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THE SEA CAPTAIN.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

JULY, 1869.

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF TORONTO FORTY YEARS AGO.

BY JAMES DOUGALL, WINDSOR, ONT.

It is both profitable and pleasing, more especially in this country where development is so rapid, to look back to old times, when both Canada and you were comparatively young, and to reflect on the changes that have come over both.

"Forty years ago" is but a very short sentence to write, but what a world of experience it embraces! Forty years ago, the present "flowery month of May,"* the writer of these recollections left Montreal to commence the first strictly wholesale business established in Toronto. I was then a mere lad of seventeen, promoted by the partiality of friends to open perhaps the largest business west of Montreal, while others of my age were still attending school. Montreal then, as now, was the pleasantest city in Canada, with the exception of Quebec, and the contrast was great in leaving it and going into what was then nearly a wilderness, with a few cleared farms and the nuclei of villages scattered here and there, some of which have since grown into cities, while others have remained nearly stationary or dwindled away.

Forty years ago, Hamilton, London, Paris, Goderich, Oshawa, Bowman-

ville, and many other thriving cities and towns of Western Canada had no existence; while Cornwall, Prescott, Brockville, Kingston, Cobourg, Port Hope, Dundas, St. Catherines, Niagara, Brantford, Sandwich, and Amherstburg were but villages, and nearly all the intermediate towns and villages were not commenced.

The journey from Montreal to Prescott was by steamboat and stage alternately, the same as it was till a much later period. At Prescott, where we remained over night, I remember attending the consecration of a small, new Roman Catholic church, by the late Bishop Macdonald, of Kingston, who was the only Bishop at that time in Upper Canada. We embarked next morning on the old steamboat "Queenston," commanded by Capt. Whitney, and owned by the late Robert Hamilton, of Queenston, a brother of the Hon. John Hamilton, of Kingston, who, I believe, is the last survivor of a large family of enterprising and intelligent brothers, who did a great deal to open up and extend the commerce of the country. No other family that I remember, with the exception of the Crooks, did more in opening up Western Canada, though many single individuals did as much or more in proportion.*

The only passengers that I now

* This was written in May, 1868, and laid aside to be afterwards corrected; but as the time and opportunity for this has never occurred, it is now given as originally written, with possibly some inaccuracies, arising from defective memory.

* The only other British boat on Lake Ontario at that time was the "Alciope," Capt. Mosher. The "Great Britain" was built afterwards.

remember on board the "Queenston," were the late Bishop Stuart of Quebec and his two daughters. He was then on a visit to the western part of his diocese, he being the only Anglican Bishop in the two provinces, the Episcopal Church in Upper Canada being under the charge of the late Archdeacon Stuart, of Kingston, and the late Archdeacon Strachan, of York (afterwards the first Bishop of Toronto.)

My remembrance of Bishop Stuart is most favorable. He was, in my opinion, the beau ideal of a bishop,—calm, mild, obliging, and unassuming, without pride, but keeping up his dignity all the better for not thrusting it forward. As an instance of his gentlemanly and obliging manner, he considered it only common politeness, when at dinner on board the boat, to invite me, a stranger lad, to take wine with him; but primitive times had primitive manners, and such condescension now a-days from the Metropolitan or any of the other Bishops could not be expected. His daughters were equally obliging and unassuming.

We arrived in due time at Toronto, then called York, or, more commonly, Little York; and, in derision, Muddy Little York. It was these diminutive epithets that induced the inhabitants in later days to have its name changed to Toronto.

I do not know what the population of York was in 1828, but it could not have been much over 2,000, as it was increasing fast at that time, and by the census taken in 1830 it contained, if I remember right, only 2,252. But, in addition, there was a Regiment of the Line stationed there,—with the exception of small detachments from it sent to Niagara, Amherstburg, and Penetanguishene, the only places west of Kingston at which troops were then stationed,—which greatly increased the population and gaiety of the place.

My remembrances of York only extend from the spring of 1828 to the summer of 1830, when I moved further west; and though they may be defective in many things, they are probably

all the more vivid as to what it was then, from not being mixed up with later events, which they must have been had I continued to reside there.

Sir Peregrine Maitland was then the Lieutenant-Governor, but he was succeeded by Sir John Colborne before I left; and William Lyon Mackenzie's paper, the *Colonial Advocate*, was then at the height of its power, and in full blast in opposition to the Government and "Family Compact;" and from his great energy, he was a sore thorn in their sides. As evidence of this, his office had been destroyed shortly before by a number of young men belonging to the leading families of the Compact; but, as in all other similar cases, this violence, instead of destroying him, gave him a greatly increased power and prestige.

The other papers then published in Toronto were the *Patriot*, by Dalton; the *Examiner*, by Lesslie; the *Observer*, by Carey; and the *Canadian Freeman*, by Collins.

York, as may be supposed, was at that time but a small place. The principal residences were along Bay street to the west; a few down towards the Don, and some along Queen street towards Dundas street; but all were humble abodes to what would now be considered requisite. If I remember right, the residence of the late Bishop Strachan (then archdeacon), was amongst the best in town. As it still remains unaltered, it can be compared with the stately residences now required by men in far lower positions in life.

The only churches in Toronto in those days were:

1. The Episcopal, a wooden structure where the present Cathedral now stands, of which Archdeacon Strachan was the Rector.

2. The Roman Catholic, a very plain brick building, near the Don, in which Vicar-General O'Grady officiated.

3. The Methodist, a small wooden building, on the south side of King street, not far from Yonge street, with two doors at the end fronting the street,

—one for the ladies, and the other for the gentlemen; inside the church was divided up the centre by a wooden screen, some two or three feet higher than the backs of the seats, to prevent any communication between the sexes.

4. The Presbyterian, a small brick building, on Queen street, adjacent to the residence of the late Jesse Ketchum, which was on the corner of Yonge and Queen streets. Rev. Mr. Harris was the pastor, and, I believe, is still alive.

There were but few stores of any extent then in Toronto; the principal were those of William Proudfoot,—successor to the Hon. William Allan, and afterwards succeeding Mr. Allan as President of the Bank of Upper Canada; John Munro, George Munro, Peter McDougall, Geo. Stegman, John Roddy, and others. Mr. James F. Smith commenced the same year (1828) a large wholesale and retail grocery business; but before 1830 several new and extensive stores had been opened, such as T. D. Harris, hardware; Wm. Gould, Junr., & Co., (Isaac Buchanan being the Company) dry goods; and many others.

The leading persons then in York, next to the Lieutenant-Governor, were Archdeacon Strachan, who was at that time the chief adviser of Sir Peregrine Maitland and the acknowledged head of the "Family Compact;" Hon. John Beverly Robinson, then Attorney-General and leader of the Government, afterwards Chief-Justice and a Baronet; Honorables James Baby, Inspector-General; Wm. Dunn, Receiver-General; Sir William Campbell, Chief-Justice of Upper Canada; Wm. Allan, Peter Robinson, Henry John Boulton, Dr. Baldwin, and his son (afterwards Hon. Robert Baldwin), and Messrs. McDonnell, D'Arcy Boulton, Cruickshanks, Ridout, Chewett, Elmsly, D. Cameron, Jarvis, Dennison, Marshall S. Bidwell, and John Rolph. The two latter, with the Messrs. Baldwins, and, in his own way, Egerton Ryerson, were the principal leaders of the Opposition.

The richest persons then in York were the late Mr. Cawthra and his son,

the present William Cawthra. They did much wholesale business in teas and tobacco, without any show. Mr. Alex. Wood was also wealthy, having previously retired from business; also the Hon. William Allan and D'Arcy Boulton, who had both retired from business on a competency; Hon. William Dunn was also wealthy, and others, no doubt.

York well deserved its cognomen of "Muddy;" as, without exception, some of the streets during spring were in a worse condition than any I ever saw elsewhere. New-comers were commonly told, as an evidence of this, that one morning when Peter McDougall opened his store on King street, fronting the present Cathedral, he saw a broad-brimmed hat lying in the middle of the street. On lifting it, a voice came from under, saying: "Let that hat alone!" It proved to be the voice of a sturdy "Tunkard," who had come in from the country that morning, and got engulfed in the mud with his wagon and team under him, being only prevented from going under himself by his long beard, which had caught in the mud, and kept him from sinking further. Though this is no doubt apocryphal, I saw in front of my own door (south-east corner of Church street and Market-lane now), a cow belonging to Mr. Fepton, then Clerk to Dr. Strachan, stuck in the mire up to her body, in the middle of Church street. The mud was so tough that, with every effort, pulling with ropes and prying with planks, she could not be got out without breaking a leg and nearly tearing her to pieces. A few nights later, I was awakened by cries of "Help! murder!" &c. On going down, I found they proceeded from a portly tailor, named W—, who lived on Market-lane, and who, being somewhat elevated, attempted to cross the street on his way home, and got stuck up to the middle in the mud. Mr. Wallis, a carpenter, who lived opposite (where Wellington street now enters Church street), Mr. Blevins, who kept a tavern adjoining, and some others were there, with planks to lay

over the mud to keep themselves from sinking; and, after a great deal of pulling and hauling at the unfortunate tailor,—crying all the time that we were pulling his legs off,—he came up at last, with a report like a pistol, leaving his boots about three feet below the surface in the mud, where antiquarians would probably find them now, were they to dig for them.

I must not forget to mention one of the principal leading men of Toronto, John Galt, the novelist, Chief Commissioner of the Canada Company, and father of the Hon. A. T. Galt, and

John Galt, barrister, Toronto. It was said he quarrelled with Sir Peregrine Maitland because Sir Peregrine did not first call on him. With Dr. Dunlop, Warden of the Woods and Forests, and other officers of the Company, he kept up great state at Bradley's, then the chief hotel in Toronto,—a long, two-storey wooden building with balconies, situated on Front or Bay street, between Church street and the Market-square. The principal men from all parts of Upper Canada were there during winter as members of Parliament, &c., when the town was quite lively.

MY SUMMER EVENING STROLL.

BY W. M. MCKIBBIN.

I am rambling, lone, in the summer glades,
When the sun has set, and the twilight shades
Are assembling slow, while his glory fades
From the beauteous western sky;
And the owl's deep note is the only sound
To assail the ear 'mid the peace profound,
Save the ev'ning breeze as it fans the ground,
Or disports 'mong the leaves on high.

Now the trees seem lost in the gath'ring
gloom,
Save a few grey stems that uncertain loom,
Like a ghostly band from beyond the tomb,
In this fair upper world of ours;
But their lofty crests, to the upturn'd eye.
Are defined and bold, as they bear their high
In the twinkling rays of the starry sky,
That looks down on the dark'ning hours.

As I upward look in my sombre mood,
From the gloom-veil'd depths of the ancient
wood,
At the lofty heads that have long withstood
The assaults of the winds and Time,
There the haughty crest of a monarch grand,
Towers far aloft o'er the woody band,—
'Tis a forest-king of this northern land,—
'Tis an ancient, giant pine.

And the roving looks of the rambler rest
In a pleased survey of that lofty crest.
As it seems to lie on the ample breast
Of the gem-besprinkled Night;
And I look well-pleased on each twinkling gem
That the monarch wears in his diadem,—
At his giant arms, and his mighty stem,
As they loom upon my sight.

As I nearer come to the grand old king,
That is vig'rous still as the verdant spring,
And has shelter'd many a storm-toss'd wing
That has long, long lain in dust;
Through his huge black mass, from the vault of
night,
Gleams the vesper star on my watchful sight,
Like some elfin guardian's vigil-light,
In her watch o'er a sacred trust.

Now, there floats on the waves of the breeze-stirr'd
air,
A melodious strain of a richness rare,
That with Orphean odeons might compare,
As it comes to the listening ear;
Is the Grecian tale not a vain ideal?
Is the Dryad-guardian strangely real?—
Would the watchful sprite of the pine reveal
That her sleepless task lies here?

Now the notes ring out like a chime of bells,
That some war-worn conqueror's triumph tells,
And the forest rings as the echo swells,
And the clear, sweet tones combine;—
And I listen, charm'd by the strains I hear,
And the tale they bring to my wond'ring ear,
Of the upward, conquer'ing, proud career
Of the grand, old kingly pine.

THE SONG OF THE PINE.

In the far-off days of a bygone time,
E'er the white-faced stranger trod
With a daring foot, in this Western clime,
On its boundless, virgin sod.
As a puny sprout, then I humbly stood
In the depths of this quiet glade,
'Mong the giant kings of the ancient wood,
In the gloom of the deepest shade.
For there stood around me a close array
Of balsam, ash, and pine,
And the silv'ry birch, that took ev'ry ray
That had otherwise been mine.
So there never came through the sickening gloom
A reviving beam of day;
For the haughty lords of my living tomb
Seem'd to grudge one genial ray!
And they grudged the drops of the summer rain,
Though I craved for but a few;
Yes! the spreading kings of this wooded plain
Even grudged one gem of dew.
I was low, and scorn'd as a weakling then,
Though a seed of a royal line;
For the basest shrubs of the hill or glen
Overtopp'd the youthful pine.
But the years flew past and they wrought a change,
For I grew in my height and strength,
And my roots struck out to a wider range,
And my boughs were increased in length.
Though the envious arms of my baser foes
Were entwined above my head,
Yet I would not yield, and I upward rose
From my dark and gloomy bed.
For I long'd to bask in meridian light,
And the twinkling beams of even;
And I long'd to tower in kingly might,
And be crown'd with the gems of heaven.
But a helper came to my aid at length,
In the shape of unerring doom;
And I raised my crest with increasing strength,
From the sick'ning depths of gloom.

For a red king long'd for a gallant boat,
And he came to this quiet glade,
And he stripp'd each birch of his silv'ry coat.
With his keen-edged, copper blade.
Then the rotting rains were their mortal foes,
And the summer's scorching ray;
And the storm-king next, when his fury rose,
Struck them down to prone decay.
I was rescued then by a golden ray,
From the gloom of my leafy home;
'Twas the glorious gift of the god of day,
As he coursed the meridian dome.
And I bath'd my crest in its genial glow,
And I drank of both dew and rain,
Till my life-tide coursed with redoubled flow;
And I press'd yet aloft amain.
In the lapse of time, I despised the gloom
Of the tall, dark lords around;
And I push'd them by as I needed room,
Till my sought-for place I found.
Then the pine, once scorn'd in this lonely glade,
By its monarchs proud and tall,
Who'd have kept him down in the meanest shade,
Tower'd far aloft o'er all!
Now the first bright beams of the rising sun,
Shed a radiance o'er my crest;
And I bask in light till his race is run,
And he sinks in the golden west.
And when Night's dark host have imposed her reign,
And the lowlier trees they whelm,
I am crown'd as King of the wood's domain,
With the gems of her starry realm.
Though the strife was long, yet I never tired,
And I now enjoy each one
Of the gifts of God to which I aspired;—
Now the song of the pine is done.
As the echoes, hurrying, fleet away
With the dying tones of the mystic lay,
I retrace my steps on my homeward way,
Where the rising moonbeams shine;
And I look once more at the starry sky,
And my thoughts take wing to the King on high,
With an earnest pray'r for His grace, that I
Press aloft like the royal pine.
With the love of God to direct my aim,
And the dews of grace to confirm the same,
May I not look up to a noble fame
With a sanctified desire?
I will never yield in the bitter strife,
Though it linger long, and with pain be rife;
*I will look to God as my light of life,
And I'll upward still aspire!*

EARLY SCENES IN CANADIAN LIFE.

BY REV. T. WEBSTER, NEWBURY, ONT.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

HUNTING DEER ON THE CRUST—BURLINGTON BAY
A HIGHWAY—MRS. MORDEN'S ADVENTURE ON
THE ICE—HER DEATH.

The great depth of snow during the long winters, though subjecting the settlers to many inconveniences, and greatly impeding their movements, where, in their isolated positions, each was obliged to break his own road after every fresh fall, yet when broken, afforded the best facilities for the performance of their indispensable journeys. They also contrived to make the deep snow contribute to their advantage in another way.

When wet or thawing weather, which had somewhat melted the surface of the mass of snow, was succeeded by a hard frost, a heavy crust was thereby formed over the snow, so strong that dogs and men could run upon it without breaking it, while the small hoofs of the deer cut through it at every bound, causing them to sink, and the sharp edges of the broken crust wounding their legs, they were soon disabled, and became an easy prey to their pursuers.

The venison thus obtained furnished a supply of fresh meat—though it may be presumed, none of the fattest—for many a family long confined to salt pork or fish, and in some instances probably altogether destitute of animal food. Deer were abundant, and few, if any, then bestowed a thought upon the impropriety of destroying those valuable and beautiful creatures at that season of the year.

The Bay served as a highway for the dwellers upon its shores, which, to a considerable extent, compensated them for the want of ordinary roads. During the summer they conveyed their grain and other commodities, backward and forward upon its waters, in canoes, or such boats as they could procure; and the strong ice, with which the intense cold of the winter bridged it, gave them a smooth road quite as convenient, though

travelling on it was attended with some peril, in consequence of the numerous air-holes.

In one of these *air-holes*, Mrs. Morden had well nigh lost her life, while crossing the bay on the ice, to visit her old friends, the Lands, who lived on the south side of the bay. Mrs. Morden was seated with a little boy in a small sleigh, which was being pushed over the ice by a young man. When near the middle of the 'Little Lake,' as the bay was then called, he, not having observed where he was going, pushed the sleigh on to the brittle ice surrounding an air-hole. The ice giving way, the whole party were precipitated into the water. Fortunately a portion of the hole was covered with an under layer of ice, upon which the sleigh caught fast. The young man being active, succeeded in getting out almost immediately himself, but all his efforts to aid his companions in misfortune were unavailing. He endeavoured to reach the sleigh from every possible point, but the ice would not bear his weight. After consuming some time in these fruitless attempts, he became convinced that, without other means than he then possessed, it was impossible for him to rescue them from their perilous position. What to do, he for a moment knew not. It seemed inhuman to go away and leave that old lady and little child, probably to perish alone; but in his going for help, lay the only hope of deliverance for them. To stay there would be but to witness the catastrophe, which he was powerless to avert. Realising this he hastened back to the nearest house on the north shore of the bay, to procure assistance.

Meanwhile, the worn and weary daughter of affliction, sat in the sleigh, filled with ice-cold water, the terrified little one—her grandchild, the writer believes—clinging to her in its fright, and piercing her heart with its piteous cries. She knew not how slender might be the support which had thus far sustained them, and kept them so near the surface, and fearing every moment that it

might give way, and bury her with her helpless charge beneath the waters of the bay. The biting wintry wind as it swept over the bay, almost congealed their blood till the suffering woman thought that the alternative seemed to lie, between drowning or freezing to death. As she thus waited and watched, with eager, almost despairing, eyes, for the messenger whose return in time appeared nearly hopeless, how did the events of her checkered life pass in panoramic view before her. First, she sported amid the daisies and cowslips of her own green isle, with her dearly beloved brothers and sisters, herself a merry, thoughtless child. Next she stood a hopeful maiden, upon the deck of a vessel sailing into port, with her eyes fixed upon that new world, of which fancy had woven so many fascinating pictures. E'er long, she was the frank young Quaker's happy bride. Then, a proud mother, as the years sped on with ever returning and increasing joys; and their children, one after another, gathered about them, in that happy home of peaceful plentyousness, beyond the blue mountains of Pennsylvania, before the dark war cloud burst above their doomed heads. Even now, a shudder convulsed her benumbed frame, as she reviewed those days of torture, in which she, an anguished wife, "endured a thousand deaths in fearing" a dishonoured one for the beloved companion of her youth. Then a despairing widowed mother, she lay prostrate beneath the cruel blow that had demolished her heart's idol. Again she was the fond mother, toiling for, guarding, and cherishing her orphaned flock, through all the weary cheerless years that had intervened, till the difficulties of their position had been overcome, and she had seen them all able to take care of themselves; blessed with competence, and enjoying the respect of their neighbours. Was her life of suffering and sorrow, to have a termination so full of both? Was she with that perishing child, clasped in her aged arms, to freeze to death there, or were they yet to sink together in the cold waters of the bay? No; succour was approaching. The inmates of the house to which the young man had gone, hastened to the rescue, bringing with them rails and such other things as they thought likely to prove useful.

Rails were laid down upon the frail ice,

and an individual cautiously advanced towards the partially submerged sufferers — they were reached, and drawn out, though chilled almost to death. Their kind neighbors conveyed them, as quickly as possible, to a house where suitable means were used, to remedy the effects of their unpremeditated and rather protracted cold bath.

This was but one of the many dangerous adventures through which Mrs. Morden passed, during her life of hardships in Canadian wilds.

In later years, she removed with her son to the township of Westminster, and died in the township of London at the advanced age of eighty-nine years.

CHAPTER XIX.

BURLINGTON BEACH—"BRANT'S BLOCK"—WELLINGTON SQUARE—THE LEGEND OF THE BEACH.

The Burlington Beach is a mere strip, or narrow neck of land, which would have been an isthmus, had it not been divided near its centre by an outlet. It is little more than a sand bar, formed by the action of the waters of Lake Ontario, and the Burlington Bay, which it separates from each other. This natural highway of sands was a great accommodation to the early settlers in passing from one side of the lake to the other. It is about seven or eight miles in length, and by its means they avoided making the circuit of the bay, which would have necessitated the travelling of some sixteen additional miles. At times the outlet could be very easily forded, but at others it could not be crossed except in a boat or skiff.

When the wind was in the east, and the lake was rough, the waves would wash over some of the narrower parts of the beach, or were driven through the outlet into the bay. When the wind was from the west, the water flowed from the bay into the lake with such force as at times to form a strong current, and washing out the sand to a considerable depth. Thus the water in the outlet was deep or shoal, according to the force of the current, and the amount of water driven by the winds from the east or west. During calm weather, except at periods of high water, it was generally fordable.

At the time of the construction of the Burlington Bay Canal, the outlet was deepened, so that vessels could pass through it. Since then it has been further improved, and is now a capacious canal, affording ample space for the passage of our largest lake steamers.

The Beach varied in width at different places, from twenty or thirty rods to a quarter or, perhaps, a little over a quarter of a mile. Deposits gradually accumulated upon the narrow ridge of sand, and formed a soil in some parts which, in process of time, became covered with grass, wild flowers and clumps of plum and other wild fruit trees, with fantastically twisted trunks, their foliage affording a delightful shade, and altogether constituting the beach a strange combination of bleakness and beauty.

Here the early settlers used to procure an abundant supply of the very best varieties of fish, such as salmon, white-fish, salmon-trout, etc. Water-fowl, too, were most abundant upon the bay, and the adjacent marshes, and afforded the people great relief in times of scarcity. Even to this day the Beach is a valuable fishing ground, although the fish are not so plentiful as formerly, and that aristocrat among the finny tribes, the salmon, has almost entirely disappeared from its waters.

The Beach, in the days of its pristine glory, was a favorite resort of the Indians. Here they came for generations, with their wives and little ones, and feasted on the treasures of the land and waters. The children sported without care, while the warriors and hunters rested and slept beneath the inviting shades of the spreading, though short and gnarled oaks, and other forest trees, stunted with the contest which they had maintained for their lives with the fierce wind which swept over them,—now down from the bay, then up from the bosom of broad Ontario.

At the northern end of the Beach, the famous Indian Chief, Thayendanagea, or Captain Joseph Brant, as he was more generally called, established himself after the close of the Revolutionary war. His residence stood upon the bank of the magnificent lake, fronting its lovely waters. To the east the land was heavily timbered, and to the north and north-west extended a fertile plain. When this wild and romantic region was

occupied by its original possessors, while the braves were away on the war-path, or the hunters roaming about in the forest, here the feebler portion of the tribe planted their corn, and subsisted upon the fish which swarmed in the adjacent waters, or the wild fruits which grew spontaneously on both sides of the bay.

A large tract of fine land in this place—long known as "Brant's Block," was granted by the Government to the Chief, in acknowledgment of his services to the Crown during the Revolutionary war. And here the haughty Chieftain, who had carried himself with the same self-possessed dignity in the highest circles of the British Empire, as in a council with his own warriors, yielded to the foe which vanquishes all men, and closed his strangely varied and diversely estimated life.

Near the spot thus made historic, now stands Wellington Square, one of the busiest little towns to be found on the western end of the lake. It is a shipping port, whence the products of a large extent of rich agricultural country are shipped for Europe.

"Brant's Block" was long since surveyed and sold. It is now studded with comfortable farm houses, stately mansions, extensive orchards, and highly cultivated fields. The dwellers within its bounds may truly say,—
"The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places."

There is a suggestive Indian legend told, of events said to have transpired here :—

Many, many snows before the pale faces arrived, two large tribes—between whom the most friendly relations existed—were fishing and hunting along the shores of the Lake. One of these tribes occupied the north shore, from the Beach to the Credit; the other the south shore, from the Beach to the mouth of the Twenty Mile Creek. It would appear that without any mutual understanding between them to that effect, both tribes simultaneously determined to remove for a time to the Beach. Each abandoned their respective camps about the same time. The old men, the women and children taking the canoes, and the young men going round by land. As the two fleets of birch bark canoes neared the Beach, each set of voyagers descried the other. They landed at points

not far distant, and having exchanged the courtesies prescribed by Indian etiquette on such occasions, they set about preparing their temporary abodes beneath the sheltering oaks. Before dark the young men of both tribes came in, and each greeted the other with the same marked manifestations of friendship.

A few days passed pleasantly away, devoted to the prosecution of the objects which had brought the Indians thither. The men and women of both tribes, during their intervals of leisure, talked and feasted together. The young people exchanged pleasant smiles, some engaged in friendly games and trials of strength, while others tested their skill in archery, by trying whose arrow could bring down the sportive squirrel, or tiny bird at the greatest distance. The children roamed about, irrespective of tribe, regaling themselves with the wild fruits, gathering flowers, chasing the gaudy butterflies, or picking up shells from the sandy shore.

After some time had elapsed in this agreeable manner, two boys,—one of each tribe,—commenced to chase a large grasshopper. It hopped and flew from place to place, closely pursued by the eager boys. At length, the insect was overtaken, and one of the lads stooping to pick it up, his companion jostled him aside, and seized the prize himself. This the discomfited lad resented, and accusing his successful playmate of foul play, he dealt him a blow. A fight ensued. The people from both encampments were quickly attracted to the scene of action.

The respective mothers each repaid the blows bestowed upon her own son. The women generally soon became involved in the conflict, each taking the part of the mother and child belonging to her own tribe. The men, as they arrived at the seat of war, of course joined the combatants of their respective tribe. Then the battle raged with intenser fury than before, and ere long scores of men, women, and children lay weltering in their gore.

The sun, which had risen upon two communities dwelling side by side like brethren, cast his declining beams upon the same men and women inflamed by the fiercest passions and thirsting for each others blood. The same sands that had glistened in his morning rays, were seen at eventide defiled with human

blood, and bestrewed with the defaced and mutilated forms of the dying and the dead.

An elderly woman, who had been out to bring in a deer, on arriving at the camp and seeing the ghastly memorials of the contest, stood in amazement at the sight. She had only a few hours before left all these people in peace and amity. What could so soon have transformed them into enemies, animated with the fury of fiends? She inquired the cause of the wild scene of violence, blood, and carnage that lay before her; and she was told that it originated in a quarrel between two children, respecting the *catching of a grasshopper!*

The writer does not vouch for the authenticity of the above; he merely "tells the tale as it was told to him." It strongly reminds him of an old and somewhat similar legend of the Delawares.

If the causes of wars between civilized nations could always be traced to their minutest beginnings, might not some of them be found to be scarcely less contemptible than that related in the Legend of the Beach.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DAVISES—RAVAGES OF WAR—REMOVAL TO CANADA—RECEPTION BY GOVERNOR SIMCOE—ARMY BILLS.

In 1792, Mr. William Davis, with his sons, Asahel, William, and Jonathan, and his son-in-law, Thomas Ghent, came into Canada, and settled for a time at the mouth of the Chippewa, now Welland river. They had previously resided in North Carolina, where they ranked among the prosperous and wealthy.

During the Revolutionary War the British army, under Lord Cornwallis, passed through that part of the country, and made a halt for three days upon Mr. Davis' premises. Their coming was hailed with cheers of welcome by the Davises, who were strong adherents of the British Crown; but ere they took their departure the family had cause to perceive that the presence of even a friendly army may be attended by rather unpleasant consequences, to the appointments and surroundings of the place favored with such visit.

When Lord Cornwallis removed with his army from the home of the Davises, he gave

them a large amount of "Army Bills," in payment for provisions, &c., and for damages done to their property by his army while located on their place.

The British army was succeeded by the American, and when the latter left the desolation was complete. Where before the advent of the armies had stood large distilleries, breweries, houses, barns, out-houses, &c., with all the appurtenances of a large and well-ordered farm, not a board, post, or rail was left, excepting those remaining on some of the dilapidated buildings. A mass of unsightly ruins was all that remained of the beautiful home, that had so lately been a scene of domestic comfort and busy industry.

Having an estate across the line in Virginia that had partially escaped the ravages of the war, they abandoned the scathed wreck of their North Carolina property, and removed to the other place, where they remained for a number of years.

They were ardently attached to the British Crown, and also firmly grounded in the faith of the English Episcopalian Church, which in their locality appeared to have become extinct with the English rule. These sentiments rendered the order of things which prevailed after the close of the war exceedingly distasteful to them. With such views, their thoughts naturally turned to the country whither so many of their co-patriots had already gone; hoping that with a residence in a land owning allegiance to the British Government, they would also again enjoy the ordinances of religion, as administered in the church in which they had been reared.

They had heard that J. G. Simcoe, who was a young General in Lord Cornwallis' army during the war, and with whom the young Davises had at that time formed an acquaintance, had been appointed Governor of Canada. They hoped also to obtain payment in Canada for the "Army Bills," given by Lord Cornwallis, as an equivalent for the losses they had sustained by the troops under his command. These considerations induced them to leave a country that had lost all attractions for them, and they started for Canada.

Their journey lay chiefly through the wilderness, and was not unattended by the difficulties and perils generally encountered by travellers

in those wild regions at that period. To accomplish so great a distance in the then state of country through which the greater part of their road lay, necessarily required a long time; but after fording the streams that were fordable, and being ferried, generally in scows, over those that were not; climbing over mountains, and wading or being dragged through swamps and quagmires unnumbered if not innumerable, they at length reached a point on the Genesee river, near its mouth, where the city of Rochester now stands.

Here they were obliged to pause, having come to the termination of the bush-road, and being unable to proceed any further with their wagons. In this dilemma two of the elder of the young men, Asahel Davis and Thomas Ghent, mounted their horses and made their way to Canada, to consult Governor Simcoe. That gallant officer was greatly delighted at again meeting with his kind Carolinian entertainers, and particularly so when he learned that they and their families were coming to reside in the country. On being informed of the state of the case—probably wishing thus to indicate his appreciation of the hospitality extended to himself and his brother officers by the Davises in their southern home—he sent a large gunboat, then lying at Queenston, to the mouth of the Genesee river for the accommodation of the travellers. On this vessel they embarked, with their horses and wagons, and all their effects, and were brought in safety to Queenston. Thence they proceeded by land to the mouth of the Chipewewa, where a fort had been built, and where Governor Simcoe was then residing.

His Excellency expressed himself greatly pleased at the arrival of his old friends, and giving them a hearty welcome, he told them that "the land was before them," and they should take up all that they desired for themselves and their children and grandchildren. But so wild was the country, and so valueless were its lands considered then, and even long after that time, that they were indifferent about possessing any large quantity of it, so they contented themselves with securing only a lot for each of themselves.

When they consulted the Governor respecting the "Army Bills" which they held, he encouraged their hope of receiving payment for them, and interested himself to secure it

for them. For this purpose he corresponded with the Colonial Office, urging the claims of the Davises; but the reply received was that "the books were closed, and that it was thought unadvisable to re-open them again." So these "Army Bills" are still in the possession of some of the numerous and highly

respectable descendants of the original holders.

ERRATUM.—In the April number the place in which the Mordens settled was printed erroneously. It should have read Flamboro',—not "Flanders."

(To be continued.)

THE THREAD OF LIFE.

BY JOHN C. PROCTOR.

Was it a myth of the ancient lays,
A graceful fantasy—nothing more—
That the Sisters spun a thread for man's days,
And cut it short, when his time was o'er?

Or was it, like other legends of old,
A truth half patent, and half concealed,
As the chestnut lies in its brown-red gold
With the kernel hid, and the rind revealed?

Methinks, as I look on the days gone by,
And trace my wanderings o'er again,
That the ancient myth was no pagan lie,
And that Heaven spins for each life a skein.

Parti-colored indeed at the best,
With all life's incidents in the strand,
Joy and sorrow, and strife and rest,
But placed unravelled in each man's hands.

And easy, ah me! how easy to wind,
And bring to its end without snarl or knot,
With a right beginning so plain to find,
And never a break in any spot.

With Heaven's own beauty in the strands
Skillfully harmonized into one.
Like the rain-grey clouds of the sea-girl lands,
That burn and blush and weep gems with the sun.

How fair in the far off cradle days
The thread unwound without sin and pain,
To the tender voice that sang baby-lays
And the mother's hands that were holding the skein.

Till there came a black strand of woe, and then
(God's blessing upon his honoured head),
Dearest to me and first of men,
My father held out his hand for the thread.

Ah me! for the happy days that are gone!
That thread is twisted, and soiled and frayed,
Now that I wind it off alone,
Woe's me for the knots and breaks I have made.

Tangled and snarled, and the veriest sport
Of my own caprices and mad desire,
Were it not better to cut it short,
And throw the remnant—where? in the fire.

Nay! shall I mock the patience that made,
With a brute impatience mad to unmake;
Take from the hands of the Devil his trade,
And do the sin for the Evil One's sake?

Rather accepting my self-made travails,
Hopefully down to my task I'll bend,
What sin has unravelled, repentance unravels,
And the thread has yet in the Heavens its end.

NORFOLK; OR, THE LONG POINT COUNTRY.

BY P. K. CLYNE.

The person who has ever sailed from east to west over the sparkling waters of Erie, must have observed a narrow strip of land, covered with trees, stretching from the Canadian side far into the lake. This peninsula, as almost any Canadian Geography will show, is called "Long Point"; and its historical interest is of considerable importance. Aside from its forming a refuge for vessels that may pass into Long Point Bay through the Deep Cut,—a channel cut through the Point by the working of the water a few years ago which would otherwise have been attempted ere this by art—it originally gave name to a large and important tract of country to the north. It attracted the attention of original tourists, more particularly from the fact that its shores were found to be the undisputed abode of innumerable flocks of aquatic fowls, valuable, at certain seasons, both for food and down. It was not long before the Long Point country was spoken of as an Eden by U. E. Loyalists in the States; who were ever on the alert to gain all the information possible respecting this country. To such an extent did exaggeration rise, it was actually asserted that a person could, in a few minutes, collect along the shores of the Point, a sufficient quantity of down for a comfortable bed. With such fabulous accounts of this country sounding in their ears, some, were, perhaps, credulous enough to believe them, and longing to be under British rule, a number of families bade adieu to their homes in the east, and commenced a journey towards this favored land. The many difficulties that had to be overcome by a party travelling then, few unexperienced persons think of at the present day; and few there are of those hardy pioneers who still survive to astonish their children, and children's children with truthful tales of their adventures, more wonderful than those of fiction. Hills and valleys had to be trodden over on foot; decaying trunks of trees lying in the way that the white man

had never seen, had to be removed before the heavily laden wagons could be drawn along; rivers had to be forded; and, when night came, a cluster of beech and maple trees in all their glory, formed a covering, while the crackling fires built around the camp, assisted in keeping ferocious animals away. But is this the history of each day's proceeding? Alas, no! On one occasion a mournful party might be seen gathered around a freshly made mound transplanting some wild flowers there, and with tearful eyes taking a last view of the scene ever to be remembered; and which would often, in after times, recall to mind the verse of Mrs. Hemans:—

"One 'midst the forests of the West,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade."

After undergoing many hardships which were only a foretaste of what they had to endure in the future, a company arrived in the Long Point region about the year 1780. This was then a solitary wilderness; the almost undisputed abode of bears and wolves; and the less quiet haunt of innumerable herds of deer. Being somewhat acquainted with the quality of soils, the Loyalists were not long in discovering that there was wealth to be derived from the richness of the ground. They also saw the many encouragements to promote agriculture that nature had placed within their reach, in the numerous and beautiful streams that charmingly wound their way towards the lake. With bright visions of the future before their minds, those hearty pioneer Loyalists went to work with zeal unsurpassed in clearing away the forest, in building roads, and erecting houses as commodious as it was possible to erect out of rude materials. Among those who first came to the Long Point country, worthy of particular notice, were Col. Ryerson, Col. Backhouse, Walsh, and Tisdale. Those highly respectable individuals, with others of the primitive

settlers, have numerous descendants residing in Norfolk at present, holding high and honorable positions. Among these might be mentioned Aquilla Walsh, Esq., M.P.P., for the North Riding, who has lately been appointed commissioner on the Intercolonial Railway; and Col. Tisdale of the Norfolk Volunteers, a lawyer with few equals, who undoubtedly possesses enough of the loyalty and sinew of his fathers to make an officer in time of actual service, worthy of many honors. In the pioneer home of Joseph Ryerson might have been seen a remarkably bright lad. Being extremely fond of books, he spent his leisure moments in studying. So regular were his habits in this respect, that when a neighbor would drop in and ask for Egerton, the answer was sure to be: "You will find him in such a place with a book." Notwithstanding, he was placed in a position where opportunities for gaining an education were very meagre, indeed; yet, he overcame all obstacles,—obstacles that he could not forget in after life; and which, like a true patriot, he set himself to remove. How much Dr. Egerton Ryerson, chief Superintendent of Education, has done for the educational interests of Canada, the reader is left to judge for himself. Of late the Doctor has made a practice of visiting the home of his childhood annually. Not always by rail and stage has he accomplished the journey from Toronto; but still clinging to the sport of his youthful days, he would set forward in an open boat, and paddling it himself along the shores of the lakes, would finally reach the place so dear to him; and which, no doubt, brought afresh to his memory many recollections both joyous and sad.

A rude log schoolhouse was constructed by the early settlers as soon as they could do so conveniently. A fire-place extended along nearly the whole side of the building. Logs of considerable length were rolled into this in cold weather, for fuel, before which, rude benches or hewed logs were placed as seats for the instructor and pupils. The close of the teacher's term was denominated "the last day." It was customary on this occasion for the children to turn the pedagogue out of doors by force, and for this purpose some whiskey was generally provided as a stimu-

lant. Such was the state of educational institutions in the days of Young Ryerson. What advancement has education made since? We will not trace it step by step, as onward it has advanced, until to-day Norfolk can proudly boast of institutions, and teachers second to none of the kind in the world. The early settlers found the ground, as they had anticipated, extremely fertile. Poor crops were scarcely thought of. Insects destructive to the grain were not dreamed of. Soon they were able to raise plenty of wheat and Indian corn; but the greatest difficulty with them was to get it converted into flour. There was no flouring-mill in this part of the country, then, and those sturdy pioneers ground their corn with mortars and pestles of their own making. In this way, it must have taken considerable time for one person to prepare food necessary for the subsistence of a large family. It was not long, however, before Col. Backhouse seeing the great want felt by the inhabitants, erected a grist mill. This was the only one not destroyed by McArthur, who passed through the county during the war of 1812.

During this war, General Brock visited the county, and called for a certain number of volunteers to accompany him in his expedition against Hull, who was then at Amherstburg. The meeting was appointed at Dover, on Lake Erie, and there the General met the hardy yeomen of the surrounding county, having as firm British hearts and as stout frames as such a commander could wish. The General only wanted young men; and, after telling them of some of the hardships they might have to undergo while marching through an uninhabited territory, he requested those who felt they were able to proceed with him, to manifest it by going to the front, when every man went forward! As soon as tranquillity was restored after the war, the population of Norfolk began to increase amazingly. Mills of different kinds were soon established on streams which afforded excellent water-power. The forest receded rapidly before the strong hand of the settler, and smiling corn was soon waving where a short time before wild beasts had delighted in roaming. A few houses built on Patterson's Creek, where Simcoe now stands, received the

appellation of "Bird Town."* This place

* In 1816, the first grist-mill was erected here by Mr. Aaron Culver; the circumstances in connection with which we think worthy of mention. Governor Simcoe having visited this section of the country, pitched his tent on the ground upon which Mr. Campbell's residence now stands. Mr. Culver, hearing of the Governor's arrival, called upon him, and presented him with a sack of watermelons. The Governor at once understood the design of the gift, and generously procured a grant of a mill-site for Mr. Culver, upon which a mill was erected by him.

began to increase in population and importance; and now, in summer, when the trees that have been planted along the streets and around the neat cottages are in full bloom, and the fragrance from flower gardens is inhaled, a loving feeling comes over the passer-by, and the tourist leaving Simcoe has an inclination to return again.

BEAUTIFUL NIGHT.

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

Oh, night is beautiful,
When gath'ring round her form her robes of jet,
She chastely westward, like a startled fawn,
Flies swiftly from the touch of amorous dawn,
And bids him all his burning love forget.

Oh, night is beautiful,
When she unveils her multitud'nous stars,
Like diamonds flashing in the raven hair,
Of Eastern princess fabulously fair.
And no rash cloud their beaming beauty bars.

The night is beautiful,
When glowing meteors from their secret halls,
Athwart its darkness, with eccentric powers,
Their brilliance scatter o'er its central hours,
Like colored spray of rushing waterfalls!

Oh, night is beautiful,
When Borealis, with uncertain freak,
From hidden fountains of electric fire,
Invokes the lights that zenith-ward aspire,
As phaseful as the dreams of its own sleep!

The night is beautiful,
When, at the full, her queenly moon doth fill
The heavens and earth with glory far and wide;
And Passion's pride and turbulence subside,
At her low murmur'd order,—“Peace, be still!”

The night is beautiful,
When o'er her skies—its beauty all unfurled—
She spreads her starry galaxy abroad,
Around the throne of her creating God,
Who made each shining star a living world!

The night is beautiful,
When on the virgin and untrodden snow,
Cloud-shadows chase each other in the rays
Of her pure moonlight, which their forms displays,
Like phantoms flitting ever to and fro.

The night is beautiful,
When she seals up the book that record bears,
Of man's dull, daily toil and daily strife;
And in the slumbers of suspended life,
Dissolves in dreams its ever brooding cares.

Oh, night is beautiful,
When, bending o'er the couch of dying day,
She lets her ebon tresses, like a pall
On his departing form in beauty fall,
And gently bears him from the sight away.

Oh, night is beautiful
In her grand silence and her holy rest;
Inviting thoughts serene, profound and pure,
And breathing faith and hope that will endure
Until the soul shall be entirely blest!

ALFRED THE GREAT.

BY J. M., TORONTO.

The body of Alfred has now lain in the tomb for nearly a thousand years, but through each of them it might truly have been said of him that "he being dead yet speaketh." By his deeds of arms he saved the Anglo-Saxon race from destruction, and so laid the foundation of the British Empire. By his legislative labors he framed, or consolidated, political institutions which formed a beacon of hope for his race when groaning under Norman tyranny, and served as a model for that GREAT CHARTER which still forms the corner-stone in the glorious Constitution of our Fatherland. And by his example he has encouraged many a one who, wearied with the toil and misery of the battle of life, felt inclined to lie down and die, to stand up and carry on the strife to a happy issue. Thus speaking, his name never fails to stir a thrill of admiration in every truly British heart.—Sad, indeed, would it be if the recollection of such a man did not always thrill the hearts of the pure-minded everywhere. But in the present case the emotion of Britons is intensified by the fact that Alfred stands forth as the first really great man in our history. He forms, as it were, the figure-head of our race; and thus his name attracts to itself much of that fervent love and admiration with which the members of a family look on that ancestor whose labors have established their fortunes, or cast a lustre on the name they bear. He is as truly "England's Darling" in the nineteenth century as he was in the ninth.

Alfred's lot was cast in the times when the Kingdoms of the Saxon Heptarchy were being merged in the Kingdom of England. Egbert, who if not the first King of England, was at least the first King of the Saxons, died in the year 838, leaving to his son Ethelwulf the throne of Wessex, and a position of supremacy in England. Ethelwulf reigned until 858, when he died, leaving four sons, each of whom reigned in Wessex: Ethelbald from 858 to 860; Ethel-

bert from 860 to 866; Ethelred from 866 to 871, and ALFRED from 871 to 901.

The year of Alfred's birth was 849. The exact date cannot be fixed, but it was probably about Christmas. His mother was Osburgha, daughter of the King's Cup-bearer, Oslac, whom Ethelwulf had married in the year 830. She was a woman of extraordinary piety, and seems to have been a model wife and mother. Alfred had the misfortune to lose her early in life; but before her death she had implanted in his mind those seeds which were destined to ripen into glorious fruit, thus affording another verification of the doctrine of the Great Napoleon that "the future course of the child, whether for good or evil, depends entirely on the mother."

Alfred, in the days of his youth, is said to have been more beautiful than either of his brothers, as well as more loveable. In his days there existed no "education" in the modern sense of the word. Seldom was it that any layman, even though he were king or noble, learned to read and write. Warlike exercises and the chase strengthened the body, whilst songs and poems of the Fatherland quickened the mind. The latter were usually acquired from the nurse or the mother, and in Osburgha, Alfred had a teacher well qualified to impart them. Versed in all the poetical treasures of her people, she poured forth the lays into the ears of her son, and of these from her lips he could never hear enough. On one occasion she showed her sons a book filled with Saxon poetry, and promised that he who first learned to recite the contents should receive the book as a reward. The beauty of the initial letter, and the rich colors of the binding excited in Alfred a desire to possess the volume. He could not then have been over four years of age; yet he came forward, accepted the terms, took the book to his tutor, fulfilled them, and won the prize, gaining with it yet a greater treasure in the acquisition of that

love of knowledge which afterwards so deeply affected the whole tenor of his life.

In the year 853 Alfred was sent on a visit to Rome. There seems reason to believe that his father entertained hopes of his receiving the Pope's holy unction and benediction, and of the gift conferring on him something of a title to the succession to the throne. This hope having been fulfilled, in so far as regards the receipt of the unction and blessing, Alfred returned home, but only to accompany his father on a second visit to the Papal city. Ethelwulf longed to escape the duties of his station, and sought relief from his soul's terrors, in monkish penances and priestly promises. He found the latter in plenty at Rome; but left in exchange some crowns, dishes and urns of gold and silver, besides other valuable alms. Returning through France, he halted at the court of Charles the Bald; became enamoured of his daughter Judith, and on the 1st of October, 856, was married to her. On reaching England he found his eldest son, Ethelbald, at the head of a rebellion. An amicable arrangement, however, was effected. Ethelwulf reigned peacefully until his death in 858, when Ethelbald mounted the throne.

Alfred, during the interval between his father's death and the accession of his brother Ethelred, was engaged in cultivating his talents, and fitting himself for the lofty post to which he was destined. Shortly after he had attained his twelfth year, his intense desire to read and write was with difficulty gratified. We can scarcely form any idea of the obstacles which then stood in the way of any person desirous of acquiring these simple elements of knowledge. In after years it was one of Alfred's greatest lamentations that, when he had youth and leisure for study, he could not find teachers. This, probably, refers to teachers in the higher branches of knowledge; but, to whatever it may refer, the difficulty was conquered. Slowly and steadily the heroic boy held on his course undauntedly, until at last he was able to read in his mother-tongue the poetry which he had already learnt by heart. The old songs seemed dearer to him as he understood them better; but soon another, and yet purer field of

study opened before him. He began to turn his thoughts towards the services in which he worshipped God. He collected into one volume the daily services, psalms, and prayers. To it he became so much attached that in later years he always carried it in his bosom, and derived strength and consolation from it in the darkest days of his life. Whilst training his moral and intellectual faculties he did not neglect the body, strengthening it by martial exercises and the chase, nor is it by any means improbable that the health of the mind was thus promoted, and the body rendered subject to its sway. But in 866, Ethelred having become King of Wessex, Alfred, standing forth as a second person in the realm, and heir-apparent to the throne, began to act a more prominent part in the character of a soldier and a statesman.

He was now the pride and hope of the people. In 868, he married Elswitha, the daughter of Ethelred, a Mercian Earl,—a step to which he was prompted by motives of virtue. In the midst of the nuptial festivities, Alfred was seized with a malady which seems to have been of an epileptic nature. To attacks of it he remained subject throughout the remainder of his life. The suffering seems to have been very acute. At times it almost entirely disqualified him for the discharge of any duty; but a short interval of ease never failed to re-establish his powers. Thus, no sooner had Alfred entered on public life, and laid the foundation of his household, than he became subject to a calamity which, in many men, would not only have extinguished hope and energy, but also have caused them to seek relief in ease and dissipation. His history shows that he faced it undauntedly, never allowing it to turn him from the discharge of the duties to which he was called, or the practice of the faith wherein he had been bred.

Scarcely were his nuptials ended, when there came a call which led him into a more active sphere. In 831, the Northmen, or Danes, had for the first time invaded England; and, for close on two centuries, they hung like a dark thunder-cloud over its shores. They came from all the coasts of Scandinavia and all the parts of the Baltic. Their homes were in their ships; their

religion was Paganism; their occupation was piracy. In pursuit of it, they ravaged France from side to side; made descents on the coasts of Spain and Portugal, and penetrated into the Mediterranean as far as the mouth of the Rhone. At this time they seem to have formed the project of conquering England, and making it a basis of operations against the neighboring countries. Accordingly, about the end of 867, a formidable army led by the chiefs Hingwar and Hubba landed in the Wash. By the beginning of the following year they had conquered York, and become masters of the lands between the Tyne and the Humber. Having gained this base of operations, they invaded Mercia, and seized Nottingham city. The Mercians, in despair, sent to Wessex to entreat aid against the common enemy. They were not long in receiving it. Ethelred immediately assembled his forces, and with Alfred, then nineteen years of age, at his side, marched to their help. On reaching Nottingham, the Saxons were generally desirous of an instant assault. But calmer counsels prevailed. An agreement was entered into, whereby the Danes were allowed to retire northwards, and Alfred and his brother returned home with their troops.

The Danes retired with a heavy booty, but only to enjoy it, and then return for more. In the following year they entered Lincolnshire, on a new raid. "Language," it has been well said, "cannot describe their devastations. It can only repeat the words—plunder, murder, rape, famine, and distress. It can only enumerate towns, villages, churches and monasteries, harvests and libraries ransacked and burned." A brave stand was made by the Saxons at Kesteven. During the whole day they repulsed the Northern hordes, but towards evening the Danes, by means of a feigned retreat, led them to break their ranks, and then turning on the disordered crowd, cut them down to the last man. East Anglia was next invaded and conquered, and a Danish king placed on the throne. Thence they pushed on to attack Wessex, for their experience had rightly led them to believe that whilst Wessex would surely come to the aid of Mercia, the latter kingdom was

likely to leave Wessex unaided, and that it once conquered, England would lie at their feet.

Again embarking on their ships a portion of the Danes entered the Thames. Having made themselves masters of Reading, situated at the spot where the little river Kennet debouches into the Thames, they took it for their base of operations, and sent forth a party to plunder and slay. The Ealderman of the district gathered his forces, attacked the ravagers, and after a desperate conflict put the whole party to flight. Four days after, Ethelred and Alfred joined him with such troops as they had been able hastily to collect, and advanced before Reading. Here they began to encamp on the plain outside the town. Whilst so doing, they were surprised by the Danes, who rushed on them like a horde of wolves. A furious combat ensued, which ended in the retreat of the Saxons.

Warned, by this defeat, of the character of the foe, the brothers collected a more formidable array, and, four days after, met the enemy at Ashton. The victory remained with the Saxons, and to Alfred's courage and decision it was due. Left in command of one wing of the army, he was attacked whilst his brother remained in his tent hearing mass, and steadfastly refused to leave for the field until it was finished. Alfred waited long for him; but finding matters were becoming hazardous, disregarded "Red-tape" considerations, and rushed to meet the foe. The shock of battle was terrible; and when the king arrived and led on his own division, it became still more so. But the Saxons well knew that they were fighting for life, property, kindred, faith, and fatherland, and so pressed on the heathen that, at last, they were utterly routed, and chased to the gates of Reading, with the loss of many thousands of men, their king and several noble youths. At Reading, however, they remained firmly ensconced. Fresh troops crossed the Thames to reinforce them; and within a fortnight they inflicted a repulse on the brothers at Basing. Shortly after, a fresh horde arrived from the north. Thus re-united, they were enabled to defeat the Saxons at Merton, in a battle in which Ethelred seems to have

received a wound of which he died on the 23rd of April, 871, leaving the throne of Wessex to Alfred.

Alfred was scarcely twenty-two years of age at his accession. The circumstances of the times were such that we cannot wonder if he showed some disinclination to accept the dignity, and sought rather to have it conferred on one of his brother's children. But on this point the Witan was unanimous. Alfred had already given sufficient proofs of genius and virtue to convince them that they could get none equal to him as a sovereign; and the idea of conferring the crown on an infant in such a crisis was felt to be an absurdity. The appeal roused all Alfred's better nature; and so with a horde of ravenous savages, encouraged by recent success, in the midst of his kingdom,—with his subjects dispirited by defeat; with all the rest of England standing aloof; with war and toil certain, and death probable, and well knowing that the struggle was for the existence of the Anglo-Saxon race and Christian faith in England—Alfred gathered his energies for the discharge of his hard task.

Hastening from his brother's tomb to the field of battle, Alfred, within a month after his accession, met the Danes at Wilton. They seem to have possessed an enormous superiority of force, and by it wrested victory from his grasp after it had been almost won. This was the ninth pitched battle which had been fought within the year. The country had become utterly exhausted, and Alfred found himself reduced to the humiliating necessity of purchasing the retreat of the Danes from Wessex for a pecuniary consideration.

The invaders crossed the Thames and entered Mercia. Burrhed, its king, twice bribed them to depart; but, as usual in such cases, the bribe only served as a motive to induce a new visit. Within two years the unfortunate king fled in despair from his dominions, and sought peace in a pilgrimage to Rome, at which city he died. The invaders set up a phantom king in his place; but shortly after, becoming dissatisfied even with their tool, they stripped him of everything, and left him to perish miserably.

The Danes now separated into two bodies, one of which attacked Northumbria, and,

the other, in 876, renewed the assault on Wessex. Embarking at night, they sailed to Dorsetshire, and surprised Wareham, whence they renewed their ravages. Alfred, after a slight naval victory, had the impolicy to attempt to purchase their retreat; but, instructed by the fate of Burrhed, he exacted hostages and the most solemn oaths for its fulfilment. He was soon to learn the value of Danish oaths. The night after the treaty had been signed, the Danes sallied forth, cut to pieces the Saxon cavalry, and made their way to Exeter, where they wintered. Here they were enabled to act with their countrymen, who were devastating France, and with the piratical fleets which swarmed in the channel. But Alfred was not yet conquered. When the Danes had again violated their oaths, he was again prepared to face them. Hastening into Devon, in the spring of 877, he strove to besiege Exeter with his army, and to establish a blockade of the coast by means of a hastily extemporised fleet. Hearing of the straits to which these measures had reduced the Danes in Exeter, those who remained in Wareham embarked in 120 vessels, and hastened to its relief. But the elements proved adverse; for a whole month they were tossed on the waves. In the midst of their troubles the Saxon fleet advanced on them, and between it and the storm the whole armament was destroyed. This misfortune left the Danes in Exeter almost helpless, so that they gladly agreed to retire from Wessex, leaving hostages and oaths behind them, as securities against their re-appearance.

They retired into Mercia. But in South Wales there was a band of their countrymen who had recently arrived in England. These proposed to join them in a new attack on Wessex. The offer was accepted. The storm again burst on Alfred and his people, this time more fatally than ever. The attack was carried on both by land and water. The hordes overspread the land like locusts, and seemed, like them, also to rise out of it. The inhabitants were seized with a panic of despair. One last stand was made at Kynwith, where the garrison, by a bold sally, defeated the invaders with a loss of a thousand men, their leader, Hubba, and the famous war-standard called

the "Raven." But in general the Saxons yielded to the feelings of despair, fled out of the kingdom, submitted to the invaders, some even renouncing Christianity for their idolatrous rites, and left Alfred alone and a fugitive.

Although thus deserted, he refused to despair. He neither sought relief in a desperate death, nor, in a spirit of mawkish piety, set out to die at Rome or Jerusalem, but calmly remained at his post, determined that with death only would he abandon the cause of his country and religion. Gathering around him his wife and children, together with a few faithful followers, he sought a retreat in the marsh lands of Somerset, there quietly to wait an opportunity to renew the strife. There agriculture had scarcely begun to redeem the soil, and they were not likely to be discovered by an enemy whose main object was to plunder. But whilst there was little for the Danes to plunder, there was equally little for Alfred and his companions to eat, so that during the period in which they sojourned in this retreat their sufferings were terrible. Alfred himself was forced to understand by bitter experience the depth of humiliation to which he had fallen. One day, in the house of a cowherd, who kept in his heart the secret of the king's concealment, he began to mend and trim his bow and arrows. The man's wife casting her eye on him, committed to his care some cakes then baking on the griddle, whilst she went out to look after the cattle. It has been said that a man is never so little alone as when he is by himself, and this in the present instance seems to have been the case with Alfred. His thoughts soon soared away from cakes and griddle, until aroused by the tones of his virago of a hostess at his ear, pouring forth her wrath at his neglect, and informing him that she had no doubt he would be ready to eat her nice cakes, though he was far too lazy to turn them. It is also stated that when his stock of provisions was reduced to a single loaf, he shared it with a pilgrim who sought charity. But these stories cannot be confidently relied on as authentic history.

With the approach of spring, in the year 878, Alfred and his followers left their marshy retreat for a fortification, which

they built on an island at the junction of the rivers Thone and Parrott, known as Athelney, or the Prince's Island. There he again unfurled the Saxon banner, and let his people know that their king still lived. The news seems to have acted on them with the force of an electric shock. During his absence the loss of the man had caused them fully to appreciate his worth. Now from all sides they flocked, sword in hand, to his stronghold, and joyfully greeting their beloved monarch, demanded to be led against the foe. Alfred was as ready as his followers. He appointed a place of meeting for the inhabitants of the neighboring counties at a spot near Selwood Forest, where, about the 12th of May, he found himself again at the head of an army. One quiet night's rest was first enjoyed, after which he started at earliest dawn in search of the enemy. He came up with them at a spot called Ethandune, where they stood ready to receive him. He formed his warriors into a compact phalanx; and, thanks to these skilful tactics and the high spirits of his men, was enabled to withstand successfully the furious assaults of the Northmen, and ultimately to gain a complete victory, chasing them to the very gates of their encampment at Chippenham. That fortress was instantly besieged, and its garrison, at the end of fourteen days, reduced to such extremities of cold, hunger, and misery, that they acknowledged themselves vanquished, prayed for peace, and offered to give as many hostages for its observance as Alfred might choose to take, whilst they did not ask one from him. The offer was gladly accepted, and a treaty concluded whereby the Danes agreed to quit Wessex instantly, but were allowed to settle as colonists in East Anglia. A still stronger pledge of peace was, however, afforded in the adoption of Christianity by Guthorm and many of his followers, and in his warning all who refused to follow his example to depart beyond the sea. Thus, within a few weeks, did Alfred, previously a houseless wanderer, gather round him an army, vanquish his foes, recover his kingdom, and establish peace on terms which, if observed, would convert his enemies into allies! History has few more glorious achievements to recount.

The Danes retired into East Anglia, and a few days after Guthorm and several of his nobles again met Alfred at Wedmore, when the Danish leader was baptized.— Alfred standing sponsor for him. At this time the details of the treaty were arranged, and Guthorm returned to East Anglia to rule his people in their new character of tillers of the soil. But although Alfred had thus obtained a decided superiority over the Danes, they did not remain perfectly faithful to their compact. In after years, they more than once violated the treaty, particularly in 885, when they joined a party of Northmen in an attack on Kent. But Alfred always vanquished them in the end. He lived to see his plans for the promotion of peace, civilization and Christianity in their midst carried out with success, until at last the distinction between Dane and Saxon vanished in the common name of Englishmen.

With the treaty of Wedmore begins the peaceful part of Alfred's life. It was indeed interrupted, as we have just seen, and shall see again; but for many years he was enabled to employ his powers in labors more congenial to his spirit than those of war. Having saved his country from foreign foes, his next thought was to guard it from the assaults of internal enemies; to render every man's life and property secure. To attain this end he spared no pains, and in his efforts for its accomplishment was daunted by no difficulty, for he well knew that until it was effected all other efforts to benefit his people would be made in vain. To bring all men under the control of the law he determined to make every man in the country an instrument for its enforcement. With this object he readjusted the boundaries of the counties, dividing them into hundreds, and these into tythings, or bodies of ten families, each having its ruling officer. Whenever any breach of the law occurred, the tything in which it had taken place was required to produce the offender. If he could not be found within its limits, search was made for strangers in the adjoining tythings. The law required that travellers on leaving their own district should receive a letter similar to the modern passport, and on search being made for criminals they were

required to produce it on pain of being assumed to be guilty unless they could prove their innocence. But if, after all, the offender failed to be discovered, the penalty attached to his crime was assessed on the tything where the offence had been committed. By this means, every Englishman was, in some measure, made guardian of the public peace, and the strongest security possible taken for its maintenance. The system may seem harsh, and even tyrannical, to the eyes of the nineteenth century, but there can be no doubt that it was an enormous blessing to the eighth. Then every man had been accustomed to do that which was right in his own eyes, and pagan Dane and Christian Saxon thought they were doing a meritorious act in slaying unbelievers. That the law was efficacious is certain; indeed, it is said that Alfred used to hang gold chains at the cross-roads which no robber would dare to touch. This story may not be strictly correct, but the fact of such a statement being made goes a long way to prove that he must have succeeded in securing for his people that internal peace which is the cornerstone of civilization.

The supremacy of the law is of first-rate importance to every community. But second only to their supremacy is the character of the laws which are supreme. To the improvement of the law Alfred devoted himself with an energy rarely seen, even in more enlightened times. The whole of the Saxon laws he condensed into a code which was submitted to the Witenagemote, and by it adopted. His great desire seems to have been to infuse Christian principles into the old national laws, derived from Pagan ancestors. So strongly did this desire exist, that he frequently even took these principles as a fresh foundation. His Code opened with the Decalogue, omitting the second commandment, but inserting the 23rd verse of the chapter in its stead. Then followed those Mosaic laws treating of the relations of masters and servants; the punishment for murder, homicide, theft, and other kindred crimes, with the rules for the observance of holy-days. Alfred then goes on to say that these laws were delivered to Moses by the Almighty God; that afterwards our Lord

said that He did not come to destroy but to fulfil them, teaching also mercy and humility. A little further on is added literally, the letter from the Apostles and the Church at Jerusalem to that at Antioch, as contained in the 23rd to 29th verses of the 15th chapter of the Acts, with the addition of the words:—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them," and "By this one commandment man shall know whether he does right, then he will require no other law-book." It is true that passages from both Testaments are to be found in other European Codes; but nowhere else is the idea of blending the old German and Hebrew-Christian laws so fully carried out, or is there added to the Decalogue the grand addition that a man should love his neighbor as himself. To give a full view of the Code in our space is, of course, impossible; but the mere fact of Alfred undertaking the labor of framing it, and these specimens of the spirit by which it is pervaded, form a sufficient justification of the saying found in one of his works:—"This I can now truly say, that as long as I have lived, I have striven to live worthily, and after my death to leave my memory to my descendants in good works."

It is in vain to have good laws unless they be honestly and wisely administered. Here Alfred met with a heavy difficulty. Ignorance and vice had spread so widely amongst the ruling classes that their decisions seldom gave satisfaction. The King watched them closely. He personally reviewed their decisions, he watched their doings by his servants, and when it appeared that wrong had been done he summoned the wrong-doer before him to enquire into the cause which had led to the error. Sometimes the judge would confess his ignorance, on which Alfred was wont to express his astonishment that one who, by God's favour and his appointment, had been elevated to the rank of "The wise" should have neglected to acquire the knowledge essential to his station, and would offer the alternative of acquiring it or resigning his post. Thus many men in their old age turned school-boys rather than relinquish their office.

We have already seen Alfred's eagerness

to diffuse Christian principles amongst his people by introducing them into the laws of the land. Beside him was another institution whose sole and only object was to promote such diffusion—the Church. It, however, had fallen into so sad a state of decay that we find Alfred complaining that there were few priests in England who could understand the Latin services in which they worshipped God. To remedy this the king at once put himself in communication with the head of the Church; for in those days Rome was considered, and in fact was, the religious and intellectual centre of Christendom. As far as we know he did not receive very much aid thence; but still he undauntedly continued his efforts to form a clergy who should act as the moral and intellectual instructors of England. Both at home and abroad he sought men of learning and piety fitted to aid him in this noble work; and his search was not in vain. From abroad John of Saxony and Grimbald seem to have been his most important acquisitions. They arrived in England accompanied by a number of priests who assisted in the establishment of convents, schools and monasteries. John and Grimbald themselves became Alfred's mass-priests, and are mentioned with high praise in one of his later works. At home he brought forward Werfrith, Bishop of Worcester; Plegmund, who became Primate in 890; Ethelstan and Werewolf, who became attached to his own immediate service. More important than any other, Asser came from the Welsh monastery of St. David not only to aid the King in his noble work, but to give us a record of his life. These men Alfred placed in authority over all matters relating to churches and schools; and they seem to have acted most harmoniously together. The restoration of old monasteries, and the erection of new were pushed forward, and with them the establishment of schools in which instruction was given in reading and writing the mother-tongue and Latin, but above all in the books and doctrines of the Christian faith. The results of these efforts were that, the clergy became raised from their degraded condition, a new and better life was infused into the Church, and in the following reign, the West-Saxon

clergy stood higher in education than they had ever done before.

Alfred, however, had quite as much at heart the mental improvement of the laity as that of the clergy. In the preface to one of his works he declares it to be his wish that all the free-born youth of his people who possess the means may persevere in learning, so long as they have no other affairs to prosecute, until they can read the English Scriptures, and that such as desire to devote themselves to the service of the Church may be taught Latin. Acting on the principle that example is better than precept, he hastened to put his ideas into practice in his own family. A regular establishment was also formed at the Court, where opportunities of learning were offered to both old and young. There judges, officers and children acquired the elements of knowledge, and drank deep at the fountain of the poetry of their native land; and there also those too old to learn caused their sons and freedmen to read from books or recite their contents, whilst they themselves lamented heartily their own neglected childhood, and extolled the superior advantages which the labors of their sovereign had conferred on the youth of that day.

His labors in the characters of soldier and statesman, were such as naturally belonged to Alfred's position as a monarch, but the sacred fire of love of knowledge burned far too brilliantly in his heart to permit of his neglecting the acquisition of learning himself whilst striving to confer its benefits on his people. The passion shines through his entire life, from the day when he commenced to learn from his beloved mother the songs of the German race, to that on which he breathed his last. His youthful acquisitions and visits to old Rome doubtless tended to strengthen the appetite; but the fact of its living through the many dark years of war and political labor, proves conclusively that it was an essential part of the man's nature. Dearly as he loved knowledge, however, not until his first duties to his country had been discharged did he yield himself to its pleasures; and even then he made his studies subservient to the benefit of England.

It was about the year 885 that Alfred, having established the independence of his

country, and got its institutions into something like order, began to yield himself to the joys of learning. In order to satisfy his desire he was compelled to assume, in the prime of his days, the humble position of a scholar. In his youth he may have learned to read his mother-tongue, though of this there is some doubt. Latin he did not acquire until after he had reached manhood. In writing he never became an adept. When unable to read himself he supplied the inability by having one of his bishops constantly at hand to read to him in his leisure moments, and by this means he mastered many works before he could read them himself. The taste for collecting and compiling seems to have been a perfect passion with him. Asser tells us that having on one occasion recited a passage to him, he testified great delight, and showing him the little book to which we have already referred, in which the daily lessons, psalms and prayers were written, begged him to transcribe the passage in it. Asser joyfully assented, but finding every corner of the book already occupied, proposed to enter it into a new one. The same day the king called on him to enter three more quotations, and before long this second volume also was filled with extracts which he wished to impress firmly on his memory, and annotations on his selections. The book is, unfortunately, lost, but some few of its fragments have descended to us through the chronicles of William of Malmesbury.

Having acquired the elements of knowledge, Alfred next set to work to utilize his learning for his people's benefit. The treasures of literature in those days lay almost entirely in the works of the great authors of Greece and Rome. Alfred became a translator. "The Consolations of Philosophy," by Boethius seems to have been the first of the classics which he clothed in an English dress. This work was the last glimmer of the literature of old Rome. In the dungeon where he had been cast by a wrathful Goth, Boethius consoled himself by re-producing the lessons of wisdom. He explained the noble doctrines of the ancient schools of thought by traditional examples, and pointed the eye of faith to a yet nobler consolation in the

religion of Him whose Gospel had changed the face of the then known world. The book was held in the very highest estimation through the Middle Ages. Alfred now laid it before England enriched by many gems of thought from his own mind. Besides this he translated Orosius' "Chronicle of the World" in order that the Anglo-Saxons might have the means of acquiring a knowledge of ancient history. In the translation there is an important interpolation concerning the geography of Northern Europe, in which, besides sketches of the lands on the Baltic, he describes discoveries made on the coast of Norway, and as far east as the White Sea. This was followed by translations of the Saxon Bede's Ecclesiastical History, written to preserve the remembrance of the conversion of England, and of some of the works of Gregory the Great. In Gregory's writings Alfred especially delighted. His preface to the translation of the "Pastoral Care" is said by one of his biographers, to be the most valuable memorial of his mind and writings, which he has left us. In it he sets forth his desire to revive by his own example the learning of other days, and reminds his readers that a revival could be produced only by means of the education of youth. To this end he sought to remedy the great scarcity of books, and arranged that every bishop in the Kingdom should receive a copy of the Pastoral Care and a golden tablet of the value of fifty marks. Three of these copies have been preserved to the present day. Alfred is said to have begun to translate the Psalms and to have been engaged on the work when snatched away by death. There is also reason to believe that he was the originator of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, which is one of the most valuable materials for his biography. In these labors of King Alfred we have the seeds of English literature.

His constant efforts for his country's good were turned in other directions also. Architecture, coinage, the accurate measurement of time, and shipbuilding—of which latter more anon,—all engaged his attention. From such specimens of the art of those days as we possess, it would seem that he unquestionably gave an immense impetus

to its progress in England, the fruit of which was reaped in the ensuing century.

But Alfred's peaceful labors were rudely interrupted. He was again to prove his love for his people by risking his life for their benefit. In the year 892 two bands of Northmen, one of which had ravaged France until they found themselves in danger of starving, from not having left anything to plunder, and the other which had been defeated on the banks of the river Dyle, united their forces, and embarking in 250 ships, landed at the mouth of the river Lymne in Kent. At the beginning of the ensuing year they were followed by another band in a fleet of 80 ships. These were led by Hastings, one of the most terrible sea-kings of the time, who assumed the chief command of the invaders, and raised a fortress in Kent, at a place called Milton. Here they remained, watched by the Saxons, until the end of March, 894.

Alfred's experience with the Danes had shown him that they were foes, cunning and dishonorable in the highest degree. He therefore determined to watch them closely, and to trust nothing to chance. So long as they remained quietly in their fortifications, he avoided attacking them; but took care to secure them a warm reception on fair ground. During the years of peace, he had arranged a system of defence by which he was enabled to have about one-half of the able-bodied men of the country in the field when needed, as well as garrisons for all the fortified places provided. On the arrival of the invaders he put this system into action, stationed a small force under the command of his son, Edward, at the south-eastern corner of the kingdom to watch the enemy's movements, and with his main army managed to seize a position by which he kept his adversaries' forces separated into two bodies, and apart from the inhabitants of the eastern coast who were in the Danish interest. Hastings seems to have been led by this to promise that he would quit the kingdom, and to have sent his sons as hostages for his so doing. Alfred had them baptized and sent back to their father.

But if Hastings had promised to depart, neither his so doing nor Alfred's generosity

led to the fulfilment of his promise. The Danish ships sailed across the Thames to Essex, and the crews sought to follow them by land. Alfred pounced on their rear, forced them to accept battle at Farnham, in Surrey, and there defeated them, recapturing all the plunder which they had amassed. The Danes rushed in wild confusion towards the north, passed the Thames by a single ford, which had been left unguarded, and first rallied in the Island of Thorney, at the mouth of the Colne river, where their vessels were lying. Hither Alfred sent a division which blockaded them for a long time. He was himself approaching to finish the work, when he received news of an attack having been made by the Northumbrians and East Angles on the west. The greater part of the Danes thereupon managed to escape from Thorney by sea and to join their new allies in an attack on Devonshire. Alfred resolved to follow them; but before doing so made arrangements to carry on the war with those still remaining in the east. The Ealderman, Ethelred, there left in command, stormed the Danish camp whilst Hastings was absent on a plundering excursion. Amongst the prisoners were the wife and two sons of Hastings. With almost unparalleled generosity, Alfred had them sent back to his vindictive foe, laden with costly presents. Not even this, however, moved the slightest approach to responsive generosity in his breast. Collecting his scattered forces, he moved up the left bank of the Thames until he had reached the Severn. It was his intention to follow the course of that river to the south, where his allies were busily engaged against Alfred. But the faithful and skilful Ethelred had his eye on him. Gathering all the troops available, he followed Hastings, caught him at Buttington, on the Severn, where he surrounded the Danish entrenchments, and kept them invested for many weeks. Hunger, at last, forced Hastings to risk a sally. A fearful combat ensued. In it he was utterly defeated, and after it he seems to have concluded a treaty by which he agreed to quit Mercia. At all events he did so, apparently unmolested. He directed his march towards the camp in Essex, and having reached it, made arrangements for another campaign. Giv-

ing the women, children, ships, and property into the charge of the East Angles, he gathered together the dispersed remnants of his countrymen, and their East Anglian and Northumbrian allies, formed them into a large army, and set out for the north-west coast. His march was unimpeded until he had reached Chester. There the garrison made so brave a stand, that he was unable to seize the town. The Danes wintered in the neighborhood, and in the spring of 895, after having plundered North Wales, again passed across England, and re-established themselves in Essex.

Meanwhile Alfred had kept the field in Devonshire for a whole year, and at last forced the enemy to re-embark, and sail whence they had come. On their return they joined their comrades in Essex, and by the spring of 896, were again in arms. An attack on their camp made in the summer was repulsed; but by the approach of autumn Alfred began to involve them in his toils. Dexterously diverting the course of the river Lea, he left the Danish ships aground and useless. On seeing this they abandoned them, and again rushing towards the west, established themselves in Shropshire. Their experience of Alfred, however, seems to have made them by this time desirous of a termination of hostilities, for in the spring of 897, they separated into three bands, and departed from his dominions.

Thus after three years' valiant defence was the kingdom delivered from its piratical foes, who were forced to abandon their purpose and depart as poor as they had come. Once more, indeed, during Alfred's life-time they made an assault, but it was insignificant in comparison with the other attacks; and easily baffled by being met with new weapons. Alfred now resolved to meet them on the sea itself. To this end he had a fleet built; and that of vessels about twice as large as the Danish ships. When next the Danes commenced their incursions on the south coast, they were met by this new fleet, and, after a very severe contest, defeated. Shortly after twenty of their vessels were wrecked on the southern coast, and every soul on board perished. Thus the last of Alfred's gifts to England was probably the greatest—a fleet.

There is scarcely anything known of the

last four years of Alfred's life. But from what we know of his character, we may feel sure that he continued to labor for the welfare of England, and for his own mental and moral improvement. Those bodily sufferings from which, he had never been long free, together with the privations endured in the late war, probably brought on a premature old age. His powers now failed,

and he died on the 28th of October, 901, at the age of 52 years and 9 months. The exact particulars of his death are unknown. His body was buried at the monastery which he had founded at Winchester; but in the reign of Henry I., the ashes were removed into Hyde Abbey, where they remained until the destruction of that edifice at the Reformation.

MY FIRST SIGHT OF THE QUEEN.

BY J. M. M., TORONTO.

It was in the month of February, 1867, just a little over two years ago. The scene was in London, and the occasion was the opening of Parliament by Her Majesty in person on the fifth day of that month. Many years had I wished for such an opportunity, and several efforts had I made to get a passing glimpse of her—but all in vain. Owing to the great seclusion in which Her Majesty lives, the opportunities of seeing her in public have been comparatively rare.

A "sight of her" is not easily forgotten or effaced from the memory—on the contrary, it is generally treasured up for years by all who may have been so favoured—to be related to social and family circles, with all the incidents of the day, which retain their firm hold on the memory. Such, at any rate, is my own experience, for though the circumstances in which I saw her were not the most comfortable or agreeable so far as the weather was concerned, still I cannot help looking back with feelings of satisfaction at having undergone a little discomfort, to see the face and form of Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland.

This was not the first occasion on which she had opened Parliament since her long retirement; she had done so the year previous, 1866, but on that occasion I was disappointed, having been misled as to the time stated at which she was expected to return from Westminster—the result being that I got down to the Mall just in time to be too late to see her pass to Buckingham Palace.

My business location was in Upper Thames Street, not a thousand yards from the centre of the Dome of St. Paul's—a street famed for its numerous Iron and Metal, Paint and Drug, and other warehouses—so that I had a three mile journey before I could reach the line of procession; and, desiring to perform the journey in as little time as possible, I decided on going by the quickest route, namely, the "Penny Boats." The morning was fair but did not look at all propitious. Towards mid-day the clouds gathered gloomily overhead, and by one o'clock rain fell heavily. I embarked in one of these steamers, at St. Paul's wharf—a locality rendered famous by Sir Walter Scott in his "Fortunes of Nigel,"—for here it was that the hero of the story remained for some time in seclusion in the house of honest John Christie, the wharfinger of St. Pauls, and under the special care of dame Nelly, his wife.

Steaming up the river, we sailed underneath Blackfriars and Waterloo Bridges, passed in succession to the right, the far-famed "Temple," with its labyrinth of lawyers' and other offices, and Somerset House; then, arrived at Hungerford Pier, I left the boat and made my way up to the Strand by Charing Cross New Railway Station. I at once found myself in the midst of a great stream of people going westward, evidently bent on the same errand. Whitehall being already crowded I went through Spring Gardens to the open space behind the Horse Guards—through which the route of procession lay from

Buckingham Palace to Westminster. There were crowds of people there before me, who in the midst of the rain presented quite a sea of umbrellas. The carriage-way was kept clear by a body of police and mounted guardsmen.

We had some time to wait after taking up my position in as good a place as I could find—as near the front as possible—and the rain continuing to fall pretty heavily, rendered circumstances not extremely agreeable. The umbrellas held up by those who were fortunate enough to possess them, were a source of discomfort and wetting to those who were not so favoured, and thereby became the object of some unpleasant as well as humorous remarks, for as is usual at all public gatherings in the streets of London for the purpose of sight-seeing, there was the regular mixture of “City Arabs,” “Coster-mongers,” and other “Natives” of the lanes and by-lanes of the Metropolis, who gave vent to a small amount of real native chaff, in which such individuals generally excel, and which tended to keep some of the people good humored who otherwise might have got impatient. Umbrellas and hats particularly came in for their share of ridicule, and the cries of “umbrellas down,” with the eager signs of anxiety and excitement consequent on “false alarms,” tended to relieve the monotony of waiting. At length, however, the carriages began to

pass along one by one in their appointed order, containing more or less important members of the Court of St. James, until at last the royal carriage appeared in view. It was drawn by eight most beautiful cream-colored horses, with splendid brass-mounted harness of the most elaborate and costly description, and outriders.

I felt afraid of losing even a glance at the Queen in such an eager crowd, but happily just at the right time—when the carriage was passing right in front of where I stood, there was as it were a general wave of the heads before me to the right and left, that enabled me to get a full view of her face, just as she was in the act of looking out and bowing to the people on our side of the carriage in response to their loyal cheering. In front of her sat the princesses Louise and Beatrice, and by her side one of the young princes. Her Majesty looked in good health, and I was much pleased with the *motherly* character of her face, adorned as she was with her favorite Mary Queen of Scots' cap, which became her well. The crowd immediately afterwards dispersed—some to wait till her return, to see her again—others to their homes, and still others to resume their daily toil. I having to do the latter, made my way as best I could, back through the wet and sloppy streets, feeling rewarded for my pains, and satisfied that I would not soon forget “my first sight of the Queen.”

CHILDHOOD'S TROUBLES.

BY BITTER ALOES.

Oh, who could wish to live,
 Their childhood o'er again,
 Or think that then they had,
 Less trouble or less pain.

Ah no! in childhood griefs
 Are always magnified;
 And though perhaps our tears,
 May then be sooner dried,

A broken doll or top,
 Will tears bring without measure;
 An unkind word or look,
 Will cloud a day of pleasure.

Our little troubles then,
 Are sure to us as great,
 As sorrows which in age,
 Seem to be human fate.

Oh then, who'd wish to live,
 Their childhood's troubles o'er,
 Far better to press on,
 Where is laid up in store,

Such joy as never can,
 Be gain'd in this sad world,
 A crown of glory giv'n,
 Within the gates appeared.

COUNTESS ANNA OF THE "MOTHER HOUSE OF BETHANY."

A FREE TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN.—BY FRANCIS A. SHAW.

In the charming suburb of East Berlin, from the midst of luxuriant shrubbery, rises a stately building, with graceful towers and airy wings, the "Mother House of Bethany," an institution for the care of the sick, presided over by deaconesses. This house was founded by Frederick William IV., immediately after his accession to the throne, but was suffered to fall into decay, until a few years ago, through the efforts of pastor Fliedner, the apostolic order of deaconesses in the evangelical church was instituted anew, and Bethany restored.

It was the third day of June, 1853. In the spacious gardens of Bethany, the trees and shrubs had put on their summer splendor, and roses and lilacs filled the air with their fragrance. Up to the broad entrance of the house of mercy, rolled a stately equipage, adorned with a count's coronet. A noble head bent forward, and a lovely face with large, earnest eyes, looked out from the coach upon the sun-lit towers and verdant gardens of Bethany.

The coach halted, and a tall gentleman somewhat past sixty, of stately figure, and mild, noble face, alighted and led an elderly lady up the stone steps of the house. The younger lady had hastened on before. A portress, in the black dress and smooth white cap of the order, opened the door. A happy smile lighted up her face, for this visit had been long expected. The presiding lady of the House of Bethany, Marianne von Rantzau, had for nearly a year, been confined to a bed of suffering, and at her appointed place among the deaconesses, she was found no more. The father, mother, and daughter were conducted to a small, white chamber, and stood at the bed-side of the sufferer.

"Most venerated lady, we bring you our daughter, Anna, that she may take upon herself the office of deaconess. Her heart, her God, have led her into this house, to serve her sick and afflicted fellow-creatures. Most cheerfully we give you our beloved child," said the Count.

"Your Highness, she shall be to me as a dear daughter," was the reply.

Anna knelt by the sick bed. The trembling fingers of Marianne von Rantzau, stroked back the rich, brown locks from the pure, maidenly forehead, and covered them with the simple white cap of the order. Then she gave the new daughter her blessing. A motherly kiss sealed the bond.

Anna, Countess of Stolberg, fifth daughter

of Count Anton, Lieutenant General of Prussia, Royal Minister, and High Chamberlain, rose from her knees, as "Sister Anna" of the Deaconesses' House of Bethany,—for other titles it has none,—and cheerfully put on the homely black woolen dress of the sisterhood.

At the beginning of the present century, Count Christian Frederick of Stolberg-Wernigerode, in the circle of his children and numerous grand-children, lived a patriarchal life at his beautiful old castle of Peterswald, in Silesia. This life was that of a Christian gentleman, yet of burgher-like simplicity. Homely piety and practical benevolence, have always been distinguishing traits of the ancient house of Stolberg. Peterswald was a place of refuge for the needy and oppressed. Here they found not open hands alone, but open hearts.

In this house of peace and love, on the 6th of September, 1819, was born our Anna, the eighth child of Count Anton and the Countess Louise of Stolberg. Four children succeeded her. The rearing of the children in a peasant's house, could scarce have been more simple. Dressed in the plainest clothes from Silesian looms, Count Anton's children played under the ancient trees of the park. A country ride with their parents, an excursion to the neighboring woods or mountains, were their birthday festival; some little story-book which must be given to the poor as soon as read, a joyfully received Christmas present. The simplest food was their daily nourishment. A pious, affectionate family life, was the atmosphere in which the Countess Anna bloomed into womanhood, healthy in body and soul.

With loving circumspection, these parents chose instructors for their children, knowing that the most fruitful soil will bring forth weeds if the gardener is not faithful. A truly faithful gardener for the richly budding and blooming child-life at Peterswald, was Kleophea Schlatter, the daughter of a gifted and pious woman, whose memory, rich in blessing, lives to-day, in her published letters. Just as faithful a tutor for the elder sons, was Candidate Adolf Zahn, afterwards pastor at Mutznow, on the "East-sea Strand." Kleophea, later, became his wife, and went with him to Pomerania. A young Swiss lady of rich culture, and still richer heart, succeeded her in the house of Stolberg, where she remained for seven years, exerting the best influence over all her pupils, and over Anna in an especial manner.

But the greatest blessing for the souls of these young children, was still the shining example of their parents. Silently and gently the mother moved about in her own home, and in the huts of poverty around. Every unspoiled child has a heart to feel for want and misery, and if the good seed of charity be sown in the spring-time, it will, in after years bring forth abundant fruit. So this good mother thought, and the germs of benevolence, which so early found root in the hearts of her children, grew with their growth. It was a great reward for them to be allowed to accompany her on her silent errands of mercy. In all these charities the husband and father was helper and counsellor. The infirmities and blindness of the old count had long since left his son master of the rich domain of Peterswald, and most faithfully and conscientiously did Count Anton discharge his trust. Pious, unselfish, never wearied in the discharge of duty, he was known as the friend of the friendless, the benefactor of the poor.

In the spring of 1824, the grandfather, Count Christian Frederick, went home to his fathers. His death was serene and peaceful as his life. His eldest son, Count Henry, succeeded to the estate. Count Anton, as the fourth son, went the next year to his own inheritance, Castle Kreppelhof, at the foot of the Riesenberg. As Landrath here, his ceaseless activity was a great blessing to the whole region. Mother and daughters also found a wide field for their benevolence in the fine village belonging to Kr-ppehof, and among the poor weavers of the Riesenberg.

In this neighborhood, many noble and distinguished persons had their country-seats, and here the children formed their first acquaintance with people in their own rank in life. To their mountain castle of Fischbach, the Prince and Princess William of Prussia were glad to escape from the cares and splendors of royalty, and here they would often prolong their stay until Christmas. Here, learning, art and genius came to retire for a while from the great world, and in this brilliant circle the simply-reared children of Count Anton, had much to see, hear and learn.

The call of Count Anton to the service of the government at Cologne, in 1830, obliged his family to leave their pleasant Silesian home. A new appointment at Dusseldorf, caused them a little further sojourn of three years upon the Rhine.

Through her father's friendship for Pastor Fliedner, Anna learned much of that good man's darling institutions for the poor and suffering. With her parents, brothers and sisters, she frequently visited his institutions at Kaiserswerth, for the poor, the sick, orphan children and released prisoners. In all these she took the most lively interest, and when Pastor Fliedner came to Dusseldorf, the most attentive listener to all the plans of Christian

benevolence which he unfolded to Count Anton, was little Anna. It was a favorite wish of his to again call into life the apostolic order of deaconesses, and, as he dwelt upon this subject, two great, brown, earnest maiden eyes would light up wonderfully. As the serious man would caressingly stroke the young girl's head, little did he dream that the truest, and yet to be most renowned sister of the order stood before him.

On the 30th of May, 1836, the articles for a Rhenish-Westphalian society of deaconesses, were drawn up.

Count Anton Stolberg was designated as president of the society.

So one grain after another sank into the young heart of our Anna, and, in God's sunshine, wonderfully grew and flourished, until in after years it became a tree with spreading branches and golden fruit.

Scarce had Frederick William IV. ascended the throne, when he summoned "his dear Anton," the tried and trusted friend of long years, to Berlin. The Count became Prime Minister and High Chamberlain, uniting in one person the highest court and civil office in Prussia.

A new world of feasts and splendor opened before the young Countess Anna, but the pure eyes of the maiden were neither intoxicated nor blinded. Only so far as her father's high position demanded, did the daughter take part in the rushing life of court, and even then her heart remained cool and quiet through all. A simple, informal evening at the tea-table of Frederick William and his Elizabeth, one pleasant little hour of friendly intercourse with the Princess William, richly compensated for the foaming and tossing of the worldly waves, which rolled higher around her day by day.

At the royal evening circle, and at the house of Princess William, Anna first heard England's feminine prison-apostle, Elizabeth Fry.

This remarkable woman wore the drab dress of a quakeress, with a black lace veil thrown over her light blonde hair. The beautiful old face was mild and peaceful, the eyes were childlike, but still sensible and penetrating. Her speech was wonderfully fascinating, and upon her gentle lips to high and low, was the loving "thou" of the society of Friends. Of quaint, but still strangely imposing and amiable appearance, she sat there, entirely unembarrassed, between the Queen and the Princess William, and spoke glowingly, indignantly, of the miseries of the prisons as she had learned to know them in Newgate, and all over Europe. Entreating, warning, denouncing by turns, she demanded religious instruction, separation of the various classes of criminals, useful employment, and womanly oversight of the female prisoners and children; and in Prussian prisons it has been better since that day.

And then the clever, noble Quakeress pleaded for charity schools, for houses of refuge for fallen women, for nightly retreats for the homeless,—and she did not plead in vain.

And the great brown, serious eyes of Anna Stolberg lighted up wonderfully at these words! Silent and thoughtful she listened. Only her eyes spoke. Thirstily, this soft, girlish heart imbibed the great ideas of the noble English woman, and sympathized with her efforts for the poor and wretched. The picture of this strangely fascinating, enthusiastic and efficient woman never left her soul, and the deep impressions she then received resulted in rich blessing to the world.

Through deep, silent sorrow, the heart of the young Countess Anna, was becoming fitted for its mission. The very year when the king laid the corner stone of "Bethany," the young countess, Marianne Stolberg, died. The sudden death of this beloved sister was a great shock to Anna. More than ever in the midst of the hollow splendor and giddy whirl of society, she felt an intense longing for some quiet haven. The yearning was as yet vague and undefined, the haven distant and uncertain.

The founding of Bethany frequently brought Pastor Fliedner to Berlin to consult with the king, and he was always the welcome guest of the house of Stolberg. The Princess William, who had taken such an interest in this House of Mercy, and had done so much in its behalf, was not destined to see its completion. On the third day of Easter, 1846, this noble woman was called home, and Anna wept for her as for a mother. On the 10th of October, 1847, Anna was permitted with her family to witness the consecration of Bethany. Marianne von Rantzau, a most noble woman, who had gained much experience in a similar institution of Paris, was chosen head deaconess of this House of Mercy. Marianne, who had long been a friend of Count Anton and his wife, now became greatly attached to their daughter, who was a frequent visitor at Bethany. Here, as she saw the daily labors of Frau Marianne and her few associates, her own love for the sick and suffering was day by day strengthened and led by this love, she learned to nurse and care for them, little dreaming how soon this office of good Samaritan would be required from her in her own Silesian home.

The stormy year 1848 tore the Minister, Count Stolberg, from the side of his royal friend; it also severed from his rich garland of children the fairest flower. The excitement of those terrible days, which deeply affected every member of the house of Stolberg, threw the young countess Fredericka into a fever. In six days she passed from this world of sorrow and unrest, to the peace Christ giveth to his beloved. They buried her in the little churchyard of St. Theobald, in no sepulchral vault, but under God's free

heaven, on the peaceful bosom of mother earth: this is the ancient custom of the race of Stolberg. Then with his remaining loved ones, Count Anton turned back to the quiet peaceful mountains of Silesia. In the solitude of Kreppelhof, in incessant works of benevolence, his wounded heart was healed. And much, very much work there was to do!

In Upper Silesia, the hunger-typhus raged, and to alleviate the fearful misery Count Anton built, not far from his castle, a miniature Bethany, which in honor of his deceased daughter he called "Mariannestift." This hospital was under the care of his wife and daughters.

In 1851, the king recalled his old friend to his side, and his family, with much regret, left their quiet Silesian home, for a new residence in Berlin. Very often, from the whirlpool of their Berlin life, the Countesses Bertha and Anna Stolberg, found a retreat in the Sabbath stillness of Bethany.

"I was happy only in Bethany, and went there as often as I could," wrote the Countess Anna, years afterward. "Very soon a longing awoke in me, to unite myself with this sisterhood, to serve the Lord in the care of his sick." Sooner than Anna had ventured to hope, her parents gave their consent, through which the Countess Anna became "Sister Anna" of this house of renunciation.

Upon the day when Anna went to Bethany, she received as a present from her father, a watch, the first she had ever possessed. Few daughters of wealthy burghers are so simply reared, or so plainly dressed, as were the daughters of Count Anton Stolberg. And here a watch was not an ornament, but a necessity which every sister at Bethany wore.

Countess Anna had chosen no easy vocation. Work, and often such work for the sick as is usually assigned to the humblest servant, was her portion from morning until night,—but love triumphed over all.

And soon a new and heavier sorrow than she had yet known, was laid upon the much-tried heart of Sister Anna. On the 11th of February, 1854, she knelt by the death-bed of her father, bowed with grief, and yet strengthened by his blessing upon her arduous work. In peace with God and men, Count Anton Stolberg went home to his fathers.

A few weeks after, Anna's probation was over. April 18th, before the altar of the beautiful church at Bethany, she received the blessing as Deaconess. On the 5th of January, 1855, Marianne von Rantzau died, and Sister Anna was chosen her successor. Humbly, almost tremblingly, she accepted the office, with which she was invested, in the presence of the king and queen.

How well she fulfilled the duties of that high office, let the words of the Chaplain of the House, spoken only a few weeks ago, by her coffin, bear witness: "For thirteen long years, she held the first place among us, bring-

ing all her strength to the work, and most wonderfully blest of God. Whatever her vocation laid upon her, she endured—we are her witnesses. Her's was no light work. The leading trait of her nature was humility. She would at all times rather serve than rule, and in service she was strong and brave. In her I have learned to comprehend the profound truth of those old words: 'He who serves, rules.' How great her silent influence was, we feel by the void she has left among us. Before all she served the Lord, and therefore he blessed her. His word was her daily bread. She gave her whole soul to the work unto which He had called her; this work was her delight, and Bethany was to her the dearest place on earth—her home—which she would have exchanged for no other. Around this earthly home her blessing lingers, but she has gone up higher,—from toil to rest,—from conflict to peace,—from weakness to strength,—from earthly sorrow and renunciation, to Heavenly bliss and glory."

Two world-agitating events interrupted the silent, active life of our Deaconess, and separated her, for a time, from Bethany.

At the breaking out of the Danish war, her brother, Count Eberhard, had supervision of the volunteer hospital work of the benevolent order of the "Knights of St. John," which at once set about preparing hospitals near the seat of war for both friend and foe. Soon, Count Eberhard knocked at the portals of Bethany. "Anna, you too must help," he said; "Our men's hands are too rough and impatient for the care of the wounded."

On the 31st of January, 1864, Count Eberhard rode to the seat of war. His wife, born Princess Reuss, his sister Anna, two deaconesses from Bethany, and a brother of the Order accompanied him. Skilful physicians were engaged, and the hospital of the Order at Altona was very soon in readiness. Already the cannons thundered from Missunde, and Countess Anna and her deaconesses, as messengers of love and peace, glided among the sacrifices of war. With heroic devotion, they cared for the suffering and bound up their ghastly wounds. Day and night, there was no rest for them.

"'Mother Anna,' you understand no Danish, and still you have so many of the enemy's wounded to care for," was once said to her.

"Enemies!" she replied. "Love understands and speaks all the languages of the earth."

After weeks of efficient and Heaven-blest labor for the sick and wounded in the field, duty called her back to Bethany, where there was much to do. The silent house of mercy had become a soldiers' hospital, and during the absence of Countess Anna and her deaconesses the noblest ladies of Berlin, had taken their place as nurses for the wounded.

"We are starving, freezing, dying of the hunger-typhus!" This was the wail that

came from Eastern Prussia. Again there was a knocking at the doors of Bethany, and a voice cried: "Help these poor, starving, freezing, dying brethren!" From such a plea the heart of Anna Stolberg could not turn away. Late at night on the 20th of January, 1867, accompanied by two deaconesses, she arrived at a poor little town of Eastern Prussia, on the Rhine. They found such misery as no pen can describe. In two small rooms lay forty persons sick with typhus, two or three being in each bed. The beds were straw, and covered with loathsome rags, full of filth and vermin. Yet the poorest were glad of even a place like this. The Knights of the Order of St. John had come first of all to aid these suffering men, who were mostly railroad employes out of work, and had sent them here. They had been gathered starving, freezing, and in the typhus delirium, from damp, cold, and filthy dens just outside the town, where sick and well, dying and dead, they all lay crouched together, and none knew,—none cared for their misery. The two only physicians lay prostrate with the deadly typhus.

Still worse, "Mother Anna" found it in the squalid dwellings of the working people of the town, where were want, suffering, and misery that beggar all description.

"My heart stood still when I first entered these pestilential dens. I have nowhere else beheld such nameless human misery," she said, with trembling lips, when attempting to describe the state of things in the region desolated by the "hunger typhus."

But her heart had no time to stand still, or give way to unavailing lamentation. These wretched beings demanded help, speedy and energetic, work arduous and unremitting, day and night, and Countess Anna and her deaconesses worked with a zeal and self-renunciation seemingly beyond weak human strength. "They accomplished incredible things!" writes an eye-witness.

Spacious, clean, and airy rooms were obtained, stoves, bedding, bath-tubs, and other necessities were bought, begged or borrowed. Night after night, "Mother Anna" and the Sisters sat up and sewed on mattresses and linen. In four days they had bathed and cleansed from filth and vermin, forty patients in the worst stage of typhus—a heavy, heavy work!

On the 28th of January, 1868, quite unexpected, and somewhat ill, "Mother Anna" came home to Bethany. She had intended to visit the St. John hospital in Prussian Holland. What irresistible impulse had led her home? It was not to be her bitter lot to die among strangers!

February 2nd, the anniversary of that day upon which, thirteen years before, she had entered upon the duties of her office, she went with her mother, now eighty-one years of age, to the church at Bethany, and partook

of the holy sacrament. The sermon, her last on earth, was from these words of St. Luke: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Truly prophetic words at the close of a work so holy and so blest of God.

Only through the triumph of spiritual strength over physical weakness did "Mother Anna," upon the following day, attend to the pressing duties of her vocation; then the weak, feverish body, which by the typhus-beds of East Prussia, had received the fatal contagion, sank upon the bed of death. No one in Bethany dreamed of her approaching dissolution, but a presentiment that her earthly course was nearly ended, had brought her home that she might die among the sisters. With great serenity of mind, she set her house in order, and prepared to exchange the earthly for the heavenly home. She thanked the sisters for their love and obedience, and humbly begged forgiveness for any vexation or offence they might have received from her.

"Pray that the Lord may grant me a peaceful release," she often said to the sisters. And the prayer was answered.

On the night of the 16th of February, the Sisters of Bethany stood weeping by the death-bed of their much-loved "Mother Anna." She "fell asleep" joyfully and peacefully as a child lulled to rest in its mother's arms.

The Countess Anna was buried without parade, as became a deaconess. So she had wished. But love and gratitude, which

bound alike the highest and the lowliest of the earth, to the silent sleeper, could not be restrained. Near the maidenly, myrtle wreath upon the simple coffin, King William laid a laurel crown, as a tribute to the gentle, self-sacrificing nurse of his wounded soldiers and starving children in East Prussia. Two queens added the white rose and camelias of love to the laurel of renown; and, when the hundreds of distinguished persons who had accompanied the daughter of the Stolbergs to her burial had departed, leaving her there under God's free heaven, in the beautiful churchyard of Bethany, then came thronging around the timid poor, each bringing some simple offering. Silently they drew forth their modest wreaths of box and snow-bells, a sprig of rosemary, or a single rose-bud from the flower-pot on the window-ledge at home, and laid these offerings of affection beside the royal laurel and camelias.

The flowers have already withered, but the love and gratitude of those who brought them will bloom on forever.

A simple white marble tablet covers the grave. Upon it is this inscription:

"Anna, Countess of Stolberg-Wernigerode,
Died February 17th, 1868.

"1. John 1-7: But if we walk in the light as He is in the light, then have we fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

TOO LATE; OR, THE BRIDAL FEAST.

BY FRANK JOHNSON, ASCOT.

There was joy in a land where a lone heart was breaking,

Brighter never were smiles at a festival board;

But *one*, fairest there, though, in seeming, partaking,

Of all that was bright in the smile of her lord.

In a look—in a word—in the change of her cheek—

In the heave of a bosom that sank with a sigh—

In all that concealment, contention, bespeak,

Too off, for a moment, unmasked to the eye.

Had a parent's mistrust of where happiness lies,

Forbade the young bosom its first cherished flame,

Had the poor heart been taught, to its cost, there are ties,

That, abandoned and broken, still bind it the same?

Had a moment of pique, or of passion prevailed,

Had a world with its tinsel deceits led aside,

Had the heart that temptation for years had assailed

In vain, bent, at last, at the altar of pride?

Though forbidden its pains, its regrets, to declare,

Though, in duty, condemned recollection to smother,

Would that bosom have fain turned from all that was there,

To have dropp'd but one tear on the breast of another?

THE STORY OF A PIECE OF CHALK.

It is so long ago that I can hardly remember it. If the years which have elapsed since my birth were reckoned in millions that number would not be too great. My first recollections are of a white muddy sediment, many scores of feet in thickness, stretching along the bottom of a very deep sea. Of this oozy bed, I formed a considerable part. The depth of sea-water which pressed down this stratum was so great that light scarcely found its way through the green volume. Day and night the billows tossed and heaved above me. I could hear the storm howl, and the hurricane sweep over the surface of the sea, although they did not affect the bottom where I was lying. Before I woke to consciousness in my oozy condition, I existed in quite another form. The constant beatings of the Cretaceous sea against its rocky barriers, and the vast quantity of muddy matter poured into it by rivers, caused to be distributed through the sea-water a considerable quantity of mineral sediment. Of course, great though this quantity originally was, when it was diffused throughout the sea, it appeared so small as not to affect the real transparency of the water. The presence of carbonate of lime (for such was a good portion of the mineral matter above mentioned) could only have been proved by chemical tests. It happened, however, that there were eyes sharp enough to detect it, although *human* eyes did not open on the world for myriads of ages afterwards. Those to which I allude belonged to a set of animals so small that you could have put millions of them into a school-girl's thimble!

Each creature was a perfect animal, nevertheless. It had a soft jelly-like substance, which developed itself into feelers, that took hold of prey even smaller than itself. This soft body was enclosed in a sort of shelly case, beautifully ornamented, and uniformly shaped. This case was manufactured either out of the carbonate of lime, or silica, which has already been mentioned as held in solution by sea-water. Every cubic inch of water in all the vast ocean at whose bottom I was lying was alive with these animalcules, everlastingly at work separating the mineral matter. It was quite impossible to see these little workers, that 'out of water brought forth solid rock,' and yet they were there. Their individual lifetime was very brief, rarely extending over a few hours. But their powers of reproduction were enormous, and thus they were always dying and generating. As they died, they began to sink slowly through the water. The sea was always full of their dead shells, which were gravitating towards the bottom, where they fell as lightly as motes which float in the sunbeams drop upon the floor. Night and day they were always alighting there, and forming a thin film. Century

after century passed away, and still found these dead shells accumulating, until all the figures I have heard reckoned on the black-board near me—I am now used in a school-room for the purpose of arithmetic—would not together give any idea of their numbers, even if they were stretched out in a row! You may think this is a bit of romancing, but it is not. A few days ago a gentleman broke a piece off me, and after powdering it and washing it with a fine camel-hair brush in distilled water (so as to make sure of his experiment), I heard him tell a friend that he could show him thousands upon thousands of fossil animalculic shells which he had obtained from this small piece!

I am composed of exactly the same ingredients. Although I am no bigger than a small orange, I can assure you there are scores of millions of fossil shells contained within my bulk. In fact, I am nothing more than a mass of congeries of the dead shells to which I before alluded. Every time the teacher makes a figure with me on the black-board, he leaves thereon thousands of fossil animalcule. If you will wash the chalk as the above-mentioned gentleman did, you may see these minute fossils for yourself; though, it is true, you would need a powerful microscope to enable you to do so.

It was the gradual accumulation of these animalculic shells that formed the oozy mud at the bottom of the sea. The extent of this mud-bed was very great—not less than thousands of square miles in area. Notwithstanding the slowness of the deposition, and the infinitely minute creatures which almost wholly formed it, the accumulation went on until the mud had reached a vertical thickness of fifteen hundred feet! What must be the enormous number of shells contained in this mass, and the number of centuries occupied in elaborating it, I leave you to guess. The rate of deposition was very regular, and I have heard that along the bottom of the great ocean called the Atlantic there is actually now being formed a stratum very similar to that from which I was taken. Like it, also, it is formed principally by immense numbers of dead animalcule.

I lay along the bottom of the Cretaceous sea for thousands of years, during which great changes took place in the oozy deposits, some of which I distinctly remember. I mentioned before that, besides carbonate of lime, there were diffused through the sea-water other minerals, among the rest one called *silica*, the basis of common sand. Well, a good proportion of the minute animals inhabiting my native sea used this mineral instead of lime, so that their shells were formed of flint. These, of course, fell to the bottom along with the others, and were all mixed up together. By and by, a chemical change took place in the thick mud. It seems that the little grains of shells of silica have a tendency

to separate from the lime, and to run together; consequently the flinty little shells aggregated along the sea-bottom, and there formed what are now known as *flint-bands* and *nodules*. These layers of flint were formed at nearly regular intervals, the chemical changes being very uniform. I should also mention, that as the oozy bed increased in thickness, what with the weight of sea-water and the overlying mud, the *lower* beds began to be compressed into solid form. As soon as this took place, they passed into real *chalk*, of which I found myself a part.

I have a distinct recollection of the creatures that inhabited the sea whilst I was lying along the bottom. I am told there is nothing like them living in the seas in the present day. Even those which approach nearest in resemblance differ in some point or another. The most remarkable of these inhabitants of an extinct ocean were a series of large sponges, called by scientific men *Paramoures*, but better known in Norfolk (where I come from) as 'Pot Stones.' These were originally sponges which grew one within the other, like so many packed drinking-glasses, sometimes to the height of six or seven feet. Through the whole set, however, there was a connecting hollow, which is now filled with hard chalk, the rest being all pure flint. It is very remarkable how these sponges became transformed into their flinty condition. As sponges, they were full of what are called *spicule*—that is, flinty, needle-shaped crystals, which act the part of *vertebræ* to the sponge. You may find them in the sponges of the present day. When the 'pot stones' existed in this state, as the sponges died and began to decompose, they served as nuclei to all the flinty particles of animalculæ shells diffused through the mud. These replaced the decaying matter of the sponge little by little, until the original *Paramoures* were turned into 'pot stones.' That the flint was originally soft may be proved by the fact, that fossil shells are often found embedded in it. The other creatures I most distinctly remember are now found in a solid state in chalk, and are commonly known as 'Fairy loaves,' and 'hearts.' They belong to an extensive family still living, and known to the fishermen (who often dredge them from the bottom of the sea) as 'Sea-urchins,' on account of their spiny covering. The existing sea-urchins crawl along the bottom by means of innumerable suckers. Many a time have the fossil fairy loaves thus crept over where I lay. The hearts were similarly covered with moveable spines or bristles.

But the commonest objects I remember are those now often found in chalk as well as the flint, and which are known as 'Thunderbolts.' These fossils, however, are individually only part of the creature to which they originally belonged. They were the solid and terminal bones of a species of 'cuttle-fish.'

After the latter had died, and lay embedded in the chalky mud, the soft and fleshy parts decomposed, and left only harder portions to be preserved. Sometimes the *thorns*, which were attached to the long arms of these creatures, as well as the horny portion of the beak, are also found fossilised. During my time, the *Belemnites* (as these fossils are now called) swarmed the seas in millions; in fact they were thorough scavengers, and devoured any garbage they came across—dead fish, rotting fairy loaves, etc., and even one another. Here and there, grouped in the hollows of the sea-bottom, lay nests of shells. They are commonly called 'cockles,' a generic term which fossil shells are always known by to those who have not made geology a study. Real *cockles*, however, had not then come into existence. There were a great many species of shells, and these abounded in every sheltered spot. Some of the fishes were covered with little enamel plates, instead of horny scales. Sharks also abounded in considerable numbers, and I have frequently been witness of the great havoc they made among the shoals of smaller fish. But by far the most gigantic sea-monster was a great marine lizard, fourteen or fifteen feet long, which had teeth implanted in its jaws like bayonets. I have seen its dark shadow pass over where I lay, and have beheld the fishes, and even the otherwise bold sharks, dart away in fear. With one or two strokes of its formidable *pad-dles* (for it has these instead of fins), it could glide through the water with lightning speed. But even this terrible creature had to succumb to death, and its rotting carcass sunk among the oozy chalk, and there fell to pieces, and became fossilised.

Time would fail me to tell of *all* the creatures which lived in my native sea. I remember, that after long ages had passed away, tremors were again felt to shake the sea-bottom. It was evident that some earthquake action was at work over a considerable area. By and by, we found the water getting shallower, and that the light came through the waves more clearly. The sea-bottom was being upraised; and at length what had formerly been ocean, became an extensive mud-flat. The sea was drained off, and covered land which had sunk as ours had risen; and thus the two changed places. The upheaval went on, and the chalk hardened into its present solid state, and became a land surface.

Do not imagine that this upheaval was a sudden and violent process, as some have thought; on the contrary, it was exceedingly slow. The exact spot where I was born was at hundreds of yards depth of sea-water, and the upheaving process was probably not greater than at the rate of a few feet a century. From this you may form some idea of the time it took to lift me from my briny bed to fresh air and hot sunshine. Meantime, whilst the chalk formation, of which I was

an infinitesimal portion, was thus being upheaved, the sea was at work in other localities depositing strata similarly to the manner in which I had been originated. Not a single moment was idled away. The forces of nature know no Sabbath—they must toil on from the creation to the final consummation of all things! The great work of the sea, ever since the waters were divided from the dry land, has been to lay the foundations of future continents, and even mountain-chains. Her own barriers have thus been erected by herself, and then as slowly frittered away in order to establish them elsewhere. Geologically speaking a 'new earth' is always being formed! The old one is gradually altered, particle by particle, just as the human body changes its physiological structure, and yet retains its own individuality.

When I did appear above the surface of the sea, it was to form part of an extensive chalky mud-flat. Far as the eye could see, this monotonous landscape stretched away. Here and there, an arm of the sea extended, as if old Neptune were loath to quit his sway, and see his recent territory possessed by his rival Tellus. The pasty mud hardened on the surface in the hot sunshine (for the latitude of what is now Great Britain, then enjoyed a sub-tropical climate), and cracked into huge dikes, which the wear and tear of the atmosphere again filled up. The upheaval still proceeded, until at length, after century upon century had passed away, the solid chalk was lifted high enough above the waves to form a tolerably steep coast-line.

For a long time, the hardened, *new-born* chalk was perfectly bare. There was neither soil nor vegetation upon it. It extended in an undulating area, just as the sea-currents have carved it, for hundreds of miles. Wind and rain at length formed a light, chalky mould, which was rendered somewhat sandy by the admixture of flints that had been broken up and pounded into dust. Sea-birds, such as the albatross, lived in the adjoining sea, and for centuries the chalk surface served them as a refuge from the storm, and to build their nests upon. Their excrements, together with the light mould I have spoken of, laid the first foundations of the soils and subsoils which covered me up. Some of the birds left undigested seeds, brought from other lands, and these took root and flourished. The wind came laden with minute spores of moss and fern, and soon thick brakes and morasses clothed the marshy places with cheerful green. An occasional palm-nut was stranded upon the beach, where it grew, and shortly afterwards bore fruit, that spread itself in huge palm forests over an area which, a few centuries before, had been nothing but an extensive and barren chalk-flat. In this manner a sub-tropical vegetation covered up the chalk of which I formed part. It has not taken me long to tell, in a general way, of the changes

which were thus wrought, but it required thousands of years to produce them. After the upheaval had continued for a long time, it suddenly ceased, and the chalky continent with its wealth of virgin forests and innumerable inhabitants, remained at rest. But the ordinary physical laws of nature were in operation, just as they are now. I ought to have told you that the chalk continent extended from the west of Ireland, through Russia, as far as the coasts of what is now the Mediterranean Sea. It is also more than probable that there was a continuation of land across the Atlantic into America. Existing oceans, seas, lakes, and rivers had not then been formed. These are the results of recent processes, which, as may be imagined, took up scores of centuries to bring them about.

I remember starting with surprise, one morning, on seeing a *four-footed creature* near me, the like of which I had never beheld before. I had been used all my life long to marine creatures of various shapes and sizes; but now the time had come that I was to be introduced to a different set of acquaintances altogether. The best idea of the aboriginal forests which covered the chalk may be obtained by studying those of India. But at the time I am speaking of, forests equally great covered Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, Kent, Surrey, and a number of other localities. The creature I have just mentioned was an enormous *monkey*, which had strayed from its companions into my immediate neighborhood. (The geological period of which I am speaking is known as the *ocene*.) Huge boa-constrictors hung on the trees for days, and only left them when urged by the sharp pangs of hunger; in the marshier places, crocodiles wallowed, and lay in wait for their prey; strange animals, allied to the present South American tapir, snorted about. An immense creature, called the *Dinotherium*, with semi-aquatic habits, used to bask in the marshes, and sleep for hours, with its tusks anchoring its huge head to the shore, and thus keeping it above the water and the mud. Many other genera and species of animals—so strange that long Greek names alone give us any idea of their main features—lived upon our hardened surface. Flowers of tropical hue and color were rivalled in beauty and gorgeousness by humming-birds and butterflies. The broad leaves of the banana stretched forth and mingled with the graceful fronds of the tree-fern. The bread-fruit-tree shed its rich store of food on the earth, and fed herds of *Hyracotheria* and *Palaotheria*. In sooth, the landscape was a scene of magnificent beauty. When the golden sunset lingered among the palm-groves, one could well have thought that the Lord indeed walked in the garden. But man—who makes such a noise in the world now, and imagines that it has been made specially for him, and that therefore everything should be subservient to his

wishes and gratification—had not then made his appearance. And yet Nature, notwithstanding the absence of a human high-priest, did not the less daily offer up a hymn of praise to her adorable Creator.

Nothing earthly is stable; and geology is a science full of proof of this assertion. The Eocene age passed away; the *Meiocene* came; and, in turn, was replaced by the *Pleiocene*. The tropical conditions of which I have been speaking underwent a change, which was at first very gradual, and almost imperceptible. The tree-ferns and palms did not flourish as luxuriantly as they were wont; the cold winds blew more frequently, and the poor monkeys shivered and died. At length, finding the climate become colder instead of warmer, many of the creatures migrated to the more southerly and congenial latitudes, while those unable to do so died out. The old forests grew thinner, and winter shewed he was unwilling to give place to almost perpetual summer. But, as if to compensate for the mischief which alteration of climate produced, other trees replaced the palm and the fern. Thickets of hazel and alder grew in marshy places, pines innumerable spread over the country; whilst the oak, ash, and elm made their appearance for the first time. Thus did the land gradually assume something like the present European appearance. I had before felt the ground shake with the heavy tramp of a monstrous creature, quite different to any I had seen in bygone days. I had by this time grown used to changes, and was therefore more curious than alarmed at the new-comer. It was an elephant of the most gigantic size, much larger than any living at the present time. It browsed luxuriantly upon the young shoots and fresh twigs, and found a hearty meal spread for it wherever it went. By and by, I was accustomed to see herds of elephants, and to hear them trumpet and snort loud enough to make the welkin ring again. The rivers which sluggishly meandered through the chalk-beds, had now become very broad and deep, and in these hosts of rhinoceri and hippopotami wallowed and gurgled. The fights that sometimes took place among these creatures were fearful to behold. There was none to disturb them, except a savage and gigantic lion, with enormously sharp teeth and long claws; but this beast, the *Macharodus*, was the greatest enemy to the antelopes and deer that browsed on the adjacent plains.

The climate gradually became more rigorous than ever. In the interval of the existence of the forests which covered up myself and brethren, I am told that great and extensive physical changes went on everywhere. In France, volcanoes had been actively at work, and great sheets of molten lava had been poured out by them, which had antedated Herculaneum in their destructiveness. Where London, Paris, and Vienna now stand, great

fresh-water lakes, similar to those of North America, existed, and along their bottoms series of fresh-water strata were deposited, upon which the foundations of these celebrated cities are now laid. In fact, all over the world, more or less, great changes had been going on. What is now the Pacific Ocean, had been occupied by a great continent, which was afterwards split up into the South Sea Islands.

In addition to the increasing cold, I had for some time imagined that the sea-level was not as steady as it had been. The dry land was gradually sinking, just as ages before it had been as gently upheaved. There could be no doubt about it; and I was alarmed at the apparent insecurity of the world into which I had been introduced. The ratio of the increase of cold was almost in proportion to the rate at which the dry land was sinking. To cut the matter short, it was only a question of time as to when the chalk continent would once more be sea-bottom. It happened at last—we were dry land no longer, but a shallow sea. The cold was now intense, so intense that, for a long time back, the elephants and rhinoceri had been covered with long, woolly hair, to protect them from its rigour. Away on the mountain-tops the snow had accumulated, and sent forth long sheets of ice, which thrust their way towards the sea, where immense fragments broke off, and floated away as icebergs. The submergence still went on, until many hundreds of feet in depth of sea-water covered us. I looked around to discover any of the old marine creatures that had lived in the sea of the chalk period. Everything was altered—the very shell-fish were those now living in the arctic latitudes! The shallower portions of the sea-bottom were continually liable to be ploughed up by some stranding iceberg, which brought burdens of mud and boulders to topple over us. What dry land did remain was covered with a moving sheet of thick ice, which ground the rock-surface on which it rested into impalpable mud. This mud was carried away in prodigious quantities to the sea, where it was strewn along the bottom. There it formed those immense beds of *till* and brick earth which cover the whole area of Great Britain, more or less. This arctic sea, as I may term it, kept its place for ages, until several hundred feet of gravel, clay, and sand had been deposited; then came an arrest to the submergence; and eventually another upheaving process set in. When this terminated, and dry land once more appeared, the physical geography of the country assumed pretty much the appearance which now characterizes it. The clay and sand formed admirable sub-soils; flowers spread over hill and dale, and green grass carpeted the meadow and mountain side. The earth had recently been baptized in the ocean, and there prepared as a renewed world for a new-comer. It was at

this time that Man first appeared. His remains may be found mixed up with those of many extinct animals, and his primitive weapons of the chase are commingled with the gravel of the rivers on whose banks he lived. My own experience extends such a long way back, that it seems but as yesterday that Man was introduced. But in that brief period, his race has managed to alter the face of creation, and has progressed beyond that of all other species put together. I am now getting towards the end of my story, and must leave it to others to continue the history of this last created of animals, merely mentioning, by the way, that it was he who quarried me from the adjacent hillside; and that it is to his children I am used as a humble means of instruction — *Chambers' Journal*.

A MONUMENT OF GERMAN DILIGENCE.

BY PROF. WM. WELLS.

The patient diligence of German scholars has become proverbial, and how well they deserve this proud distinction is well illustrated in recent revelations regarding the origin and history of the greatest philological monument of the age, in the shape of the giant German Lexicon commenced by the brothers Grimm, and now being continued by worthy successors.

For many years the name of the brothers Grimm has been a household word throughout German lands, and of late it has crossed the water and reached us in their charming stories and legends of home-life in forest, field, and vale. It seemed for a time as if these two remarkable brothers had planned to devote their lives to investigating the simple song and story of German peasant-life and tradition, and the world was astonished to find that they had discovered a mine so rich in wealth and interest.

As political exiles from Hanover they were welcomed at the University of Berlin by a government that, with all its follies, has ever been wise enough to cherish and sustain German lore. They were provided with professorships and salaries that secured them from the necessity of laboring for a mere material support; and thus freed from anxiety regarding their existence, they calmly and assiduously pursued their peculiar investigations, traveling or lecturing as they saw fit.

The world now soon learned that while exhuming and relating the household stories concerning German legends and rustic tradition these diligent men were engaged in a far more significant work, and proposed to build, under cover of these genial narratives, a gigantic monument of philological investigation in these and all other fields of German literature. They

sang and narrated, as it were, to enliven their laborious hours; while this very song and narrative gave them the means of delving deeply into the origin of some of the most interesting mines of German philology.

Fourteen long years they silently gathered materials for their great work, when at last, in 1852, the first instalment was given to the world. It was a miracle of linguistic lore, and at once proved that Germany was about to receive a great dictionary that would surpass that of all other nations. German diligence alone could plan and construe this philological temple, that rivals the Gothic architectural monuments of the fatherland. The task laid down was to give a picture of the life of the language from Luther's time down to our own; showing what came through him, and what, since his period, had been added by the process of skilful culture. It was, therefore, not to give the language of any era, but to give the language in all the majesty of its growth. Every word of importance was to have its special history, showing its origin, its family, its signification, and the various shades of meaning through which it had passed to its present status and character.

Such delicate execution would require a mass of instruments and a host of laborers, as no two men could perform the tithe of the work in a life-time, and this brings us to the organization of forces so peculiar to German science. As Lange commands his regiment of exegetists, so the Grimms sent forth throughout all Germany to summon young and old in their respective spheres to take up special authors and themes with a view to learn the history of words. There was a ready reply from every quarter, and even volunteers offered for the work. German scholars seem to take a patriotic interest in the national enterprise, and men of nearly every profession, every shade of political color, and every section, rivalled to meet on this great national platform of common speech. The preface to the first number gave the names of over eighty co-laborers, and about twenty-four columns of fine print were devoted to an index of the sources whence they had drawn their materials.

The labors of these assistants were governed by strict rules. All were to write on slips of prescribed length and breadth every thing that could be learned of a certain word by a slow and careful examination of the authors allotted to them. In case of any peculiarity, the phrase or line was to be given which would illustrate the point. In a little while packages of these precious slips began to arrive from every direction, each labeled with its appropriate word or words. A mountain of this material soon overwhelmed the Grimms mighty enough in its weight to have crushed

common men. but they, undaunted, went immediately at the task of sorting and arranging. It is estimated that they began with a million of slips. Two men were engaged daily for six months in arranging them according to alphabet and subject, binding them in packages, and consigning them to the pigeon holes of endless congeries of shelves. The whole range of German literature was ransacked from Luther through Goethe, Schiller, Tieck, down even to Auerbach, just now so popular among us. Thus the very latest linguistic growths are also given; but of course the most attention is paid to those authors that are most creative in character, and therefore richest as subjects.

For some years there were serious doubts as to whether the brothers would ever arrive at the actual regular publication of their immense enterprise; but at last the world was joyfully surprised by the issue of the first volume in 1854; the second appeared in 1860, and the third in 1862. Just now death overtook them both, and almost at the same time. They had lived and labored together in the most fraternal affection. Jacob never worked with the same zeal after William was taken from him. The latter fell just after he had finished the letter D, and Jacob was in the midst of the word "fruit" when he laid down his armor.

The death of these rare brothers was a great loss to the cause, but principles live though men die. The Grimms knew that they could never live to complete the work, and had been careful to train up able and reliable pupils who would take their mantles and continue the labor in the same spirit. Hildebrand of Leipsic, and Weigand of Giesen, together with Heyne of Halle, have assumed the control and continued the labor, the first-named being considered the leader. They are now at the middle of the letter H, which will make a thick volume of itself. The work is thus about half completed, and death can easily again break the ranks before it is finished. But completed it undoubtedly will be, and will then form the noblest monument of the pure high German idiom that the nation has as yet possessed, notwithstanding the glory of many of its predecessors.

The work treats not only of the written language of Germany, but also deals largely in many of the dialects into which the high German is divided, much of this information being gained by the personal intercourse of the Grimms with the peasant population of Germany while exhuming old forgotten lays and legends. The sections devoted to the chase, to falconry, and shepherdry contain treasures of words so little known to the masses of scholars and philologists that many have declared themselves strange in their own language while examining their contents.

Absolute perfection in this field is not attainable, if for no other reason than on account of the continual growth of human speech in cultured communities. But as far as frail man can build a faultless monument this is one, and Germans accord to it all the love that the authors in their first preface besought for it. However realm or faith may separate the children of the fatherland, they all meet here around the altar of their common lore, and its speaking pages are an immortal monument of German diligence.—*Advocate*.

A PAPER ABOUT PARROTS.

The varieties of parrots best known in this country, and generally kept, are six in number, namely, parrots, cockatoos, macaws, parrakeets, love birds, and lories, though these latter are more rarely kept, on account of their not being so proficient in speaking as most of the other kinds, though their plumage is exceedingly gay and beautiful.*

It is said that macaws are the best talkers of the whole species, providing they are reared from the nest. And not only are they able to talk, but they also sing in a peculiar, soft voice. Though perhaps not in volume, certainly in sweetness and softness, they are excelled by various kinds of parrakeets, particularly the green or grass parrakeet. While the cockatoo is the hardest of the parrot tribe, and the most easily tamed, it is at the same time the most difficult to teach to talk at all well. Its disposition is, however, more gentle, and its obedience more implicit than that of the other species. The gray or ash-colored African parrot is very docile, and receives its lessons with great aptitude, hence it is the most general favorite, though the common green Amazon parrot, from the little attention it requires, and being easily taught to speak, shares the favor bestowed upon the gray-colored one.

The writer of this article has in his possession a green parrot which has an extraordinary fluency in its conversation and variety of expressions, so much so that it is hoped the bird will take a prize at the ensuing show at the Crystal Palace. As soon as its owner opens the door of the room in which it is usually kept, in a most natural voice it exclaims, "Pa, dear, come and kiss your pretty green beauty"; or if its master knocks at the door, it immediately

* The parrots of Asia and Africa were known to the Greeks and Romans more than two thousand years ago, and we find frequent mention of their powers of mimicry in such writers as Plutarch and Euripides; and we have occasional mention also that they were favorites in the palaces of kings and princes. About the time of our Saviour's birth, frequent notice is found in the writers of that day of parrots and macaws. Ovid, for instance, speaks of the emerald hue of their plumage, while Pliny draws attention to their rose-colored collar and brilliant green plumage.

shouts, "Come in, come in, Pa. and give us a kiss, and a thousand more." This done, the parrot shouts "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah! three cheers for the Queen"; and instantly begins to dance to the tune, "Polly put the kettle on, and we'll all have tea," repeating, or rather singing the words perfectly. Again, she frequently says, "Let the dear waiter bring pretty Polly a pot of beer, for she really wants her dinner," and numbers of similar observations, such as "Who'll give thirty guineas for the pretty green beauty, then she will ride in her carriage, the dear?" or again, "O, you cookey rough, why did you promise to marry me, and didn't?" This bird is most affectionate, and never allows its master to leave the room without giving it a kiss or shaking its foot. It has a lovely green plumage and belongs to that variety which is not commonly supposed to talk, namely, the parakeets, but it is said when they do talk they excel all the rest of the tribe.

My brother-in-law, captain of a large sailing vessel, which frequently touched at the ports on the western coast of Africa, at different times possessed two gray parrots, one of which, from having had some hot water thrown on its head accidentally, lost all its feathers permanently. Being frequently asked what was the cause of his strange bald pate, he used to reply, "I was scalded"; but whenever he saw an old gentleman passing by in the street or enter into the room with a bald head, he would be sure to shout out, with a correct changing of the grammar, "You have been scalded," and then turning to the company, he would add, "He's been scalded."

Another of his parrots had been brought up by one of the sailors, but unfortunately had been taught to swear in a most horrible manner. My brother-in-law had him ducked in water well whenever he heard him swear. This tended to cure him of the habit; but one day a man was washed overboard, and upon the body being recovered and placed on the deck, the parrot hopped round it several times, shaking its head, from side to side gravely, and saying, "You've been swearing, you've been swearing."

This reminds me of what once occurred in a clergyman's family. The bishop of the diocese had been holding a confirmation in the neighborhood, and was lurching at a rectory with several of his clergy. In the middle of lunch, one of those dreadful pauses in the conversation took place. No one seemed able to break it, when, to the astonishment and dismay of all present, a most horrible swearing tongue poured forth a torrent of blasphemy and abuse upon the assembled guests. Every one looked aghast at these unusual sounds, and for a minute or two the cursing and swearing continued uninterrupted; for, though every

one looked at his neighbor, the mystery was not cleared until the hostess, hastily rising from the table, and drawing aside a muslin curtain from the window, discovered the offender in the person of a gray parrot, whom that morning she had purchased at the door from a travelling bird-dealer, and thinking to show off her new acquisition, had hung it in the room.

I have recently found an extremely good story of a parrot, which is vouched for as true in the strictest sense. A tradesman occupying a shop in the Old Bailey, just opposite to the prison (Newgate), possessed two parrots, a gray and a green one, which had been taught to speak. When a knock was heard at the street-door the green parrot used to speak; but when the street-bell was rung, then the gray parrot answered. Now the house in which their owner lived had one of those old-fashioned projecting porches, so that when a person stood on the same side of the street as the door he could not see the first-floor. One day the parrots had been hung outside the first-floor window, and so hidden from a person approaching the door. A person knocked at the street-door. "Who's there?" said the green parrot. A reply was made, "The man with the leather." The bird answered, "O! O!" and then became silent. After waiting some time, and not finding the door opened, the person knocked a second time. "Who's there?" repeated the green parrot. "Who's there!" cried the man outside, "why don't you come and open the door?" "O! O!" repeated the parrot. This so enraged the man that he furiously rang the bell! "Go to the gate," shouted out a new voice, which proceeded from the gray parrot. "To the gate!" repeated the man, not seeing one. "What gate?" "Newgate!" responded the gray parrot; which so enraged the man that, stepping back into the road to have a view of his mockers, he saw for the first time he had been outwitted and teased simply by a couple of parrots.

A great friend of mine, captain of a merchant vessel trading between East India and England, had several parrots of different kinds. He told me the other day that one of his cockatoos was his constant companion when writing, that it never disturbed him or tore his papers as parrots are apt to do, but, sitting by the inkstand on the table, watched with evident attention each movement of the pen. From some accidental cause, my friend thought by paint poisoning, it lost its feathers one by one, until it became quite naked, and gradually wasted away.

One day, while my friend was writing, it suddenly hopped on to the paper, and pressing its face against his cheek said, "Your cookey's so very ill, your cookey's so very ill." This quite affected my friend, who, wrapping up the bird in flannel, tried

to preserve its life, but in vain. After murmuring "Your cookey's so very ill" several times, it died. And the more extraordinary part of the story is that my friend had no recollection of ever having used these words before the bird, nor could he learn that any of the sailors had taught it to repeat them. It seemed as if the parrot was enabled to give utterance to his feelings at the right time, in words heard previously in the ship or on shore.

Another person of my acquaintance was very fond of pets, and had a number of rabbits, guinea pigs, and other pets confined on a large grass-plot. Among these animals a fine rose-crested cockatoo used to wander, not only fearlessly, but without inflicting any injury on the rest of the animals. One day my friend procured a large white Angola rabbit, which he placed with the others on the grass-plot. The new arrival attracted the attention of the cockatoo, who straightway walked towards the rabbit. It did not seem afraid of the approach, as, being white like itself, perhaps it thought there was some affinity between them. When the cockatoo had drawn quite close to the rabbit, he put his beak to the ear of the animal, and shouted out, "Who are you?" My friend roared at the consternation such a salute caused to the rabbit, who bounded off at full speed to the farther end of the enclosure.

Parrots are very particular about their food. An old lady once told me that the servant whose place it was to supply the bird with oatmeal porridge neglected to do so one morning: accordingly, the mistress put in its cup some soaked bread. He looked at it for some time, tasted it once or twice, sat and apparently considered the matter; and then, dashing his bill in, he threw it all out, first on one side and then on the other, saying between each sputtered mouthful, "Nasty mess, nasty mess." The same bird heard its mistress say one day, "O dear! I have lost my purse!" and immediately exclaimed, "How very provoking!"

Perhaps, after all, the parrot that belonged to O'Keefe, the actor, was the most remarkable ever known in England. Among other accomplishments, it would sing "God save the king," through, without missing a single word or losing the tune. While doing so it would also keep time, moving its head from side to side in a perfect manner. This bird could never be induced to sing on Sunday. Various tricks were played it to effect this purpose: it was kept in confinement, placed in darkness, etc., etc., but all devices failed. It was never known to sing on the Lord's day. King George III. heard of the fame of this parrot, and of its proficiency in singing the national anthem, and resolved to witness its performance in person. This was arranged, but

not a note would the bird utter in the presence of the king. Disconcerted and disappointed, the king turned away; but no sooner had his Majesty reached the threshold, than the parrot, in a peculiarly sweet tenor voice, commenced "God save the king." His Majesty turned, and with hand raised to keep silence among the attendants, listened in rapt attention to the bird's song, which is said to have been perfect. He offered O'Keefe a large sum of money for the parrot, but it was refused. Its owner was often in difficulties, being of an extravagant disposition, and resorted to the strange expedient for raising money by pawning poor Poll. He always redeemed it, however, and regained possession. It is said when this bird died its skin was purchased by the trustees of the British Museum, while the skeleton is preserved in the museum at Oxford.

Another friend of mine possesses a parrot who always discriminates between the sexes and condition of life of its master's visitors. If a gentleman comes well dressed, he is invariably saluted with, "What a get up! what a swell you are!" If an old lady, "O, what a fright! what a pair of nut-crackers!" If a young lady, he begins to kiss and fondle, and says, in a most soothing tone, "Is she not nice? Is she not nice?" but when a clergyman appears, he instantly, in the gravest and most solemn tones, such as forbid, at the moment, any feeling of levity, addresses him with the words, "Let us pray; let us pray," with a pause between the sentences.

The anecdotes about parrots are so extremely numerous that it is difficult to decide which are the best and most likely to please, but at the risk of plagiarism I must transcribe the following, which I have lately met with: "An American parrot that had been taught to whistle in the way which generally attracts the notice of dogs was sitting in his cage one day at the shop-door, whistling with all his might. By chance a large dog passed by. The animal imagining that he heard the call of his master, turned suddenly about and ran towards the cage of the parrot. This movement rather alarmed the bird, who instantly screamed out, 'Get out, you brute,' which caused the astonished dog to hastily retreat leaving those in the shop convulsed with laughter at the joke."

In a country town in the centre of England, before the railway passed through it, enabling the inhabitants to reach the metropolis and seaside places of amusement, many little card parties were formed during the winter evenings. An old lady, aged eighty five, tells me the following story. One night her mother had one of these parties. A parrot which they had (it only died a few years ago, certainly nearly one hundred years old) had been noisily calling

for cake and bun all tea-time, and at last settled itself to sleep, as it was thought. The whist-tables were placed, and during the game little was said. When the supper tray arrived, the time came for settling the winnings and losings. There was a high dispute about some points, and the stakes being high, one or two of the party lost their temper. Suddenly they were astonished to hear the supposed asleep parrot exclaim, "Curse your cards, ladies, curse your cards." Instantly a feeling of awe spread over the party, differences of opinion were smoothed, and the whole company parted better friends. My aged informant told me that as the story spread it became exaggerated, but nevertheless it produced a very beneficial result among the card-playing community, who ever after observed more decorum in their parties.

Some of these anecdotes seem to imply the existence of more than merely imitative power. I do not discuss puzzling questions about instinct or reason in animals, but I expect that my anecdotes are but specimens of well-attested facts concerning parrots.

HEBER'S MISSIONARY HYMN.

Fifty years ago to-day, Reginald Heber, then rector of Hodnet in Shropshire, in which living he had succeeded his father, wrote the verses which have since come to be called *par excellence* the Missionary Hymn, and it will be fifty years to-morrow (Whitsunday) since these verses were first sung by a Christian congregation. It was appropriate that they should thus come into use on the day set apart by a portion of the Church to commemorate the outpouring of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost; and it may well be doubted whether, during all the centuries, the anniversary has ever been so enriched by a new association as by that of which we propose now to speak.

There were already in the collections, hymns adapted to missionary services and full of the missionary spirit. Among these was Watts' version of the seventy-second Psalm, beginning

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,"

which is still familiar and a favorite; there was also the hymn by Williams,

"O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,"

which Henry Martyn repeated to himself at San Salvador, when on his way to India in 1805, as he tells us in his journal, "having walked into the suburbs and found a battery on which he sat, and which commanded a view of the bay." The young men of Williams College, at the prayer meeting under the haystack in 1806, which led to the formation of the American Board of missions four years later, sang the verse:

"Let all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book,
Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look."

But the time had come when the church needed something different from anything which it then possessed. With the dawning of a new era, a new hymn was required, in order to give expression to the quickened impulses with which many hearts were being stirred, and to arouse the Christian world to the character and conditions of the work which was opening before it.

Archbishop Trench, in allusion to the origin of certain words, say: "The feeling wherewith one watches the rise above the horizon of these words, some of them to shine forever as luminaries in the moral and intellectual heaven above us, can oftentimes be only likened to that which the poet so grandly describes, of

'some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken.'

How truly may this remark be applied to the origin of a sacred poem destined to be accepted as the best utterance of Christians of almost every nationality and of many communions, in response to the command of their ascending Lord to go into all the world, and publish the gospel to every creature. Not a planet merely, but a constellation took its place in the firmament of song, when the poet indited these immortal lines. As is so often the case, however, in the production of that which is to be the most far-reaching and enduring in its influence upon mankind, neither the author, nor those by whom he was at the time surrounded, had any adequate conception of the value of the poem, or for a moment imagined what its history was to be. It was written without premeditation, almost accidentally, as we might say; it was the unconscious and spontaneous outflowing of a cultured and sympathetic Christian heart, yet assuredly of a heart which had pondered the problem of a world's salvation, and which was fully persuaded of the attractiveness and efficacy of the story of the cross.

In 1819, Heber was visiting his father-in-law, Dr. Shipley, the Vicar of Wrexham and Dean of St. Asaph's. The latter had engaged to preach a sermon on Whitsunday in Wrexham Church in aid of the society for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts; and, in the course of the previous day, he requested his son-in-law to write something to be sung at the service. Heber withdrew from the circle of friends with whom he was conversing, to another part of the room, and immediately began to write. Presently, in answer to the Dean's inquiry as to what he had written, he read the first three verses of the hymn as it now stands; but although the Dean said that these would do, he insisted that the sense

was not complete. He accordingly added the fourth verse, and was about to proceed with the fifth, when the Dean, impatient to place the hymn in the hands of the printer without delay, expressed himself as entirely satisfied with it, and refused to wait while the poet finished it according to the idea which had taken possession of his mind. We have a *fac simile* of the manuscript before us, as we now write. Slips were printed from it, and the hymn was sung the next morning by the choir and congregation for whom it had been prepared. to the tune, "'Twas when the seas were roaring."

We have no means of tracing the course by which this hymn gradually came into notice and into use. It appears in a volume of hymns by Heber, Keble, Milman and others, in 1827; and probably, in that way, became known to the Christian Church. Its merits were soon recognized; its simplicity, its evangelical character and its catholicity commended it to all of every name who were interested in the work of missions; it was sung at missionary gatherings at home and on heathen shores; it was translated into foreign tongues; and the converted Pagan was taught to sing:

"In vain with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone!"

On the icy steppes of the north, on the "coral strand" of Hindostan, on the distant waters of "many an ancient river," on many a palm-shaded plain, from which the poet's ear had caught the cry heard in a dream by the Apostle Paul ages previously from across the Ægean Sea; his harmonious strains, so full of gospel love and pity and faith, soon became familiar, every man singing "in his own tongue wherein he was born" the joyful proclamation of free salvation through the name of Messiah, and calling upon the winds to waft it and the waves to carry it from shore to shore and from pole to pole. And now, the verses which fifty years ago were for the first time sung on a quiet Sabbath morning in one of the venerable village churches of England, are in use almost everywhere upon the globe; there is perhaps hardly a missionary station where they have not been translated into the vernacular, and there certainly are few missionary meetings

in Great Britain or the United States at which one or more of them may not be heard. At the jubilee at Williams College in 1856, we remember hearing the Rev. Mr. Bingham sing one stanza, we think the third, in the Hawaiian language; and at the semi-centennial of the American Board in Boston in 1860, it was felt by every one present that the great interest of the occasion culminated when, after a review of the past, the vast congregation consecrated itself anew to the work of spreading the gospel throughout the world by rising to their feet and joining with heart and voice in the words:

"Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! yea, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name!"*

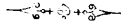
Nor can we doubt that these beautiful lines will continue in use while the process of universal evangelization shall continue, and until He in whose praise they were composed shall come the second time, "without sin unto salvation," not as the Lamb to be slain, but as a Redeemer and a King, to rule over His people forever. It was finely said of Heber's prize poem "Palestine," that it was a flight, as upon angel's wing, over the Holy Land. So it may be said of his missionary hymn, that it is a flight, as if in company with the "mighty angel" spoken of in the apocalypse to whom has been entrusted the publication of the everlasting gospel, over every kingdom and country and race which have been involved in the ruin of the fall and which are to be embraced in the salvation of the cross.

It will be remembered that Heber was appointed Bishop of Calcutta in 1823, and that he died in 1826. If it is given to the saints in glory to know all that takes place in the Church on earth, with what unspeakable thankfulness must he be filled, that to him was accorded the high privilege of striking the key-note in Wrexham church of a measure which Christians everywhere have since delighted to repeat as their highest expression of consecration to the service of their Master, and which will fill the earth with its ever increasing melodies until the consummation of all things.

* This stanza is here given as Heber wrote it.



Young Folks.



WAITING FOR THE TIDE.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL.

"Take care how you get over this stile, mamma. Let me help you."

The speaker was our old friend, Herbert A—, who, after carefully disengaging his mother's skirts from the fence which held them and helping her down, waited to do the same kind office for his sisters and the little ones. The stile they were crossing, was one familiar to many of our readers—a rough, primitive little affair, on the way to the beach, in front of Du Berger's Hotel, at Murray Bay. The day had been close and hot, and a thunder-storm loomed in the distance, and the numerous visitors to the place were hurrying down to the rocks, anxious to have their bath over before the storm came on and prevented them. Mrs. A. and her children were among the number. Reaching the beach, they found the tide not far enough in for their purpose, so she proposed seeking the shelter of some large rock, and enjoying the sea-breezes in the meantime. Finding what suited their purpose, Mrs. A. opened her umbrella to protect them from the heat, while Herbert spread out a large shawl for them to sit upon, and glad of the friendly shelter, they threw themselves down, unconsciously forming a pretty group for an artist's pencil.

The last time we met our young friends was in their own cheerful parlor at Christmas time, listening with attention and delight to their mother's "Robber Story." Now they have come to be freshened up a bit by the bracing breezes of Murray Bay during their holidays. A little pale they look, and a little languid as town children generally do, but between the air of Murray Bay and the care of the good old *madame* they will not remain long so, we suppose.

"What exquisite scenery this is, dear mamma," remarked Julia, the eldest of the girls; "I think I never saw anything so

perfect. I wish I had my pencils here to sketch some of it. The rippling water as it heavily throws itself upon the shore, lit up by the rays of the sun, flashes like so many diamonds, while the bold promontory of Cap a l'Aigle in the distance, dotted all over with white cottages, and this foreground of beach and rocks, and groups of people here and there, make up a lovely picture."

"Yes," replied her mother; "I always thought the scenery of Murray Bay very charming, and much prefer its wild, simple beauty to the more fashionable watering-places of the States, where you have more luxury, but less real enjoyment, according to my mind."

"Mamma," said Herbert, "just look at those boats, are they not splendid, those little ones I mean? I see there is the famous 'Black Hawk' yacht,—isn't she a beauty? The old 'Magnet,' as she steams round the corner, seems such a tub beside her; doesn't she?"

"Indeed, Herbert," said his second sister, Kitty, "I am sure the 'Magnet' is a great deal the best; she is so big and safe. That small thing topples over from side to side, and looks as if it would upset; besides we ought to like the 'Magnet' because that nice Captain Simpson is on board."

"Well, Kitty," laughed her brother, "you are welcome to it. As for Simpson, all the ladies like him, and he is a good fellow; but the 'Magnet' is an old tub for all that."

"I remember the time, Herbert," said his mother, "when we should have been glad of just such a tub, as you call it, to take us down here."

"When was that, mother?"

"Why, before steamers were put upon the line at all, when I was a child, and we

came down here in uncomfortable, dirty schooners."

"Were you ever at Murray Bay when you were a child?" was the general inquiry, "and where did you stay?"

"I was here with my mother and father when I was about nine years old, but I have no idea where we stayed. The place was much more country then, than it is now; and I have looked in vain to find out the house. We came down in a schooner, leaving Quebec at six in the morning, and arriving here that evening. This was well enough; but on our return we were caught by storms and contrary winds, and were five days and nights on board. Provisions ran out, and we had nothing but salt pork and biscuit,—not very tempting food for such an invalid as your grandfather was,—besides we were nearly lost in a storm, and finally ran aground at the Beauport Flats, and our party had all to be carried ashore on the backs of sailors, glad enough to reach *terra firma* once more. I think the 'old tub' would have done better than that, Herbert."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Herbert; "but after all that was an adventure, which is worth something. I would have been glad to have been on board. We have no adventures now a-days; it seems as if inventions had made everything too perfect."

"Mamma," inquired Julia, who had been studying with the eye of an artist the different points of scenery, and dividing them off, in her own mind, into several separate pictures, "Is the scenery of the Bay of Rio Janeiro much finer than this?"

"Yes," answered her mother, "it is grander and more extensive, and with that finished sort of beauty which tropical scenery always presents, as if Nature had left nothing to do. It is a very different sort of beauty from this, though each is lovely in its own way, yet the luxuriousness of the foliage, the high towering palm trees, the alternation of mountain and valley as you follow the circuitous windings of the entrance to the bay, form a very beautiful picture indeed. As you get inside and Rio bursts upon your view like a city of palaces piled one upon another, with St. Domingos, Rio Grande, and other country places on the opposite shore, you are

amazed at the extent and grandeur of it all. The port is always full of shipping. Vessels from all parts of the world are seen riding here,—more American and French than English. The little boats partly covered with awning, and rowed by half-naked, mahogany-colored negroes, have a very strange look to a Northern eye. These men wear no hats or shelter for their heads of any sort, and while we were really fainting with the heat, and protecting ourselves in every possible way, they seemed perfectly indifferent to it, and rowed along with a dull, monotonous sort of chant all the time. They are mostly slaves—poor creatures!—and have a sad dark life of it. The glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ never is preached to them. How thankful we ought to be for our privileges, and how careful to use them well."

"Are all the blacks there slaves?"

"Oh, no; there are many free blacks in the Brazils, particularly along the coast. The fishermen are principally free men."

"Do they fish with stakes and nets like these," inquired one of the children, pointing to some distant fisheries.

"Possibly they may," was the reply; "but the fishermen I mean were the catamaran men, so-called from the catamaran or raft upon which they sail. It is composed of three logs bound together, the middle one longer than the others, and slightly turned up in front to form a bow; a wicker basket is strapped on for the fish, a mast and square sail to run before the wind, and with this simple contrivance they go twenty miles out to sea, fishing all night and returning home early in the morning for market. They go through many hardships, though of a different kind from those endured by the brave and hardy fishermen of our own stormy coast, and those of Great Britain. Until lately, these poor men, while earning their scanty living, were in constant danger of being kidnapped by American vessels,—torn from their families, who would never see them again, and sold in the Southern States for slaves. This is, however, put a stop to since the civil war,—another of the good things brought out of that evil. We have just time before the tide is in, to read a catamaran adventure, as Herbert would call it, out of "Rough and Smooth." I

brought the book down in my pocket to amuse lame little Amy Smith with, while you were bathing. There is a good deal about Brazil, and the manners and customs of its people in it, which I thought might interest her. Here is page 15:—

“After the ‘Swan’ ran away from us, nothing disturbed our monotony, till one morning I was awakened by a slight shock in my berth, and heard the words: ‘Hard down the helm! we are on it!’ Some feared rocks, or a wreck; others a man overboard. I went upon deck, and learnt the cause of the uproar, which was that we had run down a catamaran, a floating raft used by the natives of South America, and broken it up; that there were two black men on it, one of whom held on by the ship’s bow, and climbed up. The other floated past on a log, and looked like a speck on the water, before the boat could be lowered to pick him up, so that we feared they could not save him; but strong arms and stout hearts can do much, and we soon had the satisfaction of seeing him upon our deck, hugging and kissing his fellow, and scarcely seeming to realize his safety. We

found, through a friend interpreting their Portuguese, that they were free blacks, fishing all night. They were both asleep when we struck them. They told us they were about twenty miles from land,—so venturesome are these little craft. We soon saw lots of them in the distance, putting up their sails and making off. We gave chase to one, but found, as the sailors say, ‘a stern chase is a long one.’ Their owners evidently feared we had some bad motive in view, probably that of kidnapping them, and selling them in other slave countries, as is often done upon that coast. At last, we caught one, and forced upon the frail-looking thing those two men, with a present of a bag of biscuits, a jar of fresh water, and some money from the passengers. The owners chattered and opposed receiving the two new-comers in every possible way; but were obliged to submit, and sailed off, looking ‘very black.’”

“There now; we have no time for more. The tide is fully in, and the storm seems to be coming closer, so hurry and undress for your first plunge in cold salt water. I am sure you will enjoy it.”

PARTED IN WRATH.

BY ISHMAEL.

Just fourteen years old is Charlie,
A fair and delicate boy,
His welfare concerns me nearly,
His young hopes my thoughts employ;

For when last we brothers parted,
On my lips were words of ire,
Hot glances of anger I darted,
And my soul was all on fire.

I met his last proffered farewell
With sullen, haughty disdain;
The great tears to his eyes *would* well,—
He fought the big sobs in vain.

And now, from our mother grieving,
Come woful tidings to me:—
“Your brother’s young spirit is leaving.
His constant call is for thee.”

Oh! God, I pray that his spirit
May linger awhile on earth,
If it fly ere I am near it,
Then all my life is a dearth.

Between us rolls mighty Ocean,
And breeze, and billow, and froth
Burden their sea-music motion
Sadly with “parted in wrath!”

LITTLE LOU'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(By the Author of "Susie's Six Birthdays.")

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VIII.

Lou's mamma now came in, smiling.

"O Laura," said Aunt Fanny. "poor Lou has been crying so for some 'wam.' What is it, for pity's sake?"

"'Wam!'" repeated his mamma, looking puzzled. "I am sure I don't know. What was it Lou wanted?"

"Lou want mamma. Aunty 'anny said, 'Lou want mamma?' Lou said 'wam?'"

"Oh, I see now!" said his mamma. "He always says 'wam' for yes."

"How funny!" cried Aunt Fanny. "What a droll little creature he is! Do make haste and get him dressed, Laura; the boys are all longing to see him. What fun they will have with him!"

"Yes, I know they will. I have no doubt that among you all he will be quite spoiled. We have taken the greatest pains with him, but he is often very disobedient and self-willed."

Neither grandmamma nor aunty believed one word of this speech. When Lou made them that charming visit a year ago, he behaved like a little angel. And why should not he now? Pretty soon, however, they heard fearful shrieks proceeding from mamma's room.

"What can Laura be doing to Lou?" cried Aunt Fanny. "I must go and see. How can she let him cry so?"

She ran through the hall, and gave a loud angry knock at her sister's door.

"I really believe you are doing something dreadful to that child," she said.

"Come in and see for yourself," was the answer.

Aunt Fanny rushed in. On the floor lay scattered the fragments of grandmamma's best pitcher; the carpet was soaked with water; a chair lay overturned, and Lou, without any clothing, stood screaming in the midst.

"Well, you see!" said his mamma.

"Yes, I see," said Aunt Fanny.

"I only wish you had him to wash and dress," said his mamma.

"Lou don't want to be washed *either*," shouted Lou.

Aunt Fanny looked very grave.

"Did he break the pitcher?" she asked.

"Yes, and would have broken the bowl, too, if I had not caught it in time."

"Mother had that pitcher when she first went to housekeeping," said Aunt Fanny, picking up the fragments. "Well it can't be helped. I never would have believed that beautiful little body could hold such a

temper. However, he'll outgrow it. How white his skin is! Suppose I help you to bathe and dress him?"

"I wish you would. When that is once over, he will be good and pleasant all day, as likely as not."

Between them both, Lou's little garments were somehow got on to him, and when they went down to breakfast, he was the picture of health, and beauty, and sweetness. His uncles did nothing but laugh at everything he said and did; he could not eat a morsel without its being followed with perfect shouts.

"Do look at him picking up his potato with his fingers, and putting it into his spoon," said one.

"And he holds his spoon as if it were a drum-stick," said another.

Then when Aunt Fanny told about his visit to her in her bed-room, and all about his saying "wam," there was such an uproar that grandmamma was ashamed of them all, and wondered what Lou's papa must think.

After breakfast, mamma took him upstairs with her, while she opened her trunks, and consulted Aunt Fanny as to what they should wear at the wedding.

"I have not got myself a new dress, dear," said she. "I thought you wouldn't mind. My green silk is just as good as new, I go out so little since Lou came; and with a handsome collar, and this pretty lace cap, I think I shall do very well. As to Lou, I suppose you will want him to be dressed in white."

"Oh, yes; white of course. Not that he doesn't look very nicely in his blue dresses; he looks like a little cherub, whatever he wears."

"There is no knowing, however, how he will behave at the wedding. I do wish, Fanny, that you and the boys would not laugh at everything he says and does."

"We can't help it. Everything he says and everything he does is so funny. We haven't been used to children: think how long it is since we had one in the house. And all his little ways are so different from the ways of grown people. There's no use in worrying, Laura. The first grandchild has to be spoiled."

"Lou, where did you get that enormous piece of cake?" cried his mother, turning suddenly round.

Lou instantly put both hands behind him, holding the cake out of sight.

"Mother gave it to him," said Aunt Fanny.

"Just as he had finished a hearty breakfast! It is too bad! I never let him eat between meals, never. When we were children, mother never gave us cake in this style."

"I don't think we shall have time to kill Lou," said Aunt Fanny. "unless you let

Herbert go home without you, and make us a visit after he has gone."

"I can't do that. Nothing less than a wedding would have brought us here at all. Won't Lou give mamma some of his cake?"

Yes, Lou would. He broke off a crumb, about large enough to feed a bird, and crowded it into her mouth. After a deal of coaxing, he gave Aunt Fanny a piece also, and so by degrees, they got a good part of it away from him.

CHAPTER IX.

At last it was time for Lou's nap.

"It is very hard to get him to sleep," said his mamma. "I have to tell him stories, or sing to him, to get him quiet."

"Oh, I can get him to sleep," said Aunt Fanny. "If it's nothing but telling stories and singing, you may safely leave that to me. Go down and sit with mother."

Mamma smiled.

"Come here, Lou," said she. "Mamma is going to take off your little shoes, and put your little tired feet to bed."

"Lou's itty feet no tired," said Lou, and he ran off and hid behind a trunk. When his mamma tried to catch him, he ran and climbed into a chair, from which he meant to get on to the top of the bureau. Mamma caught him, while Aunt Fanny stood and laughed to see such a race.

"Now, I've caught you!" said mamma, and she kissed him, and began to tell him a little story, while she untied his shoes.

"Give him to me; I can tell stories," said Aunt Fanny. And somehow she got him into her arms, and began her story.

Lou's face began to light up, and his cheeks to grow more rosy; he sat up very stiff and straight, and looked at Aunt Fanny as if he would look her through.

"Oh, you'll never get him to sleep at this rate," said his mamma. "Your story is too interesting, and wakes him up. Just mutter over something about horses and whips; something without much sense to it."

"Well you go down and see mother, and I will. Hearing you talk makes him turn his head around; it is that that wakes him him up."

"I'll let Laura see that I can get Lou to sleep in five minutes," she thought. "It is only to hum a little nonsense, and walk up and down the room once or twice."

So she took the heavy little fellow in her arms, and began to sing the first thing that came into her head:—

"There is a great white horse,
As big as ten together;
He trots all day, he trots all night
And never minds the weather.

"And there's a golden coach,
For the horse to draw about;
Ten little girls can sit inside,
And ten little boys without.

"And there's a great long whip,
For the driver tall and black;
With it he never strikes the horse,
But only makes it crack.

Lou liked very much to lie in his aunty's arms and be carried up and down. He did not know how it tired her, nor how she was getting out of breath. He lay so still that she said to herself, as she sang the last verse.—

"He's almost asleep. I can lay him down in a moment."

But Lou burst out in an eager voice with,—

"And Lou'll be the driver!"

Aunt Fanny looked at him. Never was a child more wide awake. She began to sing again, and once more, at the close of the last verse, Lou cried out,—

"And Lou'll be the driver!"

"Yes, yes, Lou shall be the driver. Only go to sleep now, darling." And once more she began to sing. But it was all in vain. The more she sang the wider the two bright eyes opened, and the eager cry kept coming,—

"And Lou'll drive!"

"I may as well give up," said Aunt Fanny, at last, sinking into a chair. "Now if I had sung that to a girl-baby, it would have gone to sleep in a trice. What shall I do? Laura will never trust him to me again!"

When after a while, mamma came upstairs, she found the two sitting on the carpet, making houses of blocks.

"Ah!" said she, "I knew you could not get Lou to sleep!"

CHAPTER X.

When the four uncles came home to dinner, and heard how excited Lou had been by hearing Aunt Fanny's song of the horse, they all began to make up stories to amuse him.

Uncle Robert told him about bears, and about a fox without a tail, and about a boy that fell into the water, and was pulled out by a dog. And he made believe he was very ill, and made Lou put little pills made of paper into his mouth. Then Lou would make believe he was sick too, and Uncle Robert would give him pills. And sometimes Lou would climb up on to the sofa, which he called the "poka," and say it was a waggon, and Uncle Robert would stand before it, and let himself be the horse. Uncle Tom made him a real waggon, and would draw him about in it for an hour at a time, while Lou held the reins and a little whip in his hands, and kept calling out,—

"Get up, old horse!"

When Uncle Fred saw how the little fellow enjoyed that, he made a harness for his great dog Bruce, and taught him to draw Lou up and down on the side-walk before the house. Bruce knew a great deal: he would run and bring his master's slippers

when bidden; could carry home a basket of eggs, or any parcel; and if a penny was given him, would go to a shop with it, where two little cakes were sold him for it.

One day the mistress of the shop, just to see what he would do, gave him only one cake. Bruce was much displeased; he laid it back upon the counter, took his penny, and marched off, and that was the last they ever saw of him at that shop.

When Lou was tired of riding and of playing horse, Uncle Frank had even more stories to tell than Uncle Robert, and of stories the little boy never wearied. He would have liked to lie awake all night to listen to them.

At last the day for Aunt Fanny's wedding came. Everybody was dressed nicely, and Lou's mamma put on his best frock and his best shoes, and curled his hair around her fingers, and they all thought he looked good enough to eat, only people never eat little boys. But there was so much going on that day that he did not get any nap, and sitting up far beyond his usual bedtime made him quite wild. He would go first from his papa to his mamma, and from his mamma to Uncle Robert, and from Uncle Robert to somebody else; and while the minister was speaking solemn words, the little tongue ran as fast as it could, and that was very fast indeed.

It was not his fault, for he did not know any better, and it was not his papa's fault, nor his mamma's, for they never thought it wise to let him sit up to the wedding. However, not much harm was done. Aunt Fanny was married just the same, and Lou had now a new uncle, as everybody kept telling him. He had, besides, a little bit of the frosting off the wedding-cake, which was the best part of it to him.

The next day the new uncle carried Aunt Fanny away to live with him in his own home. And Lou, and his papa and mamma, went back to theirs, for it was time to begin to see about their garden, and a good many other things.

CHAPTER XI.

When Lou was two years old, he had left off "wam" for yes, and there were very few words he could not speak. But he still said "h" when other people said "s."

His mamma thought he was now old enough to be taught something about God, and about heaven, and about the holy angels.

"My darling Lou," she said, taking him in her arms, "do you know, who made you?"

Lou was much surprised at the question. But after a moment, he said:

"Mamma made little Lou."

"No, it was God."

"God!" repeated Lou. He always repeated every new word he heard.

"Yes, God made Lou, and sent him to papa and mamma, when he was a little baby."

"So big?" asked Lou, showing the tip of one of his fingers.

"No; larger than that, but still very small. I love God very much, for He is good. And I love Him for sending me this dear little boy."

"I love Him too," said Lou.

He looked pleased and interested, and said:

"Tell more, mamma."

"Do you know what we do every morning when we all kneel down together?"

"Papa talks."

"Yes, papa speaks to God. He thanks Him for taking care of us all night, and for giving us our breakfast, and for a great many things: And then he asks Him to help us all to be good; for God loves good people."

"Does He love me?"

"Yes, He loves you dearly."

"If papa talks to God, I want to talk to God."

Then his mamma made him kneel on her lap, and she folded his little hands together, and taught him to say: "Please, O God, take care of Lou, and make him a good boy."

After this she said no more, but held him quietly in her arms, rocking him back and forth.

By and by he began to laugh, and exclaimed,—

"God call to Lou; God hay, 'Lou! come up in the moon; God hay ho,' (says so).

"Does Lou think God ever made any other little boys?"

"Lou don't know."

"Yes, God made all the little boys and all the little girls in the world. God made everything."

"He made Lou's kitty," he said. "And He made birds. And God made God."

Then turning, so as to look in his mamma's face, he said:

"Yes, God made Helf," (himself.)

"There is another thing mamma wants to tell Lou. God can see everything her little boy does. When Lou goes out into the orchard and picks up the green apples that lie under the trees, and eats them, God always sees him."

"Lou never saw God looking."

"No, but He can see you. Now you know mamma has told you never to eat green apples, and yet you do, very often. And God knows when you disobey mamma. And He does not love to see you do so."

By this time Lou was tired of the talk. He jumped down from his mamma's lap, and looked about to see what mischief he could do. His favorite trick was throwing

things from the window, and he now seized his papa's boots and threw them out, one after another. His papa, who was at work in the garden, was much surprised to see them come flying out.

"That was naughty," said his mamma.

"Lou must go and stand in the corner."

Lou went, but cried all the time he was there.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CAT AND THE BIRDS.

"Why are the birds, and rabbits, and squirrels so afraid of us?" asked Harry as a woodcock started from the ground near them and went whirring up and away among the trees. Uncle Rea and his nephew were walking in the woods.

"It's no matter of wonder to me," was answered. "I'm very sure that if I were shot at, and stoned, and frightened, in one way or another, almost every time I went out, by some beings larger and stronger than myself, I would be afraid also."

"But I thought all animals were naturally afraid of us?" said Harry.

"All wild animals," replied Uncle Rea, "live constantly on guard, so to speak, for each has its natural enemy; and most of them have learned to regard us as their common enemy, for almost everywhere there are men who, for mere sport, kill them without mercy. Hark!"

The report of a gun rang suddenly through the woods, and in a few moments a bird with a broken wing came fluttering through the trees, and fell almost at their feet.

A thrill of pain and pity ran through the boy's heart as he stooped to pick up the wounded bird. It died in his hand, for the shot, which had broken its wing went deeper, even to the fountain of life.

"I don't wonder the birds are afraid," said Harry, with a shiver.

"Nor I," answered Uncle Rea. There was a frown on the kind old gentleman's brow. The sportsman did not see where the bird fell, and so lost his game; but I think, if he had found his game, he would have got something with it that it might not have been pleasant to receive—or rather, hear.

Harry laid the dead bird tenderly away under some fallen leaves, and then walked on with Uncle Rea, both silent for a time.

"We were speaking of birds and animals being afraid of man," said Uncle Rea, breaking at length the silence. "It has brought to my mind a pleasant story of an Italian boy, who, by kindness to animals caused them to love him as a dear friend, and to live peacefully together, though some of them were, in their wild state, what are called natural enemies."

"Oh, won't you tell me all about it, uncle?" The serious look went out of Harry's face, and his eyes were bright again.

"The boy's name was Francesco Michelo," said Uncle Rea, "and he lived in the island of Sardinia. When he was but ten years old, a fire burned the house in which he lived, and his father, who was a poor carpenter, lost his life in the ruins. By this sad event Francesco, his mother and his little sister, were made beggars, and forced for a time, to live on charity.

But begging and its uncertain gains did not suit the little boy; and so he looked about him for some way in which he could earn money for the support of himself and those he loved. When spring opened he made a large cage of laths and took it into the woods near the town where he lived, and climbing the trees, soon got many nests of young birds, such as chaffinches, linnets, black-birds, wrens, ring-doves and pigeons, which, in company with his sister, he carried to the market of Lussari, and found for them a ready sale.

"The gains of the little bird-merchant were not, however, enough to meet all their wants, although he went often to the woods and returned with his cage full of young birds.

"In this trouble Francesco thought of a new and original way of increasing his gains; necessity is the mother of invention, and he meditated no less a project than to train a young Angora cat to live harmlessly in the midst of his favorite songsters. Such is the force of habit, such the power of education, that by slow degrees he taught the mortal enemy of his winged pets to live, to drink, to eat and to sleep in the midst of his little charges, without once attempting to injure them. The cat, whom he called Bianca, suffered the little birds to play all sorts of tricks with her; but never did she extend her talons, or offer to hurt her companions.

"He went even farther; for, not content with teaching them to live in peace and happiness together, he taught the cat and the little birds to play a kind of game, in which each had to learn its own part; and after some little trouble in training, each went through the duty assigned to it. Puss was instructed to curl herself into a circle, with her head between her paws, and appear buried in sleep; the cage was then opened, and the little tricky birds rushed out upon her and endeavored to awaken her by strokes of their beaks; then dividing into two parties, they attacked her head and her whiskers, without the gentle animal once appearing to take the least notice of their gambols. At other times she would seat herself in the middle of the cage and begin to smooth her fur and purr with great gentleness and satisfaction: the birds would

sometimes even settle on her back, or sit like a crown upon her head, chirruping and singing, as if in all the security of a shady wood.

"The sight of a sleek and beautiful cat seated camly in the midst of a cage of birds was so new and unexpected that when Francesco brought them to the fair of Lussari he was surrounded instantly by a crowd of wondering spectators. Their astonishment hardly knew any bounds when they heard him call each feathered favorite by its name, and saw it fly toward him with delight, till all were perched on his head, his arms and his fingers.

"Delighted with his ingenuity, the spectators rewarded him liberally, and Francesco returned in the evening with his little heart swelling with joy, and gave his mother a sum of money large enough to support her for many months.

"This ingenious boy next trained some young partridges, one of which became strongly attached to him. This bird, which he called *Rosoletta*, once brought back to him a beautiful goldfinch that had escaped from its cage and was lost in a neighboring garden. Francesco was in despair at the loss, because it was a good performer, and he had promised him to the daughter of a lady from whom he had received much kindness. On the sixth morning after the goldfinch had escaped, *Rosoletta*, the tame and intelligent partridge, was seen chasing the truant bird before her along the top of the linden trees toward home. *Rosoletta* led the way by little and little before him, and at length getting him home, seated him in apparent disgrace in a corner of the aviary, whilst she flew from side to side, in triumph at her success."

"Oh, isn't that all wonderful!" exclaimed Harry. "I wish I could have seen that cat with all the birds sitting around her or perched on her head. But isn't there more of the story? It is so interesting."

"A little more," answered Uncle Rea, with a slight shade in his voice. "Francesco died very suddenly."

"Oh dear! How did that happen, uncle?"

"He was gathering a species of mushroom common in Italy, and not being careful, picked and ate some that were poisonous, and died in a few days in spite of every remedy that could be given."

"Poor Francesco!" sighed Harry. "And what became of his birds?"

"During the three days of his illness," said Uncle Rea, "the birds flew constantly round and round his bed, some lying sadly upon his pillow, others flitting backward and forward above his head, a few uttering brief but plaintive cries, and all taking scarcely any food.

"His death showed, in a wonderful manner, what love may be excited in animals by gentle treatment. Francesco's birds

were all sensible of the loss of a benefactor, but none of his feathered favorites showed such real grief as *Rosoletta*. When poor Francesco was placed in his coffin, she flew round and round it, and at last perched upon the lid. In vain they several times removed her; she still returned, and even persisted in going with the funeral procession to the place of graves. During his burial she sat upon a cypress tree to watch where they laid the remains of her friend; and when the crowd left, she forsook the spot no more, except to return to the cottage of his mother for food. While she lived she came daily to perch and to sleep upon the turret of a chapel which looked upon his grave; and here she lived, and here she died about four months after the death of her beloved master."—*Children's Hour*.

"SHINE YOUR BOOTS, SIR?"

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

The voice was childish, and sweet-toned, but a little unsteady. The man glanced down under the brim of an old felt hat that had once been white, and a pair of soft, large eyes looked up into his.

"Shine your boots, sir?"

The man shook his head, as he uttered a brief "No," and passed on.

But the tender face and soft, asking eyes haunted him. After walking on for half a block, trying to forget the face and eyes of the boy, he stopped, turned round, and went back, he hardly knew why.

"Shine your boots, sir?" It was the same innocent voice, but a little firmer in tone. He looked down at the bare feet and worn old clothes, and a feeling of pity touched his heart.

"Not this morning, my lad," answered the man, "but here's the price of a shine;" and reached him ten cents.

"Haven't come to that yet." And the lad drew himself up a little proudly. "I'm not a beggar, but a bootblack. Just let me shine 'em, sir. Won't keep you a minute?"

There was no resisting this appeal. So the man placed his boot on the boy's foot-rest, and in a little while the surface was like polished ebony.

"Thank you!" said the little fellow, as, on finishing the second boot, he received his fee.

The man walked away, holding in his mind, very distinctly, an image of the boy that did not fade.

On the next morning, while on his way to business, he was greeted by the same lad with,—

"Shine your boots, sir?"

And in a voice steadier than on the day before. The little bootblack was gaining confidence in his new calling.

The man stopped, placed his boot on the foot-rest, and the boy set his brushes to work in the liveliest way.

"Where do you live, my little man?"

The boy brushed on, seeming not to have heard. As he finished one boot, and was about commencing the other, the man said, changing the form of his question:

"Where is your home?"

"Haven't got any." As the boy made this answer, he looked up into the man's face for an instant, and then let his eyes fall upon his work. What large, soft, beautiful eyes they were!

"No home?"

"No, sir."

"Where do you sleep?"

"Most anywhere that I can creep in," replied the boy, as he brushed away with all his might. Then as he rose up he said, with a business air:

"That's a good shine, sir!"

"First-rate," answered the man, whose interest in the boy was increasing. "Can't be beaten. And now, what is the charge?"

"Ten cents, sir."

The ten cents were paid. "Sleep 'most anywhere you can creep in?" said the man, as he stood looking at the boy's face, so strangely unlike the faces of those with whom his lot had been cast. "What do you mean by that?"

"Well, sir, it is so. Sometimes I get a bed in a cellar, and sometimes in a garret, just as it happens."

"Do you pay for it?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. They won't let you sleep for nothing."

"How much do you pay for a bed?"

"Sixpence or a shilling, 'cording to where it is."

"Why don't you stay in one place?" asked the man. "Why do you go from cellar to garret, as you say, just as it happens?"

"'Cause, sir, they get drunk, and swear and fight so 'most everywhere I go in, that I don't care to go again; and so I keep moving round. Shine your boots, sir?"

And, seeing a customer, off the boy ran, for he had his living to earn, and couldn't stop to talk when there was business to do.

The man walked away more than ever interested in this brave little fellow fighting at so tender an age the battle of life,—a child Bayard, in the midst of enemies, yet "without fear and without reproach."

A few hours later in the day,—it was midsummer, and the air hot and sultry,—as this man was passing the corner of a street where an apple-woman had her stand, he witnessed a scene that we will describe.

The apple-woman had fallen asleep. Two boys,—a newsboy and the little bootblack just mentioned,—were at the stand. The newsboy, who was larger and stouter than the bootblack, seeing a good chance to get apples without paying for them, was just seizing two or three of the largest, when the little bootblack pushed bravely in, and the man heard him say:

"That's stealing, and it can't be done!"

The newsboy grew red with anger, as he turned fiercely upon the little fellow, raising his fist to strike him; but his well-aimed blow did not reach the soft, yet bravely indignant face, for an arm stronger than his caught the descending fist, and held it for an instant with a firm grasp. In the next moment the scared newsboy had broken away, and was scampering down the street as fast as his legs could carry him.

"Honest and brave! That was well done, my little fellow!" exclaimed the man, turning to the young bootblack. "And now," he added, "you must come to my store. We'll find some better way for you."

"Where is it, sir?" asked the boy.

"Not far away. Come," said the man, as he moved on; and the boy followed him. They walked for a distance of two or three blocks, and entered a store, the man moving along through bales and boxes until he reached a counting-room at the rear end. Laying off his hat, he took a chair, and turned to the lad, who now stood before him with a curious, wondering face,—too heavy for so small a child,—his foot-rest, containing brushes and blacking, slung across his shoulders.

"Take that thing off, and set it out in the store, or throw it into the street, I don't care which," said the man, pointing to the dirty box.

The lad took it off, and set it outside of the office door, then came back, and stood gazing at the man earnestly.

"What is your name?"

"Jimmy Lyon, sir," answered the boy.

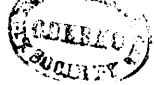
"Is your father living?"

"No, sir."

"Your mother?" The man's tones were a little softer as he said "Mother."

"She's dead." He saw the child's face change,—he felt the tender sorrow that crept into his voice.

"How long has she been dead?"



"Not long, sir." The brave voice broke, —the clear eyes were wet.

"And there is no one to take care of you?"

"No, sir."

"How old are you?"

"Ten, last June, sir."

The man thought of his own little boy at home, just ten last June, and a shiver of pain crept through his heart.

"What are you going to do?" he asked, wishing to learn more of what was in the child's thoughts.

"Take care of myself, sir. I've got to do it now." And Jimmy drew himself up, and put on a brave look, which touched the man's heart as much as the weakness that showed itself in wet eyes.

"Was it in the city that your mother died?" inquired the man.

"Yes, sir."

"How long ago?"

"It's only three weeks, sir." The brave look went out of his eyes.

"Where did she die?"

"Down in Water street. We lived in a garret. She was sick a good while, sir, and couldn't work. Father died last winter. But he didn't do anything for us." A shadow of pain was in the child's face, and the man saw him shudder.

Ah! he understood too well the sad story that little boy could tell,—the story of a drunken father, and a sick, heart-broken mother dying in want and neglect.

"Your mother was good, and you loved her?" said the man.

Instantly the large, soft eyes gushed over with tears.

"What did she tell you before she died?" asked the man, in a low, tender voice.

"She said," answered the boy, sorrowfully, yet with something brave and manly in his voice,—"'Never steal, never tell a lie, never swear, Jimmy, and God will be your friend;' and I've never done any of 'em, sir, and never will."

"Your mother taught you to pray?"

"Yes, sir; and I say my prayers every night. Sometimes bad boys make fun of me; but I don't mind it. I just think it's God I'm saying 'em to, and then I feel all right."

The man felt a choking in his throat, he was so moved by this, and could not trust himself to speak for some moments.

"God is your best friend, Jimmy," he said after a little while, "and no one trusts Him in vain. He has taken care of you since your mother died, and, if you will be a good boy, will always take care of you. Do you know that it was God who led me

to the apple-woman's stand just in time to see your brave and honest act?"

The boy opened his large eyes, wonderingly. "But you didn't see Him! God doesn't walk about the streets as we do," he said.

"We cannot see God, but God can see us; and what is more, can look into our hearts, and knows all we think or feel," replied the man.

"Oh, yes, sir. My mother told me that But I don't know how He led you."

"He leads us by ways that we know not, my child," said the man, in a serious voice. Then he added, "I think I can make you understand. God sees and knows everything. He knew that you would see the wicked boy try to steal apples, and that you would do all you could to stop him. Then He put it into my thought to go and see a man whose store I could not reach unless I went by the apple-stand, and this brought me to the spot just at the right moment. I call that God leading me. Now do you understand?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I see it just as clear as day," answered Jimmy, a new light breaking over his face.

"And God, who loves you and wants you to be good and happy, knew that if I saw how honest and brave you were, I would be your friend."

"Oh, sir! will you?" cried out little Jimmy, trembling all over, while his face lighted up suddenly with hope and joy.

"Yes, my poor boy," answered the man, whose heart was feeling very tender toward the child. "I will be your friend always, if you will be honest, truthful, and obedient."

"I'll try to be as good as I can, sir," sobbed out Jimmy, losing all command of his feelings.

Then the man went with him to a store where they sold boys' clothing, and selected everything he needed to wear. But before he let him dress up in his new garments, he took him to a bath-house that he might wash himself clean all over, and comb the tangles out of his curly hair.

No one would have dreamed that the handsome, well-dressed boy who, a little while afterward, walked beside his new friend, holding his hand so tightly, was the same whose voice not an hour before had been heard crying in the street,—*"Shine your boots, sir!"* It was never heard there again. God had sent the brave child, who tried to be good, a friend in need; and he is now in the house of that friend, a happy boy, loving and obeying him as though he were his father.—*Children's Hour.*

SAILING.

Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER. (Written for *The Little Corporal*.) Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

1. O mer - ry is the green - wood, When sum - mer days are
 2. Be - fore the dusk - y mount - ain is ro - sy with the
 3. Yo - ho! a - cross the har - bor, With stead - y course we

long, And birds a - mong the branch - es Fill all the air with
 day, I Till loose my boat from an - chor, And gai - ly float a
 go, Till all the waves are shin - ing With morn - ing's pur - ple

song: But moor'd be - neath the sha - dow, My boat is rock - ing
 way: Her sails, as white as sea - birds, Swell out the breeze to
 glow: O mer - ry is the green - wood, But fair - er far to

light; The wind is soft - ly blow - ing, The waves are curl - ing
 feel, And swift - ly part the wa - ters, A - round her shin - ing
 me, The track - less fields of wa - ter, The mead - ows of the

white! Yo - ho! yo - ho! The waves are curl - ing white!
 keel! Yo - ho! yo - ho! A - round her shin - ing keel!
 seal! Yo - ho! yo - ho! The mead - ows of the seal!

Domestic Economy.



ANIMAL FOOD.

BY JOHN C. DRAPER, M.D.

In order that the chemical changes produced by cooking may be clearly understood, it is necessary first to examine into the composition of meat. All flesh consists of fibrin or fibres, albumen, gelatine fat, and osmazome or flavoring extract. The fibres and fat are insoluble in water, and in making beef-tea they are the parts that remain undissolved. The albumen of meat is similar to the white of an egg before it is cooked. It is soluble in warm or cold water, but is coagulated if the temperature be raised to the boiling point. If meat is properly cooked the albumen prevents the contraction and hardening of the fibre when heat is applied, and aids in making it tender. Since the proportion is greater in young meats, they are, if properly cooked, more tender than old meats. This advantage is, however, negated by the coagulation of the albumen in young meats, and the consequent deficiency in the amount of juice. The old meats, as beef and mutton, since they contain less albumen and a greater proportion of osmazome, are more juicy and flavorful. The osmazome is soluble in water, but when the albumen is coagulated by heat it is entrapped in its meshes and retained. It therefore follows that if it is desired to dissolve out the osmazome, the temperature of the water must be kept considerably below the boiling point.

Having before us this brief outline of the composition of meat, and the action of heat upon its constituents, we are prepared to pass to the consideration of the ordinary methods of cooking, and the chemical action involved in each.

The object to be attained in the preparation of a soup, or the extract of meat, is to dissolve in water as much as possible of the flesh. By proceeding in a rational manner, we may cause the water to take up all the constituents except the fibre and the fat; but if the proper application of the heat be neglected, the solution will contain only a very small part of the soluble ingredients. Recollecting that the albumen will be coagulated if the temperature approaches the boiling point, and so rendered entirely insoluble, it is evident that the proper procedure is to place the meat in cold water, and keep its temperature at from 100 deg. to

150 deg. for a considerable period of time, depending upon the size of the mass. We thus allow the water to exert its solvent power, and obtain an extract containing nearly all the osmazome, albumen, and gelatine. If the meat has been finely divided, and the action long continued, the result will be a strong beef, chicken or other tea, according to the flesh employed. If it has remained in mass, and the action of the hot water continued a short period, the solution formed will be a weak soup.

Under some circumstances, soup is prepared by treating bones and tendons, or the gristly structures, in a Papin's digester. This consists of a strong metallic boiler, in which the steam can be confined, and pressure obtained. Under the increase of pressure, the boiling point of water rises, its solvent power over gelatine is increased, and we may thus obtain a strong solution of this material, which answers the purpose of giving body to a soup, but does not of itself possess any very great value, as its nutritive power is very low. The solution usually becomes solid when cool, forming a jelly. Such preparations were formerly, and are still used extensively in the sick room, under the impression that they are very nutritious; but this is now known to be an error, for gelatine is not incorporated with the tissues of the body, but is passed out of the system very quickly as urea.

The gelatine solution described above may also be obtained by crushing bones to a coarse powder, or cutting tendonous material into very fine pieces, and boiling them for a long time. This method is the best adapted for domestic purposes. Within a few years, the sources of material from which gelatine can be prepared have been greatly increased by the discovery of a process by which the tannin is removed from old leather, leaving the skin in a condition in which the freed gelatine is soluble in water. By this process, gelatine is now obtained from old shoes or dilapidated harness; and the history of the voyages and experiences of the atoms of gelatine in an elegant mould of jelly, as it is placed by the confectioner on an evening supper-table, would be curious and interesting.

When the meat is to be cooked by boiling, it is desirable that as little as possible of the nutriment should be extracted by the water, and, at the same time, the heat should be so applied that the albumen may

be coagulated without being hardened, and the meat thus rendered tough. To accomplish this, the water should boil violently over a brisk fire when the mass is introduced. The first effect of the immersion is to stop the boiling; it should be allowed to recommence and continue for about three minutes to form a layer of coagulated albumen over the exterior of the mass. This effectually prevents the action of the water on the soluble constituents; but, since a temperature of 212 deg. would make the albumen too hard, the vessel should be removed to a cooler place and a little cold water thrown in to reduce the temperature, and the cooking finished at 180 deg. to 200 deg. Treated in this manner, the meat will be tender, palatable, and far more digestible than if the water had been kept boiling all the time.

Roasted meats are rarely met at American tables. It is true that there is a dish called roast beef; but it is not roasted. On the contrary, the meat is placed in an oven and baked. To those who have tasted beef prepared by both methods, it is not necessary to say anything. To those who have always eaten baked beef, we recommend that they should purchase one of the tin roasters that fit in the front of the fire, and they will find that properly-roasted meat is a very different thing from that which is baked, both as regards its flavor and digestibility.

The proper method of roasting is first to place the meat near the fire, to coagulate the exterior, and form the impermeable crust; when this is accomplished, it should be removed to a distance, and the cooking finished slowly at a lower temperature.

The effect of roasting thus conducted is to increase the properties of the osmazome, thereby rendering the meat more gratifying to the palate. At the same time, the judicious application of the heat has cooked the mass without making it tough; and since the meat is suspended, the fat as it melts, flows off and does not soak into it. In baking, the application of the heat is not continuous; the juices are in a greater measure extracted; the confined vapors of the oven injure the flavor; the joint rests in a bath of melted grease, the temperature of which is not high enough to prevent its soaking into the meat, and the fat that melts on the top of the mass is absorbed and seriously impairs the digestibility of the lean portions. Roasted meat is juicy, tender and flavorful. Baked meat is dry, often tough, and deficient in flavor.

The loss in the three methods of cooking we have considered is of some interest from an economic point of view, and may be stated as follows:—4 lbs. of beef lose in boiling 1 lb.; in baking, 1 lb. 4 oz.; in roasting, 1 lb. 5 oz.; 4 lbs. of mutton lose, in boiling, 14 oz.; in baking, 1 lb. 4 oz.; in

roasting, 1 lb. 6 oz. From this it would appear that roasting is the most expensive method; but when we consider the greater development of flavor, this objection is outweighed, especially when we recollect that the melted fat is not lost, but may be employed for many purposes.

Regarding the other methods of cooking we shall say but little, since the chemical principles involved are similar to those already considered. Boiling requires a brisk fire, if it is too weak the juices will be lost and the nutritive power proportionally diminished. Frying is boiling in melted fat instead of water. The fat should be hot enough to crust the flesh as soon as it is introduced, so that the meat shall not absorb the grease and thereby become indigestible. It is an old saying in armies that the frying-pan kills more men than the bullet, and this is unfortunately too true if the frying is not properly conducted. Stewing, sautéing, steaming and other methods all have their special uses; but their consideration appertains rather to the amenities of the art than to the chemical and physiological actions with which we are dealing.

It now remains for us to give a brief outline of the digestion of such food, in order that the reader may appreciate the connection existing between the digestibility of food, and the manner of cooking.

Cooked animal food consists of lean and fat. The lean flesh is digested chiefly in the stomach by the juices of that organ. The stomach juice cannot act on fat, it therefore passes through the stomach and is digested in the intestine by its juices. Since fat is not digested in the stomach, it follows that if the lean flesh is soaked in melted fat it will not digest in the stomach easily, but will remain there for a considerable period of time, and cause indigestion or dyspepsia.

Whether the lean is soaked in fat or not depends entirely on the manner of cooking. If it has been baked in an oven, it will nearly always be more or less fat-soaked. If, in frying, the melted fat has not been sufficiently hot, the same result will occur, and the meat will be indigestible. Even in roasting, if the first heat has not been strong enough to form a crust, the flesh will, in this case, become somewhat fat-soaked. Attention having thus been drawn to the chemical principles which lie at the basis of a rational system of cookery, we find that they are very simple, and their application by no means difficult. It therefore remains for those who suffer from indigestion produced by the bad cooking of animal food, to take the matter in hand themselves, and see that the principles we have detailed are properly carried out.—*Galaxy*,

SELECTED RECIPES.

RASPBERRY CREAM.—Rub a quart of raspberries through a sieve to take out the seeds, and then mix it well with some cream, and sweeten with sugar to your taste. Put it in a bowl, and froth with a syllabub churn, taking off the cream as it rises. When you have as much froth as you want, put the rest of the cream into a deep glass bowl or dish, and put the frothed cream on it, as high as it will stand.

STRAWBERRY CREAM.—Make it in the same way as raspberry cream. The coloring may be improved by using a little of the rose-coloring for ices and jellies.

STRAWBERRY SYRUP.—Mash and strain the juice, and to every pint of it put a pound of sugar, and boil it till quite a rich syrup is formed. Then bottle and cork it.

RHUBARB JAM.—It is best made when the rhubarb is no longer young. Take ten pounds of large-sized rhubarb and cut it up, and add to it one pound of candied peel, viz., citron, lemon and orange

shred, and also the rind of two large, fresh lemons, chopped fine, one pound of sugar to the same weight of fruit, and boil like other preserves.

PRESERVED PINE-APPLE.—Cut the pine-apple into slices about half an inch thick; put them into a jar; make a syrup, using half a pound of sugar to a pint of water, let it simmer quietly till dissolved. Let it stand a day, and then pour it cold over the fruit; after a short time take it away, and let it simmer again, having added a little more sugar. Repeat this process three or four times, and the last time pour the syrup boiling over the fruit.

CHERRY-CHEESE.—Take twelve pounds of juicy cherries, stone them, and boil them for two hours, till they become a little cloggy, but take care that they do not burn. Then add to them four pounds of fine sugar, and boil another hour.

SPONGE-CAKE.—Two cups of flour, two cups of sugar, six eggs, one teaspoonful essence of lemon, one tablespoonful of water.

Editorial and Correspondence.

THE SEA CAPTAIN.

See *Frontispiece*.

Say hast thou ploughed the far Antarctic main
To search for southern continents in vain?
Are Selkirk's Island and Kerguelen's strand
Familiar to thee as thy native land?
Are icebergs, waterspouts, and "schools" of whales
All real to thee and not mere travellers' tales?
And, homeward bound, hast thou with joy, afar
Welcomed the first sight of the Polar Star?

Or hast thou steered through Baffin's Bay in quest
Of long-sought passage to the North and West?
Or gazed on open Northern Sea with Kane?
For which all others long may gaze in vain;
Or chased the mightiest prey the world affords,—
The Greenland whale, the lord of ocean's lords?
Hast thou beheld a four-months' day of light,
Or wearily dragged through the Polar night?

Or have the sons of commerce sought thine aid
The blessings to diffuse that God has made?
Hast thou brought silks from Ind,—from Egypt corn?
Or wheat from California round the Horn?
Hast thou from coast to coast, from steep to steep,
Beheld the Almighty's wonders in the deep?
And whilst depending on His providence,
Sought all thy safety and success from thence?

Hail, noble sailor, monarch of the deep!
Whom winds and billows nightly rock to sleep;
We see thy bronzed face and manly form
As at the tiller thou defiest the storm;
Alike at home, from Iceland to Japan,
Lord of the Earth's highway, the world's great high-
wayman!

Our readers will perceive several changes in this number, which we trust will give satisfaction. New type has been introduced, and original articles are each distinguished by a full head. A fine new design has been engraved for the cover, which will in future be less liable to soil. Each number will henceforth be, as far as possible, complete in itself, so that new subscribers may begin at any time. This magazine will prove, we trust, acceptable to every member of the family, old and young, and, being in a form that is likely to be preserved, it may yet interest and instruct children's children. One dollar laid out in subscribing for the **NEW DOMINION MONTHLY**, will keep yielding fruit twelve times a year, and, as we have said, its fruit will preserve and be useful in the future.

LETTER FROM AN AGED SUBSCRIBER IN THE COUNTRY.

(To the Editors, *New Dominion Monthly*.)

The last number (May) is one of your best. Mr. Lemoine's article is very interesting. I hope that he will favor us with many more. One piece especially comes home to me: "Adrift in the North Sea." Foula, the *Ultima Thule* of Tacitus, Ptolemy and Strabo, one of the Zetland Isles, is my birth-place. I was nearly 14 years old when I left Zetland, and had there commenced my mercantile life for a year or so before, with an extensive fish-curing merchant—which led me often to the principal fishing station in these isles, where hundreds of fishing boats assemble from 15th May to 12th August annually. The fishing ground is about 40 miles from land in the Atlantic ocean, and adventures such as related by your correspondent, are not unfrequent. Alas, many were less fortunate. Widows and orphans had to deplore the loss of fathers, husbands and sons, swallowed up in the ocean by their dangerous occupation. Only one kind of boats was then in use on those islands—brought in boards from Norway, and put together on the islands—of various sizes. The largest used for the *haaf* (out-sea fishing) is 18 feet long, clinker-built, with one square sail, and crew of six—rarely seven—men, fishing on shares. Each boat carries about 6,000 fathoms of Hamburg cod-line; the hooks are attached to small cords, fixed on the long lines at intervals of 5 fathoms. Their bait had-dock, whiting, pillocks (young sethe), and failing these mussels of large size; their provisions a buggie (sheep-skin parchment bag) of oatmeal, a keg of water and sometimes a little spirits. Occasionally, when they have leisure in their temporary huts at the fishing stations, the fishermen bake the oatmeal into scones (thin cakes) and bring barley-meal cakes with them to the *haaf* instead of meal. I think that your correspondent is mistaken as to their carrying fire. I have seen many hundreds of boats start from the fishing station before-mentioned, for the out-sea fishing banks, but never either saw myself or heard from others that any fire or fuel was carried in the boats,

and do not believe that it was then or at any previous period, though perhaps it may have been afterwards.

The fisherman's dress consists of tanned sheep-skin blouse and trousers, a knitted cap of many colors, and, when it can be afforded, large Greenland boots. Arrived at the fishing-ground, they commence to set their lines, a distance of some two leagues, generally to windward, leaving a buoy at each end, with one or more in the centre. When the lines are all down they remain about an hour at the last buoy, and thence commence hauling in. The marketable fish are ling, cod, and tusk, headed and gutted, and delivered wet to the fish merchant, at stipulated prices. Besides these, halibut, skate, dog-fish, and many other kinds of fish are caught. If the haul is good, all but the marketable are thrown away, and sometimes even the heads of ling, tusk, and cod. The lines are very rarely set twice, and an average haul of marketable fish is from eight to twelve score, twenty score and over being not unfrequent. Thus heavily loaded, in an open, light boat, swimming perhaps within five or six inches of the gunwale, it is a matter of thankfulness as well as surprise that so few accidents happen. Burdened with halibut, skate, and the heads of their marketable fish, the men visit their families every Saturday, and return to their fishing-stations on Sunday evenings. Three months of unceasing toil and danger is poorly rewarded by some two to three guineas earned by the fisherman on an average. If unsuccessful, he is unavoidably plunged in debt to his landlord or merchant for cost of boat, lines, and oatmeal,—for his farm seldom affords six months' sustenance. The only portion of the British Islands subject to a double land-tax is Zetland and Orkney—the original Danish as well as British; then there are teinds for the clergy, heavy rents, and a multitude of vexatious imposts exacted by the Lord superior, granted two centuries ago, by profligate kings to their greedy courtiers.

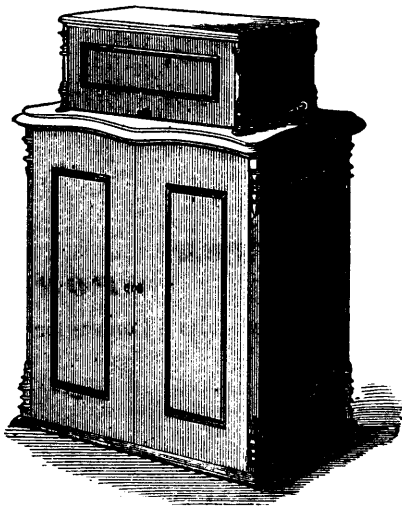
How men can continue to remain in the Islands, doomed to so much toil and misery, can only be accounted for by their inability to leave them, and that *amor patriæ* for the dear old rock, so fondly cherished in the Old World.

W. H.

FIRST PRIZE SEWING MACHINES.

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JAMES DOUGALL.

WINDSOR, February 15, 1869.

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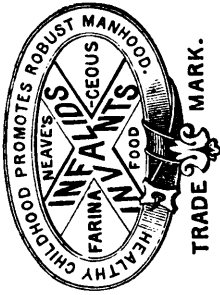
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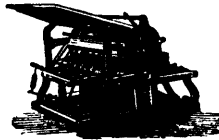
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Loveliness

Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most;

Nor do we, and the poet of the seasons was an unreasonable fellow to attempt to impose such nonsense upon us.—*Geo. D. Prentice.*

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