of the great land-owner, unless as an investment he wishes to do more.

Full possession or a deed should never be given until land is paid for; and the payment for land should always be discouraged until the occupier has the purchase money as a free surplus for investment. To pay rent is always the soundest principle; combining with it when it is wished the power to purchase by the tenant at a future time. For a peasant a twenty-acre lot is the outside of all rational limits, for after reserving about five acres as a resource for fuel there is as much left as any family can cultivate to a high degree of perfection, and enough at the same time to form an ample support, when in good condition, independent of external employment.

Cultivation by a peasant family should be altogether different from the farming of one or two hundred acres by the man of capital. It is not to be supposed that the peasant should possess oxen or horses, or ploughs and harrows and drills; with these things he works for his wealthier employer; neither does he need barns and other such out-buildings. For him, after he has in leisure time, with the help of his family, cleared an acre or two and fenced it, the hoe should be almost the sole implement. With it the most beautiful and perfect culture may be conducted, making everything clean around stumps, and all other obstacles which are immovable for a time.

But with the finest culture it is a fatal mistake to suppose that he can ever raise on his land what will supply all his wants. As it is in the city, so it is in the country; civilized man requires much besides the possible products of a Canadian farm, small or large. Tools to work with, groceries, clothing, furniture, bedding, cooking vessels if not a stove, cutlery and crockery, books, newspapers and writing materials; money for taxes and travelling when necessary, and to pay his doctor or any other party, must be included in his wants.

He must, therefore, work for wages that he may have money, and for some time depend upon that resource alone. By degrees he may raise many articles of food by careful culture, and should especially aim at animal food as the dearest to buy and the most profitable to produce. Fortunately for him, there are animals among stock that are good and wholesome food, and that multiply rapidly from small beginnings. Pigs and poultry can, at little cost, in the outset, be soon made to supply an ample table for the hungry; and these animals can be accommodated without large buildings, and can be fed with the products of cultivation, all within the scope of his industry.

The peasant should make it his aim to raise those things which require care and attention, and not large implements, machinery, and barns of great extent. Wheat he should not touch, as it is a crop requiring all these things, and barrel flour he can buy. A great variety of root crops would be the chief support of his family and his stock at first. A little barley and oats, for the sake of straw, would be useful, especially when, from his gradual earnings, a cow was added to poultry and pigs—for sheaf oats are good fodder, and barley needs no thrashing when given to poultry. On the ground first levelled and cleaned by cultivating roots, grass should also be sown. There is nothing more profitable in proportion to annual labor expended, or ground occupied, than trees and bushes that bear fruit. In this way apples, pears, plums, gooseberries, currants, and perhaps even grapes, might be added. Thus with fruit and vegetables, milk, butter, bacon and eggs, there would be not only agreeable food, but much to exchange or sell for other things.

Culture of land is too often supposed to be a totally different thing from business; but this is not so. Although the modes of operation are different from those in cities, there are, nevertheless, the same principles to be observed. Farming, or culture, is essentially a manufacture, although not done by ourselves, and the same view should be taken of it. The market, whether at home in the house, or around-about, or abroad, should be always

taken into consideration, and so also the cost of production and of conveyance. If there be little or no market for any agricultural product, it should be avoided as much as possible; and if there be a good price in proportion to cost of production and conveyance, the proper crops, or kind of stock, should be aimed at. When a man raises hay, and sends it so far to market that its whole price pays less than the just value of conveyance, and the same of other things less bulky, it is surely an error. If the locality of production be far from market, stock and its products will alone pay the charges of conveyance without suffering a large percentage of loss. But we often see the remote settler raising grain crops to haul a long way to market, while if nothing left his farm but cattle, sheep, hogs, poultry, butter and wool, he might soon improve his farm and extricate himself from poverty. These business principles should not be lost sight of by the peasant, who, when he has enough and to spare, should select what is of highest value per pound as the fittest subject for conveyance to any distance, especially as for this he would have to pay some one who was able to keep horses and vehicles.

Although peasants may thrive until ultimately they arrive at a condition, both as to knowledge and capital, to undertake the culture of larger areas, their success is essentially dependent upon their being intermixed locally with farmers of more means and able to pay them as hired help, or on being within reach of the pineries, where profitable work can be had for a portion of the year. It would be utterly impossible for them, without either capital or wages, to continue to live, and this should be impressed upon their minds.

With regard to that important element of wealth—knowledge—they are for the most part sadly deficient, and so far no active system of supplying them with it, either by the Government or other great land-owner, has been adopted. There are scientific works and abundance of newspaper articles, exceedingly good in themselves, but far above the comprehension and use of the average of English laborers. Specialities about breeds, and pedigrees, and varieties of seeds of the same species,

and chemical manures adapted to different soils and crops, can scarcely occupy their attention. Plain and simple instructions for their own exact condition as first settlers, in easy language if printed, and the same if spoken, would be accepted gladly and would turn to good account, saving them from a long list of blunders and great grief and discontent. After a time they would comprehend more of the subtleties and nice distinctions of their craft, and advance in proportion to their intelligence.

With regard to farming on a large scale, in the first place, if those unfit to undertake it could be persuaded to adopt the peasant system at least for some years, we should get rid of a vast host of poor, struggling, mortgaged men who have no hope except in the next generation, and so far have a more able class to deal with. To them it should be pointed out that business principles should never be abandoned. To make a farm out of the bush is as distinct a matter from cultivation as building a factory is from running it. The land purchased should be neither more nor less to any material extent than that which is intended to be at once converted into a farm, with a reserve of moderate extent for wood and fuel. The farm should be planned and executed so as to be as nearly as possible complete at all points; thus that branch of the subject would be off his hands. Then let him cultivate it, adding his stock as he produced food for them, bringing all the while a full complement of knowledge to be mixed with the elements of land, labor, and capital.

If the cultivator is to be himself the owner, he should have ample capital for stocking his farm, together with a reserved fund after the farm itself is completed. If his capital falls short of this he may sell or mortgage the completed farm and be tenant of it, paying rent either to another possessor or to the mortgagee, so to relinquish ownership at all events for many years, and too often for ever; but so long as the passion exists for owning, and the aversion is felt for renting, it will continue.

There is, and has been for many years much benefit from the system of landlord

and tenant; for the landlords in England, knowing it to be to their interest that the tenant should have all the knowledge possible, and be guided aright in every proceeding, have themselves made it their study to improve both stock and culture, and it is by their efforts mainly that so great an advance has been made. Here we must find a substitute for this system by diffusing knowledge at the expense of the country itself. Owners of large tracts of land would find it their interest to instruct the people who purchase from them, for by the thrift of the first settlers others will follow, and be willing to pay more nearly for the real value of the land, which is far above what is supposed at present. In every country school much might be taught of the rudimentary principles and best systems of practice in the cultivation of both small and large lots of land, and at the same time the modes of settling in the wilderness most calculated to induce success.

As soon as successful examples existed—and there may be some even now—their history might be written as narratives adapted for the guidance of others, and at the same time many remarks could be added, serving the better to convert the narrative into suitable instruction. Small pamphlets of a practical kind issued from time to time, would cause a progress in skill, and a comprehension of the subject if written with correct knowledge, and the tact to adapt the matter to the comprehension of others.

Canada is at present laboring under a condition not uncommon in new countries. There is always a loose population seeking to engraft itself upon that which is already established, and suffering embarrassment, and more or less poverty from the absence of any system of communication between labor and capital; at the same time an immense extent of land is held by a scanty population, who, from errors in the plans of settlement, are doomed to make but very tardy progress, while they exclude others and keep a large proportion of wilderness, obstructing communication and separating the inhabitants from each other.

It is surely time for us to devise ways and means of converting new territory into a resemblance of the long-valued land of Europe, and if it cannot be devised by one man it may be accomplished by the contributions of many, from their stock of information and their powers of thought.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

BY B. W. S.

There is a great deal said nowadays about the quantity of trash, in the shape of novels, sensational newspaper stories and magazines, that is read, tainting the mind with evil, weakening its vigor and moral tone, lowering its standards of thought, and preventing real enjoyment in solid literature. That this is true, there can be no doubt; it is a more terrible evil than even appears on the face of it, but there is a remedy which might be applied much more extensively than it is, and which, if in general use, would do away with very much of the evil; and leading to a less demand for this kind of reading, the supply would naturally diminish and the whole tone of society and domestic life be elevated. This lies, not so much in writing and talking against light and worthless books, as in giving early in life a real taste for something better—a taste that shall last beyond the school-room, so that when freedom from tasks is obtained and school-books laid aside, the desire of following the subject and continuing what was there only pleasantly begun, shall remain and grow to be a real enjoyment. What is sought for in these highly wrought stories, is excitement and the desire of enjoying the pleasures of imagination. These lead to discontent with the present station, to longings for adventure, and the surroundings that wealth brings, such as are there portrayed, and so lead on to sin, that these may be obtained. These same powers of imagination can be exercised, and the love of adventure and excitement, as well as the dramatic interest in the actings of personages, be all gratified in a healthy way and with real profit and enjoyment, by the study of history, if it is only properly taught while the mind is pliable and ready to take up anything that presents itself in a pleasing way. It is a very great lack in

many schools all over the country, especially in the public schools, where the studies are chiefly those that will train both boys and girls for their struggle in getting a living. Those studies are eminently useful, and ought to be followed, but they make provision for only one side of the nature; the mind must be fed as well as the body, and very many of these pupils go out to begin the battle of life at fourteen, fifteen, or sixteen, with a thorough knowledge of arithmetic, which is to help them through their business, but an utter ignorance of any pleasant study which might still interest them and yet be no toil after their labor for the day is ended. They cannot pursue their study of natural sciences, even if they had learned the rudiments, for it would be too great a tax on their minds, as well as impracticable for them to reach the means to carry on such studies. What they need is recreation for their minds after a harassing day's work, so they turn to such trash as dime novels and the *New York Ledger*, which feed the mind with slow poison; whereas if they had only had history pleasantly taught them at school they might just as naturally turn to the thrilling adventures of Richard Cœur de Lion and the sorrows of his imprisonment; the touching story of Mary, Queen of Scots; the amusing part Xerxes played in the Persian campaign against the Greeks; the adventures through which the boundless ambition of Alexander led him; the prowess of the brave old Vikings; they might follow good King Alfred through all his wanderings, admire his dauntless courage, rejoice in his final victories and his wise reign; drop a tear of sympathy over the unhappy loves of poor King Edwy and his beautiful wife—Elgiva; delight in the magnificence of the Persian court, or refined beauty of Greek sculpture;

laugh at the puerile acts of some of the courtiers of the Virgin Queen, and wonder at the spirit of enterprise in others; or thrill with honest pride over the indomitable energy and rigid goodness of the Pilgrim Fathers. But they have not the chance for such a taste given them—not even a glimpse of these deeply interesting narratives. The most they learn are dry facts of political struggles and wars they care not a whit for, statistics of nations they have no interest in, lists of kings and dates to commit to memory that they cannot retain by any pleasant stories of the real life they have lived; and the consequence is they are glad to throw aside their dry books with grammar and spelling when they bid farewell to the school-room, and the thought of even opening a history to read, or dream over, never enters their heads. They must have something to amuse them, and so they turn to the morbid sorrows of Eloise, the romantic loves of Arabella and Leonardo, or the hairbreadth escapes of Bill the Backwoodsman.

Then in many private schools—those of girls especially, where the pupils have no such object before them as that of gaining their own livelihood, but may go quietly on accumulating all the knowledge they can to fit themselves for refined and cultivated society—history is taught after a fashion. Sometimes it is the parents' fault that it is not studied. They consider that it is not of very much consequence then; they think their children had better get a good groundwork of mathematics, chemistry, botany, and all the ologies while they can have the advantages of masters, lectures, the help of experiments, charts, &c., and that afterwards, when they leave school, they will naturally take up the reading of history for themselves. Not one in twenty does take it up by herself, and if she does, it cannot have the same interest begun alone that it would have had with others to share it, and so form a taste for it. Of course there are exceptions to the general rule in these schools, as was proved in the writer's own experience, where history was made a pleasure and not a task, and a real interest was created, so that opportunity has been given to judge between different styles of

teaching, and to decide upon that which is of the greatest benefit. But as a general rule, history is taught in a very disjointed and uninteresting way. It is not made attractive, and so students do not care to continue it after they leave school. A nation is taken right out of its place and set down before them as having no connection whatever with any other age or nation, and left there—as though Greece, or Rome, England, France, or America, stood self-created, pre-eminent and alone in the ages. Or, long lists of dates or isolated facts are given to the poor, overcharged memory to carry, and they soon slip away, having nothing to bind them there.

But let boys and girls be taught that history is one great unit, and that every part of it is joined by indissoluble links, one forming naturally after another, so that if one is left out the chain will be incomplete. Let them learn to picture, reverently to themselves, God sitting upon His throne, before whom the inhabitants of the earth are as grasshoppers, looking patiently down watching the nations as through all the ages they work out unwittingly His wise decrees. Let them see how one ancient nation after another emerges mysteriously from the unknown past, enveloped in the mists of ignorance, superstition and barbarism, and let them watch how gradually they draw nearer and nearer to where the one bright centre of history is set up—the Cross of Christ—till the light falling on them from it, they are illumined and civilized. Let them compare one nation with another and see how the lovely vales and streams, the soft air and brilliant skies of Southern Greece influence her in her greater refinement of character, her beauty of painting and grace of architecture, in the character of her frivolous and pleasure-loving gods and goddesses, her schools of philosophy, her smoothly-flowing language and poetical thought; and then note the difference in the stern and cruel gods, the bold and adventurous warriors, the absence of all luxury and beauty, the harsh language and rude legends of the old Vikings of the frozen region of the North. Then see how Greece with her dreamy religion and vague philosophy;

Rome with her human-like gods; Britain with the cruel teachings of the Druids; Scandinavia looking forward to her sensual Valhalla and the company of her warrior gods—all dissatisfied alike with the deities their own minds had imagined—are gradually prepared for the reception of the satisfying truths of the Nazarene—the God-man.

Let them see how the Romans in their haughty pride of heart, thinking but of conquering the whole world to their sway and appropriating to themselves all the beauty and wealth of other nations, were but carrying out His plans who alone rules—were but joining in one all known empires, so that a knowledge of civilization and a wise code of laws might be spread—that the light from the Cross might be shed on them and the kingdom of Christ might be enlarged, and His truths more easily and widely diffused. Then let them see how England emerges from the darkness, and receiving influences from north and south alike, grows to be one of the most mighty powers on earth after proud Greece and Rome had ceased to serve His purposes and had sunk into oblivion, and thus true religion and the accumulated wisdom of succeeding nations and ages are preserved and spread over all the earth.

Let them compare modern nations with one another, and see how those which clung to superstition, and persecuted with cruelty the men who held the true faith, were allowed to remain in ignorance and sink themselves in the deepest vices of all kinds; while those who admitted the true light advanced rapidly in civilization. Let them learn how God withheld from men the knowledge of a new world with all its richness and beauty until many of the old nations had grown and flourished, and had departed from the first purity of their faith—how He opened it then and made it ready to use for planting a new nation, which He designed should serve Him in purity and carry out the principles of right and justice.

As they pass down through the ages, let them stop to sip here and there of the sweets of literature, and judge of the great changes that were gradually wrought, as light and truth, and civilization, elevated men's minds; and especially in their own

language, how, from one century to another, and even from one reign to another, what great changes took place in it, as, gradually, printing, liberty of thought and a free press, became established things. If they once taste of the charms of those old Norse legends; of the tales of knight and "faire ladye" of Spenser and Milton; of the brilliant men who basked in the smile of the Virgin Queen; or the fascinating group who gathered in the coffee-houses and about the court of good Queen Anne, and of hosts of others too numerous to even hint at, no fear but they would return of their own accord to drink deeper in later years. Then turning from history as a whole, let them enter into the sorrows and joys, the struggles, the hopes and fears, of those characters depicted in its pages, as into the lives of real men and women. Alexander and Alfred, Napoleon and William the Silent, will afford them contrasts of ambition and real greatness: Leonidas, that of a true soldier, bravely dying for his country while opposing his handful of men to the countless thousands of the enemy; with Darius cowardly flying at the approach of Alexander and leaving his army to the mercy of the conqueror. Semiramis and Joan d'Arc would give them the contrast between a woman leading forth armies for glory and conquest, and one utterly regardless of self, leading them from the conviction of duty and the right of her cause. They would find no lack of interesting characters to study, exciting incidents through which to watch them, with surroundings picturesque enough to please the most romantic, no matter to what age or what nation they might turn. But time would fail to tell of all the amusing, sad, or interesting stories of kings and queens, warriors and statesmen—stories of quiet, loving domestic life, or of the splendor and intrigue of courts. Let them study in this way, and then see if history is not a real interest, as absorbing and exciting as any story ever penned.

The objection may be urged that such comprehensive and detailed views would take years of study. So they would; but why not extend it over the last four or five years of school, joining its pleasures to the drier and more difficult sciences, not at all

to their exclusion? Very much would be gained in that time; certainly a good foundation laid for after building—a knowledge, at least, how to build, and a desire to add to the structure at greater leisure.

These are a few hints thrown out for the consideration of parents and teachers, who may elaborate and carry out the ideas suggested in this article, which would be be-

yond the province of so limited a space. If it will lead even one of those who read these lines to a better appreciation of the way her child should study history, and thus help to strengthen one mind by the cultivation of a new interest that shall be lasting, so that it shall not be wasted over foolish sensational stories, these words shall not have been written in vain.

IN SADNESS—BUT IN HOPE.

BY W. ARTHUR CALNEK, ANNAPOLIS, N. S.

The Spring hath clothed the earth with flowers,
And the hours
Are filled with music at the morn:
Yet forlorn,
And sad, and weary is my soul,
Beyond control.

Serenely glow the evening skies
With their eyes
Of glowing beauty; but delight
To the night
Alone they bring—or if to thee,
Ah, not to me!

Oh, not to me doth odorous spring
Pleasures bring
As once it brought, ere like a spell
Sorrow fell
Upon my heart, and bade its cheers
Dissolve in tears.

Oh, why oppressed with lassitude—
Why the good
I seek so earnestly,—implore
Evermore,—
Doth never come with me to dwell,
I cannot tell.

Why, when the air and teeming earth
Bring to birth
The sights and sounds that make life's Jease
One of peace,
My lot remains so full of woe—
I do not know.

And why the clouds of evil lower
Hour by hour
All big with some impending dread
O'er my head
And I, of all things here, am left
Of joy bereft.

A strange enigma seemeth now;
But I bow
Believing still the clouds shall rise,
Brighter skies
Revealing to my waiting gaze,
Ere many days.

The clouds their earthward side but show;
And I know,
That heavenward they overflow
With the glow
Of genial sunshine, bright and warm,
Secure from storm!

Then shall this thought still bear me good;—
That I should
Accept the chast'nings of the rod,
As from God,
In love ordained my soul to sever,
From ill forever!

Remove the veil, and evermore
I implore,
Oh, Father let my fainting soul
Find a goal,
Where evil dares not to intrude,
Within Thy good.

T H A T W I N T E R .

BY EDITH AUBURN.

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CHAPTER VI.

After Lawson had seen Mabel through the most unsafe part of the town, he returned home to get supper for himself and Jack. His room was in pretty much the same condition in which we first saw it, when Kitty washed the stolen apples. Early each morning it got a "redding-up" and sweeping, that were to do for the day. Now, this sweeping and "redding-up" were of rather a peculiar kind. He began by using the broom on the shelves of the dresser, pushing the cups, saucers, teapot and tins into corners during the operation, then bringing the handle into use "poked" them out again until the corners received attention. Then the table was given a similar wipe, his work-bench run against the wall, and all the boots and shoes, which lay scattered over the floor for mending, piled upon it. By the time this was done and the floor swept, Jack would be up, crossing and recrossing the floor; every time he did so shaking down a boot or shoe from its place on the bench, and kicking it from him, so that by the time breakfast was ready the room retained no appearance of the "redding-up."

When Lawson entered this evening, he found Jack sitting with his feet on the stovepan, and his elbows on his knees. He was a big burly boy, the male counterpart of Kitty, two years older, but with not quite so smiling a face. He was not what any one could call vicious-looking, and yet no one would venture to say he looked good.

He was, as I said, resting his elbows on his knees, and his chin on his hands. When his father entered he merely raised his eyes, and as the old man commenced to mend the fire, he took one foot down from its elevation, and giving a shoe which lay by his chair a kick, said,—

"Father," (he did not call him 'dad, like his sister,) "there is no use in my trying to get education; everything goes against me."

Lawson instantly dropped the poker, and stood mouth open. Jack continued,—

"Why, you are as frightened-looking as though a pistol-shot had passed through your ear. See, you have left the stove-door smoking."

"What be the trouble, Jack?"

"The trouble is this, I need ten dollars for new books, and if I don't get them I'll leave off school. What is the use of my going when I've not books to learn my lessons in? The only way I can stand my ground at all is, by having them better than the rest, and to-day—" here he stopped.

"I thought you had a promise from Percy Stiggins, to have his books a while in the mornin'."

"So I had, but his mother won't let him. She says they smell of leather after I use them, and it makes her sick," (another shoe was kicked across the room.)

"There be five dollars owin' me for cobblin', you can collect it to-morrow; that 'll pay part; Murry 'll give you the rest on tick, and I'll pay at Christmas."

The boy's face brightened a little.

"That's not the only trouble, I've a hard life at school. The boys all laugh at me, and call me names because I'm your son."

The sexton scratched his head, and with a woe-begone face said,—

"Dear, dear." But this complaint was too frequent for him to think much about it.

"You don't think anything of that, father. You think I shouldn't be ashamed of being your son, and I aint; but I am that you're a cobbler and sexton. Why hadn't you spirit when you was like me,

and get on in the world? Look at some of the big folks here; they were no better than you, and now they won't even speak to you, except to order, as if you were their servant."

"Had I been raised here, I would hev', my son; but I was raised where the poor are kep' poor. An' you see I had no education. You was born afore I larned my letters."

"Were there no schools where you was raised?"

"Plenty of them; but there be a large family of us, and I've had to work early an' late ever since I ken mind."

"Where are they all now?"

"Dead, for all's I know. There beant one belongin' to me in this country."

"The worse for them, but the better for us. I mean to rise, father."

"That's what I'spect. That's what I give you education for." (Lawson's eyes were glistening.) "One day you'll be a great man. I know it, I see it plain."

"When I am, I won't be an ignorant one like Percy Stiggins' father, who does not know when he is holding his Prayer-book upside down."

"No, that you won't. And you'll learn hard, and not mind the boys, and I'll get the books and pay for them too. Don't fear."

Jack's countenance fell a little as he said,—

"That Percy Stiggins is the meanest boy in school. He is always willing to be friends when you have money, but as soon as it is spent he turns against you."

"Never mind, you'll hev books of your own." Saying this he went into one of the little rooms, which were always kept closed in winter to keep the cold out, and in summer the heat, and carefully shutting the door after him, stood debating with himself,—

"I'd never touch it for nothin' else, not for rent, nor food, nor clothes, nor fire; but the child can't be kep' back, and he has too much pride to ask them on tick, I know he has; so he'll use it this once. *She'd* have let him hev it herself."

He commenced groping among the straw of his mattress, until he found a baby's gray stocking which had been converted

into a purse. His hand trembled as he picked it up, for before him he saw the distant cemetery, the long beautiful drives through it, the paths leading to the graves—and that one grave in particular. For nine years he had put away pence as he could spare them, to replace the lilac-bush which marked it, with a headstone. His hand shook so much, as he stood in the moonlight unfastening the strings, that Jack heard the coins rattle. After counting out the money he restored the stocking to its place. Jack was so overjoyed at the sight of the large amount, that he would scarcely wait for tea before starting to invest it.

When he was gone, his father sat down on the bench and commenced cobbling a boot. Uppermost in his mind was the sacrifice he had just made.

"But I'll return it sure, at Christmas. No matter what comes behind, that won't. The minute the warden pays me, I'll run round, and hev it a covered up abed afore anyone knows I've got it."

His mind at rest, except for an occasional twinge of regret, his thoughts turned to Miss Rivers' conversation of the morning.

"She was powerful on prayer. She believes it would a'most save my children."

"Prayer," said a voice within, "when do you pray?"

"In church, of course, and every night reg'lar, when I be not too tired."

"You say you pray in church; I know you are a regular attendant there, but you cannot help that, and you take the Sacrament, because the minister expects you, and you attend weekly meetings, as far as ringing the bell, and seeing the people safe in their pews; and you slip back again from your work, and stand smiling at the door when they are being dismissed, and what more do you do?"

"There beant no more wanted. I have allers lived a correct life; never did nobody no harm; done my best to provide honest for my family; never ben an idler or a drinker; couldn't be a Sabbath-breaker if I wanted, for I'm 'gaged on dooty; never takes time on that day to go to the cemetery."

"And that's what you call religion. You keep the church, but not your soul. You

rise early on that holy day, and after flying round, dusting and cleaning, you ring the congregation in. Then you watch the people, wondering if there is air enough in motion; if the church is too warm, or too cold; if the pews are dusted to please; and the books found in their places. If the people are satisfied with the minister, and he with them. How often Mr. Roy fidgets in his pew, and draws out his watch—until the service is over. Sunday-school follows; then evening prayers, and the Sabbath is gone. And who has been worshipped? God or man? Man."

Poor old Lawson! He was sixty years of age, and only beginning to awaken from a dream. How often had he united with the Sunday scholars in singing,—

"Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to thee!"

The cross had been sent, and as it settled on his back it had been shifted; but instead of leading him to look upward, he had more determinedly bent his gaze on the earth. And now the sufferings of a life were speaking, a Father's dealings were opening to view, and the blind, who would not see, was admitting the light.

A large family Bible stood on a high shelf. It was neatly wrapped in brown paper just as he had received it from the hand of the first Mrs. Allan, when she lay on her death-bed. He took it down, and opened it. His eye fell on one verse after another that sounded familiar enough from hearing them in church, but now they had for him a meaning hidden before. He pored over the sacred volume until the clock struck twelve. Startled by the lateness of the hour, he wondered why Jack had not returned.

"What can keep him? Surely he beant asleep at Murry's. Books be a great temptation to him. Maybe somebody has waylaid him for his money."

This latter explanation seemed to him the most likely. In his eyes, the sum of five dollars was large enough to make a man risk the penitentiary for life. Button-

ing up his coat, and tying his red handkerchief round his head was but the work of a moment, and he was on the street, running here and there in search of him. He found the bookstore closed, not a glimmer of light in it, either upstairs or down. The business street was deserted and dark, the moonlight, so bright overhead, was shut out from it by the shadows from the buildings. Where could he be? Just then the steamer came whistling and puffing up to the wharf; he could hear the noise of her paddle-wheels, for the night was very still.

"He be gone to see her come in, I'll be bound, so I'll just go home, and bide up a while to keep a little fire in. He be not as hardy as me, poor boy! but then, education do make folks weakly."

On his return he found his bedroom door open, but he was too busy searching for paper to light his fire to think this strange, and was about to lay hold of the brown wrapper of his Bible, when the sound of heavy breathing made him look into the little room, where he saw Jack safe in bed.

As he proceeded to lock his door, he called himself a fool for his night errand; had he turned his head when so engaged, he would have seen a pair of bright eyes watching him, and a pair of hands busy getting boots and socks slipped down to the floor.

CHAPTER VII.

Hollywood, not Hollyrood, was built on a hill, and commanded a fine view of the country around. The Wamba flowing peacefully along, or dashing its tiny waves against the banks, after leaping over the numerous rocks, which strove in vain to bar its course, could be seen from its windows. It was Gothic in style, but built of that unromantic red brick which changes the imitations of the mediæval to the work-day life of the present. At the right sloped a lawn, at the left an orchard, between the two was the pride of the owner, a long carriage sweep through an avenue of grand old elms.

Mr. Roy, the possessor of Hollywood, was *the* man of Oakboro'. There were other men in the town wealthier and of

more influence in the outside world; but none of them kept up the style, or exacted the deference, which he did. He was a lawyer by profession; but that was of no note in his eyes, as lawyers were plentiful there. But his father had been a man of wealth on the other side of the Atlantic, and that was more than people around him in general could say. He was educated, had received his education in England, "without having to work for it," and had married a lady of fortune "connected with the nobility at home."

Besides all this he was a man of talent and decided literary taste, always obliging enough to use them for any proper object. He was known in the Oakboro' church as a Christian holding evangelical views; as a liberal man, whose name was invariably seen at the head of subscription lists; a supporter of the Sunday-school, as far as sending his children and teaching, for an hour on the Sabbath, a class of young boys at a "great sacrifice of dignity." But the class—stupid boys!—failed to appreciate the sacrifice, and after a time absented themselves; and he, Mr. Roy of Hollywood, could not be expected to inquire into their absence.

And yet, we trust, he is what he professes to be; but he is so sorely tried by pride that the Master's image is greatly marred. But the Lord has many ways of delivering His own from the power of sin, and He always does deliver them, though it be through a furnace heated seven times.

Miss Lewis was the orphan daughter of a sister of Mr. Roy's, who had married beneath her; and as her father had left her penniless, her uncle took her to his house, more to save his dignity than from a sense of duty. In her own set she was called "A dear, good creature, but a little peculiar;" by others, "The good Miss Lewis."

When she entered Hollywood Avenue after parting with Mabel, her thoughts were still busy with the poor Lamberts, wondering if her uncle would do something to keep the man from opening a whiskey-shop. At dinner she ventured to state the case to him; but he heard it with one of his commanding frowns.

"Adeline! you are one of the greatest fools I ever knew. Do you suppose your

interest will turn the man from his purpose?"

"What will become of his children?"

Exactly the same as if you were not here. Where are the ten dollars I gave you this morning? Given to him of course!"

"Only five of them, and I have made up my mind to do without—"

"I thought as much; thrown away! My money thrown in the streets! And you have made up your mind to do without—without clothes, I suppose? I tell you what it is, Adeline, while you are in my house you will spend your money on what you get it for, or else it will be spent for you. Do you suppose you have no dignity to keep up, and that your dress is of no more consequence than that of a kitchen girl?"

Miss Lewis was in tears—they almost dropped on her plate. Her uncle was touched, for, like most men, he could not stand a woman's distress; but he felt it a duty to reprove her sharply for her carelessness about money. Of course *he* gave much larger sums away than he left in her power; but they were done "to set a good example," and for the credit of his family. Her little quiet donations of a dollar here and a dollar there were "throwing money away, or, at the least, very injudicious." A few rebellious words almost escaped her—"I earn what money I get, and more, too,"—but she did not give them utterance. Still they were true; for there were many little Roys, and the schools at Oakboro' were not suitable for them to attend, so she was governess to the elder ones, nursery governess to the younger, waiting-maid to Mrs. Roy, and everything else, consistent with the dignity of the Roys, that she was required to be. Her aunt explained to her friends:—

"Dear, self-denying Adeline will insist on instructing my children; she is so fond of them. Dear little pets! Indeed, I do not know what I should do without her."

Miss Lewis was fated to bring down her uncle's frown a second time that evening. Little Frank, when kissing her good-night, said:—

"I saw you from the cupola talking to that pretty young lady at Mr. Allan's."

Her uncle's eyes were fastened upon her,

and the paper which he held in his hand dropped slightly from before him. She knew that look asked for an explanation. It was simply given.

"I have often told you that it is not my wish that, while you are in this house, you should make acquaintances independently of your aunt."

"I merely spoke to her at the Lamberts."

"I dare say; but you should be cautious even in exchanging a word with a stranger. We know nothing about this young person. She may be suitable or she may not; but, until your aunt notices her, I beg you will have nothing to do with her."

Accustomed as she was to reproof, her tears were ready to drop again. She had been sorely tried all day, and somehow the frequent use of "this house" reminded her that she had no other home.

"My dear," said Mrs. Roy, who had remained quiet while her husband found fault, "I have been thinking that we might as well call on Mrs. Allan. She has tided over so many of her husband's difficulties, and is really doing so much better than we could have thought, that we ought to encourage her. Can you believe it? he is able to draw his salary now!"

"What an admirable manager she must be! It is a pity she is so much beneath him," replied her husband.

"Yes; a great pity; but there is no help for that now that she is his wife. And he is our clergyman, and it is not quite right to leave him unnoticed. Besides, the Bishop will be here in spring, and it will never do for you not to meet him at the Rectory when the Keiths will; for they are becoming quite intimate there."

"Go and call to-morrow, my dear. By all means set the example; but first mention to Mrs. — and Mrs. — that you are doing so from a sense of duty, and not from an intention to encourage such *mésalliances*."

Mrs. Roy met her niece's look when she said:—

"As for Miss Rivers, I will allow circumstances to guide me in the notice I take of her; but we can enquire who she is."

Had Mr. Allan's first wife been living, a guest at the Rectory would have brought

all Oakboro' to pay its respects. But Mr. Allan had done one strange thing, and lost *caste* by it, and society could no longer place dependence on his judgment.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Allan met Mabel on her return from Mrs. Robertson's, with her usual complaints about the servants; she said,—

"Cook threatens to give me notice, unless there is a change from our late breakfasts, and there is no use in thinking Mr. Allan would consent to change the hour he has been accustomed to. I know late meals do keep back the work. Then those boys are so troublesome, for, come what will, they must be attended to at noon, so it is what she says, 'nothing but cooking all the time.'"

"I would take it as a great favor," replied Mabel, "if you would allow me to help you in the mornings. It would be recreation for me."

"You are very kind, but pray do not mention it again. You have quite a task already in Lucy's lessons, without turning housemaid; but I intend making her more useful; she is growing quite too idle. This morning when I wanted her, she was off across the street visiting."

"Dear Mrs. Allan, I thought you wished us to go over."

"Certainly, I wished you, but she should have been minding the baby. Kitty is complaining of her back, and I am every day in terror lest her father takes her away, for cook could never get on without her. No; there is no help for it; Lucy must spend less time at the piano, and more with her little sister; besides, I do not think music and such things so very important for a girl of nine.—There is my baby crying again! I believe that child pinches her on purpose to get rid of her."

Lucy was carrying the nine-month old baby up and down the hall, trying to hush her to sleep. Her delicate back was curved under the load, and her breath came short and quick, when her mother took the little one from her. But baby was not to be quieted. Her noon-day nap had been disturbed, and she kicked and screamed more than before.

"No wonder she cannot sleep with such a noise about her ears, (cook and the housemaid were having a quarrel in the kitchen.) Here, take her upstairs."

Lucy took her again.

"Let me carry her up, and see what I can do with her."

Mrs. Allan was about to refuse, but Mabel had her in her arms and half way up the stairs before she could say a word. She watched their retreating figures and then said half aloud,—

"Miss Rivers, you are making that girl think herself a martyr."

This afternoon was the one appointed by Mrs. Roy to call at the rectory. She had not been there since it had received its new mistress, except once, to take its master to task for the step he had taken, and to let him know he must never expect any further intercourse with Hollywood. During the succeeding two years she faithfully carried out her intentions of neither noticing the rector nor his family, and allowing it to be generally understood that she did not expect to meet them anywhere. But one short conversation with a lady who was likely to prove a rival leader in society, had sent her to the rectory door.

Mrs. Allan was sewing by the dining-room window when that lady passed it, her grey wincey morning dress unchanged—she had got tired changing for callers, and now she determined only to do so when she expected friends from a distance. Besides, she thought a wincey quite good enough for a poor minister's wife.

She sat sewing with a very demure expression; her husband opposite her, in dressing-gown and slippers, sat by the large blazing hearth fire, yawning over his newspaper.

Lucy had gone to see that Kitty did not draw the baby's carriage over stones or holes, and Mabel was out seeing the Lamberts, when the door-bell rang.

"My gracious! it is Mrs. Roy and Miss Lewis; and my dress unchanged!"

"Don't be in such a hurry, my dear; they are likely coming to see me," replied her husband.

He was never in a hurry. He considered it a breach of good breeding to show excitement, interest, or feeling of any kind;

therefore his voice and manner were always the same, whether offering congratulations or expressing sympathy; still, he owned to himself a feeling of pleasure at hearing Mrs. Roy was once more at his door. For, was not she connected with the nobility at home? Was not her house conducted on an aristocratic plan? Was she not extremely aristocratic in her feelings? And was she not the leader of Oakboro' society? and had not he, Mr. Allan, found it extremely unpleasant to be passed over by her? even though he considered himself as good as the best, and better than most in Canada."

When the door was opened a clear but slightly affected voice asked if Mrs. Allan was in. Immediately after, another ring, and Mrs. Stiggins was shown in.

Now, these two ladies, Mrs. Roy and Mrs. Stiggins, were the extremes of the "good society" of the town, and, as frequently happened in that strangely composed society of so many different shades, they were not personally acquainted. And as extremes generally meet, they had met to-day—the latter lady the first to follow her leader.

A portfolio of water-colors lay on the drawing-room table; while waiting for Mrs. Allan, Miss Lewis turned them over, and noticing Mabel's name on them, exclaimed,—

"What an artist Miss Rivers must be!"

"Who is Miss Rivers?" asked Mrs. Stiggins. "Can you tell me, Mrs. Roy?"

"Indeed I know nothing about her, except that she is Mr. Allan's guest, and as such I suppose we must ask for her."

Mrs. Stiggins had her reasons for wishing a different answer. She had hoped by meeting Mrs. Roy at the rectory to prevent her noticing the young stranger.

"She is so very forward."

"Indeed! I thought her rather retiring for an American."

"Not at all, I assure you. My daughter, out of kindness to a stranger, called on her when first she came; when she returned it Mr. ——— was at the house, and, would you believe it! she engrossed his whole attention: Hilda, my daughter, was a mere cypher in the room."

Mrs. Roy raised her eyes and dropped

them again, in a manner peculiar to herself, and which expressed the word "dreadful!" She had a notion—perhaps it also was peculiar to herself—that young ladies unnoticed by society, that is by her, should sit very demurely in corners of rooms, and only speak when they were spoken to, and then with a conscious blush at the honor. Mrs. Stiggins encouraged by that look, continued,—

"My daughter says she is sure, from something she let drop in that call, that her father is, or was, a tavern-keeper."

"Shocking, shocking!" said Mrs. Roy. "Adeline, that decides us. We will not ask for her until we are sure she is a lady."

Just then Mrs. Allan entered, dressed in her best black silk. When they were about to leave Mrs. Roy said,—

"You have a visitor with you, Mrs. Allan."

"Yes, Miss Rivers. She is out just now."

"The daughter of a Southern planter?"

"Yes, and as he is engaged in this unfortunate war, he has sent her here to keep her from the excitement, which was too much for her health."

"Are you quite sure he is a planter?" asked Mrs. Stiggins, "for I have reason to believe he is a tavern-keeper; but of course he could have a plantation too. Those Americans engage in so many things."

Mrs. Allan, who had a perception of human nature, saw at once the drift of her question, and being very anxious to ingratiate herself with the Oakboro' ladies, replied,—

"Oh, we know nothing about them! A brother clergyman wrote to interest Mr. Allan in finding Mrs. Rivers and her daughter a boarding-house, and he imprudently invited them here. Fortunately none but the daughter came. I would not be at all surprised if her father is what you say."

"Fortunate for you, indeed, that her mother did not come. But is she not your *governess* as well?"

"Yes, of course. She teaches Lucy and takes almost the entire charge of her."

"It is as well that that should be understood," replied Mrs. Stiggins; "that your friends may not feel obliged to notice her."

"I am sure she is a most excellent young person," said Mrs. Roy. "My niece tells me she is so interested in the poor, and would like to form a mission school, where needy children may be taught habits of usefulness. Now, as I am sure such a school would prove a great boon, we, my niece and myself, will do what we can, and expect that you, the minister's wife, will take a vero active part in it."

Mrs. Allan felt flattered, and was recognized at last, and was to work with the Christian ladies of Oakboro'. Her manner surprised Mabel on her return; there was nothing rude or unkind in it, but a something which made her ask herself if she had annoyed her. However it soon passed.

Edgar returned earlier than usual, and mentioned his intention of remaining at home for the evening. Mabel cheerfully did her best to make the time pass pleasantly: she played the pieces she was asked for, and sang the songs that were favorites, and was rewarded by Mr. Allan's saying,—

"The evening has been as pleasant as one spent at the opera."

It was a very pleasant evening for all but herself; Mrs. Allan's good humor had been restored, and she chatted gaily over her sewing; Mr. Allan played games with the boys; Lucy worked on her doll's dresses; while she threw the spell of music over all. Her pale face looked very beautiful and happy as she sat at the piano. No one could call from its expression that every note she struck, every word she sang, pierced her with a memory of home.

When she went to her room, feeling wearied with the exertion of the evening, she found her bed-room window open, and the wind howling and roaring through it—for the night had turned stormy; in a fresh gust her lamp went out, and door and window shut violently. For the first time in her life she felt a chilly creeping of fear come over her—in the lighted chamber opposite lay the dead, so suddenly called away. Her hand was on the door to return to the drawing-room when she checked herself with the thought, "What have I to fear?" She re-lighted her lamp and tried to compose herself to prepare for bed, but she could not shake off the feeling. The

room seemed to her haunted, and the moaning and swaying of the branches outside, spirit voices.

"I cannot stay here alone that is certain," she said aloud, as she half ran along the hall to the sheltered, cosy little room where Lucy slept.

The child was delighted to return with her; she had often wished to share her room, but her mother feared she might be troublesome. Mabel would have been glad had she proved so now, or anything else that would help to break the spell of the storm; but she only lay still in the bed, and listened to the raging of the elements without. About twelve the winds went down and the moon came out, and shone over the scene that had just been racked by an unseen influence. Next morning Mabel wondered what could have possessed her; such feelings, such a nameless dread, she had never before experienced. But they were nothing, reader, more than you and I have often felt when a pall will seem to spread itself before us, and a thought of something terrible going to happen haunts us. But days and weeks pass away, and the something terrible never comes.

A letter from home awaiting Mabel on the breakfast table gave her such pleasure that she thought whatever trial that day would bring would leave her unscathed.

"Your father," her mother wrote, "is very sanguine of peace being soon restored, and without much more bloodshed; and that our rights as Southerners will be regarded. I have had my first letter from dear Arthur. He regrets exceedingly his father's being ranged on the opposite side; and speaks in the highest terms of the bravery and determination of the North, etc.

It will probably be April before I can meet you in Canada. In the meantime

do all you can for the 'kind friends with whom you are, and remember in all your intercourse you are accountable to a Higher than man. Dear Mabel, redeem the time."

Spurred on to a greater desire to be useful, Mabel recounted to Mrs. Allan her conversation with Miss Lewis about mission-schools.

"Oh!" she replied, "we are going to commence one to-day; not such as you speak of, but as they conduct them in England. Mrs. Roy has taken it in hand, so there is no doubt of its success."

"I am very glad, for besides the good I hope it will do, it will be a benefit to me."

"Mrs. Roy did not mention you, and until she does, if I were in your place, I would have nothing to do with it," quickly replied Mrs. Allan.

"Would have nothing to do with it! Am I not at liberty to do what I can in a mission-school?"

"My dear Miss Rivers, the ladies here are so particular that they would consider it an intrusion for you to go without an invitation."

"You entirely mistake me; I do not wish to meet the ladies of this place against their will. But am I to understand that it is an intrusion for me to engage in a good cause without their inviting me?"

This was something so new to her that it took months of drilling before she fully realized that it was the intention of the ladies of Oakboro' to "teach her her place." Coming from a neighborhood noted for its select society, and where her family had always ranked among the first, she deemed the mention of pedigree, the keystone to society in Oakboro', unnecessary, believing, as a matter of course, her's could not be doubted.

(To be continued.)

TRIFLES FROM MY PORTFOLIO.

BY J. M. LEMOINE, AUTHOR OF "MAPLE LEAVES."

(Continued.)

CHAPTER X.

THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS VIEWED UNDER
THEIR HISTORICAL, UTILITARIAN AND
COMMERCIAL ASPECTS.

In the preceding chapter this group of islands were viewed chiefly as a land-grant to Sir Isaac Coffin. "Deadman's Rock"—so called in consequence of its striking resemblance when seen from a certain point, to a corpse covered by a shroud—came in for its share of notice, and also as mentioned by Tom Moore; the sketch was closed by Dr. Bryant's excellent ornithological report of the Bird Rocks, which however, possibly, will be relished by students of natural history alone. Let us portray these valuable islands under their most noticeable feature—a seal fishing-station of apparently inexhaustible wealth. I shall quote from Commander Fortin's excellent report for 1864:—

"The Magdalen Islands are about forty-five miles in length; their greatest width is thirteen miles. They lie near the southern point of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, facing the principal entrance to that inland sea, between the 47th and 48th degrees of north latitude; their most southerly extremity being only twenty-five miles further north than the City of Quebec, and between the 61st and 62nd degrees of longitude west from Greenwich.

"Discovered by Jacques Cartier on his first voyage to the Gulf of St. Lawrence in 1534, these islands received the names of Ramées, Bryon and Alezay; and it was not until a later period that they acquired the names which they now bear.

"Situated as they are at the mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and in the sailing line of vessels on their way to Canada, they

were frequently visited by the French trading and fishing vessels after the discovery of Canada. But it does not appear that at that time any considerable settlements were made upon them previous to their cession in 1663 by the company of New France to François Doublet, a ship captain of Honfleur, who in the following year associated with himself François Gon de Quimé and Claude de Landemarç, for the purpose of trading and fishing there. But there is reason to believe that in 1719 the islands again became the property of the French Government, as the latter, according to Charlevoix, conceded them to Le-compte de St. Pierre.

"In 1763, at the time of the cession of Canada and its dependencies to the British Government, they were only inhabited by some ten families of French and Acadian origin, who engaged in walrus and seal hunting, and to a small extent in the herring and cod fishery. Subsequently, an American shipper, Gridley by name, founded, on Amherst Island, near the entrance to the harbor of that name, a trading and fishing establishment, the ruins of which still exist. He took into his service families of French origin residing on the islands, in order specially to carry on, upon a large scale, the hunting of the walrus and the seal, the oil obtained from which brought a good price in the markets of the New England colonies, as did also the skins, which yielded a very thick leather, and the tusks which served as a substitute for ivory.

"The property of Mr. Gridley and his apparatus was partly destroyed during the American War by the privateers of the revolted colonies, but on the conclusion of peace he resumed his trade and his labors; but the walruses, whose habits

of coming in herds upon the beach had exposed them to the constant attacks of the hunters, to whom they had become a valuable prey, had already almost completely disappeared from the vicinity of the islands. On the other hand, the seals did not appear in as large numbers near the shore, and were not as easily captured as formerly, and in consequence the establishments of Mr. Gridley and of other shippers engaged more especially in the hunting of amphibious animals, rapidly decreased in importance and prosperity.

"I must here observe that besides the fishermen of the Magdalen Islands, a large number had also come from the English Colonies since the conquest of Canada, to engage in walrus-hunting. They had carried it on with that perseverance and energy for which they are so celebrated, and to them, in great measure, is to be attributed the extinction in our waters of this amphibious animal, which is second in importance only to the whale.

"But the inhabitants settled on Amherst, Grindstone, and Allright Islands had already begun to engage in a more steady manner in the cod and herring fishery, the produce of which they bartered with the traders of the other British Provinces, and even of Jersey, for provisions and merchandise, and this yielded them undoubted benefit. Moreover, the cultivation of the soil which, however, they by far too much neglected, as their descendants do at the present day, yielded them some certain supplies, and at the time of the concession of all the Magdalen Islands, by the British Government to Admiral Isaac Coffin in 1798, as a reward for the services which he had rendered to the English Crown during the American war, the population of the Islands was estimated at one hundred families; but from information I was enabled to obtain at Amherst, I believe this amount to be a little exaggerated. In 1821, according to Col. Bouchette, the number of families had increased to one hundred and thirty-three, and in 1831, to one hundred and fifty-three, the total population being about one thousand souls. The census of 1850 showed it to be two thousand two hundred and two, and that of 1860, two thousand six hundred and fifty one.

But it must not be forgotten that the Magdalen Islands had sent out three Colonies to the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the total population of which amounts to about five hundred souls.

"The fisheries of the Magdalen Islands in their order, from spring to autumn, are the seal fishery or rather seal hunting on the ice, the herring fishery, the spring mackerel fishery, the cod fishery, which lasts till autumn, and the summer mackerel fishery."

Of these several pursuits I shall confine myself to borrowing the words of the jolly ex-commander of the Canadian navy:—

SEAL HUNTING.

"Seal hunting is carried on upon the floating ice, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, throughout nearly its whole extent, although it seldom happens that the schooners go higher up than Gaspé Cape to try their fortune in the River St. Lawrence. It is rather upon the North shore of the Gulf, near the Island of Anticosti, and at the entrance of the Straits of Belleisle, that the fields of ice are met with upon which are generally found the greatest number of seals. It is hardly necessary for me to repeat that the female seals, which penetrate the Gulf of St. Lawrence in enormous herds in the month of December,* get up

* Is this a satisfactory reply to the question propounded by an American writer as to the hybernaculum of the Alaska seals, as follows:—

The islands of Alaska are the summer resort of seals in immense numbers; but where they spend their winters is an unsolved mystery. Sufficient search has been made for their winter abodes—with a view to taking their skins—to show that they do not land in any considerable numbers on any known ground. They begin to leave the islands early in October, and by the middle of December have all left, and none are seen again until April or May. A few hundred, mostly young pups, are taken by the Indians around Sitka, 1,200 miles east of the islands, during the month of December, again in March on their return to the islands, and in February off the coast of British Columbia; but in such small numbers as to make no appreciable difference in the immense number that visit the islands annually. It is claimed by the natives that the seals return invariably the second year to their places of birth, and, when not too often disturbed by driving, continue to do so. In order to test the truth of this story, Mr. Byrant, Special Agent of the Treasury Department at St. Paul's Island, has instituted an experiment of an eminently practical character, although it might not

on the floating ice about the middle or end of March to bring forth their young, which they nurse with great tenderness and suckle for the three or four weeks, or perhaps more, which time they pass upon the ice without going into the water. It is during that period that our hunters have to use their endeavors to get them into their possession by killing them either with clubs or by shooting; for subsequently when they have attained sufficient strength, they take to the water and the hunters see them no more. But the floating ice also serves for a habitation for the adult seals—especially the females—while they are tending their young, and our hunters pursue them eagerly where it is in their power to do so—that is when they can approach them without being perceived, or else when these amphibious animals are upon ice so closely packed together that they can find no open place through which to plunge into the water, and so escape pursuit. Then our hunters make great slaughter among them, and crews of seven men have been sometimes known to kill hundreds.

“Continues high winds, blowing from the same quarter for some length of time, drive the fields of ice covered with seals towards the shores of the Islands, and keep them aground near the coast until a change of wind supervenes, and at such times great prizes fall to the Islanders. In an instant the news is spread through all the Islands by the ringing of bells and the firing of guns, and soon the whole population rushes to the shore, whence may easily be seen the seals scattered over the ice as far as the eye can reach.

“Young and old men, each armed with a large knife, a rope, and a club, spring on to the fields of ice, while the women remain on the shore within reach, to prepare their

command the entire approval of Mr. Bergh, whose jurisdiction, however, does not extend to Alaska. He had one hundred male pups selected before leaving, on a rookery one mile north of the village, and marked by cutting off the left ear, on a rookery to the south of the village. This has been done for two years, and next year the first will be old enough to be taken, when the result will be ascertained. It is evident that sharks or other voracious fish prey on the young pups while in the water, from the fact that of more than a million pups annually leaving the islands, not one-third return to them in the spring.

meals, and to supply them with hot drinks in order to protect them from the effects of the cold and damp, to which they are incessantly exposed. With their clubs they stun all the seals which they come upon, and then use their knives to dispatch them and remove the skin and fat. When they think their harvest large enough, they tie together with a rope, with which they are provided, as much of their spoils as will suffice to make a burthen of from three hundred to three hundred and fifty pounds, and they then drag this valuable load from one piece of ice to another to the shore, where they leave it in safety, and return to the same ground to gather a fresh harvest. This fatiguing and often dangerous labor continues throughout the whole day, and even the night in clear weather, so long as there are any seals on the ice near the shore, and the ice has not been driven away by the land breeze. I have been told that formerly, when the seals were more numerous than at present in the waters of the Gulf, the inhabitants of the Magdalen Islands had taken as many as from one thousand five hundred to two thousand seals, nearly all young on the fields of ice aground near the shore. But since I have been visiting the islands, the results produced by seal-hunting have been less abundant, and have sometimes amounted to hardly anything. This year (1864) by a happy concurrence of circumstances, it was productive, having yielded at least six thousand seals, which cannot be valued at less than three dollars each, thus giving a total value of eighteen thousand dollars. This excellent hunting took place on the 27th, 28th, and part of the 29th April, having consequently lasted but two days and a half. The ice driven by a strong east wind drifted out to sea, carrying with it thousands of seals beyond the reach of the hunters, whose disappointment may be more easily imagined than described.

“This hunting is very often attended with danger, for the currents or the wind sometimes drive off the ice before the hunters can regain the shore, and if they are not taken off by boats, they are carried off to sea, there to perish inevitably from cold and hunger. Within some fifteen years several accidents of this nature have, to

my knowledge, occurred. But every possible effort is made to prevent their occurrence by warning the hunters, who are busy on the ice, when the latter begins to move away from the shore by the firing of guns and by signals agreed on beforehand. The fat of the young seals is tender, and melts easily in the sun. It yields a very fine oil, which is white and almost devoid of unpleasant smell.

"The Magdalen Islands schooners, fitted out for seal-hunting, amounted in number this year to 25."

The navigation of these crafts amongst the ice-floes, in early spring, amidst snow-storms and hurricanes, is attended with considerable danger. Thus perished the "Emma" and the "Breeze"—the crews leaving 13 widows and 45 orphans. Of the herring, mackerel and cod fisheries, &c., of these islands, important and remunerative pursuits though they be, I will, for want of space, merely give Commander Fortin's official returns for 1864:—

Seal Hunting.

6,000 seals killed by the inhabitants on the ice, at \$3 00 a seal,	\$18,000 00
1,633 seals killed by the crews of schooners, at \$6.00 a seal,	9,798 00

Herring Fishery.

1,500 barrels of herring, at \$2.00 per barrel,	3,000 00
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Spring Mackerel Fishery.

900 barrels of mackerel, at \$6.00 a barrel,	5,400 00
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Cod Fishery.

9,170 quintals of cod, at \$3.60 a quintal,	32,944 00
5,811 gallons cod liver oil, at 55 cents a gallon,	3,196 05

NOTE.—The seal fishery in the Lower St. Lawrence is becoming of importance. We read that (St. JOHN, Nfld., Feb. 7th, 1872) a company has been formed in Montreal, part of the capital being subscribed here, for the prosecution of the seal fishery. Two fine new steamers, the "Iceland" and "Greenland," are now on the passage from Aberdeen, having been built by this Company. It is reported that Sir Hugh Allan has a considerable interest in this adventure. Another new steamer for the seal fishery, called the "Wolf" has just arrived to W. Grieve & Co. The "Tigress," a fourth new steamer, owned by some of our own merchants, and built in Quebec, was unfortunately locked in the ice, in consequence of an "early closing movement" on the part of the St. Lawrence, last November. She is, of course, precluded from sharing in this year's fishery.

Summer Mackerel Fishery.

1,400 barrels of mackerel, at \$10.00 a barrel,	\$14,000 00
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Whale Oil.

360 of whale oil, at 70 cents a gallon,	252 00
	\$86,590 05

Alright Island lies to the north-east of Amherst Island, and forms the north-east boundary of Pleasant Bay, which has a width of about twelve miles. The island is about four miles long by two broad, and its surface is almost entirely a succession of small hills and valleys. Grindstone Island is so called from a lofty conical cape of sandstone on its south-east shore, called by the French Cap de Meule. This island forms the north-east boundary of Pleasant Bay, and is almost five miles in length. Its soil is rich, and agriculture is prosecuted with vigor. At its western limit is the thriving village of L'Etang du Nord. The Judge of Bonaventure District holds his court each year at the Magdalen Islands in September, and I had the pleasure of recognizing in this dignitary a worthy Quebec Police Magistrate of ancient days—His Honor Mr. Justice Maguire.

From the Magdalen group, the sailing packet takes you either to Gaspé Basin or to Pictou, and the Gulf Port steamers convey the traveller from the latter place to Paspébiac.

CHAPTER XI.

NEW RICHMOND—MARIA—ITS MYSTERIOUS LIGHT—CARLETON—ITS ROTHSCHILD, JOHN MEAGHER, ESQ.—THE HOME OF THE ACADIANS.

There are several other points of interest in the Bay which I had not an opportunity of visiting. For the following notes on the same I am indebted to a well-informed official of Port Daniel:—

"On leaving Black Cape you travel over hills and valleys of fertile, well-cultivated lands settled by Scotch and French Canadians, until you arrive at the little river, the homestead of the Pritchards on the flat lands.

"The first settlers of New Richmond were four French-Canadian families—Burkets, Degousse, Sayer, Cormier—and in 1783 three families of Loyalists, viz., Pritchard, Willot, Duffey—the head of one, Captain Pritchard, was rather more than a Loyalist—being an officer in the American Army. He went over to the British. He received half pay until his death in 1827, and was to the last a stout, daring old man.

"On crossing the little river, fording at low water or by scow at high, you arrive at the business part of it. There are here two churches—a Presbyterian and a R.C. church within half a mile of each other; two mercantile establishments; mills where the business of the township is centered. Here Wm. Cuthbert, of Ayrshire, established himself in 1820. By dint of energy, enterprise and honesty he accumulated a fortune of \$400,000 as partner of Robert Cuthbert, in Greenock, on the Clyde; and died recently, much respected. Robert Montgomery and son have succeeded him in New Richmond, and do a large business in mills, timber, &c.

"The population is Scotch and French-Canadian intermixed. One mile and a half from Mrs. Cuthbert's brings you to the big river of New Richmond, in Indian language, Cascapediac, the division line of the township of Maria, on crossing the big river by scow, for it appears we are never destined to have bridges, (except on the dawn of elections, they are never spoken off.) The east point of Maria is an Indian reserve of one thousand acres, where thirty families of Micmacs prolong a miserable, immoral, and intemperate existence. They have a church, and are visited by the priest of the mission, Point Restigouche, twice a year. These Indians are of the lowest *canaille* of the genius red-skin. Leaving the Indians one mile, you get into a prosperous settlement of French-Canadians for one mile and a half, when you arrive at the snug residence of Harvey Manderson, Esq., J. P., a clever and original character. In rear of Mr. Manderson, there exists a prosperous settlement of Patlanders, formed twenty-five years ago. Two miles further brings you to the R. C. church, and to the residences of the

numerous and patriarchal family of Audettes. One must not forget the hardy old Anticosti trapper, R. Campbell, Esq., now a successful merchant in Maria. On the Cape of Maria shines nightly the mysterious light which disappears when approached. It indicates the presence of a treasure buried here in days of yore—"But don't tell it to the Marines." Five miles further is Carleton, the home of the Acadians of old, the Landry, Allard, Allain, Le Blanc, Jaque, Caisy families. One of the former industries of the Bay, the smoking of herrings, has quite disappeared, as it did not pay. At the foot of the lofty mountain range known as the Tracadegetche Mountains, is built the romantic village of Carleton in a sheltered nook. In 1861, the population of the entire township was nine hundred and fifty-eight souls, of whom twenty-six were Protestants. This portion of the coast was first settled by Acadians, who, coming from Tracadie, named this spot Tracadigeletee, or little Tracadie.

"The Bay of Carleton is a fine sheet of water formed by Mlgouacha and Tracadegetche points. The river Nouvelle empties itself in this Bay. The anchorage is good, and the Bay affords a safe refuge for shipping from northerly and easterly gales. It is a favorite resort of the herring in spring as a spawning-ground, and immense quantities are caught, which are used not only as food, but also as manure.

Here resides the wealthy and respected member of the county, John Meagher, Esq., the father-in-law of our young friend at Quebec, P. Chauveau, Esq. Here our much-respected townsman, Dr. Landry (of Quebec), has built himself a snug villa, to spend thereat the summer months.

"New Richmond is a rich agricultural country for many years back, exporting largely to Halifax and Newfoundland, as well as several cargoes of timber and deals to Britain. Maria and Bonaventure export agricultural produce to some extent. Carleton is a stirring place, with a bank agency and considerable business. A few years ago this place threatened to rival Rimouski as the seat of the Episcopacy for this district. There is a handsome convent at Carleton, founded mainly by the liberality of Mr. John Meagher. A few miles from Carleton the line of the Intercolonial Railroad comes out, and the village of Matapedia will much benefit thereby. Here lies the beautiful farm of Big Dan Fraser, the prince of Gaspé farmers and good fellows."

THE GREAT FIRE ON THE MIRAMICHI, N.B., AND THE BURNING
OF NEWCASTLE, 7TH OCTOBER, 1825.

BY E. H. NASH.

There was fire in the wood to the southward away,
A fire that had ravaged the long summer day;
But not many had heeded its rapid stride
As it swept over highlands and valleys wide,
Still nearer and nearer the great River's side.

There was fire to the northward that could not be
stayed,
Shrivelling and crackling the tall trees were swayed,
And the sparkling flames through their foliage
played.

There was fire in the wood to the westward, too,
Where the curling wreaths rose spiral and blue,
And many a league long it had travelled o'er,
With its scorching hot breath and its stunning roar,
With its loud hissing voice and the frequent crash
Of some forest monarch—the elm or the ash.
Onward, right onward, north-eastward it came—
The smoke-cloud its herald, that withering flame;
Yet nearer and nearer it swept to the sea
And circled the banks of the Miramichi.

Its mission destruction; before its foul breath
The beasts of the wilderness sickened to death,
The red-deer, the bear, and the wild cariboo
Lay gasping and dying the wide forest through,
And the sweet-singing warbler grew hoarse in its
note,
While the cry of the curlew died out in its throat.

There were ships in the harbor, a hundred and more,
And the small boats of fishermen many a score,
While Newcastle, bustling, stood close on the shore.

Fire! fire in the wood! it came nearer, more near,
As the hours wore away, and a sickening fear
Stole over the people who dwelt by the sea
And on the sweet banks of the Miramichi.

And hundreds of families on her fair shore
Miles and miles upward, had heard that great roar,
And the loud hissing voice and the scorching breath
Had been freighted to them with the message of
death.

The smoke-clouds grew darker, and fire-jets streamed
high,
And a "blackness of darkness" enveloped the sky.
In weakness and terror men panted and prayed
And turned in their agony upward for aid.

Fire! fire in the wood! in their anguish and fright
The women stood trembling to see the dread sight;
The smoke rolling nearer, the flames flashing bright,
As down over Newcastle settled that night.

The glare was about them; O dreadful! more dread!
E'en the great rushing river ran bloody red
As the huge burning brands, with a savage scream,
Whirled around and around o'er the foaming stream.

Fire! fire in the wood! a more horrible roar,
Long, sullen, and louder than any before,
As the roar of deep thunder, and then a bright flash
More vivid than lightning, succeeded the crash:
When Newcastle, Douglas, and all the North side,
In flames were enveloped a hundred miles wide!

O fearful the panic! ah, piercing the cries!
Above all the roaring that rose to the skies
The prayers of the Christian and wails of despair
Were mingling their tones on the death-laden air.

But one hope was left them; ah! vain as a dream;
The hope from the vessels that lay in the stream;
For light sails were flaming, and rigging aglow—
E'en the ships in the harbor had felt the dread blow.

O! the pale "King of Terrors" walked forth in his
might

When the flames over Newcastle burst on that night,
And the light of the morning showed, shapeless and
black,

The corpses he'd left on his fire-wasted track.

NOTE.—Newcastle was a thriving town with 1,000
inhabitants. Douglastown was one-third its size.
150 large ships in the river. Many of them were
burned to the water's edge. Fires in the wood at dif-
ferent points had been slowly gathering force since
the latter part of June. These facts were drawn from
Mr. Cooney's account.

PUMPKINVILLE PAPERS:

ONE NIGHT WITH THE SOCIETY.

BY BLAIR ATHOL.

"Well, Nell, you're in for it now, as sure as my name is Thomas—by corruption Tom."

"In for what?" I asked. "What do you mean?"

"Why, Mrs. Larkin and Mrs. Holmes have been here hectoring mother to let you join the Sewing Society. She said you would go on Wednesday. She was fairly scared into it, Nell; you needn't blame mother. They talked to her about her duty to the Church, and between the two of them made her out the biggest heathen in Pumpkinville. I did all I could for you myself. I told them you had all the sewing you could do at home; but Mrs. Larkin shewed me my place in double quick time. She looked round on me with that eagle eye of hers and then glanced at the floor, as if expecting me to go through; but as I didn't do it, she said very slowly—well, now, what do you think that woman said to me, Nell?—just guess."

"I give it up."

"And so you might," replied Tom. "Well, she said, 'A boy couldn't be expected to know about these things.' Just think of that! Boy, indeed!"

"And what did you say?" asked I, for I was commencing to enjoy the idea of an engagement between Mrs. Larkin and Tom.

"I told her that boys knew a little more than the Sewing Society in some ways, and that was how to mind their own business. I daren't say it very loud, for mother was listening, too; so I'm afraid the old dame didn't hear me. But I'll make her hear me some day before long, as sure as my name's Tom Athol. Yes; I'll bet five cents she'll hear me on the deafest side of her head." Tom never exceeded five cents even in the most important wager.

At the tea-table mother looked very guilty, and appeared afraid to meet my eye. She well knew my aversion to joining the Society, as I had firmly withstood both persuasion and sneers to that effect for at least a year and a half. After a few nervous coughs, she began:—

"I'm sorry you were out this afternoon, Nellie. Mrs. Larkin and Mrs. Holmes called and—"

"Oh, yes, mamma!" I replied, "I know; Tom told me all about it."

"Well, my dear," she continued, "I promised you would go on Wednesday. I really could not help it. Besides I'm afraid we have been a little selfish and have forgotten the wants of others in thinking of ourselves."

"Charity begins at home, mother," said Tom, scalding his throat with a mouthful of hot tea in his eagerness to be heard on the subject. "I think if Nell does most of the sewing for five youngsters, and keeps them straight, no one can accuse her of selfishness. Why, she hasn't time! If I had a daughter—" here he came to a sudden pause. The bare idea made him blush violently. "I mean, if I had anything to say in it, I'd take precious good care that Nell never went near such a nest of cantankerous old serpents."

"My dear Tom!" interrupted mother.

"It's so mother; don't I know them. There are three or four of a different kind, but for all the good they do they had better be at home. All the rest sit cheek by jowl, and talk, and whisper, and hint of every person's affairs in the whole town; there isn't a fellow in Pumpkinville but they know something about. They never tell it out though. Oh no! that would be too dreadful. But Mrs. Larkin shuts her eyes and shakes her head. And wasn't it through

some tattle from there that Mrs. Lane took her girls from Jennie Hale, and sent them to that other fellow for music."

"Jennie Hale ain't a fellow," interrupted one of the children. But Tom continued regardless:—

"I tell you, mother, there has been more mischief done by that Society than anyone gives it credit for. I don't say they mean mischief, but they make it; yes, and do what can't be undone. Did'n't Mrs. Holmes say that Morden put poison or alum or something in his bread, and turn all his customers away, just after he was fairly started, and that because he asked to have his account settled after standing a whole year. And then there's poor Norton, the parson. That poor fellow daren't look at a girl, but he's neglecting his duty, he's growing light, and his last sermon showed it; it was easy seeing how much he studied. He was seen altogether too much around Miss Somebody, and it didn't look well. I wouldn't be Norton and have five thousand a year. I'll tell you what it is, either Norton or the Sewing Society will have to leave town: Pumpkinville isn't big enough to hold both of them, I'll bet five cents on that. And now, mother, why don't these other women put that down? There's Mrs. Sylvester; she wouldn't hurt a fly. Why doesn't she stop it? They all call themselves Christians, why don't they show it? Their actions are not likely to make anyone fall in love with their religion. A legion of vipers," he muttered, "and Madame Larkin the biggest of them all, and that reminds me I shall have the pleasure of bringing that amiable lady out of the small end of the horn one of these fine days. I wonder what she'll think of the boy then." Tom was still smarting from that unkindest of cuts given him by Mrs. Larkin.

"Really Tom," said mother, "you are growing dreadful. And, Nellie, I'm sure he was saying something very wrong to Mrs. Larkin this afternoon. I didn't hear; but she looked at him so—almost frightened me."

"Don't be alarmed, mother; I don't think I'm in danger of being fascinated by her killing glances."

Tom having at last exhausted his breath,

I asked if mother had promised I should go always.

"No, I merely said you would attend next Wednesday; and if you liked it, every week after that."

And for that night the subject was dismissed; although, I am afraid, in his own mind, Tom dwelt with unforgiving persistency on the shortcomings of the energetic Mrs. Larkins, for by the contracted brow and jerky movement, it was easily seen he had something on his mind. That night I discovered him before the glass in mother's room, holding a lamp in one hand and with the other very carefully feeling his chin and both sides of his face. "That's where it ought to be," he thought; and as coming events cast their shadows, I suppose he was looking or feeling for the shadow. I felt certain that no substance was there yet, but in this I was mistaken. Now I had surprised Tom in his search for—laurels—shall I call them? But Tom is as "cute" as I am myself (which is saying a good deal). So he was determined to show me that I had not surprised him in the least—that there was no surprise about it. He put the lamp down on the table, and now with both hands smoothly rubbed down both sides of his face as if there were already an immense growth of something that required great care to keep it within bounds—in fact was almost setting him at defiance already—and in a matter-of-fact voice said:

"I think I must get me a razor, Nellie."

I restrained my little desire to smile—laugh was out of the question—for already I thought I saw money paid for a razor before it was needed; and I am a most economical young person—indeed I believe economy is my forte. I answered in a very interested tone that "there was an old one of father's in the second drawer of that bureau, quite a good one," I said.

"That thing," replied my manly brother, turning up his nose contemptuously. "A lot you must know about it. Why it wouldn't cut butter—no nor melted butter."

"Oh," said I, firing up in my turn, "if that's what you want it for, or course it's different—I didn't know it was butter you were expecting, melted or any other kind."

"Don't be a goose, Nell. And as for expecting, that's your little error. I don't expect anything. It's there." And once more he gave his pretty round chin a most complacent pat.

"Let me feel, Tom." But Tom didn't believe in girls' cold fingers pawing over his face; so I asked him how long he thought he might leave it without shaving, and after considerable deliberation, with a great many smoothings, and pittings, and rubbings up and down, and sideways, until he grew pretty rosy, Tom opined that it might go a week yet, but not a day over.

"A week, though, it might do. It isn't very stiff yet, you see, Nell."

I couldn't see—that was the trouble; so I had just to take his word for it. And now I had a week to persuade Tom past the foolishness of buying a razor. If I could once divest his mind of the sense of injury done him by Mrs. Larkin, I was pretty sure all thoughts of the razor would go too, but if he spent money on that, I would certainly lay it at her door, and there would be more mischief done by the Society; for, as I said before, economy is my forte. I went to bed that night with very unsettled and I fear uncharitable ideas as to the utility of—, well of almost everything, but particularly sewing-societies and beards. Next Wednesday having come around, at dinner I once more apprised the family of a fact they might have forgotten, namely that I wouldn't be home for tea. Now, to me, this was the most inviting feature of the whole affair. I had not been out to tea for ever so long, and as we met at Mrs. Silvester's, and I knew her teas of old, I think it was only natural that I should consider a change from the "home bread and butter" as something in the nature of a treat. In this my second brother, Harry, appeared to resemble me; for when I asked Tom to come for me in the evening, while he thoughtfully smoothed his chin (a habit which had grown upon him of late) before answering, Harry asked if there would be anything passed round—"Because if there is, I'll come, Nell. Tom needn't mind." Tom immediately decided that he *would come*; though, for the family credit, I must make known, a very different reason. I fancy now that Tom expected an opportunity of

bringing Mrs. Larkin "through the small end of the horn," as he very elegantly described his plan of revenge. At three o'clock, then, behold me *en route* for Mrs. Silvester's; and it was with no small degree of fear and trembling that I opened the gate and walked up to the door. The reception in store troubled me not a little. I didn't expect to have anything disagreeable said plain out to my face; but they have a bad habit at the Pumpkinville Sewing Society of giving their worst cut in a most innocent if not kindly manner. As I had refused for some time to have anything to do with this charitable institution—as our cousins say—my conscience honestly assured me that once getting the chance they would consider me fair game for a good many of these "sugar-coated pills." Mrs. Silvester gave me a kindly welcome. After removing my hat and sacque, I was conducted to the parlor, where the institution was at work. Most of them I knew pretty well; others I had merely spoken to; and a few I did not know at all. When I was about the middle of the room, Mrs. Larkin (I forgot to mention that Mrs. Larkin is President of the Society) rose to receive me. She did not smile, but with a severe look and a much more severe cough she remarked that, "she was glad, very glad indeed, to see that I had begun to think of my responsibilities." She also hoped that "my mind might be weaned from the vanities of the present evil world, and instead of allowing my thoughts to be taken up with the outward adorning of my person, I would turn my attention to the improvement of my mind and the cultivation of the Christian graces." Having delivered herself of this address, Mrs. Larkin sank back on the sofa, whereupon Mrs. Holmes took me up.

"Yes, indeed, Miss Athol, I was just telling your ma the other day that in my times it was different with girls. There was more work done and a good deal less gadding—a good deal less; 'course I know you do a great deal of work; but we weren't sent into this world just to look after ourselves."

I thought if her mission was to look after others, she fulfilled it faithfully.

Mrs. Potts, another lady of the Society,

came forward and shaking hands with a silly giggle said, "We begun to think we wasn't good enough for you, Miss Athol." The rest bowed or shook hands as they felt inclined; but all exchanged glances, and the impression given me was that if they had never seen me there before in the flesh, I had been brought up pretty vividly to their mind's eye. On the whole they succeeded in making it tolerably uncomfortable until I was seated beside the President tucking a child's skirt under her vigilant eye. I was sorry to observe that with my *début* all conversation seemed to cease. I fancy they were waiting for Mrs. Larkin to commence. Mrs. Silvester, having inquired for the health of all the family, also subsided—until she could think of something else, I suppose.

"Have you heard lately from your cousin in Toronto, Miss Athol?" she asked.

"I had a letter last week."

Cousin Ethel, I may here state, had always been an eyesore to the Society when visiting Pumpkinville, for a variety of reasons. In the first place she was my cousin, and I was stuck-up and wouldn't join; then she came from Toronto and put on airs. She was also good-looking, and took a little of the admiration which they no doubt considered their daughters' due. Last, but by no means least, the unfortunate Mr. Norton had shown a slight preference for her society. Put all these together, could any reasonable mortal say that Cousin Ethel had a right to be regarded with favorable eyes by these ladies? Certainly not.

"Do you expect her again soon?" inquired Mrs. Silvester.

"She promised us a visit in summer," I replied.

"She was so pretty, I thought," continued Mrs. Silvester.

"Oh! that's all a matter of taste," spoke up Mrs. Potts. "Now, for my part, I think a girl would look better with a good deal less fixin' on her. At least that's my opinion."

"Yes," responded the President, with a volcanic sigh; "it's sad, very sad, to see a young person giving way so much to the frivolities of time, and not only neglecting her future welfare, but also her present

duties. Very sad!" Mrs. Larkin's eyelids drooped over her work.

Had I not known something of the lady, I might have supposed she was offering up a petition in Ethel's behalf; but I was not in a mood to think well of any person. I cannot sit quietly by and here my absent friends dished up after the manner of the Society, so I ventured to have a word in the matter.

"I think you scarcely do my cousin justice, Mrs. Larkin."

All eyes were immediately upon me, and such was the curiosity and astonishment depicted on every countenance that I speedily repented myself of my temerity in so rashly differing from the President. Mrs. Larkin regarded me silently for two minutes straight in the eyes, then holding up her needle between the light and her own orb, threaded it deliberately, put a knot in the thread, took one stitch, and folding her hands, leaned back on the sofa. She was preparing one grand blow which should crush me to the earth, and my courage rising with the occasion, I thought whilst she was making ready, I could not do better than finish what I had intended to say at first.

"Of course my cousin has no mother—every one knows what a loss that is;—but taking everything into consideration, I don't think any one who really *knows* her could say she neglected her duties. She may not do as we do here; but Toronto is different from Pumpkinville, and if her father is rich, and Ethel does spend money, I don't think she really cares so much for the frivolities of time. Her father doesn't think she neglects her duties, and he ought to know best."

Profound silence reigned. All waited to hear the response. Mrs. Larkin had evidently lost ground. What she had intended to say at first wouldn't answer now; but something must be said quickly, or the Society would see it's leader vanquished. Quietly ignoring the question altogether, she gave me a cut in another spot.

"It used to be considered a great loss for a girl to have no mother; but I think, Miss Athol—I think it depends on the training the mother gives her daughter. There are girls who don't seem to have

learned much that they ought to have from their mother or any other person." She drew out her needle with great energy, and in so doing broke the thread.

It is needless to say that I got the worst of it. Mrs. Silvester hastened to separate us, as it were, by introducing another subject.

"Do you know anything of that new family that has come to town? Simpson is the name, I believe," addressing the President in her most conciliatory tone.

"Not much," was the reply. "I heard she was very extravagant."

"Yes," said Mrs. Holmes, "so did I. That silk she wore on Sunday didn't cost a cent less than two dollars a yard."

"And such a mantle!" put in Mrs. Potts. "Oh! I heard of her before down at that other place where they used to live," and Mrs. Potts looked very knowing; but did not proceed to give us the benefit of her knowledge, notwithstanding the enquiring glances cast at her.

"You did?" queried the President. "Did you hear anything—anything that—;" but Mrs. Potts didn't take the hint. "I mean," continued the President, "did you hear anything that made you suppose she would join the Society?"

"Oh no, nothing of the kind. I assure you; I did hear that they used to run pretty big accounts, lived pretty high you see. Then Mrs. Simpson, she told some one that they had to come to Pumpkinville—they had to, you see. I don't generally mind other people's business, but I couldn't help thinking about their accounts, and that may be they did have to."

"I want to know," eagerly exclaimed old Mrs. Harris, taking a pinch of snuff. Mrs. Harris is the oldest inhabitant of Pumpkinville. She remembers the present flourishing town when there were only two houses in the midst of a dense forest. Things are greatly changed since then, but Mrs. Harris still clings to the memory of the good old times. "We wasn't all a killin' ourselves to see if we could beat our neighbors in them days, and the bad humor and bad health that there is in these big brick houses, with the hot-air and lighted with candy-leers, was never thought of or dreamed of in the old log ones with

the big fireplace along one end of the house, and where sometimes the stars could be easy seen through the chinks." Some of the more aristocratic members have styled Mrs. Harris vulgar and countrified, but as that venerable lady can tell each one how her ma and pa and all her antecedents lived in the early days of Pumpkinville, and might disclose some unpleasant facts, it is generally considered the best policy to tolerate her, for she can't be expected to live much longer. Poor Mrs. Silvester looked really distressed upon seeing the turn conversation had taken. "I asked about them because I saw two young ladies whom perhaps we should ask to join."

The President sniffed, but offered no further response.

"I do think," observed Mrs. Holmes, "that Smith sells his cottons awful dear, especially when its for a charitable purpose. Now there, that piece I paid twenty-one and a half cents for every blessed yard; I'm sure tain't worth more'n nineteen. Hammond, the new merchant, sells dirt-cheap compared to that."

"But Mr. Smith has a large family to support," answered a quiet-looking lady at the other end of the room.

"Then he'd better look sharp to how he's going to provide for it," was the rather spirited reply. "He'll not be long where he is or I'm much mistaken."

"Why, how's that?" asked two or three.

"Oh, I'm not one to spread bad news, but he'll be insolvent before long, I believe; I have it from good authority," seeing a few sceptical faces. "So his high prices won't do him much good."

Mrs. Larkin shook her head and observed solemnly, "that if Smith had given more to the Lord, it might have been better for him to-day."

"What's that about John Smith?" demanded Mrs. Harris, "I didn't hear."

She was informed that Mr. Smith was on the verge of bankruptcy.

"My, my, well, well, deary me. Just to think, and he's bin there so long. Why I do feel cut up to hear that. I remember"—and the oldest inhabitant took off her spectacles, wiped them on her black silk apron, and leaned back in the rocker, whilst a crowd of recollections rushed into

her mind—"I remember when John Smith was born. His father and mother weren't more'n a year settled on the farm next our'n. Old Jacob Smith—though he was 'nt old then—was as likely a sort of man as you'd care to see, and his wife was just a match for him. Jerushy Smith kept as slick a house as anyone round. They lost their two eldest children and John was the next. Yes, many's the frolic we had at Smith's. You remember, Mrs. Pettibone, that quilting bee Jerushy Smith had about three months afore Ann Elizy was born?"

But Mrs. Pettibone, although pretty well past the meridian of life, never remembered anything that happened more than ten years back, so it was useless to refer to her.

"La, don't you? Wal, I should think you'd remember that night, for you know that was the night you and Seth made it up to git married. And that surveyor from York was there that night. Toronto was called York then. We had an awful fine night, only some of the horses ran off goin' home. Seth Pettibone always said he kept the best horses for thirty miles round, and that night they was so good they ran home with him without his leave. I always remember that night, for Jerushy had a new kind of cake that no one else knew how to make; but she told us all afterwards. She was real good, was Jerushy. And to think that poor John should have to knock under. My, I do feel cut up."

Kind-hearted Mrs. Harris was the only one who expressed any sympathy for the unfortunate Mr. Smith, and she broke out now and again with a lament for him, generally ending up with the observation, "that there wasn't a likelier lookin' man round than old Jacob Smith." Tea was very soon announced. Every article of work was inspected and folded away for the evening, and the institution set out for the dining-room, I following the President in a subdued and respectful manner, and very subdued I felt. Had I been removed from her vicinity, I should have taken my tea with a greater degree of comfort. But no, side by side we sat down to the well-filled table; so repeating to myself that comforting old maxim, "What can't be cured, must be endured," I proceeded to drown my sorrows in the "cup that cheers but

not inebriates." Mr. Silvester having relieved Mrs. Harris' mind with regard to her friend John Smith, by assuring her that his standing was as good as that of any in town, the old lady "chirked up," as she expressed it, and with her spectacles on the tip of her nose, peered at everything that was passed her, and whilst swallowing her clear tea (she always took it clear,) discussed the respective merits of "Old and Young Hyson, always wandering back in her rambling discourse to the infancy of Pumpkinville, or perhaps the Rebellion. "We drank a good deal of yarb tea them days," she said, "I remember one time we had some volunteers stayin' with us, and there was one young feller from—leave me see—Kingston I think it was, and he couldn't master the yarb tea no ways, so he told me that when Canady was settled agin, and he got back to Kingston, he'd send me a box of the best black. I'm mortal fond of black tea, and sure enough he did it. I forget his name; he belonged to one of the first families in Kingston, I believe."

After tea the gentlemen were expected to drop in. It's true they did not always do it, but the minister at least was never known to fail. This evening they were particularly negligent. In vain the ladies pricked up their ears as a footstep was heard approaching the gate—alas! it didn't stop there. The conversation turned upon the growing tendency of young men to resort to questionable amusements rather than spend a quiet evening for a charitable purpose—I forgot to say that the gentlemen paid twelve and a half cents for the pleasure of an evening with the Society. At last the gate slammed, a somewhat reluctant foot shuffled slowly up the walk, and in a few minutes Mrs. Silvester half led, half pushed little Bub Jones into the room, who piped in a weak treble that: "Ma had sent him for Mary Ann." Now this young lady being very unwilling to leave, and certainly having a right to look for a better beau than her ten-year-old brother, I easily persuaded her to wait until Tom came for me, when we could all go together. Bub having disposed of himself on the edge of a chair, his sister and I waited patiently for what would come next.

Half an hour longer and yet no gentlemen. The ladies were beginning to grow restive (if I may use the term), glanced frequently at the clock, whispered something of which I could only hear the word "billiards," and wondered what had become of Mr. Norton. Mr. Silvester's joke of turning young again and escorting all the ladies homé himself—thereby arousing the jealousy of his better half—fell flat and met with the well-merited deserts of ill-timed pleasantry—silent contempt. At last the gate slammed. "Here he is now," exclaimed two or three at once. A visible brightening of faces went round, which gave place as quickly to an all-enduring expression—as more suitable for the occasion, I suppose. The door opened, and in marched Tom with the air of a man who would conquer or die. There is a point where patience ceases to be a virtue, and the President had got just about there. Her voice rang out clear, icy, and acidulated.

"If Mr. Norton finds it inconvenient, is tired, or for any private reason cannot close the meeting with the usual devotions, he at least should let us know. We could arrange it differently. There are people who when they have put their hand on the plow, do not look back."

And the ladies responded. "Yes; I'm sure."

Tom, though a despiser of girls in general, was particularly gracious to all the young ladies, and certainly acquitted himself creditably. Another half hour and still no Mr. Norton. Mary Ann Jones, like the Marianna of the Moated Grange, mournfully wailed, "He cometh not! He cometh not! I would that I were dead!" ending up with a very audible snicker, which drew down upon her a withering scowl from Mrs. Larkin.

Meanwhile Mr. Norton in all his bearings, especially failings, had been pretty freely discussed. Hints were thrown out of his cooling down in his work, didn't pay the attention he used to, neglected to study, didn't visit the sick. He was also suspected of looking about him for a wife. He had given a class in the Sunday-school to that Miss Cameron, and within the last three weeks had called upon her three times. He wasn't seen going in, but he

went in that direction, and if he wasn't going there where was he going? And all the ladies assumed a very ill-used air, whilst some one thought it wouldn't be much credit to the church to have such a minister's wife; but no person explained why.

While this amiable conversation was going on, Tom asked Miss Jones what she was doing for the sake of charity. She brought out a piece of fancy-work very cleverly executed. It was to be hung in a prominent part of the Hall with a view to a more extensive sale of articles when the Annual Bazaar was held.

The text was certainly very appropriate—"For without Charity we are Nothing." Tom took it in his hand for the purpose of examining it, and stood, I thought, rather nearer Mrs. Larkin than I would care to. By this time he had drawn her attention to himself as he read off, "For without Charity we are Nothing;" then in a louder tone, "That's out of the Bible, isn't it, Miss Jones?"

"Yes," interposed Mrs. Larkin; "of course it's out of the Bible. A very beautiful passage. I would recommend you to read it to-night. When I was young, boys used to know more about their Bibles than they do now."

"Exactly," replied Tom, turning pale when she said *boys*; "but I should think reading a passage would be of little use unless I practised it, too; don't you, Mrs. Larkin?" in a most respectful tone.

"Most undoubtedly," she responded more graciously.

"Well, Miss Jones, since you do these so nicely, there is another one you might do; and if you would take my advice," he added in a lower tone, "you would carry it with you to all the meetings and hang it where it could be well seen."

"What is it?" she asked.

"Well, if I remember aright," replied he, "it reads this way—'Charity thinketh no Evil.' From the way the ladies were talking of Mr. Norton and Miss Cameron, it struck me that they might have forgotten that text."

"Nellie. I think it's about time we were going (I thought so, too). Miss Jones, I'll be very happy to see you home. We

needn't wait for Mr. Norton, as he won't be here this evening. Oh! by the way! Mrs. Larkin and ladies, Mr. Norton begged you would excuse him for this time, as he had to visit a sick man, who he fears is just dying. They are very poor; so if any one feels charitably inclined

They live out in the direction of Miss Cameron's. Good evening, ladies!"

Next week a young lady friend asked me what Tom had been doing, for "Mrs. Larkin said he was getting awfully wild, and that all Dr. Athol's children would bring his grey hairs in sorrow to the grave."

A VISIT TO DR. DÖLLINGER.

BY REV. JOHN HUNT.

I spent a week at the Bad, and had many conversations with all kinds of people on the events which are now agitating Catholic Bavaria. Among the visitors were Prussian ministers of state, professors from various universities, officers of the army, Protestant ministers and Catholic priests. Our favorite place of meeting was the Rauch-Saal. The hilarity was sometimes redundant, as German mirth often is, but not always disagreeable after quiet wanderings over the tops of mountains and up sequestered valleys.

I embraced every opportunity of making acquaintance with the priests. They are generally men of simple manners, within certain limits intelligent, and always willing to converse on subjects relating to the Church. They have nothing of that reserve or distrust of Protestants which priests in England seem to have. It was gratifying altogether to see the cordiality with which all parties conversed, the freedom with which they expressed their opinions, and the entire absence of everything like passion or bad feeling. On making a new acquaintance among the priests I generally asked if he was an old Catholic or a new Catholic. The answer invariably was an old Catholic. "You are then," I would say, "a follower of Döllinger." "No, no," was sure to follow. "Döllinger is not a Catholic. He is a heretic, condemned and excommunicated by the Church."

The "Beneficiat" of Kreuth, like most of the young priests in Bavaria, was a thorough Ultramontane. He always sat next to me in the Rauch-Saal, to make sure, as he said, that I got correct information concerning the Catholic Church. He was a very intelligent man, with an open

generous face, and a high sense of his duty as a Catholic priest. He had been a pupil of Döllinger's, but could only lament the "sad" aberration of his master. I could not despise the sincerity, nor in every case the logic of those who took the Ultramontane side. From the stand-point of what I always understood to be Catholicism they seemed to be right. The Catholic Church, they said, is committed to the new dogma, and before all things it is necessary to abide by the Catholic Church. I could not help admitting that if I were a Catholic I would go in for the new dogma, and for every new dogma which the Church decreed. Of Döllinger's movement the priests spoke as of the movement of any other heretic. It disturbed men's minds for a time, but the Catholic Church could afford to wait. It outlives all heresies and all heretics. The new dogma, one priest said to me, is strange at first, but it is not strange when it is explained. The Catholic mind, he added, must accept it as soon as it regains its Catholic balance. From this he concluded that Döllinger's movement, as regards Catholics, was virtually at an end. The blind believing tendency of the Catholic mind was to me only too obvious. The priests themselves seemed to be all of the character of simple believers. All parties testified that their lives were irreproachable, and in the main their influence good; but their believing was of that kind which has no foundation. A liberal priest, who had ceased to believe in the Pope, said to me that he regarded the faith of the multitude of the priests as unbelief, for they take it as a matter of course, and think nothing at all about it.

Next day I was back in Munich, and on Tuesday morning I had some conversation with Professor Friedrich, who gave me all the information I desired concerning his part in the "old Catholic" movement. Friedrich is a young man, with a remarkably bright and intelligent face. In my judgment the future of the movement rests in a great measure with him. He has less of Döllinger's cautious diplomacy, but more of the eagerness and decision which are necessary to make a successful reformer. When the Archbishop of Munich pronounced the excommunications, Friedrich's counsel was to disregard them, and continue their clerical duties as before. Part of them, I believe, he has continued. It was reported while I was in Bavaria that he had performed the marriage service under the protection of the chief magistrate, who had caused the door of the church to be forced open, the archbishop having taken possession of the keys.

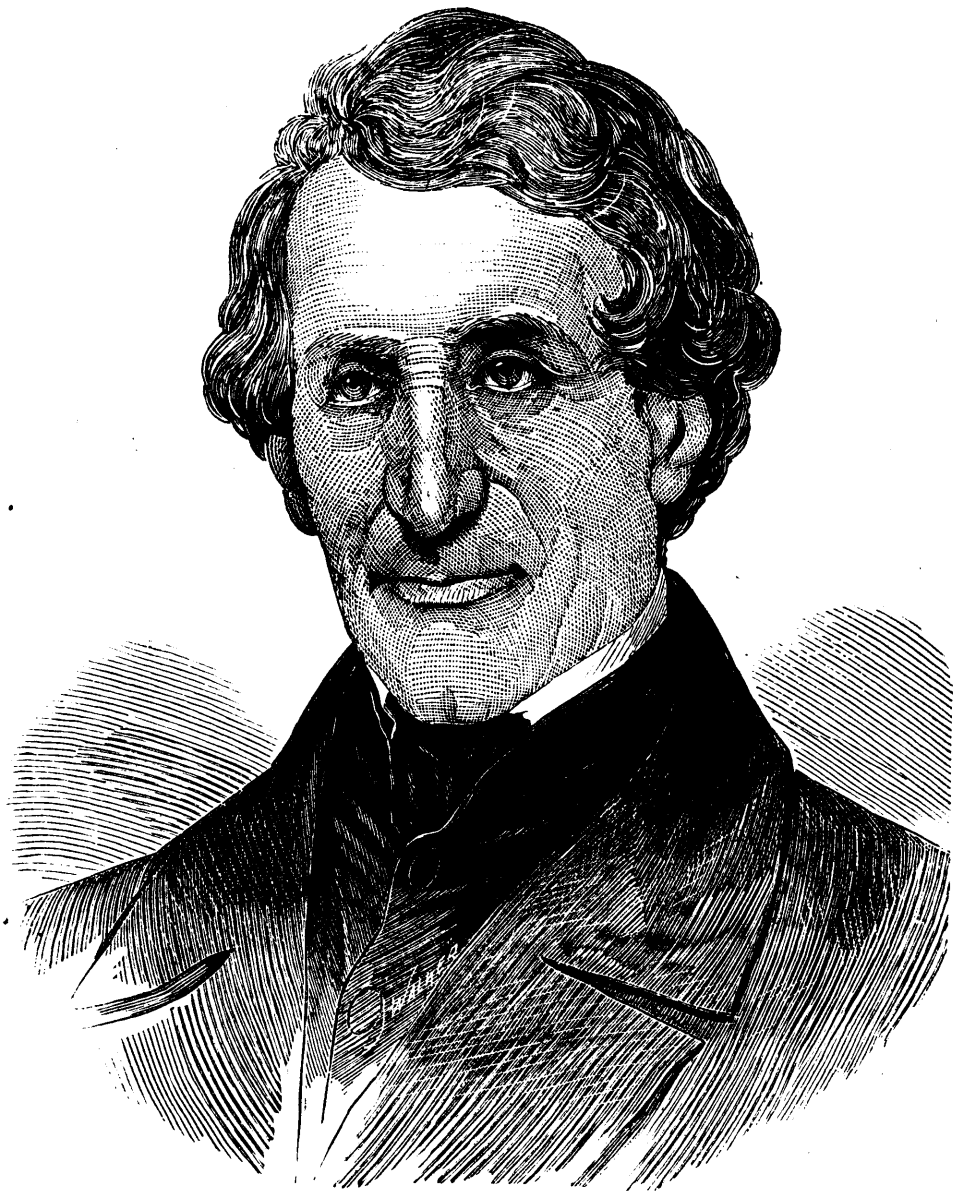
My interview with Professor Friedrich was short. I rose in haste, saying that I must go to Tutzing to find Dr. Döllinger. "He is here," said the Professor; "he re-

turned yesterday." I was glad to hear these words, and glad that I had not already started for Tutzing. Dr. Döllinger, whose reputation at the present moment is not merely European, but as extensive as Christendom, does not live in a palace; he has no fine deanery or rectory house; he has not even a lodge, like our "heads of houses" in Oxford and Cambridge. He lives up a stair, in what is called in Scotland a "flat." I am not sure if he occupies the whole flat, I rather think that he does not. Professor Friedrich lives above him in the third story. In a few minutes after leaving Professor Friedrich I was in the presence of Dr. Döllinger. I happened to have in my hand a copy of the August number of the *Contemporary Review*, of which I requested his acceptance. He took it gladly, expressing his thanks, and saying that he was glad to see it. "I have heard," he continued, "that it contains an article, by Father Dalgairns, on Papal Infallibility, and abusing us poor Germans." He had evidently near the article from some one who had not read it. I said that the article had no immediate reference to him; it was rather intended for Professor Frohschammer and the liberal theologians. There was of course the further inference that the free exercise of reason which Frohschammer demanded for science Döllinger demanded for history, and so they were both in the same category as rebels against the authority of the Church. I merely intimated this inference without putting it so as to evoke an answer. Döllinger asked if I was a *collaborateur* on the *Review*, which I answered in the affirmative. He then inquired for the Dean of Westminster, calling him with apparent pride his friend, and saying that he understood he also wrote for the *Contemporary Review*. He then spoke of the late Dean Alford, and, noticing an article by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, he spoke of Dr. Ellicott's works as if he were familiar with them.

I told him that in England we were in great darkness as to his position; that all sects and parties took an immense interest in the movement with which he was connected, but that we could not get any authoritative or reliable account of what he intended to do. He answered, that the position he had taken up was a very difficult one. The Catholic mind was trained to cling to the Church, and to sacrifice all for unity. He would not form a sect, he would not leave the Church, but the protest which had been made would stand in history as a witness that the new dogma was not the doctrine of the Catholic Church. "But how," I said, "can you defend the oecumenicity of Trent and deny that of the Vatican?" The answer was, that all the bishops did not vote for the

dogma of infallibility. "But," I said, "they have since all, or almost all, submitted. The voice of the Episcopate is the voice of the Church on the 'Old Catholic' theory of the Church, and now that the bishops of the opposition have submitted, the 'infallible Church' has declared for the infallibility of the Pope." I said that Dr. Dorner, of Berlin, had recently written an article for the *Contemporary Review*, in which he demonstrates that on the very principles of Gallicanism the new dogma must be received. The Church itself has voted for it. Döllinger said that he had not seen Dorner's article, but that he knew the Protestants did not wish him success. The bishops who had submitted were not to be reckoned. They submitted as Catholics for the sake of peace and unity, but they have not declared for papal infallibility.

I was certainly not prepared for this argument, but as my object was to learn, I listened. I however intimated that Protestants did wish him success, but they could not see that he had sufficient ground on which to stand. If the dogma was a false dogma, and yet was received to the extent it is by the Catholic hierarchy, then most assuredly the gates of hell have prevailed against the Catholic Church. The opposition to the dogma, which at one time seemed to be formidable, is now almost nothing. I expressed a wish to see the "Old Catholics" more decided in their opposition to the Church of Rome. It was now in the hands of the Ultramontanes; in fact, had become Ultramontane. It was no longer the Catholic Church which "Old Catholics" had supposed it to be. I expressed doubts if by adhering to the Church they were not supporting that very Ultramontanism which they meant to oppose. Dr. Döllinger answered that the human mind craved rest in religion. It must lean upon something objective. Protestantism was too subjective. The mind of the worshipper was always liable to be disturbed by the individuality of the minister. This want in Protestantism, he said, had given rise to the powerful party in the Church of England, at the head of which was Dr. Pusey. I admitted that in religion the multitude are more often governed by feeling than by reason. From this I argued that they are thus very liable to become an easy prey to the Ultramontane powers. These powers will train the priests even more than they do now to absolute obedience, and segregate them more than ever from the influences of secular life and secular learning. Without a decided opposition to the Church of Rome the breach between reason and religion, already far too wide, will widen every day. The party of whom he spoke in the Church of England did not probably themselves see it,



DR. DÖLLINGER.



but they were among the best supporters of Ultramontaniam. Dr. Döllinger admitted the truth of a great deal that I said; but from his own stand-point he made a long and clear answer. He contended that the opposition to Ultramontaniam would be more effective by their continuing in the Church. He said that in Germany the consequences which I anticipated were impossible. The education of the people is in the hands of the State, so that Ultramontaniam can never have even that power which it has among the Catholics in England. He spoke of the indifference of the educated laity as one of the greatest hindrances in his way. Those who could not reason regarded him as a destroyer of the Church, and those who could reason did nothing. He was not disposed to measure the success of his cause by the number of priests either for it or against it. He illustrated this by the case of the English priests at the time of the Reformation. They were Protestants under Edward, Catholics under Mary, and again Protestants under Elizabeth. When the tide set in with the laity, the priests would go with the stream.

I drew arguments from the very facts which Döllinger had mentioned. The influence of the schoolmaster is only negative. It creates that very indifference which looks on and does nothing. The only effectual opposition to the Church of Rome must be a religious opposition. The religious element in man must be satisfied with a rational religion, otherwise it will feed on superstition.

These views I expressed freely, but with the consciousness that I was in the presence of a man who had weighed well the words which he uttered. He was fighting with his own sword, clad in his own armor, and with the discretion and caution for which he is renowned, in agreement with his own motto—"Nil temere, nil timide, sed omnia concilio et virtute." Yet to a Protestant, Dr. Döllinger can only appear as one whose eyes are but half opened, and who as yet can only see men as trees walking. The multitude of his supporters, I was told, are even now beyond him. The rational Catholics who agree with Frohschammer hail him only in expectation that he will and must take up a more decided position. The policy of staying in has been tried by all reformers, but unexpected circumstances have determined their action. Luther wished to remain in the Catholic Church. His demand was a free general council which would represent the Church. The same demand is made by the "Old Catholics;" but where is the council to come from if the bishops go with the Pope? Our own Reformers wished to remain in the Catholic Church. Even under Elizabeth they complained that they had been excluded from the Council of

Trent; but Rome was resolute, and their only choice was separation or annihilation. Fénélon, Quesnel, and in later times Lamennais, remained in the Church, but only to give the Church more power of boasting how thoroughly their heresies had been crushed, and, I may add, the men too, especially when I think of the sad end of the great Lamennais.

My interview with Dr. Döllinger had a sudden, almost a ludicrous ending. I had just begun to think about leaving, when the door-bell rang, and the servant brought in a card. The old professor adjusted his spectacles, but failed to be able to read the name. "Some of your countrymen," he said; and handing me the card asked if I could read the name. But even at the request of Dr. Döllinger I could not utter it. It was the name of an English Ritualist who has made himself vile by reviling the Reformers. There are many strange delusions in this world, but surely one of the oddest is the supposition that there is really anything in common between the English Ritualists and the excommunicated professors of Munich. They are like men who have met each other on a highway. For a moment they are on the same spot, but their faces are in opposite directions. The Ritualist is the Ultramontane of the Church of England. His spirit is that of the Ultramontane. He has turned his back on light and reason, and is gone in search of darkness and authority. He is opposed to the very influence which have put the Munich professors where they are.

After leaving Dr. Döllinger I visited the churches and public places of Munich. There were not many people in the churches, and to me the worship was not edifying. The priest in every church was going through that strange performance which is called mass,

"And muckle Latin he did mumble,
But I heard nought but hummel bummel."

The wonder in my mind was not that Frohschammer, Döllinger, and Friedrich had opposed the dogma of papal infallibility, but that they had ever encouraged such superstition as I saw in the Munich churches. In some of them the "idols" are more grotesque and more hideous than those which the missionaries bring from China and Hindostan. In the "Theatiner Kirche" there were several women bowing and crossing themselves like lunatics before a mulatto image of the Virgin Mary, which had a round laughing face like the full moon. Did Dr. Döllinger, I asked myself, ever witness the like of this without a fiercer indignation than he has manifested against the new dogma of infallibility? Did Professor Frohschammer, with his clear reasoning intellect, ever go to and fro before an altar making odd mutterings, as if he had converted bread and

wine into the Deity? Is the new dogma more irrational than transubstantiation? Is it more irrational than the dogma of the immaculate conception? It is to me inexplicable that any Catholic can receive the decrees of Trent and stumble at those of the Vatican. But surely now the consummation has been reached. I rejoiced that the new dogma had been proclaimed, for by it the whole Church system is stultified, and every pretence to Catholicism in any intelligible sense logically annihilated.

Dr. Döllinger told me of a great congress that was soon to be held in Munich, when the movement would take a more definite form. That congress has since been held, and its proceedings published, but they do not yet point to any definite course of action. The "Old Catholics" still dream of reforming the Church of Rome, of making it the true home of pure and undefiled religion, and of adapting it to the necessities of this age of the world. To make the great communion which goes by the name of the Roman Catholic Church the teacher of a rational theology, and the champion of "science, freedom, and the truth in Christ," is indeed a glorious dream. There is not a Protestant living, worthy of the name, who does not in this wish them the utmost success. But we separated from the Church of Rome at the Reformation, and we remain separate from it still, just because we believe that the whole tendency, character, constitution, and all which really makes the Church of Rome what it is, as distinct from other Churches, is totally opposed to all which the "Old Catholics" wish it to be. The stand-point of the Reformation was a true one, and multitudes of Catholics who opposed the Reformation would have been on its side had the real character of the Church of Rome been as definite as it is to-day.—*Sunday Magazine.*

BLIND ABUNA.

BY MRS. ANNA B. PARK.

In an Eastern country there lived a poor blind man, named Abuna. He had no friends and no home, and like Bartimeus, he sat by the wayside begging. The passers-by, thinking to gain merit to themselves, frequently threw small coins to him, with which he bought himself food and sometimes a sleeping-place; but it was a hard life he led; there was no one to speak kindly to him, no one cared for him; his only comfort was the long staff which he always carried with him, and with which he groped his way about, in his utter darkness; so much did his soul crave a friend that he used to talk to that staff as if it were a living being. While sitting there by the wayside

under the shade of a banyan-tree, he had ample time to think, and he did think of his cruel, hard-hearted wife and children, for long ago he had had a wife and children, but they kicked and scolded him so that there was not a moment's peace for him at home, and he had left them and come far away. He had no pleasant things to think of. The past had been a long, dark, dreary waste, and the future loomed up very much the same, while its horizon was closed in with the blackest clouds of uncertainty and dread.

One day, as he sat sorrowfully thinking his small sphere of thoughts through, the very same he had thought over and over again, he felt a hand laid on his shoulder, and a kind voice addressing him said,

"Abuna, there are three things I can do for you: choose one of them, and you shall have it."

"What!" said the blind man, "Who are you?" looking half afraid.

"I am a stranger to you, but you are not to me," said the other; "and of three things I wish you to say which you would like to have me do for you. I can either make you a rich man, or I can give you sight, or you may have a loving friend; but there are conditions connected with all these three. If, in the first place, you would like to become a rich man, you must remain blind; if, secondly, you would like to have your sight, you must remain a friendless beggar; and in the third case, if you would have a loving friend, you must remain blind and poor as you now are."

"Pray tell me," said Abuna, wholly unused to having any one appear to care for him, "who you are: are you a man, or a spirit? Are you making fun of me, or what are you trying to do?"

"I am not making fun of you," said the stranger; "I mean what I say. Tell me which of these things you would like best."

"I don't know what all this means," said Abuna; "but please say the three things over again."

The stranger repeated them slowly, so that he might comprehend them, and Abuna, after saying them over after him two or three times, laughed a little hysterical laugh, and said, "Well, this is funny! I will think it over, and tell you to-morrow morning, sir, if you will be good enough to come then."

"Certainly. I am very willing to give you time to think," said the stranger, and so saying went away. After he had gone, the blind man experienced such a sensation of excitement as he had never felt before: one moment he would laugh aloud and talk to his staff, and the next he would stand up, and perform various gymnastic exercises. Finally, he calmed

himself down to decide the momentous subject, and then he found himself not a little perplexed and puzzled over it.

To be a great rich-man, thought he, and have a fine house and soft beds, and plenty of food and servants, and horses and carriages, and everything he knew of, what could be more blissful! and he chuckled to himself as he thought how it would feel to be dressed in fine clothes, and go riding round the city, and have people bowing to him! but just then came up the bitter drop in that cup, that he should still remain blind. He shook his head slowly and sadly; sight was better than all the riches of Ind, and he turned to think of the next condition, which was to have his sight and still remain a friendless beggar. To have his sight, that would be joy unspeakable, he thought. "I should'nt need you any more, old staff," said he. Ah but to remain a beggar that was pretty bad. "No, he would rather be a blind beggar than a beggar that could see, for now people did take pity on him, because of his blindness, and give him money, but they would not be likely to do that if he could see." "But," thought he, "if I could see, I could work and earn money." Still he remembered that that was not the condition: he was to remain a beggar and friendless. That word "friendless" just turned the scale in his mind, and he thought of the third condition: to remain blind and have a great friend. Wouldn't that be queer, he thought, but it would be pleasant, especially if he was sure to be a true friend, one who would never forsake him: and if he should take him to his house, and take care of him, and talk kindly to him, and lead him about, and not be ashamed of him, that would be nice—better even than having the riches to take care of himself; but then there was the same condition here as in the first case—he was to remain blind; still that friend would be eyes for him, he thought. He revolved these three conditions over and over again in his mind, all day and all night long, till he was half distracted. At one time he had decided to take the riches, then objections presented themselves, and he longed for sight, but the thought of possessing one great kind friend was one which had the most satisfaction in it.

When morning came he was at his post very early, and in a state of great excitement. Many times, however, he said to himself, "What a fool I am to believe that any of these three things will come true!" Still he could not help trembling like a leaf, as the time drew near for the stranger to come. At length he came, and touching the blind man as he had done the day before, addressing him said.

"Well, Abuna, how is it? I have come to hear your decision."

"Oh!" said the blind man, starting, "is it you? Well, sir, first I want to know something more about that friend. Will he always be good and kind, or will he go off and leave me by-and-by?"

"He will never leave you, if of the three things you choose him; and he will be everything to you that you would wish a friend to be."

"Then I'll have him!" said the blind man decidedly. "Where shall I go to find him?"

"You need not go anywhere; he will come to you," was the answer.

"Will he come soon?"

"Yes; very soon, and I will leave you now." So saying the stranger departed, and Abuna sat listening most attentively to all the passing footsteps, for some that would come up to him, wondering at the same time what his friend would first say and do. But he waited long and many people came and went by on the road, but no one stopped or spoke to him, till at last he began to think he was fooled, just as he had supposed he would be. Yet his long-drawn sighs and sad looks showed how disappointed he was, and how he had really hoped for better things. At length, when he thought of having to live on, just as he had been living, forlorn and friendless, tears came into his closed eyes, and crowded each other down his thin cheeks. All at once he gave a start, for some soft hand seemed to be wiping away his tears, and stroking his head, and a voice whispered to him,

"Weep not, Abuna, I am with you."

The poor man's heart bounded with joy, but he dared not speak a word; he only sat and enjoyed being comforted. Presently growing tired from the effects of excitement, he leaned his head against the tree, under which he was sitting; but instead of the tree he found he had laid his head on some one's shoulder. Oh how good that felt to him who had never known what it was to have a friend. It was so pleasant he dropped off into a delightful sleep, and slept hours. When he got awake he thought of all that had happened; the three conditions: the stranger who had offered them; his own waiting and watching for the promised friend; and that friend's seeming to be present; all must have been a dream, and frightened to think that so much time had been wasted in sleep, and he had got no money, he resumed his usual begging cry with more than ordinary fervor. Two or three days came and went, and though in thought he lived that beautiful dream over and over again, he still continued to think it was nothing more than the workings of his imagination, no real person could have come to him; and heaving a deep sigh, he settled himself down to his old life. But that day he was

not very successful in his begging, and when it came night he felt very hungry, and had nothing to eat. He groped his way to a little stream, to get at least a drink, and sat on the bank awhile, with his head buried in his arms. Soon he felt a touch and a voice said, "Abuna, I have brought you food to eat. Take this." The poor blind man let the bread drop, but seized the hand that offered it, and holding it fast in both his, kissed it over and over again, and said, "Sir, I thought it was a dream, and that you would never appear to me again."

"I am with you always," said the voice. This was food enough for Abuna: his soul had hungered more than his body, but he ate also the bread offered to him, and felt as if he had grown young again. That night, he slept right there, holding on to his friend's hand, lest he should lose him again, notwithstanding what he had said. The next morning he awoke very happy, and all day long clung to his unseen friend. Wherever he wanted to go there his friend led him, and led him very gently too. If there were stones in the way, he picked them up, or led him around, so that he should not stumble over them. Once or twice he lifted him over the rough thorny places. When he was thirsty he brought him water, and cared for him as a tender mother would care for a darling child. Poor Abuna's joy knew no bound; he did not ask the stranger his name, or anything about him, but was perfectly happy. This state of things however lasted only a day or two, for Abuna's heart was human, and his love as variable as the mind. He began to think that this friend might take him to his house, and feed him on rich food, since he seemed able, and he might save him from sitting there at the wayside begging, and from getting so hungry and faint. So, though he said nothing about it, he became sulky in his manner, and letting his friend's hand drop, helped himself along the way with his old staff, as he used to do. The strange friend spoke not a word, but let him do as he pleased, even allowing him to step on the thorns, and stumble over the stones, to hunger and faint, and be weary, and did not help him. Once he did stretch out his hand to save him from a bad place in the road, but Abuna shook his hand off, not caring for any of his assistance, and the friend let him have his own way after that, so that Abuna thought he must have gone off altogether, and left him, and said to himself, "It is always the way: what is the use of having friends, they are always so changeable? What a fool I was that I did not choose to be a rich man;" but his conscience troubled him a little when he said that, and when he remembered how happy he was those days in which he was led by that friend. Some days passed, and by-

and-by he began to feel sorry for his unkind, hard thoughts, and longed for the kind friend again. He wished very much to tell him what an ungrateful wretch he was and how undeserving of his kindness, but forgot that he had said he was always with him, and though all he had to do was to feel around after him, he did not do that; and the friend did not put himself forward, —he wanted to prove him still longer.

One day, feeling very sad, Abuna walked here and there, not knowing or caring where he went, and suddenly stumbled into a deep ditch; he was stunned and hurt, but instantly some one took him carefully up, and laid him on the grass, bathed and soothed his bruises, and lulled him to sleep. When the poor blind man woke, he thought he was alone, but presently coming to his senses remembered what had happened, and that some one had cared for him, and bathed his wounds; he knew at once who it must have been, and longing for that dear friend, as he never before had longed, he called aloud, "Oh, my friend, my friend, though I have been so wicked do come back to me;" and it was not long he had to wait, for he was at once embraced, and soothed, and comforted. But his friend said sadly, "Abuna, I told you I was always with you. Why did you not speak to me before? I was only waiting to hear you call."

"Oh, my Master, my Lord," said Abuna, "forgive me, I have been so wicked and ungrateful, and I forgot what you said, but I'll try never to forget again."

And he did try to grow better in every respect, and began to love his friend more and more every day; sometimes his wicked nature would make him grieve the kind one, yet he would soon turn to him, and beg for forgiveness.

At length blind Abuna fell sick, but in his sickness he wanted for nothing. Everything he needed, food, medicine to soothe his pain, shelter, and clothing, were all provided for him in some way he knew not how, and the tenderest care was lavished upon him, by one who slept neither night nor day. He little knew what was yet in store for him, but one day while resting his head on his friend's lap he fell asleep, and when he awoke, he could see. The first object that caught his sight was a glorious face beaming with love and tenderness as it looked at him, and a voice which he knew and loved said to him, "Abuna, do you know me?" and Abuna, overwhelmed with wonder and love and adoration, fell at his feet, and when he could speak exclaimed, "Lord, is it thou? is it such a one I have had for my friend? such a one I have grieved so many thousand times? Oh, canst thou forgive me?" And the wonderful one raised him up and said, "Abuna, you needn't think any more

of the past. Look around and see where you are, for I have brought you to my house to live forever with me." Then Abuna looked, and was dazzled and thrilled, with the glory and the beauty. But he soon turned back to gaze and gaze upon the blessed face of his friend.

Reader, do you not want such a friend? There is one ready for you. Instead of choosing the world and its unsatisfying pleasures choose him, and he will come to you, and you will be eternally happy; he will never leave you nor forsake you. "Lo, I am with you always," are the comforting words he has in store for you. That friend is the Lord Jesus Christ.—*Christian Weekly.*

THE ROMAN SASH.

A STORY OF THE CHICAGO FIRE.

BY MARY E. C. WYETH.

"At last! at last!" cried Ruth Vaughn, tripping gaily into her mother's room, and displaying a little roll of greenbacks. "I have enough for the sash; an eight-dollar one, too. Isn't it a satisfaction, though? Just think of the whole, mortal year of screwing, and saving, and self-denying that this tiny roll of 'solid comfort' represents."

Mrs. Vaughn smiled. She appreciated the efforts that her daughter had made to secure for herself a much craved article of feminine adornment, without drawing upon the limited resources of her parents.

"I am glad you have accomplished it, dear," she said. "I am sure I hope you will enjoy wearing the sash, enough to compensate for all the little privations endured in the acquisition of it. Ah! there is your father. Sure enough; it is the annual meeting of the Bible Society to-night. I had almost forgotten it. Run, and help about tea. We shall wish to go early to the meeting." After tea and worship, Ruth accompanied her parents to the Bible meeting. There is no need to describe it—to tell how an honest heart, alive to the claims of God and its fellow-beings, swells with surprise and grief to learn how many souls there are who have no light of Scripture to shine in upon them; how many homes, in our own fair land, have no Bible in them.

Ruth had an honest heart. She loved the Master, and his blessed cause. As the Society's report unfolded to her interested attention the need and the claims of the destitute of the field, her heart swelled with a great longing to do something as her share towards sending the Gospel to those who yet sat in darkness. "I have not a cent of my own," she thought. "Papa's

money is not mine. His share of the work is not mine. How I wish I had a single dollar!"

"You have eight in your pocket this very minute," said a voice within. "But that is as good as spent," returned Ruth, mentally disposing of the price of the sash. "To be sure, I could do with a seven-dollar sash, but I should never be content with it. My heart is set on that lovely one in Hilliard's."

She moved uneasily in her seat, and a shadow came over her young face. The speaker was closing his address: "I do not ask alms when I say to Christian people, 'Behold your opportunity!' I ask only that you, who have once asked of the Master, 'What shall I do to inherit eternal life?' may not, because of some dearly prized possession that you cannot sell and give to the poor, turn away sorrowful from us to-night."

"That Roman sash would send a Bible to twenty families," whispered the voice. Ruth bowed her head upon the seat in front, and as she prayed her right hand slid into her pocket, undid the fastenings of her little purse and grasped the roll of currency.

Do you think the act cost nothing?

Because her face was radiant as she dropped the precious hoard into the collection box as the bearer passed it before her, do you think she had taken up no cross in denying herself only a gay, silken sash?

Have you ever given up for Jesus' sake the one thing for which you have toiled, and saved, and waited, during a whole year?

The winter passed, and the summer again was ended. In her pleasant home in the Garden City of the Lakes, Ruth lived, and served, in her plain way the Master, content to forego the girlish adornment of apparel once so fondly craved.

The fire! "It has crossed the river. The cinders fill the air!" one cried, rushing frantically through Mr. Vaughn's house towards daylight, that fateful Monday.

"Save yourselves while you can! Don't stop for goods! The fire is upon us!"

Ruth scarcely knew how she dressed herself and her little brothers. She only knew that somehow, and at some time, in the sudden terror, she found herself and them with her mother, out in the bleak prairie, huddled with a score of homeless ones around a few articles of household furniture saved from the flames, houseless, hungry, thirsty and shivering with cold. All day, and all the long, bitter night of sorrow the little family crouched together on the cold ground, praying and waiting for relief. Mr. Vaughn came once to them with some fragments of food, and a little water. He was laboring to save some of his goods from the store. Hesus-

ceeded in removing the greater part of his stock to a vessel on the lake. At the last he saw the vessel burn to the water's edge. Worn and worn and utterly cast down, he returned again to his family. It was Tuesday afternoon.

"Everything is gone," he said. "We are worse than beggars. The city is ruined. Here is a little bread. I paid my last cent for it. God only knows when or what we shall eat again," he said in tones full of hopelessness.

"God will take care of us, papa," said Ruth. "He has kept us all alive."

"Thank God, oh, thank Him for that!" said her father, embracing his suffering little ones. For as Ruth spoke, a man who sat upon a wreck of what was a piano, held to his view in speechless grief, a lovely boy of about four years, in his little night-ropes—*dead*.

"Some of our neighbors have heard that a relief train from St. Louis has arrived," said Mrs. Vaughn, trembling with exhaustion. "Let us try to reach it."

"God will take care of us, mother," repeated Ruth. "We would not go without you, papa, but now we are all together, let us start."

The tramp over the wet ground was weary and sorrowful enough, but at length they reached the spot where the almoners of a sister city's prompt charity ministered to their sore needs.

Food, raiment, and the blessed shelter of an open church, were provided for them.

"Here is a package that I think must have been designed for you," said one of the committee of distribution, as Ruth presented her shrinking request for a change of garments. "The clothes herein were given me by a friend, in hopes I would see the one to whom they were assigned. They will fit you, I am sure."

When the panic was abated, and friends had sought out and brought to their spared homes Mr. Vaughn's family, in the peaceful shelter of another's household, as Mrs. Vaughn set about remodelling garments furnished to her, she chanced to need an article from the package given to Ruth. As she shook out the soft folds of a plaid merino dress her eye fell upon the pocket, distended to its utmost capacity. "See, Ruth," she said, "you have not examined your treasures thoroughly. Empty the pocket, dear."

Ruth drew from its depths a little store of ribbons, gloves, handkerchiefs and collars, and down in the very bottom wrapped in a gauzy veil, she found a beautiful Roman sash. A little note, pinned to the pocket, brought the tears to Ruth's eyes. It ran thus:—

.. ST. LOUIS, Oct. 9.

"To the dear child who may receive these precious garments:

"MY DEAR CHILD.—Nothing less than so great a calamity as has befallen you could have induced me to part with my darling's clothes—the last suit that she ever wore while in life and health. I can see her now, as she stood at the door dressed for the first (and the last) time in this apparel. Dear child! She has since then

—'put on attire

Washed white in the blood of the Lamb.'

"Love the dear Christ, for whose sake these precious garments are given, by

"A CHILDLESS MOTHER."

"I wish she had signed her name, that I could have written my thanks to her," said Ruth. "How dear all these were to her. I shall be so careful of them, and I shall love them so. Given for Christ's sake," murmured the young girl to herself. "It seems as if He remembered the pretty sash I once gave up for His sake."

And every Sunday Ruth wears the plaid merino, the jaunty hat, and neat gaiters, the soft, warm wrap; and as she now and then tenderly smooths the silken lengths of the lovely sash, and ties it around her waist, she thanks anew the dear Christ for the comfort and beauty of the suit sent for His sake; and she blesses Him afresh, that He preserved her from the sin of self-indulgence that once so strongly tempted her, and which the sight of the beautiful sash always brings freshly to her memory.

"I take such pleasure with this sash, mother," she said. "For I think He must have cared that I should have it. It seems to me that He would have me feel that He had not forgotten the one I gave up for Him. Do you know, mamma, that out upon that prairie, in all the fright, and rain, and cold, I thought of that sash, and how I'd wanted it, and I thanked God that I had given it to Him, and that the Bibles it had bought were safe away from danger, and where the cruel fire could not destroy them.

"Every time I look at this sash, I think of those Bibles, and pray for a blessing on them. It seems to me like a love-gift from the Lord. Is it wrong to feel so?"

"I think not, dear," said her mother. "Every truly unselfish action is in itself an evangel to our souls. I too, while out upon that prairie, thought gratefully of the deeds I had done for Jesus. The charities of my life then seemed to me the only things worth while. They only were safe from the devouring flames. My love-gifts to Christ were all that were not consumed. I learned there a lesson of charity that will never be forgotten by me. If I always estimated the priceless value of deeds of love as I did on that fearful night, I should have had vastly more of them for which to thank the dear Lord."—*Advance*.

TOO LATE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A tiny glass stood by the child's plate. When the wine passed round, that little glass was filled to the brim, and when the father of the family raised his glass, and bowed the signal to drink, boy-lips tasted the ruby wine, and the warm blood of childhood took a more fervent heat. You could see the rosy cheeks put on a rosier hue, and the bright eyes sparkle with a richer lustre.

"Is that safe, Mr. Lowry?" asked an intimate friend from a neighboring city, who happened to be a guest on the occasion. It was after dinner, and he was sitting alone with the boy's father.

"I think so," was the reply. "Pure wine is a good substance, and is, to the desire for drink, what bread is to the desire for food."

"Water for thirst, say rather," returned the friend.

"No, wine. Our European neighbors understand this better than we do. Wine is their table-drink, and takes, among large numbers, the place of our tea and coffee. Bread is not a natural product; it is made of wheat; and so of wine—it is the product of grapes. The two things are good in themselves, and represent all that is nourishing and satisfying in food and drink. From time immemorial men have used the one as freely as the other, as we know from both sacred and profane history."

"And both sacred and profane history," answered the friend, "warn us, by examples as well as by precept, of the danger that lies in the use of wine."

"Warn us against its abuse," said Mr. Lowry; "against drunkenness and gluttons alike. All excess is evil, whether it be in eating or drinking. A moderate use of pure wine is no more hurtful to a man than the moderate use of good food."

"The pure wine and the moderation are not always given," replied the friend.

"They are given here," was said with an air of mingled pride and self-confidence.

"I use only pure wines."

"Without the admixture of alcohol?"

"Without, of course."

The friend shook his head, answering:

"Alcohol is the product of fermentation. Every glass of the best wine you can get contains its proportion of this poisonous substance. Your wine must be unfermented, the simple expressed juice of the grape, before you can call it a perfectly harmless beverage. Every glass of fermented wine that goes into your system carries with it a health-disturbing power."

"I was not aware, before," remarked the friend, "that you had gone over to the side of temperance fanaticism."

There was something in the way this was said that hurt the other, who was sensitive to ridicule. He replied, with some reserve of manner:

"Excuse me for alluding to the subject. It was the concern I felt for that dear little boy of yours that caused me to speak of it."

"Oh! you may set your heart at rest on his account," answered Mr. Lowry. "I will take good care that no harm comes to him from an occasional glass of pure wine. I shall teach him moderation in all things—how to use and not abuse the good gifts of our Heavenly Father. This is the true way to guard our children, and save them from evil allurements when they go out into the world."

"Mr. Lowry's friend did not press the subject, for he saw that it would be useless; but his concern for the little boy was not removed.

A year afterwards, the friend of Mr. Lowry again sat at his table. The little son was there, almost a head taller. Beside his plate was a wineglass, but larger than the tiny thing that stood there a year before. He had outgrown that. This glass was filled when the bottle of wine went round, and raised to the boy's lips with quite an air, when the others drank.

"You must bear with me, my friend," said the visitor, as they sat alone after dinner. "This putting of temptation in your boy's way troubles me."

Mr. Lowry tried not to feel annoyed, and, to cover what he did feel, smiled with an appearance of unconcern as he answered:

"Can't get away from your hobby, I see. Well, every one must have something to ride, if only for amusement."

"It is something more than a hobby," returned the friend, seriously. "You may not have observed it, but I, after a year's absence, can see that your boy has more than doubled his quantity of wine, and drinks it with a marked increase of relish."

"He is a year older," said Mr. Lowry.

"And has a year's strength of habit—habit that is too truly called second nature."

Mr. Lowry did not reply. His friend saw a little cloud on his face; but whether it was from concern or annoyance, he did not know. When he spoke, it was on another subject.

It so happened that several years went by ere Mr. Lowry's friend again sat at his table. The boy had grown to be sixteen years of age. Something in his countenance betrayed a weakened or depraved moral sense. No wine was served—a little

to the friend's surprise. After dinner, the two gentlemen retired to the library, and talked of old times and old acquaintances.

"What has become of W——'s youngest boy?" asked Mr. Lowry, referring to the son of an old companion of former years. "I heard that he was a little fast; but I trust he has got over that."

"No, and never will. I fear," was answered. "Poor W——! It has almost broke his heart; and as for his mother, it is killing her."

"Not so bad as all that!" said Mr. Lowry, a slight pallor overspreading his face.

"Even so bad," replied the friend.

"What is the trouble with him?"

"Drink."

Mr. Lowry gave a little start, and dropped his eyes away from those of his friend.

"His parents must blame themselves. They did not guard him as they should have done. Wine and beer were common beverages at their table. The poor boy had his taste vitiated at the beginning, and now appetite is his master. I pity them all, but most the unhappy young man who is lost to society, and lost to himself."

A long silence followed, and when the conversation was renewed, it touched another theme. As they sat talking, the door was pushed quietly open, and Mrs. Lowry looked in. Her face wore a troubled expression.

"I would like to see you a moment," she said to her husband.

Mr. Lowry went out, and the friend heard for some moments the low murmur of voices near the library door. Then Mr. Lowry came back, a marked change in his face, and said in a repressed voice: "Excuse me for a little while," and left hurriedly. Nearly half an hour elapsed before his return. He did not explain the cause of his long absence. There was about him a forced cheerfulness of manner that did not hide from his friend's keen observation the trouble and disquietude that lay beneath.

At tea-time the boy was absent.

"Where is John?" asked an elder sister, with concern in her voice and eyes.

"I don't know," was the mother's reply, and the friend saw a quick glance of intelligence, full of sad meaning, pass between her and her husband.

John did not make his appearance at the eight o'clock breakfast next morning, a fact on which no remark was made. Mr. Lowry tried to talk cheerfully with his friend, but it was a mere effort—there was no heart in his voice.

What was below all this? Let us see.

Immediately after dinner, on the previous day, John slipped off quietly, and went to a fashionable drinking-saloon near by, to get the glass of wine no longer served

at his father's table. Already had the fatal appetite become so strong that his feeble power of resistance was not equal to self-denial. He was a boy, grappling an enemy that manhood, with reason matured, and responsibilities seen and felt, is often, alas! too irresolute to overcome. Poor boy! The father who loved him most tenderly—who had his welfare most at heart—had led him into the way of temptation, but could not lead him out.

During the half hour that Mr. Lowry was absent from his friend, he had been in search of his boy; for he knew for what reason he had gone off after dinner. But, he could not find him. John, on getting his wine left the saloon, but did not return home. A few minutes after he had gone away, Mr. Lowry entered, and not seeing his son, went out to visit other drinking places in his neighborhood. Alas how many there were! Two or three in every block, with doors opening on ways that led to destruction. But he failed in the search of his boy, and returned, with the heart-ache, to his friend.

John did not get home until late that night. When his mother, who had been anxiously waiting for him, met him on the stairs, he was so overcome with drink that she had to support him to his room! No wonder that he came down late on the next morning.

What was to be done? How anxiously was this question pondered by Mr. Lowry! How many plans and expedients were discussed in the silence of his own thoughts!

"Better bring back the wine, and let him have it at home, than run all the risks that attend his seeking it abroad," said Mr. Lowry to his wife. Neither were clear as to this being the best course; but in their doubt and anxiety they gave the expedient a trial. So the wine came back to the table, and John had his glass or two as before. Mr. Lowry sipped his rare old sherry again, but its flavor was gone. Instead of pleasure, the sight and taste gave him pain. But the glass or two at dinner-time failed to satisfy the increasing strength of John's appetite—nay, only added to its craving desire—and the hotel-bar and drinking-saloon were visited as often as before. A few weeks satisfied Mr. Lowry that wine on the dinner-table was a hurt and not a help to his poor, infatuated boy, and then it was banished forever.

All too late! At eighteen the unhappy father took his son to an inebriate asylum and kept him there for a year. At the end of this period he was brought home, cured, it seemed, of the fell disease that threatened his ruin. A new order of life, both physical and moral, seemed established. Joy, mingled with fear, pervaded the hearts of parents, sisters, and friends.

John went into his father's store, and set

himself earnestly to work. At the Asylum he had seen, heard, and learned more about the effect of intoxicants on the human system than he had known before, and now clearly comprehended, not only the ruin he had escaped, but the dangers that beset his way.

"Oh! if I had not formed this cursed appetite!" he said often to himself, in sorrow and fear. "If my lips in childhood had only been kept free from wine!"

Months went by, and the new life flowed on smoothly and safely. John grew more and more interested in business, and showed both intelligence and capacity.

"My heart gets lighter every day," said Mr. Lowry one morning to his wife. "The peril is over with John, I trust. I have never known a young man take so keenly to business; and in this there is safety."

Mrs. Lowry sighed faintly. There was on her heart the perpetual burden of fear. She could not shake it off.

A servant handed in cards for a wedding reception. The bride-to-be was a cousin—in fashionable society. The reception was to be in a week.

Mr. Lowry and his family were there—father, mother, brother, and sisters. After the guests were presented to the bride, they passed in groups to the supper-room. A shiver of fear ran down to the heart of Mrs. Lowry as, on entering, a strong scent of wine touched her nostrils. She was leaning on the arm of her son.

"Oh, John!" she whispered, close to his ear. "be on your guard!"

The young man did not reply. The smell of wine had touched his sense also, and with a thrill of pleasure awakening the old desire.

"Am I not safe enough now!" he said to himself. "Time and abstinence have given me new strength. I am not the weak boy of two or three years ago."

They passed into the supper-room, where the crowd was very great, and John was soon separated from his mother. When next she saw him, a glass of wine was at his lips!

What followed need hardly be told. A single draught set his blood on fire. He had no control over the newly awakened thirst, and filled and emptied three or four glasses of wine before his father and mother could, without attracting too much observation, get him away from the room and back to their home.

The next morning found him so changed that it seemed as if some witch's spell was on him. He was moody and silent at the breakfast-table—not shame-faced or penitent. He did not leave the house with his father, as usual, but waited until he was gone, and then went out alone.

"Where is John?" asked Mrs. Lowry,

with anxiety in tone and voice, when her husband came in at dinner-time.

"I don't know. He hasn't been at the store."

Mrs. Lowry staggered at the words, grew very pale, and sank into a chair.

"Not at the store!" she exclaimed, in a low, distressed voice. "Oh, it is dreadful! My son! My son!"

Poor mother! There was cause for bitter anguish. Her son had fallen again, and a fall like this is too often the knell of hope. It reveals the constant great peril in which those stand who have once lost self-control. John did not come home until late that night. His condition we will not describe. A week of inebriation followed, ending in a degree of physical prostration that obliged him to keep the house for many days. Then came repentance, grief and shame, succeeded by new resolutions. The young man went back to business, humbled and mortified, yet determined to be more than ever on his guard. His sudden fall had revealed to himself the peril in which he stood.

For over six months John Lowry stood vigilantly on guard. During that period he had declined half a dozen invitations to parties and receptions, because he knew that the highly respectable people who gave them, would, for the time, make drinking-saloons of their houses, and offer enticements to young men almost impossible to resist.

This social self-denial chafed the young man's spirit, and produced states of bitterness verging, at times, on desperation. There was danger for his feet, turn which way he would—he must be ever on guard—he was in perpetual bondage to fear.

One day, on coming home, his sister handed him a card of invitation to a party.

"Oh! at Mrs. Harding's," he said, with a pleased manner. "I shall go."

His sister smiled, for she knew that her brother was more than pleased with Miss Fanny Harding, a beautiful and accomplished girl, the daughter of the lady who was to give the party.

The young man went on the appointed evening.

"There will be no wine at Mrs. Harding's, I hope," said Mrs. Lowry to her husband, after their son and daughter had gone. She spoke with a concern that she could not hide.

Mr. Lowry did not reply. The remark awakened his liveliest fears. Mrs. Harding was a woman of the world, and not one likely to set herself against this or any other established custom in "good society."

There was wine at Mrs. Harding's, and plenty of it, for old and young, strong and weak. Corks popped, and the wine gurgled and sparkled. Young men and maidens,

old men and children tipped glasses and drank to each other.

For the first ten minutes after entering the supper-room, John Lowry kept his hand away from the tempting glass. But when Miss Harding said—throwing upon him, as she spoke, one of her bewitching glances—

“Won't you join me in a glass of sherry?” all further power of resistance was gone. He was fascinated, and would have drunk with her on the verge of death.

Ah! it was nearer that fatal verge than he or any one imagined.

“John!” it was the low, warning voice of his sister, close to his ear.

But he heeded it not. He looked into the maiden's beautiful eyes—bright, yet tender eyes—eyes that seemed like angels'—drank to her, and—was lost!

Mr. and Mrs. Lowry were sitting alone at eleven o'clock, when their two daughters, who had been with their brother at the party, came in hastily.

“What's the matter?” cried Mrs. Lowry, seeing the pain and agitation in their faces.

“John—”

“What of John?”

It was some time before the weeping girls could tell the story of shame and anguish. John had been tempted by Miss Fanny Harding to take a glass of wine. This had inflamed the old desire, and led him to drink so freely as to become visibly intoxicated. It was only through much persuasion that they could induce him to take them home; but he had left them at the door, declaring his purpose to return to Mrs. Harding's.

“I must go for him,” said the wretched father, and went out hurriedly. It was in winter, and the night was very cold. “Oh, my son! my son!” he cried to himself, in bitterness, in regret, and in remorse. “the responsibility of all this rests on me!”

But he did not find his son at Mrs. Harding's, and went back home with bowed head and aching heart.

Hour after hour they waited and watched for the absent boy—waited and watched in vain, even until the dreary breaking of day.

“Hark!” cried the mother, starting as the bell rang suddenly.

Mr. Lowry went down hastily to the door, and drew it open. A glance at the policeman who had rung the bell, and another at the white face of his boy lying dead upon the steps of his father's house—a groan, and the wretched man fell senseless.

We drop the veil on all that followed.
—*Home Magazine.*

MY PRAYER.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

I asked the Lord that I might worthier be,
Might grow in faith and hope and charity;
And straight “Go, feed my lambs?” he answered me.

“Nay, Lord!” I cried. “Can outward deeds avail
To cleanse my spirit? Heart and courage fail,
And sins prevent and foes and fears assail.”

And still “Go, feed my lambs!” was all I heard.
But should I rest upon that simple word?
Was that, indeed, my message from my Lord!

Behold, I thought that He his hand would lay
On my sick soul, and words of healing say,
And charm the plague-spot from my heart away.

Half wroth, I turned to go; but, oh! the look
He on me cast—a gaze I could not brook;
With deep relentings all my spirit shook.

“Oh! dearest Lord,” I cried, “I will obey.
Say what Thou wilt! Only lead Thou the way;
For, following Thee, my footsteps shall not stray.”

He took me at my word. He went before;
He led me to the dwellings of the poor,
Where wolf-eyed Want keeps watch beside the door.

He beckoned me, and I essayed to go
Where Sin and Crime, more sad than Want and Woe,
Hold carnival, and Vice walks to and fro.

And, when I faltered at the sight, He said:
“Behold, I died for such! These hands have bled,
This side for such has pierced been.” He said:

“Is the disciple greater than his Lord?
The servant than his Master?” Oh! that word;
It smote me like a sharp, two-edged sword!

And, since that hour, if any work of mine
Has been accepted by my Lord as sign
That I was following in His steps divine;

If, serving others (though imperfectly),
My own poor life has worthier come to be,
And I have grown in faith and charity,

Dear Lord, be Thine the glory! Thou hast wrought,
All unaware, the blessing that I sought.
Oh! that these lips might praise Thee as they ought,
—*Independent.*

Young Folks.

EFFIE HAMILTON'S WORK.

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

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XVI.

Farewell!

Shadows and scenes that have for many hours
Been my companions; I part from ye like friends—
Dear and familiar ones—with deep sad thoughts,
And hopes, almost misgivings!

—L. E. L.

Effie found Willie with his stool and basket under one arm and his crutch under the other, just setting off for home. She insisted upon taking his burdens, and said as she drew them from under the little fellow's arm.—

"I wish you had time to sit down a little while; I want to speak to you so much. I'm going away to-morrow, far away, for good. Oh! Willie!"

The little cripple stood still, supporting his small frame against the stone-wall, in whose shelter he always sat, and looked at Effie.

"Going away! Where to?—to Scotland?"

"Oh, no; I'm to go with a gentleman Miss Clark knows, and he's to take me to a new home far away in the country somewhere, where Miss Clark thinks I ought to be glad to go; but oh, Willie, it is so hard to leave Solly and you and Miss Clark and Nance—for Nance has been real good to me, she has."

Willie was silent for some time, then said.—

"If Miss Clark thinks it's good, it must be; but, Effie, we'll miss you, we will, awful!" and tears came to the boy's large brown eyes. "Still it would be nice to get into the country, where they say there's such green grass, and lovely blue sky, and pretty little flowers, something like Heaven

I should think: it's a pity Sol can't go too."

"Oh, I'm to try and find Solly a home—too, quite near me. Won't that be nice. I wish you could come."

"Oh, I don't think I shall go away from here till Jesus calls me home; it won't be long you see, and I'd sooner go there than anywhere."

"Don't you ever feel afraid?" asked Effie.

"Afraid? no, why should I? Jesus has gone the same way before and knows its safe; besides He's promised to be with me Himself as I walk through the dark valley, so I ain't one bit afraid; I only wish I was agoin' to start to-morrow as you be. Well, Effie, we'll see each other when we both get there, won't we? I'll miss you awful Sundays when I'm sick, but then I kin think on what yer used to read to me. Good-bye Effie, good-bye; I hope you'll be happy, I do; I knows yer will be if yer allers try to think on Jesus."

With dim eyes Effie watched the little deformed creature limping off, and then went home; but she did not think, like Willie, that she would never see him again till the poor mortal body would have put on immortality, and corruption be clothed in incorruption. She felt almost confident that she could find a home for Willie too. Who, she thought, in the sweet fresh country, would refuse the pining little fellow a shelter?

This hope kept Effie up, and she could talk of nothing else all the evening. At length it grew late and Nance said they must go to bed. "Ef you've got ter travel, you'd better get your rest if ye kin," she said.

So Effie kissed both Nance and Solly

and crept off to her straw, and from very fatigue fell asleep; but Solly stayed awake while the long hours rolled away, thinking what it would be like the next night. By and by happier thoughts came; then she fell into a kind of doze, and fancied she saw standing near her a tall form, bright as if clothed in moonlight, and the face that bent over her was kind and tender; but sad and softly the words seemed to sound in her ear, "Beloved I have loved thee and called thee my sister, wilt thou not take me for thy friend?"

Solly thought it must be the Saviour that spoke to her, and when she awoke she felt comforted, and even smiled at Effie as she saw her looking over at her. But Effie's eyes were wet; so Solly crept over to her and told her the dream, saying that "it was for her, too, and that they must just try and live as they ought to do, and that she thought they'd see each other again before very long."

By and by Miss Clark came, and with her their Superintendent, and he knelt down and prayed with them, commending the little traveller to His care who

"Never wearied,
Watcheth where His people be."

He had scarcely ended when a cabman below shouted that "Mister Tracy had sent him for the young un;" then hasty farewells were said and tearful blessings given.

As Effie clung round Solly's neck she left her, as a last commission, her Sabbath duties with Willie when he was sick, and Solly, almost choking with her stifled sobs, promised to undertake them.

"And," whispered Effie, "there's money due me for the dozen flannel shirts I finished yesterday. You keep that yourself, Solly."

Effie knew that if there had been time Solly would have opposed this gift; but she could not say "No" now.

Many a door and window had its occupant to see the last of "the little Scotch young un," with the sunny curls and slight form; while many a mother wished such a home might offer for one of her poor daughters; she "guessed she'd let her go without all that screechin' and hollerin'."

Effie wondered that she did not see lame Willie among the others; but when the cab passed the corner the little fellow was at his post, and standing up, he waved his cap as she went by and tried to smile. That was all Effie saw; her tears fell fast and hot, spattering on her grey jacket and the blue strings of her hat; but she did not notice the stains.

It was anything but a bright face that met Mr. Tracy's gaze as emerging from a fashionable hotel, he stepped into a cab. He was busied in giving directions to the cabman for some time; but when the door of the vehicle was slammed to, and the wheels were once more in motion, the gentleman turned to his companion.

"You seem sorry to leave New York, little girl," he said in a not unkind, but not very interested voice.

To tell the truth Mr. Tracy did not at all relish the idea of travelling all the way to Utica with "a rough, ignorant girl," whom he was obliged to take with him into the car, as Miss Clark assured him the youngster was not at all fit to be left alone. "She must be different from most Yankee girls if she can't take care of herself," was his inward comment; but of course he could not make that remark to Miss Clark. If it had not been that these friends of his were wealthy, influential people, Mr. Tracy would have felt inclined to let their commission "slide."

"These Sunday-school teachers, too," he said to himself, "always think their pupils heavenly little things. Well, that isn't my look-out; but I'll take care she doesn't pick my pockets!"

So Mr. Tracy had not been prepossessed in favor of his fellow-traveller, and when to his first remark no reply was made—for Effie could not speak—his verdict was: "A dressed-up Miss Sulky, I suppose; put out, perhaps, because her friends could not drive down to the depot to see her off!"

But don't judge this gentleman too hardly, my reader. He was not a man who had no kindness of heart; but he did not know much about children. He was an old bachelor, and he knew nothing at all about Sunday-school children, and you and I know a good many who are nice and good; don't we? So we will say, "Poor

Mr. Tracy," and not "Horrid Mr. Tracy."

But to return to Effie. She was trying bravely to swallow her tears and look pleasant, and even once half-turned round to glance at her companion; but he was gazing from the opposite window and did not speak again until the cab drew up near where the screeching, steaming locomotives seemed chasing each other up and down the many tracks. Effie was used to bustle and noise now and did not feel frightened.

The gentleman jumped down and began collecting from under the seat various satchels, cigar-boxes, hat-boxes, &c., which he counted carefully.

"Couldn't I carry some of them for you, please sir?" asked Effie, timidly.

"No, thank you," returned Mr. Tracy briefly and decidedly without looking up. "Now, cabman, lift the child down; quick!—we're late!" and, without waiting, he hurried off, leaving Effie to run after him as best she could. As she was starting she suddenly remembered her trunk. She could not go without that.

"Oh! cabman, my trunk!" she gasped out. "I can't go without it! What shall I do? Oh! couldn't you bring it?"

"No; I couldn't. How could I leave them 'ere horses a-standing alone and the big injines a-piping along every second?"

"Oh! what shall I do? what shall I do? I can't see Mr. Tracy anywhere!"

The cabman was a good-natured fellow, and calling to another cabby, said:—

"I say, Jim, will you hev an eye to them beasts while I help this 'ere young un with her luggage. Mighty queer fellow that must be that would lave yer yer lone."

"I suppose he forgot me," said Effie.

"Lor! forgot yer? that's likely! But come along, sissy."

Flinging the light trunk over his shoulder, the man ran on, followed by Effie, smiling once more. Mr. Tracy was somewhat astonished when he saw them come up to him—as much at the metamorphosis in the child as the civility of the man, such as he knew none of the cabmen would have shown to him. He stepped forward to give the man an extra quarter; but he turned away, and with a nod to Effie, who ex-

claimed. "Thank you so much!" he ran off, and was soon out of sight.

Mr. Tracy checked Effie's little trunk through to Utica, and very shortly the two were ensconced in a comfortably-cushioned seat in the cars. Effie was busily employed at first in looking at the people in the carriage. Plenty of officers there were in Federal uniforms, white bearded; and little children, and more than one pale, young mother, with a crying infant, going home to stay with the old folks till "this cruel war was over." In front of Effie sat two grey-haired politicians vigorously discussing this never-failing topic and its supposed consequences. There was a decided lack of younger men in the car—the only ones being two rough-looking fellows playing cards and laughing so loudly as to completely frustrate the efforts of one of the mothers to hush her fretful babe to sleep. These men were doubtless on their way to join the volunteers of their own State, and their conversation savored of bullets and rifles, battlefields and rebels, till the poor listening wives trembled again.

America was not wearing a bright aspect in those days. It was as different as possible from the land of five years previous; and even little Effie Hamilton would have found her journey pleasanter if there had been merry youths and maidens thronging the luxuriant cars—if the women had not all looked so sad—the men so hard and worried.

Very soon Mr. Tracy left his charge to find the smoking-car, and then Effie began to wish the shutter, which had been put up to keep the sun out, was anywhere but where it was. She tried if she could not peep through the little oak slats and see what was going on; but her head shook about and she kept bumping her nose; so she soon gave that up and sank back among the cushions with a little sigh.

"Bless ver heart, little un, don't yer sigh! I'll open the shutter for yer."

Effie turned round quickly and saw a stout, burly-looking man trying to free himself from the number of parcels that covered his long linen coat-tails.

"Does it open?" she asked, wonderingly.

"Bless yer, yes. I'll soon shew yer. My! ef I hev'n't enuf parcels to stock a variety store—he! he!"

"There little one," he said, when after a good deal of puffing and blowing the offending shutter was pushed up. "Now look yer fill; but I wouldn't hev the winder open ef I were you. It jest lets the dust and sut in, and don't freshen un a bit."

Effie looked back with a bright smile.

"Lor' love yer! you air a nice little thing. Here, Bub, give us an orange for this young un! Like oranges, sissy?" and Effie's new friend leant over and dropped a nice plump, yellow orange into her lap.

"Oh! isn't it splendid!" she exclaimed, with beaming eyes. "I never saw such a beauty! I never had a whole one to myself either before. They're so nice; ain't they? You're very kind."

"Bless yer heart—kind! Fire away now; but spread yer handkercher on yer dress. Them's awful juicy and they stains like the mischief!"

Effie did as she was advised, and the view from the window and her orange kept her busy and interested for a long time.

CHAPEER XVII.

Ah! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood.

That to the world are children,
Through them it feels the glow,
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

—Longfellow.

In spite of her refreshments, Effie began after two or three hours to feel very hungry and tired, and naturally her thoughts went back to New York, and she wondered what they were all doing there. She thought Willie would be sitting with his matches just as usual,—Nance she knew had work for the afternoon—and she half fancied Solly would wander off somewhere rather than be at home alone; but just

then the whistle sounded loud and clear, there was a commotion throughout the car, and in a few moments the train drew up before a long, crowded platform. Effie liked these stoppages, liked to see the conductor put his head in at the door and call out some new name. There there were always some fresh passengers to come in and some of the old ones to go out.

There were a good many gaily-dressed young ladies and little girls moving about in the sunshine, and Effie pressed her face close to the hot dusty glass to see all she could.

"I guess we'll let the winder down for a spell," said her friend from behind, starting up again. "And you take yer hat off and git a breath of fresh air if there's any to git."

Effie was glad to do so, and leaned her head out in full enjoyment of the scene.

"Yer mustn't never do that if the cars are agoin', sissie, mind yer. Young uns has had their heads whipped off in a jiffy that did!"

"How?" said Effie, opening her blue eyes wide.

"Jest comin' against bridges and tunnels, and sich. Yer see this air machinery goes so awful quick, it puts an end to a man in no time."

Effie looked thoughtful for a little.

"But there isn't any danger when we're not moving?" she added at length.

"Oh no, sissie, not a bit; stretch yer neck as far as you've a-mind to as long as you don't tip over clean."

Effie laughed, and was looking again when she saw Mr. Tracey walking up and down, so she drew in her head. He came up to the window and said:

"Well, how are you getting on in there?"

"Very nicely, thank you; there's a very kind gentleman here." Effie turned round to smile. "Oh! He isn't here! I'm so sorry he's gone, and I never bid him good-bye."

"Who was he?" asked Mr. Tracy, a little amused and no little astonished at this protégé of Miss Clarke's.

"I don't know who he was; a very kind gentleman, who gave me an orange, and opened the shutter and the window for me."

"He must be very kind!"

"Don't you think so? I do. I hope he'll come back." But Mr. Tracy moved off, and Effie instead of watching him began to look for her linen-coated friend among the crowd; but she could not see him anywhere.

Presently the cars were in motion again, and the seat behind was taken by an old woman, and Effie began to feel very lonely, and to wish she had something to eat.

Turning round a little to take a sly glance at her new neighbor at the back she saw that at all events the numerous parcels belonging to her friend of the white coat were still on the other end of the seat, and she had scarcely turned round again when she saw him coming up the car with both hands full and consequently tottering about from one side to the other in his efforts to keep his balance. When he saw Effie smiling at him he nodded and then seeing his own seat partially occupied he squeezed himself down by his little friend.

"I'm so glad to see you," said Effie; "I thought you had gone altogether."

"No, no, not yet; I guessed you must be hungry and I fetched you some tarts and sweeties. Dear! I'd a been along an hour ago only an old chum of mine buttonholed me and kep' me a talkin' about this war. Here now, tuck 'em in; you look hungry."

"But it isn't right for me to take all these things, please sir. I aint alone, you know, and I suppose if Mr. Tracy thought it was time I had anything to eat he'd have got me something."

"And who's Mr. Tracy? No relation, is he? He must be a nice kinder feller to leave you alone half starved all this time!"

"Oh! Mr. Tracy isn't any relation; I haven't any that I know of, none away from Scotland anyhow. I've been living in New York and Mr. Tracy is taking me to some friends of his who live in a place called Utica, where I've to wait on a sick lady."

"You! you poor little critter! Well I don't care nothin' about Mr. Tracy, let him be pleased or let him be the other thing, jest as he's a mind to! I ain't a goin' to let you starve even if he'd like yer to!"

Effie laughed, and set to work with right

good-will at her goodies—first, however, inviting the donor to join in the repast, which he declined with thanks. Very soon tarts and buns showed evidence that she had been hungry.

"Bless yer heart! I do like to see that, I do! Some on our young uns they're so pampered and fed up, why! they wouldn't look at a currant bun."

"I guess they haven't ever lived in any of the poor streets in New York," said Effie.

"What did you do there?"

"Oh! you see when I first came way out across the ocean my own mammy was with me. We came to look for father, but we couldn't find him, and poor dear mammy died, and I went on making shirts with Solly, until my Sunday-school teacher got this place for me; she thought it was better for me than to stay in the city."

"Oh! yes, my dear, much better," and the old gentleman blew his nose vigorously on his red silk handkerchief.

"I sometimes hope I'll find father," Effie went on, musingly.

"What was his name?"

"Duncan Hamilton."

"Dun-can Hamil-ton! Why I knew a feller of that name about four years ago, and—but no, no, he couldn't have been your pa. Oh! no!"

"Don't you think so?" asked Effie, who had started up eagerly.

"No, my dear, I don't think it possible. There are plenty of Hamiltons—in fact lots of all names in Amerikee; its an awful grand big country this. Why, we could put Scotland in our pocket and shake her round with a dozen or two more sich!"

Effie was silent, so her friend set a'out someway of cheering her up again.

"What would you say now if I told you I lived in Utica," he asked, leaning over confidentially.

"I'd like it," returned the child. "But I don't think you do."

"But I do though, right on Genesee street near the bridge; but of course you don't know he! he! he! Whereabouts do these folks live that 'you're agoin' to?"

"I don't know; Miss Clark said it was in the country, not in town."

"Oh! out to Deerfield likely. What's the name?"

"I don't know that either," said Effie, laughing.

"That's curious; I'm sorry for that; I knows most of the folks round them parts, and I'd like to have known where you were agoin' to live. I'd like powerful well to see you sometimes."

"Oh dear! so you will. It's not like New York is it, where you can't find anybody?"

"Not as bad as that. You're name's Hamilton I calculate, seein' your pa's was."

"Effie Hamilton."

"I'll write that down; mine's Joseph Ritterman—kin you remember?"

"Oh! yes, I won't forget."

"I keeps a kind of a general grocery on Genesee street, so if you're ever hungry you come round my way, and I'll give you some prime crackers—peanuts too, perhaps. My old woman will be glad to see any young un round over there; our three boys, all we've got, has gone off to join the volunteers, and we're just heart-broke about them. Of course we wouldn't wish 'em to stay to hum when they're young and kin fight for the Union, yet such a lot as them trashy rebels cuts off, and as many as dies in the hospitals, why, we don't much expect to see any of 'em come back to us alive and well. But its a strange world, and we must just make the best of things. Beg pardon, stranger, I was only talkin' to the little un; she seemed kinder lonely." And Mr. Ritterman jumped up as Mr. Tracy touched him on the shoulder with,

"That is my seat, if you please, sir," somewhat stiffly uttered.

"Where did you get all these things?" he asked, when he was seated, pointing to Effie's lap, where a supply of good things still remained.

"That kind gentleman, Mr. Joseph Ritterman, gave them all to me, and the orange besides."

"Ah, indeed! Mr. Ritterman must be very kind!" And Mr. Tracy became absorbed in his newspaper, though it must be confessed he glanced once or twice at Effie; she did not at all coincide with his

ideas of the "rough, ignorant city child" he would have to take with him to Utica, and he was actually vexed with Effie for not being so; he felt as matters stood he had somewhat neglected his charge; so he stayed with her until they reached Albany. There he took her out, and they had a sort of tea-dinner in a large eating-room where waiters hurried to and fro, where there was a strong smell of cooked meat, and a great clatter of knives and forks. Then they hurried back to secure their seats, and once more Effie was left in charge.

The car was almost empty then, but one by one the travellers dropped in; Effie thought they were the same old ones that had gone out, but when the train was in motion again and she looked about she saw there were a good many new faces.

By-and-by it grew dark, and dim lamps were lighted, which made one feel sleepy whether it was time to go to sleep or not, and Effie began to yawn and nod, and wonder when they would be in Utica. Then, as before, her old friend came to her aid. He produced from somewhere a shaggy overcoat—a miracle to be seen such a July night; it proved a nice soft bed at any rate, and when Effie was lain on it, her hat carefully put away and her little feet tucked up comfortably, she soon fell fast asleep.

(To be continued.)

A FAIRY TALE.

BY JEAN INGELow.

(Continued.)

Hulda laid her beautiful bracelet upon a table in her room, where she could see it, and kissed the little bird before she got into bed. She had been asleep a long time when a little sobbing voice suddenly awoke her, and she sat up to listen. The house was perfectly still; her cat was curled up at the door, fast asleep; her bird's head was under its wing; a long sunbeam was slanting down through an opening in the green window-curtain, and the motes danced merrily in it.

"What could that noise have been?" said little Hulda, lying down again. She had no sooner laid her head on the pillow than she heard it again; and, turning round quickly to look at the bracelet, she saw the little bird fluttering its wings, and

close to it, with her hands covering her face, the beautiful, long-lost fairy.

"Oh, fairy, fairy! what have I done!" said Hulda. "You will never see your wand again. The gnome has got it, and he has carried it down under the ground, where he will hide it from us forever."

The fairy could not look up, nor answer. She remained weeping, with her hands before her face, till the little golden bird began to chirp.

"Sing to us again, I pray you, beautiful bird!" said Hulda; "for you are not friendly to the gnome. I am sure you are sorry for the poor fairy."

"Child," said the fairy, "be cautious what you say—that gnome is my enemy; disguised himself as a pedlar the better to deceive you, and now he has got my wand he can discover where I am; he will be constantly pursuing me, and I shall have no peace; if once I fall into his hands I shall be his slave forever. The bird is not his friend, for the race of gnomes have no friends. Speak to it again, and see if it will sing to you, for you are its mistress."

"Sing to me, sweet bird," said Hulda, in a caressing tone; and the little bird quivered its wings and bowed its head several times; then it opened its beak and sang—

"Where's the ring?
O the ring, my master stole the ring.
And he holds it while I sing,
In the middle of the world.
Where's the ring?
Where the long green Lizard curled
All its length, and made a spring
Fifty leagues along.
There he stands
With his brown hands,
And sings to the Lizard a wonderful song.
And he gives the white stone to that Lizard fell,
For he fears it—and loves it passing well."

"What!" said Hulda. "did the pedlar steal my mother's ring—that old opal ring which I told him I could not let him have?"

"Child," replied the fairy, "be not sorry for his treachery; this theft I look to for my last hope for recovering the wand."

"How so?" asked Hulda.

"It is a common thing among mortals," replied the fairy, "to say the thing which is not true, and do the thing which is not honest; but among the other races of beings who inhabit this world the penalty of mocking and imitating the vices of you, the superior race, is, that if ever one of us can be convicted of it, that one, be it gnome, sprite, or fairy, is never permitted to appear in the likeness of humanity again, nor to walk about upon the face of the land which is your inheritance. Now the gnomes hate one another, and if it should be discovered by the brethren of this my enemy that he stole the opal ring, they will not fail to betray him. There is,

therefore, no doubt, little Hulda, that he carries both the ring and the wand about with him wherever he goes, and if in all your walks and during your whole life you should see him again, and go boldly up to him and demand the stolen stone, he will be compelled instantly to burrow his way down again into the earth, and leave behind him all his ill-gotten gains."

"There is then, still some hope," said Hulda in a happier voice; "but where, dear fairy, have you hidden yourself so long?"

"I have passed a dreary time," said the fairy. "I have been compelled to leave Europe and fly across to Africa, for my enemy inhabits that great hollow dome which is the centre of the earth, and he can only come up in Europe; but my poor little brown wings were often so weary in my flight across the sea, that I wished, like the birds, I could drop into the waves and die; for what was to me the use of immortality when I could no longer soothe the sorrow of mortals? But I cannot die; and after I had fluttered across into Egypt, where the glaring light of the sun almost blinded me, I was thankful to find a ruined tomb or temple underground, where great marble sarcophagi were ranged round the walls, and where in the dusky light I could rest from my travels, in a place where I only knew the difference between night and day by the redness of the one sunbeam which stole in through a crevice, and the silvery blue of the moonbeam that succeeded it.

"In that temple there was no sound but the rustling of the bats' wings as they flew in before dawn, or sometimes the chirping of a swallow which had lost its way, and was frightened to see all the grim marble faces gazing at it. But the quietness did me good, and I waited, hoping that the young King of Sweden would marry, and that an heir would be born to him (for I am a Swedish fairy), and then I should recover my liberty according to an ancient statute of the fairy realm, and my wand should also come again to my possession; but alas! he is dead, and the reason you see me to-day is, that, like the rest of my race, I am come to strew leaves on his grave and recount his virtues. I must now return, for the birds are stirring; I hear the cows lowing to be milked, and the maids singing as they go out with their pails. Farewell, little Hulda; guard well the bracelet; I must go to my ruined temple again. Happy for me will be the day when you see my enemy (if that day ever comes); the bird will warn you of his neighborhood by pecking your hand."

"One moment stay, dear fairy," said Hulda. "Where am I most likely to see the gnome?"

"In the south," replied the fairy, "for

they love hot sunshine. I can stay no longer. Farewell."

So saying, the fairy again became a moth, and fluttered to the window. Little Hulda opened it, the brown moth settled for a moment upon her lips as if it wished to kiss her, and then it flew out into the sunshine, away and away.

Little Hulda watched her till her pretty wings were lost in the blue distance; then she turned and took her bracelet, and put it on her wrist, where, from that day forward, she always wore it night and day.

Hulda now grew tall, and became a fair young maiden, and she often wished for the day when she might go down to the south, that she might have a better chance of seeing the cruel gnome, and as she sat at work in her room alone she often asked the bird to sing to her, but he never sang any other songs than the two she had heard at first.

And now two full years had passed away, and it was again the height of the Norway summer, but the fairy had not made her appearance.

As the days began to shorten, Hulda's cheeks lost their bright color, and her steps their merry lightness; she became pale and wan. Her parents were grieved to see her change so fast, but they hoped, as the weary winter came on, that the cheerful fire and gay company would revive her; but she grew worse and worse, till she could scarcely walk alone through the rooms where she had played so happily, and all the physicians shook their heads and said, "Alas! alas! the lord and lady of the castle may well look sad: nothing can save their fair daughter, and before the spring comes she will sink into an early grave."

The first yellow leaves now began to drop, and showed that winter was near at hand.

"My sweet Hulda," said her mother to her one day, as she was lying upon a couch looking out into the sunshine, "is there anything you can think of that would do you good, or any place we can go to that you think might revive you?"

"I had only one wish," replied Hulda, "but that, dear mother, I cannot have."

"Why not, dear child?" said her father.

"Let us hear what your wish was."
"I wished that before I died I might be able to go into the south and see that wicked pedlar, that if possible I might repair the mischief I had done the fairy by restoring her the wand."

"Does she wish to go into the south?" said the physicians. "Then it will be as well to indulge her, but nothing can save her life; and if she leaves her native country, she will return to it no more."

"I am willing to go," said Hulda, "for the fairy's sake."

So they put her on a pillion, and took her slowly to the south by short distances, as she could bear it. And as she left the old castle, the wind tossed some yellow leaves against her, and then whirled them away across the heath to the forest. Hulda said:—

"Yellow leaves, yellow leaves,
Whither away?
Through the long wood paths
How fast do ye stray!"

The yellow leaves answered—

"We go to lie down
Where the Spring snowdrops grow,
Their young roots to cherish
Through frost and through snow."

Then Hulda said again to the leaves—

"Yellow leaves, yellow leaves,
Faded and few,
What will the Spring flowers
Matter to you?"

And the leaves said—

"We shall not see them,
When gaily they bloom,
But sure they will love us
For guarding their tomb."

Then Hulda said—

"The yellow leaves are like me: I am going away from my place for the sake of the poor fairy, who now lies hidden in the dark Egyptian ruin; but if I am so happy as to recover her wand by my care, she will come back glad and white, like the snowdrops when winter is over, and she will love my memory when I am laid asleep in my tomb."

So they set out on their journey, and every day went a little distance towards the south, till at last on Christmas Eve they came to an ancient city at the foot of a range of mountains.

"What a strange Christmas this is!" said Hulda, when she looked out the next morning; "let us stay here mother, for we are far enough to the south. Look how the red berries hang on yonder tree, and these myrtles on the porch are fresh and green, and a few roses bloom still on the sunny side of the window."

It was so fine and warm that the next day they carried Hulda to a green bank where she could sit down. It was close by some public gardens, and the people were coming and going. She fell into a doze as she sat with her mother watching her, and in her half-dream she heard the voices of the passers-by, and what they said about her, till suddenly a voice which she remembered made her wake with a start, and as she opened her frightened eyes, there, with his pack on his back, and his cunning eyes fixed upon her, stood the pedlar.

"Stop him!" cried Hulda, starting up.

"Mother, help me to run after him."

"After whom, my child?" asked her mother.

"After the pedlar," said Hulda; "he was here but now, but before I had time to

“speak to him, he stepped behind that thorn bush and disappeared.”

“So that is Hulda,” said the pedlar to himself, as he went down the steep path into the middle of the world; “she looks as if a few days more would be all she had to live. I will not come here any more till the spring, and then she will be dead, and I shall have nothing to fear.”

But Hulda did not die. See what a good thing it is to be kind. The soft, warm air of the south revived her by degrees—so much, that by the end of the year she could walk in the public garden and delight in the warm sunshine; in another month she could ride with her father to see all the strange old castles in that neighborhood, and by the end of February she was as well as ever she had been in her life; and all this came from her desire to do good to the fairy, by going to the south.

“And now,” thought the pedlar, “there is no doubt that the daisies are growing on Hulda’s grave by this time, so I will go up again to the outside of the world, and sell my wares to the people who resort to those public places.”

So one day when in that warm climate the spring flowers were already blooming on the hill-sides, up he came close to the ruined walls of a castle, and set his pack down beside him to rest after the fatigues of his journey.

“This is a cool, shady place,” he said, looking round, “and these dark yew-trees conceal it very well from the road. I shall come here always in the middle of the day, when the sun is too hot, and count over my gains. How hard my mistress, the Lizard, makes me work! Who would have thought she would have wished to deck her green head with opals down there, where there are only a tribe of brown gnomes to see her? But I have not given her that one out of the ring which I stole, nor the crozier of others that I conjured out of the crozier of the priest as I knelt at the altar, and they thought I was rehearsing a prayer to the Virgin.”

After resting some time, the pedlar took up his pack and went boldly on to the gardens, never doubting but that Hulda was dead; but it so happened that at that moment Hulda and her mother sat at work in a shady part of the garden under some elder-trees.

“What is the matter, my sweet bird?” said Hulda; for the bird pecked her wrist, and fluttered its wings, and opened its beak as if it were very much frightened.

“Let us go, mother, and look about us,” said Hulda.

So they both got up and wandered all over the gardens; but the pedlar, in the meantime, had walked on towards the town, and they saw nothing of him.

“Sing to me, my sweet bird,” said Hulda

that night as she lay down to sleep. “Tell me *why* you pecked my wrist.”

Then the bird sang to her—

“Who came from the ruin, the ivy-clad ruin,
With old shaking arches all moss-overgrown,
Where the flitter-bat hideth,
The limber snake glideth,
And chill water drips from the slimy green stone?”

“Who did?” asked Hulda; not the pedlar, surely? Tell me, my pretty bird.” But the bird only chirped and fluttered its golden wings, so Hulda ceased to ask it, and presently fell asleep, but the bird woke her by pecking her wrist very early, almost before sunrise, and sang—

“Who dips a brown hand in the chill, shaded water,
The water that drips from a slimy green stone?
Who flings his red cap
At the owlets that flap
Their white wings in his face as he sits there alone?”

Hulda upon hearing this arose in great haste and dressed herself; then she went to her father and mother, and entreated that they would come with her to the old ruin. It was now broad day, so they all three set out together. It was a very hot morning; the dust lay thick upon the road, and there was not air enough to stir the thick leaves of the trees which hung overhead.

They had not gone far before they found themselves in a crowd of people all going towards the castle ruin, for there, they told Hulda, the pedlar, the famous pedlar from the North, who sold such fine wares, was going to perform some feats of jugglery of most surprising cleverness.

“Child,” whispered Hulda’s mother, “nothing could be more fortunate for us; let us mingle with the crowd and get close to the pedlar.”

Hulda assented to her mother’s wish; but the heat and dust, together with her own intense desire to rescue the lost wand, made her tremble so that she had great difficulty in walking. They went among gipsies, fruit-women, peasant girls, children, travelling musicians, common soldiers, and laborers, the heat increased, and the dust and the noise, and at last Hulda and her parents were borne forward into the old ruin among a rush of people running and huzzaing, and heard the pedlar shout to them—

“Keep back, good people; leave a space before me; leave a large space between me and you.”

So they pressed back again, jostling and crowding each other, and left an open space before him from whence he looked at them with his cunning black eyes, and with one hand dabbling in the cold water of the spring.

The place was open to the sky, and the broken arches and walls were covered with thick ivy and wall-flowers. The pedlar sat upon a large grey stone, with his red

cap on, and his brown fingers adorned with splendid rings, and he spread them out, and waved his hands to the people with ostentatious ceremony.

"Now, good people," he said, without rising from his seat, "you are about to see the finest, rarest, and most wonderful exhibition of the conjuring art ever known!"

"Stop!" cried a woman's voice from the crowd, and a young girl rushed wildly forward from the people, who had been trying to hold her back.

"I impeach you before all these witnesses!" she cried, seizing him by the hand. "See justice done, good people. I impeach you, pedlar. Where's the ring—my mother's ring—which you stole on midsummer's day in the castle?"

"Good people," said the pedlar, pulling his red cap over his face, and speaking in a mild, fawning voice "I hope you'll protect me. I hope you won't see me insulted."

"My ring, my ring!" cried Hulda; "he wore it on his finger but now!"

"Show your hand, like a man!" said the people. "If the lady says falsely, can't you face her and tell her so? Never hold it down so cowardly!"

The pedlar had tucked his feet under him, and when the people cried out to him to let the rings on his hand be seen, he had already burrowed with them up to his knees in the earth.

"Oh, he will go down into the earth!" cried Hulda. "But I will not let go! Pedlar, pedlar, it is useless! If I follow you before the Lizard, your mistress, I will not let go!"

The pedlar turned his terrified, cowardly eyes upon Hulda, and sank lower and lower. The people were too frightened to move.

"Stop, child!" cried her mother. "Oh, he will go down, and drag thee with him."

But Hulda would not and could not let go. The pedlar had now sunk up to his waist. Her mother wrung her hands, and in an instant the earth closed upon them both, and after falling in the dark down a steep abyss, they found themselves not at all the worse, standing in a dimly-lighted cave with a large table in it, piled with mouldy books. Behind the table was a smooth and perfectly round hole in the wall, about the size of a cart-wheel.

Hulda looked that way, and saw how intensely dark it was through this hole, and she was wondering where it led to when an enormous green Lizard put his head through into the cave, and gazed at her with its great brown eyes.

"What is thy demand, fine child of the daylight?" said the Lizard.

"Princess," replied Hulda, "I demand that this thy servant should give up to me

a ring which he stole in my father's castle when I was a child."

The pedlar no sooner heard Hulda boldly demand her rights than he fell on his knees and began to cry for mercy.

"Mercy rests with this maiden," said the Lizard. At the same time she darted out her tongue, which was several yards in length and like a scarlet thread, and with it stripped the ring from the gnome's finger and gave it to Hulda.

"Speak, maiden, what reparation do you demand of this culprit, and what shall be his punishment?"

"Great princess," replied Hulda, "let him restore to me a golden wand which I sold to him, for it belongs to a fairy whom he has long persecuted."

"Here it is, here it is!" cried the cowardly gnome, putting his hand into his bosom and pulling it out, shaking all the time and crying out most piteously, "Oh, don't let me be banished from the sunshine!"

"After this double crime no mercy can be shown you," said the Lizard, and she twined her scarlet tongue round him, and drew him through the round hole to herself. At the same instant it closed, and a crack came in the roof of the cave, through which the sunshine stole, and as Hulda looked up in flew a brown moth and settled on the magic bracelet. She touched the moth with the wand, and instantly it stood upon her wrist—a beautiful and joyous fairy. She took her wand from Hulda's hand, and stood for a moment looking gratefully in her face without speaking. Then she said to the wand:—

"Art thou my own again, and wilt thou serve me?"

"Try me," said the wand.

So she struck the wall with it, and said, "Cleave, wall!" and a hole came in the wall large enough for Hulda to creep through, and she found herself at the foot of a staircase hewn in the rock, and after walking up it for three hours, she came out in the old ruined castle, and was astonished to see that the sun had set. The moment she appeared, her father and mother, who had given her over for lost, clasped her in their arms and wept for joy as they embraced her.

"My child," said her father, "how happy thou lookest, not as if thou hadst been down in the dark earth!"

Hulda kissed her parents, and smiled upon them; then she turned to look for the fairy, but she was gone. So they all three walked home in the twilight, and the next day Hulda set out again with her parents to return to the old castle in Norway. As for the fairy, she was happy from that day in the possession of her wand; but the little golden bird folded its wings and never sang any songs again.

THE HOPE OF GLORY.

Music by REV. JAMES DAVIS.

1. Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings; Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
2. Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course:
3. Cease, ye pil - grims, cease to mourn; Press on - ward to the prize.

Rise from trans - i - tor - y things, Towards heaven, thy na - tive place.
Fire as - cend - ing seeks the sun: Both speed them to their source.
Soon your Sa - viour will re - turn Tri - um - phant in the skies:

Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move;
So, a soul that's born of God, Pants to view his glo - rious face;
Yet a sea - son, and we know, Hap - py en - trance will be given;

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.
Up - ward tends to his a - bode, To rest in his em - brace.
All our sor - rows left be - low, And earth exchanged for heaven!

The Home.

FAULTS AND PUNISHMENTS.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

Parents seem sometimes to have an idea that a manifestation of something like anger—or, at least, very serious displeasure on their part—is necessary in order to make a proper impression in respect to its fault on the mind of the child. This, however, I think, is a mistake. The impression is made by what we *do*, and not by the indications of irritation or displeasure which we manifest in doing it. To illustrate this, I will state a case, narrating all its essential points just as it occurred.

"Mary," said Mary's aunt, Jane, who had come to make a visit at Mary's mother's in the country. "I am going to the village this afternoon, and if you would like you may go with me."

Mary was, of course, much pleased with this invitation.

"A part of the way," continued her aunt, "is by a path across the fields. While we are there you must keep in the path all the time, for it rained a little this morning, and I am afraid that the grass may not be quite dry."

"Yes, Aunt Jane; I'll keep in the path," said Mary.

So they set out on the walk together. When they came to the gate which led to the path across the fields, Aunt Jane said, "Remember, Mary, you must keep in the path."

Mary said nothing, but ran forward. Pretty soon she began to walk a little on the margin of the grass, and, before long, observing a place where the grass was short and where the sun shone, she ran out boldly upon it, and then, looking down at her shoes, she observed that they were not wet. She held up one of her feet to her aunt when she came opposite the place, saying,

"See, aunt, the grass is not wet at all."

"I see it is not," said her aunt. "I *thought* it would not be wet; though I was not sure but that it might be. But come," she added, holding out her hand, "I have concluded not to go to the village after all. We are going back home."

"Oh, Aunt Jane!" said Mary, following her aunt as she began retracing her steps along the path. "What is that for?"

"I have altered my mind," said her aunt.

"What makes you alter your mind?"

By this time Aunt Jane had taken hold of Mary's hand, and they were walking together along the path towards home.

"Because you don't obey me," she said.

"Why, auntie," said Mary, "the grass was not wet at all where I went."

"No," said her aunt, "it was perfectly dry."

"And it did not do any harm at all for me to walk upon it," said Mary.

"Not a bit of harm," said her aunt.

"Then why are you going home?" asked Mary.

"Because you don't obey me," replied her aunt.

"You see," said her aunt, "there is one thing about this that you don't understand, because you are such a little girl. You will understand it by-and-by, when you grow older; and I don't blame you for not knowing it now, because you are so young."

"What is it that I don't know?" asked Mary.

"I am afraid you would not understand it very well if I were to explain it," replied her aunt.

"Try me," said Mary.

"Well, you see," replied her aunt. "I don't feel safe with any child that does not obey me. This time no harm was done, because the grass happened to be dry; but farther on there was a brook. I might have told you not to go near the brink of the brook for fear of your falling in. Then you might have gone, notwithstanding, if you thought there was no danger, just as you went out upon the grass because you thought it was not wet, notwithstanding my saying that you must keep in the path. So you see I never feel safe in taking walks in places where there is any danger, with children that I can not always depend upon to do exactly what I say."

Mary was, of course, now ready to make profuse promises that she would obey her aunt in future on all occasions, and began to beg that she would continue her walk to the village.

"No," said her aunt, "I don't think it would be quite safe for me to trust to your promises, though I have no doubt you honestly mean to keep them. But you remember you promised me that you

would keep in the path when we planned this walk; and yet when the time of temptation came you could not keep the promise; but you will learn. When I am going on some perfectly safe walk I will take you with me again; and if I stay here some time you will learn to obey me so perfectly that I can take you with me to any place, no matter how dangerous it may be."

Aunt Jane thus gently, but firmly, persisted in abandoning the walk to the village, and returning home; but she immediately turned the conversation away from the subject of Mary's fault, and amused her with stories and aided her in gathering flowers, just as if nothing had happened; and when she arrived at home she said nothing to any one of Mary's disobedience. Here now was punishment calculated to make a very strong impression—but still without scolding, without anger; almost, in fact, without even any manifestations of displeasure. And yet how long can any reasonable person suppose it would be before Mary would learn, if her aunt acted invariably on the same principles, to submit implicitly to her will?

Compare the probable result of this mode of management with the scolding and threatening policy. Suppose Aunt Jane had called to Mary angrily,

"Mary! Mary! come directly back into the path. I told you not to go out of the path, and you are a very naughty child to disobey me. The next time you disobey me in that way I will send you directly home."

Mary would have been vexed and irritated, perhaps, and would have said to herself, "How cross Aunt Jane is to-day!" but the "next time" she would have been as disobedient as ever.

If mothers, instead of scowling, scolding, and threatening now, and putting off doing the thing that ought to be done to the "next time," would do that thing at once, and give up the scowling, scolding, and threatening altogether, they would find all parties immensely benefited by the change.

It is evident, moreover, that by this mode of management the punishment is employed not in the way of retribution, but as a remedy. Mary loses her walk not on the ground that she deserved to lose it, but because it was not safe to continue it.

Some mother may perhaps say, in reference to the case of Mary and her aunt, that it may be all very well in theory, but that practically mothers have not the leisure and the means for adopting such moderate measures. We cannot stop, she may say, every time we are going to the village, on important business perhaps,

and turn back and lose the afternoon on account of the waywardness of a disobedient child.

My answer is that it will not have to be done every time, but only very seldom. The effect of acting once or twice on this principle, with the certainty on the part of the child that the mother or the aunt will always act so when the occasion calls for it, very soon puts an end to all necessity for such action.

Punishments may be very light and gentle in their character, provided they are certain to follow the offense. It is in their certainty, and not in their severity, that the efficiency of them lies. Very few children are ever severely burnt by putting their fingers into the flame of a candle. They are effectually taught not to put them in by very slight burnings, on account of the absolute invariableness of the result produced by the contact.

Mothers often do not understand this. They attempt to cure some habitual fault by scoldings and threats, and declarations of what they will certainly do "next time," and perhaps by occasional acts of real severity in cases of peculiar aggravation, instead of a quiet, gentle, and comparatively trifling infliction in every instance of the fault, which would be altogether more effectual.

A child, for example, has acquired the habit of leaving the door open. Now occasionally scolding him, when it is specially cold, and now and then shutting him up in a closet for half an hour, will never cure him of the fault. But if there were an automaton figure standing by the side of the door, to say to him every time that he came through without shutting it, *Door!* which call should be a signal to him to go back and shut the door, and then sit down in a chair near by and count ten; and if this slight penalty was invariably enforced, he would be most effectually cured of the fault in a very short time.

Now, the mother cannot be exactly this automaton, for she cannot always be there; but she can recognize the principle, and carry it into effect as far as possible—that is, invariably, when she is there. And though she will not thus cure the boy of the fault so soon as the automaton would do it, she will still do it very soon.

There are many cases in which, by the exercise of a little tact and ingenuity, the parent can actually secure the *co-operation* of the child in the infliction of the punishment prescribed for the curing of a fault. There are many advantages in this, when it can be done. It gives the child an interest in curing himself of the fault; it makes the punishment more effectual; and it removes almost all possibility of its producing any irritation or resentment in his mind. To illustrate this we will give a

case. It is of no consequence, for the purpose of this article, whether it is a real or an imaginary one.

Little Egbert, seven years old, had formed the habit so common among children of wasting a great deal of time in dressing himself, so as not to be ready for breakfast when the second bell rang. His mother offered him a reward if he would himself devise any plan that would cure him of the fault.

"I don't know what to do, exactly, to cure you," she said; "but if you will think of any plan that will really succeed, I will give you an excursion in a carriage."

"How far?" asked Egbert.

"Ten miles," said his mother. "I will take you in a carriage on an excursion anywhere you say, for ten miles, if you will find out some way to cure yourself of this fault."

"I think you ought to punish me," said Egbert, speaking in rather a timid tone.

"That's just it," said his mother. "It is for you to think of some kind of punishment that won't be too disagreeable for me to inflict, and which will yet be successful in curing you of the fault. I will allow you a fortnight to get cured. If you are not cured in a fortnight I shall think the punishment is not enough, or that it is not of a good kind; but if it works so well as to cure you in, a fortnight, then you shall have the ride.

By such management as this, it is plain that Egbert is brought into actual co-operation with his mother in the infliction of punishment to cure him of a fault. It is true, that making such an arrangement as this, and then leaving it to his own working, would lead to no result. As in the case of all other plans and methods, it must be strictly, firmly, and perseveringly followed up by the watchful efficiency of the mother. We can not substitute the action of the child for that of the parent in the work of early training, but we can often derive very great advantage by securing his co-operation.—From "*Gentle Measures in the Training of the Young.*"

MOTHS.

"Rural" writes: "As cedar-wood trunks or boxes will protect the clothing placed therein, from destruction by moths, I desire to inquire whether the small cuttings or branches of the common red cedar, or of the white cedar (*Arbor vitæ*), if placed in a bag or box containing woollen clothing, ladies' dresses, furs, etc., would not be equally effective? Would not the scent or flavor of the cedar thus impregnate the package the same as the cedar-wood trunk? Would not a sprinkling of tips of arbor vitæ cuttings, if placed on the floor under

our carpets, protect the carpet from moths? Or, what is the best inexpensive mode of protecting our wardrobes carpets, etc., from these destructive vermin?"

Cedar shavings are sold as moth preventives, and we suppose they have some efficacy, though we can attest to having seen on one occasion a flourishing colony of young moths in a parcel of woollen stockings bountifully sprinkled and surrounded with these shavings. We have had no experience with red cedar tips or those of arbor vitæ, but presume they will be as efficacious as other aromatics of equal strength. The recognized preventives of moths are Scotch snuff, camphor, cayenne pepper, black pepper, shavings of Russia leather, fumigations of sulphur or tobacco, and the action of heat and steam. We have had practical experience with all of these (sulphur fumigations and the action of heat and steam excepted), and unhesitatingly set down black pepper, in our opinion, as the best substance for keeping moth away from clothing, furs, and feathers. We have tried cedar trunks and closets, and have found them capital places for storing articles liable to the ravages of moth, with this proviso, that they are opened and closed under every precaution against the admission of flying moth, and that no article when placed in them contains any hint, fragment, or shadow of the little pest. We have a cedar trunk to which, in a very moth-haunted locality, we have confided woollens and furs for twelve successive summers, and no article intrusted to its keeping has ever been attacked by a moth, but we have with our own eyes seen garments that were left hanging in a cedar closet all summer, fairly "riddled" by moth when the door was unlocked in the autumn—yes, and then and there caught the creature in the very act. And this brings us to the main stronghold of defence on which we rely. All moth-tempting garments to be packed away should be attended to before May or June, when the moths are about laying their eggs. Even if they are laid away earlier they should be thoroughly shaken and beaten before being folded. The plan of first hanging articles in the open sunshine for a few days is a good one if judiciously carried out, but a frequent practice is, to hang articles out of doors just when moths are flying about, and then placidly, with a sense of duty performed, to pack away the well-aired garments, each one amply stored with moth eggs.

Our practice (and this has never failed of success) is first to examine the articles to be stored, then to put wooden articles in a large bag or pillow-case made of firm, closely-woven linen, doubling over the open end in a bunch and winding it tightly round and round with a strong string—so

tightly that no insect can possibly enter. Furs we put loosely in a tin or pasteboard box—they should never be pressed or crowded—and then slip the boxes into linen cases to be tied at the end as already described. For several summers we have used the same bags, sometimes sprinkling in black pepper before tying the bag, but often putting in no preventive at all. Where tin boxes are used the bag may, of course, be dispensed with, but even then a strip of linen or paper should be gummed closely over the part where cover and box meet. In packing the cedar trunk we simply wrap each article carefully in newspaper, leaving no open places; so, you see, Mrs. Rural, even here we trust more to the shutting-out principle than to the aroma of cedar. Carpets, to be safe, should be taken up very early in May thoroughly beaten, and well rolled, wrapped in strong sheets of paper gummed (not pasted) together, and sewed up in linen, each seam being a "French fell," or double hem, as it is sometimes called. The bags should be kept in a rather cool place, and well guarded from rats and mice. If your carpets are to be left on the floor, sprinkle black pepper occasionally and plentifully all around under the edge, and may the fates be merciful unto you on sweeping days! Certain patent powders and moth-destroyers are sold for carpets and clothing, but we have no practical knowledge of their powers. Also in our larger cities there are establishments where carpets, curtains, blankets, are taken in the spring, subjected to the action of heat or steam until all embryo moth are supposed to be thoroughly cooked. They are then carefully stored, to be returned intact in the autumn. But this, so far, is a very costly process, quite out of the reach of most country folk. Enough for us and "Rural" to know that black pepper and linen bags are sure, simple, and in the long run inexpensive. Still we would be glad to hear of some protection for carpet less lachrymose in its influence than black pepper. The carpet moth (*Tinea tapetzella*) is an entirely different insect from the clothes moth (*Tinea vestianella*), and its best treatment is still an unsolved domestic problem, and a point upon which we should be glad to hear experiences. The fur moth (*Tinea pellionella*) is different again from either, but it can effectually be kept at bay by using the simple weapons we have named—black pepper and linen.—*Hearth and Home.*

TABLE ETIQUETTE.

How often do we see a hostess overstep the bounds of true courtesy as she presides at her table by urging her food upon her

guests? "Now do take a piece; it is very simple; it will not harm you in the least." "Why do you not eat?" "Isn't that good?" "You do not eat anything!" This latter remark is not unfrequently made when a visitor has eaten as much or even more than others, but as she does not choose to partake of all that is placed before her, the hostess seems to consider it incumbent on her to urge, and question her reasons, which oftentimes places the guest in a very unpleasant position. Now, are not visitors supposed to have common sense? They are often treated as though they lacked all knowledge of their own appetites and desires. This continuous urging and discussing of food implies either that, or that they distrust the willingness of the hostess to have her food partaken of. This would be a decidedly uncomplimentary opinion for the visitor to possess; consequently very uncourteous in the hostess to insinuate the existence of such by her excessive importuning.

The food denominated very simple and harmless is frequently compounded of the most deleterious ingredients. Not that prevarication is intended, but there is often an unconscious ignorance of its harmful qualities, and the guest must either run the risk of being made uncomfortable for several hours, by giving her stomach food for which it is not capable of caring, or incur the evident displeasure of the hostess. This is no imagination or exaggeration, but fact. Even if it be a simple dish, who can tell better than ourselves whether we can eat it with impunity or whether we desire it? The questions "Is it not good?" and "Why do you not eat?" are such that if truthfully answered might sometimes occasion embarrassment to the visitor and deep mortification to the hostess. Supposing the visitor refuses food for sanitary reasons, she does not wish to solicit the commiseration of those around her by making a parade of her weaknesses. On the other hand, imagine the feelings of the hostess if the visitor replies to her questions, "Is it not good?" and "Do you not like it?": "No; I do not like the molasses sweetening in your pie; I prefer to eat this cookie instead;" or, "Your cake is not well baked, consequently is not palatable to me." Now, does the lady of the house expect or wish her visitors to criticise the food, or cavil at this or that because it does not happen to suit their taste? If so, a more discretionary way would be to avoid the publicity of the table. If she desires praise, would it not be much pleasanter for her guests and more creditable to herself to dispense with her questions, and await the option of the guests for compliments? If deserving, they will generally be given by actions, if not in words. Not that the visitor should flatter,

but when circumstances will admit, compliments may be bestowed, which will give a happy gratification to the hostess, and add not a little to her ease—for deserving praise helps wonderfully. Simply passing food, with a single invitation to partake, ought to be sufficient, without any urging. Of course, if one knows her visitor's peculiar taste, she will endeavor to cater to it; and if not, to ascertain it in the most delicate manner possible, and not because her food is refused demand an explanation, or express surprise by looks and exclamations if she discovers a palate that does not coincide with her own. Doubtless, a frequent cause of the many queries is an earnest desire to please, and out of it has grown this thoughtless habit. But it is one which should be overcome, for in the adherence to it a hostess can never become an adept in the presidency of her table; for she defeats her aims, torturing instead of entertaining. It should be the aim of the host and hostess to make each gathering at the table pleasant, that the mind may be diverted and digestion assisted. Do not make the current prices of the market the subject of your conversation, or find fault with the oven or the cook. If the result of your teachings or your own personal efforts does not equal your desires, resolve to try again; but defer until away from the table all conversation that may be necessary to effect the desired change. An excuse may sometimes be needful; if so, make it in the briefest and most pleasant manner possible, after which avoid further allusions to the subject. Avoid all unpleasant topics; choose those in which all can participate or be interested, and then make merry, tempering your solicitude for your friends' appetite by a little reasonable judgment—remembering the maxim, "Every one to his taste."—*Am. Agriculturist.*

RUFFLED GOWNS VS. RUFFLED TEMPERS.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

It may be just impossible to keep your temper where it would have been very possible so to arrange matters that no draught should be made on your temper. Jesus taught his disciples to pray, not that they might resist temptation, but that they might not be led into it. We have a notion that resistance makes strong character, and we comment learnedly on the modifications and limitations of that petition, but I have a fancy that Jesus meant just what he said. He knew that, as a general thing, we could not stand it; that when we are tempted we fall; and instead of reining us up to an impossible standard, he directed us into the only safe path, viz., keeping

out of the way of wickedness. Moreover, prevention is so much more easy than resistance. A mother has been hard at work on the little frock and is eager to finish it before night-fall, and the whole universe appears to have combined to hinder. She stands a few interruptions, but presently comes the last straw, and then the impatient word, and then remorse and pain. The real mistake was in her trying to finish the dress. A quiet hour next day would have been ten times as easy as the unquiet and hurried one of the evening before, and would not have seemed half as long. But she has no other frock for next day. Then put one of them out to a seamstress. But she can't afford it. But she can afford it nine times out of ten when she thinks she cannot. She cannot afford to lose self-control to save money and gain remorse. The overwhelming probability is that if she can afford to have the frock at all, she can far better afford to hire it made than to sew her own leisure and patience into it.

It is, moreover, more economical to take the moral power, sometimes immense, which you bring to the resistance of temptation, and use it for the furtherance of positive good. At the end of all your resistance you are only where you were when you started. You may be a little stronger yourself, but you have benefited nobody else. Can not you strengthen yourself just as much by adding to another person's happiness as by keeping yourself from being a shrew? And is it not a nobler and better thing to set out from a plateau of good humor and serenity on your upward journey, taking other people along with you, than it is to suffer yourself to be dragged down into the ravines of irritation and petulance, and have to devote all your energies to clambering painfully back again alone? One of the worst features of adversity is that it has a tendency to concentrate one's thoughts on one's self. One of the best features of prosperity is that it permits a person to forget himself and help others. If it takes all your strength to stem the tide of trouble, what have you to spare to help a brother afloat? But if you are gliding smoothly down the tide, with sails full spread and favoring breezes, you can have eye and ear and helping hand for all endangered or overlaid craft. It is, therefore, a duty to be happy. Women ought to feel it a part—I might almost say the most important part—of their work, so as to systematize their life that their tasks shall not overlap their time, with the danger of devouring their temper. When the conscientious, loving, Christian mother has spoken an impatient word to the husband or child whom she loves as her own life, and to whom she gives her life daily, let her not drop tears of remorse over her

needle. Let her drop her needle. She may repent if she chooses—I have nothing against repentance—but she should bring forth fruits meet for repentance; not by consuming her heart with unavailing sorrow, but by thinking whether there may not be some ruffling of gowns that can be dispensed with for the sake of preventing this ruffling of nerves: whether some dainties may not be well spared from her table, that she may gain leisure for repose and refreshment, for a daily walk, or drive, or a six-cent ride in a horse-car, or an hour with an entertaining book, that so her nerves may be healthful and not tense, her body and soul fresh and not jaded, all her words and ways cheerful and leisurely; so that there shall be no impatience or petulance clamoring for expression and enforcing repentance.—*Harper's Bazar.*

DR. SANATERE.

We had been talking, my friend (Dr. Sanatere) and I, and somewhat, as was natural, of the weaknesses and ills of life, when he suddenly exclaimed: "I should like to bring up a family of children."

"Nothing easier, doctor," I began to say, referring more to the attempt than to its success, when an expression on his face checked me. I knew the history which had darkened life to him, and driven him to forget himself and live for others.

"No," said he, "not that: but I should like to try if ordinary care and common sense might not save children from so much suffering and make them better in mind and body."

"Well, doctor, suppose you give me some rules; for though I have not any children to bring up just now, yet the knowledge might not be amiss."

"Oh!" said he, "I would give them good milk, which should furnish material for bones and teeth. And not too much sugar, which turns acid too readily, and which furnishes heat, but not nourishment."

"And when the time came for more solid food, I would not starve them on superfine flour—all very well in its way, only it does not give all the material they want. Many a child is cheated out of bones and teeth by being denied coarse flour, cornmeal, oatmeal, the coarser food which helps on the teeth and bones."

"And my children, especially girls, should have their clothing not only warm, but well-fitting and easy. Boys are not so much abused, but girls have little freedom of motion. Their shoulders are tied down, and their waists are screwed up, and just

when they are growing and need expansion, they are cased in bony casings which stiffen them up and take away both elasticity and ease.

"It is not a mere question of taste; it is a matter of health or disease, of comfort or suffering, of life or death. In order to perfection, you must have full development. Imagine a race-horse with his head checked up like many of our carriage horses."

"Support? No: they don't want support. How is it in the book of Job? 'Thou hast fenced me with bones and sinews.' That does not imply any special need of support."

"They should keep early hours, should secure quiet sleep, if possible, and should not be waked, if I could help it. As we stop eating when we have enough, so with healthy sleep, in a pure atmosphere, we stop sleeping when we have slept enough."

"They should sleep in a cool, dark room. Many a child's brain is stimulated, especially in these days of gas, by having a bright light in the room after it has gone to rest."

"One word more; my children should not be tilted up on heels. It is foolish enough in older people—merely for a fashion. If that had been the proper way to walk, we should have had a bone growing down on the heel, or walk on the end of the toe like a horse."

"Miss T—caught her heel going down stairs, and fell, and was disabled for weeks. I wonder if she ever thought she brought it upon herself, and repented of the needless care and trouble her sister had in waiting on her."

"But, as I was saying, it is positively painful to me to see the slender ankles of children rolling this way and that on little points of heels. They hardly can wear them straight, and it is so thoroughly unnatural."

"Well, doctor," said I, "your children will be terribly mortified if they can't dress like others."

"Never mind; I will try and console them, and make it up in some other way. When it is a matter of conscience, I can't give way."

"Well, they shall have regular meals; the stomach must have rest. I have seen children who are eating all the time. I have heard of 'digging one's grave with one's teeth.'"

"Which reminds me they shall brush their teeth at night, and go to bed with them clean. If there is no chemical action going on at night, the day is not of so much importance."

"And they shall never sleep at night in a single garment worn through the day. If the clothes are to be worn again, they should at least be aired."—*Exchange.*

THE LAUNDRY.

The sticking of starched clothes to the smoothing iron is one of the most vexatious things with which the laundress has to contend. This is partly owing to adulterations in the starch, for which there is no remedy but to obtain a good article. Starch gloss is used more to prevent this sticking than for the glossy surface which it pretends to give. The latter is rarely, if ever, obtained in perfection without polishing irons and machinery. So, dear ladies, do not waste your time and strength in pursuit of it. I learned this from a woman once employed in the laundry of a shirt and collar factory. She said also that the only gloss they used was

HARD SOAP.

They shaved it off and boiled it up in the starch, and she used it in her washing a piece as big as a nickel cent to a pint of starch. She starched her wet clothes in this, dried them, and then if wanted very stiff, dampened them by dipping them into cold starch in which a little soap had been dissolved; spread them between dry towels, rolled tight, for half an hour, and ironed smooth.

I have long used this in various ways, and find it always good. I prefer white soap. If the clothes are already stiff I dampen by merely dipping them in soapy water.

CARE OF THE IRONS

has much to do with success. They should not be permitted to stand on the stove to receive slops from the cooking. When not in use they should be kept in a dry place. If the face is once rust-eaten it is irretrievably injured. If rusted, however, rub them on emery or brown paper, but not on salt, as this tends to more rust. Beeswax may be used freely at any time, rubbing on the hot face of the iron, and then rubbing the iron thoroughly on cloth and brown paper. Some laundresses always do this before putting an iron to a starched surface.

LIQUID SOAP.

Those who use hard soap will find it very convenient, instead of trying to use up the last bits of a piece of soap, to keep a bowl, jar, or little keg, into which they may be thrown and covered with water. Crumbs made in cutting, and reduced pieces from the toilet soap dishes may also be saved in this way. This liquid soap is good for washing or for any household purpose; often, as in washing bottles, more convenient than in any other form.—*Home and Health.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

TO MAKE REMNANTS OF MEAT, CHICKEN, ETC., PALATABLE.—When a boiled ham is nearly used up, there is considerable lean meat about the small part of the ham, which many waste because they can contrive no way to use it. If they will grate all the hard dried bits, or, if too small to grate, pound them in a marble mortar to a paste, and pack it close in a stone pot, they will find it excellent for seasoning, hashes, patties, or to sprinkle over dropped eggs laid on buttered toast.

CHICKEN PATTIES.—Chop very fine all the dry, poorest bits left from baked chicken; season carefully with pepper, salt, and a little celery, cut in small bits; make a light puff paste, roll a quarter of an inch thick, cut with a neatly-shaped paste-cutter; lay a narrow strip of the paste all round, then put some of the mince on the paste; cut another piece of the same size and lay over. Bake fifteen minutes. This makes a neat dish and is good.

PUFF PASTE.—One pound of flour and the same quantity of butter; wash the butter well in cold water, to remove as much of the salt as you can; divide into three parts, make into thin cakes and put on ice; sift the flour; take one of the cakes of butter when thoroughly hardened and rub into the flour, or chop it in fine, handling it as little as possible; then mix up the flour and shortening with ice-water; flour the paste board, and roll the crust out thin, rolling from you always when making pastry; roll with a quick, light motion, taking care to break the crust as little as possible with the rolling-pin; now roll out another cake of butter as thin as possible and lay it on the sheet of paste; shake over a little flour; roll up the paste very lightly; then, with rolling-pin, roll it again out into a thin sheet; take the third and last cake of butter, roll it out very thin, and lay on the sheet of paste; sprinkle over a little more flour and again roll it up into a round piece; cut this roll into as many pieces as required,—if for pies allowing three pieces, one for under, one for upper crust, and one to make the edging or band round the edge of the plate. For this band roll out a strip long enough to go round the edge of the plate without piecing on any. There should be three or four strips of this band or edging; must be rolled very thin and put on in three or four layers round the rim of the plate before putting in the fruit, or whatever is used for the filling; have the flour well sifted, and take what you need for dredging the paste-board or to roll the butter and paste in from the pound weighed for the paste.

Literary Notices.

THE TO-MORROW OF DEATH; or the Future Life according to Science, by Louis Figuier, Author of "Primitive Man," "Earth and Sea," &c. Translated from the French by T. R. Crocker. Boston: Robert Brothers, 1872.

It may be of some interest to the readers of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* to know what the "Future Life according to Science" may be, and we therefore devote a little space to M. Figuier's theory, in order to show the absurdities with which even learned and intelligent men are liable to fall when they loose their hold on Bible truth, and cast about in their own minds for satisfactory explanations of the mysteries of life and death. It would be comical were it not so sad to see a writer of M. Figuier's authority and prominence giving such a book as this to the world, in which a fanciful theory, totally unsupported by fact, is mixed up with a great deal of astronomical and other science, and put forth with the professed intention of vanquishing and superseding the materialistic views which are wide-spread in France. His notion then in brief is this:—Sea-weeds and zoöphytes have souls, or at least germs of souls, which have come down from the sun in the form of rays. The triumphal progress of these soul germs is thus described:—

"The germ of the thinking soul which existed in the zoöphyte and the mollusk goes, at the death of these creatures, into the body of a vertebrate. In this first station of its journey, the soul improves and betters itself. The nascent soul gains some rudimentary powers. When from the body of a vertebrate this germ of a soul reaches a fish or a reptile, it undergoes further improvement, and its power grows. And when, escaping from the body of the reptile or fish, it takes on the material form of a bird, it receives new impressions, which beget still other improvements. At last the bird transmits to

a mammifer the spiritual element, already magnified and modified. From the mammifer, in which it has reinforced itself, and seen its faculties multiply, the soul enters the body of man."

The learned author thinks that it would be dangerous to his system to condescend to details in this matter, but is willing so far to gratify curiosity as to specify the animals which probably possess our souls before we do, he says:—

"There are animals of high and noble intelligence, who seem to have a strong title to such honor. These animals, however, vary in different parts of the world. In Asia, the wise, noble, and dignified elephant is perhaps the custodian of the spiritual principle that is to pass into man. In Africa, the lion, the rhinoceros, the many ruminant animals that throng the forests, may be the ancestors of human peoples. In America the horse, the proud dweller on the Pampas, and the dog, in all sections the faithful friend and devoted companion of man, are, perhaps, charged with elaborating the spiritual principle that, transmitted to a child, is going to develop and expand in him, and to become a human soul. A modern writer has called the dog "a candidate for humanity:" he spoke more justly than he knew."

Souls which have performed such extensive gyrations before they come into our possession can scarcely be expected to stop after we are through with them. We are, therefore, not at all suprised to learn that after death the souls of the wicked and of infants, who die before the age of dentition, are reincarnated and have another chance, and that the souls of the good pass into the bodies of superhumans. This last is a "thin material tissue animated by life—a transparent and vapory cloak of living matter." In this garb the superhuman floats freely about, and investigates high subjects of thought. After a while the superhuman dies also, and the soul enters successively other states of existence until it arrives at that of pure spirit. But even

then no heaven for him (or it). Heaven, according to Mr. Figuiet is "a sleepy paradise where souls, ranged on benches, do nothing but gaze on the glory of God and chant his praises, and where eternal immobility is the law." We are not sure, however, but what an unprejudiced mind would prefer even a heaven like this, if such could be imagined, to the state of bliss which Mr. Figuiet hopes for, and which is startlingly like some descriptions of the abode of the lost. Listen while our author pictures final bliss:—

Reaching the Sun, he is divested of all material substance, all carnal alloy. He is a flame, a breath: he is all intelligence, sentiment, and thought; no impurity mingles with his perfect essence. He is an absolute soul—a soul without a body. The gaseous blazing mass that constitutes the Sun is therefore set apart for these quintessential beings. A throne of fire must be the throne of souls.

We might go further, and argue that the Sun is not only the home and receptacle of souls who have completed the cycle of their wanderings in the world, but is also nothing else than the very assemblage of those souls come from different planets after passing through the intermediate states that we have described. The Sun must be, then, an aggregation of souls.

We feel almost inclined to beg the pardon of our readers for copying such rubbish, but when such theory is put forth by an eminent scientist for the express purpose of turning the minds of his countrymen from error to truth, it becomes of world-wide interest.

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Notices.

M. THIERS.

Louis Adolphe Thiers was born in 1797 at Marseilles. His father was a locksmith, but the boy was educated for a lawyer. He first came into notice on account of the vigor of his articles in the *Constitutionnel*, the leading Liberal organ in Paris. His history of the French Revolution at once raised him to celebrity. In 1830 he entered upon his public career as Deputy for the town of Aix, and Secretary-General to the Minister of Finance. After this he occupied various positions of importance, being by turns Minister of the Interior, Minister of Commerce and Public Works, and Minister for Foreign Affairs, under various chiefs. His history of the Consulate and Empire occupied him for 15 years,

from 1845 to 1860. He was banished in 1851, but was soon after permitted to return. His course since the last war is too well known to require recapitulation. He has been severely and deservedly censured for many of his acts, particularly his denial of liberty to the Press—an act of despotism which makes it hard to distinguish between the Republic under Thiers and the Empire under Napoleon.

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(Continued from second page of Cover.)

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